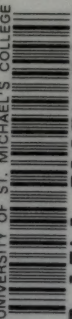


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THE POETICAL WORKS OF
WILLIAM STRODE

(1590-1633)

THE POETICAL WORKS OF
WILLIAM STRODE

(1600-1645)



THE METHOD WORKS OF
WILLIAM STROUD

1880

THE POETICAL WORKS OF
WILLIAM STRODE

(1600-1645)

NOW FIRST COLLECTED FROM MANUSCRIPT AND
PRINTED SOURCES: TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE FLOATING ISLAND
A TRAGI-COMEDY

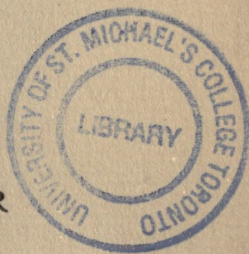
NOW FIRST REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL
EDITION OF 1655

EDITED BY BERTRAM DOBELL
WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR

His body sleeps, but not his better part,
And death is vanquished by victorious art

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITOR
CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

1907



THE POETICAL WORKS OF
WILLIAM STROBE

THE MOUNTING ISLAND
A TRAGEDY



FEB - 9 1949

~~FEB - 9 1949~~

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITOR
DARLING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.1.

TO
PERCY SIMPSON, M.A.

Dear Mr. Simpson,

This book owes so much to your zealous and disinterested services in the collection and revision of its materials that I should be ungrateful indeed if I did not dedicate it to you, in default of any better method of expressing my thanks.

Yours faithfully,

BERTRAM DOBELL

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printed (so far as the editor has been able to ascertain) are
distinguished by a *]

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INTRODUCTION

FOUR years since I was fortunate enough to discover and make known a seventeenth-century poet of remarkable gifts, whose works, it was generally acknowledged, were not merely well worthy of being rescued from the oblivion which had enshrouded them, but were destined henceforth to take their place beside those of such poets as Herbert, Crashaw, and Vaughan. Only one thing in my life ever gave me more pleasure than this, namely, the discovery whilst he was living, and whilst it was within my power to help him, of the author of "The City of Dreadful Night." A service rendered to the living must needs be a source of greater gratification than one rendered to the dead. But since I cannot hope to have the pleasure of befriending a second James Thomson it gives me much delight to rescue from oblivion another undeservedly forgotten poet. For nearly three hundred years WILLIAM STRODE has waited to receive the recognition which is due to him ; henceforth I believe it will be impossible to pass him over when reviewing the literary history of the generation which succeeded that of the great Shakespearean epoch.

Excepting the case of Thomas Campion, who was so

fortunately rescued from obscurity or oblivion by Mr. A. H. Bullen, I know of no parallel in English literature to the way in which fate or chance has treated William Strode. The case of Traherne, strange as it is, differs from that of Strode, since the former, until the discovery of his manuscripts, never had a name as a poet, whereas the latter had, at any rate during his lifetime, a considerable reputation as a fine artist in verse.

Strode's Play entitled "The Floating Island" was published at London in 1655. An interesting address "To the Reader" is prefixed to it, from which I will now quote only the last sentence: "If you bid this welcome, you'll be gainers by it, you'll encourage us to publish other Pieces of this Authors, which (we dare say) will convince you to say (what the best and most knowing of this nation have confessed) that our Author was one of the most judicious wits of England."

It would seem that the play did not receive the welcome which was solicited for it, for it did not lead to the publication of its author's other works. It is evident, however, from the sentence I have quoted, and from other indications, that he had a very high reputation with his contemporaries. An advertisement of "The Floating Island" at the end of Selden's "ΘΕΑΝΘΡΩΠΙΟΣ: or God made Man," describes him as "that renowned wit"—a phrase that meant more then than it means now. The poems of no author of the time were more frequently copied into the manuscript commonplace books of the first half of the seventeenth century, and many of his pieces found their way into print through the medium of such miscellanies as "Musarum Deliciæ," "Parnassus Biceps," and "Wit Restor'd," though as no name was

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appended to them he gained no credit from their publication. But before going further it will be best to record the events of his life, so far as we know them, and so far as they can be gathered from the various authorities.

William Strode was a scion of a good old Devonshire family which traces its descent from one Adam, who in the reign of King Henry III. added Strode to his name because he then had an habitation so-called in the parish of Ermington, near Modbury in Devonshire. When King Edward I. sent his herald into Devonshire to summon gentlemen to his assistance in the war against the King of Scotland, Adam Strode, of Strode, Esq., as appears from the Rolls in the Tower, was amongst those who were summoned.

There is no proper genealogical account of the Strode family or families—or at least I have not succeeded in finding one. They appear to have been a remarkably prolific race; and it is hard, if not impossible, to disentangle the truth from the various records which we have of them.* There were Strodes in Dorset and Somerset, as well as in Devon, and the name William was a favourite one with all of them. This multiplicity of Williams has created much confusion. In the first half of the seventeenth century there were five or six William Strodes, most of whom were men of mark, and between whom it is often difficult to distinguish.

* One of the earliest Strodes of whom we have any account was Ralph Strode, schoolman and fellow of Merton College, Oxford, where he had John Wycliffe for a colleague. To him, together with John Gower, Chaucer dedicated his "Troilus and Cryseide." He was a man of remarkable ability and character: but whether he was in any way related to the Devonshire Strodes does not appear.

According to Wood, in his "Athenæ Oxonienses," William Strode was "the only son of Philip Strode, sometimes living near Plimpton, and he a younger son of Sir Rich. Strode, of Newenham or Newinham in Devonshire." Prince, however, in his "Worthies of Devon" gives a different account. The poet, he says,— "received^d his first breath about the year of our Lord, 1600, and was the only son of Philip, by Wilmot, his wife, daughter of Hanton, fourth son of William (not Sir Richard Strode, as a certain author tells us) of Newnham, near Plymouth, Esq. ; by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter and heir to William Courtenay, of Loughtor, near adjoining to Newnham." Whether Wood or Prince is right on this matter I have not been able to ascertain ; though we may perhaps assume that Prince would not have spoken so positively if he had not carefully investigated the matter. However, the point is not of the first importance : we may be sure that the poet, like the rest of us, *had* a grandfather ; and not many, I suppose, will concern themselves very much as to who that grandfather may have been. All authorities, however, are agreed that the poet's father was Philip Strode, and that he was an only son, though he had certainly one sister, if no more.

We cannot tell precisely when William Strode was born. It was probably late in the year 1600, or early in 1601, that that event occurred. Nor do we know where he was born, though we may infer that it was at or near Plympton, in Devon.

As usual in the case of almost all persons, however famous, born before the eighteenth century, we have practically no account of Strode's boyhood and youth. The only
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writer who gives us any information on the subject is Prince : and as his account, though not very illuminating, is the only one available, I will quote it, rather than paraphrase it :—

“His relations observing in him a great vivacity of parts, and a genius inclining him to books and learning, kept him close at school in the country for some years : until at length they found an opportunity of sending him to the college-school at Westminster ; which to them who are able to accomplish it in behalf of their sons, is like to prove doubly advantageous, for there, from a better method and discipline than what is generally observed in country schools boys learn better ; and also, that thence they are in a fairer way of preferment, as being likely to be chosen into one or other of those noble societies and famous nurseries of learning and vertue, Christ-Church in Oxford, or Trinity-College in Cambridge. From this school accordingly was William Strode (now excellently improved in the tongues and classick authors) elected a student of Christ-Church aforesaid. The author of the History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford tells us it was in the year of our Lord 1621, and of his age the 19th ; but the same author, having better considered it, tells us elsewhere it was in the sixteenth year of his age, and of our Lord 1617. : Which last account seems the most probable. Being now placed in his proper sphere, Mr. Strode soon began to display the bright and warm beams of his wit and learning, as well to an happy influence on others, as to his own great credit and reputation : For even his younger and more juvenile years were not spent without great usefulness and advantage especially upon account of his extraordinary performances

both in poetry and oratory : Faculties which seldom occur in perfection in one and the same person. In the year 1621, December 6th he took his first degree of arts ; and June 17th, 1624, he proceeded master. Soon after this he took holy orders, and became a most florid preacher in the university. In the year 1629, he was chosen one of the proctors thereof ; and for his great eloquence, the publick orator : a gentile and reputable post ; whose office it is, in the name of the university, to entertain princes and other great personages, with set orations, as their occasions or inclinations shall invite them thither ; to write the publick letters and the like. So that he may be called the mouth of the university ; according to his own expression in a letter congratulatory sent in her name to his Majesty King Charles I., which thus began, 'Cum in corpore Academiæ sim ipse lingua.' A place that requires as well parts as prudence, to honour it aright with honour and reputation ; yet herein did Mr. Strode acquit himself to a general satisfaction."

To the above account of Strode's early career at the University there is not much to be added. It is evident that he was eminently well fitted for his chosen career, and that no other way of life would have suited him so well. He made Oxford his home, and it seems apparent that he never left it willingly, and that when he was compelled to do so he always returned to it as soon as possible. He entered fully into the life of the University, and certainly gained the respect if not the affection of all who were connected with it. Very early after becoming an Oxford student he became known as an excellent writer of Latin and English verse, and few of the collections of poems which it was then the fashion for the

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members of the University to publish upon the occurrence of any important event of the time appeared without some contribution from his pen. His earliest appearance in print—or the earliest which I can trace—was in “Annæ Funebria Sacra,” 1619, to which he contributed some Latin verses.

Judging from some of Strode's Epistles in verse it would seem that in the early period of his residence at Oxford his means were somewhat straitened. This may have been owing to the fact that his father, being a member of a very numerous family, was himself comparatively poor, and hence was not able to provide very liberally for him. The gratitude which the poet expresses for pecuniary assistance rendered to him seems to show that such assistance was very welcome, even if it was not absolutely necessary, to him. I cannot find that he had any settled means of subsistence before 1628, in which year Richard Corbet—a thoroughly congenial spirit, who must have rejoiced in the opportunity of doing a good turn to his friend—became Bishop of Oxon, and made Strode his chaplain. They remained, there is every reason to believe, friends and comrades until the death of Corbet in 1635. Few men of the period were more in sympathy in tastes and aspirations than Corbet and Strode. Both were excellent poets,* both were gifted with wit and humour; and both were very well fitted to play their parts in the more cultivated circles of the time. Both Corbet and Strode,

* Whether Corbet, in fact, deserves the name of poet may perhaps be questioned. He was certainly not a great poet, nor so good a one as Strode; but unless we accept a definition of the term which would exclude many more considerable writers than Corbet, we need not deny the title of poet to him.

though they wrote much verse, were alike careless of their productions, and took no steps to preserve them, beyond giving manuscript copies to their friends. One consequence of this is that in two or three cases it is difficult to tell whether a particular piece is by Corbet or Strode. The Bishop's poems were not collected until twelve years after his death; while Strode's, as I have said, have remained uncollected unto the present day. Perhaps it will be as well to insert here the formal record of Strode's career at the University. He graduated B.A. on December 6, 1621, M.A. on June 17, 1624, and B.D. on December 10, 1631. "In 1629," says Wood, "he was chosen the Public Orator of the University, being then one of the Proctors of it, and two years afterwards was admitted to the reading of the Sentences."

In 1633 he became Rector of East Bradenham, Norfolk; but nevertheless seems to have continued to reside at Oxford. In 1636 the University was visited by King Charles I. and Queen Henrietta, and they were welcomed at the gate of Christ Church by Strode in a Latin oration. On August 29 of the same year Strode's play, entitled "The Floating Island,"* which he had been specially requested to write, was performed before the King, Queen, and Court by the students of Christ Church. The play seems hardly to have pleased the spectators, who appear to have thought that there was more morality than entertainment in it. The King, however, highly commended it, which is not to be wondered at when it is realised that the play was evidently written in

* The play seems to have been originally entitled, "The Passions Calm'd, or the Settling of the Floating Island": but the printed copy is called simply "The Floating Island."

the interest of the royal cause. I shall speak further of the play when I come to review the author's works.

In 1638 Strode was made a Canon of Christ Church, and Vicar of Blackbourton, Oxford; and in the same year he proceeded to the degree of D.D. From 1639 to 1642 he was Vicar of Badley, Northamptonshire.

In 1642, when the Civil War was raging, the King came to Oxford and made a speech before the University. This speech was published at Oxford, and reprinted at London. Perhaps it is worth while to quote the title-page of it: "The Kings Majesties Speech as it was delivered the Second of November before the University and City of Oxford. Together with a gratulatory Replication expressed by that learned man Doctor William Strode, Orator for the famous University of Oxford."

The King's speech need not be dwelt upon here; * but

* I will, however, quote a passage from it because of its curious resemblance to the sort of oratory with which a monarch of the present day, whom it is not necessary to name, periodically favours his subjects:

"Beleave me on the word of a Prince, on the word of your Sovereigne, there is nothing more deare unto me than Religion, the Religion of my Father and the Royal Queen, his predecessor, a religion which ever from her owne flame hath arised more pure, and multiplied. This is my businesse to you, in which I shall satisfie both God and you. And since I have left the warre behind me, take peace and the day while you see it, I see the clouds make hast to overcome it. The Scepter is and must bee mine. Unite yourselves to maintaine so honourable, so just a cause, and what one hand cannot infringe let many maintaine: You have God for your cause, you have me for his second; and since both are together who can oppose us?"

Strode's reply to it is worth quoting, as a specimen, though not perhaps a very favourable one, of his style of oratory :

“ High words cannot reach the joy that your presence hath created in our hearts, which doe blesse our eyes for so desired an object. Learning doth acknowledge the mercy of Heaven in bringing your Majesty to give voyce to the dumbe Academy, and renue the Muses slaine by that *Briareus* of ignorance which breathes nothing but Religions destruction. Our *Oxford* hath now throwne off all clouds of discontents, and stands cleare, guided by the beames of your Majesties Royall presence. The burden cast on me is my joy, or rather the joy of the Academy, extaside into a learned amazement, and raptured into speech to see your Majesty. All gratulation cannot comply with our thoughts, to shew the pleasure our fancy takes to behold your Majesty. See, Royall King, how *Oxford*, beauteous in her age doth kneele, making teares of joy a Sacrifice, and begging to be protected from threatened ruine. Shall the Spring of learning bee dam'd up? while ignorance doth teare and rend the Muses Garlands, as would both contemne and destroy Schollers : For no enemy can learning have unlesse it bee the ignorant. Your Royall Majesty is by descent a protector of learning, and borne (as your Father was) to bee the glory and defender of the Muse. This may strongly invite your love : wherein wee are already happy in some degree. But wee feare a malignant enemy should violate our cleare *Minerva*, and banish from her both maintenance and glory. Pure zeale doth make them seeke with one blow to destroy both learning and Religion, now bleeding and wounded by schismaticall heads, and expecting cure from your Royall Majesty. Yet our feares are great,

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and grounded upon the unhappy fate of learning, which is despised of precise Schollers that weare black only to mourne for the decease of learning. But joy cannot imagine the time discreet for a just reproofe, and therefore I must tell what pleasure doth refresh and water our thirsty garden, rather than complaine of scorching heate of persecution. Our memory must not be active in striving to manifest sorrow incompatible with our present joy. Enlarge thyselfe therefore Oxford : and let not any greife so blind thy heart to a stupid peace, but let loud gratulations wound the aire with reporting welcome to our Gracious King Charles."

At this point it is worth mentioning that while the subject of this biography, as the above speech shows, was a most zealous royalist, he had two namesakes who were equally zealous parliamentarians. One of them indeed played a very prominent part in opposition to the king, he being one of the five members whose attempted seizure had so great an influence in hastening on, if not in causing, the great Civil War. This gentleman was a near relative of the poet. Another William Strode, known as "Colonel" Strode, who has often been confounded with the one just mentioned, also played a considerable part in the great struggle. Two or three other William Strodes were living at the same time, but these were quite undistinguished persons.

Of our William Strode there is little more to be recorded, so far as his personal history is concerned. He married a daughter of Dr. Simpson, Prebendary of Canterbury, by whom he had an only daughter, who became the wife of Henry Langley, Master of Arts, of Wadham College. The poet died on March 10, 164 $\frac{4}{5}$, at Oxford, and was buried in

the Divinity Chapel of Christ Church Cathedral ; but (owing perhaps to the still-raging Civil War) no memorial marked his place of interment. He does not appear to have left any will : at least none has been discovered.*

Wood states that Strode left behind him, fairly written in several volumes, his Orations, Speeches, Epistles, Sermons, etc. These fell into the hands of Dr. Gardiner, Canon of Christ Church ; † and afterwards of Richard Davies, an Oxford bookseller. Possibly they still exist, and may some day be recovered.

Reviewing the poet's career in the light of the above-recorded facts we see that it was a more than usually success-

* Perhaps it should be mentioned that there is, in the Bodleian library, a curious letter, unsigned and undated, addressed apparently to the father or other near relative of a certain William Strode, who had, it seems, when very young contracted an imprudent marriage, at Oxford, with a young woman of a station inferior to his own. This young man had (apparently by constraint of his parent or parents) deserted his wife, leaving her in necessitous circumstances. The writer of the letter pleads in her favour, urging that she is a well-conducted and respectable person, and well fitted to be received as the young man's wife. It is altogether unlikely that this letter can refer to our William Strode. As I have shown there were several namesakes of the poet living in the first half of the seventeenth century, and it is doubtless to one of these that the letter refers.

† Prince, in his "Worthies of Devon," says that Strode's Orations, &c., "came to be published under Dr. Gardiner's name by this title, 'Specimen Oratorium.'" But this appears to be an error. Dr. Gardiner himself published the book in question. It contains some Orations which the Dr. claims for himself; but as regards most of the contents he claims no more than to be the collector or publisher of them. Some of the pieces in the volume may be by Strode, but none of them can be attributed to him with any degree of certainty.

ful one. He had a great reputation with his contemporaries, who looked upon him as "a pithy and sententious Preacher, an exquisite Orator, and eminent Poet." It seems certain that he was a pleasant and witty companion, with that power of adapting himself to whatever company he might chance to be in, which is so valuable in a world wherein dullards and bores are, if not in a majority, at least far too numerous. No doubt the latter part of his life was saddened by the civil conflict, of which he did not live to see the end ; and possibly his grief at the spectacle may have had some influence in hastening his early death. But saving this, and assuming (as we certainly may) that his disposition was not of that perverse kind which prevents a man from being happy or contented, however circumstances may favour him, he was surely far more fortunate than poets usually are. Placed in the very *milieu* that was best suited to his character and abilities ; having almost all he could desire in the way of honours and dignities ; and convinced (as no doubt he was) that in exercising his clerical functions he was fulfilling a high and sacred duty, he could hardly have had a more enviable lot. And though his name has since remained for upwards of two centuries and a half in almost total obscurity, that perhaps is only what has happened to other men of equal abilities who are never likely to be rescued from the entire oblivion into which they have fallen.

It is evident from many indications that Strode was what we now term a High Churchman, and that he had very exalted notions of the value and importance of the clerical calling.* He was undoubtedly an eloquent and popular

* In Archbishop Laud's History of the University of Oxford,

preacher. Three only of his sermons have been printed. From one of these entitled "A Sermon preached at a Visitation held at Lin, in Norfolk, June the 24th, Anno 1633, being an Admonition to the Clergy to remember and keep those severall Oaths, Promises, and Subscriptions, which they solemnly have made, etc." I make the following extract, in order to afford the reader an idea of the style of Strode's pulpit exhortations :

"O the perjur'd condition of many an hasty Prophet, and outwardly demure Saint! who without any preparative consideration, having solemnly plighted his Faith, having done it with Mouth, Hand, and Knee, twice or thrice in Academicall

during the time that he was Chancellor thereof (Laud's Works, vol. 5, Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology), there is a Latin letter of Strode's to the Archbishop in which he professes his complete devotion and fidelity to him. In the same work there are a number of Latin letters addressed to Laud on the affairs of the University, which are signed "Acad. Oxon." These letters were probably written by Strode, whose duty, as public orator, was to write such epistles.

From Laud's Account of his Troubles and Trials (Works, vol. 4), we learn that Strode was to some extent involved in the Archbishop's misfortunes. When the Parliament put Laud upon his trial, one of the charges against him was that in his zeal for Romanism he had assumed papal titles. I extract the following passage from Laud's Diary:

"The last [charge] which I remember is, *Quo rectior non stat regula*, &c. And this is no more than an absolute hyperbole; a high one I confess, yet as high are found in all rhetorical authors: and what should make that blasphemy in an University orator which is everywhere common, and not only allowed but commendable, I know not. . . . And if I had assumed any to myself, which I am and ever was far from doing; yet 'tis one thing to assume papal title, and

degrees, twice in Ordinations, and as oft in his Institutions as he can, doth presently go forth with resolution to break it ; charges his wit to invent fallacy against his Duty, and to Preach against that vow that enables him to Preach. Can there be any Atheism more hideously contemptuous ! Hand and Seal given to man will tie us to our Word, or to the Jayl ; only God can have no fair dealing, no sufficient redresse. In point of holy Promise (God be mercifull to us) we have lost all conscience, the conscience that is runs clean contrary to our promise, whereby if we stand bound, we think ourselves bound to break it ; the faster tied, the looser we play ; and that which was Duty before it was vow'd is by vowing another thing to assume papal power, which is the thing charged ; though I thank God I did neither. . . . And as I told Mr. Browne, when he charged this on me, Dr. Strowd, the University orator, who writ those letters, and gave those titles was called up before a Committee of this Parliament, examined about them, acquitted, and dismissed."

Laud, it appears, paid the expenses of the production of Strode's "Floating Island" ; and it seems likely that the play was written at his request. The Archbishop, in his History of the University, says that Strode's play "was very well penned, but yet did not take the Court so well." The next day Cartwright's "Royal Slave" was performed at St. John's College, and this was highly approved of.

It is perhaps worth while to mention that Strode's name appears among those of a number of heads of houses and other Oxford officials, who, in consequence of rumours having been spread abroad of their inclinations towards Popery, signed a declaration to the effect that "so far from conniving at the celebration of mass here, or knowing of any such matter, that we neither know nor can probably suspect any member of our University to be a papist, or popishly addicted."

esteem'd unlawfull. If God make a Promise to us, though it be but Conditional, we claim it as Absolute : no disobedience of ours can set Him free, we allow not his Majesty so much Mutability, as on our change to be constant to Justice : but when ourselves have dedicated a Promise to Him, whether by our Governours, or also in our own persons, be it never so full and absolute, any or no condition shall suffice to cancel it ; and we that deny ourselves the liberty of Vowing, will take an unmeasur'd liberty of Disannulling, or perchance feign a necessity of undoing what indeed we would not do."

One has not to read many pages of Strode before it becomes evident to what class of poets he belongs. His place is with the generation which succeeded Shakespeare and the great Elizabethan writers, not only by birth, but by choice and temperament. It was, indeed, a generation inferior to its predecessor, but hardly to any other save that which only fell short of the Elizabethans because it could not boast, among its many great figures, one which could compare with the greatest of all poets and dramatists.* No poet of the first half of the seventeenth century belonged more entirely and completely to it than did Strode. He neither sought to enter into rivalry with his great predecessors, nor to find new sources of inspiration, as other poets have done, in the vision of a transfigured humanity, freed from its baser

* I say 'poets and dramatists' advisedly—for while I believe that two at least of the poets of the first quarter of the last century were equal to Shakespeare as poets, none of them could approach within measurable distance of him as a dramatist. Great poets are comparatively numerous : great dramatists who are also great poets are few indeed.

elements, and rising to the height of its magnificent destiny. Unlike Traherne, who anticipated so wonderfully the philosophical and poetic ideas of writers born long after his time, he was content with the current theories of life and thought, and did not seek to transcend them. His temperament in short was that of a conservative, not that of an innovator or reformer. Therefore we must not expect to find in him any great originality of thought, or novelty of presentation. In his writings he keeps to the beaten track, and is content to shew his skill in playing variations upon the ancient themes, rather than in attempting to invent new and previously unheard harmonies. He could hold his own with the best of his contemporaries, but he did not seek to rival the deeper melodies of the poets of the past, nor did he try to anticipate the music of the future.

It is obvious to the reader of Strode's poems wherein his chief strength lay. It is in the lyric and the elegy that he is most happy. Probably he was aware of this himself, and therefore refrained from attempting to write any long or ambitious poem. The fact, however, may be otherwise accounted for by supposing that he regarded his poetical essays simply as recreations into which he only cared to put so much thought and energy as could be spared from his more serious pursuits. His play shows that he was not destitute of the power to plan and execute a work of considerable length and difficulty ; but it seems to have been more in accordance with his genius to attempt only such short lyric or elegiac pieces as could be created by a single effort of will, or a sudden access of inspiration.

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it"—

and it is much the same with a lyric. It is hit or miss with it : if it does not at once approve itself to the reader it is at once condemned. It may be otherwise with other kinds of poetry ; but with the lyric it is a rule, almost or quite without exceptions. It is at once the easiest, and the most difficult of poetic achievements : the easiest, that is, to the born singer, and the hardest to those whose music, instead of springing upwards as from a fountain, has to be drawn up painfully as from a well. And it is hard to explain why a lyric is beautiful, or for what quality it should be admired. To have no liking for the lyrics of Campion or Herrick, or of the many other lyrical poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is to confess oneself to be without a taste for poetry at all ; but one is no more called upon to explain why he admires these things than why he admires the nightingale's song. Therefore I shall not attempt to prove that Strode's lyrical poems are worthy of admiration. If the reader does not at the first reading appreciate the beauty of "When Orpheus Sweetly did Complayne," "In Commendation of Musick," "O tell me, tell, thou God of Wynde," and "As I out of a Casement Sent," it is not likely that anything I can say will enable him to do so. Of the famous lyric on Melancholy, which, as I shall show later on, is probably Strode's and not Fletcher's, I will not now speak. It is to be wished that our poet had devoted more of his time to the writing of lyrics rather than to the composition of the many occasional pieces which are to be found in the present volume ; for these, though always ingenious and subtle, and sometimes witty and humorous, would have been well exchanged for a few more of his lyrics. He has left enough of them, however (if I am

not much mistaken), to assure him a permanent place beside Herrick, Carew, Randolph, and Waller.

"On Westwell Downes" is a poem of a kind of which we have few examples in our early poets; indeed I cannot at this moment recall even one which resembles it. Of course there are in Shakespeare and his contemporaries plenty of references to country life and scenery, but these are commonly only brief and passing allusions, and are generally introduced not for their own sake, but because of some relation which they have to the feelings or thoughts of those who look upon them or recall them to memory. It was left to the poets of a much later date to describe a scene simply for its own sake, and without reference to anything that might chance to be happening there. Therefore, without making too much of this poem, I think we may claim for Strode that he was one of the very few poets of his time who gave expression to that feeling for and delight in nature for itself, the full exposition of which was to form the peculiar glory of the singers of the last century. The same praise may be bestowed upon the verses "On a Great Hollow Tree," a poem which deals with its subject simply and naturally, not seeking (as Wordsworth would have done) to draw any moral lesson from it, but only to record in a vivid and picturesque manner the various thoughts and images which the object described awakened in the poet's mind.

Though it is in his lyrics, taking them all together, that Strode is at his best, it is not amongst them that we meet with his finest and most highly-wrought work. Although his elegies are not so uniformly excellent as his lyrics, there is at least one of them which is not only, as I conceive, his highest

achievement, but is also a poem of quite remarkable beauty and pathos. If the longer of the two elegies on Mary Prideaux is not a masterpiece, such as any poet might be proud of having written, I must be content to be considered as an uncritical and indiscriminating enthusiast. Surely if any poem was ever written with profound grief in the heart, infinite tenderness in the soul, and eyes dimmed with tears, this beautiful, this most pathetic, and yet most consolatory and most tranquillising elegy, was thus composed. If there is any more beautiful poem of its kind I have not been so fortunate as to meet with it ; indeed I cannot now recall to mind any other equally tender and touching poem. To me it seems to stand alone, a thing done perfectly and once for all ; to be admired and envied by other singers, but never to be equalled or excelled. If Strode had written nothing else, this poem would alone suffice to place him in the front rank of elegiac poets. That (excepting the third section) it should have remained in manuscript for upwards of two and a half centuries, and that of those who have seen and read it during that period, not one should have recognised its surpassing excellence is surely one of the marvels of literature.* Possibly some of my readers may be disposed to think that my praise is too unmeasured, and that the poem is not really worthy of such fervent commendation. But if they think so

* It may be thought, perhaps, that I have no warrant for such a sweeping statement as this ; but could any one who had realised the beauty of the poem have refrained from proclaiming his admiration of it ? When Dr. Grosart issued his proposals for the publication of his "Literary Finds" he drew special attention to an elegy on the death of a child, by Cecill Turner (whom he identified without xxxii

after a first perusal, I will ask them to give it a second, or even a third reading, when I believe they will come round to my opinion. For myself I only feel regret that I cannot speak with the authority, the eloquence, and the inspiration of a Swinburne, that I might thus fitly eulogise this divinely beautiful elegy.

Of the other elegy on Mary Prideaux, and of that on Mary Neudham, no true critic will, I think, deny the beauty. Perhaps they would seem more beautiful than they do now were they not outshone by their greater companion. Yet they are well worthy to stand by its side. Finely imagined, deeply felt, and nobly expressed, they satisfy at once the judgment and the feelings. They have the perfection of a cameo, or of a finely-wrought medallion.

Of the remainder of the elegies it must be confessed that warrant, as Cyril Tourneur), which he described as "a literary jewel." Here it is :

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD BUT ONE YEAR OLD.

How can Heaven's voyage long or hard appear ?

This feeble infant went it in a year.

Yet Reader, let not strength secure delay :

For many die before they are on the way.

Here contemplation thy journey fit ;

This blest one was her whole life going it.

To say nothing of the clumsy and meaningless fifth line (which may, however, have been misread by the transcriber), this is at the best a poor and commonplace production. If we call it a "literary jewel," what terms of praise can we find that are fit to be applied to the elegy on Mary Prideaux? Yet Dr. Grosart, though he must have been well acquainted with the elegy, since he includes it in his list of Strode's poems, had no word of commendation for it.

they fall far below the level of those I have just mentioned. As the best is the enemy of the good, so Strode, in writing these, set up so high a standard that his other elegies inevitably suffer by comparison with them. The secret of the excellence of the elegies on Mary Neudham and Mary Prideaux is that the author's feelings were, in these cases, deeply stirred, and he wrote therefore rather from the promptings of his heart than of his head. In his other elegies the case was reversed—partially, at least, if not wholly. In them he was rather exercising his fancy than expressing his emotions, and they are therefore to be judged, not according to the effect which they produce on the feelings, but by the amount of satisfaction which they afford to the intellect. The writer's object is to discourse as eloquently, and with as much ingenuity as he can, on his chosen theme. If he succeeds in making upon the reader's mind the same sort of impression that the feats of a gymnast make upon it—namely, a feeling of wonder at the skill and resource of the performer—his aim is accomplished. We may regret that Strode did not more often allow his feelings, rather than his fancy, to guide his pen ; but we must not censure him for not accomplishing what he did not attempt.

What has been said of the elegies will apply also to Strode's epistles, which, however, have not amongst them, like the elegies, any of greatly superior excellence. They are very good in their way, and it should be remembered that few, if any, of them were intended for publication. They move easily along ; the expression is well fitted to the matter, and the thought is not without dignity and elevation. More than this cannot, and need not, be claimed for them.

The miscellaneous and religious poems do not require much comment. They are always ingenious, gracefully turned, and full of fanciful wit. Whatever else Strode may be he is never dull. He knows exactly how much elaboration a thought will bear, and he knows also how to express it in the most effective way. Few authors of the time have so light a touch, or so sure an instinct for the right word or phrase. To say of him that he is not free from fantastic conceits, quaintnesses of expression, and misplaced wit, is but to say that he was a man of his time, and therefore was not free from the faults of the metaphysical school of poets, as Johnson termed it, though a better designation for it, I think, would be the fantastic or artificial school. For the aim of these poets was certainly not to expound or discuss metaphysical ideas, but to look at all things through the medium of the fancy or phantasy—not to see things as they actually are, while yet seeing also their underlying wonder and mystery ; but to view them as material on which to exercise an ingenious fancy alert to detect the most remote analogies, and to invent the most surprising paradoxes.* However mistaken may have been the aims and methods of this school, it was at any rate required from all its members that they should possess a more than ordinary degree of wit, knowledge, ingenious fancy, and subtlety of mind. Without these qualities failure was inevitable. Writers who possess them—and most of those

* Probably Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. G. K. Chesterton would deny that they have anything in common with this school of poets : yet a little reflection will show that their qualities (or some of them at least) are essentially the same, though they are manifested in a different way.

who followed in Donne's footsteps did possess them—can hardly fail to interest us, however much we may dislike their methods. And Strode, though he may certainly be reckoned as one of Donne's disciples, is not too much infected with the mannerisms of the school, and seldom indulges in its more *outré* conceits and extravagances.

Such pieces as "The Capps," "A Paralell between Bowling and Preferment," "Jacke-on-both-sides," and "A Devonshire Song" show that Strode had a considerable vein of humour, which it may be regretted that he did not more sedulously cultivate. The "Devonshire Song" is, I believe, the first poem which we have in that dialect; at all events I do not know of any earlier example.

The poems which I have grouped together under the heading "Doubtful Pieces" can hardly be taken into account here. I should be very glad indeed if I could positively attribute some of them to Strode. Such beautiful "relishes of rhyme" as "Mourne, mourne, ye lovers," and "Sing aloud, harmonious sphears," may be fairly given to him, though on slender evidence, in the absence of other claimants: while it is at least permissible to assign to him those fine poems, "Upon Heaven's best Image, his faire and vertuous mistresse," and "Gaze not on Swans," provided we note the fact that his claim to them is not indisputable.

There are few things in the present volume which it gives me more pleasure to include than the translation of the poem, usually attributed to Strada, on the contest between the nightingale and the musician. It is strange indeed that it has never before been given to the world. The poem is, of course, familiar enough to English readers from the beautiful

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renderings of Ford and Crashaw. Yet it might be plausibly maintained that it is now first made known in its true character to the English reader; for Ford abridged it, while Crashaw expanded and glorified it, as FitzGerald glorified his Omar. In Strode's translation we have a third English poem, quite worthy to set beside the others, but differing from them in that it is a close and faithful rendering of the sense and spirit of its original. The translations are few indeed which, without losing the charm and poetry of their original, reproduce so exactly its form and meaning.

It will probably surprise some readers to find the well-known verses on Melancholy, which have so long been assigned, almost without question, to Fletcher, attributed here to Strode. Some even may feel rather indignant that an attempt should be made to deprive Fletcher of a poem which has become so thoroughly identified with his name. But the fact is that there is no really valid evidence in Fletcher's favour, while the evidence for Strode's authorship, though I own that it is not altogether conclusive, is at least much stronger than it is for the famous dramatist. The history of the verses, so far as known, is rather curious. They were first printed in a little booklet of twelve leaves, entitled "A Description of the King and Queene of Fayries, their habit, fare, their abode, pompe and state. . . . London. 1635." This booklet contains also one of Herrick's fairy poems. Supposing there was no evidence of any sort as to the authorship of the verses now under consideration, to whom would it seem most natural to attribute them? To Herrick, I think, since they surely resemble his manner more than they do that of any other poet. They cannot, however, be claimed

for him, since he never claimed them for himself, which he would surely have done had they been really his. It was not till 1647 that the verses were ascribed to Fletcher. They occur in the play of "The Nice Valour," which is only partly Fletcher's. The verses, therefore, may have been written by Fletcher's co-author, whoever he was. Moreover, it was a frequent practice of the time to insert in plays songs which had become popular ; and this may have been the case in the present instance. So much for the evidence in favour of Fletcher. Let us now see what sort of a case can be made out in favour of Strode. As we have seen, the poem must have been written before 1635 ; and my own opinion is that it was written at some time between 1630 and 1633. At all events I have in my possession two poetical manuscript volumes in which the poem appears, both of which date about 1632. This does not prove that the poem was not written before that date, but at any rate I do not believe that there is any proof of its existence before that time. Fletcher died in 1625, and therefore, if my assumed date for the poem is correct, he could not have written it. There is, so far as I know, no manuscript authority whatever for ascribing the poem to Fletcher ; whereas I know of at least three early manuscripts in which it is ascribed to Strode.* In the "Malóniana" (consisting of anecdotes and extracts from Malone's papers) which is found in Sir James Prior's "Life of Malone" the following passage occurs :

"Song in ye Praise of Melancholy.—F. 80 Bod. 'Hence

* I am speaking of manuscripts dating earlier than 1647 ; after that date there may be manuscripts in which it is ascribed to Fletcher, although I do not know of any.

all your vain delights.' The author of this beautiful piece (Dr. Strode), part of which has been ascribed unjustly to Fletcher, because it is sung in his 'Nice Valour,' was born about the year 1600, and died Canon of Christ Church in 1644. *Milton evidently took the hint of his 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso' from it.*"

Malone, it is thus seen, speaks positively on the matter, and it is to be presumed, therefore, that he had good evidence for his statement, for he must have been aware that it is hardly safe to rely upon the evidence of a single manuscript in a case of disputed authorship. It is evident also that Malone considered "Melancholy" and "Opposite to Melancholy" together formed a single poem, which is no more the case than it is with Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." I must, however, be quite candid and unreserved with the reader on this matter. Let me say then that it is possible that the writers of the various manuscript volumes, knowing Strode to be the writer of "Opposite to Melancholy," may have jumped to the conclusion that he was also the author of the poem to which it is a reply. Upon the whole I prefer to think that it was not so, and that the writers had good grounds for ascribing the poem to Strode; but I am quite willing to own that the matter is not one upon which it is possible to attain complete certainty.*

* In "Notes and Queries," First Series, vol. i. p. 146, there is a note on this subject by Edward F. Rimbault, which seems still further to confirm Strode's claim to the verses. The writer says:

"I have now before me a curious musical MS. in the hand-writing of the celebrated Henry Lawes, containing the music to Dr. Strode's play of 'The Floating Island.' . . . It is followed by the two songs

Our author's longest and most ambitious performance has now to be considered. It should be remembered, whenever "The Floating Island" is referred to, that it was not a work undertaken from the author's own choice, but at the request of those whose wishes were practically commands.* Therefore if the play needed excuse it might be found in this fact. But I do not think it requires any apology; only the reader should bear in mind that as it was intended for a royal and courtly audience, some flattery of its hearers was hardly to be avoided. Any reader of the play will see at once that Prudentius was intended to represent King Charles; his minister (Intellectus Agens) was perhaps intended for Laud: while the various passions which are represented as rebelling against their rule are intended to shadow forth the opponents of the royal policy. Of course the author and his audience could not, and did not, see that it was really a bitter satire upon the king to represent him as an embodiment of prudence and wisdom.

"The Floating Island" is not perhaps a play which makes a very favourable impression upon a first perusal. The author's design is not seen very clearly at first; it requires a

in question: and although the name of the author is not given, the fact of their being written at the end of Dr. Strode's 'tragi-comedy' in some measure confirms Malone's statement."

On the other hand, it is perhaps only fair to mention that in "Wit Restor'd" the two poems are given, the first without any author's name, while the second is headed "The answer, by Dr. Stroad."

* "The Floating Island" and two other plays were expressly written to entertain Charles I. and his queen on their visit to Oxford in 1636. Archbishop Laud was probably the intermediary at whose request Strode's play was written.

second or even a third reading before one fully grasps the various threads of the plot. But the readers who give it this second or third perusal will be very well rewarded for their pains. There is mind and thought in every line of it. The auditors who disliked it because they thought it contained less entertainment than morality were surely somewhat unreasonable. It is true that the author throughout the play keeps his purpose steadily in view ; but it is not unduly obtruded upon the reader, who may, if he likes, disregard it altogether. Its morality to a reader of the present day will not seem to be any too austere ; indeed there are some scenes in the play which might be thought a little too free for our modern taste. The real objections which told against the work when it was first produced, and which may perhaps tell against it now, are that its characters are abstractions rather than human beings, and that its plot is too obviously framed to enforce a preconceived moral. But an author must always be allowed to choose his own method of appeal, and he is to be judged according to the degree of success with which he has executed his design. Of course, if he chooses a subject with which his hearers or readers are out of sympathy, it is useless for him to complain of want of appreciation on their part.

A short *résumé* of the plot and design of the play will perhaps help the reader to derive more pleasure from a perusal of it than he would otherwise gain. "The Floating Island," in which the events of the drama take place, symbolises a kingdom distracted by the contending passions of its inhabitants, and reduced to anarchy by their dissensions.*

* A true emblem of the state of England during the latter part of

The King, Prudentius, and his minister, Intellectus Agens, have in vain attempted to control their disorders ; and at the opening of the play we find them ready to break out into rebellion. All the passions are chafing at the restraints which have been laid upon them, though they are only such as are necessary to preserve the kingdom's order and prosperity. The chief mutineers are Audax, Irato, Desperato, Sir Amorous, and Hilario. At a meeting of the conspirators it is arranged that Audax, Irato, and Desperato shall assassinate the king ; and they attempt to carry out their design. Prudentius, however, has received timely warning of their purpose, and retired out of their reach, leaving the passions to work their will, unguided and unchecked. Left to themselves the conspirators elect Fancie for their queen, expecting her to be pliant to all their humours, which, however, they soon discover she is by means disposed to be. No sooner is the new order constituted than the various passions, no longer under the control of prudence and wisdom, begin to quarrel among themselves ; and their dissensions finally bring them and the kingdom to the verge of ruin. I need not recount here the train of events by which this result is brought about ; let it suffice to say that the author shows much ingenuity in the development of his plot. All that I need add is that the

the reign of Charles I. ! Herein Strode was something of a prophet, for he foretold the deposition of Charles, though not his execution. Nor was he mistaken in foretelling also that the nation, weary of the strife between its contending factions, would revert to its former condition. But poets are often wiser than they know : and this, as we shall see later on, was the case with Strode on more than one occasion.

passions, growing weary of their own excesses, willingly place themselves once more under the rule of prudence and wisdom, and submit to those restraints against which they rebelled, but which they now see are necessary to the well-being of the state. The play ends with the return of Prudentius and the restoration of the old order.

No one, I imagine, would now contend that Strode in thus stating the case of Charles I. against his subjects was giving a true or impartial account of the origin of the contention between them. Nevertheless his case, from his own point of view, and that of the royalists, was a good one, and we need not quarrel with him for advocating it. However defective as a political argument, it formed at any rate an excellent groundwork for his play. Not many dramas have a leading motive at once so philosophically sound and so capable of effective scenic development. A great dramatist could hardly fail to find his account in making use of such a good idea; for Strode, well as he treated it, by no means exhausted its possibilities.* Allowing then that the drama is based upon a sufficiently sound ethical idea, it remains to be asked whether it is in fact a good play. To this question I answer, Yes! it is at least a good play, if not a great one. We must not condemn it because it wants passion, sublimity, and pathos, since those qualities would have been out of place in it. Its appeal is not to the heart but to the head; and if it succeeds—as I believe it does—in satisfying the requirements

* Perhaps Strode may have got the first hint for his play from "Measure for Measure," in which also we behold a contest between lawlessness and legality; and the moral of which is that passion uncontrolled by prudence inevitably leads to disaster.

of the intellect, it hits the mark it aims at. In this respect it in some degree resembles "Troilus and Cressida," which also appeals chiefly to the intellect and not to the feelings. Thought and reflection in both of them predominate so much over the more usual elements of a play that it is no wonder that neither of them attained popularity.

