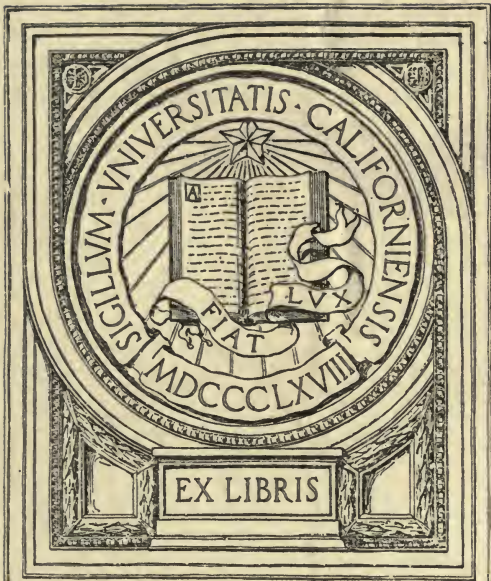


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Phineas Fletcher

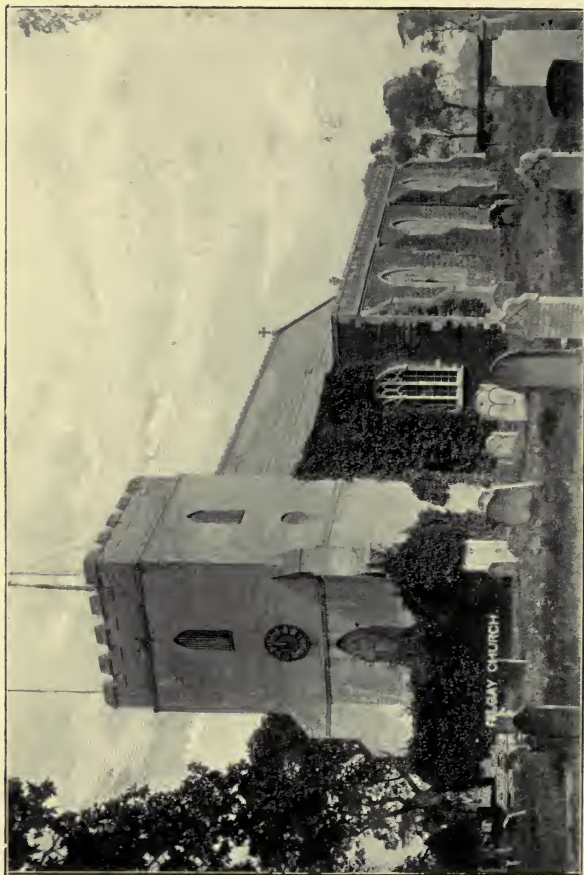


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ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, HILGAY.

The Spenser of his Age
being
Selected Poetry
from the Works of
Phineas Fletcher

With an Introduction, etc.



J. R. Tutin
Cottingham near Hull

1905

Limited to 500 Copies

TO THE
ADMINISTRATOR

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Phineas Fletcher

Introduction

“ . . . THOU art Poet born : who know thee, know it :
Thy brother, sire, thy very name's a Poet :
Thy very name will make these Poems take,
These very Poems else thy name will make.”

THUS neatly did one of the friends of Phineas Fletcher turn his compliment when writing commendatory verses for prefixing to *The Purple Island*. The father, himself a poet of some contemporary distinction, had two sons, each of whom won a place not only in the estimation of the generation to which he belonged but also something of a permanent position in his country's literature. With Giles Fletcher, his *Christ's Victorie* and other poetical writings, I am not here concerned, but it may not be inappropriate to preface a volume of selections from the writings of Phineas Fletcher with a brief record of the poet's life, a summary account of his work and a few words of justification for reprinting only a selection.

The seventeenth century was particularly rich in poets who found their opportunities enhanced by the fact that their occupation was that of country clergymen. Away from the agitating centre of things they passed more retired lives than is possible in any part of the country to-day when time has been shortened and distance well-nigh cancelled by improved means of communication. Herrick in Devonshire (though chafing at his exile), Herbert in Wiltshire, Traherne in Herefordshire, Giles Fletcher in Suffolk and Phineas Fletcher in Norfolk, each found in the quiet life of his pastorate at once opportunity and inspiration for the

Phineas Fletcher

writing of verse, or, as in the case of the elder Fletcher perhaps we should rather say, for the maturing of verse written earlier. Herrick, it is true, reviled—or pretended to revile—the country in which for many years it was his lot to dwell, but it afforded him the better opportunity for exercising his consummate lyrical gift. Mostly, too, these poets turned to those sacred subjects on which it was their wont to preach; for each of those mentioned is now remembered by his “holy numbers,” to use the phrase of that one of them who most frequently turned to lighter themes. At the present time I think that it may be said that the works of Phineas and Giles Fletcher are chiefly known by means of a few excerpts in various anthologies; each of them is remembered by one principal poem and that is perhaps familiar by title to ten persons for every one to whom it is familiar by perusal. Neither the ✓ ✓ *Christ's Victorie* of the one, nor the *Purple Island* of the other can be said to have a living popularity at a time when, as most lovers of poetry will readily confess, long poems are more often talked about than read.

Phineas Fletcher, the elder son of Giles Fletcher, LL.D., “civilian, ambassador, and poet,” was born at Cranbrook in Kent, of which town his paternal grandfather—grandfather, too, of John Fletcher who lives immortal twinned with Francis Beaumont, and of Bishop Fletcher—was the first Reformation pastor. Our poet's father, the elder Giles Fletcher, was despatched to Russia as Ambassador on behalf of Queen Elizabeth in 1588, when his sons were six and four years old respectively. He appears to have returned in the following year, and he subsequently wrote “Of the Russe Commonwealth. Or Maner of Government by the Russe Emperour (commonly called the Emperour of Moscovia) with the manners and fashions of the People of that Country.” Dr Giles Fletcher died in 1610; and his second son of the same name, and better remembered, died in 1623 at the age of thirty-nine.

Phineas was born at the beginning of April 1582—he was baptised on April 8th. His early education it has been assumed with every show of probability,

Phineas Fletcher

he received at Dence's School in his native town. Thence—as his father had done—he went to Eton, and from there at the age of eighteen to King's College, Cambridge. As student and Fellow he remained at the University from 1600 until 1616, with of course vacations spent at home at Cranbrook and later in Hampshire; for after the death of Dr Fletcher in 1610 his widow lived at Ringwood; but it was his native county that always attracted the poet, as he wrote in an address to a young friend at Cambridge

“ Me Kent holds fast with thousand sweet embraces ”;

and again and again we feel that the pastoral life of Cranbrook inspired much of the seemingly conventional pastoral in his poetry. After leaving the University Phineas Fletcher became, and continued for five years, chaplain to Sir Henry Willoughby at Risley in Derbyshire; and from 1621 until his death towards the close of 1650 he was rector of Hilgay in Norfolk, for there is documentary evidence as to the induction of his successor in 1650. Despite the troubled times in which his old age was passed he appears to have led a quiet life conducive to contemplation, except for some vague trouble which attended his departure from Cambridge in 1616.

That Fletcher's poetical genius was recognised by his contemporaries is sufficiently shown by the number of striking tributes from various writers prefixed to the original issues of his poems. Much of his work appears—from the records, not from its quality—to have been written while he was very young, though his first volume was not published until middle life, and when his best remembered book was given to the world he was over fifty years of age. It is by *The Purple Island; or, the Isle of Man* that this member of a highly distinguished family is best known and from that work—which with much of beauty and much of true poetical power has also much that has come to be merely curious—some striking Impersonations will be found in the present volume along with some notable passages which can be taken from their

Phineas Fletcher

context without any appearance of violence. To the literary student there may seem something of an impertinence in offering selections from a writer's work instead of giving that work in its entirety, and to some such I can only hope that the selection here given may prove but an introduction sending them to the complete text. For the general reader, the reader who recognising the impossibility of reading everything included in the body of our good literature, and yet willing to know something of the work of all of the important contributors to that body, I think that the paradox may be held to be sound that the part is greater than the whole. Most of those who have read *The Purple Island*—as most of those who have read the *Poly-olbion*—in its entirety would I think readily acknowledge the soundness. *The Purple Island; or, The Isle of Man* is remarkable as having perhaps one of the most striking *lucus a non lucendo* titles in our literature. Holiday makers bound for a certain islet in the Irish sea who took it with them with the object of studying the history of that resort would find themselves strangely mistaken. The *Isle of Man* of which Fletcher writes is the human being, to which he gives the conceit-name of the *Purple Island*. Man in his physical formation, man in his moral attributes, in his relation to his Maker, these are the themes with which he deals.

For literary students there is pleasant matter for investigation in tracing the extent of Milton's indebtedness to this remarkable medley of poetry and physiology, of moral attributes and physical form. Fletcher's indebtedness to Spenser is of course obvious to the most casual comparer of the work of the two poets—one poem, *Brittain's Ida*, finds its place in different collections of both of their *Works*—but that the former may be considered in the nature of a link between the *Faerie Queene* and *Paradise Lost* may at first appear surprising to some people. *The Purple Island* is Phineas Fletcher's most sustained piece of work, but there is much that is memorable in the miscellaneous poems, and in the poetical play *Sicelides*

Phineas Fletcher

which he wrote in 1614 against a visit of King James to Cambridge ; there is true pathos and beauty, too, in the elegiac *Elisa*. In versification Phineas Fletcher is easy and melodious as becomes one who was hailed as "the Spenser of this age ;" in his description of country life he is often particularly felicitous for a writer of his time ; in his imagery he frequently distinguishes himself by his boldness and originality ; in his use of "conceits" he is no less happy than other poets of his century who made of conceit-poetry something of a new power ; and of his epigrammatic condensation many instances might be cited, while to his happy use of adjectives we owed "idle tears" long before Tennyson made the phrase familiar. All of these qualities sympathetic readers will find duly ensampled in this selection from his works. ✓

For those who would read Phineas Fletcher as a whole there are four volumes of his works in Dr Grosart's *Fuller Worthies Library* (1869), which can occasionally be purchased from dealers in second hand books, and can be consulted at some large libraries. To the late Dr Grosart no writer on either of the Fletcher brothers can fail to be indebted for the patient labours by which he brought to light many fresh biographical data.

There have not been wanting critics who see in the Fletchers, Giles as well as Phineas, but weak echoes of Spenser, poets who occasionally stumbled upon beauties which Milton appropriated only to make them more beautiful. Dr George Macdonald took something of this view in his *England's Antiphon* and was severely handled therefore by Dr Grosart. The matter is not one for detailed discussion in an introduction such as this, but when adverse criticism has said its worst, there remains the work over which it has passed its measuring tapes and about which it has expended its words, and that work may confidently be put forth anew to speak for itself. The gallery of "Impersonations" would not suffer from comparison with a similar gallery which might be selected from the *Faerie Queene*, it shows throughout boldness of

Phineas Fletcher

imagination, felicity of language, and command of rhythm, and in the shorter poems we have the tenderness and insight of the true poet. Poets who are better remembered by slighter work, such as Lovelace, might have penned such pieces as that on love from the *Sicelides* (see p. 22). From the very slightly piscatorial *Piscatory Eclogues* we might illustrate Fletcher's descriptive power by such a neat piece of etching in words as

“The silver streams grow black, home let us coast.”

In the same poem, too, we have early use of a conceit made familiar as household words by a later writer,

“Beauty when most uncloth'd is clothèd best.”

It is not necessary to “sample” the contents of the following pages; they are here for all who are interested, or who are ready to be interested, in our older and too much neglected poets. A certain proportion of the many thousands of readers of Mrs Craik's *John Halifax, Gentleman*, should be ready to accord a welcome to a selection from the writings of Phineas Fletcher.

WALTER JERROLD.

I. Poetry of Love

Piscatory Eclogue:

Nicæa

Damon, Algon, Nicæa

THE well known fisher-boy, that late his name,
And place, and (ah for pity !) mirth had changed ;
Which from the Muses' spring and churlish Chame
Was fled, (his glory late, but now his shame :
For he with spite the gentle boy estranged)
Now 'long the Trent with his new-fellows ranged :
 There Damon (friendly Damon) met the boy,
 Where lordly Trent kisses the Darwin coy,
Bathing his liquid streams in lovers' melting joy.

II

Damon

Algon, what luckless star thy mirth hath blasted ?
My joy, in thee, and thou in sorrow drown'd.
The year with Winter-storms all rent and wasted
Hath now fresh youth and gentler Seasons tasted :
The warmer sun his bride hath newly gown'd,
With fiery arms clipping the wanton ground,
 And gets an heaven on earth : that primrose there,
 Which 'mongst those violets sheds his golden hair,
Seems the sun's little son, fix'd in his azure sphere.

III

See'st how the dancing lambs on flow'ry banks
Forget their food, to mind their sweeter play ?

Phineas Fletcher

See'st how they skip, and in their wanton pranks
Bound o'er the hillocks, set in sportful ranks?
They skip, they vault ; full little caren they
To make their milky mothers' bleating stay.

See'st how the salmons (water's colder nation)
Lately arrived from their sea-navigation,
How joy leaps in their heart, shown by their leaping
fashion ?

IV

What witch enchants thy mind with sullen madness?
When all things smile, thou only sitt'st complaining.

Algon

Damon, I, only I, have cause of sadness :
The more my woe, to weep in common gladness :
When all eyes shine, mine only must be raining ;
No Winter now, but in my breast, remaining :
Yet feels this breast a Summer's burning fever :
And yet (alas !) my Winter thaweth never :
And yet (alas) this fire eats and consumes me ever.

V

Damon

Within our Darwin in her rocky cell
A nymph there lives, which thousand boys hath harm'd ;
All as she gliding rides the boats of shell,
Darting her eye (where Spite and Beauty dwell :
Ah me that Spite with Beauty should be arm'd !)
Her witching eye the boy and boat hath charm'd.
No sooner drinks he down that poisonous eye,
But mourns and pines : (ah piteous cruelty !)
With her he longs to live ; for her he longs to die.

VI

Algon

Damon, what Tryphon taught thine eye the art
By these few signs to search so soon, so well,
A wound deep hid, deep in my fester'd heart,

Phineas Fletcher

Pierced by her eye, Love's and Death's pleasing dart?
Ah, she it is, an earthly Heaven and Hell,
Who thus hath charm'd my heart with sugar'd spell.
Ease thou my wound : but (ah!) what hand can ease
Or give a medicine that such wound may please?
When she my sole physician is my soul's disease?

VII

Damon

Poor boy! the wounds which Spite and Love impart,
There is no ward to fence, no herb to ease.
Heaven's circling folds lie open to his dart :
Hell's Lethe's self cools not his burning smart :
The fishes cold, flame with this strong disease,
And want their water in the midst of seas :
All are his slaves, Hell, Earth, and Heaven above :
Strive not i' th' net, in vain thy force to prove :
Give, woo, sigh, weep, and pray ; Love's only cured by
love.

VIII

Algon

If for thy love no other cure there be,
Love, thou art cureless : gifts, prayers, vows and art :
She scorns both you and me : nay Love, e'en thee :
Thou sigh'st her prisoner, while she laughs as free.
Whatever charms might move a gentle heart,
I oft have tried and showed the yearful smart,
Which eats my breast : she laughs at all my pain :
Art, prayers, vows, gifts, love, grief, she does disdain :
Grief, love, gifts, vows, prayers, art ; ye all are spent
in vain.

IX

Damon

Algon, oft hast thou fish'd, but sped not straight ;
With hook and net thou beat'st the water round :
Oft-times the place thou changest, oft the bait ;
And catching nothing still, and still dost wait :

Phineas Fletcher

Learn by thy trade to cure thee : Time hath found
In desperate cures a salve for every wound.
The fish long playing with the baited hook,
At last is caught : thus many a nymph is took :
Mocking the strokes of Love is with her striking strook.

X

Algon

The marble's self is pierc'd with drops of rain :
Fires soften steel and hardest metals try ;
But she more hard than both ; such her disdain,
That seas of tears, Ætnas of love are vain.
In her strange heart (weep I, burn, pine, or die)
Still reigns a cold, coy, careless apathy.
The rock that bears her name, breeds that hard stone
With goat's blood only soften'd, she with none ;
More precious she, and (ah !) more hard than diamond.

XI

That rock I think her mother : thence she took
Her name and nature. Damon, Damon, see,
See where she comes, arm'd with a line and hook :
Tell me, perhaps thou think'st, in that sweet look,
The white is Beauty's native tapestry ;
'Tis crystal (friend) iced in the frozen Sea.
The red is rubies ; these two join'd in one
Make up that beauteous frame : the difference none
But this ; she is a precious, living, speaking stone.

XII

Damon

No gem so costly, but with cost is bought :
The hardest stone is cut, and framed by art :
A diamond hid in rocks is found, if sought :
Be she a diamond, a diamond's wrought.
Thy fear congeals, thy fainting steels, her heart.
I'll be thy captain, boy, and take thy part :

Phineas Fletcher

Alcides' self would never combat two.

Take courage, Algon ; I will teach thee woo.

Cold beggars freeze our gifts : thy faint suit breeds
her no.

XIII

Speak to her, boy. *Algon.* Love is more deaf than
blind.

Damon. She must be woo'd. *Algon.* Love's tongue
is in the eyes.

Damon. Speech is Love's dart. *Algon.* Silence best
speaks the mind.

Damon. Her eye invites. *Algon.* Thence love and
death I find.

Damon. Her smiles speak peace. *Algon.* Storms
breed in smiling skies.

