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THE POEMS
OF
WILLIAM DRUMMOND

VOL. I







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THE POEMS OF
WILLIAM DRUMMOND

OF HAWTHORNDEN

EDITED WITH A MEMOIR

AND NOTES BY

WM. C. WARD

VOL. I



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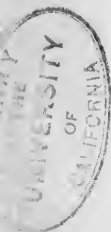
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P R E F A C E

IN preparing the Notes to this edition of the Poems of William Drummond of Hawthornden, I have kept two objects especially in view : to trace the particulars of Drummond's indebtedness to other poets, and to illustrate the philosophical side of his character as it is exhibited in his writings. It has been generally allowed that Drummond was strongly influenced by the Italian poets, of whom Petrarch and Guarini have been named as his models beyond the rest. Nevertheless, very few instances have hitherto been adduced in which he has directly borrowed from either of these masters. The course of my reading, however, has not only confirmed the general opinion, but has proved that the extent of his indebtedness to the Italians is very considerable indeed. It is not improbable that further instances of this in-

debtedness may yet be discovered ; meanwhile, the Notes to the present edition contain above fifty poems or fragments of poems by Italian authors, which Drummond has imitated or paraphrased. Without undervaluing his obligations to Petrarch and Guarini, the reader will observe that he has borrowed more largely from Marino than from any other poet.

The influence of Sidney upon Drummond's writings has been scarcely noticed by former editors : it is very marked, nevertheless, and I have pointed out various passages in his poems in which it is unmistakable. And, lastly, our author's Platonism, which I venture to regard as an important feature in his character, is illustrated at some length in the Notes, and in the Introductory Memoir.

For the text of the present edition, I have chiefly relied upon the *Poems* of 1616, the second (enlarged) edition of *Flowers of Sion*, 1630, and the magnificent edition of Drummond's complete *Poems*, privately printed for the Maitland Club in 1832. Other editions have been consulted and frequently collated ; especially, Edward Phillips's edition of 1656, the Edinburgh Folio of 1711, and Mr. Laing's

Extracts from the Hawthornden MSS. in *Archæologia Scotica*, vol. iv.

The principal recent authority for the Life of Drummond is Professor Masson's exhaustive work—*Drummond of Hawthornden: the Story of his Life and Writings*: London, Macmillan & Co., 1873. A few particulars which Professor Masson has omitted, and one or two which have come to light since the publication of his book, will be found in the Introductory Memoir. Further authorities are cited in the footnotes.

No really satisfactory portrait of Drummond exists. The portrait engraved by Gaywood, for the first edition of Drummond's *History of Scotland* (London, 1655), is the most credible of those that I have seen, and has been reproduced as a frontispiece to the present volume.

WM. C. WARD.

INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR

INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR

“THE sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are, Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley.” Thus wrote one of the sweetest of English essayists, not altogether fantastically, as himself suggested, but induced by that fine relish for the more recondite beauties of literary art which left upon his own writings so delightful an impress. Of the four poets whom Charles Lamb thus classes together, none but Kit Marlowe stands higher than Drummond of Hawthornden. Drayton is sweet indeed, but over long-winded, and apt at times to lose the poet in the chronicler: Cowley, the metaphysical Cowley, is subtle and fanciful, but too often harsh or merely ingenious. But Drummond is sweeter than Drayton, and more profoundly metaphysical than Cowley, without the harshness of the one, or the tediousness of the other. Gifted by nature with exquisite taste, imagination, and a contemplative disposition, he assiduously improved his genius by the study

of the best models ; learning the art of verse from Petrarch and Philip Sidney ; drinking deep draughts of philosophy, wherein perhaps no other English poet of his time was equally versed, from its fountain-head, the divine Plato. Drummond's poetry has in full measure that "element of sensuous beauty" which William Morris affirms to be the essence of art.* In his sonnets he runs Sidney hard, if he do not at times outstrip him. These, however, with some of the madrigals, are the most perfect of his poems, and it is even questionable if there be any more beautiful sonnets in the English language than the best of Drummond's.

I.

William Drummond of Hawthornden was born of an ancient and distinguished Scottish family. The founder of the house was one Maurice, a Hungarian, who fled to Scotland with Edgar Atheling, shortly after the Norman conquest, and took service with the Scottish king, Malcolm. His descendants gradually spread into many branches—Drummonds of Stobhall, of Concraig, of Cargill, of Carnock,

* Preface to Ruskin's *Nature of Gothic*: Kelmscott Press, 1892.

and the rest; finally, Drummonds of Hawthornden. But about the middle of the fourteenth century the chief representative of the family was Sir John Drummond of Stobhall, who had four sons and four daughters. The eldest daughter, Annabella, married Robert Stuart, afterwards King of Scotland by the title of Robert III., the second monarch of the Stuart line. By him she became the mother of the poet-king, James I., and thereby ancestress of the royal house of Stuart. From Sir Malcolm Drummond, the eldest son of Sir John, were descended in a direct line the Lords Drummond of Stobhall and the Earls of Perth, the heads of the house of Drummond. The third son of Sir John of Stobhall was Sir William Drummond, who acquired the lands of Carnock in Fifeshire by his marriage with Elizabeth Airth, and founded the branch known as Drummonds of Carnock. From this Sir William the fourth in descent was Sir Robert Drummond of Carnock, who had several sons. The eldest, Patrick, succeeded in due course to his father's title and estate; the second became Sir John Drummond of Hawthornden, the father of our poet.*

* Douglas's *Peerage of Scotland*, and the *Genealogy of the House of Drummond*, by William Drummond, Viscount Strathallan: Edinburgh, 1831.

Concerning John Drummond of Hawthornden little has been recorded. What manner of man he was may be partly conjectured from his portrait at Hawthornden, which presents him, to quote Professor Masson's description, "as he must have been in the first days of his gentleman-ushership to James VI.—the face light-complexioned, and very manly and handsome, with the light hair tinged to red round the mouth, and a most winning expression of sweet temper."* He was born in 1553; married Susanna Fowler; and was appointed, not later than 1587, gentleman-usher to the King.† About 1590 his wife's brother, William Fowler, obtained the post of private secretary to Queen Anne. William Fowler, it is interesting to note, was a man of literary tastes, much addicted to the making of anagrams, but a producer also of sonnets and other miscellaneous verse, including some translations from Petrarch, which remain unpublished. He was the author of one of the commendatory sonnets prefixed to King James's *Essayes of a Prentise in the divine Art of Poesie*, published at Edinburgh in 1585. Many of Fowler's papers were preserved by his

* *Drummond of Hawthornden*: London, 1873: p. 453.

† He was certainly usher to the King in July 1587. See *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland*, ed. Masson, vol. iv. p. 199.

nephew the poet, and are still extant among the Hawthornden MSS. in possession of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.*

By his acquisition of the Hawthornden estate, some seven miles south-east of Edinburgh, John Drummond became a laird, or landed proprietor. There, in the old house of Hawthornden, overlooking the romantic glen of the North Esk, was born, on the 13th of December 1585, his eldest son, William. Three more sons—James, Alexander,† and John; and three daughters—Anna, Jane, and Rebecca, followed.

* Two volumes of manuscript poetry by Fowler, including a translation of Petrarch's *Triumphs*, are in the Edinburgh University Library, to which they were presented by the poet Drummond in 1627.

† Mention is made of the poet's brother Alexander in the *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland*, ed. Masson, vol. ix. p. 215. On the 9th of July 1611, Alexander Drummond and certain other gentlemen were committed to prison by the Lords of the Council for making "a verie grite trouble and commotioun" in the High Street of Edinburgh, even to the pursuing one another with drawn swords for their lives! The disturbance originated in a feud between the Livingstons and the Cockburns, Alexander Drummond taking part with the former, of whose house the Earl of Linlithgow was the head. A little later the chiefs of the two parties and their friends, amongst whom Alexander Drummond is again mentioned, appeared before the Council to make a formal renunciation of their quarrel, having "choppit handis and imbraceit ane another" (*Ibid.* p. 240).

The second son, James, alone of the family, survived the poet. Anna married a Mr. John Scot, whom we shall know hereafter as Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet; Rebecca married a Mr. William Douglas of Bonjedwart.

William Drummond received his education at the Edinburgh High School, and subsequently at the new University of Edinburgh, where he took the degree of M.A., July 27, 1605. One of his teachers at the university, the Professor of Humanity, Mr. John Ray, was long afterwards commemorated by him in a sonnet overflowing with grateful enthusiasm. "Bright Ray of learning!" he terms his old master, in the punning fashion of the time. And Drummond was doubtless an apt pupil. Throughout his life the love of books and study was strong within him, and, as his earliest biographer notes, "his greatest familiarity and conversation was with the university men and men of learning."*

But while Drummond was still pursuing his studies at the university, all Scotland had been agitated by a great political change. In 1603, by the death of Queen Elizabeth, the King of Scots had become also King of England, and the Court had been in consequence removed

* Memoir by Bishop Sage, prefixed to the folio edition of Drummond's *Works*: Edinburgh, 1711: p. vii.

to London. With the Court went Drummond's father and his uncle Fowler. John Drummond was knighted at Whitehall on the 23rd of July 1603,* and probably passed much of the remainder of his life in attendance upon the King. At all events, we find him with the Court at Greenwich some three years later, when his son William paid his first visit to London.† The young man had completed his studies at the university, and it had been decided that he should enter the legal profession ; though one may doubt whether Drummond himself regarded that decision with unqualified approval. Moreover, Edinburgh not affording at that time sufficient advantages for the training of a lawyer, it was settled that he should go to France to study his profession. This scheme he accordingly carried out, though in somewhat leisurely fashion ; proceeding by way of England, and spending the summer of 1606 in London and its vicinity on his way to the Continent.

The period of his stay in London must indeed have passed all too quickly. In this new experience of life there would be much to gratify the taste and captivate the fancy

* Nichols's *Progresses of King James the First*, vol. i. p. 208.

† *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland*, vol. vii. p. 490.

of a romantic young student, fresh from the schools. Drummond had an artist's love of pageantry and splendid spectacles, and he could now indulge this liking to his heart's content. His connections gave him the freedom of the Court, and he would probably find little difficulty in procuring some glimpses at least of the literary circles of the metropolis. Six letters written by him at this period to a noble friend in Scotland have been published.* They contain a lively description of the revels and festivities prepared to celebrate the visit of the Queen's brother, King Christian of Denmark. Some of the passages read almost like pages from *Amadis of Gaul*. There is "the challenge of the Errant Knights, proclaimed with sound of trumpet before the palace gate of Greenwich." The challengers offered to maintain "by all the allowed ways of knightly arguing," viz., by lance and sword, four "indisputable propositions" in praise of Love and Beauty. The tourney was to take place in the valley of Mirefleur—romantic for Greenwich Park. One of the challengers, as Drummond

* Drummond's *Works*, folio, 1711: pp. 231-233. These six letters were written from Greenwich, where the Court was. Drummond was doubtless staying with his father, the King's gentleman-uscher. The first letter is dated June 1, the last August 12, 1606.

would doubtless remark with interest, was Sir Philip Sidney's nephew, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, a man only less generally beloved and admired than his glorious uncle. A quarter of a century earlier Sidney himself had taken part in a similar display, in the presence of the Maiden Queen. It is not inexcusable, perhaps, to note even so trifling a circumstance as this, which connects in some way the names of Sidney and Drummond; for the resemblance between the two men was considerable. The same high-minded, chivalrous disposition prevailed in both, although Sidney's character had a practical side which was wanting to (the contemplative Drummond.) This, too, is certain: that Sidney's influence is more strongly and unmistakably apparent in the writings of Drummond than that of any other English poet. But to return to our pageant.

Besides the tourney, the royal visitor was to be regaled with "the marvellous adventures of the Lucent Pillar," which were at length to be revealed to the wonder of men, as Merlin had prophesied of old. Possibly the period of Merlin's prediction had not been correctly computed; at all events, we hear nothing more from Drummond of the Lucent Pillar. But when the Danish King arrived, about the middle of July, there were abundant splendours for his

delectation : "nothing to be heard at Court but sounding of trumpets, hautboys, music, revelings, and comedies." On the 5th of August, moreover, there was tilting at Greenwich, where King Christian, mounted on a dapple-gray, and wearing sky-coloured armour spangled with gold, with a bunch of blue and white plumes in his helm, "broke some staves with a marvellous grace, and great applause of the people."

With all this chivalric display young Drummond was evidently delighted. But alas for the evanescence of earthly joys ! On the 12th of August he writes : "None of our pleasures are lasting ; they, as all human things, have their end. The King of Denmark, the 9th of this month, taking his leave of his sister and His Majesty (who with tears in their eyes returned), went towards his ships to Gravesend" : has departed, in fact, leaving "a general commendation in this island of his virtues."

A clearer insight into the tastes and disposition of Drummond may be derived from the lists of books which he read from 1606 to 1614 : lists still extant at Edinburgh in his own handwriting.* As might be anticipated, works of

* Printed among Mr. David Laing's Extracts from the Hawthornden MSS., in *Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland* (*Archæologia Scotica*), vol. iv. pp. 73-76.

poetry predominate. There is a good sprinkling of romance, and a modest choice of miscellaneous literature, including some books of history and theology. Among the books read by Drummond in the year 1606, we note with particular interest Shakespeare's *Romeo*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Lucrece*, and the *Passionate Pilgrim*; Knox's *Chronicles* (i.e., *History of the Reformation in Scotland*); Alexander's *Aurora*; Sidney's *Arcadia*; Lyly's *Euphues*; and certain volumes of *Amadis* and of the *Diana* of Montemayor. Nor, even thus early, was Drummond's love of poetry evinced in his reading alone. It is beyond doubt that he was already in the habit of scribbling verses; among his posthumous works are printed three or four little poems, or fragments of poems, which date back in all probability to his boyhood.