The strongest critical objection which can be urged against "The Floating Island" is (as I have already remarked) that its author has chosen to make the characters of his play, not human beings but abstract passions ; and has thus debarred himself from awakening the sympathies of the reader or spectator with them in their good or evil fortunes. Without denying that there is some force in this objection, I do not think that it is so strong as it appears to be. The passions of Strode's play are at any rate human passions. Now, men and women are made up of passions ; and often enough one passion so predominates in them over all others that they become little more than embodiments of it. It is true enough that abstractions on the stage usually excite only a languid interest ; but this is not always the case. "Everyman" is an instance in point ; and in some of the Elizabethan and Jacobean masques we find allegorical characters and representatives of the virtues and vices made effective and interesting figures. The truth is that in the hands of great authors abstractions assume the semblance of realities, whereas realities in the hands of inferior writers fade into abstractions. However impalpable an idea he may seek to symbolise, Bunyan never fails to invest it with life and animation. And Strode has something of Bunyan's power of vitalising abstractions. He erred, perhaps, in giving his characters names

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which so nearly denote the passions they are intended to embody. Had he given them less significant appellations, and allowed himself a little more freedom in their delineation, not many would have suspected that their author intended them for anything but human beings, under the domination, it is true, of overmastering passions, but not to a greater degree than is often the case in real life. But after all, Strode's method needs no apology ; it will prove no stumbling-block to any intelligent reader, and it was for such alone that the play was written.

Like most of the poets of the latter part of the sixteenth and the earlier part of the seventeenth centuries, Strode had learned the secret, since almost lost, of writing easy and natural-seeming blank verse, equally excellent in colloquial discourse, and in the more exalted language of passion and imagination. Either he had, like Shakespeare, such an entire mastery of words that any conception which entered his mind found immediately its appropriate form of expression ; or he must have laboured hard and long to attain this appearance of spontaneity. That he had the gift of natural fluency I feel certain ; for I hold that what is written with difficulty will almost always show some signs of the labour which accompanied its birth-pangs.* I see no signs of such

* I do not think that any person of ordinary intelligence can read a page of Walter Pater without becoming aware of the fact that it is the result of much laborious thought, and was moulded into shape at the expense of much severe mental effort. " Easy writing," it is true, sometimes makes " damned hard reading " ; but hard writing nevertheless does not always make easy reading. Pater's readers have to undergo—of course in a much smaller degree—the same process of mental effort that he himself underwent ; a process, I hasten

labour in Strode's verse. Always easy and flowing, though never careless or diffuse, it nowhere suggests a great expenditure of midnight oil, or a painful effort to fit the word to the thought. It runs on very evenly, not often rising, it is true, to any great height of inspiration, but never falling into weakness or insipidity.

Something more in the way of criticism might be said about "The Floating Island" were I not fearful that I have already taxed the reader's patience rather too severely. A few notes upon some other points in it will be found appended to the text of the play. But one very remarkable passage must be noticed here. This is the speech in Act III., Sc. 3, in which Queen Fancie, expressing her discontent at the slow progress of invention and discovery, proceeds to prophesy the wonders of future ages :

Thus first ourselves must whet our own Invention ;
Else other will not stir. Men do not strive
Methinkes to please me as they ought to do.
No other rarities these many Ages

to add, which is very well worth going through. The truth is that temperament in this, as in all other matters, is the chief factor, and authors write with ease or difficulty according to their natural endowments. Shakespeare, we know, wrote with much ease and facility, while Ben Jonson toiled and sweated over his works ; but we do not exalt the latter above the former on that account. To sum up the matter, we may say, I think, that while it will be found that whatever has been written with pain and difficulty will, in most cases, prove to be better than that which has been easily composed, there are plenty of exceptions to the rule. Some lands are naturally rich and fertile and require little cultivation : others require much labour to be spent upon them ; but the products of each may be of equal value in quality, if not in quantity.

But Powder, Printing, Seaman Card, and Watches ?
So much vain dotage for the fond Elixir ?
Why are not yet my Christals malleable,
To make our Gold no Gold, and foile the Di'mond ?
Why want I Instruments to measure out
The Year, the Day, the Houre, without the help
Of Sun, or turning of these tedious wheels ?
Nothing to carry me but Barges, Coaches ?
Sedans and Litters ? through the Aire I'd passe
By some new waftage. I must have my house
Convey'd by wheels and sailes and plummets hung
In some deep pit, deep as the way is distant,
To hurry me, my Family, and it
Whether I please. Ile travel like the Snaile
With all my house ; but swifter then the Faulcon.

Fuga. Rare Lady !

Conc. Ravishing Inventions !

Fan. Why have not I my Beds stuff'd all with wind,
Baths fill'd with Maydew, Flowers preserv'd till winter,
As well as Snow till Summer : choisest Fruits
Growing and ripe in midst of January ?
Why have not I Ponds running through my Cellars,
For Bottles and for Fish call'd by their names ?
Why not in drought an Artificial rain,
Scattered by spowtes, to cheer my Paradise ?

Mem. I wish you had these things : I nere saw such.

Fan. Cheape I can have Æolian bellowes made
Within the Bowles of Andirons, where the water
Shall blow the fire by which 'tis rarified.
I will have Vaults which shall convey my whispers
In steed of Embasies to forreign Nations ;
Places for Ecchoes to pronounce a speech,
Or give a Suffrage like a multitude :
Consorts well play'd by water ; Pictures taught
By secret Organs both to move and speak :

We spend ourselves too much upon the Tylour :
I rather would new mold, new fashion Nature.

If there is anywhere in the writings of any other poet or philosopher a passage to compare with this I have yet to make its acquaintance. The more it is considered the more remarkable it becomes. It forms indeed an almost complete summing up of the most wonderful achievements of science and invention since the writer's time. It may not be strange that Strode should have foretold the invention of the navigable balloon, since that is an idea which might have occurred, and perhaps did occur, to previous thinkers ; but few of the other marvels which Fancie enumerates can have suggested themselves to other writers or speculators. Not all the things, indeed, which Fancie foretells have come to pass as yet ; but since so many of them are now accomplished facts, we may expect with some confidence the fulfilment of the rest of her forecasts.

There are a few dark sayings in the speech which require perhaps a little elucidation, as, for instance :

Why are not yet my Christals malleable,
To make our Gold no Gold, and foile the Di'mond ?

May we not fairly see in this a forecast of the discovery of radium ? I think we may ; and something more indeed than a mere oracular utterance which might be made to apply to half a dozen different discoveries.

As to the instruments to measure out years, days, and hours, though they have not (so far as I am aware) been yet devised, who, after the discovery of so many much more wonderful things, can doubt that they will in due time be

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invented? And though no house has yet been conveyed through the bowels of the earth, the possibility of the feat—though not perhaps exactly in the way indicated—has at least been demonstrated. Then, either the lines beginning—

Cheape I can have Æolian bellows made—

are a forecast of the discovery of the uses of the power of steam; or they are, so far as I can see, meaningless, unless, indeed, they refer to some future and as yet unimagined invention. In the "Vaults which shall convey my whispers," we have evidently the telephone; while in "Places for echo to pronounce a speech," we have no less evidently the phonograph. The various minor wonders which Fancie mentions need no commentary: upon the whole, may we not say that the new moulding and new-fashioning of nature, which Fancie expressed her desire for, has come about pretty much in the way she prophesied, and by the means which she foreshadowed? Surely we may. Did Strode write the speech as a mere flight of his own fancy? Not altogether, I think. I believe that some at least of the anticipations of the future which he puts into the mouth of Fancie were such as he had himself speculated upon as scientific possibilities. But no matter whether Strode was merely exercising his imagination in order to satirise the vain extravagance of human wishes, or whether he was making a conscious effort to foretell the progress of invention and discovery, the speech of Fancie is and must remain one of the most remarkable—if not *the* most remarkable—of all attempts to forecast the wonders of the future.*

* See the notes appended to the play for some other instances of Strode's power of prophetic insight.

"Something too much of this," perhaps. The prologue must not be allowed to tire out the audience before the play begins. Let me say then, in conclusion, that I have endeavoured, as far as I could, to speak of Strode quite candidly and impartially ; and indeed I almost fear that in trying to avoid any overstatement of his claims I have erred on the other side. But whatever the final verdict upon him may be, I shall continue to think that he was a poet of very considerable gifts ; and one who well deserved to be rescued from the obscurity which had so long enshrouded him. It makes me proud and happy to think that I have had the good fortune to introduce to my countrymen two such poets as Traherne and Strode. It is a piece of vanity, I know, for me to say this—but so let it be ! It is not a kind of vanity with which any generous or kindly critic will reproach me ; and as for those of another sort their censures cannot touch me. I am not so arrogant as Ben Jonson, and will not repeat his famous asseveration—would not indeed make any asseveration respecting a work of my own—but with regard to Traherne and Strode, I do not hesitate to say

Approve them or condemn as you will,
I know they're good, and must believe so still.

Something remains to be said concerning the manner in which the present volume has come into existence. About four years ago I had the good fortune to purchase, at the sale of the Phillipps Manuscripts, a volume containing a valuable collection of poems, mostly by authors of the early part of the seventeenth century. Two or three weeks later I bought at Messrs. Hodgson's sale-rooms a still more valuable manuscript volume of about the same date as the one just men-

tioned. Both volumes contain numerous pieces which are, so far as I can discover, unknown and unprinted ; and both of them contain many of Strode's poems. Until these books fell into my hands I knew hardly more of Strode than his mere name. When I came to read his poems my surprise was great at finding how excellent they were, and I at once determined that I would, if possible, become his first editor. I soon found that it was no easy task which I had undertaken. Not much more than half of the poems which are here collected were contained in the MS. volumes which I have mentioned. It was necessary, therefore, to undertake a search for the remainder of Strode's poems.* This was no easy task for me, since I am far from having the leisure and the freedom from other occupations which are favourable to such researches. I do not know, indeed, how I could ever have accomplished the task had I not found willing and altogether disinterested co-workers, who at the expense of much time and trouble aided me wherever aid was necessary. To Mr. Percy Simpson I have already expressed my obliga-

* Here it is only just to the late Dr. Grosart that I should mention that he issued in 1895 proposals for the publication of a volume of "Literary Finds," among which were to be included as many of Strode's poems as he had been able to discover. He did not, however, receive sufficient promises of support to enable him to go on with his project, as he confessed in 1899 in an article which he contributed to the German magazine "Englische Studien." In that article he gave a list of Strode's poems, so far as he then knew them. This list comprises about sixty pieces, whereas there are in the present volume upwards of a hundred. Dr. Grosart was not an ideal editor ; but he did much work which, but for him, would have remained undone. It is a pity that so much of his work needs to be done again by more competent and critical hands.

tions in the dedication ; but I must add here that most of the necessary researches at the British Museum and at Oxford were undertaken by him ; and that it is from his transcripts that many of the poems included in this volume have been printed. Without his co-operation this volume must have been a far more imperfect achievement than it is ; and I sincerely hope that if it should be recognised that a good work has been accomplished in its publication Mr. Simpson's share in it will not be forgotten. I must also express my deep sense of obligation to my friend, Mr. Thorn Drury, of whose knowledge, taste, and good advice I have throughout availed myself. I must say—why indeed should I not say ?—that I regard as one of the most fortunate events of my life the fact that in this, as in many other things, I have been able to profit by his wise counsel and critical discernment. How much life has been sweetened to my taste by the friendship of the two gentlemen I have named words fail me to express.

To the Rev. Charles Plummer, M.A., and to Mr. R. W. Livingston, B.A., the past and present librarians of Corpus Christi College, Oxon, the heartiest thanks are due for the permission which they gave Mr. Simpson to copy and print the Strode MSS. which were or are under their care.

I must also express my thanks to Mr. Arthur H. Bullen, from whom, in a task which should have fallen to his own lot, I have received the friendliest help and encouragement. Nor must I neglect to mention Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, who took much trouble in searching the Bodleian records and documents. Thanks also are due to Professor Gollancz, who placed his collection of materials relating to the history

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of the Strode family at my disposal. Other helpers whom I must name are Mr. Gordon Goodwin and Mr. G. E. K. Arkwright.

I must, in conclusion, make some further remarks as to the sources, manuscript and printed, from which the contents of this volume have been derived. Leaving "The Floating Island" out of consideration, and speaking roughly, I think that about one-third of the poems contained in this book now make their first appearance in print. Of the greater part of the whole number I possess manuscript copies, and as those which got into print abound in errors and misreadings these manuscripts have been most useful in clearing and settling the text. It is an error to suppose that a printed text (except, of course, in cases where the author has supervised the publication of his works) is necessarily better than a manuscript copy. It is an equal chance, I think, as to which will prove the better ; and therefore the editor of a sixteenth or seventeenth century author should, as far as possible, consult manuscript as well as printed sources. In the present instance it was necessary to begin with the manuscripts, since they alone gave the author's name or initials. The poems, as printed in the various poetical miscellanies of the time, ("Parnassus Biceps," "Musarum Deliciæ," &c.), are almost invariably anonymous. In dealing with manuscripts, however, it is necessary to exercise a good deal of caution. It cannot be denied that the writers of some (not all) of them indulged in a great deal of guess-work in affixing names or initials to the various poems. Therefore it is rarely possible to accept the evidence of a single manuscript as decisive of the authorship of a poem. Unless it exhibits unmistakeable

tokens of its parentage it is necessary (or at least desirable) to seek for corroborative evidence. When, however, two or three manuscripts are found to agree in assigning a poem to one and the same author, their evidence may be accepted as conclusive, providing there is no valid evidence to the contrary. Usually no great difficulty is experienced in coming to a conclusion as to the authorship of any particular poem. In cases where poems are attributed in different manuscripts to different authors, the editor's duty is rather to set forth the facts fairly and impartially than to decide in favour of one or the other claimant. Not even in the case of a writer with so strong an individuality as Donne, is it always possible to judge from internal evidence whether a poem is or is not to be attributed to him ; since his style was so generally, and often so closely imitated that it is very difficult to distinguish between the original and the copy. In the case of the present volume I do not think that anything (excepting some of the pieces which I have classed as "doubtful") has been attributed to Strode without sufficient evidence to justify the attribution. Whenever I have had any doubt I have not hesitated to express it. I shall be much surprised if any of the poems here positively assigned to Strode (save, perhaps, two or three of the smaller pieces) are challenged as being wrongly attributed to him. I think that a careful and critical reading of the book will convince most readers that throughout it there is the stamp of the same kind and quality of intellectual power : a power which, though manifested in many diverse ways, always exhibits an essential unity of spirit.

Though I have already mentioned informally the various sources from which the materials of the present volume have
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been derived, it will be well perhaps to recapitulate them here. They are derived then from—(1) two poetical manuscript volumes in my own possession ; (2) various poetical manuscript volumes in the British Museum and the Bodleian Library ; (3) manuscripts in the library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford ; (4) many printed books, including “Parnassus Biceps,” 1656, “Wit Restor’d,” 1658, “Musarum Deliciæ,” 1656, &c. &c. That the gathering together and collation of these materials has entailed a good deal of painstaking research the reader, I suppose, will readily imagine ; nor will he, perhaps, fail to reflect that what costs him but a few shillings and a few pleasantly-occupied hours, has—not to speak of the author’s own labour—cost the writer many months of diligent application. But, let me add, it was a task willingly undertaken and continued with pleasure ; and my only regret during its progress has been that I could not, owing to my other occupations, bring it to a speedier conclusion. But it is now happily accomplished, and whatever fate it may meet with, I am sure of one thing—namely, that it will always be a source of satisfaction to me that I have had the good fortune to be the first to set forth the claims of WILLIAM STRODE to a place in that pantheon of her poets which the English nation will surely, sooner or later, establish.*

* Here are a few more crumbs of information relating to Strode, gathered partly from “Athenæ Oxonienses,” and partly from “The Life and Times of Anthony Wood, Edited by Andrew Clark,” 1891.

In addition to the various published works of Strode, which I have already mentioned, Wood names the following :

Speech made to Queen Mary at Oxon at her return out of Holland. Oxon, 1643, 4to.

Sermon concerning Swearing, on Matth. 3, 37, Oxon, 1644, 4to.

Sermon concerning Death and the Resurrection, preached at S. Mary's in Oxon on Low Sunday, 28 April, 1644. Oxon, 1644, 4to.

The following note is from "The Life and Times" mentioned above, vol. i. p. 116:

"In Wood MS.E.4, he cites several speeches spoken by William Strode to King Charles I. and great personages while he was Orator, 1629-164 $\frac{1}{2}$; some of them are in a MS. Collection of speeches and letters [made by Richard Saunders of Oriel] in Francis Barrye's hand, rector of Kingsey, near Thame. One speech which he spoke to the King at Woodstock, anno 1633, when the heads of the Universitie went to congratulate him, hath this beginning: Augustissime et Christo proxime Homo-Deus! quales pro te ad aras sanctissimas, tales accedimus ad te, non oculari officio, non genibus tantum provoluti, [sed animis devoti, gratulationis, laudum, et gratiarum effusissime pleni," etc. The parallel in Acts xii. 22, 23, suggests itself. See Macray's Annals of the Bodleian (ed. 1890), p. 73; Coxe's Cat. Codd. MSS. Coll. C.C. Oxon, no. ccci., fol. 129.

SONG

When Orpheus sweetly did complayne
Upon his lute with heavy strayne
How his Euridice was slayne,
 The trees to heare
 Obtayne'd an eare,
And after left it off againe.

At every stroake and every stay
The boughs kept time, and nodding lay,
And listened bending all one way :
 The aspen tree
 As well as hee
Began to shake and learn'd to play.

If wood could speake, a tree might heare,
If wood could sound true greife so neare
A tree might dropp an amber teare :
 If wood so well
 Could ring a knell
The Cipres might condole the beare.

The standing nobles of the grove
Hearing dead wood so speak and move

The fatall axe beganne to love :
They envyde death
That gave such breath
As men alive doe saints above.

[I have two MS. copies of the above poem in my possession. There are some variations in the texts, but with one exception they are of little importance. In one copy lines 9-11 read as follows :

At every shake
The leaves did quake :
The aspin tree thence learn'd to play.]

IN COMMENDATION OF MUSICK

When whispering straynes doe softly steale
With creeping passion through the hart,
And when at every touch wee feele
Our pulses beate and beare a part ;
When thredds can make
A hartstring shake
Philosophie
Can scarce deny
The soule consists of harmony.

When unto heavenly joy wee feyne
Whatere the soule affecteth most,
Which onely thus wee can explayne
By musick of the winged hoast,
Whose layes wee think
Make starres to winke,

Philosophie
Can scarce deny
Our soules consist of harmony.

O lull mee, lull mee, charming ayre,
My senses rock with wonder sweete ;
Like snowe on wooll thy fallings are,
Soft, like a spiritts, are thy feete :
 Greife who need feare
 That hath an eare ?
 Down lett him lye
 And slumbring dye,
And change his soule for harmony.

[Printed from a manuscript copy in my possession.
The song was printed in "Wit Restor'd," 1658. The text
varies somewhat from that given above, but not in any
important point.]

SONG

Keepe on your maske, and hide your eye,
For with beholding you I dye :
Your fatall beauty, Gorgon-like,
Dead with astonishment will strike ;
Your piercing eyes if them I see
Are worse than basilisks to mee.

Shutt from mine eyes those hills of snowe,
Their melting valleys doe not showe ;

Their azure paths lead to dispaire,
O vex me not, forbear, forbear ;
For while I thus in torments dwell
The sight of heaven is worse than hell.

Your dayntie voyce and warbling breath
Sound like a sentence pass'd for death ;
Your dangling tresses are become
Like instruments of finall doome.
O if an Angell torture so,
When life is done where shall I goe ?

ANOTHER VERSION
TO HIS MISTRESSE

Keepe on your mask and hide your eye
For in beholding you I dye.
Your fatall beauty Gorgon-like
Dead with astonishment doth strike.
Your piercing eyes that now I see
Are worse than Basilisks to me.
Shut from mine eyes those hills of snow,
Their melting vally do not shew :
Those azure paths lead to despaire,
O vex me not, forbear, forbear ;
For while I thus in torments dwell
The sight of Heaven is worse than Hell.
In those faire cheeks two pits doe lye
To bury those slaine by your eye :

So this at length doth comfort me
That fairely buried I shall be :
My grave with Roses, Lillies, spread,
Methinks tis life for to be dead :
Come then and kill me with your eye,
For if you let me live I dye.

When I perceive your lips againe
Recover those your eyes have slaine,
With kisses that (like balsome pure)
Deep wounds as soone as made doe cure,
Methinks tis sicknesse to be sound,
And there's no health to such a wound.
When in your bosome I behold
Two hills of snow yet never cold,
Which lovers, whom your beauty kills,
Revive by climing those your hills,
Methinks there's life in such a death
That gives a hope of sweeter breath :
Then since one death prevails not where
So many antidotes are nere,
And your bright eyes doe but in vaine
Kill those who live as fast as slaine ;
That I no more such death survive
Your way's to bury me alive
In place unknown, and so that I
Being dead may live and living dye.

[The above is from "Parnassus Biceps." Curiously enough, it is evidently made up of two poems. The second, beginning with :

In those faire cheekes two pits do lye,

has always been attributed to Carew, and is probably his, though it might be claimed for Strode on the ground of its great resemblance to his style. There are many variations in text between the above version, and that printed in Carew's poems, which, however, as they may easily be seen in the Muses' Library edition of that poet, I will not here record.

The reader will have noticed that the third stanza of Strode's Song is omitted in the "Parnassus Biceps" version. How the two poems came thus to be tacked together it would be vain to conjecture.]

SONG

O when will Cupid shew such arte
To strike two lovers with one darte ?
I'm ice to him or hee to mee ;
Two hearts alike there seldome bee.

If thrice ten thousand meete together
How scarce one face is like another !
If scarce two faces can agree
Two hearts alike there seldome bee.

[The last line in one of my manuscripts reads :
Two harts alike thou seldome see.]

A SONG ON A SIGH.

O tell mee, tell, thou god of wynde,
In all thy cavernes canst thou finde

A vapor, fume, a gale or blast
Like to a sigh which love doth cast ?
Can any whirlwynde in thy vault
Plough upp earth's breast with like assault ?
Goe wynde and blowe thou where thou please,
Yea breathles leave mee to my ease.

If thou be wynde, O then refrayne
From wracking whiles I thus complayne :
If thou be wynde then light thou art,
Yet O ! how heavy is my hart !
If thou be wynde then purge thy way,
Lett cares that clogge thy force obey.
Goe wynde and blow thou where thou please,
Yea breathles leave mee to my ease.

Those blasts of sighing raised are
By influence of my bright starre ;
Their Æolus from whom they came
Is love that straynes to blow his flame,
The powerfull sway of whose behest
Makes hearth and bellows of my breast.
Goe wynde and blowe then where thou please,
Yea breathles leave mee to my ease.

Know 'tis a wynde that longs to blowe
Upon my Saint wherere shee goe,
And stealing through her fanne it beares
Soft errands to her lippes and eares,

And then perhapps a passage makes
Downe to her heart when breath shee takes.

Goe wynde and blowe then where thou please,
Yea breathles leave mee to my ease.

Yes, gentle gale, trye that againe,
O doe not passe from mee in vayne,
Goe mingle with her soule divine
Ingendring spiritts like to mine :
Yea take my soule along with thee
To worke a stronger sympathie :

Goe wynde and blowe thou where thou please,
Yea breathles leave mee to my ease.

My soule, before my grosser part,
Thus to her heaven should departe,
And where the body cannott lye
On wings of wynde my soule shall flye :
If not one soule our bodies joyne,
One body shall our soules confine,

Goe wynde and blowe thou where thou please,
Yea breathles leave mee to my ease.

[I have two copies of the above poem in my possession.
There are a good many variations in them, though they are
mostly unimportant. I give below those that seem worth
recording :

- Line 10. From wracking mee, while I complayne
- „ 20. One MS. reads 'fame' instead of 'flame'
- „ 26. Where shee doth goe
- „ 29. And thence

Line 30. One MS. reads 'breast' instead of 'heart'
 „ 41. „ „ „ 'her' instead of 'my'
 „ 43. „ „ „ 'And when the body down doth lye'
 „ 45. „ „ „ 'Though not']

A SONG ON THE BATHS

What Angel stirrs this happy Well,
 Some Muse from thence come shew't me,
 One of those naked Graces tell
 That Angels are for beauty :
 The Lame themselves that enter here
 Come Angels out againe,
 And Bodies turne to Soules all cleere,
 All made for joy, noe payne.

Heate never was so sweetely mett
 With moist as in this shower :
 Old men are borne anew by swett
 Of its restoring pow'r :
 When crippl'd joynts we suppl'd see,
 And second lives new come,
 Who can deny this Font to be
 The Bodies Christendome ?

One Bath so fiery is you'l thinke
 The Water is all Spirit,
 Whose quick'ning streames are like the drink
 Whereby we Life inheritt :

The second Poole of middle straine
Can wive Virginitie,
Tempting the blood to such a wayne
One sexe is He and She.

The third where horses plunge may bring
A Pegasus to reare us,
And call for pens from Bladud's wing
For legging those that beare us.
Why should Physitians thither fly
Where Waters med'cines be,
Physitians come to cure thereby,
And are more cur'd than we.

[This Song is from a much corrected copy in the library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. The above follows the original text: but some of the corrections should be recorded.

The seventh line of the second stanza is thus corrected:

The Cross [? here] shewes this Font to be.

The third stanza is so much corrected that it had better be given in full:

Bring hear your physick faith and live,
The water is all Spirit;
[? Here] fire and water joyne to give
A double cleansing for itt.
It gives the barren fruitfull straine,
It wives Virginitie,
Tempting the blood to such a Vayne
One sexe is He and She.

The first four lines of the fourth stanza are altered thus:

My steede new foal'd from hence doth spring
Like Pegasus to reare me,
Or tooke Pens pluck'd from Bladud's wing
For legging those which beare me.

I suppose I need hardly say that the poem celebrates the famous springs of the town which has taken its name from them. I believe it is the earliest poem on the subject : at all events I know of no earlier one].

SONG

A STRANGE GENTLEWOMAN PASSING BY HIS WINDOW

As I out of a casement sent
Mine eyes as wand'ring as my thought,
Upon no certayne object bent,
But only what occasion brought,
A sight surpriz'd my hart at last,
Nor knewe I well what made it burne ;
Amazement held me then so fast
I had no leasure to discern.

Sure 'twas a Mortall, but her name,
Or happy parentage or place,
Or (that which did mee most inflame)
I cannot tell her very Face :
No ; 'twere prophane to think I could,
And I should pitch my thoughts too lowe
If ever sett my love I should
On that which Art or Words can shewe.

Was ever man so vext before,
Or ever love so blind as this,
Which vows and wishes to implore,
And yet not knows for what to wish ?

Thus children spend theyr wayward cryes,
Not knowing why they doe complayne ;
Thus sicke men long for remedies,
Not knowing what would ease theyr payne.

Some god call backe againe that sight ;
Ile suffer double payne to boote,
For griefe and anger in mee fight
So strongly at no marke to shoote !
Not only meanes to winne her grace,
But meanes to seeke are barr'd from mee ;
Despayre enforc't by such a case
Is not a sinne but miserie.

Pygmalion hold thine Image fast,
'Tis something to enjoy Love so :
Narcissus thou a shaddowe hast,
At least thereby to cheate thy woe ;
But I no likenesse can inferre
My pyning fancy to supply ;
Nothing to love instead of her
For feare of some idolatry.

[I have two copies of the above poem in MS., a few variations between which may be noted. The second line of the second stanza reads thus in one version :

Or patronage or happy place.

In the third line of the third stanza one MS. reads 'With vows' instead of 'Which vows.' The last line of stanza four reads in one version for 'Is not a sinne' 'Is made no sinne.' The fourth line of the last stanza reads in one MS. 'wherby' instead of 'thereby'].

SONG

ON A FRIENDS ABSENCE

Come, come, I faint : thy heavy stay
Doubles each houre of the day :
The winged hast of nimble love
Makes aged Time not seeme to move :

Did not the light,
And then the night
Instruct my sight

I should believe the Sunne forgot his flight.

Show not the drooping marygold
Whose leaves like grieving amber fold :
My longing nothing can explain
But soule and body rent in twain :

Did I not moane,
And sigh and groane,
And talk alone,

I should believe my soul was gone from home.

She's gone, she's gone, away she's fled,
Within my breast to make her bed,
In me there dwels her tenant woe,
And sighs are all the breath I blow :

Then come to me,
One touch of thee
Will make me see

If loving thee I live or dead I be.

MELANCHOLLY

Hence, hence, all you vaine delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly :
Ther's nought in this life sweete,
If men were wise to see'te
But only Melancholly :
 O sweetest Melancholly !

Welcome folded armes and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A looke that's fastned to the ground,
A tongue chayned upp without a sound.
Fountains heads, and pathlesse groves,
Places which pale Passion loves :
Moonlike wakes, when all the Fowles
Are warmly housde, save Batts and Owles :
A midnight knell : a parting groane :
These are the sounds wee feede upon.
Then, stretch your bones in a still gloomy vally,
Ther's nothing daynty, sweete, save Melancholly.

[See Introduction for a discussion as to the authorship of this lyric. The above version is copied from one of my MS. volumes. It differs in a few instances from the printed version. Thus we have in the fourteenth line 'Moonlight Walks' instead of 'Moonlike wakes'; in line eighteen 'our' instead of 'your'; while the last line reads as follows:

 'Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.']

OPPOSITE TO MELANCHOLY

Returne my joyes, and hither bring
A tongue not made to speake but sing,
A jolly spleene, an inward feast,
A causelesse laugh without a jest,
A face which gladnesse doth anynt,
An arm that springs out of his joynt,
A sprightfull gate that leaves no print,
And makes a feather of a flint,
A heart that's lighter than the ayre,
An eye still dancing in his speare,
Strong mirth which nothing can controule,
A body nimbler than the soule,
Free wandring thoughts not tyde to muse
Which thinke on all things, nothing choose,
Which ere we see them come are gone ;
These life itselſe doth feede upon.

A TRANSLATION OF THE NIGHTINGALE
OUT OF STRADA

Now the declining sun 'gan downwards bend
From higher heavens, and from his locks did send
A milder flame, when near to Tiber's flow
A lutenist allay'd his careful woe
With sounding charms, and in a greeny seat
Of shady oake took shelter from the heat.
A Nightingale oreheard him, that did use
To sojourn in the neighbour groves, the muse
That fill'd the place, the Syren of the wood ;
Poore harmless Syren, stealing neare she stood
Close lurking in the leaves attentively
Recording that unwonted melody :
Shee cons it to herselfe and every strayne
His finger playes her throat return'd again.
The lutenist perceives an answeare sent
From th' imitating bird and was content
To shewe her play ; more fully then in hast
He tries his lute, and (giving her a tast
Of the ensuing quarrel) nimbly beats
On all his strings ; as nimbly she repeats,
And (wildely ranging ore a thousand keys)
Sends a shrill warning of her after-layes.

With rolling hand the Lutinist then plies
His trembling threads ; sometimes in scornful wise
He brushes down the strings and keemes them all
With one even stroke ; then takes them severall
And culles them ore again. His sparkling joynts
(With busy descant mincing on the points)
Reach back with busy touch : that done hee staves,
The bird replies, and art with art repayes,
Sometimes as one unexpert or in doubt
How she might wield her voice, shee draweth out
Her tone at large and doth at first prepare
A solemne strayne not weav'd with sounding ayre,
But with an equall pitch and constant throate
Makes clear the passage of her gliding noate ;
Then crosse division diversly shee playes,
And loudly chanting out her quickest layes
Poises the sounds, and with a quivering voice
Falls back again : he (wondering how so choise,
So various harmony should issue out
From such a little throate) doth go about
Some harder lessons, and with wondrous art
Changing the strings, doth upp the treble dart,
And downwards smites the base ; with painefull stroke
Hee beats, and as the trumpet doth provoke
Sluggards to fight, even so his wanton skill
With mingled discords joynes the hoarse and shrill :
The Bird this also tunes, and while shee cutts
Sharp notes with melting voice, and mingled putts
Measures of middle sound, then suddenly
Shee thunders deepe, and juggs it inwardly,

With gentle murmurs, cleare and dull shee sings,
 By course, as when the martial warning rings :
 Beleev't the minstrel blusht ; with angry mood
 Inflam'd, quoth hee, thou chauntresse of the wood,
 Either from thee Ile beare the prize away,
 Or vanquisht break my lute without delay.
 Inimitable accents then hee straynes ;
 His hand flyes ore the strings : in one hee chaynes
 Four different numbers, chasing here and there,
 And all the strings belabour'd everywhere :
 Both flatt and sharpe hee strikes, and stately grows
 To prouder straynes, and backwards as he goes
 Doubly divides, and closing upp his layes
 Like a full quire a shouting consort playes ;
 Then pausing stood in expectation
 If his corrival now dares answeare on ;
 But shee when practice long her throate had whett,
 Induring not to yield, at once doth sett
 Her spiritt all of worke, and all in vayne ;
 For while shee labours to express againe
 With nature's simple touch such diverse keyes,
 With slender pipes such lofty noates as these,
 Orematcht with high designes, orematcht with woe,
 Just at the last encounter of her foe
 Shee faintes, shee dies, falls on his instrument
 That conquer'd her ; a fitting monument.
 So far even little soules are driven on,
 Struck with a vertuous emulation.

[The above is from a manuscript copy in my possession.
 The text is apparently a very good and correct one. In the

library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, there is another copy, which Mr. Percy Simpson has collated for me. This gives some variations which should be noted. They are as follows:

- Line 9. 'fits' instead of 'fil'd'
- „ 13. 'conde' instead of 'cons'
- „ 14. 'fingers playde' instead of 'finger playes'
- „ 23. 'cordes' instead of 'threads'
- „ 25. 'keemes' (i.e. combs). My own MS. reads 'kennes'; but as this is obviously wrong I have adopted the reading of the C.C.C. MS.
- „ 36. The C.C.C. MS. reads 'Makes a cleare passage for her gliding note.'
- „ 39. 'straine' instead of 'sounds.'
- „ 46. 'Cowards' instead of 'sluggards'
- „ 52. 'roundeth' instead of 'juggs it'
- „ 55. 'The Minstrell surely blusht' instead of 'Beleev't the Minstrell blush't'
- „ 62. 'belabours' instead of 'belabour'd'
- „ 66. 'of' instead of 'a'
- „ 73. 'voyce' instead of 'touch'
- „ 74. 'deepe octaves like to these' instead of 'such lofty noates as these'

See Appendix for the Latin text of the poem.]

ON WESTWELL DOWNES

When Westwell Downes I gan to tread,
Where cleanly wynds the greene did sweepe,
Methought a landskipp there was spread,
Here a bush and there a sheepe :

 The pleated wrinkles of the face
 Of wave-swolne earth did lend such grace,
 As shadowings in Imag'ry
 Which both deceive and please the eye.

The sheepe sometymes did tread the maze
By often wynding in and in,
And sometymes round about they trace
Which milkmayds call a Fairie ring :
 Such semicircles have they runne,
 Such lynes across so trymly spunne
 That sheppearde learne whenere they please
 A new Geometry with ease.

The slender food upon the downe
Is allwayes even, allwayes bare,
Which neither spring nor winter's frowne
Can ought improve or ought impayre :

Such is the barren Eunuches chynne,
Which thus doth evermore begynne
With tender downe to be orecast
Which never comes to haire at last.

Here and there twoe hilly crests
Amiddst them hugg a pleasant greene,
And these are like twoe swelling breasts
That close a tender fall betweene.

Here would I sleepe, or read, or pray
From early morne till flight of day :
But harke ! a sheepe-bell calls mee upp,
Like Oxford colledge bells, to supp.

[There are two Westwells, one in Kent, and the other in Oxfordshire. It seems more probable that the latter is the subject of this poem. The "great hollow tree," which is the subject of the next poem, was one of the notable things at or near Westwell. I suppose it no longer exists; but it would be interesting to know if any tradition about it still survives in the neighbourhood.]

ON A GREAT HOLLOW TREE.

Preethee stand still awhile, and view this tree
Renown'd and honour'd for antiquitie
By all the neighbour twiggs ; for such are all
The trees adjoyning, bee they nere so tall,
Comparde to this : if here Jacke Maypole stood
All men would sweare 'twere but a fishing rodde.

Mark but the gyant trunk, which when you see
You see how many woods and groves there bee
Compris'd within one elme. The hardy stocke
Is knotted like a clubb, and who dares mocke
His strength by shaking it? Each brawny limbe
Could pose the centaure Monychus, or him
That wavy'de a hundred hands ere hee could wield
That sturdy waight, whose large extent might shield
A poore man's tenement. Greate Ceres' oake
Which Erisichthon feld, could not provoke
Halfe so much hunger for his punishment
As hewing this would doe by consequent.

Nothing but age could tame it : Age came on,
And loe a lingering consumption
Devour'd the entralls, where an hollow cave
Without the workman's helpe beganne to have
The figure of a Tent : a pretty cell
Where grand Silenus might not scorne to dwell,
And owles might feare to harbour, though they brought
Minerva's warrant for to bear them out
In this their bold attempt. Looke down into
The twisted curles, the wreathing to and fro
Contrived by nature : where you may descry
How hall and parlour, how the chambers lie.
And wer't not strange to see men stand alone
On leggs of skinne without or flesh or bone?
Or that the selfe same creature should survive
After the heart is dead? This tree can thrive
Thus maym'd and thus impayr'd : no other proppe,
But only barke remayns to keep it uppe.

Yet thus supported it doth firmly stand,
 Scorning the saw-pitt, though so neere at hand.
 No yawning grave this grandsire Elme can fright,
 Whilst yongling trees are martyr'd in his sight.
 O learne the thrift of Nature, that maintaines
 With needy myre stolne upp in hidden veynes
 So great a bulke of wood. Three columes rest
 Upon the rotten trunke, wherof the least
 Were mast for Argos. Th' open backe below
 And three long leggs alone doe make it shew
 Like a huge trivett, or a monstrous chayre
 With the heeles turn'd upward. How proper, ô how fayre
 A seate were this for old Diogenes
 To grumble in and barke out oracles,
 And answeere to the Raven's augury
 That builds above. Why grew not this strange tree
 Neere Delphos ? had this wooden majesty
 Stood in Dodona forrest, then would Jove
 Foregoe his oake, and only this approve.
 Had those old Germans that did once admire
 Deformed Groves ; and worshipping with fire
 Burnt men unto theyr gods : had they but seene
 These horrid stumps, they canonizde had beene,
 And highly too. This tree would calme more gods
 Than they had men to sacrifice by odds.

You Hamadryades, that wood-borne bee,
 Tell mee the causes, how this portly tree
 Grew to this haughty stature ? Was it then
 Because the mummys of so many men
 Fattned the ground ? or cause the neighbor spring

Conduits of water to the roote did bring ?
 Was it with Whitsun sweat, or ample snuffes
 Of my Lord's beere that such a bignesse stuffes
 And breaks the barke ? O this it is, no doubt :
 This tree, I warrant you, can number out
 Your Westwell annals, & distinctly tell
 The progresse of this hundred years, as well
 By Lords and Ladies, as ere Rome could doe
 By Consulships. These boughes can wnesse too
 How goodman Berry tript it in his youth,
 And how his daughter Joane, of late forsooth
 Became her place. It might as well have grown,
 If Pan had pleas'd, on toppe of Westwell downe,
 Instead of that proud Ash ; and easily
 Have given ayme to travellers passing by
 With wider armes. But see, it more desirde
 Here to bee lov'd at home than there admirde :
 And porter-like it here defends the gate,
 As if it once had beene greate Askapate.
 Had warlike Arthur's dayes enjoy'd this Elme
 Sir Tristram's blade and good Sir Lancelot's helme
 Had then bedeckt his locks, with fertile store
 Of votive reliques which those champions wore :
 Untill perhaps (as 'tis with great men found)
 Those burdenous honours crusht it to the ground :
 But in these merry times 'twere farre more trimme
 If pipes and citterns hung on every limbe ;
 And since the fiders it hath heard so long,
 I'me sure by this time it deserves my song.

[The above is from a copy in one of my MS. books. The

text appears, on the whole, to be very correct. I have, however, made one correction. In line 58 the MS. reads: 'Burnt gods unto their gods;'—an evident mistake.]

ON FAYRFORD WINDOWES

I know no paynt of poetry
Can mend such colourd Imag'ry
In sullen inke : yet Fayrford, I
May relish thy fayre memory.

Such is the Ecchoes faynter sound,
Such is the light when sunne is drownd ;
So did the fancy looke upon
The worke before it was begunne :
Yet when those shewes are out of sight
My weaker colours may delight.

Those Images so faythfully
Report true feature to the eye
As you may thinke each picture was
Some visage in a looking-glasse ;
Not a glasse-window face, unlesse
Such as Cheapside hath : where a presse
Of paynted gallants looking out
Bedecke the Casement round about :
But these have holy physnomy :
Each pane instructs the Laity
With silent eloquence : for here
Devotion leads the eye, not eare,

To note the catechising paynt,
Whose easy phrase doth so acquaint
Our sense with Gospell that the Creede
In such a hand the weake may reade :
Such types even yet of vertue bee,
And Christ, as in a glasse wee see.

Behold two turtles in one cage,
With such a lovely equipage,
As they who knew them long may doubt
Some yong ones have bin stollen out.

When with a fishing rodde the clarke
Saint Peters draught of fish doth marke,
Such is the scale, the eye, the finne,
Youd thinke they strive and leape within ;
But if the nett, which holds them breake,
Hee with his angle some would take.

But would you walke a turne in Pauls ?
Looke uppe ; one little pane inroules
A fayrer temple : fling a stone
The Church is out o' the windowes throwne.

Consider, but not aske your eyes,
And ghosts at midday seeme to rise :
The Saynts there, striving to descend,
Are past the glasse, and downward bend.

Looke there ! The Divell ! all would cry
Did they not see that Christ was by :
See where he suffers for thee : see
His body taken from the Tree :
Had ever death such life before ?
The limber corps, besullyd ore

With meager palenesse, doth display
A middle state twixt Flesh and Clay :
His armes and leggs, his head and crowne,
Like a true Lambskinne dangling downe,
Who can forbear, the Grave being nigh,
To bring fresh oyntment in his eye ?

The wondrous art hath equall fate,
Unfencd and yet unviolatè ;
The Puritans were sure deceivd,
And thought those shadowes movde and heavde,
So held from stoning Christ : the winde
And boystrous tempests were so kinde
As on his Image not to prey,
Whom both the winds and seas obey.

At Momus wish bee not amazd ;
For if each Christian heart were glazde
With such a window, then each breast
Might bee his owne Evangelist.