Damon. Who silent loves ? *Algon.* Whom speech
all hope denies.

Damon. Why should'st thou fear ? *Algon.* To Love-
Fear's near akin.

Damon. Well, if my cunning fail not, by a gin
(Spite of her scorn, thy fear) I'll make thee woo and
win.

XIV

What, ho ! thou fairest maid, turn back thine oar,
And gently deign to help a fisher's smart.

Nicæa

Are thy lines broke ? or are thy trammels tore ?

If thou desirest my help, unhide the sore.

Ah, gentlest Nymph, oft have I heard, thy art

Damon

Can sovereign herbs to every grief impart :

So may'st thou live the fisher's song and joy,

As thou wilt deign to cure this sickly boy.

Unworthy they of art who of their art are coy.

XV

His inward grief in outward change appears ;

His cheeks with sudden fires bright-flaming glow ;

Which quench'd, end all in ashes : storms of tears

Phineas Fletcher

Becloud his eyes, which soon forced smiling clears :
Thick tides of passions ever ebb and flow :
And as his flesh still wastes, his griefs still grow.

Nicæa

Damon, the wounds deep rankling in the mind
What herb could ever cure ? what art could find ?
Blind are mine eyes to see wounds in the soul, most
blind.

XVI

Algon

Hard maid 'tis worse to mock, than make a wound :
Why should'st thou then (fair cruel) scorn to see
What thou by seeing mad'st ? my sorrow's ground
Was in thy eye, may by thy eye be found.
How can thy eye most sharp in wounding be,
In seeing dull ? these two are one in thee ;
To see and wound by sight : thy eye the dart.
Fair-cruel maid, thou well hast learn'd the art,
With the same eye to see, to wound, to cure my heart.

XVII

Nicæa. What cures thy wounded heart ? *Algon*. Thy
heart so wounded.

Nicæa. Is't love to wound thy love ? *Algon*. Love's
wounds are pleasing.

Nicæa. Why plain'st thou then ? *Algon*. Because
thou art unwounded.

Thy wound my cure : on this my plaint is grounded.

Nicæa

Cures are diseases, when the wounds are easing :
Why would'st thou have me please thee by dis-
pleasing ?

Algon

Scorn'd love is death ; Love's mutual wounds de-
lighting
Happy thy love, my love to thine uniting.
Love paying debts grows rich ; requited in requiting

Phineas Fletcher

XVIII

Damon

What lives alone, Nicæa? stars most chaste
Have their conjunctions, spheres their mixed embraces,
And mutual folds. Nothing can single last :
But die in living, in increasing waste.

Nicæa. Their joining perfects them, but us defaces.

Algon. That's perfect which obtains his end : your
graces

Receive their end in love. She that's alone

Dies as she lives : no number is in one :

Thus while she's but herself she's not herself, she's
none.

XIX

Nicæa

Why blam'st thou then my stony hard confection,
Which nothing loves? thou single nothing art.

Algon

Love perfects what it loves ; thus thy affection
Married to mine, makes mine and thy perfection.

Nicæa

Well then, to pass our Tryphon in his art,
And in a moment cure a wounded heart ;

If fairest Darwin, whom I serve, approve

Thy suit, and thou wilt not thy heart remove ;

I'll join my heart to thine, and answer thee in love.

XX

The sun is set ; adieu. *Algon.* 'Tis set to me ;
Thy parting is my even, thy presence light.

Nicæa

Farewell. *Algon.* Thou giv'st thy wish ; it is in thee ;
Unless thou wilt, hapless I cannot be.

21

Phineas Fletcher

Damon

Come Algon, cheerly home ; the thievish night
Steals on the world, and robs our eyes of sight.
The silver streams grow black : home let us coast :
There of Love's conquest may we safely boast :
Soonest in love he wins, that oft in love hath lost.

Love

I

LOVE is the sire, dam, nurse, and seed
Of all that earth, air, waters breed :
All these, earth, water, air, fire,
Though contraries, in love conspire.
Fond painters : Love is not a lad
With bow, and shafts, and feathers clad,
As he is fancied in the brain
Of some loose loving idle swain.
Much sooner is he felt than seen ;
His substance subtile, slight, and thin.
Oft leaps he from the glancing eyes ;
Oft in some smooth mount he lies ;
Soonest he wins, the fastest flies ;
Oft lurks he 'twixt the ruddy lips,
Thence, while the heart his nectar sips,
Down to the soul the poison slips ;
Oft in a voice creeps down the ear ;
Oft hides his darts in golden hair ;
Oft blushing cheeks do light his fires ;
Oft in a smooth soft skin retires ;
Often in smiles, often in tears,
His flaming heat in water bears ;
When nothing else kindles desire,
Even Virtue's self shall blow the fire.
Love with a thousand darts abounds,
Surest and deepest virtue wounds ;
Oft himself becomes a dart,
And love with love doth love impart.

Phineas Fletcher

Thou painful pleasure, pleasing pain,
Thou gainful loss, thou losing gain,
Thou bitter sweet, easing disease,
How dost thou by displeasing please ?
How dost thou thus bewitch the heart,
To live in hate, to joy in smart !
To think itself most bound when free,
And freest in its slavery ?
Every creature is thy debtor ;
None but loves, some worse, some better :
Only in love they happy prove
Who love what most deserves their love.

Love

II

GREAT power of Love ! with what commanding fire
Dost thou inflame the world's wide regiment,
And kindly heat in every heart inspire !
Nothing is free from thy sweet government :
Fish burn in seas ; beasts, birds thy weapons prove ;
By thee dead elements and heavens move,
Which void of sense itself, yet are not void of love.

Love

III

LOVE'S sooner felt than seen : his substance thin
Betwixt those snowy mounts in ambush lies ;
Oft in the eyes he spreads his subtle gin,
He therefore soonest wins that fastest flies.
Fly thence, my dear ; fly fast, my Thomalin :
Who him encounters once, for ever dies.
But if he lurk between the ruddy lips,
Unhappy soul, that thence his nectar sips,
While down into his heart the sugar'd poison slips !

Phineas Fletcher

Oft in a voice he creeps down through the ear,
Oft from a blushing cheek he lights his fire ;
Oft shrouds his golden flame in likest hair,
Oft in a soft-smooth skin doth close retire :
Oft in a smile, oft in a silent tear,
And if all fail, yet Virtue's self he'll hire :
 Himself's a dart, when nothing else can move.
 Who then the captive soul can well reprove,
When Love, and Virtue's self become the darts of Love ?

Love

IV

LOVE is life's end, (an end, but never ending)
All joys, all sweets, all happiness, awarding ;
Love is life's wealth, (ne'er spent, but ever spending)
More rich by giving, taking by discarding ;
Love's life's reward, rewarded in rewarding :
 Then, from thy wretched heart fond care remove :
 Ah ! shouldst thou live but once love's sweets to prove
Thou wilt not love to live, unless thou live to love.

Love and Beauty

Armillus.—Oft have I marvell'd how the erring eye
Which of his proper object cannot lie,
In other subject, fails so in his duty
When he's to judge of's chiefest object, beauty.
None takes the night for day, the day for night.
The lilies seem alike to every sight :
Yet when we partial judge of beauty's graces,
Which are but colours placed in women's faces,
The eye seems never sure ; the self same show
And face, this thinks a swan, and that a crow.
But sure our minds with strong affections tainted,
Look through our eyes as through a glass that's painted.
So when we view our loves, we never see
What th' are, but what we fain would have them be.

Phineas Fletcher

The Highest Love

THEN let thy love mount from these baser things,
And to the Highest Love and worth aspire :
Love's born of fire, fitted with mounting wings ;
That at his highest he might wind him higher ;
Base love, that to base earth so basely clings !
Look as the beams of that celestial fire
Put out these earthly flames with purer ray :
So shall that love this baser heat allay,
And quench these coals of earth with his more
heavenly day.

Raise then thy prostrate love with tow'ring thought ;
And clog it not in chains and prison here :
The God of fishers, dear thy love hath bought :
Most dear He loves : for shame, love thou as dear.
Next, love thou there, where best thy love is sought ;
Myself, or else some other fitting peer.
Ah might thy love with me for ever dwell !
Why shouldst thou hate thy Heaven, and love thy
Hell ?
She shall not more deserve, nor cannot love so well.

Daphne

WHAT tongue, what thought can paint my love's
perfection ?
So sweet hath nature pourtray'd every [grace]
That art will prove that artist's imperfection,
Who, when no eye dare view, dares limn her face.
Phœbus, in vain I call thy help to blaze
More light than thine, a light that never fell :
Thou tell'st what's done in Heaven, in Earth, and
Hell :
Her worth thou may'st admire ; there are no words to
tell.

Phineas Fletcher

She is like thee, or thou art like her, rather :
Such as her hair, thy beams ; thy single light,
As her twin-suns : that creature then, I gather,
Twice heavenly is, where two suns shine so bright :
So thou, as she confound'st the gazing sight :
 Thy absence is my night, her absence hell.
 Since then in all thyself she doth excel,
What is beyond thyself, how canst thou hope to
 tell?

First her I saw, when tired with hunting toil,
In shady grove spent with the weary chase,
Her naked breast lay open to the spoil ;
The crystal humour trickling down apace,
Like ropes of pearl, her neck and breast enlace :
 The air (my rival air) did coolly glide
 Through every part : such when my love I spied,
So soon I saw my Love, so soon I loved and died.

Her face two colours paint ; the first a flame,
(Yet she all cold) a flame in rosy dye,
Which sweetly blushes like the Morning's shame :
The second snow, such as on Alps doth lie,
And safely there the sun doth bold defy :
 Yet this cold snow can kindle hot desire.
 Thou miracle ; mar'l not, if I admire
How flame should coldly freeze, and snow should burn
 as fire.

Her slender waist, her hand, that dainty breast,
Her cheek, her forehead, eye, and flaming hair,
And those hid beauties, which must sure be best ;
Of vain to speak, when words will more impair :
In all the fairs she is the fairest fair.
 Cease then vain words ; well may you show
 affection,
 But not her worth : the mind her sweet perfection
Admires : how should it then give the lame tongue
 direction ?

Phineas Fletcher

Orpheus and Eurydice

THUS Orpheus wan his lost Eurydice ;
Whom some deaf snake, that could no music hear,
Or some blind newt, that could no beauty see,
Thinking to kiss, killed with his forkèd spear :
 He, when his plaints on earth were vainly spent,
 Down to Avernus river boldly went,
And charm'd the meagre ghosts with mournful
 blandishment.

There what his mother, fair Calliope,
From Phœbus' harp and Muses' spring had brought
 him ;
With sharpest grief for his Eurydice,
And love, redoubling grief, had newly taught him,
 He lavish'd out, and with his potent spell
 Bent all the rigorous powers of stubborn Hell :
He first brought Pity down with rigid ghosts to dwell.

Th' amazèd shades came flocking round about.
Nor cared they now to pass the Stygian ford,
All Hell came running there—an hideous rout—
And dropt a silent tear for every word :
 The aged ferryman shoved out his boat,
 But that without his help did thither float ;
And having ta'en him in, came dancing on the moat.

The hungry Tantal might have filled him now,
And with large draughts swill'd in the standing pool:
The fruit hung listening on the wond'ring bough,
Forgetting Hell's command ; but he—ah fool !—
 Forgot his starvèd taste, his ears to fill.
 Ixion's turning-wheel unmov'd stood still ;
But he was rapt as much with powerful music's skill.

Tired Sisyphus sat on his resting stone,
And hoped at length his labour done for ever :

Phineas Fletcher

The vulture, feeding on his pleasing moan,
Glutted with music, scorn'd grown Tityus' liver ;
The Furies flung their snaky whips away,
And molt in tears at his enchanting lay,
No screeches now were heard ; all Hell kept holiday.

That treble Dog, whose voice ne'er quiet, fears
All that in endless Night's sad kingdom dwell,
Stood pricking up his thrice two list'ning ears,
With greedy joy drinking the sacred spell ;
And softly whining, pitied much his wrongs :
And now first silent at those dainty songs
Oft wish'd himself more ears, and fewer mouths and
tongues.

At length return'd with his Eurydice,
But with this law, not to return his eyes,
Till he was past the laws of Tartarie ;
—Alas ! who gives Love laws in miseries ?
Love is love's law ; love but to love is tied—
Now when the dawns of neighbour Day he spied,
Ah wretch ! Eurydice he saw, and lost, and died.

Atyches' Soliloquy

So : I am alone, there's none but I,
My grief, my love, my wonted company,
And which best fits a grieved lover's sprite,
The silent stars and solitary night.
Tell me, heaven's sentinels, that compass round
This ball of earth, on earth was never found
A love like mine, so long, so truly served,
Whose wage is hate ; have all my pains deserved
Contempt ? mine and her ; for she dear affected :
The more I loved, the more I was neglected.
Since thou canst love where thou hast hatred proved,
Olinda, how canst thou hate where thou art loved ?
Thy body is mine by conquest, but I find,
Thy body is not always with thy mind.

Phineas Fletcher

Give both or none, or if but one o' th' two
Give me thy mind, and let thy body go.
If this without thy mind I only have,
What giv'st thou more to me than to thy grave?
Prove me my dear, what canst thou hate in me?
Unless my love, my love still bent on thee?
My name's Thalander, perhaps it doth displease thee ;
I will refuse my name if that may ease thee.
Thalander to exile we'll still confine,
And I'll be Atyches, so I be thine.

Fond Love

WHO sows the seas, or plows the easy shore ?
Yet I, fond I, more fond, and senseless more ;
Who strives in nets to prison in the wind ?
Yet I in love a woman thought to bind :
Fond, too fond thoughts, that thought in love to tie
One more inconstant than inconstancy.
Look, as it is with some true April day,
The sun his glorious beams doth fair display,
And straight a cloud breaks into fluent showers,
Then shines, and rains, and clears, and straight it
lours :
And twenty changings in one hour do prove ;
So, and more changing is a woman's love.
Fond then my thoughts, that thought a thing so vain,
Fond love, to love what could not love again.
Fond hopes, that anchor on so false a ground,
Fond thoughts, that fired with love, in hope thus
drown'd :
Fond thoughts, fond hope, fond heart, but fondest I
To grasp the wind and love inconstancy.

Phineas Fletcher

To my only chosen Valentine
and Wife

Ana- { Maystress Elisabeth Vincent }-gram
Is my brests chaste Valentine.

THINK not—fair love—that Chance my hand directed
To make my choice my chance ; blind Chance and
hands

Could never see what most my mind affected ;
But Heaven—that ever with chaste, true love
stands—

Lent eyes to see what most my heart respected :
Then do not thou resist what heaven commands ;
But yield thee his, who must be ever thine :
My heart thy altar is, my breast thy shrine ;
Thy name for ever is, *My breast's chaste Valentine.*

An Hymen at the Marriage
of my most dear cousins Mr
W. and M. R.

CHAMUS, that with thy yellow-sanded stream
Slid'st softly down where thousand Muses dwell,
Gracing their bowers, but thou more graced by them ;
Hark Chamus, from thy low-built greeny cell ;
Hark, how our Kentish woods with Hymen ring,
While all the nymphs, and all the shepherds sing,
Hymen, oh Hymen ! here thy saffron garment bring.

With him a shoal of goodly shepherd swains ;
Yet he more goodly than the goodliest swain :
With her a troop of fairest wood-nymph trains ;
Yet she more fair than fairest of the train :
And all in course their voice attempering,
While the woods back their bounding echo fling,
Hymen, come holy Hymen ! Hymen ! loud they sing.



Photo by]

[E. Clennett, Cambridge.

THE CAM, CAMBRIDGE.

Phineas Fletcher

His high-built forehead almost maiden fair,
Hath made an hundred nymphs her chance envying ;
Her more than silver skin and golden hair,
Cause of a thousand shepherds forcèd dying.
Where better could her love than here have nested ?
Or he his thoughts more daintily have feasted ?
Hymen ! come Hymen ! here thy saffron-coat is rested.

His looks resembling humble Majesty,
Rightly his fairest mother's grace befitteth :
In her face, blushing, fearful Modesty,
The Queen of Chastity and Beauty, sitteth :
There Cheerfulness all sadness far exileth :
Here Love with bow unbent all gently smileth.
Hymen come ! Hymen come ! no spot thy garment
'fileth.

Love's bow in his bent eye-brows bended lies,
And in his eyes a thousand darts of loving :
Her shining stars, which—fools—we oft call eyes,
As quick as heav'n itself in speedy moving ;
And this in both, the only difference being,
Other stars blind, these stars endu'd with seeing.
Hymen ! come Hymen ! all is for thy rites agreeing.

His breast a shelf of purest alabaster,
Where Love's self sailing, often shipwreck'd sitteth :
Hers a twin-rock, unknown but to th' shipmaster ;
Which though him safe receives, all other splitteth :
Both, Love's highway, yet by Love's self unbeaten,
Most like the milky path which crosses heaven.
Hymen ! come Hymen ! all their marriage-joys are even.

And yet all these but as gilt covers be ;
Within, a book more fair we written find :
For Nature, framing th' All's epitome,
Set in the face the index of the mind.
Their bodies are but temples, built for state,
To shrine the graces in their silver plate.
Come Hymen ! Hymen come ! these temples con-
secrate.

Phineas Fletcher

ofes —
Hymen! the tier of hearts already tied ;
Hymen! the end of lovers never ending ;
Hymen! the cause of joys, joys never tried ;
Joys never to be spent, yet ever spending ;
Hymen! that sow'st with men the desert sands ;
Come, bring with thee, come bring thy sacred bands :
Hymen! come Hymen! th' hearts are join'd, join
thou the hands.