Drummond now proceeded to France, where he appears to have remained for two or three years, studying civil law at Bourges — with great diligence, according to Bishop Sage. More congenial studies, however, were by no means neglected. In his lists for the years 1607–1609 we note the names of Rabelais, of Ronsard, of Du Bartas, Muret, and Pontus de Tyard; of Tasso and Sanazzaro (these in French translations); the *Orlando Furioso*. also in French;

Latin poems of Cardinal Bembo and other Italian writers; *Amadis of Gaul* and the *Diana*, in French; the tragedies of Seneca; and *Oracula Sibyllæ*, in Greek. In 1609 we again find English books on the list: Sidney's *Arcadia*, for the second time of reading; the poems of Samuel Daniel; and Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*; but these Drummond probably read after his return from the Continent. Only one work is included which has even the most distant connection with his intended profession—the *Institutes of Justinian*.

A long letter of Drummond's, dated Paris, February 12, 1607, and addressed to his friend Sir George Keith of Powburn, affords the only picture which remains to us of his life abroad.* This letter is in several respects highly characteristic of the writer. A stately diction, recalling the language of his favourite romances; a love of beauty, which peeps out in a hundred picturesque touches in Drummond's verse; a fanciful vein of moralising: these are the marked features of the young student's letter, and not less of the maturer writings of the poet.

* Printed in the folio edition of Drummond's *Works*, pp. 139-141. The year is not given, but was supplied by Mr. David Laing from the MS. (See *Archæologia Scôtica*, vol. iv. p. 98.)

“Sir,” he begins, “when, out of curiosity, this last week I had entered those large and spacious galleries in which the Fair of St. Germain is kept, and had viewed the diverse merchandise and wares of the nations at that mart, above the rest I was much taken with the daintiness of the many portraits there to be seen. The devices, posies, ideas, shapes, and draughts of the artificers were various, nice, and pleasant. Scarce could the wandering thought light upon any story, fable, or gaiety which was not here represented to the view. If Cebes, the Theban philosopher, made a table hung in the temple of Saturn the argument of his rare moralities; and Jovius and Marini, the portraits in their galleries and libraries the subject of some books; I was brought to think I should not commit a great fault if I sent you for a token, from this mart, a scantling of this ware, which affordeth a like contentment to the beholder and possessor.”

After enumerating various paintings, historical or mythological, Drummond continues: “The father of our fictions, Meonides himself, was here represented, with closed eyes, and a long beard of the colour of the night; to whom was the honour of Mantua adjoined, his head wreathed with bays, his face was somewhat

long, his cheeks scarce with a small down describing his sex. . . . The Cyprian goddess was in diverse shapes represented. The first was naked as she appeared on the hills of Ida, or when she arose from her foamy mother ; but that she should not blush, the painter had limned her entering a green arbour, and looking over her shoulder, so that there were only seen her back and face. . . . The third had drawn her lying on a bed with stretched-out arms ; in her hand she presented to a young man (who was adoring her, and at whom little Love was directing a dart) a fair face, which with much ceremony he was receiving ; but on the other side, which should have been the hinder part of that head, was the image of Death ; by which *Mortality* he surpassed the others, more than they did him by *Art*. It were to be wished this picture were still before the eyes of doting lovers."

Further on he describes "the picture of a young lady, whose hair drew near the colour of amber, but with such a bright lustre that it was above gold or amber ; her eyes were somewhat green, her face round, where the roses strove to surpass the lilies of her cheeks ; and such an one she was limned as Apelles would have made choice of for the beauty of Greece. She was said to be the Astrea of the Marquis

D'Urfé."* Bright amber hair, greenish eyes, and cheeks of roses and lilies, remained, as we find by his poems, Drummond's ideal of feminine beauty.

The concluding paragraph of the letter is this: "Now when I had considered all (for these galleries were a little All, if you please), casting mine eyes aside, I beheld on a fair table the portraits of two, which drew my thoughts to more seriousness than all the other. The first, clothed in a sky-coloured mantle, bordered with some red, was laughing, and held out his finger, by way of demonstration, in scorn to another, in a sable mantle, who held his arms across, declined his head pitifully, and seemed to shed tears. The one showed that he was Democritus, the other that he was Heraclitus. And truly considering all our actions, except those which regard the service and adoration of God Almighty, they are either to be lamented or laughed at; and man is always a fool, except in misery, which is a whetstone of judgment."

Drummond returned to Scotland in 1609. He seems, after all, to have made some pro-

* *Astrée*, D'Urfé's famous pastoral romance, was not yet published, though it is evident from Drummond's allusion, that it was already talked about. The first volume appeared in 1610.

gress in the study of the law, and "brought home not only the dictates of the professors, but also his own observations on them; which the worthy, learned, and judicious President Lockhart seeing, said, that if our author had followed the practice, he might have made the best figure of any lawyer in his time."* But the Fates had otherwise decreed. In 1610 Drummond again visited London. The same year his father died, and was buried in the Abbey of Holyrood. Whereupon the young man renounced for ever all thoughts of a legal career, to cultivate retired leisure and the Muse in his quiet home at Hawthornden.

II.

The heroic age of Scottish poesy had passed away when Drummond entered the field. To the sturdy singers of the old school, the Dunbars and Lindsays, no successor had appeared. Indeed, for many years the troubled condition of the nation had been unfavourable to the cultivation of poetry. More than all besides, the stern Calvinism of the Scots, "as killing as the canker to the rose," had contributed to

* Drummond's *Works*, folio, 1711: Memoir, p. ii.

its decline. Here and there a scholar still found occasional relaxation in the turning of Latin verses, or a courtier wrote sonnets in the vernacular of England, which was gradually replacing the Scottish idiom as a means of literary expression; but as a national art, Scottish poetry was practically extinct at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The most distinguished, perhaps the most meritorious, Scottish poet of this time was William Alexander of Menstrie, who wrote in English as unprovincial as Sidney's own, and whose style shows clearly the influence of Italian models. Nor was Drummond, who was already the admirer and soon to become the bosom friend of Alexander, better qualified to aid in the resuscitation of a national art. Endowed by nature with a far richer vein of poetry than Menstrie's, his Muse, like his friend's, was completely exotic. It could not well be otherwise. Scotsman at heart, and true lover of his country, as he was, he had few feelings in common with the vast majority of his countrymen. Their religious fanaticism, the breath of their national life, was hateful to him, and as his years increased the difference grew ever wider and more hopeless.

But we anticipate. Drummond was now established at his "sweet and solitary seat" of

Hawthornden, studying the Greek and Latin authors, as well as the Italian poets whose influence upon his own writings was so marked. Among the books which he read during the years 1610-1612, we note the *Rime* of Petrarch, the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, *Rime* and *Arcadia* of Sanazzaro, with various works of Tasso, Bembo, Rinaldi, Contarini, and Coquinato. Of English books read during the same period the most noteworthy are Spenser's *Faery Queen*, *Amoretti*, and *Epithalamium*, poems of Drayton and Alexander, Ben Jonson's *Epigrams*, Bacon's *Essays*, and Puttenham's *Art of English Poesy*. The Hawthornden MSS. include lists, in Drummond's handwriting, of the books which constituted his library at Hawthornden in 1611. Of Italian books there are 61; of Spanish, 8; of French, 120; of English, 50; of Greek, 35; of Hebrew, 11; of Latin, 164, comprising 31 of theology, 24 of law, 54 of philosophy, and 55 of poetry: lastly, there is "an additional list, chiefly of classics or miscellaneous Latin authors, containing 103 books."* A total of 552 books in seven languages.

Drummond's love of retirement was certainly unaffected. It is evinced not only by many

* *Archæologia Scotica*, vol. iv. p. 77.

passages in his writings, but by the whole tenor of his life. That Court preferment was open to him, had he cared to accept it, can hardly be doubted. His family connections, his influential friends, his notorious royalism, his fame as a poet, to say nothing of certain effusive bits of adulatory verse addressed to King James and King Charles, had surely made smooth for him the path to worldly honours if he had chosen to follow it. But he seems at no time to have sought or desired such vain distinctions; appraising them rather at their true worth, as "gilded glories which decay." In the sweet seclusion of Hawthornden, amid his books and papers, he led a life contemplative and studious, but, in these early years at least, by no means gloomy. "He was not much taken up," writes his old biographer, "with the ordinary amusements of dancing, singing, playing, &c., tho' he had as much of them as a well-bred gentleman should have; and when his spirits were too much bended by severe studies, he unbended them by playing on his lute, which he did to admiration. But the most part of his time was spent in reading the best books, and conversing with the learnedest men, which he improved to great advantage."* And again:

* Drummond's *Works*, 1711: Memoir, p. iii.

“He never sought after riches and honours, but rather declined them. . . . He used always that of Mirandola, in his free discourse, *Meis libris, meis oculis contentus, a puero usque infra fortunam vivere didici; et quantum possum apud me habitans, nihil extra me aut suspiro aut ambio.*”*

It was probably in the year 1612 that Drummond became personally acquainted with William Alexander of Menstrie, whose poems he had long known and admired. Alexander was some seventeen years the elder, having been born about 1568. He was Sir William now; knighted in 1609; and gentleman of the chamber to the King's eldest son, Prince Henry. Better than this, he was a poet of established reputation, and of some real merit, albeit his vein was not of the richest. Having Court duties to fulfil, Sir William resided for the most part in England; but it so happened that he was at his house of Menstrie, in Clackmannanshire, at a time when fortune brought Drummond into that neighbourhood. The story of their meeting is told by Drummond in a letter (undated) to a friend.

“Fortune this last day was so favourable as by plain blindness to acquaint me with that

* Drummond's *Works*, 1711: Memoir, p. x.

most excellent spirit and rarest gem of our north, S. W. A. [Sir W. Alexander]; for, coming near his house, I had almost been a Christian father to one of his children. He accepted me so kindly, and made me so good entertainment (which, whatsoever, with him I could not have thought but good), that I cannot well show. Tables removed, after Homer's fashion well satiate, he honoured me so much as to show me his books and papers. This much I will say, and perchance not without reason dare say, if the heavens prolong his days to end his Day, he hath done more in one Day than Tasso did all his life, and Bartas in his two weeks, though both the one and the other be most praiseworthy. I esteemed of him before I was acquaint with him, because of his works; but I protest henceforth I will esteem of his works because of his own good, courteous, meek disposition. He entreated me to have made longer stay; and, believe me, I was as sorry to depart as a new-enamoured lover would be from his mistress."*

* *Archæologia Scotica*, vol. iv. p. 83. The date of this meeting is unknown, but it was certainly not later than 1612. Professor Masson gives the year 1614, but on the supposition that Alexander was knighted in that year; Drummond referring to him in the letter above quoted as S[ir] W. A. It now appears, however, that he was knighted in 1609: see the article ALEXANDER,

The words "hath done more in one Day" refer to a poem entitled *Doomsday*, which Alexander had evidently shown to Drummond in the manuscript, and which he published in 1614. I am afraid no one will now be found of Drummond's mind as to its merits.

The acquaintance thus happily begun soon ripened into an intimacy which endured until the death of Alexander. The two poets addressed each other by the title of brother: they wrote verses to one another under the names of Alexis and Damon; and when Alexis obliged the world with the first edition of his *Doomsday*, Damon commended the performance in a sonnet in which he compared his friend to Phœbus.

In 1613 Drummond made his first public appearance as a poet. The occasion was an event which cast a real gloom over the English and Scottish nations—the death, on the 6th of

by Dr. Grosart, in the *Dict. of National Biography*. A commendatory sonnet by Alexander is prefixed to the first edition of Drummond's *Tears on the Death of Mæliades*, which must have been published early in 1613. In *Arch. Scot.* (iv. p. 84) is printed a letter from Drummond to Alexander, which the editor, David Laing, conjectures, with great probability, to have been written shortly after the death of Prince Henry (Nov. 6, 1612); though the allusion is too vague to pronounce positively upon.

November 1612, of Henry, Prince of Wales ; a gallant and promising youth, by all accounts, who had not completed his nineteenth year. The poets, as was then expected of them, came forward in crowds, each with his bit of memorial verse, and Drummond, almost as a matter of course, added his tribute to the rest. An *Elegie on the Death of Prince Henrie*, by Sir William Alexander, was published about the end of 1612 by the leading bookseller of Edinburgh, Andro Hart. Alexander's concern was indeed personal, for he had long been intimately connected with the young Prince. A little later appeared Drummond's contribution to the national lamentation. It consisted of a pastoral elegy, entitled *Tears on the Death of Mæliades*, and three shorter pieces. The elegy was published by Andro Hart, "at his shop on the north side of the High Street, a little beneath the Cross," in 1613, and was generally admired, a second edition being issued the same year, and a third in 1614.

Nor was the general admiration ill deserved. In *Tears on the Death of Mæliades* the fervour of a poet is combined with the skill of an accomplished artist. The versification is flowing and melodious, but without monotony ; the words are nicely adapted to the sense, now heavy with lamentation, now echoing the

clangour of "shrill-sounding trumpets" and the confused clash of arms, and again pulsing in solemn cadence as the poet sings of that unimagined world where the freed spirit is at rest. Especially beautiful are the last two paragraphs, where Drummond's religious sentiment finds noble expression, and where, too, we may recognise a premonition of that philosophic strain of thought which holds so prominent a place in some of his later writings.