[I have two MS. copies of the above in my possession. The text in each is substantially the same, and differs only in a few unimportant points. Fairford is a small market town in Gloucestershire, eight miles east of Cirencester, and twenty-five miles from Gloucester. Concerning the famous windows and their history, see an article by Tom Taylor in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. i., new series, 1868. In that article Mr. Taylor argues strongly in favour of the theory that the windows were designed by Albert Durer; but this opinion, I believe, is not generally accepted, though the designs are quite worthy of the great German artist.]

ON A GENTLEWOMAN'S BLISTRED LIPP

Hide not that sprouting lipp, nor kill
The juicy bloome with bashfull skill :
Know it is an amorous dewe
That swells to court thy corall hewe,
And what a blemish you esteeme
To other eyes a pearle may seeme
Whose watery growth is not above
The thrifty seize that pearles doe love,
And doth so well become that part
That chance may seeme a secret art.
Doth any judge that face lesse fayre
Whose tender silke a mole doth beare ?
Or will a diamond shine less cleare
If in the midst a soil appeare ?
Or else that eye a finer nett
Whose glasse is ring'd about with jett ?
Or is an apple thought more sweete
When hony specks and redde doe meete ?

Then is the lipp made fayrer by
Such sweetness of deformitie.

The nectar which men strive to sipp
Springs like a well upon your lipp,
Nor doth it shew immodesty,
But overflowing chastity.
O who will blame the fruitfull trees
When too much sapp and gumme hee sees ?
Here nature from her store doth send
Only what other parts can lend ;

The budde of love which here doth growe
Were too too sweete if pluckt belowe ;
When lovely buddes ascend so high
The roote belowe cannot be drye.

TO A GENTLEWOMAN FOR A FRIEND

No marvell if the Sunne's bright eye
Shower downe hott flames ; that qualitie
Still waytes on light ; but when wee see
Those sparkling balles of ebony
Distil such heat, the gazer straight
Stands so amazed at the sight
As when the lightning makes a breach
Through pitchie clouds : can lightning reach
The marrow hurting not the skynne ?
Your eyes to me the same have byn ;
Can jett invite the loving strawe
With secrett fire ? so those can draw,
And can, where ere they glance a dart,
Make stubble of the strongest hart.
Oft when I looke I may descry
A little face peep through your eye ;
Sure 'tis the boy, who wisely chose
His throne among such rayes as those,
Which, if his quiver chance to fail,
May serve for darts to kill withal :
If to such powerful shafts I yeild,
If with so many wounds I bleed,

Think me noe coward, though I lye
 Thus prostrate with your charming eye :
 Did I say but your eye ? I swear
 Death's in your beauty everywhere.
 Your waxen hands when I recall,
 Your lily breasts, their melting vale,
 Your damaske cheeks, your lilly skynne,
 Your corral lipp and dainty chynne,
 Your shining locks and amber breath,
 All pleasing instruments of death,
 Your eye may spare itselfe : mine owne
 When all your parts are duly knowne
 From any part may fetch a dart
 To wound itselfe. Kill not my hart,
 By saying that I will dispise
 The parentage from which you rise :
 I know it well, and likewise knowe
 That I my myselfe my breath doe owe
 To Woolsey's roofe, and can it bee
 I should disdayne your pedigree ?
 Or is your Sire a butcher found ?
 The fitter you to make a wound ;
 Wound mee againe and more and more,
 So you againe will mee restore,
 But if resemblance tell the father
 I think hee was an Angell rather.

[The MS. copies of the above poem are rather numerous,
 and differ very considerably from each other. The above
 is from a copy in my own possession. In C.C.C., Oxford,
 there are two copies, which vary very considerably in their

readings from each other, and from my own. The most curious divergence between my own copy, and all others known to me is that mine alone has the last thirteen lines as printed above. Indeed the C. C. C. copies end quite differently. One of them finishes thus :

To wound itself. Nay more my heart
Though I like Cupid blind should goe
Might feele a dart by touching you.

This is from MS. book 325. In MS. book 328 the poem ends thus :

to wounde itselfe, & yr ye heart,*
are with a thousand arrowes filled,
cannot say this or that hath killd,
noe more can I, but sure I am
yt yu art shee yt wrought ye same :
wound me again & more & more
so you againe will mee restore.

It may be noted that this version appears to be signed 'W. Sh.', so that if any one feels disposed to claim the poem for William Shakespeare, he will have some excuse for doing so.

It does not seem necessary to record all the variations between the three MSS. which are now under consideration ; but perhaps two or three of them should be noted. Thus for line 22 as given above MS. 328 reads as follows :

If wounded soe I grant the field,
And lines 27-32 in the same MS. read :
your hill of snow when I recall
ye azure paths and melting vale,
your shining tresses, lilly skinne,
your damask cheek & silken chinne
your corral lips & amber breath,
all pleasing instruments of death.

* Thus in MS. but doubtless there is some error here.

In Trinity College, Dublin, there is another copy of the poem, or rather of the first 24 lines of it. In this the variations are slight, and need not be noted: but, curiously enough, fourteen lines from the verses in praise of gray eyes are tacked on to the poem, of course without reason or relevance.

Finally it should be noted that the six lines beginning
Oft when I looke I may descry
have been attributed to Carew, and are in fact printed as his in all editions of his poems.]

FOR A GENTLEMAN, WHO, KISSINGE HIS FRIEND
AT HIS DEPARTURE LEFT A SIGNE OF
BLOOD ON HER

What mystery was this ; that I should finde
My blood in kissing you to stay behinde ?
'Twas not for want of color that requirde
My blood for paynt : No dye could be desirde
On that fayre silke, where scarlett were a spott
And where the juice of lillies but a blotte.
'Twas not the signe of murther that did taynt
The harmlesse beauty of so pure a saynt :
Yes, of a loving murther, which rough steele
Could never worke ; such as we joy to feele :
Wherby the ravisht soule though dying lives,
Since life and death the selfsame object gives.
If at the presence of a murtherer
The wound will bleede and tell the cause is ther,
A touch will doe much more, and thus my heart,
When secretly it felt the killing darte,

Shew'd it in blood : which yet doth more complayne
Because it cannot be so touched againe.
This wounded heart, to shew its love most true,
Sent forth a droppe and writ its minde on you.
Never was paper halfe so white as this,
Nor waxe so yeelding to the printed kisse,
Nor seal'd so strong. Noe letter ere was writt
That could the author's minde so truly hitt.
For though myselfe to foreigne countries flie,
My blood desires to keepe you company.
Here could I spill it all : thus I can free
Mine enemy from blood, though slayne I be :
But slayne I cannot bee, nor meete with ill,
Since but by you I have no blood to spill.

[This poem is found in "Parnassus Biceps" and in "J. Cleaveland Revived," 1659. There are a good many variations in the text of these ; and in both of them lines 7-12, as printed above, are omitted.]

ON A DISSEMBLER

Could any shewe where Plynyes people dwell
Whose head stands in their breast ; who cannot tell
A smoothing lye because their open hart
And lippes are joyn'd so neare, I would depart
As quick as thought, and there forgett the wrongs
Which I have suffer'd by deceitfull tongues.
I should depart where soules departed bee,
Who being freed from cloudy flesh, can see

Each other so immediately, so cleare
 That none needs tongue to speak, nor ears to hear.
 Were tongues intended to express the soule,
 And can wee better doe't with none at all ?
 Were words first made our meaning to reveale,
 And are they usde our meaning to conceale ?
 The ayre by which wee see, will that turne fogg ?
 Our breath turne mist ? Will that become a clogg
 That should unload the mynde ? Fall we upon
 Another Babell's sub-confusion ?
 And in the self-same language must wee finde
 A diverse faction of the words and minde ?
 Dull as I am, that hugg'd such emptie ayre,
 And never mark't the deede (a phrase more faire,
 More trusty and univocall) : joyne well
 Three or foure actions, we may quickly spell
 A hollow hart : if those no light can lend
 Read the whole sentence, and observe the end :
 I will not wayte so long : the gilded man
 On whom I ground my speech, no longer can
 Delude my sense ; nor can the gracefull arte
 Of kind dissembling button upp his hart.
 His well-spoke wrongs are such as hurtfull words
 Writt in a comely hand ; or bloody swords
 Sheath'd upp in velvett ; if hee draw on mee
 My armour prooffe is incredulity.

[From a copy in one of my MS. volumes. The poem was
 printed in "Wit Restor'd"; but the text in that volume is
 inferior to that given above.]

ON GRAY EYES

Looke how the russet morne exceeds the night,
How sleekest Jett yields to the di'monds light,
So farr the glory of the gray-bright eye
Out-vyes the black in lovely majesty.
A morning mantl'd with a fleece of gray
Laughs from her brow and shewes a spotlesse day :
This di'mond-like doth not his lustre owe
To borrowed helpe, as black things cast a show,
It needs noe day besides itselfe, and can
Make a Cimmeria seeme meridian :
Light sees, tis seen, tis that whereby wee see
When darknesse in the opticke facultie
Is but a single element : then tell
Is not that eye the best wherein doth dwell
More plenteous light ? that organ is divine,
And more than eye that is all chrystalline,
All rich of sight : oh that perspicuous glasse
That lets in light, and lets a light forth passe
Tis Lustre's thoroughfare where rayes doe thronge,
A burning glasse that fires the lookers-on.
Black eies sett off coarse beauties which they grace
But as a beard smutch'd on a swarthy face.
Why should the seat of life be dull'd with shade,
Or that be darke for which the day was made ?
The learned Pallas, who had witt to choose,
And power to take, did other eyes refuse,
And wore the gray : each country painter blotts
His goddessse eyeballs with two smutty spots.

Corruption layes on blacke ; give me the eye
Whose lustre dazles paynt and poetrie,
That's day unto itselfe ; which like the sun
Seemes all one flame. They that his beames will shun
Here dye like flyes : when eyes of every kind
Faint at the sun, at these the sun growes blind,
And skipps behind a cloud, that all may say
The Eye of all the world loves to be gray.

[There are two versions of the above poem in C.C.C., Oxford. There are many textual variations in them ; but they are mostly unimportant. I have selected from each of them what seemed to be the best readings.

I believe that what our ancestors called gray eyes we should ourselves call blue. At all events I cannot recall an instance in any of our old poets in which blue eyes are praised, or even alluded to, while the allusions to gray are very frequent.]

ON A GENTLEWOMAN'S WATCH THAT WANTED A KEY

Thou pretty heav'n whose great and lesser spheares
With constant wheelings measure hours and yeares
Soe faithfully that thou couldst solve the doubt
Of erring Time if Nature should be out,
Where's thy intelligence ? thy Soule ? the Key
That gives thee Life and Motion ? must thou stay
Thus cramp'd with rusty Sloth ? and shall each wheele
Disorganis'd confess it is but steele ?

Art's Living Creature, is thy thread all spent ?
 Thy Pulse quite dead ? hath Time a period sent
 To his owne Sister ? slaine his Eeven Match ?
 That when we looke 'tis doomesday by the Watch.
 Prithee sweete Watch be marri'd, joyne thy side
 Unto an active key, and then abide
 A frequent screwing, till successively
 More and more Time beget Eternity.
 Knowe as a Woman never lock'd and key'd
 Once in twice twelve growes faint and is downe-weighed
 From Nature's full intent, and cannot live
 Beyond her natural span, unlesse Man give
 His vanish'd bone a quick'ning, unless Man
 Doe adde an Ell unto her now shrunk span,
 Unless he lengthen out posteritie
 Her secret orbes will faint and She all die ;
 Soe will thy wheeles decay, and finde their date
 Unless a Key their houres doe propagate :
 Then gett a key and live ; my life Ile gage
 Each minute then shall grow into an age ;
 Then lett thy Mistresse looking smile on Thee,
 And say 'tis time my Watch and I agree.

[A copy of this poem in a C.C.C. MS. vol., gives a good many various readings, but they are mostly inferior. It may be noted however that line 12 in this version reads :

And when shee lookt tis doomsday with the watch?
 and line 22

Her secret orbes growe fainte & she growes drye.]

A WATCH SENT HOME TO MRS. ELIZ :
KING, WRAPT IN THEIS VERSES

Goe and count her better houres ;
They more happie are than ours.
The day that gives her any blisse
Make it as long againe as tis :
The houre shee smiles in lett it bee
By thy art increas'd to three :
But if shee frowne on thee or mee
Know night is made by her not thee :
Bee swift in such an houre, and soon
Make it night though it bee noone :
Obey her tymes, who is the free
Fayre sun that governes thee and mee.

ON A WATCH MADE BY A BLACKSMITH

A Vulcan and a Venus seldom part.
A blacksmith never us'd to filinge art
Beyond a lock and key, for Venus' sake
Hath cut a watch soe small that sence will ake
In searching every wire, and subtile sphere
Which his industrious skill hath order'd there :
It scarce outswells a nut, and is soe light
A Ladies eare might well indure the weight.
Twas for a Mistrisse : pittie not his owne,
And yet not pittie when her worth is knowne,
Or els his love that ownes her : Either's name
Is carv'd within the plates : the witty frame

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Hath made their letters kiss for them, while they
Have like the watch one pulse, one sympathy.

ON A GENTLEWOMAN THAT SUNG AND
PLAY'D UPON A LUTE

Be silent you still musique of the Sphears,
And every sense make haste to be all ears,
And give devout attention to her aires,
To which the Gods doe listen as to prayers
Of pious votaries ; the which to heare
Tumult would be attentive, and would swear
To keep lesse noise at Nile, if there she sing,
Or with a happy touch grace but the string.
Among so many auditors, such throngs
Of Gods and men that presse to hear her songs,
O let me have an unespied room,
And die with such an anthem ore my tomb.

[This poem is printed in "Parnassus Biceps," and in "Wits Interpreter," 1655. It is attributed to Strode in at least two manuscripts, and I am not aware that it has ever been claimed for anyone else.

In the ninth line I have ventured to substitute 'such throngs' for 'so many throngs' which is the reading of the printed copies.]

UPON THE BLUSH OF A FAIRE LADIE

Stay lusty blood ! where canst thou seeke
So_blest a seat as in her cheeke ?

How dar'st thou from her face retire
Whose beauty doth command desire ?
But if thou wilt not stay, then flowe
Downe to her panting pappes belowe :
There take thou glory to distayne
With azure blewe each swelling veyne,
From thence run boyling through each part
Till thou hast warm'd her frozen hart,
Which, if from love thou find'st entire,
O martyr it with gentle fire.

[The above is from a MS. vol. in my possession. In "Wit Restor'd," 1658, there is a version which differs from this in so many points that it will be best to give it in full :

A BLUSH

Stay hasty blood ! where canst thou seek
So blest a place as in her cheek ?
How canst thou from the place retire
Where beauty doth command desire ?
But if thou canst not stay, then show ;
Downe to her painting papps below
Flow like a deluge from her breast
Where Venus Swannes have built their nest,
And so take glory to disteine
The azure of each swelling vaine ;
Thence run thou boyling through each part
Till thou hast warm'd her frozen heart ;
But if from love she would retire
Then martyr her with gentle fire,
And having search't each secret place
Fly back againe into her face,
Where blessed live in changing those
White lilyes to a Ruddy rose.]

ON A GENTLEWOMAN WALKING IN THE SNOWE

I saw faire Cloris walke alone
Where feather'd rayne came softly downe,
And Jove descended from his tower
To court her in a silver shower ;
The wanton snowe flewe to her breast
Like little birds into their nest,
And overcome with whiteness there
For greife it thaw'd into a teare,
Thence falling on her garment's hemme
For greife it freez'd into a gemme.

[The above is from one of my MS. volumes. In "Parnassus Biceps," there is a version which is nearly the same as this, except in the last two lines, which read thus :

Which trickling down her garments hemme
To deck her freezd into a gemme.

This poem, judging from the frequency with which it was reprinted, must have been very popular during the seventeenth century.

In "Wits Recreations," 1640, there is a poem evidently modelled upon Strode's. It is as follows :

ON HIS MISTRESS

I saw faire Flora take the aire,
When Phœbus shin'd, and it was faire ;
The heavens to allay the heat
Sent drops of raine, which gently beat,
The sun retires, asham'd to see
That he was barr'd from kissing thee:
Then Boreas took such high disdain,
That soon he dri'd those drops again :
Ah cunning plot and most divine !
Thus to mix his breath with thine.

It is perhaps worth mentioning that Swedenborg, during his residence in England, translated Strode's poem into Latin verse. His version was believed to be an original poem, and was, after his death, printed as such.]

ON CHLORIS STANDING BY THE FIRE

Faire Chloris, standing by the Fire,
An amorous coale with hot desire
Leapt on her breast, but could not melt
The chaste snow there—which when it felt
For shame it blusht ; and then it died
There where resistance did abide,
And lest she should take it unkind
Repentant ashes left behind.

TO A VALENTINE

Faire Valentine, since once your welcome hand
Did cull mee out wrapt in a paper band,
Vouchsafe the same hand still, to shew thereby
That Fortune did your will no injury :
What though a knife I give, your beauty's charme
Will keepe the edge from doing any harme :
Wool deads the sternest blade ; and will not such
A weake edge turne, meeting a softer touch ?

A SUPERScription ON SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S
ARCADIA, SENT FOR A TOKEN

Whatever in Philoclea the fair
Or the discreet Pamela figur'd are,
Change but the name the virtues are your owne,
And for a fiction there a truth is knowne :
If any service here perform'd you see,
If duty and affection paynted bee
Within these leaves : may you be pleas'd to know
They only shadow what I truly owe
To your desart : thus I a glasse have sent
Which both myself and you doth represent.

POSIES

BRACELETS

This keeps my hands
From Cupid's bands.

Goe, keepe that hand
From Hymen's band.

Silke though thou bee
More soft is {hee
 } shee
That weareth thee.

Vouchsafe my prisoners thus to bee—
Hee }
Shee }'s faster bound that sent it thee.

When you putt on this little band
Think then I take you by the hand,

AN EARE-STRINGE

'Tis vayne to add a ring or gemme,
Your eare itselfe outpasseth them.

When idle words are passing here,
I warne and pull you by the eare.

This silken chayne stands wayting here
For golden tongues to tye on there.

Here silken twynes, there locks you see—
Now tell me which the softer bee ?

A WATCH-STRING

Tyme's picture here invites your eyes,
See with how running wheeles it flyes !

These strings can do what no man could—
The tyme they fast in prison hold.

A PURSE-STRING

We hugg, imprison, hang, and save,
This foe, this friend, our Lord, our slave.

While thus I hang, you threatned see
The fate of him that stealeth mee.

A NECKLACE

These veines are nature's nett,
These cords by art are sett.

If love himselve flye here,
Love is intangled here.

Loe ! on my neck this twist I bind,
For to hang him that steales my mynde :
Unless hee hang alive in chaynes
I hang and dye in lingring paynes.

Theis threads enjoy a double grace,
Both by the gemme and by the place.

A GIRDLE

Whene'er the wast makes too much hast,
That hast againe makes too much wast.

I here stand keeper while 'tis light,
'Tis theft to enter when 'tis night.

This girdle doth the wast embrace
To keepe all others from that place.

This circle here is drawne about
To keepe all tempting spiritts out.

Whoe'er the girdle doth undoe
Hee quite undoes the owner too.

A PAIR OF GLOVES

If that from glove you take the letter g,
Then glove is love, and that I send to thee,

[All the above—the last excepted—are from one of my
MS. volumes. I believe most of them are now printed for
the first time.]

ON THE PICTURE OF TWO DOLPHINS IN A FOUNTAYNE

These dolphins twisting each on either side
For joy leapt upp, and gazing there abide ;
And whereas other waters fish doe bring,
Here from the fishes doe the waters spring,
Who think it is more glorious to give
Than to receive the juice whereby they live :
And by this milk-white bason learne you may
That pure hands you should bring or beare away,
For which the bason wants no furniture,
Each dolphin wayting makes his mouth an ewer,
Your welcome then you well may understande
When fish themselves give water to your hand.

SONNETT

My love and I for kisses play'd,
Shee would keepe stake, I was content,
But when I wonne shee would be paid ;
This made mee aske her what she meant.
Pray, since I see (quoth shee) your wrangling vayne,
Take your owne kisses, give me myne againe.

[In "New Court-Songs and Poems, by R. V. Gent." 1672,
this poem is printed, with three additional stanzas, which
are, however, not worth quoting.]

TO HIS MISTRESSE

In your sterne beauty I can see
Whatare in Aetna wonders bee ;
If coales out of the topp doe flye
Hott flames doe gush out of your eye ;
If frost lye on the ground belowe
Your breast is white and cold as snowe :
The sparkes that sett my hart on fire
Refuse to melt your owne desire :
The frost that byndes your chilly breast
With double fire hath mee opprest :
Both heate and cold a league have made,
And leaving you they mee invade :
The hearth its proper flame withstands
When ice itselfe heates others hands.

[I have two MS. copies of this poem, which differ but little in their texts. One, however, is headed "For a Gentleman," so that it would seem that Strode wrote the poem, not on his own account, but for a friend.]

A LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS

Ile tell you how the Rose did first grow redde,
And whence the Lilly whitenesse borrowed :
You blusht, and then the Rose with redde was dight :
The Lillies kissde your hands, and so came white :
Before that time each Rose had but a stayne,
The Lilly nought but palenesse did containe :
You have the native colour, these the dye ;
They flourish only in your livery.

[There is a version of this poem, differing slightly from the above, in "Wits Recreations," 1640. Strode's claim to the poem seems to be pretty clear: at all events I have never seen it attributed to any other author.]

A RIDDLE : ON A KISS

What thing is that, nor felt nor seene
Till it bee given ? a present for a Queene :
A fine conceite to give and take the like :
The giver yet is farther for to seeke ;
The taker doth possesse nothing the more,
The giver hee hath nothing lesse in store :

And given once that nature hath it still,
You cannot keepe or leave it if you will :
The workmanship is counted very small,
The labour is esteemed naught at all :
But to conclude, this gift is such indeede,
That, if some see't 'twill make their hearts to bleede.

ON A GENTLEWOMAN
THAT HAD HAD THE SMALL POXE

A Beauty smoother than the Ivory playne
Late by the Poxe injuriously was slayne :
Twas not the Poxe : Love shott a thousand darts,
And made those pitts for graves to bury hearts :
But since that Beauty hath regaynde her light,
Those hearts are double slayne, it shines so bright.

ON JEALOUSY

There is a thing that nothing is,
A foolish wanton, sober wise ;
It hath noe wings, noe eyes, noe eares,
And yet it flies, it sees, it heares ;
It lives by losse, it feeds on smart,
It joyes in woe, it liveth not ;
Yet evermore this hungry elfe
Doth feed on nothing but itselfe.

OF DEATH & RESURRECTION.

Like to the rowling of an eye,
Or like a starre shott from the skye,
Or like a hand upon a clock,
Or like a wave upon a rock,
Or like a winde, or like a flame,
Or like false newes which people frame,
Even such is man, of equall stay,
Whose very growth leades to decay.

The eye is turn'd, the starre down bendeth
The hand doth steale, the wave descendeth,
The winde is spent, the flame unfir'd,
The newes disprov'd, man's life expir'd.

Like to an eye which sleepe doth chayne,
Or like a starre whose fall we fayne,
Or like the shade on Ahaz watch,
Or like a wave which gulfes doe snatch
Or like a winde or flame that's past,
Or smother'd newes confirm'd at last ;
Even so man's life, pawn'd in the grave,
Wayts for a riseing it must have.

The eye still sees, the starre still blazeth,
The shade goes back, the wave escapeth,
The winde is turn'd, the flame reviv'd,
The newes renew'd, and man new liv'd.

[I have two MS. copies of the above, both of which are signed 'W. S.' They vary slightly from each other in the text, but not in any important points.

The subject of this poem was a favourite one with the poets of the seventeenth century. Whether Strode originated it I do not know, but it seems most probable that his poem is only a variation on a familiar theme. There is a very similar poem in Dr. Henry King's works.]

ON THE BIBLE.

Behold this little volume here inrolde :
'Tis the Almighty's present to the world :
Hearken earth's earth ; each sencelesse thing can heare
His Maker's thunder, though it want an eare :
God's word is senior to his works, nay rather
If rightly weigh'd the world may call it father ;
God spake, 'twas done ; this great foundation
Is the Creator's Exhalation
Breath'd out in speaking. The best work of man
Is better than his word ; but if wee scanne
God's word aright, his works far short doe fall ;
The word is God, the works are creatures all.
The sundry peeces of this generall frame
Are dimmer letters, all which spell the same

Eternal word ; But these cannot expresse
His greatnesse with such easy readinesse,
And therefore yeild. The Heavens shall pass away,
The sun and moone and stars shall all obey
To light one general bonfire ; but his word,
His builder-upp, his all-destroying sworde,
That still survives ; no jott of that can dye,
Each tittle measures immortalitie.

The word's owne mother, on whose breast did hang
The world's upholder drawne into a span,
Shee, shee was not so blest because she bare him
As cause herselfe was new-born, and did hear him.
Before she had brought forth she heard her Son
First speaking in the Annunciation :
And then, even then, before she brought forth child,
By name of Blessed shee herselfe instilde.

Once more this mighty word his people greets,
Thus lapt and thus swath'd upp in paper sheets :
Read here God's Image with a zealous eye,
The legible and written Deity.

ON A REGISTER FOR THE BIBLE

I am the faythfull deputy
Unto your fading memory.
Your Index long in search doth hold ;
Your folded wrinkles make books olde :
But I the Scripture open plaine,
And what you heard soone teach againe :

By mee the Welchman well may bring
Himselfe to Heaven in a string.

ANOTHER

I, your memories recorder,
Keepe my charge in watchfull order :
My strings divide the word aright,
Pressing the text both day and night :
And what the hand of God hath writt
Behold my fingers poynt at it :
Nor can Saint Peter with his keyes
Unlocke Heavens gate so soone as these.

[I have two MS. copies of these poems, in both of which
the text is substantially the same.]

ANTHEM FOR GOOD FRYDAY

See sinfull soul thy Saviours suffering see,
His Blessed hands and feet fix't fast to tree :
Observe what Rivulets of blood stream forth
His painful pierced side, each drop more worth
Than tongue of men and Angels can express :
Hast to him, cursed Caitiffe, and confess
All thy misdeeds, and sighing say, 'Twas I
That caus'd thee thus, my Lord, my Christ, to dye.

O let thy Death secure my soul from fears,
And I will wash thy wounds with brinish tears :

Grant me, sweet Jesu, from thy pretious store
One cleansing drop, with grace to sin no more.

[The above anthem, which was very kindly copied for me by Mr. Godfrey E. P. Arkwright, is from "The Divine Services and Anthems usually sung in the Cathedrals and Collegiate choires in the Church of England. Collected by J. C . . . [Clifford] London . . . 1663" (Second edition, 1664). The music was composed by Richard Gibbs, Organist of Christ Church, Norwich. There are a few slight variations in the words of the anthem, as they appear in the first and second editions of Clifford's book; but they are not of sufficient importance to need to be recorded here.]

AN ANTHEME

O sing a new song to the Lord,
Praise in the hight and deeper strayne ;
Come beare your parts with one accord,
Which you in Heaven may sing againe.

Yee elders all, and all the crowd
That in white robes apparrell'd stands
Like Saints on earth, sing out aloud,
Think now the palmes are in your hands.

Yee living pipes, whose stormy layes
Have borrowed breath to praise our king,
A well-tun'd thunder loudly raise :
All that have breath his honor sing.

JUSTIFICATION

See how the Rainbow in the skie
Seems gaudy through the Suns bright eye ;
Harke how an Eccho answere makes,
Feele how a board is smooth'd with waxe,
Smell how a glove putts on perfume,
Tast how theyr sweetnesse pills assume :
So by imputed Justice, Clay
Seemes faire, well spoke, smooth, sweet, each way.

The eye doth gaze on robes appearing,
The prompted Eccho takes our hearing,
The board our touch, the sent our smell,
The pill our tast : Man, God as well.

[This is attributed to Strode in two MSS. in my possession ; and I think it may be regarded as certainly his.]

ON THE LIFE OF MAN

What is our life ? a play of passion ;
Our mirth the musick of division :
Our mother's wombes the tyring houses bee
Where wee are drest for tyme's short comedy :
The earth's the stage, heaven the spectator is,
Who marketh still whoere doth act amisse :
Our graves that hide us from the burning sunne
Are but drawne curtaynes when the play is done.

[I have two MS. copies of this poem. The second copy

differs so much from the above that it had better be quoted in full :

What is our life, but a play of derision ?
Our Mirth, what but the musick of division ?
Our mothers wombs the tyring houses bee
Where wee are drest for times short comedy.
The earth the stage: Heaven the spectator is,
Who still doth marke who ere doth act amisse.
Our graves that hides us from the scorching Sun,
Are but drawn curtains when the play is done.

The poem has been attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh and other authors, and therefore it cannot be positively assigned to Strode.]

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MARY NEUDHAM

As sinn makes gross the soule and thickens it
To fleshy dulness, so the spotless white
Of virgin pureness made thy flesh as cleere
As others soules : thou couldst not tarry heere
All soule in both parts : and what could it bee
The Resurrection could bestow on thee,
Already glorious ? thine Innocence
(Thy better shroude) sent thee as pure from hence
As saints shall rise : but hee whose bounty may
Enlighten the greate sunn with double day,
And make it more outshine itselfe than now
It can the moone, shall crowne thy varnish'd brow
With light above that sunn : when thou shalt bee
No lower in thy place than Majesty :
Crown'd with a Virgin's wreath, outshining there
The Saints as much as thou did'st mortalls heere.
Bee this thy hope ; and whilst thy ashes ly
Asleepe in death, dreame of Eternity.

[This most beautiful poem is taken from the MS. book of poems of Catherine Anwill, which was discovered by Mr. E. V. Lucas, and printed in a charming form by him. Dr. Grosart informed Mr. Lucas that an original version in

Strode's handwriting is to be found at Oxford. The assignment of the poem therefore rests upon Dr. Grosart's authority, which is not always to be depended upon; but the evidences of style and sentiment in this case seem to tell conclusively in Strode's favour. It is worth noting perhaps that in a copy of the poem in the British Museum the name is given as 'Nedham' instead of 'Neudham.']

ON THE DEATH OF MISTRESS MARY PRIDEAUX

Weep not because this childe hath dyed so yong,
But weepe because yourselves have livde so long :
Age is not fild by growth of time, for then
What old man lives to see th' estate of men ?
Who sees the age of grande Methusalem ?
Ten years make us as old as hundreds him.
Ripenesse is from ourselves : and then wee dye
When nature hath obteynde maturity.
Summer and winter fruits there bee, and all
Not at one time, but being ripe, must fall.
Death did not erre : your mourners are beguilde ;
She dyed more like a mother than a childe.
Weigh the composure of her pretty partes :
Her gravity in childhood ; all her artes
Of womanly behaviour ; weigh her tongue
So wisely measurde, not too short nor long ;
And to her youth adde some few riches more,
She tooke upp now what due was at threescore.
She livde seven years, our age's first degree ;
Journeys at first time ended happy bee ;

Yet take her stature with the age of man,
They well are fitted : both are but a span.

[I have two MS. copies of this poem, which vary but little in their text. There is another MS. copy at Oxford, which has some variations that are perhaps worth noting. They are as follows :

- Line 4. What old men live to see the state of men ?
- „ 5. Who reach the youth
- „ 14. womanlike
- „ 17. Add only to the growth some inches more
- „ 19. first stepp

The reading 'inches' instead of 'riches' in line 17 seems to be certainly right.]

ON THE SAME M. M. P.

Sleepe pretty one : oh sleepe while I
Sing thee thy latest Lullaby :
And may my song be but as shee,
Nere was sweeter Harmonie :
Thou werthe all musicke : all thy limbes
Were but so many well sett hymnes
To praysc thy Maker. In thy browe
I read thy soule, and and know not how
To tell which whiter was or smoother,
Or more spotlesse, one or th' other.
Noe jarre, no harshnesse in thee : all
Thy passions were at peace : noe gall,
No rough behaviour ; but even such
In disposition as in touch.

Yet Heaven, poore Soule, was harsh to thee :
Death usde thee not halfe orderly :
If thou must needs goe, must thy way
Needs be by torture ? must thy Day
Ende in the Morning ? and thy Night
Come with such horroure and affright ?
Death might have ceizd thee gentlyer, and
Embrac'te thee with a softer hand.
Thou werte not sure so loath to goe
That thou needst be dragged so,
For thou wert all obedience, and hadst witt
To doe Heaven's will and not dispute with it.
Yet twere a heard heart, a dead eye
That sighlesse, tearlesse, could stand by,
While thy poore Mother felt each groane
As much as ere shee did her owne
When shee groan'd for thee : and thy cries
Marrde not our eares more than her Eyes.
Yet if thou tookst some truce with payne,
Then was shee melted more againe
To heare thy sweete words, whilst thy breath
Faintly did strive to sweeten Death,
Calldst for the Musicke of thy knell,
And crydst, 'twas It must make thee well :
Thus whilst your prayers were at strife,
Thine for thy death, Hers for thy life,
Thine did prevayle, and on theyr wings
Mounted thy soul ; where now it sings,
And never shall complayne no more,
But for not being there before.

CONSOLATORIUM, AD PARENTES

Lett her parents then confesse
That they beleewe her happinesse,
Which now they question. Thinke as you
Lent her the world, Heaven lent her you :
And is it just then to complayne
When each hath but his owne againe ?
Then thinke what both your glories are
In her preferment : for tis farre
Nobler to gett a Saint, and beare
A childe to Heaven than an Heyre
To a large Empire. Thinke beside
Shee dyde not yong, but livde a Bride.
Your best wishes for her good
Were but to see her well bestowde :
Was shee not so ? Shee marryed to
The heyre of all things : who did owe
Her infant Soule, and bought it too.
Nor was shee barren : markt you not
Those pretty little Graces, that
Play'd round about her sicke bedde ; three
Th' eldst Faith, Hope, & Charity.
Twere pretty bigge ones, and the same
That cryde so on theyr Fathers name.
The yongst is gone with Her : the two
Eldest stay to comfort you,
And little though they bee, they can
Master the biggest foes of man.
Lastly thinke that Hir abode
With you was some fewe years boarde ;

After hir marriage : now shee's gone
Home, royally attended on :
And if you had Elisha's sight
To see the number of her bright
Attendants thither ; or Paul's rapt sprite
To see her Welcome there ; why then,
Wish if you could Her here agen.
Ime sure you could not : but all passion
Would loose itself in admiration,
And strong longings to be there
Where, cause shee is, you mourn for Her.

HER EPITAPH

Happy Grave, thou dost enshrine
That which makes thee a rich mine :
Remember yet, 'tis but a loane ;
And wee must have it back, Her owne,
The very same ; Marke mee, the same :
Thou canst not cheat us with a lame
Deformed Carcase ; Shee was fayre,
Fresh as Morning, sweete as Ayre :
Purer than other flesh as farre
As other Soules than Bodies are :
And that thou mayst the better see
To finde her out : two stars there bee
Eclipsed now ; uncloude but those
And they will poynt thee to the Rose
That dyde each cheeke, now pale and wan,
But will bee when shee wakes againe

Fresher than ever : And howere
 Her long sleepe may alter Her
 Her Soule will know her Body streight,
 Twas made so fitt for't. Noe deceite
 Can suite another to it : none
 Cloath it so neatly as its owne.

[This beautiful poem is now first printed (excepting the third section, which appeared in "Musarum Deliciæ," 1656) from a manuscript volume in my own possession. There are other MS. copies, but none, I think, better than my own. In one of the Poetical MS. volumes in the Rawlinson collection at Oxford there is a copy of the poem which has some variations that are worth noting. These are as follows :

- Line 2. ' thee ' is omitted
 „ 40-1. Thou whilst our prayers were at strife,
 Thine for thy death, ours for thy life.
 „ 43. Transport thy soule
 „ 33-6. (Consolatorium) Were you to see her
 numbers bright
 Attendants thither; or the ears
 Of ravisht Paul amongst the spheres,
 To know her welcome thither then—

In these lines both versions are, I think, a little wrong. Perhaps the passage should read :

And if you had Elisha's sight
 To see the number of her bright
 Attendants thither; or the ears
 Of ravisht Paul, amongst the spheares
 To know her welcome thither, then
 Wish, if you could, her here agen.

- Line 4. (Epitaph) have back our owne
 „ 8. „ soft as ayre

It should be noted also that in this version several lines are omitted which appear in my own copy. The "Epitaph" as printed in "Musarum Deliciæ" has a few variations from my own copy, but as these readings are inferior to those which appear above I do not quote them.

I suspect that line 22 ("Consolatorium") 'Twere pretty bigge ones, &c.' is in some way corrupt. One MS. reads 'begge' instead of 'bigge,' but this is no improvement. It might also be suspected that the heroic couplet in the first section, being in a different measure from the rest, is also in some way corrupt, were it not that it fits perfectly into its place, without producing any jarring effect.]

ON THE DEATH OF SIR THO : PELTHAM

Meerly for man's death to mourne
Were to repine that man was borne.
When weake old age doth fall asleepe
Twere foule ingratitude to weepe :
Those threads alone should pull out tears
Whose sodayne cracke breaks off some years.
Heere tis not so : full distance heere
Sunders the cradle from the beere.
A fellow-traveller he hath beene
So long with Time : so worne to skinne,
That were hee not just now bereft,
His Body first his soule had left.
Threescore and tenne is Nature's date,
Our journey when wee come in late.
Beyond that time the overplus
Was granted not to him, but us.

For his own sake the Sun nere stood,
 But only for the peoples good.
 Even so his breath held out by aire
 Which poore men uttered in theyr prayer :
 And as his goods were lent to give,
 So were his dayes that they might live,
 Soe ten years more to him were told
 Enough to make another olde.
 O that Death would still doe soe ;
 Or else on good men would bestow
 That wast of years which unthrifts fling
 Away by theyr distempering,
 That some might thrive by this decay
 As well as that of land and clay.
 'Twas now well done : no cause to moane
 On such a seasonable stone.
 Where death is but an Host, we sinne
 Not bidding welcome to his Inne.
 Sleepe, sleepe, thy rest, good man, embrace ;
 Sleepe, sleepe, th'ast trode a weary race.

[I have two MS. copies of this poem, which differ slightly in their texts, but not in any important points. It is printed in "Parnassus Biceps"; but the text given there is inferior to that printed above. It is perhaps worth mentioning that in the printed version the name appears as 'Pelham': in one of my MS. copies it is 'Pelltham,' in the other 'Peltham'.]

ON THE DEATH OF A TWIN

Where are yee now, Astrologers, that looke
For petty accidents in Heavens booke ?
Two Twins, to whom one Influence gave breath,
Differ in more than Fortune, Life and Death.
While both were warme (for that was all they were
Unlesse some feeble cry sayd Life was there :)
By wavering change of health they seem'd to trie
Which of the two should live, for one must die.
As if one Soule, allotted to susteine
The lumpe, which afterwards was cutt in twain,
Now servde them both : whose limited restraynt
From double vertue made them both to faynt :
But when that common Soule away should flie,
Death killing one, expected both should die :
Shee hitt, and was deceivde : that other parte
Went to supply the weake survivors heart :
So Death, where shee was cruell, seemde most milde :
She aymed at two, and kilde but halfe a childe.

ON THE YONG BARONETT PORTMAN DYING OF AN IMPOSTUME IN'S HEAD

Is Death so cunning now that all her blowe
Aymes at the heade ? Doth now her wary Bowe
Make surer worke than heertofore ? The steele
Slew warlike heroes onely in the heele.
New found out slights, when men themselves begin
To be their proper Fates by new found sinne.

Tis cowardize to make a wound so sure ;
No Art in killing where no Art can cure.
Was it for hate of learning that she smote
This upper shoppe where all the Muses wrought ?
Learning shall crosse her drift, and duly trie
All wayes and meanes of immortalitie.
Because her heade was crusht, doth shee desire
Our equall shame ? In vayne she doth aspire.
No : noe : Wee know where ere shee make a breach
Her poysened Sting onely the Heele can reach.
Looke on the Soule of man, the very Heart ;
The Head itselife is but a lower parte :
Yet hath shee straynde her utmost tyranny,
And done her worst in that she came so high.
Had she reservde this stroke for haughty men,
For politique Contrivers ; justly then
The Punishment were matcht with the offence :
But when Humility and Innocence
So indiscreetly in the Heade are hitt,
Death hath done Murther, and shall die for itt :
Thinke it no Favour showne because the Braine
Is voyde of sence, and therefore free from payne.
Thinke it noe kindness when so stealingly
He rather seemde to jest away than die,
And like that Innocent, the Widdows childe
Cryde out, My head, my head : and so it dyde.
Thinke it was rather double cruelty,
Slaughter intended on his Name, that Hee
Whose thoughts were nothing taynted, nothing vayne,
Might seeme to hide Corruption in his brayne.

How easy might this Blott bee wipte away
If any Pen his worth could open lay ?
For which those Harlott-prayses, which wee reare
In common dust, as much too slender are
As great for others. Boasting Elegies
Must here bee dumbe. Desert that overweighs
All our Reward stoppes all our Prayse : lest wee
Might seeme to give alike to Them and Thee :
Wherefore an humble Verse, and such a strayne
As mine will hide the truth while others fayne.

[The above is copied from one of my MS. books: I do not know of any other copy of the poem. There seems to be some corruption in the fifth and sixth lines, which, should another copy of the poem be discovered, we may hope to correct.]

ON THE DEATH OF DR. LANCTON
PRESIDENT OF MAUDLIN COLLEGE

When men for injuryes unsatisfy'd,
For hopes cutt off, for debts not fully payd,
For legacies in vain expected, mourne
Over they owne respects within the urne,
Races of tears all striveing first to fall
As frequent are as eye and funerall ;
Then high swolne sighes drawne in and sent out strong
Seeme to call back the soule or goe along.
Goodness is seldome such a theam of woe
Unless to her owne tribe some one or two ;

But here's a man, (alas a shell of man !)
Whose innocence, more white than silver swan,
Now finds a streame of teares ; such perfect greif
That in the traine of mourners hee is cheife
Who lives the greatest gainer ; and would faine
Bee now prefer'd unto his loss againe.
The webb of nerves with subtill branches spred
Over the little world, are in theyr head
Scarce so united as in him were knitt
All his dependants : Hee that strives to sitt
So lov'd of all must bee a man as square
As vertues selfe ; which those that fly and feare
Can never hate. How seldome have we seene
Such store of flesh joyn'd with so little sin ?
His body was not greater than his soule,
Whose limbs were vertues able to controule
All grudg of sloth : and as the body's weight
Hal'd to the centre ; so the soule as light
Heav'd upward to her goale. This civill jarre
Could not hold out, but made them part as farre
As earth and heaven : from whence the one shall come
To make her mate more fresh, less cumbersome.
After so sound a sleepe, so sweet a rest,
And both shall then appeare so trimly drest
As freinds that goe to meet : the body shall
Then seeme a soule, the soule Angellicall :
A beautious smile shall passe from that to this,
The joyning soule shall then the body kisse
With its owne lipps : so great shall be the store
Of joy and love that now thei'l part no more ;

Such hope hath dust ! besides which happines
Death hath not made his earthly share the lesse,
Or quite bereft him of his honors here,
But added more ; for liveing hee did steere
The fellowes only ; but since hee is dead
Hee's made a president unto theyr head.