Warrant of lovers, the true seal of loving,
Sign'd with the face of joy ; the holy knot,
That bindstwo hearts and holds from slippery moving:
A gainful loss, a stain without a blot ;
That mak'st one soul as two, and two as one ;
Yoke, lightening burdens ; Love's foundation :
Hymen! come Hymen! now untie the maiden zone.

Thou that mad'st man a brief of all Thou mad'st,
A little living world, and mad'st him twain,
Dividing him whom first Thou one creat'st,
And by this bond mad'st one of two again,
Bidding her cleave to him, and him to her,
And leave their parents, when no parents were :
Hymen! send Hymen from thy sacred bosom, here.

See where he goes, how all the troop he cheereth,
Clad with a saffron-coat, in's hand a light ;
In all his brow not one sad cloud appeareth :
His coat all pure, his torch all burning bright.
Now chant we Hymen, shepherds ; Hymen sing :
See where he goes, as fresh as is the Spring.
Hymen! oh Hymen! Hymen! all the valleys ring.

Oh happy pair, where nothing wants to either,
Both having to content, and be contented ;
Fortune and Nature being spare to neither !
Ne'er may this bond of holy love be rented,
But like two parallels, run a level race,
In just proportion, and in even space.
Hymen, thus Hymen will their spotless marriage
grace.

Phineas Fletcher

Live each of other firmly lov'd and loving ;
As far from hate, as self-ill, jealousy :
Moving like Heaven still in the self-same moving ;
In motion ne'er forgetting constancy.
Be all your days as this ; no cause to plain,
Free from satiety, or (but lovers') pain.
Hymen, so Hymen, still their present joys maintain.

II. Poetry of Nature

The Seasons

To the Deity

THOU bid'st the sun piece out the ling'ring day,
Glittering in golden fleece : the lovely Spring
Comes dancing on ; the primrose strows her way,
And satin violet : lambs wantoning
Bound o'er the hillocks in their sportful play :
The wood-musicians chant and cheer'ly sing ;
The world seems new, yet old by youth's accruing.
Ah ! wretched men, so wretched world pursuing,
Which still grows worse with age, and older by
renewing. — 11

At thy command th' Earth travails of her fruit ;
The sun yields longer labour, shorter sleep ;
Out-runs the Lion in his hot pursuit ;
Then of the golden Crab learns back to creep :
Thou Autumn bid'st—dress'd in straw-yellow suit—
To press, tun, hide his grapes in cellars deep :
Thou cloth'st the Earth with frieze instead of grass,
While keen-breath'd Winter steels her furrow'd face
And vials rivers up, and seas, in crystal glass.

Phineas Fletcher

Time

SLOW Time, which every hour grow'st old and young
Which every minute die'st, and liv'st again ;
Which mak'st the strong man weak, the weak man
strong :

Sad Time, which fly'st in joy, but creep'st in pain,
Thy steps uneven are still too short or long :
Devouring Time, who bear'st a fruitful train,
And eat'st whate'er thou bear'st.

Morning

I

THE Morning fresh, dappling her horse with roses,
—Vext at the ling'ring shades, that long had left her
In Tithon's freezing arms—the light discloses ;
And chasing Night, of rule and heaven bereft her :
The Sun with gentle beams his rage disguises,
And like aspiring tyrants, temporises ;
Never to be endured but when he falls or rises.

Morning

II

THE bridegroom Sun, who late the Earth had spoused,
Leaves his star-chamber ; early in the East
He shook his sparkling locks, head lively roused,
While Morn his couch with blushing roses dress'd ;
His shines the Earth soon latched to gild her flowers :
Phosphor his gold-fleec'd drove folds in their bowers,
Which all the night had grazed about th' Olympic
towers.

The cheerful lark, mounting from early bed,
With sweet salutes awakes the drowsy light ;
The earth she left, and up to heaven is fled ;
There chants her Maker's praises out of sight :

Phineas Fletcher

Earth seems a molehill, men but ants to be ;
Teaching proud men, that soar to high degree,
The farther up they climb, the less they seem, and see. *Paradox*

Evening

BUT see, the smoke mounting in village nigh,
With folded wreaths steals through the quiet air ;
And mixed with dusky shades in Eastern sky
Begins the night, and warns us home repair :
Bright Vesper now hath changed his name and place,
And twinkles in the heaven with doubtful face :
Home then my full-fed lambs ; the night comes, home
apace.

Night

I

BUT see, the stealing Night, with softly pace,
To fly the western Sun, creeps up the East ;
Cold Hesper 'gins unmask his evening face,
And calls the winking stars from drowsy rest :
Home then, my lambs ; the falling drops eschew :
To-morrow shall ye feast in pastures new,
And with the rising sun banquet on pearlèd dew. +

Night

II

THE cloudy Night came whirling up the sky,
And scatt'ring round the dews, which first she drew
From milky poppies, loads the drowsy eye :
The wat'ry moon, cold Vesper and his crew
Light up the tapers : to the sun they fly
And at his blazing flame their sparks renew.
Oh why should earthly lights then scorn to tine
Their lamps alone at that first Sun divine !
Hence as false falling stars, as rotten wood they shine.

Phineas Fletcher

Her sable mantle was embroiderèd gay
With silver beams, with spangles round beset :
Four steeds her chariot drew ; the first was gray,
The second blue, third brown, fourth black as jet.
The hallooing owl, her post, prepares the way,
And wingèd dreams—as gnat-swarms—flutt’ring, let
Sad Sleep, who fain his eyes in rest would steep.
Why then at death do weary mortals weep ?
Sleep’s but a shorter death, death’s but a longer sleep.

And now the world, and dreams themselves were
drown’d
In deadly sleep ; the labourer snorteth fast,
His brawny arms unbent ; his limbs unbound
As dead, forget all toil to come, or past ;
Only sad Guilt, and troubled Greatness, crown’d
With heavy gold and care, no rest can taste.
Go then, vain man, go pill’ the live and dead,
Buy, sell, fawn, flatter, rise, then couch thy head
In proud but dangerous gold : in silk but restless bed.

Flowers

THE flowers that frighted with sharp Winter’s dread
Retire into their mother Tellus’ womb,
Yet in the spring in troops new-musterèd
Peep out again from their unfrozen tomb :
The early violet will fresh arise,
And spreading his flower’d purple to the skies,
Boldly the little elf the Winter’s spite defies.

The hedge, green satin, pinked and cut arrays,
The heliotrope to cloth of gold aspires ;
In hundred-colour’d silks the tulip plays,
Th’ imperial flower his neck with pearl attires,
The lily high her silver grograin rears,
The pansy her wrought velvet garment bears
The red rose scarlet, and the Provence, damask wears.

Phineas Fletcher

A Lily

ALL so a lily, pressed with heavy rain,
Which fills her cup with showers up to the brinks ;
The weary stalk no longer can sustain
The head, but low beneath the burden sinks :
Or as a virgin rose her leaves displays,
Whom too hot scorching beams quite disarrays ;
Down flags her double ruff, and all her sweet decays.

A Purple Flower

So often have I seen a purple flower
Fainting through heat, hang down her drooping head ;
But soon refreshèd with a welcome shower,
Begins again her lively beauties spread,
And with new pride her silken leaves display ;
And while the Sun doth now more gently play,
Lay out her swelling bosom to the smiling day.

Night-Birds in Winter

COUSIN, day-birds are silenced, and those fowl
Yet only sing which hate warm Phœbus' light ;
Th' unlucky parrot, and death-boding owl,
Which ushering into heaven their mistress Night,
Halloo their mates, triumphing o'er their quick-spent
light.

The wrongèd Philomel hath left to plain
Tereus' restraint and cruel ravishment :
Seems the poor bird hath lost her tongue again.
Procne long since is gone to banishment ;
And the loud-tunèd thrush leaves all her merriment.

Phineas Fletcher

“ A Sacred Garden ”

THOU know'st by Neptune's temple close there grows
A sacred garden, where every flower blows.
Here blushing roses, there the lilies white,
Here hyacinth, and there narcissus bright :
And underneath, the creeping violets show
That sweetness oft delights to dwell below :
Vaulted above with thousand fragrant trees,
And under paved with shamefaced strawberries,
Which creeping low, do sweetly blushing tell,
That fairest, pleasantest fruits do humblest dwell :
Briefly a little heaven on earth it seems :
Where every sweet and pleasure fully streams.

A Hail Storm

SO when a sable cloud with swelling sail
Comes swimming through calm skies, the silent air
—While fierce winds sleep in Æol's rocky gaol—
With spangled beams embroider'd, glitters fair :
But soon 'gins lour and groan ; strait clatt'ring hail
Fills all with noise : Light hides his golden hair ;
Earth with untimely Winter's silverèd. . . .

The Shepherd's Life

THRICE, oh thrice happy shepherd's life and state,
When Courts are happiness' unhappy pawns !
His cottage low, and safely humble gate
Shuts out proud Fortune, with her scorns and fawns :
No fearèd treason breaks his quiet sleep :
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep ;
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

No Serian worms he knows, that with their thread
Draw out their silken lives ; nor silken pride :

Phineas Fletcher

His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need,
Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dyed :
 No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright ;
 No begging wants his middle fortune bite :
But sweet Content exiles both Misery and Spite.

Instead of music and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first salute my lord's uprising ;
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes :
 In' country plays is all the strife he uses,
 Or sing, or dance unto the rural Muses ;
And, but in music's sports, all differences refuses.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content :
The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noon-tide rage is spent ;
 His life is neither toss'd in boisterous seas
 Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease ;
Pleased and full blest he lives when he his God can
 please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place ;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face :
 Never his humble house or state torment him ;
 Less he could like, if less his God had sent him ;
And when he dies, green turfs with grassy tomb content
 him.

The Happy Fisher

HAPPY, happy fisher-swains
If that ye knew your happiness ;
Your sport tastes sweeter by your pains,
Sure hope your labour relishes :
Your net your living, when you eat
Labour finds appetite and meat.

Phineas Fletcher

When the seas and tempest roar
You either sleep or pipe or play,
And dance along the golden shore :
Thus you spend the night and day.
Shrill winds a pipe, hoarse seas a tabor
To fit your sports or ease your labour.

First, ah, first the holy Muse
Rapt my soul's most happy eyes,
Who in those holy groves do use
And learn those sacred mysteries,
The years, and months, old age and birth,
The palsies of the trembling earth.

The flowing of the sea and moon
And ebb of both, and how the tides
Sink in themselves and backward run.
How pallid Cynthia closely slides
Stealing her brother from our sight :
So robs herself and him of light.

But if cold nature's frozen parts
My dull slow heart and cloudy brain,
Cannot reach those heavenly arts ;
Next happy is the fisher's pain
Whose low roof's peace does safely hide
And shut out fortune, want and pride.

There shall I quiet, fearless reign,
My boys, my subjects, taught submission
About my court, my sons my train :
Nets my purveyors of provision,
The steer my sceptre, pipe musician,
Labour my physic, no physician.

So still I laugh the angry seas and sky :
Thus singing may I live, and singing die.



EDMUND SPENSER.

Phineas Fletcher

III. Miscellaneous

Edmund Spenser

(' Colin ')

I

WITNESS our Colin ; whom though all the Graces,
And all the Muses nurst ; whose well-taught song
Parnassus' self and Glorian embraces,
And all the learn'd and all the shepherds' throng :
 Yet all his hopes were cross'd, all suits denied ;
 Discouraged, scorned, his writings vilified :
Poorly, poor man, he lived ; poorly, poor man, he died.

And had not that great Heart—whose honour'd head
Ah lies full low—pitied thy woeful plight ;
There hadst thou lain unwept, unburied,
Unblest, nor graced with any common rite :
 Yet shalt thou live, when thy great foe shall sink
 Beneath his mountain tomb, whose fame shall stink ;
And Time his blacker name shall blur with blackest ink.

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

II

His memory yet green
Lives in his well-tuned songs, whose leaves immortal
 been.
Nor can I guess whether his Muse divine

Phineas Fletcher

Or gives to those, or takes from them his grace : . . .
Next to our Mantuan poet doth he rest ;
There shall our Colin live for ever blest.
Spite of those thousand spites, which living him
oppressed.

Virgil and Spenser

TWO shepherds most I love with just adoring ;
That Mantuan swain, who changed his slender reed
To trumpet's martial voice and war's loud roaring,
From Corydon to Turnus' daring deed ;
And next our home-bred Colin's sweetest firing ;
Their steps not following close, but far admiring ;
To lackey one of these is all my pride's aspiring.

To the Soul

I

I

FOND Soul ! is this
Thy way to bliss ?
Grasp both the Indies, let thy mighty hand
The iron North and golden South command ;
Transcend the moon,
Fasten thy throne
Above the fixèd stars ; above expressions,
Above thy thought enlarge thy vast possessions :
Fond Soul ! all this
Cannot make up thy bliss.

II

All these are vain,
Full, but with pain ;
All creatures have their ends to serve, not bless thee ;
As servants they may help, as lords oppress thee ;
They vex in getting
Used, lost with fretting ;

Phineas Fletcher

Can slaves advance? shades fill? can grief give rest?
That which was cursed for thee can't make thee blest:
 They all are vain,
And bring not bliss but pain.

III

Fond Soul! thy birth
Is not of earth
Or heaven; thou earth and heaven itself survivest;
Though born in time, thou, dying, Time out-livest.
 They fail, deceive thee,
 They age, die, leave thee;
Soar up, immortal spirit, and mounting fly
Into the arms of great Eternity:
 Not heaven or earth:
He, He thy end and birth.


To the Soul

II

I

How is't my soul, that thou giv'st eyes their sight
 To view their objects, yet hast none
 To see thine own?
Earth's, air's, heaven's beauties they discern: their light
 Fair flowers admires; their several dresses,
 Their golden tresses;
The lily, rose, the various tulip, scorning
The pride of princes in their choice adorning.

II

They joy to view the air's painted nations; 
 The peacock's train which th' head outvies
 With fairer eyes,
And emulates the heavenly constellations;
 The ostrich whose fair plume embraves
 Kings, captains, slaves;
The halcyons whose Triton-bills appease
Curl'd waves, and with their eggs lay stormy seas.

Phineas Fletcher

III

Pilots' fix'd eyes observe the Arctic Bear
With all her unwash'd starry trains
In heavenly plains.
Night-travellers behold the moon to steer
Her ship, sailing while Æol raves
Through cloudy waves ;
Our less world's suns with pleasure view the light
Which gives all beauties beauty, them their sight.

IV

Thou that giv'st sight to clay, to blackness light,
How art so dull, so dim in duty
To view His beauty
Who quickens every life, lights every light ?
His height those eagles' eyes surpasses :
Thou wants thy glasses :
Take up that perspective, and view those streams
Of light, and fill thy waning orb with beams.

V

Then see the flowers clad in His liveries,
And from His cheek, and lovely face
Steal all their grace.
See fowls from Him borrow their braveries
And all their feather-painted dresses
From His fair tresses :
See stars, and moon, the sun and all perfection
Beg light, and life from His bright eyes' reflection.

VI

Look on His lips : heaven's gate there open lies ;
Thence that grace-breathing Spirit blows,
Thence honey flows.
Look on His hands, the world's full treasures ;
Fix all thy looks His breast upon
Love's highest throne.
And when thy sight that radiant beauty bears,
And dazzles thy weak eyes, see with thine ears.

Phineas Fletcher

Thrice Happy Times

HAPPY, thrice happy times in silver age !
When generous plants advanced their lofty crest ;
When Honour stoop'd to be learn'd Wisdom's page ;
When baser weeds starv'd in their frozen nest ;
 When th' highest flying Muse still highest climbs :
 And Virtue's rise keeps down all rising crimes :
Happy, thrice happy age ! happy, thrice happy times !

Against a Rich Man despising Poverty

IF well thou view'st us with no squinted eye,
No partial judgment, thou wilt quickly rate
Thy wealth no richer than my poverty ;
My want no poorer than thy rich estate :
 Our ends and births alike ; in this, as I,
 Poor thou wert born and poor again shalt die.

My little fills my little-wishing mind ;
Thou, having more than much, yet seekest more :
Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks to find ;
Who wishes, wants ; and whoso wants, is poor :
 Then this must follow of necessity—
 Poor are thy riches, rich my poverty.

Though still thou gett'st, yet is thy want not spent,
But as thy wealth, so grows thy wealthy itch :
But with my little I have much content ;
Content hath all ; and who hath all, is rich :
 Then this in reason thou must needs confess,
 If I have little, yet that thou hast less.

Whatever man possesses, God hath lent. —
And to His audit liable is ever,
To reckon how, and where, and when he spent ;

Phineas Fletcher

Then this thou bragg'st—thou art a great receiver :
Little my debt, when little is my store :
The more thou hast, thy debt still grows the more.

But seeing God Himself descended down
T' enrich the poor by His rich poverty ;
His meat, His house, His grave, were not His own,
Yet all is His from all eternity.

Let me be like my Head, whom I adore :
Be thou great, wealthy—I still base and poor.

Beauty Flies

Cosma.