The poems which Drummond next produced were written upon a subject nearer to his heart. Apart from such intimations as his verses afford, all that we know of the story of his love is contained in the following extract from the memoir prefixed to the folio edition of his works: "Notwithstanding his close retirement and serious application to his studies, Love stole in upon him, and did entirely captivate his heart; for he was on a sudden highly enamoured of a fine, beautiful young lady, daughter to Cunningham of Barns, an ancient and honourable family. He met with suitable returns of chaste love from her, and fully gained her affections; but when the day for the marriage was appointed, and all things ready for the solemnisation of it, she took a fever, and was suddenly snatched away by it, to his great grief and sorrow."

Barns, the seat of the young lady's father, lies on the north coast of the Firth of Forth, between Crail and Kilrenny, in the eastern part of Fife. Drummond's brother-in-law, John Scot, with his wife and family, resided in the same county, at no great distance from the Cunninghams. In the autumn of 1611, John Scot, then a young lawyer of five and twenty, and Director of the Scottish Chancery, had acquired considerable landed property in Fife, including the barony of Tarvet, near Cupar, from which he gave the general name of Scots-tarvet to the whole of his Fifeshire estates. He was a man of education and literary propensities,* shrewd and thrifty withal, and in many respects unlike Drummond, though between them there subsisted a mutual regard and some community of tastes. A part of Scotstarvet's estate lay in the immediate vicinity of Barns, and it is likely enough that Drummond was on a visit to his brother-in-law when he

* Still remembered as the author of *Scot of Scotstarvet's Staggering State of Scots Statesmen*: "a Homily on Life's Nothingness, enforced by examples; gives in brief compass, not without a rude laconic geniality, the cream of Scotch Biographic History in that age, and unconsciously a curious self-portrait of the writer withal" (Carlyle's *Cromwell*, vol. i. p. 315, *note*; ed. 1857). Some Latin poems by Scot of Scotstarvet are printed in *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*: Amsterdam, 1637.

made the acquaintance of the beautiful Miss Cunningham. The lady, if we may trust a poet's description of his mistress, had just such golden hair and greenish eyes as had charmed him, years before, in the *Astrea* of the St. Germain's gallery. Seldom has lady fair been celebrated by her servant in sweeter and more musical verse than that which Drummond penned to perpetuate her beauty and his passion. There is yet extant a letter of his, sent to some lady with an offering of verse—a letter undated and unaddressed, which nevertheless I refer with confidence to Miss Cunningham of Barns. "Here," he writes, "you have the poems, the first fruits your beauty and many, many good parts did bring forth in me. Though they be not much worth, yet (I hope) ye will, for your own dear self's sake, deign them some favour, for whom only they were done, and whom only I wish should see them. Keep them, that hereafter, when Time, that changeth everything, shall make wither those fair roses of your youth, among the other toys of your cabinet they may serve for a memorial of what once was, being so much better than little pictures, as they are like to be more lasting; and in them are the excellent virtues of your rare mind limned, though, I must confess, as painters do angels and the celestial world,

which represent them no ways as they are, but in mortal shapes and shadows." *

A short year or two of happiness, and then the blow fell, and the lover's life was shadowed with a lasting gloom. Probably in 1615, Miss Cunningham died.† Drummond continued to write, immortalising his sorrow as he had immortalised his hopes. In the little volume of verse which he published with Andro Hart in 1616, the principal place is given to a sequence of poems—sonnets, songs, and madrigals—divided, as Petrarch had divided the story of

* *Archæologia Scotica*, vol. iv. p. 83.

† The only positive intelligence which we have of Drummond in 1615 is contained in the following extract from the *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland* (vol. x. p. 831), dated Edinburgh, March 2, 1615:—“The Lordis of Secret Counsaill, for ressonable causis moving thame, hes gevin and grantit, and be thir presentis gevis and grantis, licence and libertie to Mr. Johnne Scott of Scottistarvatt, Director of his Majestis Chancellarie, and to Mr. William Drummond of Hathorndaill, to eatt fleshe at all times quhen they sall think expedient during this forbiddin time of Lentroun, fra the xxi day of Februer lastbipast to the feist of Pasche nixttocum” [next to come!]. The editor, Professor Masson, conjectures from this that Scot and Drummond were spending Lent together, and wished to enjoy themselves without the drawback of Lenten fare. Accepting this conjecture, I should be inclined to put the death of Miss Cunningham later in the year. Drummond's uncle, William Fowler, had died in the preceding year, 1614.

his love and grief, into two parts ; in the first of which the poet sings the praises of his living mistress, in the second laments her untimely death. These poems include many of the ripest and most finished productions of Drummond's Muse. His studies in Italian poetry had borne good fruit. Not only is his verse cast in an Italian mould, but it is largely impregnated with Italian sentiment. He follows Petrarch both in the general arrangement and in particular instances. Nor does he restrict himself to imitation, but often translates directly from the Italian, especially from the poems of Petrarch, Tasso, Marino, Sanazzaro, and Guarini. From the frequency of his translations from Marino, it appears that the latter was an especial favourite with him ; partly, I believe, on account of a certain metaphysical tendency which finds expression in some of Marino's pieces, and which was nearly akin to Drummond's own way of thinking. It is somewhat remarkable, by the way, that Drummond scarcely ever adopts the true Italian form of the sonnet, preferring to end with a rhymed couplet, as Shakespeare and Sidney had done before him. He says of himself "that he was the first in the Isle that did celebrate a mistress dead, and Englished the madrigal." *

* Folio, 1711 : Memoir, p. v.

I have already adverted to the fact that Drummond was influenced by Sidney, who, like himself, owed much to the Italians. Upon the whole, Drummond's poems to his mistress bear a closer resemblance, both in manner and matter, to the splendid sequence of sonnets which has immortalised the names of Astrophel and Stella, than to any other production of an English poet. It were perhaps rash to assert that Sidney is the only English poet to whom Drummond, in a literary point of view, was seriously indebted; but I find in his writings few traces of the influence of others. On two or three occasions he has borrowed from Shakespeare, and a curious search may reveal some kindred touches in Daniel's *Sonnets to Delia*. He had long known Alexander's *Aurora*: a series of Petrarchan sonnets, &c., addressed to a lady whom the poet had loved and lost; not indeed by death, but through her preference for another. But Alexander's *Aurora*, though Drummond admired the poetry and loved the poet, was hardly a source from whence his own far stronger Muse could derive much inspiration. His models, then, were Sidney and the Italians. At times he would take Sidney's very phrases, as his wont was with his favourite poets, and weave them cunningly into the web of his own verse. In a

more general way, his affinity to Sidney is often strikingly displayed in the style and matter of his poems: some of his sonnets would not seem at all out of place among those sonnets to Stella.

But with all these influences and imitations, the term plagiarist, in a derogatory sense, cannot with justice be applied to Drummond. If he sometimes deck himself in borrowed plumage, he wears it with a grace which is altogether his own. In the closest of his translations he never allows us to forget that the translator also is a poet. The many productions of his pen which are wholly original, afford ample proof that it was not from poverty of invention that he became a borrower. His was the full equipment of the poet, and what he took from others he had made already his own by sympathy and delight. In one respect he was greater than his models, if not as a poet, yet as a thinker. Certain pieces in the volume of 1616—especially the beautiful "Song" in which he describes the apparition of his mistress after her death—already show a depth of philosophic thought unusual among poets of any age, perhaps unique as regards those of his own time. At a later period this characteristic of Drummond was more fully developed. It found, perhaps, its completest expression in his prose essay,

A Cypress Grove, which proves him to have been deeply influenced by the philosophy of Plato. It is shown, too, in several of the poems in his *Flowers of Sion*, though always coloured to some extent, as was indeed inevitable, by the Christianity in which he was a devout, though for his time a singularly open-minded believer. Drummond had in him, in fact, the making of a Platonic philosopher; but, as Sir Thomas Browne would have said, he "Christianised his notions."

Besides the poems on his mistress, the little quarto of 1616 contains a reprint of *Tears on the Death of Mæliades*, with a sonnet and a "pyramidal" epitaph on the same subject; a few religious or philosophical pieces under the title of *Urania, or Spiritual Poems*; and a collection of *Madrigals and Epigrams*. The *Madrigals and Epigrams* are probably, for the most part, of an earlier date than the rest of the book: many of them are translations from the Italian. The poems latest written I should judge to be the *Urania*, in which Drummond's Christianity is for the first time in his writings clearly pronounced. But to this subject we shall revert hereafter.

On page 226 of the folio edition of his works is printed, under the title of *A Character of Several Authors*, a fragment of criticism by

Drummond, some extracts from which will not be without interest to the reader. It appears from internal evidence to have been written after the publication of the first part of Drayton's *Polyolbion* in 1612, and before the death of Shakespeare in 1616. Drummond writes :—

“The authors I have seen on the subject of Love are the Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt (whom, because of their antiquity, I will not match with our better times), Sidney, Daniel, Drayton, and Spenser. He who writeth *The Art of English Poesy** praiseth much Raleigh and Dyer; but their works are so few that have come to my hands, I cannot well say anything of them. The last we have are Sir William Alexander and Shakespeare, who have lately published their works. . . . The best and most exquisite poet of this subject, by consent of the whole senate of poets, is Petrarch. S. W. R.,† in an epitaph on Sidney, calleth him our English Petrarch; and Daniel regrets he was not a

* Attributed to George Puttenham.

† Sir Walter Raleigh, whose epitaph on Sidney is printed on pp. 5-7 of the Aldine edition of his poems, London, 1875. The expression alluded to by Drummond occurs in the last stanza, which is as follows :—

“That day their Hannibal died, our Scipio fell,—
Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time;
Whose virtues, wounded by my worthless rhyme,
Let angels speak, and heaven thy praises tell.”

Petrarch, though his Delia be a Laura.* . . . The French have also set him before them as a paragon ; whereof we still find that those of our English poets who have approached nearest to him are the most exquisite on this subject [Love]. When I say approach him, I mean not in following his invention, but in forging as good ; and when one matter cometh to them all at once, who quintessenceth it in the finest substance.

“Among our English poets Petrarch is imitated, nay surpassed in some things, in matter and manner : in matter, none approach him to Sidney, who hath songs and sonnets intermingled : in manner, the nearest I find to him is W. Alexander, who, insisting in these same steps, hath sextains, madrigals and songs, echoes and equivoques, which he [Petrarch] hath not ; whereby, as the one hath surpassed him in matter, so the other in manner of writing, or form. . . . After which two, next, methinks, followeth Daniel, for sweetness in rhyming second to none. Drayton seemeth rather to have loved his Muse than his mistress, by I know not what artificial similes ; this showeth well his mind, but not the passion. . . . Donne, among the Anacreontic lyrics, is second to none,

* In the fortieth of his *Sonnets to Delia*.

and far from all second ; but as Anacreon doth not approach Callimachus, though he excels in his own kind, nor Horace to Virgil, no more can I be brought to think him to excel either Alexander's or Sidney's verses. They can hardly be compared together, treading diverse paths ; the one flying swift, but low ; the other, like the eagle, surpassing the clouds. I think, if he would, he [Donne] might easily be the best epigrammatist we have found in English ; of which I have not yet seen any come near the ancients. . . . Drayton's *Polyolbion* is one of the smoothest pieces I have seen in English, poetical and well prosecuted ; there are some pieces in him I dare compare with the best transmarine poems. . . . I find in him, which is in most part of my compatriots, too great an admiration of their country ; on the history of which whilst they muse, they forget sometimes to be good poets."

III.

In May 1617, King James visited Scotland for the first time since his departure to assume the crown of England. Among the memorials of his visit is a poem by Drummond, published the same year by Andro Hart, under the title of

Forth Feasting: a Panegyric to the King's most excellent Majesty. It is in the form of an address to the King, supposed to be spoken by the river Forth, and the beauty of the verse is exceeded only by the rankness of the adulation. Professor Masson is of opinion that Drummond "need not be thought of as even smilingly dishonest" on this occasion,* but I am unable to take quite so lenient a view of the matter. The evil custom of the time may fairly be pleaded in palliation, but it is not an excuse. Drummond's royalism, always intense and chivalrous, would naturally incline him to elevate his sovereign, even against his reason, into a sort of *Divus Jacobus*. Moreover, James, disreputable as he was, had some redeeming qualities: he was a man of letters for one thing, and he undoubtedly possessed a good deal of shrewd sense, which might, without very gross flattery, be dignified by the name of wisdom. Perhaps, too, the ancient alliance between the houses of Drummond and Stuart, of which our Scottish poet was by no means unmindful, may have influenced him in some slight measure. On the other hand, it is to be feared that Drummond understood only too well the character of the man whom he was belauding as the pattern of

* *Drummond of Hawthornden*, p. 59.

all perfections. Among his posthumous poems is a little piece called *The Five Senses*,* in which the most secret vices of poor King James are mercilessly exposed. In any case, it is strange that so retiring a man as Drummond, who really seems neither to have expected nor desired any favour from James, as he certainly received none, should have condescended to such outrageous flattery. One small incident of the King's visit to Scotland is not without interest for us. Drummond's brother-in-law was knighted, and appointed a member of the Scottish Privy Council: Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet henceforward.

I have before cited Drummond's favourable opinion of the poetical works of his contemporary, Michael Drayton. In the year 1618 he was visited at Hawthornden by one Joseph Davis, bringing an introduction from Drayton, who already knew him well by report, through their common friend Sir William Alexander, and was doubtless acquainted with his poems. Drummond's pleasure in this opening intercourse is vividly expressed in the following letter:—

“To the Right Worshipful Mr. Michael Drayton, Esq.