ON DR. LANCTON'S DEATH

Because of fleshly mould wee bee
Subject unto mortality,
Let noe man wonder at his death,
More flesh he had, and then lesse breath.
But if you question how he died,
'Twas not the fall of swelling pride ;
'Twas noe ambition to ascend
Heaven in humility : his end
Assur'd us that his God did make
This peece for our example's sake.
Had you but seene him in his way
To Church, his last blest Sabbath day ;
His struggling soule did make such hast
As if each breath would bee his last.
Each bricke hee trod on, shrinking strove
To make his grave and shew its love.
O how his sweating body wept
Knowing how soone it should bee swept
In mould : but while hee kneels to pray
His weighty members long to stay ;



Each word doth bring a breathlesse teare
As if he'd leave his spirit there.
Hee gone, looks back, as if to see
The place where he should buried bee,
Bowing as if hee did desire
At the same time for to expire :
Which being done, he long shall dwell
Within the place hee lov'd so well,
Where night and morning hundreds come
A Pilgrimage unto his tomb.

[From a MS. in my possession. There is also a copy in a manuscript volume in the British Museum. The poem is printed in "Parnassus Biceps." There are many small variations in these three texts, but none which it seems necessary to record.]

ON THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS LEA

You that affright with lamentable notes
The servants from their beef, whose hungry throats
Vex the grume porter's surly conscience :
That blesse the mint for coyning lesse than pence :
You whose unknown and meanly payd desarts
Begge silently within, and knocke at hearts :
You whose commanding worth makes men beleeve
That you a kindnesse give when you receive :
All sorts of them that want, your tears now lend :
A House-keeper, a Patron, and a Friend

Is lodged in clay. The man whose table fedde
 So many while he lived, since hee is dead,
 Himselfe is turn'd to food : whose chimney burn'd
 So freely then, is now to ashes turn'd.
 The man which life unto the Muses gave
 Seeks life of them, a lasting Epitaph :
 And hee from whose esteeme all vertues found
 A just reward, now prostrate in the ground,
 (Like some huge ancient oake, that ere it fell,
 Could not be measur'd by the rule so well)
 Desires a faythfull comment on his dayes,
 Such as shall neither lye to wrong or prayse :
 But oh ! what Muse is halfe so pure, so strong,
 What marble sheets can keepe his name so long
 As onely hee hath lived ? then who can tell
 A perfect story of his living well ?
 The noble fire that spur'd and whetted on
 His bravely vertuous resolution
 Could not so soone be quencht as weaker soules
 Whose feebler sparke an ach or thought controuls.
 His life burnt to the snuffe ; a snuffe that needs
 No socket to conceale the stench, but feeds
 Our sence like costly fumes : his manly breath
 Felt no disease but age ; and call'd for Death
 Before it durst intrude, or thought to try
 That strength of limbs, that soules integrity.
 Looke on his silver hayres, his graceful browe,
 And Gravity itselfe might Lea avowe
 Her father : Time, his schoolmate. Fifty years
 Once wedlocke he embrac't : a date that bears

Fayre scope, if Soule and Body chance to bee
So long a couple as his wife and hee.

But number you his deeds, they so outpasse
The largest size of any mortal glasse,
That though hee liv'd a thousand, some would crye
Alas ! he dyde in his minority.
His dayes and deeds would nere be counted even
Without Eternity, which now is given.
Such descants poore men make ; who miss him more
Than sixe great men, that keeping house before
After a spurt unconstantly are fledd
Away to London. But the man that's dead
Is gone unto a place more populous,
And tarries longer there, and waites for us.

AN EPITAPH ON SR JOHN WALTER,
LORD CHEIFE BARON

Farewell Example, Living Rule farewell ;
Whose practise shew'd goodness was possible,
Who reach'd the full outstretch'd perfection
Of Man, of Lawyer, and of Christian.

Suppose a Man more streight than Reason is,
Whose grounded Habit could not tread amisse
Though Reason slepd ; a Man who still esteem'd
His wife his Bone ; who still his children deem'd
His Limbes and future Selfe ; Servants trayn'd friends ;
Lov'd his Familiars for Themselves not ends :

Soe wise and Provident that dayes orepast
He ne're wish'd backe again ; by whose forecast
Time's Locke, Time's Baldness, Future Time were one,
Since nought could mende nor marre one Action,
That man was He.

Suppose an Advocate

In whose all-conquering tong true right was Fate ;
That could not pleade among the gounded throng
Wrong Causes right nor rightfull causes wrong,
But made the burnish'd Truth to shine more bright
Than could the witnesses or Act in sight.
Who did soe breifely, soe perspicuously
Untie the knots of darke perplexity
That words appear'd like thoughts, and might derive
To dull Eares Knowledge most Intuitive.

A Judge soe weigh'd that Freinde and one of Us
Were heard like Titius and Sempronius.
All Eare, no Eie, noe Hande ; oft* being par'd
The Eies Affections and the Hands Reward.
Whose Barre and Conscience were but two in Name,
Sentence and Closet-Censure still the Same :
That Advocate, that judge was He.

Suppose

A sound and settled Christian, not like those
That stande by fitts, but of that Sanctity
As by Repentence might scarce better'd be :
Whose Life was like his latest Houre, whose way
Outwent the Journey's Ende where others stay :

* (?) Off.

Who slighted not the Gospel for his Lawe,
But lov'd the Church more than the Bench, and sawe
That all his Righteousnes had yet neede fee
One Advocate beyond himselfe. 'Twas He.

To this Good Man, Judge, Christian, now is given
Faire Memory, noe Judgment, and blest Heaven.

REMEMBRANCES OF THE RENOWNED KNIGHT,
SIR ROWLAND COTTON, OF BELLAPORT IN
SHROPSHIRE, CONCERNING HIS AGILITY OF
BODY, TONGUE, AND MIND

Renowned Champion full of wrestling Art,
And made for victory in every part,
Whose active Limbes, oyl'd Tongue, and vertuous Mind,
Subdu'd both Foe and Friend, the Rough and Kind,
Yea, ev'n Thy-selfe, and thy Diseases too,
And all but Death (which won with much adoe
And shall at last be vanquish'd,) where are now
Those brawny Armes that crush'd the Dane ? and how
Doe all thy Languages to Silence turne ?
Babel's undifferenc'd by the speechlesse Urne.
What use of Wisedome now to mold the state
Where All are Equall ? to appease debate
Where All doe sleepe ? sowre dangers to fore-fend
When Spite hath done her worst and dangers end ?

Had Death a Body, like the Dane's or thine,
Th'adst beene Her death ; if humane Eares like mine,

Thy tongues had charm'd them ; if a heart to love,
Each quality of thine a dart might prove.

One Beame thou living hadst of Eminence,
And still in Use, left heere and carried hence,
Immortall Love ; as busie now as then ;
There fixt on God yet heere intwin'd with Men ;
That makes Thee pray for Us, Us write for Thee,
Joynes Heaven and Earth in one Fraternity.

Love sayes thy Fall's not desparate : a Fall ?
That hopes for Rising. Waite but for a Call,
And thou shalt rise, summon'd with Champion sound,
Antæus-like, more strong from under Ground.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR ROWLAND COTTON SECONDING THAT OF SIR ROBERT

More Cottons yet ? O let not envious Fate
Attempt the Ruine of our growing State.
O had it spar'd Sir Rowland, then might wee
Have almost spar'd Sir Robert's Library.
His Life and th' others bookes taught but the same ;
Death kils us twice in blotting twice one Name.
Give Him, and take those Reliques with consent ;
Sir Rowland was a Living Monument.

[These poems are from "Parentalia, Spectatissimo
Rolando Cottono, Equiti Aurato Salopiensi . . . Londini . . .
1635." In the same volume there is a Latin poem by Strode,
headed "In omnigenam qua claruit Linguarum Peritiam,
præcipuè Orientalium."]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY
PENELOPE DOWAGER OF THE LATE VIS-COUNT
BAYNING

Great Lady,

Humble partners of like griefe
In bringing Comfort may deserve believe,
Because they Feele and Feyne not : Thus we say
Unto Ourselves, Lord Bayning, though away,
Is still of Christ-Church ; somewhat out of sight,
As when he travel'd, or did bid good night,
And was not seen long after ; now he stands
Remov'd in Worlds, as heretofore in Lands ;
But is not lost. The spight of Death can never
Divide the Christian, though the Man it sever.

The like we say to You : He's still at home,
Though out of reach ; as in some upper roome,
Or Study : for His Place is very high,
His Thought is Vision ; now most properly
Return'd he's Yours as sure, as e're hath been
The jewell in Your Cask, safe though unseen.

You know that Friends have Eares as well as Eyes,
We heare Hee's well and Living, that well dies.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE LORD VISCOUNT BAYNING

Though after Death, Thanks lessen into Praise,
And Worthies be not crown'd with gold, but bayes ;

Shall we not thank ? To praise Thee all agree ;
 We Debtors must out doe it, heartily.
 Deserved Nobility of True Descent,
 Though not so old in Thee grew Ancient :
 We number not the Tree of Branched Birth,
 But genealogie of Vertue, spreading forth
 To many Births in value. Piety,
 True Valour, Bounty, Meeknesse, Modesty,
 These noble off-springs swell Thy Name as much,
 As *Richards, Edwards*, three, foure, twenty such :
 For in thy Person's linage surnam'd are
 The great, the good, the wise, the just, the faire.
 One of these stiles innobles a whole stemme ;
 If all be found in One, what race like him !
 Long stayres of birth, unlesse they likewise grow
 To higher vertue, must descend more low.
 When water comes through numerous veins of lead,
 'Tis water still ; Thy blood, from One pipe's head,
 Grew *Aqua-vitæ* streight, with spirits fill'd,
 As not traduc'd, but rais'd, sublim'd, distill'd.
 Nobility farre spread, I may behold,
 Like the expanded skie, or dissolv'd gold,
 Much rarified ; I see't contracted here
 Into a starre, the strength of all the spheare ;
 Extracted like the Elixir from the mine,
 And highten'd so that 'tis too soone divine.

Divinity continues not beneath ;
 Alas nor He ; but though He passe by death,
 He that for many liv'd, gaines many lives
 After hee's dead : Each friend and servant strives

To give him breath in praise ; this Hospital,
That Prison, Colledge, Church, must needs recall
To mind their Patron ; whose rich legacies
In forreigne lands, and under other skies
To them assign'd, shew that his heart did even
In France love England, as in England Heaven :
Heav'n well perceiv'd this double pious love,
Both to his Country here, and that above :
Therefore the day, that saw Him landed here,
Hath seen him landed in his Haven there ;
The selfe-same day (but two yeares interpos'd)
Saw Sun and Him round shining twice & clos'd.

No Citizen so covetous could be
Of getting wealth, as of bestowing, He ;
His Body and Estate went as they came,
Stript of Appendix Both, and left the same
But in th' Originall ; Necessity
Devested one, the other Charity.
It cost him more to clothe his soule in death,
Than e're to cloth his flesh for short-liv'd breath ;
And whereas Lawes exact from Niggards dead
A Portion for the Poore, they now are said
To moderate His Bounty ; never such
Was known but once, that men should give too much :
A Tabernacle then was built, and now
The like in heav'n is purchas'd : Learn you how ;
Partly by building Men, and partly by
Erecting walls, by new-found Chymistry,
Turning of Gold to Stones. Our Christ-Church Pile,
Great *Henrie's* Monument, shall grow awhile

With *Bayning's* Treasure ; who a way hath took.
Like those at Westminster, to fill a nook
'Mongst beds of Kings. Thus speak, speak while we may
For Stones will speak when We are hush'd in Clay.

W. STRODE, D.D. Canon of Ch. C.

[The two foregoing poems are taken from "Death Repeal'd, by a Thankfull Memoriall sent from Christ-Church in Oxford, celebrating the noble deserts of the Right Honourable Paule, late Lord Vis-count Bayning of Sudbury, who changed his Earthly Honours, June the 11, 1638. Oxford . . . 1638."

The second poem, as the reader will have noticed, is signed, while the first has no signature. I think, however, that both poems are Strode's, though as regards the first no positive proof of his authorship of it can be advanced. Every other poem in the volume but this is signed. It is the first poem in the book and forms an introduction to the rest. My belief (right or wrong) is that Strode edited the whole collection, and hence was the proper person to write the introductory poem. Strode's Elegy follows immediately after the dedicatory poem.

The book is an interesting one, and contains several noteworthy poems. Among the contributors were William Cartwright, R. Burton, Jasper Mayne, Tho. Isham, Martin Llewelin, &c.]

ON THE DEATH OF LADIE CÆSAR

Though Death to good men be the greatest boone,
I dare not think this Lady dyde so soone.
She should have livde for others : Poor mens want
Should make her stande, though she herselfe should faynt.
What though her vertuous deeds did make her seeme
Of equall age with old Methusalem ?

Shee should have livde the more, and ere she fell
 Have stretcht her little Span unto an Ell.
 May wee not thinke her in a sleep or sowne,
 Or that shee only tries her bedde of grounde?
 Besides the life of Fame, is shee all deade ?
 As deade as Vertue, which together fledde :
 As dead as men without it : and as cold
 As Charity, that long ago grewe old.
 Those eyes of pearle are under marble sett,
 And now the Grave is made the Cabinett.
 Tenne or an hundred doe not loose by this,
 But all mankinde doth an Example misse.
 A little earth cast upp betweene her sight
 And us eclipseth all the world with night.
 What ere Disease, to flatter greedy Death,
 Hath stopt the organ of such harmlesse breath,
 May it bee knowne by a more hatefull name
 Then now the Plague : and for to quell the same
 May all Physitians have an honest will :
 May Pothecaries learne the Doctors skill :
 May wandring Mountebanks, and which is worse
 May an old womans medicine have the force
 To vanquish it, and make it often flie,
 Till Destiny on's servant learne to die.
 May death itselpe, and all its Armory
 Bee overmatcht with one poore Recipe.
 What need I curse it ? for, ere Death will kill
 Another such, so farre estrang'd from ill,
 So fayre, so kinde, so wisely temperate,
 Time will cutt off the very life of Fate.

To make a perfect Lady was espyde
No want in her of anything but Pride :
And as for wantonnesse, her modesty
Was still as coole as now her ashes bee.
Seldome hath any Daughter lesse than her
Favourde the stampe of Eve her grandmother.
Her soule was like her body ; both so cleare
As that a brighter eye than mans must peere
To finde a Blott ; nor can wee yet suspect
But only by her Death the least defect :
And were not that the wages due to Sinne
Wee might beleeve that spotlesse she had bin.

[The above is from one of my MS. volumes. There is a copy in the British Museum (Add. MS. 22118, f. 196) which has no signature appended to it ; but I do not think there can be any doubt that the poem is Strode's.]

AN EPITAPH ON MR. FISHBORNE THE GREAT
LONDON BENEFACTOR, AND HIS EXECUTOR

What are thy gaines, O death, if one man ly
Stretch'd in a bed of clay, whose charity
Doth hereby get occasion to redeeme
Thousands out of the grave : though cold hee seeme
He keepes those warme that else would sue to thee,
Even thee, to ease them of theyr penury.
Sorrow I would, but cannot thinke him dead,
Whose parts are rather all distributed

To those that live ; His pittie lendeth eyes
Unto the blind, and to the cripple thighes,
Bones to the shatter'd corps, his hand doth make
Long armes for those that begg and cannot take :
All are supply'd with limbs, and to his freind
Hee leaves his heart, the selfe-same heart behind ;
Scarce man and wife so much one flesh are found
As these one soule ; the mutuall ty that bound
The first prefer'd in heav'n to pay on earth
Those happy fees which made them strive for death,
Made them both doners of each others store,
And each of them his own executor :
Those hearty summes are twice confer'd by either,
And yet so given as if confer'd by neither.
Lest some incroching governour might pare
Those almes and damne himselfe with pooremens share,
Lameing once more the lame, and killing quite
Those halfe-dead carcasses, by due foresight
His partner is become the hand to act
Theyr joynt decree, who else would fain have lackt
This longer date that so hee might avoyd
The praise wherewith good eares would not be cloy'd,
For praises taint our charity, and steale
From Heav'ns reward ; this caus'd them to conceale
Theyr great intendment till the grave must needs
Both hide the Author and reveale the deeds.
His widdow-freind still lives to take the care
Of children left behind ; Why is it rare
That they who never tied the marriage knott,
And but good deeds no issue ever gott,

Should have a troupe of children ? All mankind
Beget them heyres, heyres by theyr freinds resign'd
Back into nature's keepinge. Th' aged head
Turn'd creeping child of them is borne and bredd ;
The prisons are theyr cradles where they hush
Those piercing cryes. When other parents blush
To see a crooked birth, by these the maim'd
Deform'd weake offcasts are sought out and claim'd
To rayse a Progeny : before on death
Thus they renew mens lives with double breath,
And whereas others gett but halfe a man
Theyr nobler art of generation can
Repayr the soule itselke, and see that none
Bee cripled more in that then in a bone,
For which the Cleargy being hartned on
Weake soules are cur'd in theyr Physition,
Whose superannuat hatt or threadbare cloake
Now doth not make his words so vainly spoke
To people's laughter : this munificence
At once hath giv'n them ears, him eloquence.
Now Henryes sacriledge is found to bee
The ground that sets off Fishborne's charity,
Who from lay owners rescueing church lands,
Buys out the injury of wrongfull hands,
And shewes the blackness of the other's night
By lustre of his day that shines so bright.

Sweet bee thy rest until in heav'n thou see
Those thankfull soules on earth preserv'd by thee,
Whose russet liv'ryes shall a Robe repay
That by reflex makes white the milky way.

Then shall those feeble limbs which as thine owne
Thou here didst cherish, then indeed bee known
To bee thy fellow limbs, all joyn'd in one ;
For temples here renew'd the corner stone
Shall yeild thee thanks, when thou shall wonder at
The churches glory, but so poore of late,
Glad of thy almes ! Because thy tender eare
Was never stop'd at cryes, it there shall heare
The Angells quire. In all things thou shalt see
Thy gifts were but religious Usury.

[Richard Fishburne, a wealthy cloth merchant, died in 1625, leaving by his will a great part of his fortune for the benefit of the poor. He left considerable sums to improve the circumstances of the poorer clergy of London. These facts I learn from a Funeral Sermon on him preached by Nat. Shute, Rector of St. Mildred in the Poultry.

The poem, as printed above, is taken from a manuscript volume in Corpus Christi College, where it is attributed to Strode. I know of no reason why it should not be his ; yet I must confess that I am not altogether sure that he was the author of it. I do not think the verses have ever been printed before.]

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JAMES VAN OTTON

The first day of this month the last hath bin
To that deare soule. March never did come in
So lyonlike as now : our lives are made
As fickle as the weather or the shade.
March dust growes plenty now, while wasting fate
Strike heare to dust, well worth the proverbs rate.

I could be angry with the fates that they
 This man of men so soone have stole away.
 Meane they a kingdome to undoe, or make
 The universe a Cripple while they take
 From us so cheife a part, whose art knew how
 To make a man a man, nor would allow
 Nature an Heteroclite still to remaine
 Irregular, but with a jugling paine
 Deceive men of their greife, and make them know
 That he could cure more than ere chance or foe
 Dare to instring. Death now growes politique :
 While Otton liv'd herselfe was weake and sicke
 For want of food, therefore at him she aimde
 Who bar'd her of her purpose. All is maimde,
 All's out of joint, for in this fatall crosse
 Behold Death's triumph and our fatall losse.

[There are two MS. copies of this poem in the British
 Museum, both of which are rather unsatisfactory in their
 texts. The above gives the best readings that can be derived
 from them. One MS. reads 'infring' instead of 'instring'
 in line 17, and that is probably the right word.]

ON SIR THOMAS SAVILL DYING OF THE SMALL POX

Take, greedy death, a body here entomd
 That by a thousand stroakes was made one wound,
 Where all thy shafts were stuck with fatall ayme
 Untill a quiver this thy marke became,

Had Cæsar fifty wounds to let in thee
Because a troop of men might seeme to bee
Comprised in that great Spirit, this had more
Whose deaths were equalld with the fruitfull store
Of hopefull vertues, though each wound did reach
The very heart, yet none could make a breach
Into his soule, a soule more fully drest
With vertuous gemmes than was his body prest
With hatefull spotts, and therefore every scarr
When death itselfe is dead shall be a starre.

[There are two copies of this poem in the C.C.C. library.
There are a few variations of text in them ; but none which it
seems necessary to record.]

EPITAPH ON MR. BRIDGEMAN

One pitt containes him now that could not dye
Before a thousand pitts in him did lye ;
Soe many spotts upon his flesh were shewne
'Cause on his soule sinne fastned almost none.

[The reading of the MS. in the second line is 'pills,' but
as this is apparently a mistake I have substituted 'pitts.'
Mr. Bridgman, I suppose, died of the small pox : hence the
wretched punning conceit. The verses may or may not be
Strode's : they are attributed to him (so far as I know) in one
MS. only.]

TO HIS SISTER

Loving Sister : every line
Of your last letter was so fine
With the best mettle, that the grayne
Of Scrivener's pindust were but vayne :
The touch of Gold did sure instill
Some vertue more than did the Quill.
And since you write noe cleanly hand
Your token bids mee understand
Mine eyes have here a remedy
Wherby to reade more easily.
I doe but jeast : your love alone
Is my interpretation :
My words I will recant, and sweare
I know your hand is wondrous faire.

TO SIR JO. FERRERS

Gold is restorative : how can I then
Choose but restore you Thanks at least ? But when
I weigh your meritt, and then try the Scale
What correspondence I can make withall

My thanks as farre beneath your worth I hold
As this light pindust valued with your Gold.
Gold is a mettle of most heate and weight,
And well deserves like thanks, not cold nor light :
But if my Thanks had so much literall
And proper weight, as metaphoricall,
Then should the Carryer earne his penny better,
And soone might loade a Waggon with one Letter :
But since they have but vertuall thanks alone
Which must depende on Estimation,
Accept, I pray, this Bill of thankfulnessse,
In manner of a Bill : whose nature is
Itselfe noe actuall substance ; but doth tie
To all performance in Futuritie.
Some men whose Penne outruns theyr mind as farre
As any Courtyers tongue may thinke they are
Fayrely dischargde by theyr Confession,
Like one that hath bin shrivde : 'tis ten to one
But when they send theyr Thanks they send away
Thankfulnessse too. True thanks, the more wee pay
The more they grow at home : the Letter sent
Is but an Earnest of what else is meant.
Why pleade I thus against myselfe ? I knowe
Noe other Argument of making showe
Of thankses but barren words ; and this I call
The Schollers treasure ; and his coyne is all
One stampe ; Thanks good and sterling : Wee restore
This for small Courtesies : we have no more
To pay for greater Benefits. Then grant
Your kinde Acceptance to supply this want,

Untill Occasion serves mee to performe
Some reall Service ; when that houre is borne
I shall bee fortunate : for know that still
My utmost power your Tenant is at will.
Meane while may all good Happ upon you shine
So as it may exceed your wish and mine.

Now my Apostrophe should humbly bowe
To speake unto my Lady : but I know
Twere but an idle Repitition
To write asunder, seeing both are one :
Twere prophanation of my penne and witt
If I should separate what so is knitt.

TO THE SAME

If empty vessells can resounde
Farre more than those that doe abounde,
Or if a Pumpe orechargde with store,
Lesse water yeelds than being poore,
No wonder if my thanks so long
Have Silence kept : they were too strong :
My Breast untill some time were spent
Was too too full to gett a vent.
Had your ore-comming Bounty beene
Lesse noble ; had it onely seene
The way to give, not give by arte,
I quickly had transcribde my heart
In ready phrase ; and soone had payde
The debt which now I have delayde.

The Manner, not the Benefitt
Amazde my thankes and dulld my witt.
Eight golden faces closely rolde
Within eight verses, did enfolde
Some mystery, which thus I reade,
You square alike your Word and Deede.
Each verse was truly golden there,
And with the Pieces numbred were :
The lines so just that every one
Became a new Inscription.
Was't not enough my heart to binde
With gifts alone ; but you must finde
Verses to way mee downe, and soe
Stopping the way where I should goe,
Prevent all thanks ? I then desire
In steade of thanks I may admire.

Thinke how the boasting Hypocrite
Setts out his gift in open sight,
And guilds the outside of his deede
Trading for prayse, which others neede :
Then looke upon your secrecie,
Your shamefacte Liberalitie,
And pay yourselfe with that Reward
Which Conscience onely can affoord :
Such prayse the best men seeke, but you
Sought to avoyde such prayses too.
To say the left hand could not reade
What from the right hand did proceede
Were to detract : I think the hand
That gave did scarcely understande

Her secrett gifts : I'm sure twas so
That the receiver did not knowe :
Nor must I know till I were gone,
That so your ears may scape my tongue.
I have your Blushing therefore sparde,
I have indeede ; and since you fearde
So to be thankd, who did not feare
So to deserve : I did forbear ;
I did awhile ; but now I speake :
To hold in still I am too weake.

TO THE SAME

It grieves mee that I thus due thanks retayne
For, that which I receivde the last King's raigne ;
It grieves mee that the Lent is fully past ;
That all the Usurers accounts are cast,
Theyr use already taken : and that I
Noe tribute sende, noe thankfull usury.
I envy that each Tree and petty shrubs
Breaking the barke peepe out with timely buds,
And paying all the duties of the spring
Theyr yearly Rents to Nature freely bring,
Whilst I in barren Silence still remayne,
Not yeelding for increase one leafe agayne,
One leafe of Paper ; Leaves are signes of fruit,
So Words of what full time should execute :
They are no more : for shall I thinke I pay
When, that I am your Depter, I but say ?

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Confession is noe payment, but with God,
And some fewe of his Schollers, two or odde :
Of which small number, though you would be one,
Yet of such Depters I would fayne be none.

Till I can choose, with patience thinke that man
Who nothing pays, pays all ; if what he can.

TO SIR EDM. LING

Sir : I had writt in Lattin : but I feare
You thinke tis durty still : and then it were
Unworthy of your hand. If Truth were tolde
Twas cause you turnde my Lattin all to gold.
But yet I hope the payment is as good
In English thankes. When hardly understood
Wee speake outlandish phrase, and thanks by arte,
Wee speake but Tongue-deepe : now tis from the heart.
May I want tongue and heart if I forgett
A thing so rare, a stranger's benefitt.
In writing to a Stranger, men are bent
To make a flourish with nice Complement.
Should I by you, as by a Stranger doe,
Your gift would sweare mee downe you were not so.
Yet give mee leave, Sir, but to darte one worde
From that full store-house where my Thanks I horde :
May every houre that travells through the glasse
Number a new content before it passe :
May you neere wish wherby to want true blisse,
Nor ever want wherby to cause a wish.

[The word 'durty' in the second line is the reading of the MS., but it is probably an error for 'duety.']

TO THE LADY KNIGHTON

Madam : due thanks are lodgde within my breast
As close as when your enigmatique chest
Embracde the hidden Angell, which I found
Like Danæe, or like to Rosamonde
Wrapt in a winding labirynt. But then
I thought mine eyes a prodigy had seene,
Two Angells joynd in one ; the first a badd one,
The other good : twas Michael and the Dragon.
This is the morall if wee reade it well,
The selfe same Gold contains both heaven and hell :
To good men tis an Angell : but the evill
While they possesse it treasure upp the Divell.
O may that valiant Angell, whose bright face
Was figurde in your Golde, whose glory was
No lesse exprest in the materiall
Than in the stampe it was informde withall ;
May he still guard your side and where you dwell
May still your Champion bee Saynt Michaëll.
What though that frayle Disease long siege hath layde
Unto your body ? Never be dismayde.
The Languisher breaths long oft times wee see :
So soddayn blasts blow downe a sturdy Tree
When shivering Shrubs hold out : the firme and strong
Are strucke with casuall blows : the weake live long

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In heavenly expectation of theyr last,
And fayrly pace, whilst others runne in hast.
Thinke when your palsy and the night is fledde
Twas part of Death ; and when you rise from bed
Thinke that of all your limbs, the weakest one
Hath tasted of the Resurrection.
Thanks was my Theame : but let me thank or pray
It issues from one head, what ere I say.
O, may your dayes bee all as good as long ;
May no ill happe or passion dare to wrong
Your quiet peace with the least griefe or feare,
And may your Heart keepe Christmas all the year.

TO MR. RIVES UPON HIS RECOVERY

Welcome abroad, O welcome from your bedd,
I joy to see you thus delivered :
After fower yeares in travell, issues forth,
A birth of lasting wonder, whereat truth
Might well suspect herselfe ; a new disease
Borne to advance the Surgeons of our dayes
Above all others : a perfidious bone
Eaten and underminde by humours growne
Lodg'd in the captive thigh, which first of any
Halted, though furnisht with a bone too many.
No Golgotha, nor Charnell house, nor feild,
If all were searcht, could such another yeild ;
A bone so lockt and hugg'd in as a barr
That back and forwards may be wrested farr,

But not pull'd out at either hole ; nor could
 The cunning workman come to't as hee would :
 Crosse veynes did guard the soare, a hollow cave
 Must wade into the flesh : the surgeon's grave
 Thus being digg'd the file with harshe delay
 Must grate the bone, and carve those chippes away.
 Blest be the midmen, whose dexteritie
 Pull'd out a birth, like Bacchus, from the thigh ;
 Tutors of nature, whose well guided arte
 Can rectifie her wants in every part ;
 Who by preserving others pay the debt
 They owe to nature, and doe re-begett
 Her strength growne ruinate. I could be gladd
 Such liv'd the dayes which they to others add.
 I cannot rightly tell the happier man,
 The patient or the surgeon ; doe but scan
 His praise, thy ease : twas sure an Extasie
 That kill'd Van-Otto, not a Lethargie ;
 Striving to crowne his worke, he mainly tryde
 His last and greatest case, then gladly dyde.
 Bernard must tarry longer, should hee flye
 After his brother all the world must dye,
 Or live a Cripple. Griffith's happie fate
 Requires the same hands still to itterate
 No lesse a miracle : the Joyners skill
 Could never mend his carved pate so well
 As hee hath heald a naturall ; the stout
 And boasting Paracelsus who gives out
 His rules can give man's life eternitie
 Would faintly doubt of this recovery.

Hee that hath wrought their cures I thinke hee can
 As well of scrappes make upp a perfect man.
 O had you seene his marrowe dropp away,
 Or the others brayne start out, then would you say
 Nothing could cure this fracture or that bone
 Save Bernard or the Ressurrection.
 Stand, honest Rives, stand up and looke about,
 Behold thine enemie, the bone, is out :
 Now smile upon thy torment, pretty thing,
 How will you use it ? Carry't in a ring
 Like a death's head, or send it to the grave,
 An earnest of the body it must have ;
 Or if you will you may the same translate
 Into a dye because twas fortunate.
 The ring were best ; tis like a Dyamond borne
 Out of a Rock, soe was it hewne and torne
 Out of your thigh : the gemme worth nothing is
 Untill it be cutt out, no more was this.
 Happie are they that knowe what treasure tis
 To finde lost health, they onely feele true blisse.
 Thou that hast felt these panges maist well mayntaine
 Man's greatest pleasure is but want of payne :
 Enjoy thyselife, for nothing worse can come
 To one so schoold and versd in martyrdome.

[The text of this poem is chiefly derived from a manuscript copy in my possession. In that copy, however, it is headed "To Doctor Griffith heald by a strange cure by Barnard Wright, Chirurgion in Oxon, by W. Stroud." There is a printed copy of the poem with a very similar heading in "Parnassus Biceps." Nevertheless it seems that this head-

ing was in both cases affixed to the poem in error. In the British Museum (Sloane MS. 1446, fol. 21) there is a copy from which I have taken my own heading. This contains two lines which are not in the other copies : viz., the following :—

Stand, honest Rives, stand up and looke about,
Behold thine enemie, the bone, is out.

This seems to show decisively that the poem was addressed to Mr. Rives, and not to Dr. Griffiths. The verses evidently refer to two remarkable cures, that of a diseased bone in the case of Mr. Rives, and of a fractured skull in that of Dr. Griffiths. Apparently both the cures were effected by Dr. Wright.

In "Parnassus Biceps" and in my own MS. copy the fifteenth line runs thus—

But not pull'd out at the keyhole ; neither could—

This is evidently an impossible line, and I have therefore adopted the reading of the Sloane MS. Other variations are found between the different texts, though it hardly seems necessary to record them. One small emendation I have made solely on my own responsibility. In the fifth line from the end I have substituted 'true blisse' for 'the blisse,' feeling sure that the latter cannot be right.]

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT

We are prevented ; you whose Presence is
A Publick New-yeares gift, a Common bliss
To all that Love or Feare, give no man leave
To vie a Gift but first he shall receive ;
Like as the Persian Sun with golden Eies
First shines upon the Priest and Sacrifice.

Ile on howere ; May this yeare happier prove
Than all the Golden Age when Vertue strove
With nothing but with Vertue ; may it bee
Such as the Dayes of Saturnes Infancy.
May every Tide and Season joyntly fitt
All your Intents and your Occasions hitt :
May every Grayne of Sand within your Glass
Number a fresh content before it pass.
And when success comes on, stand then each howre
Like Josuah's Day, & grow to three or fowre :
At last when this yeare rounds and wheelles away,
Bee still the next yeare like the old yeares Day.

[This is from a C.C.C. MS. Two or three passages in the MS. have slight corrections which I have followed. There is nothing to show on what occasion the verses were written.]

TO A FRIEND

Like to the hande which hath bin usde to play
One lesson long, still runs the usuall way,
And waites not what the hearers bid it strike,
But doth presume by custome, this will like :
So runne my thoughts, which are so perfect growne,
So well acquainted with my passion,
That now they dare prevent mee with their hast,
And ere I thinke to sigh my sigh is past :
Tis past, and flowne to you, for you alone
Are all the object that I thinke upon,

And did not you supply my soule with thought
For want of action it to none were brought.
What though our absent armes may not enfold
Reall embraces, yet wee firmly hold
Each other in possession. Thus wee see
The Lord enjoy his Lands where ere hee bee :
If Kings possesst no more than where they sate
What were they greater than a mean estate ?
This makes mee firmly yours, you firmly mine,
That somthing more than bodies us combine.

[This poem has been attributed to Donne and also to
Carew; but I believe that Strode has the best title to it.]

A LETTER

Goe happy Paper : by command
Take liberty to kisse her hand,
More white than any part of thee,
Although with spots thou graced bee.
The glory of the clearest day,
The morning ayre perfumd in May,
The first borne rose of all the Spring,
The downe beneath a Turtle's wing,
A lute just reaching to the eare ;
What ere is soft, or sweete, or fayre,
Are but her shreds, who fills the place
And some of every single grace.
As in a child the nurse descries
The mother's lippes, the father's eyes,

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The uncle's nose ; and doth apply
An owner to each part ; so I
In her could analyze the store
Of all the Choyce ere nature bore.
Each private peece to minde may call
Some worth ; but none can match it all.
Poore emblems ! they can but expresse
One element of comelinesse :
None are so rich to shew in one
All simples of perfection :
Nor can the Pencill represent
More than the outward lineament.
Then who can limbe the portrayture
Of beauties live behavior ?
Or what can figure every kinde
Of Jewells that adorne her minde ?
Thought cannot draw her picture full :
Even Thought to her is grosse and dull.

WITH PENNE, INKE, AND PAPER
TO A DISTRESSED FRIEND

Here is paper, pen, and inke,
That your heart and seale may sinke
Into such markes as may expresse
A Soule much blest in heavinessse.

May your paper seeme as fayre
As yourselfe when you appeare :

May the Letters which you write
Looke like black eye-lids on white.

May your penne such fancies bring
As one new puld from Cupid's wing :
That your paper, hand, and seale
His favour, heart, and Soule may steale.

THANKS FOR A WELCOME

For your good lookes and your clarrett,
For oft bidding doe not spare it :
For tossing glasses to the toppe,
And after sucking off a droppe,
When scarce a droppe was left behinde,
Or that which nicknames wine, even winde :
For healthy mirth and lusty sherry
Such as made old Cato merry ;
Such are our thanks that you may have
In blood the clarrett which you gave,
And in your service shall be spent
The spirits which your sacke hath lent.

A PARALELL BETWEEN BOWLING AND
PREFERMENT

Preferment, like a Game at bowles,
To feede our hope with diverse play
Heer quick it runnes, there soft it rowles :
The Betters make and shew the way.

As upper ground, so great Allies
Doe many cast on theyr desire :
Some uppe are thrust, and forc't to rise,
When those are stopt that would aspire.

Some whose heate and zeale exceed
Thrive well by Rubbs that curb theyr hast
Some that languish in theyr speede
Are cherisht by a gentle blast.

Some rest : and others cutting out
The same by whome themselves were made :
Some fetch a compasse farre about
And secretly the marke invade.

Some gett by knocke, and so advance
Theyr fortune by a boystrous ayme :

And some who have the sweetest chance
Theyr mistresse hitt, and winne the game.

The fayrest casts are those that owe
No thanks to Fortunes giddy sway :
Such honest men good bowles doe throw,
Whose owne true Byass cutts the way.

THE CAPPS

The witt hath long beholden bin
Unto the Cappe to keepe it in :
Lett now the witt fly out amayne
In prayse to quitt the Cappe againe.
The Cappe that ownes the highest part
Obtaynd that place by due desart :
For every Cappe, what ere it bee
Is still the signe of some degree.

The Cappe doth stand, each head can show,
Above the Crowne ; but Kings below :
The Cappe is neerer heaven than wee,
A greater signe of majesty.
When off the Cappe wee chance to take
Both head and feete obeysance make :
For every Cappe, &c.

The Munmoth cappe, the Saylor's thrumme,
And that wherin poore Tradesmen come,
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The Physick, Law, and Cappe divine,
And that which crownes the Muses nine :
The Cappe that Fools doth countenance,
The goodly Cappe of maintenance :
For every Cappe, &c.

The sickly Cappe both playne and wrought ;
The fudling Cappe, however bought ;
The Quilted, Furrd, the Velvet, Satin,
For which so many fooles learne Latin ;
The Cruell Cappe, the fustian pate,
The Periwigge, a Cappe of late :
And every Cappe, &c.

The souldiers that the Munmoth weare,
On castle toppes theyr ensignes reare :
The Seaman with his thrumme doth stand
In higher parts than all the land :
The Tradesmans Cappe aloft is borne
By vantage of (some say) a Horne.
Thus every Cappe, &c.

The Physicke Cappe to dust can bring,
Without controule, the greatest King :
The Lawyers Cappe hath heavenly might
To make a crooked action right,
Which being round and endlesse knowes
To make as endlesse any cause :
Thus every Cappe, &c.

Both East and West, both North and South,
Where ere the Gospell findes a mouth,
The Cappe divine doth thither looke ;
Tis square, like Scholars and theyr booke ;
The rest are round, but this is square
To shew theyr heads more stable are ;
Thus every Cappe, &c.

The sickly Cappe, not wrought with silke,
Is like Repentance, white as milke :
When hatts in Church droppe off in hast
This Cappe neere leaves the head uncast :
The sicke mans Cappe, thats wrought, can tell
Though hee bee sicke, his state is well.
Thus every Cappe, &c.

The fudling Cappe, god Bacchus might,
Turnes night to day, and day to night :
It godlike makes proud heads to bende,
And lowly feete makes to ascend :
It makes men richer than before
By seeing double all theyr store.
It rounds the world within the brayne,
And makes a monarch of a swayne :
The Furrd and Quilted Cappe of age
Can make a mouldy Proverbe sage.
Thus every Cappe, &c.

The Sattin and the Velvett hive
Unto a Bishoprick doth drive :

Nay, when a file of Caps you're seen in,
A square Capp, this, and next a linnen :
This triple Cappe may rayse some hope,
If fortune smile, to be a Pope :

For every Cappe, &c.

Though fustian capps bee slender weare,
The head is of no better geare :
The cruell Cappe is knitt, like hose
For them whose zeale takes cold i' th' nose :
Whose parity doth thinke it meete
To cloath alike the head and feete :

This Cappe would fayne, but cannot bee :

The only signe of noe degree.

The Periwigg, oh that declares
The rise of flesh, but fall of hayres :
And none but Grandos can proceede
So farre in sinne that this they neede
Before they Prince, which covered are,
And only to themselves goe bare :

This Cappe of all the Capps that bee

Is now the signe of high degree.

[The above is from one of my MS. volumes. Collier printed the poem in his "Book of Roxburgh Ballads" 1847; and it was also printed in "Satirical Songs and Poems on Costume," edited by F. W. Fairholt, for the Percy Society. Collier printed his copy from an undated broadside printed by John Trundle. There seems to be good authority for attributing the poem to Strode, since it is given to him in several manuscripts, while it has not, I believe, ever been claimed for any other author.

The version printed by Collier and Fairholt differs in some respects from that given above. It has an additional stanza, which is not in my copy.

It is as follows:—

The motley-man a cap doth weare,
Which makes him fellow to a peere,
And 'tis no slender part of wit
To act the fool where great men sit ;
For folly is in such request
That each man strives to do his best.
Thus any cap, &c.

Stanza 9 in Collier's version reads thus:—

The Fuddling cap, by Bacchus might,
Turns night to day, and day to night ;
Yet spenders it prefer to more,
Seeming to double all their store.
The Furr'd and quilted cap of age
Can make a musty proverb sage.

There are many other small variations : but all it seems necessary to mention are the following :

Stanza 11, line 4, 'parity' is 'purity' in Collier
,, 12, ,, 3, 'grandos' is 'graduates' in Collier.]

ON A GOOD LEGG AND FOOT

If Hercules tall stature might bee guest
But by his thumbe, wherby to make the rest
In due proportion ; the best rule that I
Would choose to measure Venus' beauty by
Should bee her legg and foot. If husbandmen
Measure theyr timber by the foot, why then

Not we our wives ? Whether wee goe or stride
 Those native compasses are seldome wide
 Of telling true : the round and slender foot
 Is a sure index, and a secrett note
 Of hidden parts ; and well this way may lead
 Unto the closett of a maydenheade :
 Here, Emblemes of our youth, we roses tye,
 And here the garter, love's deare mystery :
 For want of beauty here the peacock's pride
 Letts fall her trayne, and fearing to bee spide
 Shutts upp her paynted witnesses to lett
 Those eyes from view which are but counterfett.
 Who looks not if this part be good or evill
 May meet with cloven feet and match the divell,
 For this doth make the difference betweene
 The more unhallowed creatures and the cleane,
 Well may you judge her other steps are lighte,
 Her thoughts awry that doth not tread aright :
 But then there's true perfection when wee see
 Those parts more absolute that hidden bee :
 Nature nere layd a fayre foundation
 For an unworthy frame to rest upon.
 Lett others view the topp and limbes throughout,
 The deeper knowledge is to know the roote :
 And reading of the face the weakest know,
 What beauty is ; the learned looke below ;
 Who, looking there, doe all the rest, descrie
 As in a poole the moon we use to spie :
 Pardon (sweetehart) the pride of my desire
 If but to kisse your toe it should aspire.

ON JOHN DAWSON, BUTLER OF C.C.