OUR beauty is our good, the cause of love :
Fond that their good to th' best will not improve :
What husbandman neglects his time of sowing ?
What fisher loseth winds, now fairly blowing ?
Beauty our good : ah ! good, ah ! short and brittle,
A little, little good, for time as little,
How easy dost thou slide and pass away !
Unborn, full grown, and buried in a day.
Thy spring is short, and if thou now refuse it,
'Tis gone ; when fain thou wouldst thou shall not use it.
The time and every minute daily spends thee,
Spend thou the time, while Time fit leisure lends thee.

A Hymn

DROP, drop, slow tears, and bathe Those beauteous
feet,
Which brought from Heaven the news and Prince of
Peace :
Cease not, wet eyes, His mercies to entreat ;
To cry for vengeance sin doth never cease :
In your deep floods drown all my faults and fears ;
Nor let His eye see sin, but through my tears.

Phineas Fletcher

The Dying Husband to
his Wife

MY dearest Betty, my more lovèd heart,
I leave thee now ; with thee all earthly joying :
Heaven knows, with thee alone I sadly part :
All other earthly sweets have had their cloying ;
 Yet never full of thy sweet love's enjoying,
 Thy constant loves, next heaven I did refer them :
Had not much grace prevailed, 'fore heaven I should
 prefer them.

I leave them, now the trumpet calls away ;
In vain thine eyes beg for some time's reprieving ;
Yet in my children here immortal stay :
In one I die, in many ones am living :
 In them and for them, stay thy too much grieving :
 Look but on them, in them thou still wilt see
Married with thee again thy twice-two Antony.

And when with little hands they stroke thy face,
As in thy lap they sit—ah careless—playing,
And stammering ask a kiss, give them a brace ;
The last from me : and then a little staying,
 And in their face some part of me surveying,
 In them give me a third, and with a tear
Shew thy dear love to him, who loved thee ever dear.

And now our falling house leans all on thee ;
This little nation to thy care commend them :
In thee it lies that hence they want to me ;
Themselves yet cannot, thou the more defend them ;
 And when green age permits, to goodness bend them :
 A mother were you once, now both you are :
Then with this double style double your love and care.

Turn thy unwary steps into The Way :
What first the vessel drinks, it long retaineth :
No bars will hold, when they have used to stray :

Phineas Fletcher

And when for me one asks, and weeping plaineth,
Point thou to heaven, and say, he there remaineth :
And if they live in grace, grow and persever,
There shall they live with me : else shall they see me
never.

Death

WHO ne'er saw Death, may Death commend :
Call it joy's prologue, trouble's end ;
The pleasing sleep that quiet rocks him,
Where neither care nor fancy mocks him.
But who in nearer space doth eye him
Next to hell, as hell, defy him :
No state, no age, no sex can move him,
No beggars prey, no kings reprove him :
In midst of mirth and love's alarms
He pulls the bride from bridegroom's arms ;
The beauteous virgin he contemns,
The guilty with the just condemns.
All wear his cloth, and none denies.
Dress'd in fresh-colour'd liveries,
Kings low as beggars lie in graves,
Nobles as base, the free as slaves ;
Blest who on virtue's life relying
Dies to vice, thus lives by dying.
But fond that making life thy treasure
Surfeit'st in joy, art drunk in pleasure.
Sweets do make the sour more tart,
And pleasure sharps Death's keenest dart.
Death's thought is death to those that live,
In living joys, and never grieve.
Hapless that happy art and know'st no tears ;
Who ever lives in pleasure, lives in fears.

The Fall of Lucifer

THE mid'st but lowest—in Hell's heraldry
The deepest is the highest room—in state
Sat lordly Lucifer : his fiery eye,

Phineas Fletcher

Much swol'n with pride, but more with rage and hate,
As censor, muster'd all his company ;
Who round about with awful silence satē.

This do, this let rebellious spirits gain,

Change God for Satan, Heaven's for Hell's sov'reign :
O let him serve in Hell who scorns in Heaven to reign !

Ah, wretch ! who with ambitious cares oppress'd
Long'st still for future, feel'st no present good :
Despising to be better would'st be best,
Good never ; who wilt serve thy lusting mood
Yet all command : not he who rais'd his crest,
But pull'd it down, hath high and firmly stood.

Fool ! serve thy tow'ring lusts, grow still, still crave,
Rule, reign : this comfort for thy greatness have,
Now at thy top, thou art a great commanding slave.

Thus fell this prince of darkness, once a bright
And glorious star : he wilful turn'd away
His borrowed globe from that eternal light :
Himself he sought, so lost himself : his ray
Vanish'd to smoke, his morning sunk in night,
And never more shall see the springing day :

To be in Heaven the second, he disdains :

So now the first in Hell and flames he reigns,
Crown'd once with joy and light : crown'd now with
fire and pains.

The Instability of Human Greatness

FOND man, that looks on earth for happiness,
And here long seeks what here is never found !
For all our good we hold from heav'n by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound ;

Nor can we pay the fine and rentage due :

Though now but writ, and seal'd, and giv'n anew
Yet daily we it break, yet daily must renew.

Phineas Fletcher

Why should'st thou here look for perpetual good,
At every loss against heaven's face repining?
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
With gilded tops, and silver turrets shining;
 There now the hart fearless of greyhound feeds,
 And loving pelican in safety breeds;
There screeching Satyrs fill the people's empty steads.

Where is th' Assyrian Lion's golden hide,
That all the East once grasp'd in lordly paw?
Where that great Persian Bear, whose swelling pride
The Lion's self tore out with ravenous jaw?
 Or he which 'twixt a Lion and a Pard,
 Through all the world with nimble pinions fared,
And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdoms
 shared?

Hardly the place of such antiquity,
Or note of those great Monarchies we find:
Only a fading verbal memory,
And empty name in writ is left behind:
 But when his second life and glory fades,
 And sinks at length in Time's obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

That monstrous Beast, which nurst in Tiber's fen
Did all the world with hideous shape affray;
That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping den,
And trod down all the rest to dust and clay:
 His batt'ring horns pull'd out by civil hands,
 And iron teeth lie scatter'd on the sands;
Back'd, bridled by a monk, with seven heads yokèd
 stands.

And that black Vulture, which with deathful wing
O'er shadows half the earth, whose dismal sight
Frighted the Muses from their native spring,
Already stoops, and flags with weary flight.
 Who then shall look for happiness beneath,
 Where each new day proclaims chance, change, and
 death,
And life itself's as fleet as is the air we breathe?

Phineas Fletcher

Upon Bishop Hall's
"Christian Meditations"

MOST wretched soul, that here carousing pleasure,
Hath all his Heaven on Earth ; and, ne'er distress'd,
Enjoys these fond delights without all measure,
And freely living thus, is thus deceasèd !
Ah greatest curse, so to be ever blessèd !
For where to live is Heaven 'tis Hell to die.
Ah, wretch ! that here begins Hell's misery !

Most blessèd soul, that lifted up with wings
Of faith and love, leaves this base habitation,
And scorning sluggish Earth, to Heaven upsprings ;
On Earth, yet still in Heaven by meditation ;
With the soul's eye foreseeing the heavenly station :
Then 'gins his life, when he's of life bereaven.
Ah, blessed soul ! that here begins his heaven !

IV. A Gallery of Imper-
sonations

Idololatros

(Idolatry)

NEXT band by Asebie was boldly led,
And his four sons, begot in Stygian night ;
First IDOLOLATROS, whose monstrous head
Was like an ugly fiend, his flaming sight
Like blazing stars ; which rest all different :
For to his shape some part each creature lent,
But to the great Creator all adversely bent.

Phineas Fletcher

Upon his breast a bloody Cross he scor'd,
Which oft he worshipp'd ; but the Christ that died
Thereon, he seldom but in paint adored ;
Yet wood, stone, beasts, wealth, lusts, fiends deified :
 He makes mere pageants of the saving Rock,
 Puppet-like trimming his Almighty stock :
Which then, his god or he, which is the verier block ?

Of giant shape, and strength thereto agreeing,
Wherewith he whilom all the world opprest ;
And yet the greater part his vassals being,
Slumb'ring in ignorance, securely rest :
 A golden calf—himself more beast—he bore ;
 Which brutes with dancings, gifts, and songs
 adore :
Idols are lay-men's books, he round had wrote in ore.

Pharmacus

(Witchcraft)

NEXT PHARMACUS, of gashly wild aspect ;
Whom hell with seeming fear, and fiends obey :
Full eas'ly would he know each past effect,
And things to come with double guess foresay,
 By slain beasts' entrails, and fowls' markèd flight :
 Thereto he tempests raised by many a sprite,
And charm'd the Sun and Moon, and changed the day
 and night.

So when the South—dipping his sablest wings
In humid Ocean—sweeps with 's dropping beard
Th' air, earth, and seas ; his lips' loud thunderings
And flashing eyes make all the world afear'd :
 Light with dark clouds, waters with fires are met :
 The Sun but now is rising, now is set ;
And finds west-shades in East, and seas in airs wet.

Phineas Fletcher

By birth, and hand, he juggling fortunes tells ;
Oft brings from shades his grandsire's damnèd ghost ;
Oft stol'n goods forces out by wicked spells :
His frightful shield with thousand fiends emboss'd,
Which seem'd without a circle's ring to play :
In midst himself dampens the smiling day,
And prints sad characters, which none may write, or
say.

Hæreticus

(Heretic)

THE third HÆRETICUS, a wrangling carle,
Who in the way to Heaven would wilful err ;
And oft convicted, still would snatch and snarle :
His Crambe oft repeats ; all tongue, no eare.
Him Obstinacy, Pride, and Scorn attended :
On 's shield with Truth Error disguised contended :
His motto this, *Rather thus err, than be amended.*

Hypocrisy

LAST march'd HYPOCRISY, false form of grace,
That vaunts the show of all, has truth of none :
A rotten heart he masks with painted face ;
Among the beasts a mule, 'mong bees a drone,
'Mong stars a meteor : all the world neglects him :
Nor good, nor bad, nor heaven, nor earth affects
him :
The earth for glaring forms, for bare forms heaven
rejects him.

His wanton heart he veils with dewy eyes,
So oft the world, and oft himself deceives :
His tongue his heart, his hands his tongue belies,
In 's path (as snails) silver, but slime he leaves :

Phineas Fletcher

He Babel's glory is, but Sion's taint ;
Religions blot, but Irreligion's paint :
A Saint abroad, at home a fiend ; and worst a Saint.

So tallow lights live glitt'ring, stinking die ;
Their gleams aggrate the sight, steams wound the
smell :

So Sodom apples please the ravish'd eye,
But sulphur taste proclaims their root's in hell :
So airy flames to heavenly seem allied ;
But when their oil is spent, they swiftly glide,
And into jellied mire melt all their gilded pride.

So rushes green, smooth, full, are spongy light ;
So their ragg'd stones in velvet, peaches gown :
So rotten sticks seem stars in cheating night ;
So quagmires false their mire with emeralds crown :
Such is Hypocrisy's deceitful frame ;
A stinking light, a sulphur fruit, false flame,
Smooth rush, hard peach, sere wood, false mire, a
voice, a name.

Such were his arms, false gold, true alchemy ;
Glitt'ring with glassy stones, and fine deceit :
His sword a flatt'ring steel, which gull'd the eye,
And pierced the heart with pride and self-conceit :
On 's shield a tomb, where death had dress'd his bed
With curious art, and crown'd his loathsome head
With gold, and gems : his word, *More gorgeous when
dead.*

Ignorance

BEFORE them went their nurse, bold IGNORANCE ;
A loathsome monster, light, sight, 'mendment scorn-
ing :
Born deaf and blind, fitter to lead the dance
To such a rout ; her silver head's adorning

Phineas Fletcher

(Her dotage index) much she bragg'd, yet feign'd ;
For by false tallies many years she gain'd
*Wise youth is honour'd age ; fond's age with dotage
stain'd.*

Her failing legs with erring footsteps reel'd ;
—Lame guide to bliss!—her daughters on each side
Much pain'd themselves her stumbling feet to wield ;
Both like their mother dull and beetle-eyed :
The first was Error false, who multiplies
Her numerous race in endless progenies :
For but one truth there is, ten thousand thousand lies.

Her brood o'erspread her round with sin and blood,
With envy, malice, mischiefs infinite ;
While she to see herself amazèd stood,
So often got with child and big with spite :
Her offspring fly about and spread her seed ;
Straight hate, pride, schism, wars and seditious breed,
Get up, grow ripe. *How soon prospers the vicious weed.*

Superstition

THE other owl-eyed SUPERSTITION.
Deformed, distorted, blind in shining light ;
Yet styles herself holy Devotion,
And so is called, and seems in shady night :
Fearful, as is the hare or hunted hind ;
Her face and breast she oft with crosses sign'd :
No custom would she break, or change her settled
mind.

If hare or snake her way, herself she crosses,
And stops her 'mazèd steps ; sad fears affright her,
When falling salt points out some fatal losses,
Till Bacchus' grapes with holy sprinkle qui't her :
Her only Bible is an Erra Pater ;
Her antidote are hallow'd wax and water :
I' th' dark all lights are sprites, all noises chains that
clatter.

Phineas Fletcher

With them marched—sunk in deep security—
Profaneness, to be feared for never fearing ;
And by him new-oaths-coining Blasphemy,
Who names not God, but in [his] curse or swearing :
 And thousand other fiends in diverse fashion,
 Dispos'd in several ward and certain station :
Under, Hell widely yawn'd ; and over, flew Damnation.

Ecthos

(Hatred)

NEXT Adicus his sons ; first ECTHROS sly,
Whose prick'd-up ears kept open house for lies ;
And fleering eyes still watch and wait to spy
When to return still-living injuries :
 Fair weather smiled upon his painted face,
 And eyes spoke peace, till he had time and place ;
Then pours down showers of rage, and streams of
 rancour base.

So when a sable cloud with swelling sail
Comes swimming through calm skies, the silent air
(While fierce winds sleep in Æol's rocky gaol)
With spangled beams embroider'd, glitters fair,
 But soon 'gins lour ; straight clatt'ring hail is bred,
 Scatt'ring cold shot ; Light hides his golden head,
And with untimely Winter earth's o'er silverèd.

His arms well suit his mind, where smiling skies
Breed thund'ring tempests : on his lofty crest
Asleep the spotted Panther couching lies,
And by sweet scents and skin so quaintly dress'd,
 Draws on her prey : upon his shield he bears
 The dreadful monster which great Nilus fears,
—The weeping Crocodile—his word : *I kill with tears.*

Phineas Fletcher

Dissemblance

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

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

Eris

(Variance)

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

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

Phineas Fletcher

Zelos

(Emulation)

ZELOS, the third, whose spiteful emulation
Could not endure a fellow in excelling ;
Yet slow in any Virtue's imitation,
At easy rate that fair possession selling :
 Still as he went, he hidden sparkles blew,
 Till to a mighty flame they sudden grew,
And like fierce lightning all in quick destruction drew.

Upon his shield lay that Tirinthian swain,
Swelt'ring in firy gore and pois'nous flame ;
His wife's sad gift venom'd with bloody stain :
Well could he bulls, snakes, hell, all monsters tame ;
 Well could he heaven support and prop alone ;
 But by fell Jealousy soon overthrown,
Without a foe, or sword ; his motto, *First or none.*

Thumos

(Wrath)

THUMOS, the fourth, a dire, revengeful swain ;
Whose soul was made of flames, whose flesh of fire :
Wrath in his heart, hate, rage and fury reign ;
Fierce was his look, when clad in sparkling tire ;
 But when dead paleness in his cheek took seizure,
 And all the blood in 's boiling heart did treasure,
Then in his wild revenge kept he nor mean nor
 measure.

Look as when waters wall'd with brazen wreath
Are seiz'd with crackling flames, their common foe ;
The angry seas 'gin foam and hotly breathe,
Then swell, rise, rave, and still more furious grow :

Phineas Fletcher

Nor can be held, but forced with fires below,
Tossing their waves, break out and all o'erflow :
So boil'd his rising blood and dash'd his angry brow.

For in his face red heat and ashy cold
Strove which should paint revenge in proper colours :
That, like consuming fire, most dreadful roll'd ;
This, liker death, threatens all deadly dolours :
His trembling hand a dagger still embrac'd,
Which in his friend he rashly oft encased :
His shield's device fresh blood with foulest stain
defaced.

Erithius

(Strife)

NEXT him ERITHIUS, most unquiet swain,
That all in law and fond contention spent ;
Not one was found in all that numerous train,
With whom in anything he would consent ;
His will his law, he weigh'd not wrong or right ;
Much scorn'd to bear, much more forgive a spite :
Patience he th' ass's load and coward's virtue hight.

His weapons all were framed of shining gold,
Wherewith he subtly fought close under hand :
Thus would he right from right by force withhold,
Nor suits, nor friends, nor law, his sleights withstand ;
Ah powerful weapon ! how dost thou bewitch,
Great but base minds, and spott'st with leprous itch,
That never are in thought, nor ever can be rich !

Upon his belt—fasten'd with leather laces—
Black boxes hung, sheaths of his paper-swords :
Fill'd up with writs, sub-pœnas, trial-cases ;
This trespass'd him in cattle, that in words :
Fit his device, and well his shield became.
A salamander drawn in lively frame :
His word was this : *I live, I breathe, I feed in flame.*

Phineas Fletcher

Dichostasis

(Sedition or Schism)

NEXT after him marched proud DICHOSTASIS,
That wont but in the factious Court to dwell ;
But now to shepherd swains close linkèd is ;
And taught them (fools !) to change their humble cell,
 And lowly weed for Courts, and purple gay,
 To sit aloft, and States and Princes sway :
A hook, no scepter needs our erring sheep to stay.