“SIR,—I have understood by Mr. Davis the direction he received from you to salute me

* I am not fully convinced of its authenticity, however.

here ; which undeserved favour I value above the commendations of the greatest and mightiest in this Isle. Though I have not had the fortune to see you (which sight is but like the near view of pictures in tapestry), yet, almost ever since I could know any, ye have been to me known and beloved. Long since your amorous (and truly *Heroical*) *Epistles* did ravish me ; and lately your most happy *Albion* [*Polyolbion*] put me into a new trance : works (most excellent portraits of a rarely endued mind) which, if one may conjecture of what is to come, shall be read, in spite of envy, so long as men read books. Of your great love, courtesy, and generous disposition, I have been informed by more than one of the worthiest of this country ; but what before was only known to me by fame I have now found by experience : your goodness preventing me in that duty which a strange bashfulness, or bashful strangeness, hindered me to offer unto you. You have the first advantage : the next should be mine ; and hereafter you shall excuse my boldness if, when I write to your matchless friend Sir W. Alexander, I now and then salute you, and in that claim, though unknown, to be—Your loving and assured friend

“W. D.”*

* Folio of 1711, pp. 233, 234.

The two poets were never to meet in this life ; but a lasting friendship was established between them, and a correspondence by letter, which continued to the last year of Drayton's life. "My dear noble Drummond," writes Drayton, in a letter dated London, November 9, 1618, "your letters were as welcome to me as if they had come from my mistress ; which I think is one of the fairest and worthiest living" [the good Drayton was then fifty-five years old]. "Little did you think how oft that noble friend of yours, Sir William Alexander (that man of men), and I have remembered you before we trafficked in friendship. Love me as much as you can, and so I will you : I can never hear of you too oft, and I will ever mention you with much respect of your deserved worth."* "Joseph Davis is in love with you," he adds in a postscript. Drummond, not to be outdone in politeness, replies on the 20th of December : "If my letters were so welcome to you, what may you think yours were to me, which must be so much more welcome in that the conquest I make is more than that of yours ? They who by some strange means have had conference with some of the old heroes, can only judge that delight I had in reading them ; for they

* Folio of 1711, p. 153.

were to me as if they had come from Virgil, Ovid, or the father of our sonnets, Petrarch."*

Drayton was just then "in terms," to use his own phrase, which means rather "out of terms," with the London booksellers: "a company of base knaves," he calls them, "whom I both scorn and kick at." He was entertaining, in consequence, a project of getting the second part of his *Polyolbion* published at Edinburgh by Andro Hart, and wrote repeatedly to Drummond upon the subject; Drummond, of course, doing gladly all in his power to further the business. "How would I be overjoyed to see our north once honoured with your works, as before it was with Sidney's!" he writes to Drayton, alluding to an edition of the *Arcadia* published at Edinburgh in 1599. The project, however, came to nothing: the second part of *Polyolbion* was published at London, by one of those same "base knaves," in the year 1622.

Of Drayton the little that remains to be told may perhaps most conveniently be told at once. The correspondence between him and Drummond continued on the same friendly terms, though with occasional long intervals of silence, partly due, it would seem, to Drummond's visits to the Continent. The last extant

* Folio of 1711, p. 234.

letter of Drayton to his "most worthy and ever honoured friend, Mr. William Drummond," is dated July 14, 1631.* In December of the same year he died. Drummond writes of him in a letter to Alexander, then Viscount Stirling: "The death of M. D., your great friend, hath been very grievous to all those which love the Muses here. . . . Of all the good race of poets who wrote in the time of Queen Elizabeth, your Lordship now alone remains. Daniel, Sylvester, King James, Donne [are gone and now Drayton; who, besides his love and kindly observance of your Lordship, hath made twice honourable mention in his works of your Lordship: long since in his Odes, and lately in his Elegies. . . . If the date of a picture of his be just, he hath lived three score and eight years, but shall live, by all likelihood, so long as men speak English, after his death. I, who never saw him save by his letters and poesy, scarce believe he is yet dead, and would fain misbelieve verity if it were possible." †

In the same year in which his correspondence with Drayton commenced, Drummond made the personal acquaintance of a still more famous English poet. The story of Ben Jonson's visit to Hawthornden is familiar to every

* Printed in the Folio of 1711, p. 154.

† *Archæologia Scotica*, vol. iv. p. 93.

reader. The old tradition, however, that the great dramatist undertook his Scottish journey for the express purpose of visiting Drummond has been long since discredited. That visit of one or two weeks was but a brief episode of a tour which, from Jonson's departure from London to his return thither, lasted some ten months in all, six of which were passed in Scotland; and of those six months, five, or nearly five, had elapsed before he became Drummond's guest. Nevertheless, we can hardly doubt that to Jonson himself his sojourn with the Scottish poet must have been one of the most memorable incidents of his tour. To us, indeed, it is the one incident which makes that tour at all memorable; for Drummond profited by the great man's presence beneath his roof to take notes of his conversation, "which notes," says Professor Masson, "since their recovery and publication in complete form by Mr. David Laing, have been known to all literary antiquaries as the richest repertory of English literary gossip and tradition that has come down to us concerning the reigns of Elizabeth and James, and also the most valuable of all extant contributions to the biography of Ben Jonson."*

* "Ben Jonson in Edinburgh," by David Masson, in *Blackwood's Magazine* for December 1893, where the

About the end of June 1618, Jonson set out on foot from London, and probably arrived in Scotland by the beginning of August. We have scarcely any information as to what he was doing during the months of August and September. He certainly visited Loch Lomond; possibly St. Andrews; but at the end of September he was residing at Leith, in the house of "one Master John Stuart," and there, or in that neighbourhood, he continued, much honoured and entertained by the Edinburgh folk, until he started for England again. At Leith or in Edinburgh, there can be no doubt, he first made Drummond's acquaintance, and accepted his invitation to pass a few quiet days with him at Hawthornden. To Hawthornden, accordingly, about the end of December, Ben Jonson repaired, and gossiped freely about himself, his contemporaries, and his predecessors in English poesy, during his stay there. His contem-

reader will find some new and interesting information concerning Ben Jonson's journey to Scotland. An abstract of Drummond's Notes appeared in the Folio of 1711, pp. 224-227. They were first published in complete form by Mr. Laing, from a manuscript copy in the handwriting of Sir Robert Sibbald, in *Archæol. Scot.*, vol. iv. pp. 241-270; and have since been reprinted, as a separate volume, for the Shakespeare Society, London, 1842; 8vo.

poraries and predecessors, indeed, appear to have been but a poor lot, even the best of them, in Ben's estimation. Spenser pleased him not; Sidney did not keep a decorum; Shakespeare wanted art; Daniel was a good, honest man, but no poet; and so forth. Altogether, though Drummond surely felt both honoured and interested in entertaining under his roof the most famous of living English poets, his esteem for Ben Jonson was not much increased by this visit. The two men indeed were as ill adapted to one another as two men of genius could well be. As poets, they had little in common: the eminent qualities of the one were usually those in which the other was deficient. As individuals, they were even wider apart. This loud, blustering, hard-drinking Englishman, with all his solid worth and real magnanimity, was not a man to attract the gentle, studious, retiring, and perhaps fastidious poet of Hawthornden. The impressions of Ben Jonson's character which Drummond committed to paper are unfavourable and one-sided; but this must have been largely Ben's own fault, for we may be certain that Drummond was not consciously unjust.

A letter written by Drummond to Ben Jonson, which bears the date of January 17,

1619, proves that the latter had then quitted Hawthornden. He set out from Leith on his homeward journey on the 25th of that month. For a little while after his return to London the two poets corresponded in the most friendly terms, the last letter which is extant of those that passed between them being written by Drummond, and dated July 1, 1619. No further correspondence between them is recorded, and I doubt if there were much more to record.* As a man, and probably also as a poet, the sweet-minded Drayton was more congenial to Drummond than this dogmatising Ben. From Drummond's *Notes* I extract the following sentences, containing Ben Jonson's criticisms upon Drummond's own poetry:—

“His censure of my verses was that they were all good, especially my Epitaph of the Prince [*Mæliades*], save that they smelled too much of the schools, and were not after the fancy of the time; for a child, says he, may write after the fashion of the Greek and Latin verses in running: yet that he wished, to please the King, that piece of *Forth Feasting* had been his own.

* Their correspondence is printed in the folio edition of Drummond's *Works*, pp. 137, 154, 155, and *Archæologia Scotica*, vol. iv. p. 86; and reprinted, almost entire, in Masson's *Drummond of Hawthornden*, pp. 105–110.

“He recommended to my reading Quintilian, who, he said, would tell me the faults of my verses as if he lived with me; and Horace, Plinius Secundus’ Epistles, Tacitus, Juvenal, Martial, whose epigram *Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem*, &c., he hath translated.

“He said to me, that I was too good and simple, and that oft a man’s modesty made a fool of his wit.

“He dissuaded me from poetry, for that she beggared him, when he might have been a rich lawyer, physician, or merchant.”

One or two incidents of the year 1620 may be briefly noticed. Among Drummond’s friends at Court, Sir Robert Kerr of Ancrum, who was himself a poet in a small way, held a high place in his esteem. Early in 1620 this gentleman had the misfortune to kill his man in a duel. His antagonist appears to have been a worthless fellow; but Kerr found it necessary to withdraw for a time to Holland. The following passage from one of Drummond’s letters to him on this occasion is so characteristic of the writer’s philosophic way of looking at things, that I cannot refrain from transcribing it.

“However Fortune turn her wheel, I find you still yourself, and so ballasted with your own worth that you may outdare any storm.

This is that jewel which neither change of Court nor climates can rob you of; of what is yours you have lost nothing. By this quadrant I have ever measured your height; neither here could the vapours of Court make me err. Long since I learned not to esteem of any golden butterflies there but as of counters, whose places give them only worth."*

At a later date Drummond writes to the same friend: "Brave minds, like lamps, are discerned when they are canopied with the night of affliction, and, like rubies, give the fairest lustre when they are rubbed. The sight of so many stately towns and differing manners of men, the conquest of such friends abroad, and trial of those at home, the leaving of your remembrance so honourable to after times, have made you more happy in your distress than if, like another Endymion, you had slept away that swift course of days in the embracements of your Mistress the Court."†

A still dearer friend of Drummond's, Sir William Alexander, was even now sleeping away his days, with much discontent, in the embracements of the Court. Honours and high political preferment awaited him in the future;

* Folio, 1711, p. 141.

† *Ibid.* p. 142.

but as yet his greatness had not ripened, and his most important duty was to assist King James in translating the Psalms. In the spring of 1620, Alexander made an attempt to engage Drummond in the same work, no doubt, as Professor Masson suggests, with the view of doing his friend a good turn by introducing him to the King's notice. The attempt failed signally; probably not at all to Drummond's regret. He did, however, translate a Psalm, and sent his version to Alexander, from whom he received the following reply:—

“BROTHER,—I received your last letter, with the Psalm you sent; which I think very well done. I had done the same long before it came, but he [the King] prefers his own to all else, though perchance, when you see it, you will think it the worst of the three. No man must meddle with that subject, and therefore I advise you to take no more pains therein; but I, as I have ever wished you, would have you to make choice of some new subject, worthy of your pains, which I should be glad to see. I love the Muses as well as ever I did, but can seldom have the occasion to frequent them. All my works are written over in one book, ready for the press; but I want leisure to print them. So, referring all further to our

old friend, Sir Archibald Acheson, who is coming home, I continue—Your loving friend,

“W. ALEXANDER.*

“LONDON, *April* 18, 1620.”

The same year Alexander was seriously ill of tertian ague. Drummond's letters to him upon his recovery bear eloquent testimony both to the sincerity of his friendship and the devoutness of his disposition. Had Alexander died, he writes, “how miserable had the estate of so many been, which all love your life ; for, none being so well loved, this grief had been universal.”† And again : “That ye are relieved of your tertian ague *et tibi et mihi gratulor*. Ye should not despair of your fortunes. He who drew you there and fixed me here contrary to our resolutions, He only from all danger may vindicate our fortunes, and make us sure. He to this time hath brought me in the world to be, without riches, rich ; and then most happily did it fall out with me when I had no hope in man left me ; and this came to me because on Him, and not on man, my hopes relied. And therefore, that now I live, that I enjoy a dear idleness, sweet solitariness, I have it of Him, and not from man. Trust in Him ;

* Folio, 1711, p. 151.

† *Archæologia Scotica*, vol. iv. p. 89.

prefer not to certainties uncertain hopes. *Conspiravit in dolores nostros hæc æstas : sola dies poterit tantum lenire dolorem*; for we have what to plain and regret together, and I what alone I must lament." *

In the autumn Drummond himself was prostrated by long illness. In a letter to Alexander, dated November 1620, he complains of the ignorance of his physicians: "My disease being a pain of the side, they cannot tell to what to ascribe the cause, nor how to help me. If it shall happen me now to die, ye have lost a great admirer of your worth; and the greatest conquest I have made on earth is that I am assured ye love my remembrance." † About this time he wrote the beautiful and touching sonnet to Alexander, which ends with the Herrick-like couplet—

" Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
The murmuring Esk : may roses shade the place !"

The next two or three years present nothing that needs be recorded. Drummond was living quietly at Hawthornden, preparing for publication a new volume of poems. In 1623 the new work appeared: a small quarto volume entitled *Flowers of Sion*, published at Edinburgh

* *Archæologia Scotica*, vol. iv. p. 89.