Dawson the Butler's dead : Although I think
Poets were ne'er infusde with single drinke
He spend a farthing muse ; some watry verse
Will serve the turne to cast upon his hearse ;
If any cannot weepe amongst us here
Take off his pott, and so squeeze out a tear :
Weepe, O his cheeses, weepe till yee bee good,
Yee that are dry or in the sun have stood ;
In mossy coats und rusty liveries mourne,
Untill like him to ashes you shall turne :
Weep, O ye barrells, lett your drippings fall
In trickling streams : make waste more prodigal
Than when our drinke is badde, that John may flote
To Styx in beere, and lift upp Charon's boate
With wholesome waves. And as our conduits run
With clarett at a Coronation,
So lett our channells flow with single tiffe,
For John, I hope, is crownde : take off your whiffe,
Yee men of Rosemary : Now drinke off all,
Remembring 'tis a Butler's funeral :
Had he bin master of good double beere,
My life for his, John Dawson had beene here.

[This poem is sometimes attributed to Strode, and sometimes to Corbet. I am rather inclined to think, judging solely from its style, that the latter has the better claim to it.]

JACKE-ON-BOTH-SIDES

I hold as fayth	What England's Church allows
What Rome's Church sayth	My Conscience disavowes ;
Where the King's head,	That Church can have no seame ;
That flock's misled	That holdes the Pope supreme ;
Where th' Altar's drest	There's service scarce divine ;
That People's blest	With table, bread and wine ;
Who shuns the Masse	Hee's Catholique and wise ;
Hee's but an Asse	Who the Communion flies ;
Who Charity preach	That Church with schismes fraught ;
They Heav'n soone reach	Where only fayth is taught ;
On Fayth t' rely,	Noe matter for good workes,
'Tis heresy	Makes Christians worse than Turkes.

[This piece of humour is from a manuscript copy at Oxford. In "Wits Recreations," 1640, it appears under the title of "The Church Papist." I have little doubt that Strode was the author of it: at all events there does not appear to be any other claimant.]

CHIMNEY-SWEEPER'S SONG.

Hath Christmas furr'd your Chimneys,
Or have the maides neglected,
Doe Fire-balls droppe from your Chimney's toppe,
The Pidgin is respected,
Locke up with feare and horror,
O how my mistresse wonders !
The streete doth crie, the newes doth flie,
The boyes they thinke it thunders.

Then up I rush with my pole and brush,
I scowre the chimney's Jacket,
I make it shine as bright as mine,
When I have rub'd and rak'd it.

Take heed, ten groates you'le forfeit,
The Maior will not have under,
In vain is dung, so is your gun
When bricke doe flie asunder :
Let not each faggot fright ye,
When threepence will me call in,
The Bishopp's foote is not worse than soote
If ever it should fall in.

Up will I rush, etc.

The sent, the smoake ne're hurts me,
The dust is never minded,
Mine Eyes are glasse men sweare as I passe
Or else I had bin blinded,
For in the midst of Chimneys
I laugh, I sing, I hollow,
I chant my layes in Vulcan's praise
As merry as the swallow.

Still up I rush, etc.

With Engines and devices
I scale the proudest chimney,
The Prince's throne to mine alone
Gives place, the Starrs I climb ny.

I scorne all men beneath me
While there I stand a scowring,
All they below looke like a Crow,
Or men on Paules a tow'ring.

Then downe I rush, etc.

And as I downeward rumble
What thinke you is my lott then ?
A good neat's tongue in the inside hung,
The maide hath it forgotten :
If e're the wanton mingled
My inke with soote I wist not,
Howere the neate and harmless cheate
Is worth a penny, is't not ?

Still doe I rush, etc.

Then cloth'd in soote and ashes
I catch the maides that hast out,
Whos'ere I meete with smutt I greete,
And pounse their lipps and wastcote :
But on the Sunday morning
I looke not like a widgin,
Soe brave I stand with a point in my bande
Men ask if I be Pidgin.

Yet will I rush, etc.

Mulsacke I dare encounter
For all his horne and feather,
Ile lay him a crowne Ile roare him downe,
I thinke heale ne'er come hether.

The Boyes that climbe like Crickets
And steale my trade, Ile strippe them,
By priviledge I, growne Chimney hy,
Soone out of towne will whippe them.
Then will I rush, etc.

The above is from a manuscript volume in C. C. C., Oxford. I know of no other copy. In the fifth stanza there would seem to be some error: at any rate the meaning of the last four lines is far from clear. Mulsacke or Mulled-Sacke was a notorious chimney-sweeper of the time. Allusions to him are very frequent in the poems and plays of the early part of the seventeenth century. See "Additional Notes" for a reference to him by Taylor, the Water-poet.]

A DEVONSHIRE SONG

Thou ne're wutt riddle, neighbour Jan
Where Ich a late ha been-a ?
Why ich ha been at Plymoth, Man,
The leeke was yet ne're zeen-a.
Zutch streetes, zutch men, zutch hugeous zeas,
Zutch things with guns there tumbling.
Thy zelfe leeke me thoudst blesse to see,
Zutch overmonstrous grumbling.

The towne oreleid with shindle stone
Doth glissen like the skee-a :
Brave shoppes stand ope, and all yeare long
I thinke a Faire there bee-a :

A many gallant man there goth
In gold that zaw the King-a ;
The King zome zweare himzelve was there,
A man or zome zutch thing-a.

Voole thou that hast noe water past,
But thicka in the Moore-a,
To zee the zea would be agast,
It doth zoe rage and roar-a :
Zoe zalt it tasts thy tongue will thinke
The vier is in the water ;
It is zoe wide noe lande is spide,
Looke ne're zoe long thereafter.

The Water vrom the Element
None can dezeave cha vore-a,
It semmeth low, yet all consent
Tis higher than the Moore-a.
Tis strang how looking down the Cliffe
Men looke mere upward rather ;
If these same Eene had it not zeen
Chud scarce beleeve my Vather.

Amid the water woodden birds,
And vlying houses zwimme-a,
All vull of goods as ich have heard
And men up to the brimm-a :

They venter to another world
 Desiring to conquer-a,
 Vor which their guns, vowe develish ons,
 Doe dunder and spitt vier-a.

Good neighbour Tom, how farre is that ?
 This meazell towne chill leave-a ;
 Chill mope noe longer here, that's vlatt
 To watch a Sheepe or Sheare-a :
 Though it as varre as London be,
 Which ten mile ich imagin,
 Chill thither hie for this place I
 Doe take in greate indudgin.

[The above version is from Corpus Christi College MS. book 325. In Rawlinson Poetical MS. book, No. 142, there is another version which differs in so many points from the above that it will be easier to quote it in full than to mark the variations in the usual way. There is still another copy in C.C.C. MS. 328, which varies in many points from the version given above. Most of these variations are of little significance ; but it will be well perhaps to record the more important of them :—

- Line 1. Riddle, riddle, neighbour
 „ 6, Zutch monstrous thinges by grumling
 „ 8, Such bomination rumlinge
 „ 9, The streets there set with sheening stones
 „ 11, Brave shopps stond open all th' yeare
 „ 13, And many a gallant gooeth there
 „ 14, In gold to bee the King-a
 „ 17, But you that never waters past
 „ 18, But those are in tha
 „ 23, It lyeth zo wide
 „ 26, discerne chi zwore-a

- Line 27, zeemeth high it all consent
 „ 28, Tis lower a great deale moore-a
 „ 29, Tis strange that looking downe the hill
 „ 30, Men shud looke upwards rather
 „ 34, Vleeing housen swimme
 „ 41, neighbour Jan how ever it is
 „ 42, Our dusty towne
 „ 43, Chill stay at home noe more that's flatt
 „ 44, Nor keepe a sheepe to sheare-a
 „ 46, That's ten miles
 „ 48, Indagine

Here follows the Rawlinson version :—

THE DEVONSHIRE TRAVAILER

Riddle, riddle, neighbour Tom,*
 Where we a late a bin-a ?
 I've a bin at Plymouth, man :
 The like was never zeene-a.
 Zuch men, zuch streets, zuch monstrous zeas,
 As still do lye a-grumbling,
 Thyzelfe with me wouldst bless to zee
 Zuch bomination rumbling.

The streets are layd with yingle ston,
 Doe glister like the sky-a,
 And shops stand open all yeere long ;
 Thoudst think there were a faire-a !
 And many Gallons † goeth there
 In gowld that zaw the King-a :
 The King, they zweare, himself was there,
 A man or zome zuch thing-a.

But thou that never water past
 But ligged in the more-a,
 To zee the zea wouldst be agast !
 It does so rage and roar-a.

* This is probably a mistake for 'Jan.' † Sic.

It is zo zalt, thy tongue would thinke
The vire were in the water ;
It is zo wide noe lande that's spide
Lookes ne're so long thereafter.

Amidst thyck waters, wooden birds,
And flying howses swime-a,
All full of gold, as we have heard,
And man up to the brime-a.
These venter to another world,
Desiring to conqueira-a,
For which their guns, foule divelish ones,
Doe thunder and spit fire-a.

Good neighbour Tom, how farr is that ?
For thither I must goe-a :
Will thither high, for thyck place I
Doe love cause you zay zoe-a.

Here ends the Rawlinson version.]

UPON THE SHERIFFS BEERE

The Sheriffe of Oxford late is grown so wise
As to reprove his Beere till next assize :
Alas ! twas not so quick, twas not so heady,
The Jury sate and found it dead already.

[From one of my MS. volumes, in which it is ascribed to 'W. S.' The epigram, with some slight variations, is to be found in "Parnassus Biceps," where also there is a poem "On Mr. Sambourne, sometime Sherife of Oxford-shire." This is on the same subject as the epigram. The opening lines may be quoted :—

Fie, Schollers, fie, have you such thirsty souls
To swill, quaff, and carouse in Sambourns bouls.
Tell me, mad youngsters, what doe you believe
It cost good Sambourne nothing to be Sheriffe?
To spend so many beeves, so many weathers,
Maintaine so many Caps, so many Feathers.
Againe is malt so cheap, this pinching year,
That you should make such havoc of his bear :
I hear you are so many that you make
Most of his men turne Tapsters for your sake.

[Possibly this poem, as well as the epigram, is by Strode.]

LOVE COMPARED TO A GAME OF TABLES

Love is a game at tables where the dye
Of mayds affections doth by fancie fly :
If once you catch their fancie in a blott
It's tenne to one if then you enter not :
You being a gamester then may boldly venter,
And if you finde the point lye open enter :
But marke them well, for by false playing then,
Doe what you can they will be bearing men.

ON A BUTCHER MARRYING A TANNER'S DAUGHTER

A fitter match hath never bin—
The flesh is married to the skinne.

AN INSCRIPTION AND EPITAPHES ON THE
MONUMENT OF SIR WILLIAM STRODE

Cubiculum

Gulielmi Strode Equitis Aurati,
et in isto ordine tandem Antiquissimi ;

Familia satis clari,

Sed Religione, Integritate Morum, Consilio, Justitia Publica
Generosa Hospitalitate, Rebus probè et fæluciter gestis
Longè clarioris.

Qui 7. Filiarum (5. nuptarum Equitibus) nexu Jugali

Et arctiori nexu plurium Virtutum

Devoniæ suæ Gluten et Oraculum diu substitit.

Is duarum Vxorum unanimi fretus consortio

Mariæ ac Dionysiæ,

Quarum ex Altera 10. suscepit Liberos, ex Altera Senii
Solamen,

Dierum et Operum satur obdormivit ;

In Gremio Terræ Matris,

Cum Sorore Vermicula et ultima propinquitate Naturæ
decumbens,

(Conquirentibus Amicis,

—In Te occidit

Spes omnis et Fortuna nostri Nominis)

Donec Nominis Generosi discrimen

Communi gloria Resurrectionis, et solius affinitate Christi
Evanescat

Occidit Jun. 27. 1637. Ætatis suæ 76.

Patri Gulielmo, Matri Mariæ et Dionysiæ quasi Matri
Monumentum hoc posuit Guil. Strode.

Tread soft, for if you wake this Knight alone,
You raise an Hoast : Religions Champion,
His Cuntreys Staffe, Rights bold Distributer,
His Neighbours Guard, the Poor mans Almoner,
Who dyes with Works about him, as did He,
Shall rise attended thus triumphantly.

ON HIS LADY MARIE

Marie, Incarnate Virtue, Soule and Skin
Both pure, whom Death not Life convincd of Sin,
Had Daughters like seven Pleiades ; but She
Was a prime Star of greatest Claritie.

ON HIS LADY DENYS

Denys hath merited no slender praise,
In that She well supplied the Formers daies.
Conceive how Good she was, whose very worst
Unto her Knight was This, that She dyed First.

[The above is from MS. book 325 in C.C.C. library. It is, like many of the other pieces in that volume, in the handwriting of W. Fulman.

This inscription raises a good many problems of which it is difficult to find the solution. The monument, we are informed, was erected by William, the son of Sir William Strode: but which William was this? It could hardly have been William Strode, the parliamentarian, unless he was a child of Sir William's second marriage. Whether the inscription was composed by the poet must remain doubtful: but it seems most likely that he was the author of it.]

DOUBTFUL PIECES

[I do not claim for any of the following pieces that they are certainly by Strode. I think, however, it is probable that most of them are his. Three of the pieces "Upon a Gentlewoman's Entertainment," "On Alma's Voice," and "Upon a Picture," are from "Parnassus Biceps," in which volume many known poems of Strode's are included. All these appear to me to be very much in Strode's manner. About the first-named I feel very confident; as to the others I am not so sure. Another piece from "Parnassus Biceps," "Upon Heaven's best Image his faire and vertuous Mistresse," appears to be attributed to Strode in a manuscript in the British Museum, and so, in the absence of any other claimant, it may fairly be credited to him. The only authority for attributing the lines "Gaze not on Swans" to Strode, is that the poem is mentioned in Dr. Grosart's list of his poems. It, however, is included in Lawes' "Ayres and Dialogues" where it is assigned to Henry Noel, who would seem therefore to have the best claim to it. As to the two poems, beginning "Fly nimble paper" and "Go, happy Paper," I have found them in one of my manuscript volumes, without signatures or any other indications of authorship; and I have printed them here, not because I have any strong conviction that they *are* Strode's but because I think they *may* be his. As to the other pieces it must be owned that they cannot be certainly ascribed to Strode; but they are at any rate assigned to him in one of my MS. volumes.

Besides the pieces from "Parnassus Biceps" which are here printed, there are some others which I am inclined to attribute to Strode in that miscellany. The poem on page 3

"In defence of the decent Ornaments of Christ-Church, Oxon, occasioned by a Banbury brother, who called them Idolatries," is very much like Strode's work in style and sentiment; but there is a manuscript copy of it in the Bodleian, which is signed "W. R.," to whom, whoever he may have been, we must, I suppose, award it. Other pieces which *may* be Strode's are as follows: "On a white blemish in his Mistresse Eye," page 16; "Verses sent to a Lady, which she sending back unread, were returned with this Inscription," page 92; "On his Mistresse Eye," page 102; "Upon the Same" (a poem on the Death of Lord Stafford), page 141.

In one of my manuscript books there is a copy of the well-known poem, always attributed to Fletcher, beginning

"Care-charmer Sleep, the easer of all woes"

with the signature "W. S.": but as I know of no other authority for attributing the poem to Strode, I do not print it here.]

A SONNET

Mourne, mourne, yee lovers : Flowers dying
Live againe, the cold defying,
But Beauties floure once dead dyes ever,
Falls as soone, and riseth never.
Mourne, mourne, yee lovers : sadly singing
Love hath his Winter, and no springing.

[This beautiful lyric occurs in one of my MS. volumes among a number of Strode's poems. I think it is probably his; though the wish, in this case, is perhaps the father of the thought.]

A SONNET

Sing aloud, harmonious spears :
Let your concord reach Jove's eares.
Play your old lessons ore againe,
And keepe time in every strayne,
For now the Gods are listning to your laies
As they are passing through the milky waies.

[This fine lyric is from the same MS. volume as the preceding; but in this case it is signed 'W. S.' However there is no other evidence (so far as I know) for assigning it to Strode.]

OBSEQUIES

Draw not too neare,
Unlesse you droppe a tear
On this stone,
Where I groane,
And will weepe,
Untill eternall sleepe
Shall charm my weary eyes.
Clora lyes heere,
Embalm'd with many a teare,
Which the swaines
From the plaines
Here have payde,
And many a vestall mayde
Hath mourn'd her obsequies ;
Their snowy breasts they teare,
And rend theyr golden heare,
Casting cries

To celestiall dieties,
To returne
Her beauty from the urne,
To raigne
Unparaleld on earth againe :
When straight a sound
From the ground,
Piercing the ayre
Cryed Shee's dead,
Her soule is fledde
Unto a place most rare.

You spirits that doe keepe
The dust of those that sleepe
Under the ground,
Heare the sound
Of a swaine,
That folds his arms in vayne,
Unto the ashes he adores.
For pity do not fright
Him wandering in the night :
Whilst he laves
Virgins graves
With his eyes,
Unto their memoryes
Contributing sad showers :
And when my name is read
In the number of the dead,
Some one may
In Charity repay

My sad soul
The tribute which she gave,
And howle
Some requiem on my grave.
Then weepe no more,
Greife will not restore
Her freed from care.
Though she be dead,
Her soul is fledde
Unto a place more rare.

[The first stanza of the above is from a manuscript volume in my possession : the second stanza is from "Wit Restor'd," 1658, wherein alone, so far as I can ascertain, the poem appears in print. The first stanza of my copy has 'W. S.' appended to it: but I do not feel at all sure that the poem is by Strode.]

UPON HEAVENS BEST IMAGE, HIS FAIRE AND
VERTUOUS MISTRESSE, M.S.

The most insulting tyrants can but be
Lords of our bodies ; still our minds are free.
My Mistress thralls my soul, those chains of gold,
Her locks, my very thoughts infettered hold.
Then sure she is a Goddesse, and if I
Should worship her 'tis no Idolatry.

Within her cheeks a fragrant garden lies
Where Roses mixt with Lillies feast mine eyes :

Here's always spring, no winter to annoy
Those heavenly flowers, onely some tears of joy
Doe water them, and sure, if I be wise,
This garden is another Paradise.

Her eyes two heavenly lamps, whose ordered motion
Swayes all my senses, reason, and devotion ;
And yet those beams did then most glorious shine
When passions dark had mask'd this soul of mine :
Now if the night her glory best declare,
What can I deem them but a starry paire.

Her brow is vertues court, where she alone
Triumphants sits in faultlesse beauties throne :
Did you but mark its purenesse you would swear
Diana's come from Heaven to sojourne there :
Onely this Cynthia dims not even at noon,
There wants a man (methinks) in such a Moone.

Her breath is great Jove's incense, sweeter far
Then all Arabian winds & spices are ;
Her voice the sphear's best musick, & those twins
Her armes, a precious paire of Cherubs wings.
In briefe she is a map of Heaven, & there
O would that I a constellation were.

[The above poem follows the version in "Parnassus
Biceps," except in two lines which are evidently corrupt.
These are the two first lines of the third stanza, which read
thus :

Her eyes two heavenly lamps, whose order'd motion
Swayes all my reason, my sence, my devotion—

which I have corrected from a manuscript copy of the poem in the British Museum. But there are some variations which should be noted in "Catherine Anwill: her Book,"—that charming little volume, which Mr. Lucas has published in so delightful a form. In that version the third stanza runs thus:

Her eyes two heavenly lamps: whose motion
Sways all my reason, my devotion.
Those glittering beames to mee most glorious shine
When passion darke hath masqu'd this soule of mine
Now iff the night their glory best declare,
What can I deeme them but a starry paire.

In the fourth stanza, the first two lines read thus:

Her beauty's virtues chaire: where she alone
Triumphant sits in her transparent throne—

and the fifth line thus:

Only this Cynthia gives her light at Noone.

There are a good many other slight variations, which, however, it does not seem necessary to mention.]

ON HIS MISTRESSE

Gaze not on swans in whose soft breast
A full hatcht beauty seems to rest,
Nor snow which falling from the sky
Hovers in its virginity.

Gaze not on roses though new blown
Grac'd with a fresh complexion,
Nor lilly which no subtle bee
Hath rob'd by kissing chemistry.

Gaze not on that pure milky way
Where night vies splendour with the day,
Nor pearls whose silver walls confine
The riches of an Indian mine :

For if my emperesse appears
Swans moultriny, snows melt to tears,
Roses do blush and hang their heads
Pale lilies shrink into their beds ;

The milky way rides poast to shrowd
Its baffled glory in a clowd,
And pearls do climb unto her eare
To hang themselves for envy there.

So have I seene stars big with light,
Proud lanthorns to the moone-ey'd night,
Which when Sol's rays were once display'd
Sunk in their sockets and decay'd.

[This fine poem was evidently formed on the model of Wotton's verses on the Princess Elizabeth. I do not know on what authority Dr. Grosart attributed it to Strode, but I suppose he had seen some MS. in which it was assigned to him. In a manuscript which was once in my possession it is headed "Dr. Love on his Mistresse"; while in Lawes' "Ayres and Dialogues" it is attributed to Henry Noel.]

A SONG

As I my flocks lay keeping
Mine eyes they fell a-sleeping ;
I wott I have neere wakte againe,
For when my head I raysde
I round about gazde
To seeke my love, but sought in vayne.
Let foulnesse now be saynted,
All beauty's tainted ;
Since fayth she has none.
I wayle, I weepe,
I dye, I sleepe,
In sorrowes all alone.

A SONG

Thoughts doe not vexe me whilst I sleep,
Griefe doe not thus disturbe mee :
Smile not false hope, whilst that I weepe,
Alas ! she cannot love mee.
Had I been as cold and nice,
And as often turning,
Then as shee had I been ice,
And shee as I now burning.
Tears flow no more from my sadd eyes,
Sighes do not soe oppresse mee ;
Stoppe not your ears at these my cryes,
But oh ! for shame release mee.

Were you but as sadd as I,
And as full of mourning,
Very grieffe would make you die,
Or at least cease scorning.

UPON A GENTLEWOMAN'S ENTERTAINMENT
OF HIM

Whether, sweet Mistress, I should most
Commend your music or your cost :
Your well-spread table, or the choise
Banquet of your hand and voyce,
There's none will doubt : for can there be
'Twixt earth and heaven analogy ?
Or shall a trencher or dish stand
In competition with your hand ?
Your hand that turns men all to ear,
Your hand whose every joints a sphere :
For certainly he that shall see
The swiftnesse of your harmony,
Will streightwayes in amazement prove
The spheares to you but slowly move ;
And in that thought confess that thus
The Heavens are come down to us,
As he may well, when he shall hear
Such airs as may be sung even there :
Your sacred Anthems, strains that may
Grace the eternal Quire to play :

And certainly they were prepar'd
 By Angels only to be heard.
 Then happy I that was so blest
 To be yours and your music's guest,
 For which I'd change all other cheer,
 Thinking the best, though given, too dear.
 For yours are delicacies that fill,
 And filling leave us empty still :
 Sweetmeats that surfeit to delight,
 Whose fullness is mere appetite.
 Then farewell all our heavenly fare,
 Those singing dainties of the air,
 For you to me do seem as good
 As all the consorts of the wood ;
 And might I but enjoy by choice,
 My Quire should be your only voice.

[In line 24 of the above I have substituted 'guest' for
 'quest'; and in line 28 I have substituted 'too' for 'to,'
 considering them to be necessary changes. I have also
 altered the punctuation, which is very erratic in the original,
 in many places.]

ON ALMA'S VOYCE

What magick art
 Compells my soul to fly away,
 And leave desart
 My poor composed trunk of clay ?
 Strange violence ! thus pleasingly to teare
 The soul forth of the body by the eare.

When Alma sings
The pretty chanters of the skie
Doe droop their wings
As in disgrace they meant to die,
Because their tunes which were before so rare
Compar'd to hers doe but distract the air.

Each sensitive
In emulation proudly stands,
Striving to thrive
Under the bliss of her commands,
Whose charming voyce doth bears & tigers tame,
And teach the sphears new melodies to frame.

The Angells all
(Astonisht at her heavenly air)
Would sudden fall
From cold amazement to dispaire,
But that by nimble theft they all conspire
To steal her hence for to enrich their quire.

UPON A PICTURE

Behold those faire eyes, in whose sight
Sparkles a lustre no less bright
Than that of rising Stars when they
Would make the night outshine the day.
To those pure lips the humming be
May as to blooming Roses flee :

The wanton wind about doth hurle,
Courting in vain that lovely curle,
And makes a murmur in despaire,
To dally the unmooved haire.
View but the cheeks where the red Rose
And Lilly white a beauty grows,
So orient as might adorne
The flowing of the brightest morne.
Sure 'tis no Picture, nere was made
So much perfection in a shade :
Her shape is soule enough to give
A senseless Marble power to live.
 this an Idol be, no eye
Can ever scape Idolatry.

[DEATH-SONG]

Come, let us howle some heavy note,
Some deadly dogged howl,
Sounding as from the crying throate
Of beasts or fatal fowle,
As ravens, scrichowles, bulls, and bears,
Wee'l bell and bawl our partes :
Till irksome noise hath cloy'd our ears,
And corrosived our hearts,
And last when that our quire wants breth,
Our bodies being blest,
Wee'l sing like Swans to welcome death,
And dye in peace and rest.

TO HIS PAPER

Flye nimble paper, light upon those hands
Which have detained mee in perpetual bands :
Go count those ivory palmes whose lilly hewe
May represent thee to immortall view.
Mount upp unto her eyes that there may shine
Impressions of my love in every lyne :
Expresse with silent eloquence the rare
And true affection allwayes that I bare
To thy sweete reader : lett her there behold
The discontent and zealous payne enrolld
Within a lover's breast. Tell her how I
Am forc't to vent my sighes in poetry,
And pine away with pastime of a verse,
Making thee both my epicede and hearse.
Present unto her an eternal mapp
Of my disastrous fortune and mishapp :
Delineate my passion and my payne
Bredd with a deepe conceyt of her disdayne :
Perhapps her flinty hart will then strike fire,
And equall joyne her flames with my desire :
Perhapps her cheerful brow and starlike eye
Will lend a better aspect e'er I dye :
But if shee frown and thou neglected lye,
Thou know'st (deare paper) thy fowle destiny.

TO THE SAME

Goe happie paper and for ever rest
Within the Paradise of Parthenia's breast :
Live there, O never lett thy lynes forsake her,
Tenne thousand times more happie than the maker :
Goe kisse her hands and in my name salute her,
And tell her thus that silence is her suitor ;
Tell her that silence acts a sadder story,
Than oathes or vowes or frantic oratory.
The beggar that is dumbe an almes shall have
Greater than hee that hath a tongue to crave :
Be then the dailie object of her eye,
Crowd and gett uppermost wherere thou lye :
If high preferrment call thee as a guest
To lodge in the faire chamber of her breast,
Lye close and lett noe jealous eye behold thee,
If any doe lett none but her unfold thee :
And often as she reads thee smile upon her ;
Tell her her dearest friend is thinking on her :
Tell her if you twoe chance to sleepe together—

(Unfinished.)

THE
FLOATING
ISLAND:

A TRAGI-COMEDY,

Acted before his Majesty at OXFORD,
Aug. 29. 1636. By the Students of
CHRIST-CHURCH.

Written by WILLIAM STRODE,
late *Orator* of the University of
OXFORD.

The *Aires* and *Songs* set by Mr. HENRY LAVVES,
servant to his late Majesty in his publick
and private Musick.

LONDON,
Printed by T.C. for H. Twiford in Vine-court Middle-Temple,
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THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

AS
RECORDED IN THE
CITY RECORDS

FROM 1630 TO 1800
BY
JOHN W. COOPER

VOLUME I
FROM 1630 TO 1700

BOSTON
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J. B. ALLEN

1857

TO THE READER

BEFORE you read so farre as the *Prologue*, be pleased to consider this *Tragi-comedy* was both written and presented above eighteen years since; and if now it seem (in Language or Plot) to fit these times, it must be by *Prophesie*, the *Author* also himselfe having been long dead. He wrote it at the instance of those who might command him; else he had scarce condescended to a *Play*, his serious thoughts being fill'd with notions of deeper consideration. 'Tis sufficient for its worth that the best lik'd it best; the rest (especially those great ones of the weaker Sect) should claim no lawful Judicature over it, since it was not written for them, though they thought themselves too severely dealt with, which yet was an injury to the *Author* as well as his *Poem*. Were this translated into *Latin* or *Italian*, it would be grateful to foraign Wits; and if at home it finde lesse welcome, 'tis because there is not so much true wit among us as was or ought to be. It is not now inscribed to any for Protection, but left dedicated (as it was by the *Author* when it was first born) to the *Authors* noble Patron. If you bid this welcome, you'l be gainers by it; for then you'l encourage us to publish other Pieces of this *Authors*, which (we dare say) will convince you to say (what the best and most knowing of this Nation have confessed) that our *Author* was one of the most judicious wits of *England*. Farewell.

TO MY MOST HONOURED PATRON,
SIR JOHN HELE, *KNIGHT*

THIS Draft at once cry'd Up and Down amain
By divers men, up by the same again
At divers times, hath planely found thereby
That it hath censur'd been Tumultuously.
Twixt Actors and Spectators did appear
Small difference ; and through a Jealous fear
The Scaffold play'd the Stage ; to say't I'm loth,
Affection against Reason play'd in both.
Yet Reason at a neerer view gain'd sway,
The Censure ended just as doth the Play.

After this various Fate, because indeed
Of pleasing more then Four there was small heed,
From *Court* and *Oxford* home it comes to you,
Secure of *Reason* and *Affection* too.

You lent the *Author* ; and tis therefore just
The work should yeeld you Tribute for your Trust :
If Friends make wits, and wit-wrights Poets be,
Then This is His, and He your Poetry.

Your most Humble

and most affectionate Servant,

WILLIAM STRODE.

AUTHORI ILLUSTRIS

*Mille modis superare Tibi conceditur astra,
Quæ solùm cælo splendida sunt nitido :
Dum Tua lux tenebras, et opaca nube recessus
Invenit umbrosos, et sine sole vias.
Gemmula nocte micans non est vulgaribus apta
Auribus, aspectum Principis illa decet.
Haud minus ista Tui Comædia Principe digna,
Nec nisi Regali conspicienda foro,
Transtulit in Scenam quæ res penetralibus imi
Pectoris inclusas, implicitumq; nefas.
Ipse oculus mundi nostris valedicit ocellis,
Cum semel occiduos æquore mersit equos :
Ter sex (STRODE) tuus solares splendor in annos
Fulsit, et in dubio lumine fulget adhuc.
Tu tamen ecclipsin pateris, signumq; futuri
Deliquium nostri funeris illud erat.*

J. D.

AFTER THE APPEARANCE OF A *FLOATING ISLAND*, ENTER THE *PROLOGUE*, AS COMING OUT OF THE SEA

To the King and Queenes Majesty.

WHATEVER Element we light upon,
(Great *Monarch* & bright *Queen*) 'tis yours alone.
Shook from my station on that giddy Shore,
That flotes in Seas, in wretchednesse much more,
I hardly scap'd to tell what stormes arise
Through rage of the Inhabitants : mine eyes
Behold a wonder ; Blustering Tempests there,
Yet Sun and Moon fair shining both so neer.
Should your Land stagger thus, I wish the Age,
Might end such acting sooner then the Stage :
Yet in these Tumults you shall onely see
A tottring Throne held firme by Majestie.

TO THE UNIVERSITY

Before whom it was afterwards acted.

WHICH is more waving, yonder Sea, or Land,
Or Passions dwelling there, we doubt ; but stand
Here firm and safe ; for blustering Tempests there
We see in every eye, fair clearnesse here.
The Sun and Moon, more out of sight then minde,
Have for our comfort left these Stars behinde.
We hope to finde Spectatours, and we may,
For you'l not act the Humours of the Play ;
Or fret at Passions e're you read them calm'd
In the next word. Your stomacks feele no Qualm
Rising through smell of rude Philosophy :
Nor shall you finde much more then to descry
An Academick Birth. The Royal race
Of *Austria* thinks the swelling lip a grace,
And would not lose that mark by which 'tis known ;
Men love the Blot which proves the Childe their own.
Whether you come to see a Play or hear,
Whether your censure sit in th' Eye or Eare,
Phancy or *Fudgement*, Carelesse of Event
We aime at Service ; cannot misse th' Intent.

THE PERSONS

<i>Prudentius</i>	the King depos'd.
<i>Intellectus Agens</i>	his Counsellour.
<i>Sir Amorous</i>	a Courtly Knight.
<i>Hilario</i>	his Son a merry jovial Gent.
<i>Malevolo</i>	a Malicious contriver.
<i>Melancholico</i>	a Malecontent turn'd Puritan.
<i>Irato</i>	an Angry Lord.
<i>Audax</i>	a bold Captain.
<i>Sir Timerous-Fearall</i>	a Cowardly Knight.
<i>Livebyhope</i>	a Favourite.
<i>Desperato</i>	a desperate Soldier turn'd Physitian.
<i>Memor</i>	a Lawyer and Recorder.
<i>Phancy</i>	the new instated Queen.
<i>Concupiscence</i>	the lustful daughter of <i>Amorous</i> .
<i>Fuga</i>	the coy daughter of <i>Malevolo</i> .
<i>Morphe</i>	the beautous Mistress of <i>Amorous</i> .
<i>Morpheus</i>	the God of Dreames.
<i>6 Dreaming Masquers</i>	
<i>Groome</i>	of the Chamber.
<i>Ovidian</i>	a Poet.
<i>Model</i>	a Tireman.
<i>Painter</i>	
<i>Musitian</i>	
<i>Hilario's boy, and Attendants.</i>	

THE FLOATING ISLAND

ACTVS I. SCENA I.

The Scene turns to the Court of Prudentius.

Enter from several wayes Sr. Amorous, and Morphe.

Am. Well met sweet *Morphe*, Empresse of my heart,
And all hearts else, if made of flesh like mine.
You must not passe untouch'd.

Mor. What mean you Sir?

Am. To print you Mine;

Mor. Hands off Sir *Amorous*.

Am. Why should such coynesse wrinkle such a Brow?

Mor. Why should such boystrous incivility
Defile your Courtship? All your courtly Arts
Of Singing, Playing, Dancing, Poetry,
Will grow suspected pleaders of meer Lust:
Forbeare for my sake: this rude force in you
May chance to blot a white repute in me.

Am. The blot Ile thus rub out. *(Offers to kisse.*

Mor. Ile wash it thus. *(Spits.*

Am. How can the eye that sees not love the light?
Blame your own beauty if you blame my Love.

Mor. I blame th' Expression.

Am. If the thing be good.
Expression makes it better.

Mor. Yes, if chast,

Am. Chast Love is nothing.

Mor. Nothing to th' unchast.

Forbeare I pray, and feare a neere example.

Do you not know the King hath taught the Passions
Within this Floating Isle more modesty,
By banishing your child Concupiscence?

Am. Others perhaps shall quickly know I know it,
And that I know it as rough tyranny.

What for a trick of youth such Discipline?

Doth breeding Subjects call for Banishment?

Or giving life deserve a civil Death?

Hold; stand; in vain you strive; I am resolv'd;

Should now the King look on, and call a Kisse

Treason, should poyson punish this sweet touch,

Thus far I durst presume.

Mor. Shame on your rudeness.

(*Ex. Mor.*)

Am. Are not our Eyes and Lipps and touch our own,
Not to be us'd without a special warrant?

At length we shall not satisfie meere Nature,

Nor spit without a Counsel. If my Girle

Pertake my spirit, then like me she'l try

What fury Love can in the Passions raise,

To shake this Stoick from his chaire of Rule.

Ile move my Fellows.

SCENA II.

Enter to him Irato, Malevolo, Audax.

Ir. How? not fight this Duel?
Duel forbidden to the Valiant?

Am. (aside) Some other cause, it seemes, moves these already.

Mal. Be sure, *Irato*, by *Prudentius* law
Personal Valour now is nothing worth.
Hope with his pen, *Sr. Timerous* with his knife,
Or *Desperato's* man with single Halter
May passe in equal ranke with you, or me,
Or Captain *Audax*.

Au. Not with me, I tro.

Mal. Yes, if this Law should stand.

Am. Not so however,

Mal. Not if?

Au. If to a generous passion?

Am. I see these sparkes are glowing. Noble Sparkes,
Let *Amorous* adde fire. Love burnes with Hate.
Thy Hand *Malevolo*, and 'gainst the King.

Ir. Why what's your grief?

Am. My Daughters Banishment.

Mal. Great cause; yet none need press a single grief:
We finde our selves all pinch'd of liberty:
We walk in chaines, call'd Justice, Temperance,
Such rusty curbs; and none can further start
Then the strict keeper will allow us length.

Ir. Tis so; we're us'd like Dogs, or ring'd like Beares;
Whither *Prudentius* leades us we must follow:
But if we take a loose, or swell and roar,

We must be whip'd for't ; Sirs, *Prudentius* whips us.

Am. Can this be brook'd by them that draw the Sword ?

Ir. And amongst them, by one that will exact
Life for a word, pay death for crabbed looks ?

Au. And amongst them, by one that scales the wall,
That swims in Armour, flies against the mouth
Of thundring Ordinance ? must also He,
Must He be ordered by a sit still thus ?

Mal. So he hath been. For my part, if I broach
Some biting libel, venomous word or Book
Against some prosperous Object which I hate,
My Eares are questioned. Locks which I have scorn'd
Must hide my Eare stumps.

Ir. And me thinkes I spy
Some want upon your Nose.

Mal. Is your spleene up ?
Rage for your selfe. You also may remember
Brave Lord *Irato* when you hardly kept
Your Neck. Some fellow Peers, for as few blowes,
Have lost it quite.

Ir. My Veynes will burst.

Mal. And Captaines
Not to be numbred ; All as bold and stout
As *Audax* here, for undertaking reskues,
And following them too far in open streetes,
Have been casheered of Liberty and Life.

Au. But shall not be again. Ile hang the Law.

Mal. Then as for you, Sr. *Amorous*, you may talk
Not onely of your Daughters Banishment,
But of your Sisters whip'd, your carted Aunts,

And Mulcts upon your selfe.

Am. The truth to tell,

My hard restraint is worst of all. I live

(If it be life) confin'd to mine own Bed :

Prudentius bridles up my mouth from kissing,

Yea and from speech, and calls that stinting manners.

I cannot cast a faire inviting look,

But he pulls back the Nerve. I scarce dare think,

Or sigh beyond my stint. One Sigh a day

Is all that I must spend for her that keeps

And may command my breath. *Prudentius*

Locks up my winde like *Æolus* ; 'tis calm'd,

And may not issue forth to bear a whisper.

Ir. Mend your comparison. *Prudentius*

Like *Æolus*? No, *Æolus* sometimes

Permitts a Tempest ; does *Prudentius* so ?

Au. The Passions cannot stretch beyond his line,

But they are censured, Perturbations call'd,

Breakers of Peace ; if calm'd, they nothing are :

We lose both Name and Nature by restraint.

Ir. For what's a Lord I ask you but his Anger ?

Mal. Or what's a great man but oppression ?

Au. A Captain but his Cutting ?

Am. And a Knight

What but his Pleasure? O this frost of Reason

Hath numd my Joynts. I that with sprightly vigour

Dancing to please my Mistress, could have rose

To fetch her from the Moon (had she been there)

Or as she stood salute her, now have lost

Those active legs, and not by doing service

To any Creature but *Prudentius*.
I live a Hermite in the Court ; to me
It seemes a Colledg or a Nunnery.

Ir. To me a Prison.

Au. A meer Schoole to me.

Mal. To me an Inquisition : worse : a Hell,
Where Objects still we meet, and may not reach.
You *Amorous* like *Tantalus* behold
Two red white Apples in a well made face,
Which you as soon may touch as reach the Sun ;
Which doth but scorch the gazer.

Am. Ile to Hell :

Tis lesse to sterve for Apples than for Cheekes.

Mal. You being stir'd *Irato* thirst for blood,
And thirst you may, but not be satisfied :
You must take blowes and beare'em ; your Reward
(O poor !) is to orecome by suffering ;
As now I kick you ; stand : you must not rage,
For this is Patience ; now I pull your Nose ;
You must not fume, least you impatient prove.

Ir. Let me kill thee, or serve *Prudentius* still.

Mal. You must keep Peace. I speak but as a Friend ;
And onely tell what you have told your selfe.
You *Audax*, like *Ixion*, though you dare
To set on Heaven, must wheele about your selfe
When Reason bids you.

Au. *Audax* will run on
Though thunder meet him.

Mal. Yes ; but I my selfe
Like *Titius* vainly feed the Vultur Hate

With mine own heart, and wreck it not on others,
Those Favourits which I hate. Shall this be ever?

Ir. How long shall I like to a painted George
Advance my idle Sword? What! must I strike
Like Iack o'th' clock-house, never but in season?

Mal. How long shall I like a grim Statue stand,
Look hatred and use none? *Prudentius*
Hath he *Medusa's* head?

Am. Hey ho, how long!

Au. How long shall I like a fell Mastiff held,
Yelp for the glorious danger that I love!
Water it selfe if bounded in too streight,
Will foame and swell and breake thick bonds of Rock.
I wish we Passions were as strong as water.

SCENA III.

Enter to them Hilario Singing, Dancing and Passing by.

*My limbs I will fling
Out of joynt, and sing,
And dancing will shake my haire
Not bow at each beck,
Nor break my neck
With sorrow and deep despaire.*

*Such a chirpin din
With mirth within,
And a head not needing a cloute,
Is much better far
Then a careful chaire,
And a wreath of thornes without.* (*Exiturus.*

Am. The Boy may be our Tutor. *Hilario* my Boy!

Hil. Sir.

Am. We were taking care how thou may'st be merry thus alwaies; never be check'd for drinking, for singing, or for playing thy pranks.

Hil. I imagin your design: and thereto promise, give, grant, let, set and submit my full assent and consent: In witness whereof here's my hand with a clap, and my seale with a kisse; Your son and servant *Hilario*.

Am. But stay, whence now?

Hil. From my blubbering Sister Concupiscence; who desired me forsooth to arme and conduct her to Lady Phancy.

Am. And whether bound?

Hil. I go to be merry with or upon *Melancholico* and *Desperato*, either to quicken their dumps, or by laughing at their dulnesse to heighten my selfe.

Am. Where are they?

Hil. Not far; close by; here at the Hart.

Mal. Courteous Sir, send them hither.

Hil. I shall or will Sir.

Mal. We must no longer ripe up greivances, (*Ex. Hil.*
But think of Remedy.

Au. Passions must not stay.

Ir. Why with a murraine do we stay to say so?

Mal. In briefe do all consent to free themselves
From this oppression?

Ir. What a Question's that!

Am. Give a Command that it be ask'd no more.

Au. We all consent.

Mal. All are not here.

Am. Indeed

We want two serviceable men now sent for.

Ir. Delays intolerable!

Am. We want besides

Sir *Timerous Fear-all*.

Au. Wee'l force that dowty Knight

To know his good when all is done; and so
Prevent his Treason.

Ir. Consultation too.

Am. And where is *Livebyhope*?

Mal. No matter where.

His hopes will make him turn to any side
That shall succeed.