A mitre trebly crown'd th' impostor wore ;
For heaven, earth, hell he claims with lofty pride,
Not in his lips, but hands, two keys he bore,
Heaven's doors and hell's to shut, and open wide :
 But late his keys are marr'd, or broken quite :
 For hell he cannot shut, but opens light :
Nor heaven can ope, nor shut ; nor buys, but sells by
 sleight.

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

As when the powerful wind and adverse tide
Strive which should most command the subject main ;
See scornful waves, swelling with angry pride,
Yielding to neither, all their force disdain ;
 Meantime the shaken vessel doubtful plays,
 And on the stagg'ring billow trembling stays,
And would obey them both, and none of both obeys.

Phineas Fletcher

A subtle craftsman framed him seemly arms,
Forg'd in the shop of wrangling sophistry ;
And wrought with curious arts, and mighty charms,
Temper'd with lies, and false philosophy.

Millions of heedless souls thus had he slain.

His seven-fold targe a field of gules did stain ;
In which two swords he bore ; his word, *Divide and
reign.*

Envy

ENVY the next, Envy with squinted eyes ;
Sick of a strange disease his neighbours' health :
Best lives he then, when any better dies ;
Is never poor, but in another's wealth ;
On best men's harms and griefs he feeds his fill ;
Else his own maw doth eat with spiteful will.
Ill must the temper be, where diet is so ill.

Each eye through divers optics slyly leers,
Which both his sight and object self belie ;
So greatest virtue as a mote appears,
And molehill faults to mountains multiply,
When needs he must, yet faintly, then he praises ;
Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raises :
So marreth what he makes, and praising most dis-
praises.

Upon his shield that cruel herd-groom play'd
Fit instrument of Juno's jealous spite ;
His hundred eyes stood fixèd on the maid ;
He piped, she sigh'd ; his word, *Her day my night.*
His missile weapon was a lying tongue,
Which he far off like swiftest lightning flung,
That all the world with noise and foul blaspheming
rung.

Phineas Fletcher

Phonos

(Murder)

LAST of this rout the savage PHONOS went,
Whom his dire mother nursed with human blood ;
And when more age and strength more fierceness
lent

She taught him in a dark and desert wood
With force and guile poor passengers to slay,
And on their flesh his barking stomach stay,
And with their wretched blood his fiery thirst allay.

So when the never-settled Scythian
Removes his dwelling on an empty wain ;
When now the sun hath half his journey ran,
His horse he bloods, and pricks a trembling vein ;
So from the wound quenches his thirsty heat :
Yet worse, this fiend makes his own flesh his meat.
Monster ! the ravenous bear his kind will never eat.

Ten thousand furies on his steps awaited ;
Some sear'd his harden'd soul with Stygian brand :
Some with black terrors his faint conscience baited
That wide he stared, and starchèd hair did stand :
The first-born man still in his mind he bore,
Fouly arrayed in guiltless brother's gore.
Which for revenge to heaven from earth did loudly
roar.

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

Phineas Fletcher

Methos

(Drunkenness)

AND last his brutish sons Acrates sent,
Whom Caro bore both in one birth and bed ;
METHOS the first, whose paunch his feet out-went,
As if it usher'd his unsettled head :
 His soul quite sourèd lay in grapy blood ;
 In all his parts the idle dropsy stood ;
Which, though already drown'd, still thirsted for the
 flood.

This thing, nor man, nor beast, tuns all his wealth
In drink, his days, his years in liquor drenching :
So quaffs he sickness down by quaffing health,
Firing his cheeks with quenching, strangely quenching
 His eyes with firing ; dull and faint they rolled :
 But nimble lips known things, and hid unfold ;
Belchings, oft-sips, large spits, point the long tale he
 told.

His armour green might seem a fruitful vine,
The clusters prison'd in the close set leaves,
Yet oft between the bloody grape did shine ;
And peeping forth, his jailer's spite deceives :
 Among the boughs did swilling Bacchus ride,
 Whom wild-grown Mænads bore, and every stride
"Bacche, Iö Bacche," loud with madd'ning voice they
 cried.

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

Phineas Fletcher

Insatiate sink, how with so general stain
Thy spew'd-out puddles Court, town, fields entice !
Ay me ! the shepherds selves thee entertain,
And to thy Curtian gulph do sacrifice :

 All drink to spew, and spew again to drink.
 Sour swill-tub sin, of all the rest the sink,
How canst thou thus bewitch with thy abhorred
 stink ?

The eye thou wrong'st with vomits' reeking streams,
The ear with belching ; touch thou drown'st in wine :
The taste thou surfeit'st ; smell with spewing steams
Thou woundest : foh ! thou loathsome putrid swine,
 Still thou increasest thirst, when thirst thou slakest :
 The mind and will thou (wit's bane) captive takest :
Senseless thy hoggish filth, and sense thou senseless
 makest.

Thy fellow sins, and all the rest of vices
With seeming good are fairly cloth'd to sight ;
Their feign'd sweet the blear-eyed will entices,
Coz'ning the dazzled sense with borrow'd light :
 Thee neither true, nor yet false good commends ;
 Profit nor pleasure on thy steps attends ;
Folly begins thy sin, which still with madness ends.

Gluttony

WITH Methos, GLUTTONY, his guttling brother,
Twin parallels, drawn from the self-same line ;
So foully like was either to the other,
And both so like a monstrous-paunched swine
 His life was either a continued feast,
 Whose surfeits upon surfeits him oppress'd ;
Or heavy sleep, that helps so great a load digest.

Meantime his soul, weigh'd down with muddy chains,
Can neither work, nor move in captive bands ;
But dull'd in vap'rous fogs, all careless reigns
Or rather serves strong Appetite's commands

Phineas Fletcher

That when he now was gorged with cramm'd-down
store,
And porter, wanting room, had shut the door,
The glutton sigh'd that he could gourmandize no more.

His crane-like neck was long unlaced ; his breast,
His gouty limbs, like to a circle round,
As broad as long ; and for his spear in rest
Oft with his staff he beats the yielding ground ;
Wherewith his hands did help his feet to bear,
Else would they ill so huge a burthen steer :
His clothes were all of leaves, no armour could he
wear.

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

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

Their boon companions in their jovial feasting
Were new-shaped oaths, and damning perjuries :
Their cates, fit for their taste, profanest jesting,
Sauced with the salt of hell, dire blasphemies. . . .

Phineas Fletcher

Cosmos

(The World or Mammon)

CARO the vanguard with the Dragon led,
COSMOS the battle guides, with loud alarms ;
Cosmos the first son to the Dragon red,
Shining in seeming gold, and glitt'ring arms :
 Well might he seem a strong and gentle knight,
 As e'er was clad in steel and armour bright :
But was a recreant base, a foul, false, cheating sprite.

And as himself, such were his arms ; appearing
Bright burnish'd gold, indeed base alchemy,
Dim beetle eyes, and greedy worldling's bleering :
His shield was drest in night's sad livery,
 Where man-like apes a glow-worm compass round,
 Glad that in wintry night they fire had found ;
Busy they puff and blow ; the word *Mistake the ground*.

Mistake points all his darts ; his sunshines bright
(Mistaken) light appears, sad lightning prove :
His clouds (mistook) seem lightnings, turn to light ;
His love true hatred is, his hatred love ;
 His shop, a pedlar's pack of apish fashion ;
 His honours, pleasures, joys are all vexation :
His wages, glorious care ; sweet surfeits, wooed dam-
nation.

His liberal favours, complemental arts ;
His high advancements, Alpine slipp'ry traits ;
His smiling glances, death's most pleasing darts ;
And (what he vaunts) his gifts are gilded baits :
 Indeed he nothing is, yet all appears.
 Hapless earth's happy fools, that know no tears !
Who bathes in worldly joys, swims in a world of fears.

Phineas Fletcher

Deilos

(Fearfulness)

NEXT to the Captain coward DEILOS fared ;
Him right before he as his shield projected,
And following troops to back him as his guard ;
Yet both his shield and guard (faint heart) suspected ;
 And sending often back his doubtful eye,
 By fearing taught unthought of treachery ;
So made him enemies, by fearing enmity.

Still did he look for some ensuing cross,
Fearing such hap as never man befel :
No mean he knows, but dreads each little loss
—With tyranny of fear distraught—as hell.
 His sense he dare not trust,—nor eyes nor ears—
 And when no other cause of fright appears,
Himself he much suspects, and fears his causeless
 fears.

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

With him went Doubt, stagg'ring with steps unsure,
That every way, and neither way inclined ;
And fond Distrust, whom nothing could secure ;
Suspicion lean, as if he never dined ;
 He keeps intelligence by thousand spies ;
 Argus to him bequeath'd his hundred eyes ;
So waking still he sleeps, and sleeping wakeful lies.

Phineas Fletcher

Asotus (Prodigality)

NEXT marched ASOTUS, careless-spending swain ;
Who with a fork went spreading all around,
Which his old sire with sweating toil and pain
Long time was raking from his rackèd ground :
 In giving he observ'd nor form, nor matter,
 But best reward he got, that best could flatter ;
Thus what he thought to give, he did not give, but
 scatter.

Before array'd in sumptuous bravery,
Deck'd Court-like in the choice and newest guise ;
But all behind like drudging Slavery,
With ragged patches, rent, and barèd thighs :
 His shameful parts, that shun the hated light,
 Were naked left,—ah foul unhonest sight !—
Yet neither could he see, nor feel his wretched plight.

His shield presents to life death's latest rites,
A sad black hearse borne up with sable swains ;
Which many idle grooms with hundred lights
—Tapers, lamps, torches,—usher through the plains
 To endless darkness ; while the Sun's bright brow
 With fiery beams quenches their smoking tow,
And wastes their idle cost : the word, *Not need, but show.*

A vagrant rout—a shoal of tattling daws—
Strow him with vain-spent prayers, and idle lays ;
And Flattery to his sin close curtains draws,
Clawing his itching ear with tickling praise :
 Behind, fond Pity much his fall lamented,
 And Misery, that former waste repented :
The usurer for his goods, jail for his bones indented.

His steward was his kinsman, Vain-expense,
Who proudly strove in matters light to shew

Phineas Fletcher

Heroick mind in braggart affluence ;
So lost his treasure, getting nought in lieu,
 But ostentation of a foolish pride ;
 While women fond, and boys stood gaping wide ;
But wise men all his waste and needless cost deride.

Pleonectes (Covetousness)

NEXT PLEONECTES went, his gold admiring,
His servant's drudge, slave to his basest slave ;
Never enough, and still too much desiring :
His gold his god, yet in an iron grave
 Himself protects his god from noisome rusting ;
 Much fears to keep, much more to lose his lusting ;
Himself, and golden god, and every god mistrusting.

Age on his hairs the winter snow had spread ;
That silver badge his near end plainly proves :
Yet as to earth he nearer bows his head,
So loves it more ; for *Like his like still loves*.
 Deep from the ground he digs his sweetest gain
 And deep into the earth digs back with pain :
From hell his gold he brings, and hoards in hell again.

His clothes all patch'd with more than honest thrift,
And clouted shoon were nail'd for fear of wasting ;
Fasting he praised, but sparing was his drift ;
And when he eats, his food is worse than fasting :
 Thus starves in store, thus doth in plenty pine,
 Thus wallowing on his god, his heap of mine,
He feeds his famish'd soul with that deceiving shine.

Oh ! hungry metal, false deceitful ray,
Well laid'st thou dark, press'd in th' earth's hidden
 womb ;
Yet through our mother's entrails cutting way,
We drag thy buried corpse from hellish tomb :

Phineas Fletcher

The merchant from his wife and home departs,
Nor at the swelling ocean ever starts ;
While death and life a wall of thin planks only parts.

Who was it first, that from thy deepest cell,
With so much costly toil and painful sweat
Durst rob thy palace, bord'ring next to hell?
Well may'st thou come from that infernal seat ;
Thou all the world with hell-black deeps dost fill.
Fond men, that with such pain do woo your ill !
Needless to send for grief, for he is next us still.

His arms were light, and cheap, as made to save
His purse, not limbs ; the money, not the man ;
Rather he dies than spends ; his helmet brave,
An old brass pot ; breast-plate a dripping-pan :
His spear a spit, a pot-lid broad his shield,
Whose smoky plain a chalk'd impresa fill'd,
A bag sure seal'd ; his word, *Much better saved than
spill'd.*

Sparing

By Pleonectes shameless SPARING went,
Who whines and weeps to beg a longer day,
Yet with a thund'ring voice claims tardy rent ;
Quick to receive, but hard and slow to pay :
His care's to lessen cost with cunning base ;
But when he's forced beyond his bounded space,
Loud would he cry, and howl, with others laugh apace.

Pusillus

(Feeble-mindedness)

LONG after went PUSILLUS, weakest heart,
Able to serve, and able to command,
But thought himself unfit for either part ;
And now full loth, amidst the warlike band

Phineas Fletcher

Was hither drawn by force from quiet cell :
Loneness his heaven, and business was his hell.
A weak distrustful heart is virtue's aguish spell.

His goodly arms, eaten with shameful rust,
Bewray'd their master's ease, and want of using ;
Such was his mind, tainted with idle must,
His goodly gifts with little use abusing :
 Upon his shield was drawn that noble swain
 That loth to change his love and quiet reign
For glorious warlike deeds, did crafty madness feign.

Finely the workman framed the toilsome plough
Drawn with an ox and ass, unequal pair ;
While he with busy hand his salt did sow,
And at the furrow's end his dearest heir
 Did helpless lie, and Greek lords watching still
 Observ'd his hand guided with careful will ;
About was wrote, *Who nothing doth, doth nothing ill.*

By him went Idleness, his lovèd friend,
And Shame with both ; with all, ragg'd Poverty :
Behind sure Punishment did close attend,
Waiting a while fit opportunity ;
 And taking count of hours misspent in vain,
 And graces lent without returning gain,
Pour'd on his guilty corse late grief and helpless pain.

This dull cold earth with standing water froze ;
At ease he lies to coin pretence for ease ;
His soul like Ahaz' dial, while it goes
Not forward, posteth backward ten degrees ;
 In 's couch he's pliant wax for fiends to seal ;
 He never sweats, but in his bed, or meal ;
He'd rather steal than work, and beg than strive to
 steal.

Phineas Fletcher

Chaunus

(Arrogance)

ALL opposite, though he his brother were,
Was CHAUNUS, that too high himself esteem'd :
All things he undertook, nor could he fear
His power too weak, or boasted strength misdeem'd,
 With his own praise like windy bladder blown ;
 His eyes too little, or too much his own ;
For known to all men weak, was to himself unknown.

Fondly himself with praising he disprais'd,
Vaunting his deeds and worth with idle breath ;
So razed himself, what he himself had raised :
On's shield a boy threatens high Phœbus' death,
 Aiming his arrow at his purest light ;
 But soon the thin reed, fired with lightning bright,
Fell idly on the strond : his word, *Yet high and right.*

Philotimus

(Ambition)

NEXT brave PHILOTIMUS in post did ride :
Like rising ladders was his climbing mind :
His high-flown thoughts had wings of courtly pride,
Which by foul rise to greatest height inclined ;
 His heart, aspiring, swell'd until it burst :
 But when he gain'd the top, with spite accurst
Down would he fling the steps by which he clamber'd
 first.

His head's a shop furnish'd with looms of state :
His brain the weaver, thoughts are shuttles light,
With which, in spite of heav'n, he weaves his fate ;
Honour his web : thus works he day and night,

Phineas Fletcher

Till fates cut off his thread ; so heapeth sins
And plagues, nor once enjoys the place he wins ;
But where his old race ends, there his new race begins.

Ah, silly man, who dream'st that honour stands
In ruling others, not thyself ! thy slaves
Serve thee, and thou thy slaves : in iron bands
Thy servile spirit press'd with wild passions raves.
Wouldst thou live honour'd ? clip Ambition's wing ;
To Reason's yoke thy furious passions bring :
Thrice noble is the man who of himself is king.

Upon his shield was framed that vent'rous lad
That durst assay the Sun's bright-flaming team ;
Spite of his feeble hands, the horses mad
Fling down on burning earth the scorching beam ;
So made the flame in which himself was fired :
The world the bonfire was where he expired :
His motto written thus : *Yet had what he desired.*

Atimus

(Baseness of Mind)

BUT ATIMUS, a careless idle swain,
Though Glory offer'd him her sweet embrace,
And fair Occasion with little pain
Reach'd him her ivory hand, yet—lozel base !—
Rather his way, and her fair self declined ;
Well did he thence prove his degenerous mind ;
Basewere his resty thoughts, base was his dunghill kind.

And now by force dragg'd from the monkish cell,
—Where teeth he only used, nor hands, nor brains,
But in smooth streams swam down through ease to hell ;
His work to eat, drink, sleep, and purge his reins—
He left his heart behind him with his feast :
His target with a flying dart was drest,
Posting to his mark : the word *I move to rest.*

Phineas Fletcher

Colax (Flattery)

NEXT COLAX, all his words with sugar spices ;
His servile tongue, base slave to greatness' name,
Runs nimble descant on the plainest vices ;
He lets his tongue to sin, takes rent of shame :
 He temp'ring lies, porter to th' ear resides,
 Like Indian apple, which with painted sides,
More dangerous within his lurking poison hides.

So Echo, to the voice her voice conforming,
From hollow breast for one will two repay ;
So, like the rock it holds, itself transforming,
That subtle fish hunts for her heedless prey :
 So crafty fowlers with their fair deceits
 Allure the hungry bird ; so fisher waits
To bait himself with fish, his hook and fish with baits.