† *Ibid.* p. 87.

by John Hart, the son and successor of old Andro Hart, who had died in December 1621. Nearly all the pieces in this volume appear to be original : a very few translations from the Italian of Marino are in perfect consent with the prevailing tone of the book. Most of the poems which Drummond had formerly published under the title of *Urania* were here included, with certain alterations : the rest of the collection was new.

The whole book is an expression of the most serious and exalted mood of its author. Drummond here reveals himself as a profoundly religious man, a Christian in the truest sense of the word. To his gentle and tolerant nature the hard bigotry of Scottish Calvinism was utterly repugnant. In the great religious struggle of his time he sided with the bishops ; partly, of course, from his loyalty to the King ; partly also because he thought, and thought justly, that the prelatists, with all their zeal for outward conformity, threatened less real danger to liberty of conscience than the prying Presbyterians. But he was no lover of priestcraft, of whatever complexion, as he subsequently proved very plainly. The reader will not fail to be struck by the freedom from narrow dogmatism which characterises *Flowers of Sion*, especially if he regard the time and place of

its production. It appeals, upon the whole, to Christians of all shades of opinion ; more particularly, perhaps, to Christians of a metaphysical turn ; and much of it should appeal to non-Christians also. It treats of the sublimest themes—divine love and mercy, the beauty of virtue, the vanity of earthly things, the exaltation of the soul to God. One theme there is which, more than all the rest, kindles the poet's enthusiasm ; and a considerable portion of the book is, in fact, a sermon, in sweet and fervid verse, upon the text, " God is Love."

But there is something more to be noted. Drummond's mind was enlarged, and his religious views were certainly modified, by the study of Plato. In many places of these *Flowers of Sion* his philosophic bent is manifest. The beautiful *Hymn of the Fairest Fair*, for example, is the production of a Christian assuredly, but of a singularly Platonic Christian : indeed, from certain passages in this poem it appears to me probable that Drummond was acquainted with the writings of Plotinus, " that new Plato, in whom the mystical element in the Platonic philosophy had been worked out to the utmost limit of vision and ecstasy," as Mr. Pater finely says.* Drummond's philo-

* *The Renaissance*, second edition, p. 40.

sophy finds, however, its fullest expression in his prose essay, *A Cypress Grove*, which was appended to *Flowers of Sion*. Simply as a piece of literary work this essay deserves high praise : Professor Masson likens its stately and melodious style to that of Sir Thomas Browne "in the finest parts of his *Urn-Burial*." But if as a master of style Drummond was not far inferior to the Norwich physician, as a thinker he was perhaps his superior. *A Cypress Grove* is a treatise upon Death, which the author considers both as it appears to be and as it really is. Tried by the test of philosophy, its fictitious terrors vanish ; it is "a piece of the order of this All, a part of the life of this World."

His reflections are noble, and often profound. Here, for instance, is part of an address to the soul, instinct with the true spirit of Platonism : "Thou seemest a world in thyself, containing heaven, stars, seas, earth, floods, mountains, forests, and all that lives ; yet rests thou not satiate with what is in thyself, nor with all in the wide universe, until thou raise thyself to the contemplation of that first illuminating intelligence, far above time, and even reaching eternity itself, into which thou art transformed." Here, as elsewhere, he scruples not to borrow when it suits his purpose. Witness the following passage : "God containeth all in Him, as

the beginning of all ; man containeth all in him, as the midst of all ; inferior things be in man more nobly than they exist, superior things more meanly ; celestial things favour him, earthly things are vassalled unto him ; he is the knot and band of both.* This, again, is a pregnant sentence which he has upon riches : “They are like to thorns, which, laid on an open hand, are easily blown away, and wound the closing and hard-gripping.”

But it is needless to multiply quotations. These few sentences it seemed desirable to introduce by way of illustrating Drummond’s character and philosophic turn of mind ; but the reader will find a reprint of the entire essay in the second volume. I cannot help thinking that Sterne, who was notoriously a lover of out-of-the-way books, had certain passages of this *Cypress Grove* in his mind when he wrote Mr. Shandy’s oration upon the death of his son.

IV.

A sonnet which Drummond wrote upon the death of King James, in March 1625, is in the old strain of panegyric ; not to be read without

* Translated, almost literally, from the *Heptaplus* of Giovanni Pico della Mirandola, book v. c. 6 and 7.

regret, though we doubt not Drummond's disinterestedness. During the first year or two of Charles's reign, he seems to have been absent from Scotland. His next appearance is in a very unexpected character. On the 29th of September 1626 letters patent "to Mr. William Drummond for the making of military machines" were issued at Hampton Court; and the patent was sealed at Holyrood on the 24th of December 1627.* After premising that "our faithful subject, Mr. William Drummond of Hawthornden, has expended very much time, labour, and money in the devising and fabricating of various machines, which may be of use and profit to the State in the affairs both of peace and war," the patent proceeds to recount the particulars of the various inventions. There are fifteen in all, each distinguished by a long Greek appellation, as well as an English name for common use. Some of the "warlike engines" look alarming enough upon paper. Number Nine, for example, is "a new kind of vessel, which will be able, without check from any strength of chains, bars, or batteries, to enter any harbours, and either

* The original Latin text of this curious document is printed in the folio edition of Drummond's *Works*, pp. 235, 236. I quote from Professor Masson's translation (*Drummond of Hawthornden*, pp. 156-161).

destroy all the shipping by fire, or capture them by force; which vessel, from its truly stupendous and terrible effect, and its dreadful destructiveness to ships and harbours, deserves to be called *Διμενολοθρευτης* [*lit.* destroyer of harbours], vulgarly *Leviathan*." Number Seven is an adaptation to modern warfare of the ancient Helepolis, under the name of the *Elephant* or the *Cavalier Errant*. The *Box-Pistol*, *Pike-Arquebuss*, *Fiery Waggon*, *Open Ordnance*, *Flat-Scourer*, and *Cutter*, are the vulgar appellations of the other military machines. Besides these, the patent includes an instrument for observing the strength of winds; a new kind of light craft, to be called, from its swiftness, the *Sea-Postilion*; an instrument for reckoning the longitude; an instrument for converting salt water into fresh; a set of burning glasses, to be called *Glasses of Archimedes*; a kind of telescope, called *Lynxes' Eyes*; and lastly, a machine for producing, "from a natural and never wearied cause," perpetual motion. The patent secures to Mr. William Drummond and his assigns the sole right of making and selling these various machines for the space of twenty-one years, "inasmuch as the said Mr. William Drummond has, with singular industry, and no common ingenuity, thought out these, and not a few inventions besides, and justice and right

demand that each one shall enjoy the rewards of his own virtue." The final paragraph, however, provides that the patent shall be of no force with regard to any of the machines which shall not have been reduced to practice within three years of its date. There is no reason to believe that any one of the machines was reduced to practice within three years, or at any subsequent period. Our ingenious poet had evidently a turn for theoretical mechanics, but the history of his inventions begins and ends with the letters patent.

In 1627, Drummond bestowed a handsome gift upon his *Alma Mater*, the University of Edinburgh, in the form of a collection of some five hundred books and manuscripts, which are still kept in a separate cabinet of the library. A catalogue of this collection was published the same year by John Hart, with an excellent little dissertation on libraries by Drummond, by way of preface.

He was again absent from home, and probably on the Continent, during the years 1628 and 1629, and we hear no more of him until the spring of 1630, when he writes from Hawthornden to a kinsman at Court—one Sir Maurice Drummond, gentleman-usher to the Queen.* It is likely that he visited Barns in

* Letter printed in the Folio of 1711, pp. 145, 146. It is dated May 12, 1630, and contains some characteristic

the following winter. At all events, he speaks of the prospect of such a visit in a letter dated December 1630, "to his loving friend A. Cunningham, Laird of Barns;" probably a brother of the young lady whom he had hoped to wed. She had been dead now fifteen years, and Drummond was still a bachelor, though not much longer to remain so. The following, from the Memoir prefixed to the Folio of 1711, is what brief account we have of his marriage, which took place in the year 1632.* "By accident he saw one Elizabeth Logan, grandchild of Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig, a great and ancient family in this place, and fancying she had a great resemblance of his first mistress (whose idea had been deeply impressed, and stuck long in his mind), he fell in love with her, and married her after he was forty-five [read, forty-six] years of age."

There is some uncertainty, nevertheless, regarding the extraction of Elizabeth Logan, although it seems probable that the above account is correct. The Memoirs of Father Augustin Hay, Canon of Ste. G enevi e, Paris,

advice. Drummond tells his kinsman that he is too honest for preferment at Court, and recommends him to return to his native country.

* The date from Douglas's *Baronage of Scotland*, Art. DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.



contain some interesting particulars as to the family of our poet—interesting, at least, if they may be relied upon ; but they appear set down in so malicious a spirit that they deserve to be received with great circumspection.* Here, however, to be taken for what it is worth, is Father Hay's account of Drummond's marriage. "Att 45 years of adge, he married unexpectedly Elisabeth Logan, a minister's daughter of Edliston [Eddleston in Peeblesshire], which church is within a quarter of a mile of Darnhill [Darnhall], principal dwelling-house to Blackbarrony. Her mother was a shepherd's daughter. The family of Hawthornden pretends that she was daughter to the Laird of Cottfeild, and grandchild to Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig : but no sutch matter."

Drummond's career as a poet was now well-nigh at an end. It is true he continued occasionally to produce verses to the last year of his life, and was yet to publish one or two such productions, of little importance ; but *Flowers of Sion*, of which a second edition had appeared in 1630, was his last poetical publication of real value. Not that his literary productivity was less than heretofore, but from this time onward

* See the extracts from these Memoirs (1700) printed in Appendix II. to the *Genealogy of the House of Drummond*: Edinburgh, 1831.

it was chiefly exercised in prose, and in works of a political or historical character. With the exception of *A Cypress Grove*, none of Drummond's prose works was printed during his lifetime, although certain of his political pieces appear to have circulated to some extent in manuscript.

His earliest incursion into the distressful region of politics was made soon after his marriage. In December 1632 he wrote a short paper, entitled *Considerations to the King*,* and evidently designed for Charles's perusal. The subject is not of much present interest, and may be dismissed in a few sentences. William Graham, Earl of Menteith, had put forward a claim to the long-disused title of Earl of Stratherne, on the ground of his descent from David Stuart, Earl of Stratherne, a son of Robert II. of Scotland; and the claim having been made good, the title was duly granted by the King. The mischief lay in this: that the revival of the ancient earldom of Stratherne opened the way to a revival of an ancient controversy concerning the pretended illegitimacy of Robert III., and the prior right to the throne of his half-brother David, the Earl of Stratherne aforesaid. Robert's illegitimacy being established, it would follow that not he alone, but all

* Printed in the Folio of 1711, pp. 129-131.

the succeeding Scottish monarchs were no better than usurpers, and that the true right to the crown of Scotland rested with the descendants of David Stuart, at that time represented by the Earl of Menteith. Such pretensions were no doubt far enough from Menteith's mind, but he had been heard to speak indiscreetly upon the subject. Now the poet of Hawthornden was keenly alive to anything affecting the honour of Annabella Drummond's posterity, and his paper of *Considerations* contains a serious expostulation with the King upon the impolicy of admitting Menteith's claim. Whether the paper was shown to Charles, we know not ; but by some means his jealousy was aroused, and the unfortunate descendant of David Stuart found himself deprived, not only of his new title, but of his earldom of Menteith into the bargain.

In the summer of 1633, King Charles, long expected, came to Scotland to be crowned. His entry into Edinburgh, on the 15th of June, was graced with a pageant of surpassing magnificence, prepared by George Jamesone, the most distinguished Scottish painter of the day. The speeches for the pageant were written by Drummond, and published the same year in a little volume entitled *The Entertainment of the High and Mighty Monarch Charles, King of Great*

Britain, France, and Ireland, into his ancient and royal city of Edinburgh. There is still something of the old melody in Drummond's verses, but the *Entertainment* falls far short of the beautiful *Forth Feasting* in every respect but that of adulation. The coronation over (June 18), the King opened his Scottish Parliament in person; got certain acts relating to Church matters carried, though not without strong opposition; and the next month departed for England, in a very ill humour at the obstinate Presbyterianism of his Scottish subjects. He had distributed honours pretty freely during this visit; to two of Drummond's friends, among the rest. One of these was Sir Robert Kerr, now created Earl of Ancrum; the other deserves a paragraph to himself.

As far back as the year 1620 we left Sir William Alexander grumbling about his prospects, and versifying Psalms with King James. His prospects had since considerably brightened; had become indeed no longer prospects merely, but accomplished facts. The star of his worldly fortunes had been in the ascendant from 1621, when he obtained a grant, by royal charter, of the territory of New Scotland, comprising not only the present Nova Scotia, but an immense tract of the mainland north of New England. Upon the accession of Charles this

charter was confirmed, and although, by the treaty of peace in 1629, most of the territory was ceded to France, which indeed had a prior claim to it, Sir William's efforts to colonise were thought to have added considerably to his wealth. In January 1626 he was appointed principal Secretary of State for Scotland, which office he held during the remainder of his life. In 1630 he was created Lord Alexander of Tullibody and Viscount Stirling; and lastly, on the occasion of Charles's coronation at Edinburgh, he was further dignified by the titles of Earl of Stirling and Viscount Canada. His "works," which were so long since "written over in one book, ready for the press," were not yet published: to be published, however, in 1637, under the title of *Recreations with the Muses*; the volume containing little of importance which had not previously appeared.