Am. For femal Passions,
Their fortune lies in ours.

Mal. Then to proceed,
The way to free our selves lies, thus, or thus;
Kill, or dethrone *Prudentius*.

Ir. I begin

To think on St. *Raviliack*, and St. *Garnett*.

Au. The boldest way is safest.

Ir. Yes, if bloodiest.

Am. Or if he will escape—

Ir. Let him go far enough.

Mal. Then who shall do the feate?

Au. I.

Ir. I, or else

Ile kill some other; what? should I forget
My ancient Trade of killing?

Mal. Let him doo't

Who first hath opportunity.

Am. To this

We all must swear.

(They lay two Swords across.

Ir. By all the wounds which on my flesh are scor'd,
And all the ghosts I've made;

Au. By all attempts

And all the mines of Bullets in my Entrals;

Mal. By all my pangs of hate and black designs;

Am. By all the goodly Nymphes, and *Morphe* chief.

SCENA III.

*Enter to them Prudentius, Intellectus Agens, and
Livebyhope with Attendants.*

Pru. D'ee long for action? have ye too much Peace?
Orecloy'd with blessings? you *Malevolo*
Bend hate against th' unjust.

Mal. My hand is cramp't;
Strike *Audax*.

Au. O his brow! I turn to feare.

Pru. You *Amorous* love true beauty, Honesty.

Mal. Thy spleene *Irato*.

Pru. Thou *Irato* fight
Meerely for publike peace.

Ir. Sweetnesse!

Mal. Witchcraft!

Pru. *Audax*, be bold, but stay till I have bid.

(Ex. Pru. & Int. & Liveby. following.

Au. S't Livebyhope,

Liv. I must attend his Majesty.

Int. Goe back, and secretly oreheare this meeting.

(*Liv. returns.*)

Am. Ha! What Schooling call you this?

Mal. What Vision?

That Eye of subtil *Intellectus Agens*

Troubles me somewhat; and I doubt of *Liveby*.

Ir. Now I could kill my selfe.

Au. Now I *Prudentius*;

He came upon us like the *Basilisk*,

Or like a Wolfe: but had we seen him first——

Mal. You could not do it then: never by day.

Am. Why so?

Mal. You saw the cause. His flaming Temples
Strike with such charming Power, such secret Spells,
That if you see the Light upon his Face,
Your spirits quaille; it must be done by night.
And *Desperato*, he must be the man.

Au. Why He above All Us?

Mal. Tush, we are foyld;
Already foyld; and may be so again.
Besides *Irato* spends himselfe: hee's now
So full of heat, I doubt hee'l then grow cold.
But *Desperato* to his mischeif goes
With art and argued resolution,
Strong in cold blood.

Ir. I perfectly abhorr
All Judgement, Plotts, and Consultations
To canvase thoughts, to toile and vexe the head
In weighing meanes, and picking out the best,

This is as bad as to have serv'd *Prudentius*.

Mal. And how thinks *Audax*?

Au. So. Or else I'm mad.

To plot is base; and to demurr contrivance
Of things that should be done, as soon as thought,
Is foolish too. What turn our powder up,
Then smother't under ground, then by degrees
Give fire! Such creeping mischeife hath no luck.

Ir. Come Martial Law, come Captain Martial Law.

Au. And wise *Malevolo*, when have you e're heard
Of great attempts without the hand of *Audax*?
Come wee'l too't presently.

Mal. Even as you please.

Liv. (*in secret*) I sweat with hearing.
Ile now run with this
Least I may come too short of telling more.

Am. Onely this word.

Liv. Then yet I'le stay.

Am. Be sure,

If you miscarry we are all undone.
Goe with *Ulysses* in this night-attempt,
Be each of you to him a *Diomed*.

Mal. Stay till they come.

Am. Lo here they are. Who else?

SCENA V.

Enter to them Melancholico, Desperato and Sr. Timerous.

Ir. What and Sr. *Timerous* too? Come, mend your pace.
What? doth *Prudentius* moderate your feet?
And make you snayles as well as slaves?

Mal. Free Passions,
(So ye must be) we know your greivances.
Brother *Melancholy*, discreet you are,
But not expressive; unprefer'd you are,
Because precise; but say, would you with State
Infold your armes; look sad, and feele content;
Live careful over bags, retire your selfe
To solemn grieffe in Temples of delight,
Sigh in a Sisters bosom, and complain
Of Persecution at a plenteous Feast?

Ir. Yes, yes: I'le answer for him.

Mel. Sooth, you may.
Sadnesse is pleasant, but the cause is not.

Au. And *Desperato*, once my old Comrad,
Once Noble, and again to be the same,
But now as void of cash as of employment,
Would you, in Peace forgot, bard of a Pension,
Having no lands but bare high-ways, now run
All hazards for new Fortune?

Desp. Yes apace.

Ir. Why parly then? can he not first draw blood?
Do Cutters ask what money have you first?

Tim. Blood and Cutters? his speech is rough.

Mal. Hee's mad.

Say on.

Ir. Nought's done through such long talke.

Mal. Such Choler.

Au. Wouldst thou have power to raise more flames then
Nero,

To fire the World, prevent his final doome,

Stare awfully, stab others with applause,

Hang, drown thy selfe, to immortality.

Desp. Such change I long for; rows'd from Lethargy
I am reviv'd.

Au. Thou lyeest, thou art not yet. (*Desp. offers to draw.*)
Hold, hold thy hand: I did but tempt thy mettle,
To search the truth.

Desp. And Sir, 'tis well you say so.

Ir. This Bully's right. Why now I'm pleas'd:

Am. Sr. *Tim.*

My fellow Knight, you know (but do not tremble)

How oft the King hath misimpos'd on you

Those dreadful, those horrible, terrible—

Tim. Good Sir.

Am. Those heart-labouring imployments,
Which *Audax* beg'd.

Tim. I pray.

Am. He sought thereby
Meerely to vexe and to disgrace your spurr.
But wouldst thou hug thy Pillow or thy Love
Without disturbance, or the noise of danger?
How say'st?

Tim. I love to live, and love in safety.

Mal. Then in a word—

Au. Ile first kick hence this Knight,
Hee'l prove a sive through feare ; his trembling humour
Will shake our secrets out.

Am. Which to prevent,
He stirs not from this company.

Mal. Then know,
Our common medicine is *Prudentius* ruine.
Last comers, do ye twist in full consent ?

Mel. & Desp. We do.

Ir. Then kisse the Sacramental Sword.

Am. Sr. *Tim.* you came unsought, but being come,
You must consent, or will be beaten too't.

Tim. I, I do consent—but caution must be had ;
This is no common sport : what Engines use ye ?

Au. Not you, be sure. Will *Desperato* joyne
With me and this brave Count ?

Desp. Yes, and strike home.

Mal. Then for the time : we think close midnight best.

Mel. And fittest ; 'cause the crowned Fox is watchful.

Tim. Be sure you take disguise to passe unknown,
Though it be night.

Au. O wit and valour both !
Vizards to Passengers will be but signes
Hang'd out to move suspicion ; and to leave
Him ignorant whom we assault is losse
Unto the glory of our bold revenge.

Mal. What shall be done with *Memor* the Recorder,
One whom I hate, yet have no reason for't,
Like an old debt-book, or mine own Conscience ;

Shall he be blotted out, or shall he stand?

Am. Alas he's all Record, Example, Custome,
What's done *Quadragesimo primo Henrici tertii*
Tricesimo primo Henrici octavi;

And these sute more with Passion then with Reason.

Mal. What shall be done with Common sense the Judge?

Am. He also more inclines to sense then Prudence,
Leanes to the Commons rather then the King.

Au. As for the rest, they ne're shall trouble us;
Cut off the head, we need not feare the Members.

Mal. Who shall succeed? I mean, in place, and shew,
Not in the tyranny of strict Command;
Who shall assemble, lead, incourage us,
And give some fashion to our Commonwealth?

Am. What say to Fancie? will not Fancie do't?

Au. No better choice: for Fancie neerest is
To unyoak'd Passion.

Am. And 'tis most proper,
That since by Passion this revolt is made
From Reason unto Sense, the Rule should passe
From man to Woman.

Au. She, she, Fancie she.

Liv. (*in secret*) O now for wings like thought, this to relate
First to the *Agent of Prudentius*;

And then to beare first newes to new Queen Fancie. (*Ex. Liv.*)

Au. She, Fancie's Queen.

Am. She'l be a pleasant Mistresse
Rather then Governesse, leading each Passion
Whether himselfe inclines. Nay she'l invent
New Objects for their several content.

SCENA VI.

Enter to them Groome of the Chamber.

Groo. Silence through all the Court, the King would rest.

Desp. Let him Eternally.

Mal. The time growes nigh.

You three to th' task of Blood : the rest to *Fancy*.

(Ex. Passions.)

Groo. I doubt this earnest talk portends no good,
The businesse hath been hot.—

*Enter from the Bedchamber Prudentius Crown'd, and
Intellectus Agens.*

Pru. We would be private.

(Ex. Groome.)

Liveby the Relator is most creditable.

Int. A right ingenuous man.

Pru. And you have sent him

To take advantage of the changing State,
With Caveat to reserve his heart for Us.

Int. The Pinch and my best thoughts did so instruct me.

Pru. Tis well, I dearely thank your sharp observance,
Suspecting Treason by their startled brows ;
And then your art of finding out, and now
Your Providence for our Restablishment. But O,
O this ungrateful Rout, whom I have taught
Both how to Feare and Love, and what to Loath,
Wherefore to Greive and Joy, and in what place
To rouse their anger and audacity
By Rule and Circumstance, and with such Sweetnesse
As might befit a Wooer more then King.

Have I these Vipers bred within my Brest
 With greater Care and Pangs then can a Mother
 The Childe within her womb? have I broke sleep,
 Toss'd after slumbers, early rose, and spent
 The day from Sun to Sun in painful Counsel;
 Sent Birds about their Coasts, sent Eyes and Tongues
 Abroad the world, to watch and guard, and work,
 And keep all safe, and make them great, for This,
 For This Reward? Ask Heaven and Earth, if I
 Have not with utmost care procur'd them Bread,
 Cloth, Health, Peace, Manners, and Religion!
 For Prudence is the womb, and Forg of all
 This mortal blisse. What ere I took from Them
 Was for their use; like Vapour now exhal'd,
 And soon return'd in Showers to fat their Land.
 Oft have I bore them under both these wings,
 One under each, when they inclin'd to Fury,
 Would push each other down a Precipice,
 Not steep like th' Alpes, but steep on either side,
 There on a narrow ridg, an edg, a Thrid,
 (Such is the meane, so plac'd betwixt two Gulfes)
 I bore them in their Strife. For this and more
 They have not pay'd (what's cheaper?) Single Duty;
 Nothing but Grudgings, Whispers, Evil words:
 These are their Thankes.

Int. The greater glory yours:
 What Crown like This to govern out of almes!

Pru. But now they seek the Crown; my life they seek.

Int. They'l beg hereafter that you'l take the Rule,
 Which now they wrest out of your hands.

Pru. Perhaps.

Int. Meane while your life is safe.

Pru. And while 'tis safe

Though they forget their Duty, Ile not leave
A Fathers care, but will be still a King
In love, though not in power.

Int. This is a signe

Of future greatnesse. Then cast off this Crown
As but the sheddings of renewing State,
Now to be burnished. Leave it on your Pillow:
For that they seek. But it return'd shall be
With double service both of Heart and Knee.

Pru. Be Thou my Prophet.

Int. Ware; the Caitiffes come.

SCENA VII.

*Enter Audax, Desperato, Irato with swords: the first
bearing a Torch.*

Au. This Torch must out, or some must blind their eye:
And look not all at once, least all be struck.
The Chamber's here.

Desp. Come set your Points
And Postures right; stand sure.

Pru. Why should not I
Step in, and daunt them?

Int. Tis not safe to tempt
United Impudence too far: withdraw.

Pru. When Folly's ripe, Ile to my Diligence.

Int. And I to serve you with Intelligence.
I'll guide you to some Cloyster.

Ir. Now: there's the Nest. (*Ex. Pru. & Int.*)

Desp. But what? the Eagle's flowne.

Ir. Damn'd Trechery!

Treason amongst us Traytors!

Desp. Lesse Resolution

Then mine had serv'd this Task.

Au. How're my Lads, (*Brings forth the Crown.*)
Our Labour is not lost. Here's what we seek for.

Ir. Thus when the Beaver smells the Hunters aime,
He throwes away the price of his escape.

Au. Now shall I offer what affront I please.

Ir. Ile stab with honour at what word mislikes me.

Desp. No Peace shall stand unlesse our pleasure make it.

Au. Fancie, we come. Stay, hark, stand, hark. This
sound (*Musick begins softly.*)
The Sirens make, 'cause Fancie shall be crown'd (*Ex. Omnes.*)

Finis actus Primi.

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

The Scene turns to Fancies Court.

Enter Concupiscence and Fuga.

Conc. The Day appears in Scarlet; and the Sun
Seconds the luster of our rising Queen.

I nere long'd more for night, then for this morning.

Fug. Twill be to you a double day, and bring
Your Mistresse Majesty, you Liberty.

Conc. *Fuga*, the case is alterd ; he that banish'd,
Himselfe is vanish'd. Thus the King and I,
Or I and he, are up and down like Buckets.
Ha wench ! these Moral men are taught, I tro,
What 'tis to wrong kind hearts. Return with me
Periwigs, Powders, Fucuses for Ladies,
Chioppiens for short, for crooked Farthingals ;
For tainted, Artificial breath ; Teeth moveable ;
Such as may serve a Family by turns,
To eat, and laugh abroad : now wellcome helps
For all decayes of Nature, Arts for allurement ;
Be licenc'd Ladies for Variety
Now to mistake your Servant, Usher, Page,
For your own Lords, and without Heresie
In marri'd State.

Fug. Fie Madam how you talk !

Conc. How talk I Madam Simperts ? do not thus
And broader too as mincing Dames as you,
When met together ? Do you see your Servant ?

SCENA II.

Enter to them Sr. Timerous with a Paper.

Conc. Sr. *Timerous* Fear-all inches and inches to you
Iust like a spy.

Fug. And still he comes in secret
Least he be spied.

(*He steals to Fuga and offers the Paper, she refuses ;
Concup. snatches and reads it.*)

Conc. What's this? a silent motion?
The Bill hung out will shew us what it is :
Lady, I dare not with the praise of arts
With any thing but Love assay your parts ;
Which are so rare, that when I strive to write,
The scant Expression seems not Love but spite.
Well wrot Sr. *Tim.*

Fug. You cannot say well spoke.

Conc. Can you not use your mouth? no way, Sr. *Tim.*?
Why do you love? you are not fit to love ;
Think me your Mistresse ; now addresse your selfe
In form befitting.

Tim. Hum! (*He offers to Salute and steps back again ;*

Conc. I must make up *she makes to him.*
Your will with my performance.

Tim. Hum—I fear
Fuga will frown.

Conc. Thy Mother was a *Fuga*.
Nor give nor take? not in a faire Salute?
Tongue-tide and Lip-bound too? O that it were
In fashion for my Sex, my Sex, to woove.

Fug. Lady, you seem to me in word and action
Too loose and open.

Conc. My Complexion
Is I confesse the same with *Messaline's* ;
We might have layn together in one Egg
As well as *Helena* and *Clytemnestra*.

To me no such desire as of our Like,
No Joy like Union. But your eares and age
Want breeding yet ;
I'm sorry for offending ;
I thought I knew my Sex ; but if I do not,
I know my selfe.

SCENA III.

Enter to them Hilario.

Hil. What here ye whirlygigs, while Queen Fancie calls you? Where's *Concupiscence*, where's *Concupiscence*? After all your Starching, Quilling, Turning, Sleeking, Pinning; after your Jury of Pedlars, Tire-women, Lacemakers and Semsters, still where's *Concupiscence*? Your Lady Fancie findes many greivous defects; there wants a Pin or two at least. One of her ribband Fancies are loose; a long haire hath unweav'd it selfe out of its curl'd Spheare, and passionatly broke forth out of Order. Fly, fly, ye Baggases. *(Ex. Conc.*

Fug. Baggases?

Hil. As for my Sister, shee's one I'm sure: She colours for it; her willow gowne with ay me forsaken wretch is a Challeng, a meer Challeng to all pittiful-minded Amorosos: She's true touch, all the world can tell. Wu'd you were so too Lady for Sr. *Tim*'s sake. Stay *Fuga*, you must stay one minute; for I must shew on you how Sr. *Tim.* must woove.

Fug. I see every one's ready to be a Dunces Teacher.

(Singing and Dancing he drives her to the brink of the Stage; She returns to escape. So twice or thrice.

Hil. Thus *Sr. Tim.* This is Loves Trenchmore.

Fug. Fie on you all.

(*Ex. Fuga.*)

Hil. A prity wench, *Sr. Tim.*, but that she's sawc'd
With some of her Fathers Humour; this coyness calls her
Malevolo's Daughter. But what of that?
Every coy lasse is of Cockeril condition,
And must be woo'd as Cockerils fight, chase and retreat; ;
And then sheel love you like your shadow;
Fly thou, sheel follow; follow thou, sheel fly,
For I say no, and for her no say I.
Thus when a long time ye have turn'd backs one to another,
Ye may at length turn faces.

Tim. *Sr.* I shall sometimes
Repaire to your wit for my direction.

Hil. You may—and I shall readily afford it to your folly
For mine own merriment. (Ex. *Tim.*)

Enter Hilario's Boy.

Boy. The Queen's at hand.

Hil. And they not ready yet with their tedious Phantas-
talia!

SCENA III.

*Enter also Fancie, Concupiscence going backward before,
carrying an Umbrella over her, Fuga and Memor following.
After a while the Solemnity.*

Mem. Iust in that Posture, Madam, as you walk'd,
Horatius kill'd three men.

Conc. Three? what no more?

Why, I have kill'd three hundred, would three thousand.

Fan. Where's that appearance which we have expected?
And where's my glasse?

Fug. You have one in your watch.

Fan. That's not big enough. Run *Fuga*; come hither
Concupiscence, pin this handsomer.

Ir. Au. Desp. (*within*) Ile beare
The Crown or nothing.

Mel. (*within*) I the Crown or nothing.

Liv. (*Enters and out again*) Ile fit each Passion to his
own content.

Hil. Boy, fill up the Time with noise.

(*Boy Sings.*

Hail thou great Queen of various Humours,

Some loving hearts, some raging tumours,

Some sadder soules embracing Rumours;

Such a mixed crew

None yet ever knew

So steady and true

As these in heaping honours on you.

*Enter in the midst of the song Amorous ushering the solemnity,
Irato bearing the Sword, Malevolo the Sceptre; then six
others bearing six Crowns, two in a rank. First Audax
on the right hand bearing a Crown of Gold, and with him
Poet Ovidian a Lawrel: then Desperato a Turkish Turbant,
and with him Timerous a Persian Cydaris: Lastly Live-
byhope a Crown of all colour'd feathers circled at the
bottome with Pearle, and with him Model her Tireman a*

Coronet of black beaugled wire set with black and Silver spangles. Having done obeysance, they stand and present in Order.

Am. Great goddess, most ador'd of men, behold,
Amorous thy lovingst Passion, brings the rest
To offer at thy Feet Ensignes of State.

Ir. I that unsheath'd my anger with my Sword
To make thee great, present this Sword of Justice.

Mal. I that with Plots have wrung this awful Scepter
From other hands, will hold it fast in thine.
Ile finde or make new matter of great ruine
To raise thy Throne,

Au. This massy Crown of Gold,
The price of nightly danger, won by *Audax*,
Left by *Prudentius*, let it crown thy Temples.

Ovid. Else let thy shining brow recrown this Lawrel,
Worn but by *Cæsar* Monarch of the world,
And thy *Ovidii*, makers made of thee.

Desp. Let *Desperato* wrap thy femal head
With linnin State, the Crown of that grand Seignior
Who worships most these two, Woman and Fate.

Tim. But *Timerous* brings the Persian Cydaris,
Which drop'd from *Xerxes* Temples in his flight.

Liv. *Liveby* a Crown of Feathers here presents
To represent the light and easy yolk,
Which all the Passions hope.

Mod. Model thy Tireman
Offers for company this Crown, not costly,
But yet of prety Fancie, new Invention.

Fan. We thank the wit and paynes of all your service.

We'l weare these Crownes in turn, and try them all.

*Liv*by, reach hither.—Where's Recorder *Memor*?

(*Liv.* reaches his feathered *Crown*.)

Mem. Here.

Au. First take this, the chief true real *Crown*.

(*Au.* reaches the *Golden*, *Mal.* the *Scepter*.)

Mal. These were the honours which *Prudentius* wore.

Fan. Were those his honours? they shall ne'er be mine.

Those onely I except.

Ir. Wisely excepted.

Am. Great Lady, say not so: put on this *Crown*,
And with your Head crown it: then let your Hand
Give Life unto this *Scepter*, and to Us.

Fan. Ile rather not be *Empresse*, then assume
Or that, or this.

Au. Say so?

Hil. Prettiest of pretties;

We here would have a *Queen*, and she'l not weare
The *Badg* and *Ensigne* that should make her so.

Fan. Is none a *Prince*, but she whose head supports
The burden of a *Crown*?

Liv. Indeed *Authority*

Lies not in this: then *Kings* could do no more
Without the leave of this *Authentick* toy
Then can a *Constable* without his staff.

Fan. A *Crown* would crooke my neck, which for a *Realme*
I would not marr.

Hil. Nor marr that *Ruff* for three.

Fan. If this condition needs must be inforc'd,
I willingly resign what you conferr.

Mal. Then some of us shall be a gainer by it.

Am. Do not so slight the labour of your Servants,
Who ventur'd far to gain this wreath; in which
Lies the significance of all the rest.

Ir. Let her refuse once more.

Fan. My Noble friends,
It signifies too much, too great a Care,
Too high Command. Should my free wandering thoughts
Be hoop'd and compass'd in with weight and care,
Or should that staff keep down your sprightly humours,
Fancie might then be stil'd *Prudentia*.
No; though I reign, provide your selves live free.
This onely is my Law, that each man use
His proper humour, be it Vice or Vertue,
Inordinate or stay'd. Who mindes his pleasure
Shall best deserve; my selfe will teach him how;
And guide him in't. For your own sakes and mine,
Offer no more that badg of Tyranny.

All but Ir. Mal. Au. & Desp. *Fancie* beyond all *Fancie*.

Ir. Plage on Dissemblers;
First on her selfe; then on these rascals here;
Who first perswaded her to take the Crown,
And then admire her for refusing it.

Liv. Pleases your highnesse with your radiant haire
To grace some other badg of Majesty?

Fan. To shew I do not quite reject your Favours,
Nor slight the proffered Rule, reach me the Lawrel,

(*Liv. reaches the Crownes in turn.*

And then the glass.—

(*she lookes.*

Mem. Ev'n thus did mighty *Cæsar*!

Fan. Tis too Imperious This.

Mem. Wit beyond *Cæsars*!

Au. Excellent Lady!

Fan. Tis too Imperious

If rule it mean; if height of wit, too low:

Tis like a Tavern-Bush and begs for sale,

Which *Fancie* scornes. Small Poet, take it you.

What's next? the Turbant.—What a Turk am I now!

Had I with this a large Seraglio,

I'de lend them to Sr. *Amorous*.—The next.—

This Persian Cydaris hath made some Sophies

That scarce were wise before: when I sit next

In Solemn Counsel, Ile weare This.—But now;—

This feather'd Crown like a Mercurial hat

Shall lift me from the ground; herein Ile grace

The present Fashion.—The Tiremans Coronet

May be in Fashion too; and pitty 'tis not;

I like it well.—But *Liveby*, tis your Favour

That must take place, and give us Majesty.

Set it on firm, and somewhat glancing.—So.

I marry Sir; why this befits us right.

Hil. Wu'd I had brought my Fooles Cap to present her.

My fooles Cap would have gotten the start of Favour

From *Liveby* for ever.

Fan. Thanks *Liveby*, and Ile study a Reward.

Liv. Your humblest Creature.

Fan. This fits the Quality

Of our intended Rule, which shall be light,

Light as your *Liveby* said, and soft and sweet,

And various, and pliable to every passion.

I'm bound to All, and much to *Amorous*,
And most to *Liveby*. For besides this present,
You brought me tidings first of this advancement,
And Crown'd me in my Eare. Who likes the newes,
Must needs regard the teller.—One I misse
Amongst the Passions, *Melancholico*.

Liv. He sullen grew because he might not beare
The massy Crown.—

SCENA V.

*Enter to them Melancholico bringing Fancies Picture
Crown'd with Gold. Painter and Musitian*

Conc. — Now he hath brought himselfe.

Fug. And somewhat else.

Mel. Although I wanted grace
To plant the massy Crown upon your head
In the true substance, yet I found a way
To crown you in this Picture. Here's the Painter;
And here a try'd Musitian; men of Arts,
Which Melancholy much affects.

Fan. And I.

But mende your peice. That Crown delights not me,
Some sudden businesse calls me to conferr
With certain Femal Artists! — *Liveby*,
Take you the keeping of those Ornaments.

(She offers to go forth.)

Mal. What? have we made a shittlecock our Queen?

(She returns.)

Fan. Stay, I had quite forgot to strew mine honours
On these deservers. You *Malevolo*
Be our chief Counsellour ; be you *Irato*
The Lord Controwler : *Livebyhope* shall be
The Master of Requests : you *Amorous*
Shall be the Master of our Ceremonies ;
For which here's Poet, Painter, man of Musick,
And man of Properties : I give you leave
To use them for your selfe in wooing *Morphe*.
But you my Poet whom I well respect,
Shall be my Secretary, and you shall turn
The long-breath'd stile of Proclamation
To Lyrick Verse.

Liv. Most understanding Queen !

Ir. A prety Curr ! my hands now itch to try
Whether he be true Spaniel breed, or no ;
O I could beate and kick him, and see whether
He'l fawn then to. — You were not best to flatter
Your selfe into an Earldom, one degree
Above mine Honour.

Tim. Take heed my Lord : he's likely to be great ;
A Favourite can hurt.

Ir. What then ? must I
Therefore take heed ? bid me take heed again,
And it shall be the last, last Caution,
You ere shall give. What ? give a Lord good Counsel ?

Fan. The rest if they themselves can finde a way
How I may pleasure them, I'm crown'd their servant :
You know your Law ; each man pursue his humour.
Ile rule by Fancie since I am Queen *Fan* ;

And use as little wisdom as I can.

Au. And so it seems.

(*Ex. Fan. with her women. Am. Liv. Mem. Poet,*
Mus. Tireman

Hil. Ha ha ha ha ha ha—

How merry shall I live! —

(*Ex. Hil.*

Paint. Sr. Shall I mend

This piece?

Mel. Mend! marr, or break it if you will.

Now shall I turn far more precise than ever,
And praise *Prudentius* dayes throw discontent.

Au. Slighted? contemned? baffled? fooles preferd?

I'm well rewarded.

(*Ex. Mel. and Paint.*

Ir. Hark Sr. *Timerous*,

You gave me Counsel.

Tim. Out of Love indeed Sir.

Ir. You gave *Prudentius* warning to escape.

Tim. Not I, indeed not I, Sr. *Amorous* knowes.

Ir. How ere Ile kick thee now, cause tis my humour;
Ile take thee to be *Liveby*, tis my Humour.

Tim. The Queen shall know how you have kick'd my
Knighthood.

Ir. I kick'd thy breech, two foot above thy Knighthood.

I trust I shall have cause to kill thee too.

Mean while, to stir my choler, Ile controwle

Roughly, most roughly.

Desp. I to feed my humour,

(For little I shall have to feed my body)

Must run some desperate course. The stream of Favour

Runs crosse from me, to *Hope* and *Amorous*.

(*Ex. Desp.*

Au. Did we expose our selves to utmost danger
To gain a Crown for Her that more regards
A Cap and Feather?

Mal. I her Counsellour
Who alters with each puff, more flickering
Then Flag or Streamer? Then Ile write on Sand,
Or print the Aire. But still I wonder much,
How *Liveby* being absent from our Counsels,
Carri'd the first Intelligence. His telling
In Her esteem outweighs our Action.

Au. This shewes what women love, the Tong and
tatling.

Mal. How says this man of Fate? is *Livebyhope*,
That primrose thing, that forward bud, long liv'd?

Ir. Ha! I think no; unlesse I may controule him
To be no Favourite.

Mal. Men of that calling,
If I might counsel them for their best safety,
Ought not to live too long. For we can hate.

Au. Challeng.

Ir. Or stab.

Au. And call these things our Humours.

SCENA VI.

Enter to them Intellectus Agens.

Int. The safest Armour is unweapon'd boldnesse.
Thus priviledg'd Ile trust their savage hands.

All happinesse, that is, true Liberty
Unto the Passions; *how d'e* like your choice?

Au. First tell us where *Prudentius* hides himselfe.

Int. Within a Sanctuary, where his thoughts
Are sequestred from earthly cares to heaven.

Au. Our choice we like beyond *Prudentius*,
Just so, as *Fancie Livebys* feather'd crown
Beyond my Golden.

Mal. We like the power of chusing

Ir. And some variety though join'd with loosing—

(*Ex. Passions.*)

Int. Who ere Usurps, considers not his task,
How he must sooth the lowest of his villaines,
Give highest place and all to every one,
Else all will be displeas'd. The King shall know,
What seeds of discontent and headlong folly
Appare already in this warring state.
Clos'd in too safe, they broke their hedg; what lesse
Then wandering now through wretched wilderness?

(*Ex. Int. Agens.*)

Finis Actus secun.

ACTVS III. SCENA I.

Enter Memor and Sr. Timerous.

Mem. I think your cause exceeds the Cognisance
Of Common sense. He like a Juryman
Can onely finde and judge the outward fact:

As whether now your kicks look white or blew ;
Whether his threatning words were high or low ;
What savour follow'd, whether sweet or sowre ;
Whether the kicks were Rough or gentle ; (Rough
Your Crinkling sayes.) These with some other notions
Thereto belonging, as the quantity,
The Figure, Number, the swift motion,
Or ceasing of your kicks ; these he can judge of.
But as for higher speculations
Of Passions rising out of meer conceit,
How it was rais'd, what punishment is due,
This properly belongs to *Fancie's* audience.
Was there no cause ?

Tim. None giv'n, but apprehended.

Mem. The worse for you ; this shewes there was no
malice,

But single heat. Were the kicks thick and many ?

Tim. Six strong ones in one instant.

Mem. Still the worse.

It shewes meer heat. What said he, 'twas his humour ?

Tim. Ev'n so.

Mem. Yet worse. 'Tis Law, that ev'ry Passion
May follow his own humour. Anger's his.
Besides he's writ a Lord : all things considered,
I give you counsel to be patient,
To ask if he be pleas'd to give you more ;
To break a Tooth, pull Haire, strik out an Eye.

Tim. Accept my thanks : I see the Law it selfe
Is very Timerous against great Persons.—

(*Ex. Tim.*)

Mem. I now can see no use of Law at all,

Law is casheer'd : where all things are permitted
What need of plea ? what can be call'd unjust ?
And are not these the Popular dayes we look'd for,
When we expected Cunning should be Sovereigne ?

SCENA II.

Enter to him Malevolo.

Mal. In mischeif we must use the men we hate.
You are the man I seek. Have you consider'd
Those State-projections ?

Mem. Sr. we want some Lawes,
Such as were made for certain Lord Protectors.

Mal. Indeed this lawful murder is an Art
Of Excellence, and yet as easie too
For Statesmen Lawyers as Physitians.

Mem. An Art familiar in the Roman State,
As ancient too as the first Monarchy.
O I could tell you Lawes worth millions to us,
By faire intrapping of the wealthy Clergy.

“ *Mal.* Have you no model to insnare a Prince ?

“ *Mem.* Henry the third, though wise and valiant,
“ Was caught in a strong line knit by himselfe,
“ Here i'th' mad Parliament,

“ *Mal.* As how ?

“ *Mem.* Twelve Peers

“ Under pretence of evil Officers

“ And grand abuses, were selected out,

“ Strengthen'd with Lawes to prune Prerogatives,

“ To tutour and reform the State ; to size
“ The Kings expence, and to appoint him Servants,
“ Both menial and forinsecal.

“ *Mal.* Is't possible

“ The King should seale to this ?

“ *Mem.* O Poverty,

“ She to Obedience is the Lay-mother,

“ As some say Ignorance is the Clarklike.

“ Betwixt Superiours and Inferiours,

“ Look either way, this rule is mutual,

“ The poorer must be servant to the richer.

“ *Henry* brought low with various Action

“ Could not subsist without their subsidies.

“ Keep thy Prince poor, then thou shalt rule thy Ruler,

“ And subject thy Commander.

“ *Mal.* This we try'd

“ To fasten on *Prudentius*: but he

“ Too wise, too frugal was. Now *Fancie*

“ Through giddinesse of minde, and vast expence,

“ Will prove lesse wary and more Prodigal.

“ *Mem.* Let some insnareing Law be once propos'd,

Fancie will yeild, not ponder.

Mal. Well, think you ;

Ile speak and speed. O 'tis the praise of hate

To practise ruine and pretend the State.

Mem. But Sir, I trust upon your furtherance

(*Mal.* about to go.

About impropriations.

Mal. You Ile remember

First, or my selfe I ever shall forget.

(*Ex. Mal.*

SCENA III.

*Enter Fancie in a Cydaris, Concupiscence, Fuga, Hilario
before them.*

Fan. The Cydaris well fits me ; now must I
Answer this Persian Crown with mutual fitness.
What thing was proper to the Persian Kings,
Say *Memor.*

Mem. Persian Kings did wed their Sisters.

Fan. Though in my Person thus I cannot wed,
Ile licence others. You *Hilario*
May, if you please, enjoy your lively Sister
Concupiscence.

Hil. I thank your Majesty
Both that I may, and may not ; for to me
Nothing so pleasing as is Liberty.
I would not be bound to that neither, though I love it best ;
If I were, I should long for the prison.
Bind me to be rich, I shall play at Duckes and Drakes with
peices ;
Bind me to my good behaviour, I shall feele an itching desire
to beate the Justice.
O what a Prentise should I make ! I should run away no
oftner then I came in sight
Of the threshold. And most of the Passions, I think, have a
spice of this humor.

Fan. But can no bond please you like Liberty ?

Hil. Neither bond of Matrimony, nor bond of friendship,
Nor bond of Usury, nor bond of iniquity ;
I rejoyce in the present, I desire nothing, and therefore would
be tied to nothing.

Fan. *Concupiscence* your Sister's of another minde.

Conc. I could well indure to be bound, so I might be loose too.

Fan. The Theme which I propos'd was Royalty,
No lesse then Persian. Then *Concupiscence*,
How ist we are so thinly waited on,
By Femal Passions? are there no more women
Of Passion kind?

Conc. Of Passionate enough.
But to say Truth, the Femal Passions
As soon as they are born, turn all to sins;
And they are all my Children.

Mem. Then have you
More Daughters far than *Danaus*, or *Margaret*
Countesse of *Henneberg*: whereof one did equal
The weekes, and th' other the dayes of the year
With numerous issue.

Conc. I have more by thousands.
I'm as Fruitful and quick of Delivery
As any Uermin, spreading as Potatoes;
My race runs o'er the World.

Fan. Of what age are they?

Conc. As old as my selfe very neere.

Mem. Then you
Continued a maide no longer then *Quartilla*.

Conc. O never at all that I can remember.

Mem. You beare your age exceeding well.

Conc. I hope
I shall be young forever; I have the vertue
Of making old folkes young by touching them.

Fan. Are none of those your Children ripe and handsome
And fit for our attendance?

Conc. Pride my Eldest
She is the likeliest.

Fan. Let her be admitted.

Conc. She's now i'th Spanish Court; but when she
comes——

Hil. Then the Court and her Mother will teach her to fall
both wayes,

Forward and Backward.

Fan. Till she return, is't not in Fancie's power
To change a Sex, and make some Passion Female?

Mem. The like hath been; I have heard of a Femal
By meer force of Fancy turn'd Male: So *Iphis*
A Maide, in love with a Maide, was transform'd
Just on the marriage Eve. *Tiresias*
Was Male and Femal annually by turns;

Some Hermaphrodites have been both at once.

Conc. Wud I could live and turn Hermaphrodite.

Fug. Wud I could live and be of neither Sex.

Fan. What think ye of transforming *Amorous*?

Hil. He's undone then: he cannot shew his legs, nor use
his Postures

Nor Enjoy his Idol *Morphe*. No, change Sir *Timerous*,

He's as fearful as a Hare, and may be as changable:

He hath many Symbolical conditions of womanhood already:

He is Femal in every part but one, and half Femal in his
cloathes

Give me but an Inch of Ribband from *Fuga*, and I'le undertake
to present him

The *Lady Timida.*

Fan. Fuga

Give him one of your changable Fancie's. (Ex. Hil.)

Thus first our selves must whet our own Invention ;
Else others will not stir. Men do not strive
Methinkes to please me as they ought to do.
No other rarities these many Ages
But Powder, Printing, Seaman Card, and Watches ?
So much vain dotage for the fond Elixir ?
Why are not yet my Christals malleable,
To make our Gold no Gold, and soile the Di'mond ?
Why want I Instruments to measure out
The Year, the Day, the Houre, without the help
Of Sun, or turning of these tedious wheeles ?
Nothing to carry me but Barges, Coaches ?
Sedans, and Litters ? through the Aire I'd passe
By some new waftage : I must have my house
Convey'd by wheeles and sailes and plummets hung
In some deep pit, deep as the way is distant,
To hurry me, my Family, and it,
Whether I please. Ile travel like the Snaile,
With all my house ; but swifter then the Faulcon.

Fug. Rare Lady!

Conc. Ravishing Inventions!

Fan. Why have not I my Beds stuffd all with wind,
Baths fill'd with Maydew, Flowers preserv'd till winter,
As well as Snow till Summer : choisest Fruits
Growing and ripe in midst of *January?*
Why have not I Ponds running through my Cellars,
For Bottles and for Fish call'd by their names ?

Why not in drought an Artificial rain,
Scattered by spowtes, to cheer my Paradise?

Mem. I wish you had these things; I nere saw such.

Fan. Cheape I can have *Æolian* bellowes made
Within the Bowles of Andirons, where the water
Shall blow the fire by which 'tis rarified.
I will have Vaults which shall convey my whispers
In steed of Embasies to forreign Nations;
Places for Ecchoes to pronounce a speech,
Or give a Suffrage like a multitude:
Consorts well play'd by water; Pictures taught
By secret Organs both to move and speak:
We spend our selves too much upon the Taylour;
I rather would new mold new fashion Nature.

SCENA III.

Enter Amorous and Liveby one way, Malevolo another way.
After awhile a Shew.

Am. Pleases your Highnesse to behold a Shew,
Wherein some Passions are display'd by Dreams
How they affected are by Day.

Fan. Ile see it. *(Mal. & Mem. whisper.)*

What means that whisper?

Mal. Tis an honest project
Thought on by *Memor*, out of love to Churches,
To buy back saleable impropriations
With charitable money. Doth it please you?

Fan. This task was fitter for *Prudentius*

Then Sense or Passion. This although I grant,
Yet take it with condition. *Memor* knows
Conveyance old and new, the Right and Wrong.
In things not sacred he may use his cunning,
In this he must be just. To you I say,
It was not seasonable to move this business
When Shewes were comming.

Mal. This your selfe did move
By asking.

Mem. Now.

Mal. Then make you here a Law,
That none these three dayes shall prefer a Sute
Or motion under forfeiture of life.
Me you shall finde content ; I'm no Troubler.

Mem. This trap is laid full right.

Liv. Stay, stay great Queen.

This Law will seale my mouth, and tie your hands,
And stop the necessary speed of businesse,
Whereby your Crown may be dissolv'd.

Fan. Away,
Away *Malevolo*.

Mal. My snare for Liveby
Is brok, but violence shall it supply. (*Ex. Mal. & Mem.*)
You *Memor* have your wish.

Enter Amorous with the shew.

*Morpheus in a Cloud-coloured Cassock with a wreath of Poppies
and a Caduceus from a black Cell. Then at his call, six
sleeping Persons in their night caps half down their Faces,
and in their wastcoates, representing in their clothes*

downwards Memor, Malevolo, Irato, Timerous, Hilario, Desperato. Morpheus shakes his Caduceus over them severally as they stand in Couples. Being mov'd they fall successively into their proper gestures, and lastly all dance together in those gestures.

Morp. I Morpheus King of Dreames, whose might
Can equal Fanci's in the night,
Have caused the night six dreames to send:
As I appointed they attend. (They enter from a black Cave.
Now Memor turn thy Books and prate,
Plead with thy hands and fees then take.
Shrug, scratch, Malevolo, and grin,
Grasp thy foule heart and feel thy sin.
Irato, bend thy fist and draw,
Offer to thrust, keep fear in aw.
Shak Timerous, offer to fly,
Begin to sink, offer to die.
Hilario clap thy hands and laugh,
Skip, leap, and turn, offer to quaff.
Despaire start, stand, and crush thy throat,
Then stab thy breast and groan death's note.

The Dance.

(After the dance, Ex. Masquers.

Fan. Whose labour was this sport?

Am. Livebys invention and my contriving.

Fan. For this I'll send you to your dearest *Morphe.*

Goe at what hour you please, and say I want
Her company at Court. You, Hope, for this,

And for preventing that pernicious Law,
Ask what you will.

Liv. Grant the Monopoly
Of Watches, or of Beavers.

Fan. Take them both;
And ask again.

Liv. When woodlands shall be turn'd
To other use, grant me a twelfth as forfeit.

Fan. Be it confirm'd.

Liv. I was about to ask
The Patronage of Churches in Sea-towns;
Where popular choice maintains a Faction
Brought in with Merchandize from foreign parts,
But that were better taken to the Crown.

Fan. Take what thou wilt. Thou begst to give us share.
None can please all, the best the better fare. (*Ex. Omnes.*)

SCENA V.

The Scene turns to feilds, walkes & scattered houses.

*Enter Hilario, and then Sir Timerous with Fuga's
ribband.*

Hil. By this way Sir *Timerous* should come; whom I as-
sent from his wrong'd Lady *Fuga* have engag'd in a quarrel
against *Audax*. And yonder comes the pittiful Earthquake
most lovingly trembling.

Tim. What should I do here? some desperate knave or
other, *Desperato* himself (it may be) hath rob'd me of my

best weapon. I thought not to have fought with steele, but with Gold; and to have brought this needy Captain to an honourable submission by dint of Cash. What disasters have I? That unreasonably wicked, that divlish two fac'd Cutter knew me too well: for when I drew this harmless blade, he look'd upon it as slightly as upon a riding wand; and bad me familiarly put up that, and draw my purse. Certainly I have too much of the Mother; I am that which they call a Coward, and all the world knows it. Wherefore (O Ribband) I take it extream scurvily of *Fuga*, that she being of the same temper her selfe, doth not consider her temper in me.

Hil. Now this Craven stands as ticklish on the point of running as a Bowle on the top of a ridg.

Tim. Two steps further I'le move. I have been coming a quarter of a mile these two houres at least; and yet I sweat till the very drops run a race; my shaking feaver is turn'd to a cold sweat, and that's a true Prognostication of death.