His art is but to hide, not heal a sore,
To nourish pride, to strangle conscience ;
To drain the rich, his own dry pits to store,
To spoil the precious soul, to please vile sense :
 A carrion crow he is, a gaping grave,
 The rich coat's moth, the Court's bane, trenchers'
 slave ;
Sin's and hell's winning bawd, the devil's fact'ring
 knave.

A mist he casts before his patron's sight,
That blackest vices never once appear ;
But greater than it is seems virtue's light ;
His lord's displeasure is his only fear :
 His clawing lies, tickling the senses frail
 To death, make open way where force would fail :
Less hurts the lion's paw, than fox's softest tail.

Phineas Fletcher

His arms with hundred tongues were powder'd gay,
—The mint of lies—gilt, fill'd, the sense to please ;
His sword which in his mouth close sheath'd lay,
Sharper than death, and framed to kill with ease.

Ah cursed weapon, life with pleasure spilling !

The Sardoin herb with many branches filling
His shield, was his device : the word, *I please in killing.*

Base slave ! how crawl'st thou from thy dunghill nest,
Where thou wast hatch'd by shame and beggary,
And perchest in the learn'd and noble breast ?

Nobles of thee their courtship learn ; of thee

Arts learn new art their learning to adorn :

—Ah wretched minds !—He is not nobly born,
Nor learn'd, that doth not thy ignoble learning scorn.

Close to him Pleasing went, with painted face,
And Honour, by some hidden cunning made ;
Not Honour's self but Honour's semblance base,
For soon it vanish'd like an empty shade :

Behind, his parents duly him attend ;

With them he forc'd is his age to spend :
Shame his beginning was, and shame must be his end.

Dyscolus

(Moroseness)

NEXT follow'd DYSCOLUS, a froward wight ;
His lips all swoll'n, and eyebrows ever bent,
With sooty locks, swart looks, and scowling sight.
His face a tell-tale to his foul intent :

He nothing liked, or praised ; but reprehended

What every one beside himself commended.

*Humours of tongues imposthum'd, purg'd with shame
are mended.*

His mouth a pois'nous quiver, where he hides
Sharp venom'd arrows, which his bitter tongue
With squibs, carps, jests, unto their object guides ;

Phineas Fletcher

Nor fears he gods on earth, or heaven to wrong :
Upon his shield was fairly drawn to sight
A raging dog, foaming out wrath and spite :
The word to his device, *Impartial all I bite.*

Geloios

(Mad Laughter)

GELOIOS next ensued, a merry Greek,
Whose life was laughter vain, and mirth misplaced ;
His speeches broad, to shame the modest cheek ;
Ne cared he whom, or when, or how disgraced.
Salt round about he flung upon the sand ;
If in his way his friend or father stand,
His father and his friend he spreads with careless hand.

His foul jests steep'd and drown'd in laughter vain,
And rotten speech—ah !—was not mirth, but madness :
His armour crackling thorns all flaming stain
With golden fires—emblem of foppish gladness—
Upon his shield two laughing fools you see,
—In number he the third, first in degree—
At which himself would laugh, and flear : his word,
We three.

Agrios

(Rusticity)

AND after, AGRIOS, a sullen swain,
All mirth that in himself and others hated ;
Dull, dead, and leaden was his cheerless vein :
His weary sense he never recreated ;
And now he march'd as if he somewhat dream'd :
All honest joy but madness he esteem'd,
Refreshings idleness, but sport he folly deem'd.

Phineas Fletcher

In's arms his mind the workman fit express'd,
Which all with quenched lamps, but smoking yet,
And foully stinking, were full quaintly dress'd ;
To blind, not light the eyes, to choke, not heat :
Upon his shield an heap of fenny mire
In flags and turfs—with suns yet never drier—
Did smoth'ring lie, not burn : his word, *Smoke without
fire.*

Impudence

LAST IMPUDENCE, whose never-changing face
Knew but one colour ; with some brass-brow'd lie,
And laughing loud she drowns her just disgrace :
About her all the fiends in armies fly :
Her feather'd beaver sidelong cock'd, in guise,
Of roaring boys ; set look with fixèd eyes
Out-looks all shamefaced forms, all modesty defies.

And as her thoughts, so arms all black as hell :
Her brazen shield two sable dogs adorn,
Who each at other stare, and snarl, and swell :
Beneath the word was set, *All change I scorn.*

Knowledge

THE first in order—nor in worth the last—
IS KNOWLEDGE, drawn from peace and Muses' spring ;
Where shaded in fair Sinai's groves, his taste
He feasts with words and works of heavenly King ;
But now to bloody field is fully bent :
Yet still he seem'd to study as he went :
His arms cut all in books ; strong shield slight papers
lent.

His glittering armour shin'd like burning day,
Garnish'd with golden suns, and radiant flowers ;
Which turn their bending heads to Phœbus' ray,
And when he falls, shut up their leafy bowers :

Phineas Fletcher

Upon his shield the silver moon did bend
Her hornèd bow, and round her arrows spend :
His word in silver wrote, *I borrow what I lend.*

All that he saw, all that he heard, were books,
In which he read and learn'd his Maker's will :
Most on his word, but much on heaven he looks,
And thence admires with praise the workman's skill.
Close to him went still-musing Contemplation,
That made good use of ills by meditation ;
So to him ill itself was good by strange mutation.

And Care, who never from his sides would part,
Of knowledge oft the ways and means enquiring,
To practise what he learnt from holy art ;
And oft with tears, and oft with sighs desiring
Aid from that sovereign Guide, Whose ways so
steep,
Though fain he would, yet weak he could not keep :
But when he could not go, yet forward would he creep.

Tapinus (Humility)

NEXT TAPINUS, whose sweet though lowly grace
All other higher than himself esteem'd ;
He in himself priz'd things as mean and base,
Which yet in others great and glorious seem'd :
All ill due debt, good undeserv'd he thought ;
His heart a low-roof'd house, but sweetly wrought
Where God Himself would dwell, though he it dearly
bought.

Honour he shuns, yet is the way unto Him ;
As hell, he hates advancement won with bribes ;
But public place and charge are forced to woo him ;
He good to grace, ill to desert ascribes :
Him—as his Lord—contents a lowly room,
Whose first house was the blessed Virgin's womb,
The next a cratch, the third a cross, the fourth a tomb.

Phineas Fletcher

So choicest drugs in meanest shrubs are found ;
So precious gold in deepest centre dwells :
So sweetest violets trail on lowly ground ;
So richest pearls lie closed in vilest shells :
 So lowest dales we let at highest rates ;
 So creeping strawberries yield daintiest cates.
The Highest highly loves the low, the lofty hates.

Upon his shield was drawn that shepherd lad,
Who with a sling threw down faint Israel's fears ;
And in his hand his spoils and trophies glad,
The monster's sword and head he bravely bears :
 Plain in his lovely face you might behold
 A blushing meekness met with courage bold :
Little, not little worth, was fairly wrote in gold.

With him his kinsman both in birth and name,
Obedience, taught by many bitter showers
In humble bonds his passions proud to tame,
And low submit unto the higher powers :
 But yet no servile yoke his forehead brands ;
 For tied in such an holy service' bands,
In this obedience rules, and serving thus commands.

Fido (Faith)

BY them went FIDO, marshal of the field :
Weak was his mother, when she gave him day :
And he at first a sick and weakly child,
As e'er with tears welcomed the sunny ray :
 Yet when more years afford more growth, and might,
 A champion stout he was, and puissant knight,
As ever came in field, or shone in armour bright.

So may we see a little lionet,
When newly whelp'd, a weak and tender thing,
Despised by every beast ; but waxen great,
When fuller times full strength and courage bring,

Phineas Fletcher

The beasts all crouching low, their king adore,
And dare not see what they contemn'd before :
The trembling forest quakes at his affrighting roar.

Mountains he flings in seas with mighty hand ;
Stops, and turns back the Sun's impetuous course ;
Nature breaks Nature's laws at his command ;
Nor force of Hell or Heaven withstands his force :
Events to come yet many ages hence
He present makes, by wondrous prescience ;
Proving the senses blind, by being blind to sense.

His sky-like arms, dyed all in blue and white,
And set with golden stars that flamèd wide ;
His shield invisible to mortal sight,
Yet he upon it easily descried
The living semblance of his dying Lord,
Whose bleeding side with wicked steel was gored,
Which to his fainting spirits new courage would
afford.

Strange was the force of that enchanted shield,
Which highest powers to it from heaven impart ;
For who could bear it well, and rightly wield,
It saved from sword, and spear, and poison'd dart :
Well might he slip, but yet not wholly fall :
No final loss his courage might appal ;
Growing more sound by wounds, and rising by his
fall.

So some have feign'd that Tellus' giant son
Drew many new-born lives from his dead mother ;
Another rose as soon as one was done,
And twenty lost, yet still remain'd another :
For when he fell, and kissed the barren heath,
His parent straight inspired successive breath ;
And though herself was dead yet ransom'd him from
death.

Phineas Fletcher

Acoë (Hearing)

WITH him his nurse went, careful ACOË ;
Whose hands first from his mother's womb did take him,
And ever since have fostered tenderly :
She never might, she never would forsake him ;
 And he her loved again with mutual band :
 For by her needful help he oft did stand,
When else he soon would fail, and fall in foemen's
 hand.

Meditation

WITH both sweet MEDITATION ever paced,
His nurse's daughter, and his foster-sister :
Dear as his soul he in his soul her placed,
And oft embraced, and oft by stealth he kissed her :
 For she had taught him by her silent talk
 To tread the safe, and dangerous ways to balk ;
And brought his God with him, him with his God to
 walk.

Penitence

BEHIND him PENITENCE did sadly go,
Whose cloudy dropping eyes were ever raining ;
Her swelling tears, which ev'n in ebbing flow,
Furrow her cheek, the sinful puddles draining :
 Much seem'd she in her pensive thought molested,
 And much the mocking world her soul infested ;
More she the hateful world, and most herself detested.
She was the object of lewd men's disgrace,
The squint-eyed, wry-mouth'd scoff of carnal hearts ;
Yet smiling heaven delights to kiss her face,
And with his blood God bathes her painful smarts.
 Affliction's iron flail her soul had thrasht ;
 Sharp Circumcision's knife her heart had slasht :
Yet was it angels' wine which in her eyes was masht.

Phineas Fletcher

Elpinus

(Hope)

NEXT went ELPINUS, clad in sky-like blue ;
And through his arms few stars did seem to peep,
Which there the workman's hand so finely drew,
That rock'd in clouds they softly seem'd to sleep :
 His rugged shield was like a rocky mould,
 On which an anchor bit with surest hold :
I hold by being held, was written round in gold.

Nothing so cheerful was his thoughtful face
As was his brother Fido's : Fear seem'd dwell
Close by his heart ; his colour chang'd apace,
And went, and came, that sure all was not well :
 Therefore a comely maid did oft sustain
 His fainting steps, and fleeting life maintain :
POLLICITA she hight, which ne'er could lie or feign.

Irenus

(Peaceableness)

NEXT to the younger Love IRENUS went,
Whose frosty head proclaim'd his winter age :
His Spring in many battles had he spent,
But now all weapons chang'd for counsel sage.
 His heavy sword (the witness of his might)
 Upon a loppèd tree he idly pight,
There hid in quiet sheath sleeps it in endless night.

Patience his shield had lent to ward his breast,
Whose golden plain three olive-branches dress :
The word in letters large was fair express'd,
Thrice happy author of a happy peace.

Phineas Fletcher

Rich Plenty yields him power, Power stores his will ;
Will ends in works, good works his treasures fill :
Earth's slave, heaven's heir he is ; as God, pays good
for ill.

Andreos

(Fortitude)

BY him ANDREOS paced, of middle age,
His mind as far from rashness as from fears ;
Hating base thoughts as much as desperate rage :
The world's loud thund'rings he unshaken hears ;
Nor will he death or life or seek or fly,
Ready for both. *He is as cowardly*
That longer fears to live, as he that fears to die.

Worst was his civil war, where deadly fought
He with himself, till Passion yields or dies :
All heart and hand, no tongue ; not grim, but stout :
His flame had counsel in't, his fury eyes ;
His rage well temper'd is : no fear can daunt
His reason ; but cold blood is valiant :
Will may he strength in death, but never courage want.

But like a mighty rock whose unmov'd sides
The hostile sea assaults with furious wave,
And 'gainst his head the boist'rous North wind rides ;
Both fight, and storm, and swell, and roar, and rave ;
Hoarse surges drum, loud blasts their trumpets
strain :
Th' heroic cliff laughs at their frustrate pain :
Waves scatter'd drop in tears, winds broken whining
plain.

Such was this knight's undaunted constancy ;
No mischief weakens his resolvèd mind :
None fiercer to a stubborn enemy,
But to the yielding none more sweetly kind.

Phineas Fletcher

His shield an even-ballast ship embraces,
Which dances light, while Neptune wildly raves :
His word was this : *I fear but heaven, nor winds, nor waves.*

Macrothumus (Long-suffering)

AND next, MACROTHUMUS, whose quiet face
No cloud of passion ever shadowèd ;
Nor could hot anger Reason's rule displace,
Purpling the scarlet cheek with fiery red :
Nor could Revenge, clad in a deadly white,
With hidden malice eat his vexèd sprite :
For ill he good repaid, and love exchang'd for spite.

Was never yet a more undaunted spirit ;
Yet most him deem'd a base and tim'rous swain :
But he well weighing his own strength and merit
The greatest wrong could wisely entertain.
Nothing resisted his commanding spear ;
Yielding itself to him a winning were ;
And though he died, yet dead he rose a conqueror.

His natural force beyond all nature stretchèd :
Most strong he is, because he will be weak ;
And happy most, because he can be wretched.
Then whole and sound, when he himself doth break ;
Rejoicing most when most he is tormented :
In greatest discontent he rests contented :
By conquering himself all conquests he prevented.

His rocky arms of massy adamant,
Safely could back rebut the hardest blade :
His skin itself could any weapon daunt,
Of such strange mould and temper was he made :
Upon his shield a palm-tree still increasèd,
Though many weights his rising arms depressèd
His word was, *Rising most, by being most oppressèd.*

Phineas Fletcher

Androphilus

(Gentleness)

NEXT him ANDROPHILUS, whose sweetest mind
'Twi'x mildness temper'd, and low courtesy,
Could leave as soon to be, as not be kind :
Churlish despite ne'er looked from his calm eye,
 Much less commanded in his gentle heart :
 To baser men fair looks he would impart ;
Nor could he cloak ill thoughts in complimental art.

His en'mies knew not how to discommend him,
All others dearly loved ; fell ranc'rous Spite,
And vile Detraction fain would reprehend him ;
And oft in vain his name they closely bite,
 As popular, and flatterer accusing :
 But he such slavish office much refusing,
Can eas'ly quit his name from their false tongues
 abusing.

His arms were framed into a glittering night,
Whose sable gown with stars all spangled wide
Affords the weary traveller cheerful light,
And to his home his erring footsteps guide :
 Upon his ancient shield the workman fine
 Had drawn the Sun, whose eye did ne'er repine
To look on good, and ill : his word, *To all I shine.*

Encrates

(Temperance)

BY him the stout ENCRATES boldly went,
Assailèd oft by mighty enemies,
Which all on him alone their spite misspent ;
For he whole armies single bold defies :

Phineas Fletcher

With him nor might, nor cunning sleights prevail ;
All force on him they try, all forces fail :
Yet still assail him fresh, yet vainly still assail.

His body full of vigour, full of health ;
His table feeds not lust, but strength, and need :
Full stored with plenty, not by heaping wealth,
But topping rank desires, which vain exceed :
On 's shield a hand from heaven an orchard
dressing,
Pruning superfluous boughs the trees oppressing,
So adding fruit : his word, *By lessening increasing.*

His settled mind was written in his face :
For on his forehead cheerful Gravity
False joys and apish vanities doth chase ;
And watchful Care did wake in either eye ;
His heritage he would not lavish sell,
Nor yet his treasure hide by neighbouring hell ;
But well he ever spent, what he had gotten well.

Agnia

(Chastity in the Married)

UPON her archèd brow unarmèd Love
Triumphing sat in peaceful victory ;
And in her eyes thousand chaste Graces move,
Checking vain thoughts with awful majesty :
Ten thousand more her fairer breast contains ;
Where quiet Meekness every ill restrains,
And humbly abject spirit by willing service reigns.

Her sky-like arms glitter'd in golden beams,
And brightly seem'd to flame with burning hearts :
The scalding ray with his reflected streams
Fire to their flames, but heavenly fire imparts :
Upon her shield a pair of turtles shone ;
A loving pair, still coupled, ne'er alone :
Her word, *Though one when two, yet either two, or none.*

Phineas Fletcher

Parthenia

(Chastity in the Single)

WITH her, her sister went, a warlike maid,
PARTHENIA, all in steel and gilded arms ;
In needle's stead a mighty spear she sway'd,
With which in bloody fields and fierce alarms
 The boldest champion she down would bear,
 And like a thunderbolt wide passage tear,
Flinging all to the earth with her enchanted spear.