The *Entertainment of King Charles* was not the only literary work upon which Drummond was this year engaged. By far the longest of his productions, a *History of Scotland from the year 1423 until the year 1542—i.e.,* from the accession of King James I. to the death of King James V.—was begun in 1633, during a visit, it is said, to his brother-in-law, Scot of Scotstarvet. It was completed some ten or eleven years later, and dedicated by the author

to the Earl of Perth ; but was not published until 1655, more than five years after Drummond's death. For the student of history Drummond's narrative has little value, but it is pleasantly written, and may still be read with some interest. Following the example of Livy, he introduces imaginary orations, in which he sometimes takes occasion to air his own views, especially upon the questions of submission to the sovereign and religious toleration. A privy councillor of James V., for example, is made to declare, in the course of a long speech to his master, that "religion cannot be preached by arms," and that "force and compulsion may bring forth hypocrites, not true Christians."

It was probably also in 1633 that our poet compiled a genealogical table of the house of Drummond, which he sent to the Earl of Perth. A few sentences from the letter which accompanied it may be quoted. "My noble Lord," it begins, "though, as Glaucus says to Diomed in Homer—

—' Like the race of leaves

The race of man is, that deserves no question ; nor
receives

His being any other breath. The wind in autumn strows
The earth with old leaves, then the spring the woods
with new endows ;' *

* From Chapman's translation of the *Iliad*, book vi.
ll. 141-144.

yet I have ever thought the knowledge of kindred, and the genealogies of the ancient families of a country, a matter so far from contempt that it deserveth highest praise. Herein consisteth a part of the knowledge of a man's own self. It is a great spur to virtue to look back on the worth of our line. . . . This moved me to essay this Table of your Lordship's House ; which is not inferior to the best and greatest in this isle. It is but roughly (I confess) hewn, nakedly limned, and, after better informations, to be amended."* The amendment of this Table was, in fact, one of the poet's occupations during the last year of his life.†

Royalist and anti-Presbyterian as Drummond was, it is odd that his first intervention in the growing dispute between Charles and his Scottish subjects should have taken the form of a remonstrance against the policy of the King. Certain lords and gentlemen of the Presbyterian party (the Earl of Rothes at their head), who had been zealous in opposition to the Kirk Acts which Charles had

* Letter printed in the Folio of 1711, p. 136.

† Drummond's Table, with later interpolations, is printed, under the title of a *History of the Family of Perth*, as Appendix I. to the *Genealogy of the House of Drummond*, by William Drummond, Viscount Strathallan : Edinburgh, 1831.

forced through the Scottish Parliament immediately after his coronation, had drawn up a "Supplication," which they purposed to present to His Majesty. Herein they apologised for their resistance of the King's measures, protested their good affection, hinted at various grievances, and finally implored the King not to insist upon introducing into the Scottish Church innovations which did not stand with the conscience of the Scottish people. The tone of the paper was throughout loyal and respectful. Upon second thoughts, however, the petitioners decided not to present it, and nothing would have been heard of the matter had not one of them, Lord Balmerino, unluckily preserved a copy. Through some carelessness this fact became known, and a copy of the document found its way to the hands of John Spotswood, Archbishop of St. Andrews, the head of the Anglican party in Scotland. The Archbishop at once communicated his discovery to the King, and the result was, briefly, that in June 1634, Lord Balmerino was arrested and thrown into prison, to await there his trial on the capital charge of possessing and being concerned in an Infamous Libel against the King's government. The trial did not take place until the 8th of March 1635, when Lord Balmerino was

convicted by the casting vote of the chairman of the jury, the Earl of Traquair.

Now Drummond, as we know, had not the slightest sympathy with Balmerino and his party. But if he disliked Presbyterianism, he detested tyranny. Therefore he wrote a paper, which is published among his works under the title of *An Apologetical Letter*,* and is dated March 2, 1635, six days before the trial. This paper he addressed to his friend Kerr, Earl of Ancrum, that the latter might communicate its contents to the King if he deemed it advisable. And as Professor Masson observes, "there was real courage in this, inasmuch as the paper is a ten times sharper and more outspoken remonstrance with His Majesty than the 'Infamous Libel' which is the subject of it." †

Drummond has nothing to say in favour of the libel: "an idle piece of paper," he calls it; "such a paper should have been answered by a pen, not by an axe." But he has much to say in favour of the right to freedom of speech, and adduces many historical examples of the ill effects of interfering with that right. It is wiser in a prince, and more fitting his fame, to slight and contemn libels, than to be too curious in searching out the authors.

* Folio, 1711, pp. 132-134.

† *Drummond of Hawthornden*, p. 237.

Besides, "if they be presented by way of supplications for redressing of errors in the state, it is a question whether they be libels or not." "No prince, how great soever, can abolish pens; nor will the memorials of ages be extinguished by present power." Upon "errors in the state" of Scotland he writes in a strain to which King Charles was as yet little accustomed. "There is none in all his kingdom here can reckon himself lord of his own goods amongst so many taxes and taillages, so much pilling and polling." "It hath often been found that nothing hath sooner armed a people than poverty, and poverty hath never so often been brought upon a nation by the unfruitfulness of the earth, by disasters of seas, and other human accidents, as by the avarice of the officers and favourites of princes; who are brought foolishly to believe that by tearing off the skins of the flock, they shall turn the shepherd rich. It is no property of a good shepherd to shear often his flock, and ever to milk them. Nor is it of a prince to gall and perpetually afflict a people by a terrible exchequer. *Brutorum se regem facit qui premit suos.*" He concludes with this noble sentence: "A prince should be such towards his subjects as he would have God Eternal towards him, who, full of mercy, spareth peopled cities, and

darteth His thunders amongst the vast and wild mountains.”

Balmerino was ultimately released, though not until more than four months after his trial. But the glaring iniquity of proceeding to the death-penalty for such an offence was too much for the King's advisers, especially in view of the state of popular feeling in Scotland ; and even Laud was now on the side of mercy.

V.

The year 1637 brought matters in Scotland to a crisis. Laud's attempt to introduce the new liturgy failed ignominiously, and the riots in Edinburgh were the signal for universal revolt. It seemed at first as if the obstinacy of the King would keep pace with the resolution of his subjects. Their protests were answered by menaces and royal proclamations, until in March 1638 the Scottish people solemnly banded themselves together by a renewal of the Covenant to defend their national religion, and resist innovations to the utmost of their power. Charles hungered for war, but for war he was not prepared, and the only alternative was to treat with the Covenanters. He accordingly despatched the Marquis of Hamilton to

Scotland to make what *minimum* of concession was absolutely unavoidable, and this *minimum* proved to be a full acceptance of the Scottish terms, announced by the King's proclamation of September 22. The obnoxious innovations were abolished, the new liturgy was revoked; the King consented to a limitation of episcopacy, and to the summoning of a General Assembly at Glasgow in the month of November following.

Upon this occasion Drummond produced one of the longest and most important of his prose treatises. It is entitled "*Irene* [Peace]. *A Remonstrance for Concord, Amity and Love, amongst his Majesty's Subjects; written after his Declaration publish'd at Edinburgh, 22nd of September 1638;*"* and it is in substance a very eloquent and earnest appeal to the author's countrymen of all classes, to forget their differences, and unite in a general reconciliation upon the basis of His Majesty's gracious concessions. But Drummond can hardly have been very sanguine as to the event of his appeal. Had the King's concessions been made in good faith, or had the Covenanters been content with the liberty of worshipping their

* *Irene* was not published until 1711. It is in the folio edition of Drummond's *Works*, pp. 163-173, and has never been reprinted.

God after their own fashion, a settlement might have been hoped for. But the facts were far otherwise. Charles had simply yielded for the moment to superior force, while to the Covenanters the right to liberty of conscience was a thankless gift, unless it were joined with the right to deny that liberty of conscience to every one besides.

Irene begins in Drummond's most picturesque manner: "As pilgrims, wandering in the night by the inconstant glances of the moon, when they behold the morning gleams; as mariners, after tempests on the seas, at their arrival in safe harbours; as men that are perplexed and taken with some ugly visions and affrightments in their slumbers, when they are awaked and calmly roused up; so did this kingdom, state, nay, the whole isle, amidst those suspicions, jealousies, surmises, misrepresentations, terrors more than panic, after the late declaration of the King's Majesty find themselves surprised and over-reached with unexpected and inexpressible joys. Religion was mourning, Justice wandering, Peace seeking whither to fly; a strange, hideous, grim, and pale shadow of a government was begun to crawl abroad, putting up a hundred heads. Men's courages were growing hot, their hatred kindled, all either drawing their swords or laying hands

upon them. The enemy was the country ; the quarrel, differences of opinions. Towns were pestered with guards of armed citizens, the country and villages thrall'd with dormant musters ; the danger seem'd great, the fear greater : all expected the prince would enter the lists. And so he did ! Mean things must yield unto the more noble ; *vicit amor patriæ* ; that same wind which gathered the clouds did dissipate them. He not only giveth way to our zeal, graciously assenting to all our desires, but condescendeth, nay commandeth, that our own writ should be current, and embraced by all his subjects. To human eyes a perfect conclusion of our wretched distractions."

"The quarrel, differences of opinions," says Drummond, and truly ; but there was another question involved : was the country to be ruled by the will of the people, or by that of the King ? On this point Drummond is perfectly clear. He stands for the principle of unconditional submission to the will of the sovereign. "Obedience being the strongest pedestal of concord, and concord the principal pillar of state, we should always embrace and follow her if we would enjoy a civil happiness." If there be that which displeases us in the edicts of the prince, "let us apply the remedies of patience and obedience." "It is not lawful for a subject to

be a syndic of the actions of his prince in matters of state, being for the most part ignorant of the secret causes and motives upon which they are grounded ; it belonging only to God Almighty, the searcher of all hearts, to censure and judge the actions of princes, from whom alone they have their royal power and sovereignty.”

There is much more to the same effect, all, doubtless, very mistaken ; yet the loyal poet was not wholly without apology. If he preferred the despotism of one man to the tyranny of a multitude, we ought to consider, before condemning him, the character of the multitude which he had in view, and what kind of tyranny theirs was likely to prove. The Scottish Presbyterians did not stand, as the English Independents, for liberty of conscience, but for a hierarchy far more oppressive than that of Laud. Never, in the days of her worst despotism, had the Church of Rome exercised a more arbitrary control over the words and actions of her subjects than was now claimed by the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland. Drummond knew already the truth which Milton afterwards expressed—that new Presbyter was but old Priest writ large. Perhaps, too, he had seen that the influence of Calvinism upon the lives of the people was not such as to afford a very strong

argument in its favour. Here is a curious little bit of evidence on this point, from an unbiassed witness: "I thought I, should have found in Scotland," wrote Oliver Cromwell in 1650, "a conscientious people and a barren country: about Edinburgh, it is as fertile for corn as any part of England; but the people generally are so given to the most impudent lying, and frequent swearing, as is incredible to be believed."*

In *Irene* Drummond charged the Covenanting nobles, and certainly not without some knowledge of the matter, with using religion as a cloak to cover worldly ends. He warned them that in warring against monarchy they were compassing their own destruction: "Ye may one day expect a Sicilian evensong." The common people he regarded as imposed upon by their leaders; but his keenest satire and invective were levelled against the Presbyterian clergy. I purpose to quote a few more sentences from *Irene*: meanwhile, to finish Drummond's apology, let us take notice that there was a wide difference in the position of affairs in Scotland and in England. In England there was actually a party which professed, as Cromwell nobly said, "in things of the mind to look for no compulsion but that of light and

* Carlyle's *Cromwell*, vol. ii. p. 218: ed. 1857.

reason." Not that Drummond could have been other than a royalist, had he been an Englishman ; his royalism was far too deeply rooted. But in Scotland he had no choice but of two evils. There was no middle way between the King and the Covenant, and considering all that the Covenant implied, we cannot wonder, nor greatly blame him, if he preferred the King.

The address to the clergy in *Irene* contains some home-truths capable of a wide application. Drummond apostrophises them in a tone of the bitterest irony. "Ye lights of the world, examples of holiness and all virtues, you living libraries of knowledge, sanctuaries of goodness, look upon the fragility of mankind ! . . . Pity the human race, spare the blood of man ; the earth is drunk with it, the waters empurpled, the air empoisoned ; and all by you. . . . By you kingdom hath been raised against kingdom, citizens against themselves, subjects against their sovereigns. . . . Our God left duty for a law ; ye teach cruelty for God's service. Your cruelty, many hundred years since, moved a heathen to write, that no savage beasts were so noisome and hurtful to men as Christians were to themselves."

Not the Presbyterian clergy alone were in Drummond's thoughts when he thus addressed them. But further : " Sacred race ! have you

no remorse when ye enter into the cabinets of your own hearts, and there, for arras and portraits, find millions of Christians represented unto you disfigured, massacred, butchered, and made havoc of in all the fashions the imaginations of wicked mankind could devise, for the maintaining of those opinions and problems which ye are conscious to yourselves are but Centaurs' children, the imaginations and fancies of your own brains, concerning which ye would argue with and chide one another, but never shed one ounce of your blood? . . . Our Master said, He sent out His disciples as sheep amongst wolves ; but now of many churchmen it may be said, they come out as wolves in the midst of sheep, that for bread they have given stones to their children, and for fishes serpents. With what countenances can ye look upon your Master, at whose nativity angels proclaimed the joyful embassy of peace unto men and glory to God ; whose last will was love and peace ; who so often recommended patience and suffering ; whose example in all His actions ever crieth peace ? But ye have transformed truth into rhetoric, by your commentaries destroyed the texts ; the shadows have deprived us of the bodies."