(Puts on his cap.

Good night to all the world; for this is that fatal peice of ground which I shall anon measure with my Carcasse. Never a Bush nor Hole here; though it be call'd Champion ground I shall not fight: perhaps I shall make use of its plainnesse, and give ground a mile or two; that shall be my way of fighting. For if I the Challenger stand still on my guard, it will not stand with mine honour: And then while I keep my backsword point still in his face (I have seen the play at cudgells) he will wheele about me, and falsifying a blow at the head will strike me just on the legs where my heart lies. Then shall I be quite spoiled for running away; which I think I had best do presently, for I hear him coming. O——

Hil. Now I see Sir *Tim*, thou art a Lad of mettle.

Tim. Mettle? I protest Sir I had rather drink this cold iron fil'd small to dust and be a Lad of mettle so, then to thrust it whole into any mans flesh whatsoever; much lesse into my Enemies. You see then what power Love hath, and how *Fuga* is beholding to me.

Hil. Most dreadfully.

Tim. Is not the time yet past? I think I may retire with honour, and say he durst not meet me.

Hil. It wants yet halfe an hour. If you hold not out your time, then he'l assault you openly in Court, and make your shame publick, which otherwise will be but private. Ile stand secretly by you, and if need require will step in and part you.

Tim. Stand not far off I beseech you for when I am kill'd I shall not be able to call.—O my heart!—the Gyant's coming—O—*Hilario*—

Malevolo passes by.

Mal. Saw you not here *Irato*?

Tim. No believe me Sir; no I thank heaven. *Hilario!*—Now comes *Audax*. O—I have but a minute to live.

Irato passes by.

Ir. How now stinkerd, how does thy breech? sawst thou not here *Malevolo*?

Tim. He past by in hast; just now in hast.—Well. Two Furies are past. Ile not wait for the third, go Love and Honour whither they will. *Hilario!*—I fear he hath left me. Ile raze my Flesh with a slight cut, and swear I receiv'd that wound in fight. But now I think on't better, I have

an issue under my left arme; Ile force that bigger till it bleed, and swear that into a wound. For sure a fresh one would be far greater pain. Soft, I am loath to suffer so much, if I may chuse.—*Hilario?*—

Hil. What a Champion are you? not dare to look a man in the face?

Tim. Sweet *Hilario*, I consider thou hast no Sword to help me: stretch thy wit, and invent some speedy way, how I may escape with honour, and not fight?

Hil. You cannot possibly escape fighting.

Tim. Sweet *Hilario* do not kill me before hand with saying so.

Hil. Why then will you be rul'd by me?

Tim. In any thing, any thing. Quickly for love of Life.

Hil. I have promis'd to furnish the Queen with a new Lady attendant.

Tim. What then?

Hil. Put on Womans apparel, you shall be she; by name of Madam *Timida*.

Tim. Ha! Say on.

Hil. Then shall you be free, not onely from this quarrel, but from all future beatings and challenges.

Tim. Safe and sound!

Hil. Then shall you have perpetual accesse to *Fuga*, bully.

Tim. Safe and delicious!

Hil. Then to steale her affection you may habit your selfe like her.

Tim. Safe and wise!

Hil. Then as for your honour, who can upbraid you when you are no where to be found: twill be suppos'd by your

sweet friend, that you died in her quarrel, *Audax* if he himself talk will be dangerously question'd.

Tim. But will you be secret?

Hil. For mine own sake, mine own sake, Sir *Tim.*

Tim. Dearest *Hilario*, thou art my preserving Angel.

Hil. Make hast, before you can new cast your selfe Ile come to present you. (*Ex. Tim.*)

Poor snake, I delivered no Challeng; I onely frighted him to a more willing Metamorphosis.

SCENA VI

Enter by him Concupiscence in a Citizens habit.

Conc. Hey ho for a husband; Two, three, or more,
As many as I meet; 'tis fit, that we
Ladies Attendant should be qualified
For three at least.

Hil. What ere the habit be, this is the Face
The Voice and language of *Concupiscence*,
Why, how now Sister, taking the Aire alone?

Conc. A safe Conscience never feares any man.

Hil. I think thou fear'st not any, but lov'st all.
Such was thy wont; and hast thou now a Conscience?

Conc. Be grave or silent, know I'm rectified.

Hil. Pox on your train: by feigned honesty
You seek to wooe me. I'le unvaile you streight.
What think you of two husbands, three, or more,
As many as you meet?

Conc. Why didst thou hear me?

Hil. Ladies Attendant should be qualified
For three at least.

Conc. That I spoke merrily.

Hil. If thou hadst ten, thou still would'st cry more
Hymens.

Conc. If so you think, think on, I think so too.

“*Hil.* But when will all thy maidenheads be spent?

“Tell me sincerely, truly, and bodily.

“*Conc.* They come again like Teeth, I'm breeding now.

“*Hil.* Then are thy maidenheads like *Hydra's* heads,

“Not to be tam'd but by a *Hercules.*

“Who has the next?

“*Conc.* I am resolv'd to part it

“Betwixt a Courtier and a Citizen:

“The Courtier has the maide, the Citizen

“Shall have the head.

Hil. Sister, I cannot wed you,
You have too much complexion for my use;
But Ile provide you one shal beare the name
Of Husband.

Conc. Let him be honest, quiet.

Hil. Of your own garb, say he be *Melancholico.*
And so Ile rid my selfe of *Fanci's* match.

Conc. I care but for his shadow having Servants.

Hil. Farewell Carnality.

Conc. *Hilario* thinks (*Ex. Hil.*)

He took me, when alas twas my intent
The Boy should overheare, and so become
If not a Husband, such an Officer.

SCENA VII.

Enter to her Audax.

Au. What's here? *Concupiscence?*

Conc. Nor stare, nor startle;

As I hope to look faire, I'm nothing chang'd
In minde or body. No where, but in habit.

Au. And why in This?

Conc. O for Variety.

Fancy permits all change. This dresse sometimes
Pleases the Courtier better then his Ladies.

Au. Is it but so? come then my Paphian drum
I'le brace thee close.

Conc. Soft Sir, you march too feircely.

I have a task which first you must perform;
I fear you will not do't; you do not love me;
Promise me first; the task I can assure you,
Befitts your Valour, and will pay it selfe.

Au. Is it to kill the Queen, that thou may'st reign?

Conc. No, nor her maide; thou shalt but use her kindly.

Au. Speak plain, be bold.

Conc. Then thou shalt ravish *Fuga.*

She twits me with my Servants, Favours, Lookes,
My Words, and scapes: in This you bear a share.
If this to me bring shame, you are not free.

Au. Is this your heavy task? no more but This?
Onely to ravish? is not the work Reward?
I'le do't effectually; Her selfe shall thank me.

Conc. But I'le outthank her far; Ile ravish thee.
With fast embraces. Take this kisse in earnest

Of future payment. Though I seeme a Vestal,
To thee I'm *Venus*.

Au. *Venus*, be secur'd. (Ex. *Au.*)

Conc. Then, when her fruit shall swell, and I stand
simpring.

Turn'd to a seeming Saint, O how Ile triumph
In grave reproofe, and holy Admonition!

This 'tis to be too chast.—here come the Stagemen.

SCENA VIII.

Enter to her Malevolo, Irato, Memor.

Mal. Sir you and we were acted at the Court.
We loosers are made laughing-stocks, and sport
For open Stages.

Ir. Tell my Sword the Author;
That it may write his doome upon his flesh.

Mal. This Creature can informe us. Who I pray
Were your late witwrights in the Masque?

Conc. Hope pend it,
My Father *Amorous* (without offence)
Contriv'd the Shew.

(Ex. *Conc.*)

Mem. This trick *Malevolo*
Was chiefly meant to you, because your pen
Hath scourged the Stage.

Ir. However Lord *Irato*
Shall act a red Catastrophe on *Liveby*: (Ex. *Ir. and Mem.*)

Mal. Ile watch his haunt and hunt him to his fall;
You *Amorous* too. This mirth of theirs at last
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Shall close their sweetness with an Aloed tast.
These once remov'd, who can be great but I;
Whose word shall sway but mine? Then power is sweet
When Rubs are made the staires to mount our feet. (*Ex. Mal.*)

Finis Actus 3.

ACTVS IIII. SCENA I.

Enter Desperato in a Physitians habit.

Desp. Whatever chang succeed, still wretchednesse
My old inseparable mate hangs on.
Therefore I seem ridiculous; my grief
Is others mirth; *Malevolo* sayes I'm acted.
Henceforth Ile finde new Company: since Fate
Barrs me from others happinesse, Ile spread
My misery to others; and Ile thrive
Meerely in spite, to make men miserable.
This is my humour; 'tis begun already.
The Gold I took from *Timerous*, if question'd,
I can defend; I took it in my humour;
And that's good law; I took it in a humour
Most desperatly bent; and it hath made me
Such as men see, an able man for mischief;
Clad me in th' outside of a mystery,
Furnish'd my shelves with Pots, with Boxes, Names,
Slight Medicines, and strong Poysons. Time hath been,
When I in War serv'd Death a Prentiship;

There learn'd to open Veynes, to lance and kill ;
Now I am free o'th' Trade ; a Soldier then,
Physitian now ; Ile do the selfe same work,
But now more Artificially.—

SCENA II.

Enter to him Melancholico.

Mel. — The godly
Are in distresse ; the wicked, that usurp
The Childrens right, do here grow fat and prosper :
Wherefore I thought of drowning. Verily
Unlesse that Conscientious Lawyer,
Good *Memor*, from Rebought Impropriations
Had thus deducted and distributed
The better part to us oppressed Brethren,
Affliction some, and some Devotion
Had brought me to despaire. Now Ile not see him.

Desp. Methinkes dejected *Melancholico*
Should prove fit Timber for my fatal work.
What, *Melancholico* ? not know your friend,
Whose med'cinal skill cures Body, Minde, and State ?
I trust thou art not over lucky ; art ?
Do'st feel no misery ? I thought ere this
I should have had thy custome.

Mel. Verily
My sicknesse could but little cure your purse.

Desp. It might have brought me practise howsoever,
And that's the onely Fee of new professours.

Mel. But are you then indeed a true professour,
And one of Us? Sooth I professe sincerity.

Desp. Hath not the same which caus'd sincerity,
Caus'd a foule spleen? no Hypochondrick Vapours?

Mel. For that a godly Lawyer gave me physick:

Desp. Then take it next from a Divine.

Mel. That Lawyer

First took it from Divines, then gave it me.

And I can give you counsel to your physick:

You have a fair advantage in mens sicknesse

To prick the Conscience, and to let them know,

Their onely way is to releive the Brethren,

And raise their stock of holy usury

For new Plantations. You shall have a share.

Desp. This is a verier rogue then I my selfe.

Mel. And what I pray mov'd you to turn Physitian?

Desp. Want set me on, a booty set me up.

Now let me know of mutual curtesie,

What was your Dos?

Mel. 'Twill buy all yours; 'twas Gold.

Desp. Why then, thou'lt run unto presumption,

Not to despaire. I heare you are to marry;

Which if thou dost, then thou wilt come to me,

For Ratsbane, Hensbane, some such wholesome banes,

To cure thy bands of Matrimony.

Mel. Hence.

(*Ex. Desp.*)

SCENA III.

Enter to him Hilario and Concupiscence.

Hil. Friend *Melancholico*,
How is't? Sister, stand by a while. Methinks
Upon a sudden you are grown brisk and cheereful,
Fit company for me, nay for a wife.

Mel. You'l never leave your waggery and jeasting.
"You call'd Peculiars rags of Popery.

Hil. Sometimes you are too sad and solitary :
Is this jeasting? and solitarinesse
Requires due Recreation ; Is this jeasting?
And Recreation much consisteth in
The yোক of a meet helper ; you may call
This jeasting too? but is't not sport in earnest?

Mel. The Saints allow no sport.

Hil. Then love in earnest.
You know you cannot well converse with men ;
Your lookes are indispos'd, your language sparing,
Your manners different. *But to a woman*
A long parenthesis of busi'd silence
Does passing well. Then in her company
You have a world, and none to contradict.
And in her Ear you may reform the Church
Or purg the State, as safe, as if you spake
Unto the Aire or whisper'd to your selfe,
For so she is. Think on a wife.

Mel. No wife.

Hil. Then on a spouse.

Mel. Now you say somewhat.

Hil. Now.

He'l marry words not substance. The word whore
Would have spoil'd all. This blockhead suites with me
As frost with fire. But for your sake Ile thaw him.

Mel. Have you not injur'd that fair promising Sister
By leaving her alone?

Hil. She meditates.

Mel. She walketh gravely, turns her eye devoutly.

Hil. The white's pure, the black as full of Adultery
As thou art of Hypocrisie; she harbours
A good conceit of you. Shall she conceive Further?

Mel. If that her name be right.

Hil. She was

Concupiscence, now call'd Temperance. Sister
This is your Husband whom I so commended.

Conc. I chuse not for my selfe.

Mel. Sister and Spouse,
If so you please, our hands shall us unite:
Matches are made in Heaven; few words suffice;
The Night consummates. As for other rites
I hold them superstitious Ceremonies.
I had forgot her Portion.

Hil. She's a widow,
Ile shew you her Estate.

Mel. Ile first retire
And clasp her hand in zeale.

Conc. My Lord and Bridegroom.

Hil. The Divel and his Dam you are. Come Brother.

Mel. Once more. I like your Meditation,
But do not spend your selfe therewith too much.

(Ex. Hil. and Mel.)

Conc. Now I am double shelter'd in my heat,
With name of Husband, and this formal guise.

SCENA III.

Enter to her Audax.

Conc. Now welcome Servant ; have you won the Fort ?

Au. Hell take her, she's a man.

Conc. A man ?

Au. Just so

I found, scarce left him so.

Conc. O you mistooke.

Sir *Timerous* is transform'd to wait at Court :

'Twas *Phanci's* own device. O I could laugh.

Au. I made him so much woman as to cry ;

“Else I had made him woman with my Sword.

Conc. Alas poor *Timida*.

Au. The thing so trembled,

No leafe nor ague like him.

Conc. Ha ha ha.

Au. Did you intend to put this trick upon me ?

Conc. No by the kisses which shall satisfie

Thy height forthwith, and pay thy error full.

Besides I'm satisfied with this mistake

As well as with the right. Aspersion

Shall blot the name of *Fuga* full as much.

SCENA V.

*Enter to them Sir Tim. as Timida. After a
while Fuga, alike dress'd.*

Au. What's this? the He or She?

Conc. No matter which.

Au. If it be she, I'll ravish her: if he,
Then thou shalt do't.

Conc. Neither; tis done enough.

Au. *Tim* hath a fine time on't.

Conc. Come, you have a better.—

Tim. Is this to be a woman? O I could teare,

(Ex. Conc. & Au.)

As timerous as I am, my lawnes to rags,
And scratch my face, and stick my heart with pins,
Or streight turn valiant. Wud my *Fuga* knew,
What she hath scap'd through me.

And here she comes.

(Enter Fuga.)

O *Fuga*, female habit and strang sufferings
Have lent me tongue enough. Now I can speake;
And boldly say I have deserved your love.

Fug. Wherein Sir Lady?

Tim. Now in this your habit

I sav'd you from a hideous ravishing.

Audax with whom I should have fought, came on me
With love more rude then rage, blasted my face
With breath like brimstone, turn'd my limbs like twigs;
I live by miracle.

Fug. You came too neere
Unto a Sex from which you should keep further.

Tim. Shall I not then be neer and dear unto you?

Fug. Experience tells you what a boystrous thing
Tis to be ruffled by a man.

Tim. Still so?

Why I have a been a woman for thy sake;
I bear within these weedes a minde as tender,
White skin, blue veines, and armes as soft as thine.

Fug. But still you are a man, and I still *Fuga*.

Tim. Nothing can merit love from peevisnesse.
What shall I do? I'le streight turn man again,
And suffer for my selfe. Farewel coy woman,
Ungrateful, and unwise. My ravishment
Is fairely past, but yours may be the next.
How ere when I appear my selfe, the noise
Of what is past will light upon your name.
I bore the loathsome suffering for thee,
Now shalt thou bear the foul reproach for me. (*Ex. Tim.*)

Fug. Much I was overseen, too much extremely;
I could run after him; but if he turn
I shall run back again. O I am lost;
My Honour, Safety, and perhaps some liking,
All these are lost, with these I'm lost, lost *Fuga*.

SCENA VI.

Enter to her Amorous.

Am. This change of State gaines me small perfect pleasure.
Meer Meditation on *Morphe's* beauty
Will not suffice. Come *Fuga*, since thy Ocean

Cannot be minish'd by some drops, give freely
What *Audax* forc'd.

Fug. That I am miserable
Is't not enough, unlesse I bear more burdens
Of common scorn, or (which is worse) true stayning?
Good Sir, of all the Passions you are gentlest ;
Though you esteem me light, which I am not,
Yet take some weight unto your selfe. Consider
That after this you cannot worthy be
Of *Morphe*, never woe with confidence.

Am. Thus still a Female Sermon puts me by,
And I gain nothing by my Liberty.
Once more I ask.

Fug. Once was too much before.

Am. Once more.

Fug. First kill me.

Am. Then to make you quick
Is past my cunning.

(*Ex. Amorous.*)

SCENA VII.

*Enter Hilario, Concupiscence, after a while
Melancholico.*

Hil. Joy to you Madam *Fuga*, you know why. (*Ex. Hil.*)

Conc. If I could give you Joy of what I loath,
And you delight in, this if I could do
Without a sin, I would.

Fug. Is false report
Worse then true guilt? how is't this filthy Strumpet

Lookes like a Saint, and I as foule as hell ?

Conc. Lady, an Eye refin'd sees more then dull ones,
And Holinesse far clearer then Uncleaness.

I wonder what loose words and actions
Have pass'd from you, to give incuragment
To the kind ravisher ; for I have heard
None can be ravish'd without some consent.

Be humbled, know you fault, live chaster Lady. (*Enter Mel.*

Fug. Sure I should think I'm guilty.

Mel. Out upon thee.

Fie Temperance, what here ? wilt thou have Eggs
And rotten Oranges flung at thee too ?
What can you chuse no other company
But this lewde, crack'd abominable peice ?

Conc. You see your company is scandalous,
I must take leave.

(*Ex. Mel. and Conc.*

Fug. If there be any power
To see and judge, I challeng his assistance.
What have I done, unlesse too stedfast coynesse
Be now accounted loosenesse ? what's my Crime,
That such a general storme of loude disgrace
Conspires to bear down Innocence ? Hold heart,
Hold my weake spirits : for if this continue
I shall grow desperate.—

SCENA VIII.

Enter to her Malevolo.

Fug. — Pitty me Father,
My name is stain'd beyond all patience.
Sir *Timerous* having foolishly put on
My shape ; in stead of me was rudely ravish'd
By blustering *Audax*. The reproach is mine.
You know a darksome cloud can much obscure
The face of water though as pure as Christal.

Mal. *Audax* shall rue this base attempt, whose shadow
Blots your opinion, and portends more danger
Unto your Person. Cast your cares on me.

Fug. I may communicate, not cast them off. (*Ex. Fug.*)

Mal. I thought to use him in a bold design
Gainst *Liveby*, and I will ; 'tis dangerous
Unto himselfe. If combat ruine one,
Vengeance persues the other : thus Ile make
The vanquish'd and the victor both my prey,
And whilst they fight, my selfe shall win the day.

SCENA IX.

Enter by him Irato and Audax quarreling.

Ir. What, you that Office ? know your turn ; give place
First to your betters. You be General ?

Au. Yes I. And know, that whilst I hold a Sword
To prove my worth, the Sun beholds none better.
Neither your Lordship nor Controwlership

Can dastard me.

Ir. But I shall teach you distance.

Au. Make me draw back one inch, and gain this place,
Then thou gain'st That. Be calmer good *Irato*.

Ir. Unwing the Lightning, stop *Araxes* floods,
Then mayst thou stop my wrath, and guard thy selfe
Against my stroke.

Mal. Hold, hold; what means this Fury?
May I be Umpire in your difference?

Au. Know it you may; this feirce and haughty Lord
Crosses my aime, and stands Competitour
For what he understands not, to be General.

Ir. Not understand? Give way *Malevolo*.

Au. You may be fit to quarrel in a Tavern,
But not to lead an Army.

Ir. Give me scope;
Unless thou wouldst be broach'd on the same blade,
And coupled plung in Styx; open the way.

Mal. Why would you seek this Office?

Ir. Cause I scorn
That any man should be prefer'd before me.

Mal. And why would you?

Au. Because I can do service;
And would gain honour, equal unto His.

Mal. There's yet no Army levi'd, there's no cause,
But doubtful Rumour.

Au. When there is, Ile lead it.

Mal. Yes, both alike; while you contend for shadows,
Liveby will bear the substance from you both.
Rid him, then you may talk.

Musitian Sings.

*Sweet Morphe lend a feeling eare
To the soft straines wherein I bear
My soul, and sigh it out to thee
Compos'd of sweeter harmony;
With one kind word or smile
Reprive the man a while,
Who life doth crave
Thy print to save
And feares to make his breast, thy Pictures grave.*

Mor. (Above) Why do you trouble both your selfe and me,
With such fond circumstance of open wooing?

Am. I'm glad at any rate to hear your voice,
Though sent in chiding. But my dearest *Morphe*,
I have a businesse to you from the Queen,
Besides mine own.

Mor. This you pretend to wrong me.
Though I be loyal, yet my loyalty
Ought not to make me Traytor to my selfe.

Am. If I be false or any way immodest,
Accuse and shun me.

Mor. Shall I then believe you?

Am. Adde to that curse a greater if you can,
And may it fall upon me.

Mor. Well, I come.

(Mor. descends.)

Am. Now having liberty to act my will,
No Law but this vain curse to hold me in,
How shall I bear my selfe?

Mor. What wills the Queen?

Am. She calls you to her company at Court.
She wants your privacy ; you likewise want
Her publick presence. O you wrong your beauty
By shutting such a Jewel from the gaze
Of solemne adoration.

Mor. Pray excuse me ;
If I have beauty, let me keep it well.
The various Fashions, and new Fancies there,
In the opinion of us plainer beauties,
Do but Sophisticate the Elements
Of native Colour, and distort the lines
Of proper figure. What should I do there ?
Say I am sickly, as this news hath made me.
Farewell Sir *Amorous*.

Am. Nay, tis not Modesty
But blunt stupidity to part so soon.
May I not walk and take you by the arme,
And passe a faire discourse ? what hurt in This ?
May I not feed my spirits with the aire
That fans your cheeks ? lighten mine eye from yours ?
Is this immodest ?

Mor. Hark.

Am. 'Tis the clash of weapons.

SCENA XI.

*Enter Livebyhope persued by Audax and Irato
They speed him and pass along.*

Liv. Help *Amorous*, help.—O—it comes too late.

Am. Ignoble Swords, and bloody butcherers!

Who would believe that two such *Hercules*
Should joyn against a single *Hylas* thus.

It was not manly.—*Morphe*—O my life! (*Mor. Sownes.*
This hideous sight hath struck her gentle spirits
With frighted numnesse. Water, spirits, help.—

Enter Mus. and out again.

Out strip the wind, fly for a physitian.—
I'll rub her Temples, rouze her by the name
Which she best knows: *Morphe*.

Liv. O!

Am. Life there appears;

Is there none here? how should I save them both?
Help there, 'tis but a Sowne. I feele some breath.
I'll bear her hence.—O that my armes might clasp
Her living thus, and willing.—

(*Ex. Am.*)

SCENA XII.

Enter Intellectus Agens.

Int. — Hence did thrill
That peircing noise. What's here? see false mine eyes!
Poor *Liveby* slaine? then for thy Soveraignes favour
Thou diedst a Martyr.

Liv. O, *Intellectus* help.

Int. He speaks; ther's hope of life. If Art can save
A thrid so mangled, thus Ile bear thee to't.

Although my breast have us'd to bear it's burden

Within; and not without.— (*Ex. Int. bearing Liv.*)

Am. (*above*)—Looke carefully
Unto your Lady. Let the Physitian

First speak with me.—Now to my second loade.—

(*He descends.*)

What? vanish'd? I have heard of walking ghosts,

Never of walking carcasses. Then surely

The Murderers have drag'd him hence. His blood

Will rise upon their cheekes; and it shall speak

Lowd on my Tongue.—

SCENA XIII.

*Enter by him Fancie in a Turbant, Fuga, after a while
Musitian, Desperato.*

Fan.—Now in my Turkish Turbant
I walk to find Sir *Amorous* in his heaven.
Be not so deeply discontented *Fuga*.

Fug. Unlesse you cleare me openly, I die.

Fan. I finde you *Amorous* somewhat neare your Center.
Your *Morphe* fittest is to be a Queen.
I go to waite on her, and fetch her home
With me.

Am. Sweet Soul (that's all she is by this)
I cannot tell you in what world she is

Nor where I am my selfe.

Fan. And why?

Am. She's dying,
Frighted with such a dismal accident,
That when I tell it, I much fear your highnesse
Will be as weak as she.

Fan. Speak, I am arm'd.
Where's *Livebyhope*?

Am. The same I faine would know :
Last when I saw him, he was laid for dead.

Fan. How dead?

Am. Tis so. Just now : not far from hence,
Two bloody Villaines, *Audax* and *Irato*,
Persued and sped him with two mortal wounds.
I ran to help ; *Morphe* felle in a Sownd ;
I bore her hence ; mean while his Corps was gone.

Fan. I am perplext beyond my power of bearing.
My arme is lopt, my Kingdom is all tumult,
The Passions taking vantage of my Law,
Follow their humours to their mutual ruine ;
And run like Vessels till they quite run out.

(Enter Mus. with Desp. Am. seems to talk with him.)

Am. Mix some ingredient to excite her Love.
Doctor, thou shalt be rich.

Desp. I'le fit you all.

Morphe for physick sends, *Malevolo*
Hath purchas'd me long since to give her poyson ;
Sir Amorous buyes a Love-pill : I my selfe,
Ev'n I, that will be Master in conclusion,
Intend to mix them all : then fight confusion. *(Ex. Desp.)*

SCENA XIII.

*Enter to them Audax and Irato, at length
Malevolo secretly.*

Au. Pleases your highnesse to decide by choice,
Or leave it to our Swords, who shall be General?

Fan. Then I am bound to honour one of them
For their good service. Bloodhounds, have ye murder'd
One worth you both? and dare to ask reward
Of me? of me so wrong'd? So both will joine
In mutual revenge, and fall together,
Fight for't.

Ir. Fond Queen, what if our rage proceed,
To hew Sir *Amorous* for telling this,
You for distasting? all will be but humour.

Au. Then give us not occasion to proceed.

Fan. Proceed, I pray you, do. Lo, here's my breast.
Tent it; to finde the greife which I conceive
For *Livebys* Death, and your more horrid Lives.
What, have ye surfeited with blood? good *Amorous*,
Do't thou, do't streight: what these refuse as Rebels,
Do as a Friend. Kill me, but kill me gently,
With some sad straine under this spreading Oake.

Am. I hope 'twil ease not kill you. Sing of *Venus*.

(Musitian Sings.

*Once Venus cheekes that sham'd the morn
Their hue let fall;
Her lipps, that Winter had out born,
In June look'd pale:*

*Her heat grew cold, her nectar dry,
No juyce she had but in her eye,
The wonted fire and flames to mortifie.
When was this so dismal sight?
When Adonis bad good night.*

(Ex. Mus.

Fan. The same which turn'd her beauty, turns my Fancy,
Alas poor *Liveby*.—What dee mean to thrust?
Fie what a presse is here? stand off; for I
Am but a Cloud: your Elbowes peirce me through;
Your hot and angry breaths will streight dissolve me.

(Enter Malevolo secretly.

And I shall crack into a showre of Teares.

Am. Alas she's crak'd indeed, the Queen's distemper'd.

Fan. Do you not see, and hear a Lamb there bleating?
Pray kill him not, he bears the head of *Liveby*.

Au. In a mad world what use of place? what businesse?

Ir. Now had I any anger left, I'd shred
That Fidler into Atomes.

Au. O, I'm struck

(Plague on Malevolo that sets us on!)

I'm struck at heart with leaden heavinesse.

Ir. I feele my veins now curdled; what successe
But Horror of this Fact?

Mal. I see and hear

(Ex. Ir. & Au.

Enough to grate me. O that plotts well laid
Should thus be dash'd and foyle.—

(Ex. Mal.

SCENA XV.

*Enter Melancholico with a Petition, after him Sir Timerous
in mans habit.*

Mel. — That naughty Boy
Hilario hath match'd me to the Divel.
Hell flames are in her ; she hath stuck a brand
“ Into my bones ; I sue for just divorcement.

Am. Did not you snuffle till you match'd my Daughter ?
Peace, or you'l shame your selfe.

Fan. A pretty Picture,
Here's Day and Night united in one peice ;
Look here a Swan, look there a foule black Raven.

Tim. Justice great Queen against a multitude.

Am. That's hard to be obtain'd.

Tim. Against *Irato*,
Hilario, *Desperato*, *Audax* :

Some beat, some cheate, some rob, some ravish me.

Fan. What saist ? Go on and still that howling kennel.
I know you well, for all you are a Tortesse,
And have liv'd like a frog in diverse Elements.
Of what Gender are you ? Go learn of *Proteus*
How to do tricks. If you be dull and blockish,
You must be beaten. Come to me for Justice ?
Judge one another, or get you all to *Liveby*.

Tim. He's in his grave.

Fan. And therefore get ye to him.

Tim. No doing's here : I'm gone.

Mel. And I : but whither ? (*Ex. Tim. & Mel.*)

Fan. No *Amorous*, *Liveby* sleeps, but *Morphe's* dead.

Am. Heaven help you Lady.

Fan. But I can soon restore her.

- “ Take you the sent of a Travellers toes,
- “ The sneeze of a Sleeper fresh from his nose ;
- “ The fat of a Frier well fed with fasting,
- “ The lean of a Drunkard consum'd with tasting ;
- “ The juyce of a Lemmon thats civil at seasons,
- “ Twelve dancing Capers, ten lunatick Reasons ;
- “ Two dying notes of an ancient Swan,
- “ Three Sighes a thousand years kept if you can :
- “ Some scrapings of *Giges* his Ring may passe,
- “ With the skin of a Shadow caught in a glasse ;
- “ Six penyworth of Thoughts untold,
- “ The jelly of a Star before it be cold ;
- “ One ounce of Courtship from a country-Daughter,
- “ A grain of Wit, and a quart of Laughter.
- “ Boyle these on the Fire of Zeal or of Lust,
- “ With some beech Coales, least the Vessel burst.

If you can get these Ingredients, Ile compound them for you.
Then when she is perfectly recovered, she shall be married
In a rich cloth of Rainbow lac'd with Sun-beames.

Am. I hope *Desperato* hath given her other Physick.

Fan. *Desperato*? is he her Physitian?

Since hope is dead, we all must to despair.

SCENA XVI.

Enter Model bringing a message.

Mod. Pardon the messenger if he relate
What he could wish were false. *Morphe* once was :
But after physick brought by *Desperato*,
Raging and crying *Amorous*, She died.

Fan. Lo now, believe your *Cybill* next.

Am. —If madness (*Ex. Fan. Fug. Mod.*—

Be now so near allied to prophecy,
I shall grow Prophet too. What angry Star
Thus frownes on all the Passions, most on me?
Ere since *Prudentius* dayes, we onely toil'd
In wretched mazes of confusion,
Mischeif, and discontent. I have not pass'd
One hour in those delights whereof I dream't ;
And now the object of my happinesse
Is clean extinct. But how? O there's the torment!
My torment's doubled through my selfe the cause.
Curs'd be my heedlesse Love, which not content
With likely hopes, with honest wayes of wooing,
The wayes to long injoying, headlong ran
To arts forbid. She had such Innocence
Ev'n in her body, Temper so unforc'd,
That violent mixtures tending but to Love
To her were poysons. Yet methinks, sometimes,
There's Death in *Desperato's* looks ; perchance
He's divel in his dumps, as I in lust.
Where shall we finde the bottom of our woe,
Who but on Passion have no ground to go !

(*Ex. Am.*

Finis Actus IIII.

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

The Scene turnes to the house of Despair. A Table there laid.

Enter Desperato.

Desp. Grow blacker yet my thoughts, grow blacker yet :
Your Plummets have not fadom'd the full depth
Of Passions misery. I have invited them ;
But I must chang their Cheere ; and make it stronger
Then food and bare discourse. I onely live
For others death, and then I'le fill the heap
With mine own ruine : rather with mine ease :
For now the Passions flow like shoales of Fish
Into my net ; they sue to me for Counsel ;
Ev'n to me ; whose joy is in their death.
Just so the fearful Deere persu'd with dogs,
Flies to the keepers lodg, a surer Fate.
To poyson is dull art ; my selfe am sorry
For doing ill so poorly ; my design
Is now more glorious ; for I'le make them act
Their death upon themselves, and thank me for't
Amidst their groanings. There have been with me
Fancie herselfe, distracted for her *Liveby* ;
Irato, *Audax* for massacring him ;
Sir *Timerous* and *Fuga* for impatience
Of their abuse. Unlesse Recorder *Memor*
Skil'd in the Law, have wayes to scape my Noose,
I doubt of none. I've bid them to a Feast,
But such a one, as *Tantalus* would shun ;
Where I shall feed on all the guests that come.

SCENA II.

Enter Sir Amorous.

Am. Black *Desperato*, did I lay two thrids
Upon thy spindle? hast thou cut them both,
Morphe's and mine?

Desp. Why Sir, I mix'd your Philtre.

Am. She lives not me to love nor to be lov'd.
Didst thou mix nothing else?

Desp. You know sometimes
That *Death* and *Cupid* do mistake their shaftes:
Had I mix'd Poyson too and serv'd two humours,
Both mine and yours, it might be well digested.—

Am. If I had not a dear request unto thee,
To give me of the same, I would exact
Thy life for hers, however it was spilt.

Desp. If I had not design'd to kill some others
Out of meer kindnesse, thou shoulst try my skill
Of letting blood as well as giving physick.
But since I owe thee kindnesse out of hate,
Come to my Banquet, thou shalt have thy sawce.
There thou shalt meet thy friend *Malevolo*,
Who shar'd in this, and gave as much for Poyson
As you did for your Philtre. I dealt honestly,
And pleasur'd Both. Come, thou shalt have thy sawce.

Am. Divel, I thank thee.—

(*Ex. Am.*)

SCENA III.

Enter Malevolo.

Desp. — Now *Malevolo*.

Mal. To hate was still my hony: But this gall
Of being hated totally of all,
I cannot bear: for now I cannot hurt,
Having no Credit. Give me from thy store
A dram of Poyson. I have been thy friend,
Let it be strong.

Desp. First shake hands you must
With all the Passions, or at least make shew
Of formal reconcilment: stay a while,
My Guests and Cheer are coming.—

SCENA IIIII.

Enter to them Irato, Audax.

Ir. ——— Have we found
This monster here? we'l send thy ugly soul
Unto her fellow Feinds for tempting us.

Mal. I prompted you to kill. Were not you ready
To do as bad as I could say? Meane while
I turn'd you from destroying one another.

Au. Twas for thine owne black Ends.

Mal. And say it was:
Might not I hate, as well as you might kill?
My humour was as lawful.

Au. Hadst thou kept it
Home to thy selfe.

Mal. I labour not excuse,
But accusation of your equal Crimes.

Desp. He sayes the right; and hospitality
Doth now require, ye should deferr your Broyles. (*Ex. Desp.*)

SCENA V.

*Enter to them Fancie in the Tiremans Coronet, hair disheveld,
in black and Silver habit. Fuga, Amorous, Timerous.*

Fan. Sir, here's a Crown, (and tis the worth of mine)
Not to be match'd in all the globe of heaven.

Now shall I feed upon *Ambrosia*
Most divelishly. What gods are these two *Mars-es*?

Am. Hell is broke loose; here are more Feinds then two.

Fug. It shames me to look up; through grieve I cannot.

Tim. Wud I could die a sleep in some darke hole
Unknown unto my selfe and all the world.

Am. *Malevolo* th' art damn'd.

Mal. How know you that?

Am. And thou must sinke to hell now instantly
For killing *Morphe*. Thou shalt drink the same
That very Poyson.

Mal. Wel, so you'l begin.

SCENA VI.

*Enter Hilario before Melancholico and Concupiscence,
brought in a Sedan.*

Hil. Now Sister you are right : now you can snuffle.
“ As well as *Melancholico*. Care of fiction
“ With help of somewhat else hath brought perfection.
“ None come in Pomp but you : weaknesse is stately.
“ Twere brave if these two beasts that draw without
“ And these two rotten carcasses within
“ Made it not look so Cart-like. My clean couple,
If you would be divorc'd, there's none can do't
Like *Desperato* ; he can separate
At a world's distance ; that ye ner'e shall meet
To clamour me or others, or your selves.

“ *Fan.* A pretty kinde of Coach ; one horse before
“ And one behinde !

Am. Horses ? why, these are Men.

Fan. I see it now ; it is the glass-mans pack.
“ Have you good choice of Glasses, made in Figure
“ Of Guns and Trumpets, or of Rats and Owles ?
“ Last time I saw the like, I bid a Gallant
“ Begin a health, and after break his glasse :
“ So did the rest ; but do not do so now,
“ Least for a Glasse some should mistake a Lady.

“ *Hil.* Femals are Venice mettle.

Am. These sad men
Use to be sumptuous in their Feasts.

Hil. And witty.

Tim. I fear 'twill be too great.

Ir. Too tedious.

Au. Wellcome and bold I'll be. —

SCENA VII.

Enter Desperato before his banquet serv'd in cover'd dishes.

Desp. ———Aerious Queen,

Here are no *Phœnix* eggs; had nature any,
You should have some: and eggs sublim'd with Amber
I thought too mean. I have not now selected
Rare filling meats, but rarely physical,
And swiftly curing all the maladies
Which time can throw upon the face of man.
Each dish contains a general remedy,
Beyond th' Elixir, or the golden Liqueur,
Though it were drunk in th' Antimonial Cup.
Open and try.

Am. What's here? Knives, Bodkins, Daggers?

Mal. Ropes, silken, hairy, hempen?

Tim. Little papers,

Of witty, loving, raging, sleeping poysons?

Desp. There's Wine to temper them.

Hil. So, where's the Wine?

I still come somewhat merry to a Feast,
And still go merrier back. This is my messe:
All this to all.

Fan. Is this our entertainment?

Desp. Could Art invent, or Wealth procure you better?
The Greatest, Wisest, Stoutest and the fairest

Have chose these Cates to relish their last palats :
Have you not heard of *Mithridates*, *Cato*,
Of *Hannibal*, and *Cleopatra*? These,
These gods on earth have travl'd to their home
With such provision. Tast. One tast of these
Forever frees from Hunger, Thirst, Want, Griefe :
These are receites for immortality.

Tim. But through a mortal way.

Desp. That sleeping Dos
Will steal thy fearful soul insensibly.

Tim. Then that shall bear me hoodwink'd unto *Lethe* ;
There I'll forget my wrongs.

Hil. Manners however ;
First let the Queen begin. I broke that Rule
My selfe, and therefore mum. — Well danc'd yond
Scaffold. *(He falls into a chaire.*

Desp. These things the most of you desir'd ; All want ;
Y'are wellcome all.

Hil. No, no more I thank you.

Desp. Death to the wretched soul as needful is,
As sleep unto the weary. Why should men
Condemnd to misery thus toile to mend
Their Fates which cannot alter ?

Hil. This *Desperato*,
What a gift he has ! he never was at th' University ;
Never took Orders, and yet lectures as good Divinity
As commonly we finde in most Dutch Systems
Or City-conventicles.

Desp. Pleases your Highnesse
To chuse and give the signal, that we all

May waite upon your dying.

Fan. Reach me then

The witty poyson.

Am. Me the loving mixt ;

That when I die, embracing her *Ideä*,

My Soul may keep' that print, and bear from hence

A heaven within me. He that stript of flesh

And lust still loves, will shew true love indeed.

But you *Malevolo* shall take my part.

Mel. My place in heaven is sure ; what need I hast ?

Yes, 'cause I live in hell.

Desp. Then take these banes

Mentioned before.

Hil. Do ; as good he poyson thee

As thou else drown thy selfe.

Mel. Poyson I have too much

Already, and in vain. Reach me your halter.

Hil. Hoh hoh hoh ; a halter ? a dagger, he's so rotten,

He'l ne're hold hanging. Now for my part, sleep

Kills me sufficiently ; Ile die before hand.

Conc. In lust I liv'd with man ; to kill that sin

Lend me that ponyard, so I'le manly die.

Fug. This Bodkin is my husband ; this alone

Shall know my flesh, and finde I was a Virgin.

Au. Come joyn *Irato*, as we liv'd lets hang,

Two nooses and one rope will serve us both.

Ir. Tis a dogs death, and therefore not unfit.

Hil. Hoh hoh hoh.

Mal. Choice I neglect, whatever can dispatch

Loath'd life is sweet. My hate would faine turn home,

But cannot : Still me thinks I feele content
In seeing such a fruitful race of mischeife,
Because it sprung from me. If *Fancies* madnesse
Had not unhing'd the course of my design,
And brought remedillesse confusion
On all the Passions here at once ; unseen
Beloved and honor'd, I with Art and Pleasure
Had done what *Desperato* does by chance.
He onely held the Net ; I hunted in
The store of game : The praise is mine. And now
I die not with remorse of hate, but want
Of objects to be hated. Thus the worme
Having consum'd the *Orb* wherein it liv'd,
Doth lastly turn its hunger on it selfe.
Should I survive I could not finde more work,
Unlesse I learn'd to pittie what is done.
That's worse then death.

Desp. When I have rid you all,
If I slink off let all the world besides
Fling stones. In such good company to fall,
Must needs be lightsome. And before our death
A Hymne is necessary. Then sing good Fellow.

An Attendant sings in a base.

*Come heavy souls oppressed with the weight
Of Crimes, or Pangs, or want of your delight,*

Come drown in Lethe's sleepy lake

Whatever makes you ake.

*Drink health from poyson'd bowles,
Breathe out your cares together with your souls.*

Cool Death's a salve
Which all may have
There's no distinction in the grave ;
Lay down your loads before death's iron dore,
Sigh, and sigh out, groan once, and groan no more.

SCENA VIII.

Enter towards the end of the song *Intellectus Agens* with a book. *Livebyhope* and *Morphe*.

Au. Ha ! thou com'st to challeng : but thou art spirit,
I cannot wound thee. Stay some few short minutes,
Till I have quite undress'd me of my flesh ;
And stand on equal termes, then I will fight.
Else if thou canst, kill me ; and take my flesh ;
Then I'll kill thee again. Thus o're and o're
We'll kill each other and be ghosts by turnes.

Ir. My anger is not high : I onely gues
He comes to shew the way to following ghosts.

Fan. I gave him once a house, my most remote,
Perchance 'tis in *Elysium*, he invites me.

Am. But *Morphe* stands as if she bid me come
Like a clear spirit fitly to salute her.

Mal. Why should that sight fling Ice into this heart ?