Her goodly armour seem'd a garden green,
Where thousand spotless lilies freshly blew ;
And on her shield the lone bird might be seen,
Th' Arabian bird, shining in colours new ;
 Itself unto itself was only mate ;
 Ever the same, but new in newer date ;
And underneath was writ : *Such is chaste single state.*

Thus hid in arms she seem'd a goodly knight,
And fit for any warlike exercise :
But when she list lay down her armour bright,
And back resume her peaceful maiden's guise,
 The fairest maid she was, that ever yet
 Prison'd her locks within a golden net,
Or let them waving hang, with roses fair beset.

Choice nymph, the crown of chaste Diana's train,
Thou Beauty's lily, set in heavenly earth ;
Thy fairs, unpattern'd, all perfections stain :
Sure heaven with curious pencil, at thy birth,
 In thy rare face her own full picture drew :
 It is a strong verse here to write, but true,
Hyperboles in others are but half thy due.

Upon her forehead Love his trophies fits,
A thousand spoils in silver arch displaying ;
And in the midst himself full proudly sits,
Himself in awful majesty arraying :

Phineas Fletcher

Upon her brows lies his bent ebon bow,
And ready shafts : deadly those weapons show ;
Yet sweet that death appear'd, lovely that deadly
blow. . . .

A bed of lilies flower upon her cheek,
And in the midst was set a circling rose ;
Whose sweet aspect would force Narcissus seek
New liveries, and fresher colours choose
 To deck his beauteous head in snowy 'tire ;
 But all in vain : for who can hope t' aspire
To such a fair, which none attain, but all admire.

Her ruby lips lock up from gazing sight
A troop of pearls, which march in goodly row :
But when she deigns those precious bones undight,
Soon heavenly notes from those divisions flow,
 And with rare music charm the ravish'd ears,
 Daunting bold thoughts, but cheering modest fears :
The spheres so only sing, so only charm the spheres. . . .

Yet all the stars which deck this beauteous sky
By force of th' inward sun both shine and move :
Throned in his heart sits Love's high majesty ;
In highest majesty the highest Love.
 As when a taper shines in glassy frame,
 The sparkling crystal burns in glittering flame ;
So does that brightest Love brighten this lovely dame.

Erythre (Modesty)

UPON her steps a virgin page attended,
Fair ERYTHRE, whose often-blushing face
Sweetly her inborn shamefaced thoughts commended ;
The face's change prov'd th' heart's unchangèd grace,
 Which she a shrine to purity devotes :
 So when clear ivory vermeil fitly blots,
By stains it fairer grows, and lovelier by its spots.

Phineas Fletcher

Her golden hair, her silver forehead high,
Her teeth of solid, eyes of liquid pearl ;
But neck and breast no man might bare descry,
So sweetly modest was this bashful girl :
 But that sweet paradise—ah !—could we see,
 On these white mountlets daintier apples be
Than those we bought so dear on Eden's tempting tree.

Hamartia

(Sin)

THE first that crept from his detested maw
Was HAMARTIA, foul deformèd wight ;
More foul, deform'd, the Sun yet never saw ;
Therefore she hates the all-betraying light :
 A woman seem'd she in her upper part ;
 To which she could such lying gloss impart,
That thousands she had slain with her deceiving art.

The rest, though hid, in serpent's form array'd,
With iron scales, like to a plaited mail :
Over her back her knotty tail display'd,
Along the empty air did lofty sail :
 The end was pointed with a double sting,
 Which with such dreaded might she wont to fling,
That nought could help the wound but blood of
 heavenly King.

Of that first woman her the Dragon got,
—The foulest bastard of so fair a mother—
Whom when she saw so filled with monstrous spot,
She cast her hidden shame and birth to smother ;
 But she well-nigh her mother's self had slain ;
 And all that dare her kindly entertain ;
So some parts of her dam, more of her sire remain.

Her vip'rous locks hung loose about her ears ;
Yet with a monstrous snake she them restrains,
Which like a border on her head she wears :
About her neck hang down long adder chains,

Phineas Fletcher

In thousand knots, and wreaths enfolded round ;
Which in her anger lightly she unbound,
And darting far away would sure and deadly wound.

Yet fair and lovely seems to fools' dim eyes ;
But hell more lovely, Pluto's self more fair
Appears, when her true for true light descries :
Her loathsome face, blanch'd skin, and snaky hair.
Her shapeless shape, dead life, her carrion smell,
The devil's dung, the child and dam of hell,
Is chaffer fit for fools their precious souls to sell.

The second in this rank was black Despair,
Bred in the dark womb of eternal Night :
His looks fast nail'd to Sin, long sooty hair
Fill'd up his lank cheeks with wide-staring fright :
His leaden eyes, retir'd into his head,
Light, heaven, and earth, himself, and all things
fled :
A breathing corse he seem'd, wrapp'd up in living lead.

His body all was fram'd of earthly paste,
And heavy mould ; yet earth could not content him :
Heaven fast he flies, and heaven fled him as fast ;
Though kin to hell, yet hell did much torment him :
His very soul was nought but ghastly fright :
With him went many a fiend and ugly sprite,
Armèd with ropes and knives, all instruments of spite.

Instead of feathers, on his dangling crest,
A luckless raven spread her blackest wings ;
And to her croaking throat gave never rest,
But deathful verses and sad dirges sings :
His hellish arms were all with fiends embossed,
Who damnèd souls with endless torments roast,
And thousand ways devise to vex the tortur'd ghost.

Two weapons sharp as death he ever bore ;
Strict Judgment, which from far he deadly darts ;
Sin at his side, a two-edg'd sword, he wore,
With which he soon appals the stoutest hearts :

Phineas Fletcher

Upon his shield Alecto with a wreath
Of snaky whips the damn'd souls tortureth :
And round about was wrote, *Reward of sin is death.*

Sin

THE Porter to th' infernal gate is SIN,
A shapeless shape, a foul deformèd thing,
Nor nothing, nor a substance : as those thin
And empty forms, which through the air fling
Their wand'ring shapes, at length they're fasten'd in
The crystal sight. It serves, yet reigns as king :
It lives yet's death : it pleases, full of pain :
Monster ! ah who, who can thy being feign ?
Thou shapeless shape, live death, pain pleasing,
servile reign !

Of that first woman, and th' old serpent bred,
By lust and custom nurs'd : whom when her mother
Saw so deformed, how fain would she have fled
Her birth and self ! But she her dam would smother,
And all her brood, had not He rescuèd
Who was his mother's sire, his children's brother ;
Eternity, who yet was born and died :
His own Creator, Earth's scorn, Heaven's pride,
Who th' Deity inflesh'd, and man's flesh deified.

Her former parts her mother seems resemble,
Yet only seems to flesh and weaker sight ;
For she with art and paint could fine dissemble
Her loathsome face : her back parts (black as night)
Like to her horrid sire would force to tremble
The boldest heart ; to th' eye that meets her right
She seems a lovely sweet, of beauty rare ;
But at the parting, he that shall compare,
Hell will more lovely deem, the devil's self more fair.

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A Collection of Short Quotations and Passages from the Poems of Phineas Fletcher

- Ah, wretched man this wretched world pursuing,
Which still grows worse by age, and older by renewing !
The Purple Island, I. i.
Darkness headlong fell,
Frighted with sudden beams, and new-born days.
Ib. I. xl.
To-morrow shall ye feast in pastures new.
Ib. VI. lxxvii.
Oft bliss is double pain—
In heav'n they scorn'd to serve, so now in hell they reign.
Ib. VII. x.
Sweet are stolen waters.
Ib. VII. xviii.
Profaneness, to be fear'd for never fearing.
Ib. VII. xliv.
He deepest wounds that in his fawning bites.
Ib. VII. l.
When needs he must, yet faintly, then he praises ;
Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raises :
So marreth what he makes, and praising most dispraises.
Ib. VII. lxxvii.
Who bathes in worldly joys swims in a world of fears.
Ib. VIII. vii.
A weak distrustful heart is Virtue's aguish spell.
Ib. VIII. xxxi.
He is as cowardly
That longer fears to live, as he that fears to die.
Ib. X. viii.
. . . night is Love's holiday.
Brittain's Ida, II. iii.
Each softer seems than each, and each than each seems smoother.
Ib. III. ix.

Quotations and Passages

- . . . cruelty fits not sweet Beauty's queen.
Brittain's Ida, IV. viii.
- . . . faint heart fair lady ne'er could win.
Ib. V. i.
- Sleep's but a shorter death, death's but a longer sleep.
The Locusts, I. vi.
- How soon prospers the vicious weed.
Ib. III. iv.
- Thrice noble is the man who of himself is king.
Ib. III. x.
- . . . a meagre ghost.
Ib. V. vi.
- Love knows no mean or measure.
Piscatory Eclogue V. xvii.
- Time hath found
In desperate cures a salve for every wound.
Ib. ix.
- Love's tongue is in the eyes.
Ib. xiii.
- Silence best speaks the mind.
Ib. xiii.
- Silence is Sorrow's speech ; his tongue speaks in her eyes.
Elisa, II. xiv.
- Happy the first o' th' year, thrice happy be the ending.
To my Beloved Cousin, W. R.
- Love's fire is thought, and thought is never thence,
Where it feels want : then where a love is dear
The mind in farthest distance is most near.
To E. C. in Cambridge.
- Beauty when most uncloth'd is clothèd best.
Sicelides, II. iv. 24.
- Pity's gracious eyes.
Ib. III. i. 38.
- Love is like linen, often changed, the sweeter.
Ib. III. v. 24.
- Only in love they happy prove
Who love what most deserves their love.
Ib. III. vi. (*Chorus*).
- The coward's weapon, poison.
Ib. V. iii.

Notes

- P. 15. *Piscatory Eclogue V.—Nicæa.*
 St. I., l. 3. *Chame*: the river Cam on which stands Cambridge.
 l. 8, *Where lordly Trent kisses the Darwin coy.* The Darwin is the Derbyshire Derwent; it falls into the Trent near Sawley, South Derbyshire.
 St. III., l. 5, *caren*=care.
 St. IX., l. 9, *strook*: the old form of struck.
 St. X., l. 7, *her name*: the name of Nicæa.
 St. XIII., l. 8, *gin*, *i.e.* a trap or snare.
- P. 22. *Love*, I. "*Love is the sire.*" From *Sicelides*, Act. III., sc. vi.
 l. 30, "*Thou gainful loss*"—Grosart gives "life," but loss is obviously the correct reading.
- P. 23. *Love*, II. "*Great power of Love!*" From *The Purple Island*, Canto X., st. 4.
- P. 23. *Love*, III. "*Love's sooner felt than seen.*" From *Piscatory Eclogue VI.*, st. 12, 13.
 l. 3, *gin*: *i.e.* trap.
- P. 24. *Love*, IV. From *Brittain's Ida*, Canto II., st. 8.
- P. 24. *Love and Beauty.* From *Sicelides*, Act III., sc. iii.
- P. 25. *The Highest Love.* From *Piscatory Eclogue VI.*, st. 23, 24.
- P. 25. *Daphne.* From *Piscatory Eclogue VII.*, st. 8-12.
 l. 2, *grace*: the original reads "part"; probably an error in transcription, although it makes sense. The rhyme appears to require grace.
- P. 27. *Orpheus and Eurydice.* From *The Purple Island*, Canto V., st. 61-67. A translation from Boethius.
 l. 19, *The aged Ferryman*: *i.e.* Charon.
 l. 22, *Tantal*: Tantalus.
 l. 36, *That treble Dog*: *i.e.* Cerberus.
 l. 45, *Tartarie*=*i.e.* Tartarus.
- P. 28. *Atyches' Soliloquy.* From *Sicelides*, Act III., sc. 6.
 l. 22, *cf. Romeo and Juliet*, II., ii.
- P. 29. *Fond Love.* From *Sicelides*, Act II., sc. ii.
- P. 30. *An Hymen at the marriage of my most dear cousins Mr W. and M. R.* According to Dr Grosart the "Mr W." of this piece was Walter Roberts (or Robarts), and the "M.R." Margaret, daughter of George Robarts of Moatlands in Brenchly.

Notes

- P. 30. *Hymen* = a hymeneal or marriage song.
 l. 1, *Chamus*: *i.e.* Cam.
 l. 60, *A gainful loss*: Grosart compares Donne (*Anatomy of the World*): "whose lossful gain."
 l. 89, *plain*: complain, grieve.
- P. 33. *The Seasons*. From *The Locusts*, Canto V., st. 27, 28.
 l. 16, *freeze*: frost.
- P. 34. *Time*. From *The Locusts*, Canto V., st. 8.
- P. 34. *Morning*, I. "*The Morning fresh*." From *The Purple Island*, Canto III., st. 1.
- P. 34. *Morning*, II. "*The bridegroom Sun*." From *The Purple Island*, Canto IX., st. 1, 2.
- P. 35. *Evening*. From *The Purple Island*, Canto IV., st. 33.
- P. 35. *Night*, I. "But see the stealing Night." From *The Purple Island*, Canto VI., st. 77.
 l. 6, "*To-morrow shall ye feast in pastures new*." Cf. Milton's famous "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."
- P. 35. *Night*, II. "*The cloudy Night*." From *The Locusts*, Canto I., st. 5-8.
 l. 7, *tine*: *i.e.* light.
 l. 15, *let*: hinder.
 l. 25, *pill*: pillage.
- P. 36. *Flowers*. From *The Purple Island*, Canto VI., st. 68, 69.
 l. 2, *Tellus*: *i.e.* the earth.
 l. 12, *grograin*: a kind of silk taffety.
- P. 37. *A Lily*. From *The Purple Island*, Canto XI., st. 30.
- P. 37. *A Purple Flower*. From *The Purple Island*, Canto XI., st. 38.
- P. 37. *Night-Birds in Winter*. From *To my Belovèd Cousin*, *W. R.*
 l. 9, *Procne*: the swallow.
- P. 38. *A Sacred Garden*. From *Sicelides*, Act I., sc. iii.
 Cf. Milton, *P. L.*, IV. 692-703.
- P. 38. *A Hail-Storm*. From *The Locusts*, Canto IV., st. 17.
- P. 38. *The Shepherd's Life*. From *The Purple Island*, Canto XII., st. 2-6. Portion of the present excerpt is quoted by Izaak Walton in his "Compleat Angler," whose readings in several instances differ from Fletcher's own editions. They are as follow:—
 l. 25, "With coolest shade, till noontide's heat be spent."
 l. 27, "Or the vexatious world, or lost in slothful ease."
 l. 29, "His bed, more safe than soft, yields quiet sleeps."
 l. 30, " "has place."
 l. 33, "His humble house or poor state ne'er torment him."
 l. 34, " "lent him."
 l. 35, " . . . "green turfs do for a tomb content him."

Notes

The worthy old angler introduces his seventeen lines of quotation from our poet with these apt remarks: "There came into my mind at that time certain verses in praise of a mean estate and an humble mind; they were written by Phineas Fletcher, an excellent Divine, and an excellent Angler, and the author of excellent Piscatory Eclogues, in which you shall see the picture of this good man's mind; and I wish mine to be like it."

- P. 39. *The Happy Fisher*. From *Sicelides*, Act II., sc. viii.
 l. 35, *steer*: helm.
- P. 41. *Edmund Spenser*, I. From *The Purple Island*, Canto I., st. 19-21.
 l. 3, *Glorian*: Queen Elizabeth.
 l. 8, *that great Heart*: the Earl of Essex.
 ll. 20, 21, "O let the man, of whom the Muse is scorned,
 Nor alive nor dead be of the Muse adorned."
 —SPENSER: *Ruines of Time*, 454-55.
- P. 41. ——— II. From *The Purple Island*, Canto VI., st. 51, 52.
 l. 2, *been*: are.
- P. 42. *Virgil and Spenser*. From *The Purple Island*, Canto VI., st. 5.
 l. 2, *that Mantuan swain*, etc.: Virgil (vide *Eclogues* and *Æneid*).
 l. 5, *Colin*: Edmund Spenser.
 l. 7, *lackey*: *i.e.* to follow like a servant.
- P. 42. *To the Soul*, I. From *A Father's Testament*.
- P. 43. *To the Soul*, II. From *A Father's Testament*.
- P. 45. *Thrice Happy Times*. From *The Purple Island*, I. 16.
- P. 46. *Beauty Flies*. From *Sicelides*, Act III., sc. 5.
- P. 47. *The Dying Husband to his Wife*. From *Elisa*, Part I., st. 32-36.
 l. 34, *persever*: *i.e.* persevere. Used also thus by Shakespeare in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act IV., sc. ii., l. 36—
 "Say thou art mine, and ever
 My love as it begins shall so persevere."
- P. 48. *Death*. From *Sicelides*, Act I., sc. iv.
- P. 48. *The Fall of Lucifer*. From *The Locusts*, Canto I., st. 18-20.
 ll. 9 and 25. Cf. Milton, "Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven," *P.L.*, Bk. I.
 l. 24, *the springing day*. Cf. Crashaw, *On a Foul Morning*, l. 32, "the pure streams of the springing day."
- P. 49. *The Instability of Human Greatness*. From *The Purple Island*, Canto VII., st. 2-7.
 l. 14, *steads*: places or homesteads.
 l. 19, *he which 'twixt*, etc.: Alexander the Great.
 l. 29, *That monstrous beast*: the Papacy.