He gives them excellent advice. "Compound your differences and controversies ; study unity

and not distractions ; seek not so much cunningly to make men know what goodness is, as to make them embrace and cheerfully follow it. A little practice of goodness is many degrees above abstract contemplations, disputes, and your learned orations ! . . . Of the diversity and variety which is in this world ariseth that beauty so wonderful and amazing to our eyes. We find not two persons of one and the same shape, figure, and lineaments of the face, much less of the same conditions, qualities, and humours, though they be of the self-same parents ; and why do we seek to find men all of one thought and one opinion in formalities and matters disputable ? Why should we only honour and respect those of our opinions as our friends, and carry ourselves towards others as if they were beasts and trees, nay, as our enemies ? Were it not more seemly and meet to make a difference between men according to their vice or virtue ? There be many wicked men of our profession, and a great number of good and civil men of other professions. *Sua danda est religio, non imperanda.* The consciences of men neither should nor will be forced by the violence of iron and fire ; nor will souls be compelled to believe that which they believe not : they are not drawn nor subdued but by evidence and demonstrations."

In conclusion, Drummond addresses the King himself in words of warning as well as of entreaty. He tells him it was not religion alone which occasioned these troubles: they were partly due to misgovernment. Above all things, he cautions him not to attempt the subduement of his people by force of arms. "If you should, Sir, you shall make your power odious every way The drawing of your sword against them shall be the drawing of it against yourself." Clemency is with kings a kind of justice. If his subjects have lost anything of what they feign to be liberty, let the King restore it to them; let him "change their troubles into rest, their miseries into prosperity, their dissensions into concord and peace."

It had been well for Charles if he could have taken to heart some such advice as this; but on both sides Drummond was casting his pearls before persons incapable of perceiving their value. The Glasgow Assembly met on the 21st of November 1638, and it was quickly evident that the breach was widening instead of closing. Not satisfied with the limitation of episcopacy to which Charles had already consented, the Assembly determined upon its total extirpation, and summoned the bishops to appear before its tribunal. Thereupon the Marquis of Hamilton, acting for the King,

pronounced the Assembly dissolved; and the Assembly, continuing to sit in defiance of the Marquis, deposed and excommunicated the Scottish bishops, abolished the Episcopal Church, and established Presbyterianism as the national form of religion. There could be no doubt as to the event of these proceedings, and the Scots accordingly prepared for war. Castles were seized and garrisoned, an army was raised, and the command was entrusted to Field-Marshal Lesley, an officer who had served with distinction in Germany under the King of Sweden, the famous Gustavus Adolphus.

It was during this year that Drummond completed the rebuilding, or partial rebuilding, of his house at Hawthornden. "The mansion of Hawthornden which tourists now admire, peaked so picturesquely on its high rock in the romantic glen of the Esk, is not the identical house which Ben Jonson saw, and in which he and Drummond had their immortal colloquies, but Drummond's enlarged edifice of 1638, preserving in it one hardly knows what fragments of the older building."* Above the doorway of the new house the poet caused the following inscription to be carved: *Divino munere Gulielmus Drummondus ab*

* Masson's *Drummond of Hawthornden*, p. 289.

Hawthornden, Joannis, Equitis Aurati, Filius, ut honesto otio quiesceret, sibi et successoribus instauravit, 1638.

Ut honesto otio quiesceret! Alas, poor Drummond!

There is no need to dwell here upon the details of the first Bishops' War. All the histories tell how Charles, with great difficulty, assembled an army in the spring of 1639, and came northward to chastise his rebellious subjects; how the Scottish general marched his forces to the border, and encamped on Duns Law; and how, after all, the King would not venture to attack the Scots, but consented to a treaty (June 18), which left them masters of the situation. But what was Drummond doing the while? He had been taxed, with the rest of Scotland, for the maintenance of the army, and had received orders from the Covenanting Committee to proceed to the border with a party of gentlemen, to resist the English; which orders, as we gather from a letter of his to the Marquis of Douglas,* he thought fit to disobey. He was compelled, however, to sign the Covenant, probably in the spring of 1639, and we may reasonably suppose that he owed

* Printed in *Archæologia Scotica*, vol. iv. pp. 97, 98.

his exemption from severer treatment to the good offices of his old friend Ancrum's son, the Earl of Lothian, who was a leading man among the Covenanters, and a near neighbour of Drummond's. Meanwhile he relieved his feelings by the composition of various bits of satirical epigram in verse, and three or four longer pieces in prose.

*The Magical Mirror; or, a Declaration upon the Rising of the Noblemen, Barons, Gentlemen, and Burgesses, in Arms, April 1, 1639,** is the title of the first of these prose pieces, and its authorship being considered, a very singular production it is! A temperate and candid defence of the people for taking up arms in behalf of their religion, without the least apparent irony, is not precisely the kind of paper we should have expected from Drummond; yet this is an exact description of *The Magical Mirror*. There is an appendix, however, entitled *Queries of State,†* which explains the riddle. Drummond's design was, to bring together all the arguments which could be adduced in support of the popular cause, and to present them as fairly and forcibly as possible; trusting to his appended queries to indicate their weak points and insufficiency. But on

* Printed in the Folio of 1711, pp. 174-176.

† *Ibid.* pp. 177, 178.

this occasion he certainly overshot the mark. The case for the Covenanters is so impartially stated and so admirably argued, as scarcely to be shaken by the brief and inadequate queries which follow.

The second paper is more in the old vein. This is entitled *A Speech to the Noblemen, Barons, Gentlemen, &c., who have leagued themselves for the Defence of the Religion and Liberty of Scotland*, and is dated May 2, 1639.* It contains an eloquent protest against the war, and a setting-forth of the miseries likely to ensue upon it. A third paper, called *The Idea*,† is unfinished, and was perhaps never intended for anything more serious than the fanciful speculation of an idle hour. The "idea" was, that the divisions and disorders in Great Britain were directly due to foreign intrigue, having been excited and fomented by French and Imperialist emissaries. The fourth and last of these prose pieces is called *The Load Star, or Directory to the New World and Transformations*.‡ It consists of a series of satirical directions for the widening of the breach between Charles and the Scottish people. The irony, however, is not always

* Printed in the Folio of 1711, pp. 179-182.

† *Ibid.* pp. 220, 221.

‡ *Ibid.* pp. 183, 184.

very obvious, and some of the directions are such as any Presbyterian might have written in good earnest.

On the 12th of August 1639 a new General Assembly, and shortly afterwards a new Parliament, met in Edinburgh, according to the terms of the treaty. The acts of the Glasgow Assembly were confirmed, and the signing of the Covenant was now made obligatory upon all Scotsmen. Again Drummond indulged his satirical bent in the writing of a paper entitled *Considerations to the Parliament, September 1639*.* This paper consists of a long series of proposed enactments, conceived in a spirit of rather clumsy humour. Drummond's satire is usually biting in proportion to its seriousness: of the lighter kind, which he here attempts, he was not a master. Two or three of the more humorous of the *Considerations* may, however, be given as specimens.

“That it shall be lawful, in time of trouble and necessity, for the Provost of Edinburgh to offer up his prayers in the Cathedral Church by shot of pistols, which are more conform to the times than organs.

“That, in time of war, it shall be lawful, for the weal of the kingdom, to the noblemen,

* Folio of 1711, pp. 185-187.

barons, &c., to choose a Dictator, providing he can neither read nor write.*

“That no man stand bare-headed in the Presence Chamber or Parliament House of Scotland, or before any chair of state, since hereby open idolatry is committed, and a worship of Lions and Unicorns.

“That no man swear the Oath of Supremacy, except in England; yet it shall be lawful for any man to swear it to his wife, if he please.”

VI.

Early in the next year (February 12, 1640) died Drummond's old and attached friend, Alexander, Earl of Stirling. His honours had not brought him much happiness. Private griefs and his increasing unpopularity with his countrymen had embittered his last years. His wealth, too, had melted away, and it appears that he died insolvent. In the spring of 1638 he had lost his eldest son, Lord Alexander, a young man of great promise; and his second son, Sir Anthony, had died but a few months earlier. The latter was commemorated by Drummond in a *Pastoral Elegy*, the last poem

* This, says Professor Masson, was a hit at Lesley, who was rather illiterate.

which he gave to the public. Stirling had continued to reside generally in London, in the capacity of Scottish Secretary. Of the manner in which he fulfilled the duties of that office Dr. Grosart speaks in terms of high, and probably not wholly undeserved, eulogy, and we may agree with him that the secret of Stirling's unpopularity "is to be found in his width of view and fine impartiality."* But as a royalist and anti-Presbyterian, how could Stirling be other than unpopular in Scotland? "Old and extremely hated," wrote Baillie the Covenanter of him, at the time of his eldest son's death. And now Stirling himself was dead, and there were no signs of that universal grief of which Drummond had so affectionately assured him twenty years before. Among Drummond's papers were found a few brief notes for an intended poem in memory of his friend; but the intention was never carried out. The times were too out of joint for the writing even of Pastoral Elegies.

In 1640 occurred the second Bishops' War, still more disastrous to the King than the first had been. For now the Scots took the offensive; crossed the Tweed (August 20), and meeting with little resistance, for the very

* *Dict. of National Biography*, art. ALEXANDER.

soldiers of the King had no heart in the quarrel, gradually established themselves in the northern counties, with Newcastle for their headquarters. There for about a year they remained, no longer as enemies, but as allies to the Parliament and people of England. "The whole body of English Puritans looked upon them as their saviours."*

In this war, also, we find Drummond acting, or refusing to act, under orders from the Covenanting government. The following letter to his kinsman the Earl of Perth is dated Hawthornden, December 1, 1640:—

"MY NOBLE LORD,—In this storm of the state I had resolved to set my affairs in order, exposing all to the hazard of what might fall forth, and fly to the shadow of your Lordship; finding, at this time, that not to prove true, *Minima parvitate sua tuta sunt*; for the humility of my fortune, and my retired and harmless form of living, could not save me from being employed to serve here the ambition of the great masters of the state. As if I had no more to do with time, I was appointed to spend it in attending the Committee of the Shire; at my first initiation, charged to be at that fatal

* Carlyle's *Cromwell*, vol. i. p. 84.

service and horrible execution of Dunglass,* they directed me to ravage and plunder the more peaceable neighbours about. This Trojan Horse laboured to give me a command over horses. All which employments, being contrary to my education and estate, knowing that *pareil sur pareil a nulle puissance*, and that they were not my lawful masters, I shunned, and performed no more than pleased me; which acquired me no small spite. If the Parliament of England, and matters since fallen forth, had not a little cooled this fervency or frenzy, I knew not where to have found sanctuary, save with your Lordship; nor know I what thanks to render your Lordship for your gracious protection and many courtesies offered me. If I should sacrifice my fortunes, liberty, and life, I would rather lose them for your Lordship than for any democracy. Your Lordship's favours shall ever be remembered, and sought to be deserved in what is within the compass of performing and the power of Your Lordship's
Humble Servant, W. DRUMMOND." †

* This refers to the blowing-up (August 30), whether by accident or design, of Dunglass Castle in Haddingtonshire, where the Covenanters had a garrison, commanded by the Earl of Haddington. Many persons, among them the Earl himself, perished in the explosion.

† Folio of 1711, p. 147.

Of King Charles's conciliatory visit to Edinburgh in the autumn of 1641, and of the "Incident" which disturbed it, nothing need here be said. Drummond wrote a prose *Speech for Edinburgh to the King* on this occasion, but very certainly did not make it public.* It is in the old, rather pathetic strain of hoping against hope. "A fatal necessity, contrary to our minds, did force us unto many things. . . . Doubts now are resolved, all damp and mists cleared, and we hope that saying shall prove true, *Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio.*"

The English civil war was the cause of fresh dissensions in Scotland. The aid of the Scots was sought both by the King and Parliament of England, and Charles having now conceded all the demands of the Covenanters, there were not wanting those among them who were inclined to support a King of their own nation against the English rebels: nevertheless, the great majority of the Scots favoured the Parliament. Shortly after the battle of Edgehill the English Lords and Commons concurred in a Declaration to their brethren of Scotland, inviting their assistance towards the prosecution of the war. A little later the King, having perused this Declaration of the two Houses,

* Printed in the Folio of 1711, pp. 216, 217.

sent, he also, a Declaration to the Scots, setting forth his own views upon the matter, and assuring them that he had been compelled to take up arms "for the defence of his person and safety of his life; for the maintenance of the true Protestant religion; for the preservation of the laws, liberties, and constitution of the kingdom, and for the just privileges of Parliament"!* He desired that this Declaration might be communicated to his Scottish subjects, and it was accordingly published, not without much debate, by the Scottish Privy Council. Thereupon ensued a great commotion, and petitions against the King's message were presented both to the Lords of the Council and to the Commission for the Conservation of the Peace. On the other side, a "cross-petition" in favour of the King, promoted by the Marquis of Hamilton and other gentlemen of the royalist party, was also presented to the Council. But this was not to be tolerated. The great Presbyterian governing bodies, the Commissions for the Conservation of the Peace and for the Affairs of the Kirk, issued, on the 18th of January 1643, an emphatic declaration against the cross-petition, which they characterised as "nothing else but a secret plot, and

* Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, Oxford, 1705, &c. : vol. ii. p. 87.

subtle undermining of all the present designs of this Kirk and Kingdom for unity of religion, and of all the work of God in this land.”