Tim. and *Fug.* O horrid !

Desp. Come what will, I can but die.

Mal. Hath this shrewd Scholer conjur'd up these ghosts ?

Int. I see you are amazd ; the snares of death
Are tangled on your hands : you think these sights
A pair of ghosts ; feel, and when you feel them

True flesh, alive and warme, next you must know
They are a token sent from *Prudentius*.

Am. How? from *Prudentius*? hath he rais'd the dead
And wretched both at once? and sent me *Morphe*?

Fan. And giv'n me hope again? a dainty show,
Who'ere contriv'd it.

Am. Be thou shade or substance,
Since thou appear'st in such a lovely shap,
My soul Ile mingle with thine airy hand,
And strive to suck from thence the hated poyson.
But soft, I may do rashly.

Int. Know once more,
These are not ghosts, nor ever were; but live
Preserv'd with care, and sent with love from him,
Whom ye refus'd, your King *Prudentius*.

Am. By heav'n, true flesh and warme.

Fan. Why speakes not *Hope*
If he have breath?

Ir. Speak: free us from thy blood,
For which we have been angry with our selves.

Au. Speak, if thou canst, thou must.

Liv. I fear'd to startle.

Unsettled heads with unexpected speech.
High Mistresse, your distracted grieffe for me
Had almost kill'd me when I was recover'd.

Fan. I am recover'd by this voice. Then tell me
Thy preservation.

Liv. *Audax* and *Irato*
Know how they left me.

Au. Kill us for amends:

Liv. Alas your death's would profit me no more
Then mine could you : but gracious *Intellectus*
Found and releiv'd me, while Sir *Amorous*
Carri'd in *Morphe*.

Int. Him I took up gasping
Temper'd like Ice before it thaw and crack,
In such a glimmering state of doubtful life
As Candles have before they blaze and vanish.

Mal. These ropes will all be mine.

Int. And her I sav'd
By looking on her mixt and poysnous physick.
The simples I extracted, and gave out
The same effect which likely would have follow'd.

Am. Pardon my fault, I nothing mixt but love,
Those villaines added poison.

Mor. Heav'n forgive
As I forgive you all.

Am. Give me some poyson. (*Int. Liv. and Mor. stay him.*
You stay me too !

Mor. Although I love thee not
Beyond an honest man, I cannot see
Thee die neglected.

Hil. What a coile is here
With ghosts ? I cannot take my rest for ghosts.
People, y'ar wellcome to this world. How fare
My fellow sleepers, ghosts, your Countrymen.

Int. Thank not my care for this, but thank *Prudentius* ;
Ask not what *Genius* sent me to releive
Expiring Hope, it was *Prudentius* :
Ask not what star compell'd my timely visit

Of *Morphe* poyson-trap'd, it was *Prudentius*.
From him proceeds their preservation ;
And yours in them. Snatch'd from the jawes of death
As lights blown in again you live through him.
This is your cast-away, your drosse, *Prudentius*.

Ir. I think we wrong'd him in our heedlesse anger.

Au. And yet his love seems payment for desert.

Fan. How shall I rule this craz'd and tottring State ?

Mal. I smell in what half point the wind is turning.

One breath will carry all the Passions
Back to *Prudentius* sailes. Now for a fetch.
Well, I'll prevent them all. Call back *Prudentius*, (*alowde*.
Let's sue to him for grace.

Au. Call back *Prudentius*. (*alowde*.

Mal. Tis quickly done. If this way lead to peace
I open it ; but still I would stand safer.

Audax, you have a Drum. Now do not you
And Lord *Irato* end your businesse sneaking.

Fan. *Liveby* you kept the Crownes : go with him *Amorous*,
Carry his own : I ne're esteem'd the Golden.
I can be Queen alone, and govern subjects
Of mine own making ; more then Kings can muster
Or Earth bring forth.

Am. I'll take Recorder *Memor*
To lay our sute in form. Then on our knees
We'll beg to serve him so, ev'n so forever.

Hil. Come, to our old new Sun.

Int. He's in his Court ;
And now me thinks his presence guilds the walls.

(*Ex. Int. Liv. Am.*

Mel. Though weak we'l go along.

Conc. Weake legs can kneel.

Desp. This peice of mine own banquet Ile assume
And walk in penance of a solemn halter. (*Ex. Om. praeter Mal.*)

Mal. Ile go some neerer way, and recompence
My forward breach with much more forward duty.
For this Event spun out by *Intellectus*
Makes me think honesty may weigh with cunning.
Some sheep, some Fox will make a perfect man.
Howe're, me thinkes, these Sword-men might compound
Our Peace in Armes, and plead with violence.

SCENA IX.

The Scene returns to Prudentius his Court.

*Enter one way Prudentius, Memor with the Crown, Intellectus,
Livebyhope, Amorous with the Sword. By another way
Malevolo soon after.*

Mem. Without a Seizin no possession.
Your Crown is undefil'd, untouch'd.

Pru. Place thou
The world in my ballance, place in theirs
All Levity, then weigh them both. Next tell me
How ended those commotions which arose
Betwixt the third King *Henry* and his Rebells?

Mem. He sentenc'd his Metropolis to flames
Their goods to his Exchequer, and their lives——

Pru. No more. Should I do so? do not I know
What doomes have pass'd upon untrusty Lawyers?——

Mem. I Sink before your mercy, be't like *Henries*.

Mal. Kneeling is but a Subjects Complement.

I sink.

Am. And I. (*a Drum.*)

Mal. We might have stay'd to hear
What means this Drum.

SCENA X.

Enter Irato, Audax.

Au. — We have descri'd a Fleet;
And therefore call'd to armes.

Ir. Submissively

We prostrate our repentance with a sute,
That I and *Audax* may decide in Duel,
Who shall be sacrific'd for both to justice,
And the Survivor may be General.

Pru. The Fleet which you suspect, is your defence;
Unknown to you I sent it forth to guard
This Island from the dangers you have call'd,
By Tumult, Lust, Debate, and Discontent.
As for your Duel, 'tis a Savadg fury
By us forbid. But you have lately tri'd
A new found Duel, (was it honourable?)
Two upon one: Or was it Captain-like
To kill a friend? In any likely way
Hope would have further'd *Audax*: but when boldnesse
Growes impudent it turns a foe to Hope.

SCENA XI.

*Enter Fancie, Fuga, Hilario, Timerous, Melancholico and
Concupiscence. Soon after Desperato.*

Fan. King of Affections.—

Pru. Queen of Inventions.—

Fan. Unless you think your selfe beholding to me
You are not fit to be my King. The Passions
I have so suffer'd in absurdity,
That now they beg your reign which they shook off.

Hil. I see there is some mirth in misery.

Fan. I kneel unto your grace to use me so,
As one that hath been Queen, and yet no Queen,
Rather a shew then Sovereign. I walk'd
But in mock majesty. Say it were true,
I sought it not, and what is worth a taking
If not a Kingdom?

Hil. Down my frolic joynts,
Kneeling is now in fashion. Down, down *Fuga*;
Concupiscence and *Melancholico*
Favour your selves with kneeling.

Mel. I kneel not
To thee, but to thy power; I kneel to thee
But not adore thee.

Conc. Pardon.

Enter Desperato.

Desp.—Thus attir'd
I wear my sentence. Sir, I can but offer
That power of doome which I my selfe might take.

Pru. If you ask pardon, ask it of your Prince;

For I nor am, nor will be.

Au. Royal Sir,
Why have you giv'n us lives, if not to take
Or to preserve them?

Am. *Hope*, speak for us *Hope*.

Liv. Be pleas'd thou god on earth.

Int. I likewise joyn
In this request.

Pru. Ile send them *Epimetheus*,
My Brother *Afterwit*; and he shall rule them.
Those fooles whom Prudence cannot prerestrain,
The lash of *Afterwit* brings home again.

Au. We'l die upon this place.

Mal. And each man turn
To his own grave.

Pru. Do, and do not burden
Me with new cares for new Rebellion.

Au. We grone unto you?

Pru. Why? for here are many
That would be Kings. *Amorous*, this gay thing,
(*He offers about his crown.*)

Which overlookes a Kingdom, may command
All choice of pleasure: take it for that use.
No? then *Malevolo* to devour your flock,
T'ingrosse the Elements, and let none breath
That may resist, and onely spare a few
That may for fear do service, is't not glorious?
Work with this Engine. No? are you grown modest?
Then *Desperato*, what a life it is
To have the power of hanging, or of causing

Some to prevent the gallows in their prison.

What, hang your head so dully at a Crown.

Hil. This is to offer Sallets unto dogs.

Pru. *Irato*, anger is a Kings perfection

As roaring is the Lions. When his eye

Darts lighting, when he snaps his dagger hard

Cries hah and starts, doth he not then seem godlike,

And well deserve the name of Thunderer?

Be thou that *Jove*. Not you? Then Captain *Audax*.

You took great pains to win, now weare this Crown.

Au. Any but yours I would.

Pru. Could ye get Crownes

Abroad as soon as pull off one at home,

Ye should be Kings or Deputies all over.

Now there can be but one: would that be *Memor*?

Mem. In all records I finde no Lawyer Crown'd.

Hil. A Lawyer needs it not: to pen the Law,

And then interpret is as much as making.

Pru. *Fancie* you must be troubled once again

With this bright loade.

Fan. I loath'd it at the first.

Grant me the Sovereignty of changing fashions,

Promotion of new Projects, leave to weare

Such Coronets as these, I ask no more.

Pru. When I am King, be this thy Royalty.

Poor Diadem, since here thou canst not get

A Master, lye thou there for the next commer,

Or sink into thy Oare.—None stoop to take thee?

What all refuse, I, once refus'd of all,

Am fit to wear.

All. Long live *Prudentius*. (Int. & Liv. Crown him.)

Pru. Then once more chain'd in Gold, Ile bear your burden.
Henceforth to awe your folly, be assur'd,
None of your crooked actions words or lookes
Hath scap'd my notice. They came fresh unto me
With tongues of spirits: But Ile leave the chiding
To your own Conscience. Now, thus reconcil'd,
I'll pardon your deserts, cannot reward them.
If you expect in sign of peace some matches
You are deceiv'd. *Amorous* shall not wed
Morphe, without a faire probation.
And *Timorous* I forbid; such must not marry
As have no mettle, least they spoile their race.
But *Melancolico* and *Concupiscence*
Shall keep their state; i'th'suburbs, or new-England.
Now rise. For shew of future correspondence,
Rank your selves friendly with your opposites.—

Am. I live not by my line of life, but yours.

Mal. Love is a willing Passion, full of sweetnesse,
But not so serviceable as loyal hate;
This loves with zeal and with comparison,
Works against all for one; to serve your State
Let others love, whilst I for you shall hate;
My selfe, if that you please; and others so,
That hate with vertue hand in hand shall go.

Pru. Tis well, tis very well. Live as you look,
Irato beare the Sword: I'll view them all.
Thus betwixt love of good, and hate of ill,
With flight of this, and chaste desire of that,
With sadnesse to be wise, joy for good ends,
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Boldnesse for just attempts, Feare of unfit ;
 Hope for true peace, despair of nothing lesse
 Then meer Impossibilities, we'l walk
 To Immortality upon those lines
 Which a wise Princes breast nought else defines.

(*Exeunt Omnes.*)

A SCHEME OF POSTURE.

	<i>Prudentius</i>	
<i>Fancie</i>		<i>Intellectus</i>
		<i>Memor</i>
<i>Amorous</i>		<i>Malevolo</i>
<i>Concupiscence</i>		<i>Fuga</i>
<i>Hilario</i>		<i>Melancolico</i>
<i>Audax</i>		<i>Timerous</i>
<i>Livebyhope</i>	<i>Irato</i>	<i>Desperato</i>

After the musick ended, the Island appearing Setled.

ENTER THE EPILOGE. TO HIS MAJESTY.

*BY this short Model of self-policy,
 We find what use of Outward Sovereignty.
 The Isle is settled, rage of Passions laid,
 And Phancy stoopes to Prudence. Things so staid,
 Our Scene which was but Fiction now is true ;
 No King so much Prudentius as you :
 Whose Rule is Reason, Throne the heart ; And now
 No souls so Passionate as we ; that bow*

*Both with the weight of Duty and of Debt.
Henceforth our hearts all motion shall forget
But yours. Your Rule alone is fit to sway;
Yet we no lesse your benefits obey.
Twixt both, our loyalty will nameless prove;
That makes it Vertue, these will have it Love.*

TO THE UNIVERSITY.

*THE Isle is settled, Rage of Passions laid
Phancy to Prudence bowes. Let all be staid
In your Acceptance too, and then each breast
Will cease its Floating, and as firmly rest
As doth our Scene. One Passion still would prove
An Actor when the Scene is shut, Our Love.*

FINIS.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

ETCETERA



I
ADDITIONAL NOTES TO
THE POEMS

[For many of the following notes I have to thank my friends,
Mr. Percy Simpson and Mr. Thorn Drury.]

- Page 2. *In Commendation of Music.* This song was printed in "Parnassus Biceps," but the text, as there given, is very defective. It is found also in "Academy of Compliments," 1670, and perhaps in the earlier editions of that book.
- Page 3. *Song.* This song appears in "Wits Interpreter," 1655: Pembroke and Rudyard's *Poems: Lawes' "Ayres and Dialogues"*: and "Westminster Drollery."
- Page 6. *A Song on a Sigh.* This was printed in "Wit Restor'd." The text there given is in most cases inferior to that of my manuscripts: but there are two variations that should be recorded. In stanza 3, lines 5, 6, the printed version reads:
- The angry sway of whose behest
Makes hearth and bellows of one breast.

In stanza 6, lines 5, 6, the reading is :

Though not one soule our bodies joyne
Our bodies shall our soules combine.

Page 13. *Song*. This was printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, July 1823. I do not think it had ever been printed before that time.

Page 22. Lines 6, 7. It is, of course, the giant Briareus who is here alluded to.

Page 25. *On Fayrford Windowes*. This poem has sometimes been attributed to Bishop Corbet; but the evidence in favour of Strode's authorship is, I think, conclusive. Corbet wrote a poem on the same subject; but it is much inferior to Strode's.

I believe it is now generally admitted that the artist who designed the windows was named Aps or Apes: at all events it is not now considered possible that Durer could have designed them.

Page 27. Line 15. 'At Momus wish.' The reference is to Lucian's *Hermotimus*, ch. 20, where Momus, the personification of fault-finding, has to decide a contest in skill between Athena, who has made a horse, Poseidon, who has made a bull, and Hephaestus, who has made a man. He criticised Hephaestus severely "because he had not made windows in the man's breast, that by opening these anybody could see clearly his wishes or thoughts, and his truth or untruth."

Page 28. *On a Gentlewoman's Blistred Lipp*. Line 8. Seize = size. Line 11. 'Doth any judge that face more

fayre' is the reading of two MSS. in my possession: 'less fayre' is the reading of the "Parnassus Biceps" version. There are many other variations in the latter version: but they are all, I think, inferior to the readings I have given.

- Page 29. *To a Gentlewoman for a Friend.* Line 1. Perhaps we should read 'Sunne-bright eye' instead of 'Sunnes bright eye.'
- Page 33. *On a Dissembler.* This poem is printed in "Wit Restor'd." The text, as there given, is very defective; but it may be noted that in the seventeenth line we have 'breathe' instead of 'see'; and in line 29 the reading is 'guilty' not 'gilded.'
- Page 38. *A Watch Sent Home.* This poem is printed in "The Academy of Compliments," 1670, and also in "Wits Recreations."
- Page 39. *On a Gentlewoman, &c.* Line 7. 'To keepe lesse noise at Nile.' An allusion to the cataract near Syene, referred to in Macrobius, *Somnium Scipionis*, 2, 4, section 14.
- Page 42. *To a Valentine.* This was printed in "The Academy of Compliments."
- Page 43. *Posies.* A few of these "Posies" were printed in "Wits Interpreter," 1655. Some are found in Pembroke and Rudyard's Poems.
- Page 46. *On the Picture of Two Dolphins.* This poem is printed in Pembroke and Rudyard's Poems, 1660.
- Page 47. *Sonnett.* This poem is printed in "The Academy of Compliments," and also in "Wits Recreations."

Page 48. *A Lover to his Mistresse.* This poem was printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, July 1823.

Page 49. *On a Gentlewoman.* This poem appears in "Parnassus Biceps" and "Wits Interpreter."

Page 50. *Of Death and Resurrection.* In the Rev. John Hannah's edition of Bishop King's "Poems and Psalmns," 1843, all the known pieces written upon this model are quoted. There are nine poems in all: though Dr. Hannah seems to think that Strode's consists of two separate poems. His text agrees with mine, except that in the third line of the second stanza his version runs thus:

Or like a shade on Athaz watch.

Page 51. *On the Bible.* This poem is printed in "Parnassus Biceps."

Page 53. Lines 1, 2.

By mee the Welchman well may bring
Himselfe to Heaven in a string.

This is a very curious passage, and it is difficult to see its precise meaning. But probably it means only that even a dishonest person (and Welchmen had then, no doubt undeservedly, an evil reputation) might, by diligent study of the Scriptures, be induced to abandon his vicious practices.

Page 55. *On the Life of Man.* Mr. A. H. Bullen informs me that this poem is found in Gibbons' "First Set of Madrigals," 1612, and therefore it cannot have been written by Strode.

Page 58. *On the Death of Mistresse Mary Prideaux.* The

subject of this elegy was, no doubt, the daughter of Dr. John Prideaux, afterwards Bishop of Worcester. He was a person of considerable eminence in his day. He was born in 1578 : was rector of Exeter College, 1612-42 : vice-chancellor of Oxford University at various periods : and became Bishop of Worcester in 1641 : died 1650. He suffered many bereavements in his private life. In "Musarum Deliciæ," page 107 (Hotten's reprint), there is "An Epitaph upon Doctor Prideaux's Son." It is as follows :

Here lyes his Parents hopes and fears,
Once all their joyes, now all their tears,
He's now past sence, past fear of paine,
'Twere sin to wish him here againe.
Had it liv'd to have been a Man,
This Inch had grown but to a Span ;
And now he takes up the lesse room,
Rock'd from his Cradle to his Tomb.
'Tis better dye a child, at four,
Than live and dye so at fourscore.
View but the way by which we come,
Thou'lt say, he's best, that's first at home.

Considering the strong resemblances which this elegy bears to the elegies on Mary Prideaux, it is hardly possible to doubt that it also is by Strode.

In William Browne's works (Muses Library edition, vol. 2, p. 287) there is an elegy on another child of Dr. Prideaux.

ON MRS. ANNE PRIDEAUX, DAUGHTER OF MR.
DOCTOR PRIDEAUX, REGIUS PROFESSOR.

She died at the age of six years.

Nature in this small volume was about
To perfect what in woman was left out ;
Yet fearful lest a piece so well begun
Might want preservatives, when she had done,
Ere she could finish what she undertook,
Threw dust upon it, and shut up the book.

Browne has also an elegy "On a Twin at two years old dead of a consumption," and this, I suspect, was written upon another of Dr. Prideaux's children, since the author alludes in it to

Two fair sisters, sweet and young,
Minded as a prophet's tongue
Thou hadst kill'd—

whom I take to have been Mary and Anne Prideaux.

Although Browne nowhere refers to Strode, nor Strode to Browne (so far as I can discover) they must have been well acquainted. Browne was by about ten years the senior of Strode, but they were both Devonshire men, and both were educated at Oxford. Both, as we have seen, were friends of Dr. Prideaux. Browne also, like Strode, wrote an elegy upon Richard Fishborne.

The following "Epitaph" came to hand too late to be inserted in its proper place in the text, and is therefore printed here :

EPITAPH

Keepe well this sacred Pawne, thou bed of stone,
 For thou must render it a saint ; each bone
 Shall bee requir'd, the very shrowd shall rise
 Turn'd to a robe of light. Spend not your eyes,
 Ye that lov'd her and vertue ; though the mold
 Contain them both, though charity grow cold
 Since shee is soe, yet know that after sleepe
 She'el rise more fresh ; and memory will keepe
 Due watch about her to preserve her name.
 Untill her nature wake death cannot tame
 The life of hope ; bee sure that where she lyes
 The grave is but an usher to the skyes.

This was found by Mr. Simpson in Add. MS. book 30982, fol. 124 (British Museum), where it occurs among a group of Strode's poems. It is unsigned, but I think there can be no doubt that it is Strode's. It is in fact a re-setting of the third section of the elegy on Mary Prideaux, in a shorter form and in a different measure.

- Page 66. *On the Death of a Twin.* Transcribed from one of my MS. books.
- Page 69. Line 13. 'Can never hate' This is the reading of the MS., but 'hate' does not seem to be the right word here. Possibly, it should be 'have'.
- Page 71. *On the Death of Sir Thomas Lea.* Printed from a manuscript in my possession.
- Page 73. *An Epitaph on Sr. John Walter.* From a manuscript in the library of C.C.C., Oxford. See the

“ Dictionary of National Biography ” for an account of this gentleman.

Page 75. *On Sir Rowland Cotton.* Sir Rowland’s encounter with the Dane is alluded to several times in the volume of “ Parentalia ” from which Strode’s poem is taken. He beat the Dane in feats of activity, including dancing and wrestling. He was a follower of Prince Henry, who selected him as the English champion for this match. After Henry’s death he retired from court.

Page 80. *On the Death of Ladie Cæsar.* This lady was probably the wife of Sir Julius Cæsar (1562-1636), for an account of whom see “ Dictionary of National Biography.”

Pages 88-94. The various poems on these pages are all taken from MSS. in my possession.

Page 89. Line 6. ‘ And proper weight.’ In this line I have substituted ‘ weight ’ for ‘ thanks ’ which is the reading of the MS. Evidently the writer, as often happens, having written ‘ thanks ’ in the line above inadvertently repeated it here in the place of the right word.

Page 97. Line 21. ‘ Thou that hast felt these panges,’ etc. This is a reference to the doctrine of Epicurus that the *summum bonum* consists simply in the absence of pain (*non dolere*).

Page 100-103. The poems on these pages are all from MSS. in my possession. ‘ A Letter ’ and ‘ Thanks for a Welcome ’ are printed in “ Parnassus Biceps.”

Page 102. *Thanks for a Welcome.* Lines 7, 8. Strophe is here echoing Horace, Odes iii., xxi., 11-12.

Narratur et prisca Catonis
Saepe mero caluisse virtus.

Page 104. *The Capps.* This song appears in "Sportive Wit," 1656; and in "Antidote against Melancholy," 1661. There are many variations between these texts and that I have printed. A few of those in "Antidote against Melancholy" may be noted here. In stanza 6, lines 5, 6, the reading is:

And if you'll line him in the fist
The cause hee'l warrant as he list.

In stanza 8, lines 3, 4, the reading is:

When Caps drop off at healths apace,
The Cap doth then your head uncase.

Stanza 10 in this version reads:

The furr'd and quilted Cap of age
Can make a mouldy proverb sage,
The Satin and the Velvet hive
Into a Bishoprick may thrive,
The Triple Cap may raise some hope,
If fortune serve, to be a Pope.

The additional stanza which I have quoted from Collier and Fairholt differs considerably from the "Antidote against Melancholy" version:

The Jester he a Cap doth wear
Which makes him fellow for a Peer,

And 'tis no slender piece of Wit
To act the Fool where great Men sit,
But O, the Cap of London Town!
I wis 'tis like a goodly Crown.

Of all the different versions not one is entirely satisfactory; but it would be easy to form a very good text by a process of selection from them.

Page 108. *On a good legg and foot.* From a manuscript in my possession. It is printed in "Wit Restor'd." The latter has many variations from my own version: but it only seems necessary to take notice of lines 5-9, which run thus in the printed text:

Should be her leg and foot: why gaze we so
On th' upper parts, as proud to look below,
(In choosing wives) when 'tis too often known
The colours of their face are not their own.
As for their legs, whether they mince or
stride—

This poem was evidently imitated from, or inspired by, Donne's *Elegy* xix.

Page 113. Line 24. 'Mulsacke I dare encounter.' There is a very rare portrait-engraving of Mulsacke, in which he bears the implements of his trade and the 'horne and feather' of the text. There was besides a highwayman, named Cottington, who was also nicknamed 'Mulled Sack' and who is sometimes confounded with the chimney-sweep. In "The Water-Cormorant" (pub. 1622) by Taylor, the

Water-poet, the author, after remarking that if our grandfathers and grandams should rise from the dead and behold the madness of the times, they would think that England had become

—a mere babble *Babell* of confusion ;
That *Muld-sack* for his most unfashion'd
fashions,
Is the fit patterne of their transformations :
And *Mary Frith* doth teach them modesty
For she doth keepe one fashion constantly,
And therefore she deserves a nations praise,
In these inconstant Mome-like changing days.

- Page 114. *A Devonshire Song*. Printed in "Notes and Queries," Second Series, vol. x. p. 462, with some variations, of which one—'rumbling' instead of 'tumbling'—in stanza 1, line. 6, is clearly the right reading.
- Page 119. *Love compar'd to a Game at Tables*. This poem appears in "Wits Interpreter."
- Page 130. The two songs on this page seem to belong to an earlier time than Strode's: but possibly the author may have been consciously imitating the simplicity of style of the older writers. The second song is printed in "The Academy of Compliments."
- Page 134. [*Death Song*]. This song is without a title in the MS. from which it is copied. I cannot help thinking that I have seen it in print somewhere, and most probably in some play; but I cannot at present trace it. It looks much like the work of John Webster.

II

NOTES ON "THE FLOATING ISLAND"

Page 139. *To the Reader.* It may very well be thought that the chief motive for the publication of the play was the fact that the course of events in England had been so prophetically fore-shadowed in it. Some few passages in the play, it will be noticed, are marked by inverted commas, as though to draw special attention to them. It may even be suspected that one or two of these passages were after-insertions for which Strode was not responsible.

It is evident from the passage referring to the 'great ones of the weaker sect' that some ladies (and possibly the Queen herself) were offended by the freedom with which Strode (chiefly in the character of Concupiscence) had treated some of the failings of the sex. 'Sect,' curiously enough, is frequently used by the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as a synonym for 'sex.'

Page 140. *Dedication.* In the "Dictionary of National Biography" there is an account of Sir John Hele (1565-1608), who was made queen's serjeant in 1602, and knighted 1603. He founded the boys' hospital at Plymouth. It was, I suppose, the son of this gentleman, who was Strode's friend and patron.

Lines 5, 6. 'Twixt Actors and Spectatours did appear small difference.'—This appears to mean that the play aroused so much excitement and so much party feeling among the spectators that they became actors no less than the representatives of the characters of the drama.

Page 141. *Authori Illustri.* These Latin verses, the reader will have observed, are signed 'J. D.' I cannot help thinking that this signature stands for John Donne the son of the famous poet. He edited the first edition of Corbet's poems, as Mr. Thorn Drury has lately shown in "Notes and Queries," and he also edited the poems attributed to the Earl of Pembroke and Sir Benjamin Ruddier or Rudyard. He was, it is true, a most incompetent and careless editor, yet we owe to him the preservation of many things which might else have been lost to us. My belief (right or wrong) is that he edited this play, and that he wrote the address 'To the Reader.'

Page 148. Line 9. 'So he hath been. For my part if I
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broach'—It is evident from this speech of Malevolo that the character was intended to be a satirical portrayal of William Prynne, the author of "Histriomastix" (printed 1632), for the publication of which he suffered the loss of his ears.

Page 153. Line 20. *St. Raviliack*, and *St. Garnett*. Not all readers, perhaps, may be aware that Ravailac was the assassin of Henry IV., King of France; and that Father Garnett was (or at least was accused of being) one of the gunpowder plot conspirators.

Page 154. Scena IIII. Perhaps this scene may have been suggested by the words of the King in Hamlet, Act iv. scene v.

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.

Page 160. Line 6. 'What shall be done with Common sense the Judge?' Does this refer to some particular judge of the time? or is 'Common sense' equivalent to 'popular opinion'? Most likely the latter, I think.

Page 160. Line 23. 'O now for wings like thought'—Perhaps a reminiscence of the words of Hamlet, Act i. scene v.—

Haste me to know't, that I with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love—

- Page 165. Line 9. 'Chioppiens for short.' Chioppien = cork shoe. Thus in *Hamlet*, Act ii. sc. ii.—
 By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven
 than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a
 chopine!
- Page 166. Line 23. 'In fashion for my Sex, my Sex, to wooe.' This is the reading of the printed text, but I believe it should be as follows—
 In fashion for my Sex thy Sex to wooe.
- Page 167. Scene III. line 3. In this line I have substituted 'sleeking' for the 'seeking' of the original, which cannot, I think, be correct. Jonson, in *Catiline*, Act ii. i. has 'Shee do's sleeke with crums of bread, and milke.'
- Page 167. Scene III. line 9. 'Fly, fly, ye Baggases.' 'Baggasse, a Baggage, Queane'—*Cotgrave*.
- Page 171. 'Au. reaches the Golden, Mal. the Scepter.' Sic in original, but evidently we should read *Golden crown*.
- Page 180. Line 11. 'Such as were made for certain Lord Protectors.' It is hard not to suspect that this line is a later addition to the play. Though Strode may have had insight enough to see that if King Charles were deposed he would be succeeded by a successful soldier, it is difficult to believe that he would thus hit upon the exact title which he would assume. It is possible, however, that the author may have had the Lord Protector Somerset in his mind.

- Page 180. Line 19, etc. Why these lines, and a number of others throughout the play, should have inverted commas placed before them, it is not easy to imagine. In some cases they may have been intended to mark passages to be omitted in the performance. In this case I am of opinion that the editor of the play intended by their use to draw special attention to the present scene; considering that Strode had here made a remarkable forecast of the course of events in the struggle between King and Commons.
- Page 182. Scena III. Perhaps the speeches of Hilario in this scene should be printed as prose, not verse; but possibly their irregularity was intended by the author as being appropriate to the speaker's character.
- Page 183. Line 24. 'Quartilla.' A reference to the *Satyricon* of Petronius, section 25.
- Page 184. Line 12. 'So *Iphis*,' etc. The tale of *Iphis* and *Ianthe* is in *Ovid Met.* ix. 667 foll.; and of *Tiresias*' change of sex, *ib.* iii. 316 foll.
- Page 185. Line 4. 'Then first ourselves,' etc. See the Introduction for some comments on this very remarkable passage.
- Page 185. Line 25. 'Why have I not my Beds,' etc. A reminiscence of the words of *Sir Epicure Mammon* in *Jonson's Alchemist*, Act ii. sc. ii.—

I will have all my beds blowne up; not
stuffed:

Downe is too hard.

Page 186. Sc. III. line 6.

Tis an honest project
Thought on by *Memor*.

That *Memor*, like *Malevolo*, was intended to represent (of course satirically) some well-known person of the time is, I think, certain. And I also think it probable that all the conspirators were intended to be recognisable delineations of various opponents of King Charles's policy. It is plain at any rate that *Melancholico* was intended to caricature some well-known puritan leader of the period. Perhaps Sir Edward Coke was aimed at in the character of *Memor*.

Page 189. Scena V. It is difficult to avoid the suspicion that this scene was suggested by the duel scene in *Twelfth Night*. Sir Timerous Fear-all bears not a little resemblance to Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Page 192. Scena VI. It seems rather hard to believe that Strode, a grave divine, could have written some of the very free passages in this scene; or that they could have been spoken in the performance before the Court. Perhaps the passages with inverted commas before them are interpolations.

Page 196. Line 18. 'This trick *Malevolo*.' This passage is an additional proof that Prynne was aimed at in the character of *Malevolo*.

Page 200. '“You call'd Peculiars rags of Popery.” This line as it stands seems to be meaningless, having no

- relation to what goes before or follows it. 'Peculiar' is defined in the *N.E.D.* as 'A parish or church exempt from the jurisdiction of the ordinary or bishop in whose diocese it lies.'
- Page 200. Line 17. '*But to a woman,*' etc. Why this passage should be printed in italics does not appear: it may have been merely a whim of the printer's.
- Page 208. Line 5. 'Stop *Araxes* floods.' A reference to Virgil *Aeneid*, viii. 728, 'pontem indignatus Araxes,' upon which Servius has a story of the Emperor Augustus bridging the river when an earlier bridge built by Alexander had been swept away. The river is the modern Aras flowing into the Caspian.
- Page 212. Line 2. '*They speed him.*' 'Speed' here signifies 'kill.' Its use in this sense is not uncommon in the old dramatists.
- Page 214. Line 16. 'Meanwhile his Corps was gone.' In all the original copies the reading is 'his corps were gone'; but as I cannot think that this is the correct reading, I have substituted 'was' for 'were'.
- Page 219. Line 19. 'The wayes to long injoying.' The original reads 'injoyning', but as this is an obvious error I have altered it.
- Page 221. Line 8. '*Death and Cupid.*' See the *Elegiés* of Secundus, ii. vi.
- Page 223. Sc. V, line 4. 'What gods are these two Marses?' This is the reading of the original text; but perhaps it should be 'What gods are these? two Marses?'

Page 224. Line 2. 'Care of fiction.' 'Care' in the original is in italics; but as there seems to be no reason why it should be so I have altered it.

Page 225. Scena VII. This scene appears to have been suggested by the scene of the mock banquet in *Timon of Athens*.

Page 227. Line 4. 'Me the loving mixt.' Perhaps 'mixt' should be 'mixture'; but as the former is possibly right I have allowed it to stand.

Page 227. Line 23. 'This bodkin is my husband.' Three out of four copies of the play which have been collated read 'husbands' instead of 'husband'; but the fourth has the obviously right reading 'husband.' Let me state here that if my readings do not always agree with those of any particular copy it is not to be at once assumed that they are therefore wrong. This play, like so many others, was corrected whilst it was passing through the press, and copies therefore differ from each other in a good many points, though mostly small and unimportant ones.

Let me say here that though I have, I think, noted all really important instances in which I have departed from the original text, I have not thought it necessary to trouble the reader with every slight emendation which I have made, or with all the cases in which I have substituted a comma for a full stop, or a full stop for a comma. I have made no alteration without having what seemed

to me a very good reason for it ; nor have I made any changes in what seemed to be doubtful cases. After all something must be left to an editor's discretion ; at all events I decline to make myself a slave to the letter, if I must do so at the expense of the spirit.

Perhaps it will not be out of place to remark here that "The Floating Island" is now for the first time so put before the reader that it is possible to form a fair judgment of it. Few of our old plays are even tolerably well printed ; but Strode's drama, printed as it is in cramped and crowded double columns on bad paper and with worse type, is one of the worst 'got-up' of all of them. It would be difficult to see the merits of Shakespeare himself through such a medium ; and perhaps the entire neglect which Strode's play has met with up to the present time is in no small degree owing to the wretched typography of the original edition.

Page 228. Line 3 of the Song. 'Come drown, etc.' All the copies of the original edition which have been collated read 'down' instead of 'drown,' but the latter is obviously the right word.

Page 232. Line 10. 'I smell in what half point the wind is turning.' This is another instance of Strode's power of forecasting events. Though Prynne (*i.e.*, Malevolo) had been so strong an opponent of the policy of Charles I., he became in the latter years of the Commonwealth one of the strongest advocates for

the restoration of the monarchy in the person of Charles II.

Page 237. Line 18. 'And then interpret is as much as making.' I have substituted 'is' for 'it' in this line, considering that the latter is certainly wrong.

Page 238. Line 15. 'i'th' suburbs, or new-England.' We know from *Measure for Measure* what an evil reputation the suburbs of London then had, but it seems curious that New England should be coupled with them. I have in one of my MS. books "A Song on New England," written in the Devonshire dialect, and dating about 1630-40, which relates the experiences of an emigrant who went out to New England, but found things so little to his liking there that he speedily returned.

III

STRADA'S NIGHTINGALE: THE ORIGINAL POEM

From 'Prolusiones Academicæ, Oratoriæ, Historicæ, Poeticæ. . . .
Famiani Stradae.' Cologne 1617. Lib. II. Prolusio vi. Academia ii.
[The Essay quotes some experiments in poetic style; the following pp. 353-
355 is in the style of Claudian.]

Claudiani
stylus.

Iam Sol a medio pronus deflexerat orbe
Mitius e radijs vibrans crinalibus ignem,

Fidicen.

Cum Fidicen propter Tiberina fluenta, sonanti
Lenibat plectro curas, æstumque leuabat
Ilice defensus nigra scenaque virenti.

Philomela.

Audijt hunc hospes siluæ Philomela pro-
pinquæ,

Musa loci, nemoris Siren, innoxia Siren.

Et prope succedens stetit abdita frondibus, alte
Accipiens sonitum, secumque remurmurat, et quos
Ille modos variat digitis, hæc gutture reddit.

Fidium ex-
ploratio.

Sensit se Fidicen Philomela imitante referri,
Et placuit ludum volucris dare, plenius ergo
Explorat citharam, tentamentumque futuræ
Præbeat vt pugnæ, percurrit protinus omnes

Impulsu pernace fides. Nec segnius illa
Mille per excurrens variæ discrimina vocis
Venturi specimen præfert argutula cantus.

Par Philomelæ responsio.

Tunc Fidicen per fila mouens trepidantia
dextram,

Nunc contemnenti similis diuerberat vngue
Depectitque pari chordas et simplice ductu :
Nunc carptim replicat, digitisque micantibus vrget
Fila minutatim, celerique repercutit ictu.

Ad Hispanæ citharæ modum.
Minuritió.

Mox silet. Illa modis totidem respondet, et
artem

Arte refert. Nunc ceu rudis, aut incerta canendi
Proicit in longum, nulloque plicatile flexu
Carmen init, simili serie, iugique tenore
Præbet iter liquidum labenti e pectore voci :
Nunc cæsim variat, modulisque canora minutis
Delibrat vocem, tremuloque reciprocatur ore.

Par Philomelæ responsio.

Miratur Fidicen paruis e faucibus ire
Tam varium tam dulce melos : maioraque tentans
Alternat mira arte fides : dum torquet acutas,
Inciditque graues, operoso verbere pulsatur,
Permiscetque simul certantia rauca sonoris,
Ceu resides in bella viros clangore lacessat.
Hoc etiam Philomela canit dumque ore liquenti
Vibrat acuta sonum, modulisque interplicat æquis ;
Ex inopinato grauis intonat, et leue murmur
Turbinat introrsus, alternantique sonore
Clarat, et infuscat ceu martia classica pulset.

Fidium varia alternaque percussio.

Scilicet erubuit Fidicen, iraque calente,
Aut non hoc, inquit, referes Citharistria siluæ,

Fidium
omnium
multiplex ac
plena com-
plexio.

Philomelæ
responsuræ
conatus.

Sed impar.

Eius obitus.

Vis æmula-
tionis.

Aut fracta cedam cithara. Nec plura loquutus
Non imitabilibus plectrum concentibus vrget.
Namque manu per fila volat, simul hos, simul illos
Explorat numeros, chordaque laborat in omni,
Et strepit, et tinnit, crescitque superbius, et se
Multiplicat relegens, plenoque choreumate plaudit.
Tum stetit expectans, si quid paret æmula contra.
Illa autem, quamquam vox dudum exercita fauces
Asperat, impatiens vinci simul aduocat omnes
Nequidquam vires. nam dum discrimina tanta
Reddere tot fidium natiua et simplice tentat
Voce, canaliculisque imitari grandia paruis;
Impar magnanimis ausis, imparque dolori
Deficit, et vitam summo in certamine linquens
Victoris cadit in plectrum, par nacta sepulcrum.
Vsque adeo et tenues animas ferit æmula Virtus.

[The Essay is a description of a poetic contest in which distinguished writers of the day championed their favourite poet by composing a piece modelled on his style. Pope Leo invited them to his Villa Manliana, on the banks of the Tiber ('near what was once Cæsar's gardens'), and an artificial Mount Parnassus was constructed as a stage for the champions. On the highest peak Jovianus Pontanus as Statius; on the second slightly lower, Balthasar Castilio, the well-known author of "The Courtier," as Claudian; Peter Bembo as Lucretius at the foot, and so on. The

'Contention' is quoted as Castilio's contribution. Camillo presided over the contest as Arch-poet; the Pope looked on. No definite verdict was given.]

IV

STRODE'S LATIN VERSES

I HAVE not thought it expedient to print Strode's Latin verses in this volume, since very few readers could be expected to feel any interest in them. However it seems worth while to give a list of the books and manuscripts wherein they are to be found. The following table includes all that I have been able to trace.

BOOKS.

- Annæ Funebria Sacra, 1619
 Ultima Linea Savillii, *Oxon.*, 1622
 Carolus Redux, *Oxon.*, 1622
 Funerall Elegies upon . . . Sir John Stanhope, *London*,
 1624
 Camdeni Insignia, 1624
 Parentalia Jacobo, 1625
 Epithalamia Oxoniensia, 1625
 Britanniae Natalis, 1630
 Carmen Honorarium, *Oxon.*, 1631
 Kinaston's (F.) Amores Troili et Cressidae, *Oxon.*, 1635
 Parentalia Spectatissimo Rolando Cottono, 1635

Musarum Oxoniensum Charisteria, 1638
Horti Carolini Rosa Altera, *Oxon.*, 1640
Eucharistica Oxoniensia, 1641
Musarum Ἐπιβατήρια, 1643

MANUSCRIPTS.

Translation of English verses by Bishop Corbet "On the Birth of Prince Henry."

Translation of English verses by Dr. Leonard Hutton on the same subject.

Translation of Bishop Corbet's verses "To his sonne Vincent on his Birthday."

Translation of Corbet's "Certayne true words spoken concerning one Benet Corbett after her death."

In obitum Gul. Herbert, comitis Pembroke.

In dominam Aliciam Corbet epitaphia.

In electionem Gulielmi episcopi Londinensis in cancellarium Acad. Oxon.

In sepulturam domini doct. Hutton, præbendarii ex Æde Christi.

In eundem cæcum.

Epitaphium in mem. Ricardi Swayne.

Religious verse.

In Coll. Lincolnensis sacellum.

In patroni reditum tria.

In obitum M. Carew de Antony, 1621.

In obitum Ricardi Rice, sup. Bedel. Jur., obsonatoris et lictoris.

In obitum R. Sackvill, comitis Dorset, duo.

In magistrum Somester, aulæ Lafeport. præsulen.

In obitum Baronis.

In obitum Gul. Godwin, aed. Christi decani : Jun. 11. 1620

In doctoris [Ric]. Kilbœi [rect. Lincoln Coll] obitum.

In obitum Henrici Savilii, cl[ari] Mathematici.

In obitum doctoris Rawley, medici peritissimi.

In nobilissimum baronem Chichester de Belfast : circa
1625.

[The above pieces are in MS. vol. 325, in Corpus Christi College Library, Oxford. Other Latin verses by Strode are in the same MS., but they are all printed, and have been noted already as contained in the above-mentioned volumes.]

Translation of Ben Jonson's "Ode to Himself."

[I have a copy of this in one of my own MS. volumes. The same volume contains also the translation of Corbet's "Verses to his sonne Vincent."]

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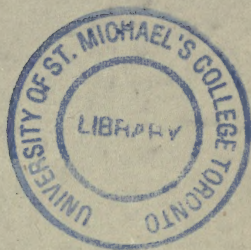
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