Notes

- P. 49, l. 35, *a monk*: Luther.
 l. 36, *black Vulture*: the Turk.
 ll. 15-21. Cf. Spenser, *Ruines of Time*, l. 64-70.
 P. 51. *Upon Bishop Hall's "Christian Meditations."* Joseph Hall (1574-1656), Bishop of Exeter from 1627 to 1641, and after Bishop of Norwich, published his "Christian Meditations" in 1640.
 P. 51. *Idololatros (Idolatry)*. P. I., VII. 28-30.
 l. 16, *whilom*: once.
 l. 21, *ore*: gold.
 P. 52. *Pharmacus (Witchcraft)*. P. I., VII. 31-33.
 l. 1, *ghashly*: ghastly.
 P. 53. *Hæreticus (Heretic)*. P. I., VII. 34.
 l. 4, *Crambe*: ? Crambo, a jingle.
 P. 53. *Hypocrisy*. P. I., VII. 35-39.
 l. 16, *aggrate*: gratify, please. See Spenser, *F. Q.*, II. ix. 34.
 P. 54. *Ignorance*. P. I., VII. 40-42.
 P. 55. *Superstition*. P. I., VII. 43-45.
 l. 18, the word "his," inserted, is necessary to fully express the author's thought.
 P. 56. *Ecthros (Hatred)*. P. I., VII. 46-48.
 l. 3, *fleering*: scornful.
 P. 57. *Dissemblance*. P. I., VII. 49, 50.
 l. 3, *seld*: seldom.
 P. 57. *Eris (Variance)*. P. I., VII. 51, 52.
 l. 4, *Ne*: nor.
 l. 6, *Non-obstantes*: notwithstanding.
 l. 7, *leave*: leave off.
 P. 58. *Zelos (Emulation)*. P. I., VII. 53, 54.
 l. 8, *Tirinthian swain*: Hercules.
 l. 10, *His wife's sad gift*: the shirt of Nessus.
 P. 58. *Thumos (Wrath)*. P. I., VII. 55-57. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.*, I. iv. 33-35.
 P. 59. *Erithius (Strife)*. P. I., VII. 58-60.
 l. 7, *hight*: called.
 P. 60. *Dichostasis (Sedition or Schism)*. P. I., VII. 61-65.
 P. 61. *Envy*. P. I., VII. 66-68. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.*, I. iv. 30-32.
 l. 15, *play'd*, i.e. displayed.
 P. 62. *Phonos (Murder)*. P. I., VII. 69-72.
 P. 63. *Methos (Drunkenness)*. P. I., VII. 73-79.
 l. 8, *tuns*: puts it in tuns.
 l. 10, *health*: i.e. healths.
 l. 32, *Curtian Gulf*: it was Mettus Curtius who leaped into the abyss to save Rome.
 P. 64. *Gluttony*. P. I., VII. 80-85. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.*, I. iii. 21-23.

Notes

- P. 64, l. 23, *old Gryll*: apparently, the personification of the horrible.
- l. 38, *cates*: provisions.
- P. 66. *Cosmos* (*The World or Mammon*). *P. I.*, VIII. 4-7.
- P. 67. *Deilos* (*Fearfulness*). *P. I.*, VIII. 10-13. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.*, I. xii. 12.
- P. 68. *Asotus* (*Prodigality*). *P. I.*, VIII. 19-23.
- P. 69. *Pleonectes* (*Covetousness*). *P. I.*, VIII. 24-29. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.*, I. iv. 27-29.
- l. 41, *impresa*: heraldic term signifying a device.
- P. 70. *Sparing*. *P. I.*, VIII. 30.
- P. 70. *Pusillus* (*Feeble-mindedness*). *P. I.*, VIII. 31-35. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.*, I. iv. 18-20.
- l. 10, *must*: mould.
- l. 31, *like Ahaæ' dial*: see 2 Kings xx. 11.
- P. 72. *Chaunus* (*Arrogance*). *P. I.*, VIII. 36, 37.
- l. 14, *strond*: strand.
- P. 72. *Philotimus* (*Ambition*). *P. I.*, VIII. 38-41.
- l. 22, *that vent'rous lad*: Phaethon.
- P. 73. *Atimus* (*Baseness of Mind*). *P. I.*, VIII. 42, 43.
- l. 4, *lozel*: scoundrel.
- P. 74. *Colax* (*Flattery*). *P. I.*, VIII. 44-50.
- l. 34, *the Sardoin herb*: i.e. a plant of Sardinia, said to screw up the face of the eater in a painful smile—hence sardonic.
- P. 75. *Dyscolus* (*Moroseness*). *P. I.*, VIII. 51, 52.
- P. 76. *Geloios* (*Mad Laughter*). *P. I.*, VIII. 53, 54.
- l. 4, *Ne*: nor.
- l. 14, *fleer*: to grin with contempt, to gibe.
- P. 76. *Agrios* (*Rusticity*). *P. I.*, VIII. 55, 56.
- P. 77. *Impudence*. *P. I.*, VIII. 57, 58.
- P. 77. *Knowledge*. *P. I.*, IX. 10-13.
- P. 78. *Tapinus* (*Humility*). *P. I.*, IX. 14-18.
- l. 14, *cratch*: a manger.
- l. 22, *that shepherd lad*: i.e. David.
- P. 79. *Fido* (*Faith*). *P. I.*, IX. 19-24.
- P. 81. *Acoë* (*Hearing*). *P. I.*, IX. 25.
- P. 81. *Meditation*. *P. I.*, IX. 26.
- P. 81. *Penitence*. *P. I.*, IX. 27, 28.
- P. 82. *Elpinus* (*Hope*). *P. I.*, IX. 30, 31.
- l. 14, *Pollicita*: promise.
- P. 82. *Irenus* (*Peaceableness*). *P. I.*, X. 6, 7.
- l. 6, *pight*: pitched, placed.
- l. 14, *Earth's slave, Heaven's heir he is*: "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God"—Matt. v. 9.
- P. 83. *Andreos* (*Fortitude*). *P. I.*, X. 8-11.
- P. 84. *Macrothumus* (*Long-suffering*). *P. I.*, X. 12-15.

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- P. 85. *Androphilus* (*Gentleness*). *P. I.*, X. 16-18.
P. 85. *Encrates* (*Temperance*). *P. I.*, X. 20-22.
P. 86. *Agnia* (*Chastity in the Married*). *P. I.*, X. 25, 26.
P. 87. *Parthenia* (*Chastity in the Single*). *P. I.*, X. 27-31, 35,
36, 38.
l. 11, *Th' Arabian bird*: the Phoenix.
P. 88. *Erythre* (*Modesty*). *P. I.*, X. 41, 42.
P. 89. *Hamartia* (*Sin*). *P. I.*, XII. 27-35. Withll. 27, 28,
compare Milton, *P. E.*, II. 648-53.
l. 35, *chaffer*: barter.
P. 91. *Sin*. From *The Locusts*, Canto I., st. 10-12. Cf.
Milton, *P. L.*, II. 746 *et seq.*

A Bibliographical List of the Works, in Verse and Prose, of Phineas Fletcher

NOTE.—It has been impossible for the compiler of the present list to give collations and some other details which doubtless will be looked for by the enthusiastic collector. Not all of the items included have been *seen* by him, and for many of them he has been indebted to the principal bibliographical authorities including especially Dr Grosart's notes to his edition of the Poet.

1. [SORROWE'S JOY, or a Lamentation for our Deceased Sovereigne Elizabeth, with a Triumph for the Prosperous succession of our Gracious King James. Printed by John Legat, printer to the University of Cambridge, 1603.]
Contains Phineas Fletcher's poem on the death of Queen Elizabeth.
2. [THRENO-THRIAMBEUTICON. ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS ob damnum lucrosum, et infelicitatem fœlicissimam, luctuosus triumphus. CANTABRIGIÆ. Ex officina Iohannus Legat. 1603.]
Contains Phineas Fletcher's Latin poems: "Quæ, sicut rutilus Cynthia curribus," and "Quisquis triumphos lachrymis componere."
3. [Christ's Victorie, etc. By Giles Fletcher The Younger. Cambridge, 1610.]
Contains Verses by Phineas Fletcher.
4. LOCUSTÆ vel Pietas Iesuitica. Per PHINEAM FLETCHER, Colegii Regalis Cantabrigiæ. Apud Thomam et Ioannem Bvcke, celeberrimæ Academiæ Typographos. Ann. Dom. MDCXXVII. 4to.
This was reprinted in 1678 by Dr Dillingham in his collection of Latin poetry.
5. The LOCUSTS or APOLLYONISTS. By PHINEAS FLETCHER of Kings Colledge in Cambridge. Printed by Thomas Bvcke and John Bvcke, Printers to the Universitie of Cambridge. 1627. 4to.
6. BRITTAINE'S IDA. Written by that renowned Poet Edmond Spenser. LONDON: Printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Child in Brittaines Bursse: 1628. 12mo.
This poem was for a long period included in editions of Edmund Spenser. Hughes (in his six vol., 1750, ed.) was one of the first to doubt its being the work of the author of "The Faerie Queene"; it was nevertheless afterwards included in Todd's edition (1805), as

Bibliography

well as in Collier's (1862). Dr Grosart was the first to collect the evidence in favour of the Fletcher authorship of this poem, and settled the matter conclusively in his tractate entitled, "Who wrote 'Brittain's Ida'?" (Misassigned to Edmund Spenser)," 1869.

7. SICELIDES. A Piscatory, *As it hath bene Acted in Kings Colledge in Cambridge.* LONDON, Printed by I. N. for *William Sheares*, and are to be sold at his shoppe, at the great South doore of *St Pauls Church.* 1631. 4to.
8. JOY IN TRIBULATION; or, Consolations for Afflicted Spirits. LONDON: Printed for James Boler. 1632. 12mo.
9. THE WAY TO BLESSEDNESS, a Treatise or Commentary on the first Psalm. LONDON: 1632. 4to.
10. THE PURPLE ISLAND: or The Isle of Man: together with Piscatorie Eclogs, and other Poetical Miscellanies. By P. F. *Hinc lucem et pocula sacra. Alma mater.* 2 pt. Printed by the Printers to the Universitie of CAMBRIDGE. 1633. 4to.

There are large paper copies of this Volume, which have an engraving on reverse of Title and one plate, as well as two plates to the "Piscatorie Eclogs."

The "Piscatorie Eclogs and other Poeticall Miscellanies" are paged separately and have a separate title-page.

11. [De Literis antiquæ Britanniæ Regibus præsertim qui Doctrinâ claruerunt quique Collegia Cantabrigiæ fundamunt Ex Academiæ . . . typographeo: Cantabrigiæ. 1633. 8vo.]—A Poem by Giles Fletcher the Elder, edited by Phineas Fletcher. With this was included the next.
12. SYLVA POETICA. Autore P. F. Cantabrigiæ: Ex Academiæ celeberrimæ Typographeo. 1633. 8vo.
13. [THEOPHILA, OR LOVE'S SACRIFICE: a Divine poem. Written by E. B., Esq. Several parts thereof set to Aires by Mr J. Jenkins. LONDON: 1652.] Folio.
Contains a Latin poem by Phineas Fletcher,
" [In celeberrimam Theophilam, feliciter elucubratam.]"
"E. B." was Edward Benlowes, a friend of Fletcher's.
14. A FATHER'S TESTAMENT. Written long since for the benefit of the particular Relations of the Author, *Phin. Fletcher*: Sometime Minister of the Gospel at Hilgay in Norfolk. And now made Publick at the desire of Friends. LONDON: Printed by R. White for Henry Mortlock, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Sign of the White Hart in Westminster Hall, 1670. 8vo.
15. PISCATORY ECGLOGUES with other Poetical Miscellanies of PHINEAS FLETCHER. Illustrated with Notes, Critical and Explanatory. . . . EDINBURGH: Printed for A.

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Kincaid and W. Creech and T. Cadell in the Strand. London, 1771. 8vo.

This edition of the "Piscatory Eclogues" was edited by W. Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee.

16. THE PURPLE ISLAND, or the Isle of Man, an Allegorical Poem, by PHINEAS FLETCHER; to which is added Christ's Victory and Triumph by Giles Fletcher. With additional notes by the editor. LONDON: 1783. 8vo.
17. [The Works of the British Poets. With Prefaces, Biographical and Critical. By Robert Anderson, 13 vols. EDINBURGH . . . 1793-1807.]
The English verse of Phineas Fletcher may be found in vol. iv. of this almost unreadable—owing to its smallness of type—and very bulky collection of poetical literature.
18. [The Works of the English Poets from Chaucer to Cowper. . . . Edited by Alexander Chalmers, F.S.A., 21 vols. LONDON: 1810.]
Phineas Fletcher, vol. vi. pp. 81-171.
19. THE PURPLE ISLAND, a Poem. With the Critical Remarks of H. Headley, and a Biographical Sketch by W. Jacques. LONDON: 1816. 8vo. Pp. xiv., 190.
20. [The Works of the British Poets . . . by Ezekiel Sanford and R. Walsh. Philadelphia: 1819-23. 12mo.]
Select Poems of Giles and Phineas Fletcher in Vol. v.
21. [Select Works of the British Poets from Chaucer to Jonson . . . by Robert Southey. LONDON: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown & Green. 1831. 8vo.]
Contains Fletcher's *The Purple Island*.
22. The Fuller Worthies' Library. THE POEMS OF PHINEAS FLETCHER, B.D., Rector of Hilgay, Norfolk: for the first time collected and edited: with Memoir, Essay, and Notes: by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, St George's, Blackburn, Lancashire. In four volumes. Vol. I. [II. III. IV.] . . . Printed for private circulation. 1869. fcap 8vo. 156 copies only; large paper copies (106) contain facsimiles of MS., etc. *Collation*.—Vol. I. pp. ccclxiv., 114; Vol. II. Title and Contents, 2 leaves, pp. 335; Vol. III. Title-leaf and 358; Vol. IV. Title and Contents, 2 leaves, pp. 423.
23. The Orinda Booklets. VI.—PHINEAS FLETCHER: Selected Poetry. [With Preface and Notes.] Cottingham, near Hull: J. R. Tutin. 1904.
Pp. 40. *Limited to 500 copies.*
24. The Spenser of his Age; being SELECTED POETRY from the Works of PHINEAS FLETCHER. With Introduction, Notes, etc., etc. Cottingham, Yorks. 1905. *Limited to 500 copies.*
The present volume.

A LIST of the English and
Latin POEMS, and PROSE
WRITINGS of PHINEAS
FLETCHER

Verse

I.—ENGLISH POEMS

THE PURPLE ISLAND, or the Isle of Man [12 Books, 4879 ll.].
LOCUSTÆ.

THE APOLLYONISTS [5 Cantos], 1791 lines.

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Against a Rich Man despising Poverty.

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An Hymn: "Drop, drop, slow tears."

On my friend's picture who died in travel.

Upon Doctor Playfer.

Upon my brother's book, called, "The Grounds, Labour
and Reward of Faith."

Upon Mr Perkins's printed Sermons.

From "SORROW'S JOY":

On the death of Queen Elizabeth.

From "A FATHER'S TESTAMENT":

"Fond Soul! is this."

"Oh I am tired, I faint, I swoon, I die."

God: "Vast Ocean of light."

"How is't, my soul, that thou giv'st eyes their sight?"

"No other passage? what! no way but this."

"Me, Lord? canst thou mis-spend."

"Behold, behold me: view, search every part."

"A grievous, heavy yoke! bonds! burthens! cords."

"Is this the yoke which fools abhor, to be."

"Great Fount of Light! whose overflowing streams."

"Air of herself is dark, and hath no light."

Translations from Boethius:

I. "If Mammon empty all his bags."

II. "Those earthly gods you trembling view."

III. "All pleasures ride with spurs."

IV. "When Ignorance leads fools."

V. "Come, hither come—poor captives—"

VI. "Thrice happy soul that turns his sphere
of sight."

VII. "If safe thou wouldst, and quiet dwell."

VIII. "The stock of man, the root, the body,
boughs."

IX. "Into what different moulds doth God's
wise hand."

Poems and Prose Writings

Brittain's *Ida* (456 ll.).
Sicelides : A Piscatory.

II.—LATIN POEMS

SYLVA POETICA :

[Dedication] : Amicissimo et candidissimo Eduardo
Benlowes se et sua Phin. Fletcher.

In *Thermas Bathoniæ*.

In *Noctilucam et nimium modestos*.

In *Lupum pastoralibus Musis maledicentem*.

Alias.

In *Nasutum*.

In *Homuncionem igniter atque insigniter nasutum*.

In *Asotum*.

In *Mimum vivum sepultum*.

In *eundem*.

In *Effigiem Ducissæ Matris et parvulum Ducem*.

Ana— { *Elisa Vincenta* } *gramma*.
 { *Ne læsa vincit* }

Amicæ decedenti.

In *Phaonium*.

In *certamen Papæ Pauli cum Venetis*.

In *Melissam*.

In *Lunettam*.

In *Lunettam et filium*.

Charissimo fratri Ægidio, etc.

Ad Jesum Servatorem.

In *imaginem Christi a Papista cultam*.

In *effigiem Achmati Turcarum Tyranni*.

In *Rideri dictionarium a Francisco de sacra Quercu
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From GILES FLETCHER'S "De Literis" :

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Preliminary verses : "O quæ Vinsori turres."

From "Threno-Thriambeuticon" :

"Quæ, sicut rutilis Cynthia curribus."

Poems and Prose Writings

“ Quisquis triumphos lachrymis componere.”
From “ Theophila, or, Love’s Sacrifice.” Written by E. B.,
Esq. :
“ Anne novi, veterisve prius monumenta revolvam.”

PROSE WORKS

Joy in Tribulation; or, Consolations for Afflicted Spirits (1632).
The Way to Blessedness, a Treatise or Commentary on the
first Psalm (1632).
A Father’s Testament (1670).

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