To this declaration of the ruling bodies Drummond replied, in the longest, and perhaps the most vehement, of his political treatises; although the fact that he still remained at liberty makes it doubtful whether the paper was seen by any of the party against which it was directed. It is entitled *Σκιαμαχία* [Fighting about Shadows]; *or a Defence of a Petition tendered to the Lords of the Council of Scotland by certain Noblemen and Gentlemen, January 1643.** The Greek title is borrowed from Plato. The reader will recall that wonderful allegory in the seventh book of the *Republic*, wherein the philosopher likens the state of mankind to that of men fettered in a cave, having behind them a great light. But between them and the light there are many objects, of which they see the shadows cast upon the opposite wall of the cave. And seeing nought but shadows, since their fetters hinder them from turning their faces, they believe these shadows to be real objects, and indeed the only reality. And thus, says he, “most cities are at present

* Printed in the Folio of 1711, pp. 190-205. The declaration of the Commissioners against the cross-petition is there appended to *Skiamachia*, pp. 206-211.

inhabited by such as both fight with one another about shadows [σκιαμαχούντων], and raise sedition about governing, as if it were some mighty good."*

So to our philosophic Drummond all this bitter contention of Kirk against Church, of Presbyter against Prelate, was simply *Skiamachia*, a fighting about shadows. His treatise is, above all things, a protest against the tyranny of the clergy. It is aimed, of course, especially at the Presbyterian ministers and the Commissioners for the Affairs of the Kirk, whom he compares with the Spanish inquisitors "Have we rejected the High Commission, to set over us men more rigid, supercilious, and severe than the Spanish inquisitors themselves?" And he warns them, "Where by blood ye shall make three proselytes, ye shall make a hundred hypocrites." But here, as in *Irene*, Drummond does not confine his censures to the clergy of his own time and country. The following extract must suffice.

"Presumptuous churchmen in most parts of the kingdoms of Europe have proven worse than the foxes of Samson.† They but burnt

* Thomas Taylor's translation: *Works of Plato*, vol. i. p. 365.

† In the declaration against the cross-petition this comparison is used of the petitioners: "It will be ob-

the corns when the fields were white for the harvest ; but these have burnt whole towns, male and female, children and old men, guilty or not guilty, holy or profane, turning all under the law of their spoil and licentiousness ; dyed the white fields in blood ; turned them into a Golgotha, as in our own country that one battle of Pinkie can testify, where a churchman was both the loss of the field and commonwealth. They are firebrands of strife, trumpets of sedition, the Red Horses whose sitters have taken peace from the earth. There is no Christian country which hath not by their devices been wrapped in wars ; they carry the common people, like hawks, hooded, into dangers and destruction ; make them believe the mountains shake when the moles do cast up ; imposing upon their credulity with vain shadows."

The negotiations between the Parliament and the Scots terminated successfully on the 25th of September 1643, when the Commons, in a body, subscribed the Solemn League and Covenant, which pledged the two nations to mutual assistance, and to an endeavour to bring

served, that they who were of late at distance amongst themselves are now at agreement, and that, like Samson's foxes, they turn tail to tail, with firebrands in the midst, to burn up the husbandry of God, when now the fields are white for the harvest."

about uniformity in matters of religion, *i.e.*, Presbyterianism after the Scottish model. Subscription to this Covenant was enjoined by the governing bodies upon every inhabitant of the two kingdoms. Again Drummond took up his pen. A short paper, entitled *Remoras* [Delays] *for the National League between Scotland and England*, is published among his works,* but we need not quote from it here. In the following January a Scottish army of 21,000 men, under their old general, Lesley, now Earl of Leven, marched into England. They joined Fairfax in the siege of York, took part in the decisive battle of Marston Moor (July 2, 1644), carried Newcastle by storm in October, and then lapsed into inactivity, and increasing disgust with their allies. For there was a party in England which stood for that principle which to the Presbyterian mind meant the mere abomination of desolation—the principle of liberty of conscience; and this party was daily gaining ground, especially in the army. By the end of 1644 the Independents had power enough in the House of Commons to carry their Self-denying Ordinance, of which one of the clauses provided that men might serve in the army without taking the Covenant. And

* Folio of 1711, pp. 188, 189.

in proportion as the party of tolerance, with Cromwell at its head, took more and more the lead, so did the zeal of the Scottish Presbyterians cool towards the English alliance.

Although Drummond had carried his outward conformity to the extent of subscribing both Covenants, and although he had friends among the Covenanters—the Earl of Lothian for one, and his own brother-in-law, Scotstarvet, for another—it was not to be expected that he should remain altogether unmolested. “Being a reputed Malignant,” says his old biographer, “he was extremely harassed by the prevailing party, and, for his verses and discourses, frequently summoned before their Circular Tables [the Covenanting Committees], as we may see by a discourse which he designed to have spoken to them.”* This discourse is still extant in print; † but that it remained unspoken there can be no possible doubt. Drummond there shows his mind as plainly as ever, and in a manner apologises for his outward submission to the Covenanters, making use of a metaphor which, though exceedingly apt, was hardly calculated to commend itself or its author to the good graces of the Committee. “Should I,” says he, “meet a number of madmen, and they

* Memoir prefixed to the Folio of 1711, p. x.

† Folio of 1711, pp. 218, 219.

were to have me to dance with them, I were the occasion of my own destruction if I opposed them." In this paper he alludes to his *History of Scotland*, his *Irene*, and "some other pieces of state," in terms which prove that, although these works were still unprinted, their contents must have been somewhat widely known, either from perusal or report. But the political papers of Drummond's which we now possess do not represent the whole of his labours in that kind. Says the biographer above quoted, "I am informed that there were a great many particular papers, wrote against the chief ringleaders of the rebellion, which, after his death, in those very severe times, were thought fit to be destroyed, for fear of doing harm to his friends or family."

The years 1644 and 1645 were those of the Marquis of Montrose's counter-revolution in favour of King Charles. To Drummond and the Scottish royalists it must have seemed that the tide had turned at last, for, by the summer of 1645, Montrose, after a series of unexampled successes, had reduced almost the entire kingdom of Scotland. With Drummond Montrose was doubtless already acquainted, and it has been reasonably conjectured that the anonymous nobleman to whom the poet sent a copy of his *Irene*, together with a letter which is still extant,

was no other than this brilliant young Marquis, at that time Earl of Montrose, and a leading man among the Covenanters.* Two letters which passed between them at the period of Montrose's triumph have been printed.† The Marquis had sent Drummond a "protection," for his better security, dated from "our leaguer at Bothwell, the 28th of August 1645," and commanding all soldiers in his service not to "trouble or molest Mr. William Drummond of Hawthornden," or anything that was his, as they should answer the contrary at their highest peril. Drummond hereupon writes to Montrose, suggesting that "since, by the mercy of God on your Excellency's victorious arms, the golden age is returned," it may be a fitting time for the publication of *Irene*, "if that piece can do any service"; and there is a brief note from Montrose in reply, requesting Drummond to bring the papers to him at Bothwell, that he may give order for the printing of them. But the star which shone so brightly proved to be but a meteor. A fortnight after this note was written Montrose was a fugitive. His forces had been surprised at Philiphaugh (September 13) by a

* See Masson's *Drummond of Hawthornden*, p. 346, and p. 273 for Drummond's letter. The letter was first printed in *Archæologia Scotica*, vol. iv. p. 95.

† Folio of 1711, p. 157.

detachment from the army in England, and completely shattered. For about a year longer he remained in Scotland, endeavouring, though in vain, to retrieve his lost fortunes. Meanwhile the King surrendered himself to the Scots, and the war was brought to an end. Montrose was one of the last to submit, but he, too, at length laid down his arms, and went abroad, with leave from the Presbyterian government. A little before his departure from Scotland he wrote the following letter to Drummond :—

“ SIR,—Having the occasion of this so trusty a bearer, I could not but remember to you all my best respects, and acknowledge your good affection, and all your friendly favours. For which, and your so constant loyalty towards his Sacred Majesty and his service, besides your own so much personal deserving, I must entreat you to believe that, in all times and fortunes, you shall find me ever, Sir, Your most affectionate and faithful friend,

“ MONTROSE.*

“ MONTROSE, *August 19th, 1646.*”

Bishop Sage's Memoir of Drummond contains an anecdote which I here transcribe, as it

* Folio of 1711, p. 158.

illustrates a side of Drummond's character of which we have seen very little.

"In the year 1645, when the plague was raging in Scotland, our author came accidentally to Forfar, but was not allowed to enter any house, or to get lodging in the town, tho' it was very late. He went some two miles farther to Kirrimuir, where he was well received and kindly entertained. Being informed that the towns of Forfar and Kirrimuir had a contest about a piece of ground, called the Muirmoss, he wrote a letter to the Provost of Forfar, to be communicated to the town council in haste. It was imagined this letter came from the Estates, who were then sitting at St. Andrews : so the common council was called with all expedition, and the minister sent for, to pray for direction and assistance in answering the letter, which was opened in a solemn manner. It contained the following lines :

' The Kirrimorians and Forfarrians met at Muirmoss,
The Kirrimorians beat the Forfarrians back to the
Cross.

Sutors ye are, and sutors ye'll be ;

F— upon Forfar, Kirrimuir bears the gree.' " *

The war over, men's minds in Scotland were sorely exercised upon the question of sur-

* Folio of 1711 : Memoir, p. ix.

rendering the King to the English. Would His Majesty but take the Covenant, and consent to the establishment of Presbyterianism as the exclusive form of religion for the two kingdoms, the Scots would stand by him to the last. But His Majesty would do neither of these things, and finally, in January 1647, he was handed over to the Parliamentary Commissioners. Drummond, of course, had not been idle upon this occasion. The paper which he wrote is entitled *Objections against the Scots answered*,* and is in the form of a reply to certain charges brought against the Scots by the English Parliament; but its particular purpose was, to prevail with his countrymen to reject the Parliament's demand for the surrender of the King. With much violence to his own feelings, he wrote as from the point of view of an orthodox Presbyterian; but, had he otherwise written, he knew well that his pleading must have been even worse than useless.

From his confinement in the Isle of Wight the King did at length concede one of the points insisted on by the Scots. He accepted the Presbyterian establishment, though even now he was firm in refusing the Covenant. In Scotland opinions were sharply divided. Many

* Printed in the Folio of 1711, pp. 212-215.

held that, since the King had so far pledged himself to the Presbyterian cause, it was their duty to support him against the English Independents: others maintained that the concession was inadequate, that the King was not to be trusted, and that it was no part of honest Presbyterians to ally themselves with Prelatists and Papists, as must necessarily be the case did they resolve to restore the King by force of arms. The King's party, however, prevailed. An army was raised, and sent into England in the summer of 1648, under the command of our old acquaintance the Marquis, now Duke of Hamilton; with good hopes, and the sympathy of many among the English Presbyterians. Drummond's last political paper—*A Vindication of the Hamiltons**—was written in answer to a pamphlet published about this time, in which the Duke was charged with treasonable aims. Whether the *Vindication* was ever circulated is doubtful, for the Duke's much chequered career had now come to a sudden close. On the 17th of August, Cromwell burst upon him near Preston, and scattered his army to the four winds. Duke Hamilton himself was soon afterwards captured; consigned to an English prison, and, finally, to the scaffold as a traitor—

* Printed in the Folio of 1711, pp. 237-240.

being a peer of England as well as of Scotland.

The news of King Charles's execution, in January 1649, came as a terrible shock to Drummond, already "much weakened with close studying and diseases." He lived on, through the remaining months of the year, writing occasionally a bit of sad epitaphian verse, or revising his old Genealogy of the Drummonds. On the 4th of December 1649 he died; "to the great grief and loss of all learned and good men: and was honourably buried in his own aisle in the church of Lasswade, near to his house of Hawthornden."*

"The church and churchyard of Lasswade," writes Professor Masson, "are on a height overlooking the village, and about two miles and a half from Hawthornden. The present church was built about a hundred years ago; † but in a portion of the well kept churchyard, railed in separately from the rest, as more select and important, there is the fragmentary outline of the smaller old church, with some of the sepulchral monuments that belonged to it. Drummond's own aisle, abutting from one part of the ruined wall, is still perfect, a small arched space

* Memoir in the Folio of 1711, p. x.

† In 1793, according to Lewis's *Topographical Dict. of Scotland*: London, 1846.

of stone-work, with a roofing of strong stone slabs, and a grating of iron for doorway. Within this small arched space Drummond's ashes certainly lie, though there is no inscription to mark the precise spot as distinct from the graves of some of his latest descendants who are also buried there."*

Until 1893 the little aisle was Drummond's only monument. In October of that year a memorial tablet was fixed to the outer wall of the aisle, above the iron grating. It consists of a bronze medallion of the poet's head, set in a tablet of freestone, with the arms of his family, and, by way of epitaph, the last two lines of the beautiful sonnet which he sent to Alexander in 1620. Roses have been planted there, in graceful recognition of the wish expressed in the epitaph :

"Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
The murmuring Esk : may roses shade the place !"

The widow, Elizabeth Logan, and three children survived the poet. Nine children in all had been born to them, but six had died young, the survivors being William, the second son ; Robert, the third son ; and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter.† By his will, which

* *Drummond of Hawthornden*, p. 456.

† The names of Drummond's children were these : John, William, Robert, Richard, and James ; Elizabeth, Margaret, Annabella, and Jane.

is dated September 1, 1643, Drummond bequeathed £1000 apiece to his sons Robert and James, and 500 marks, with his "moveables," as a portion to his daughter Elizabeth: the rest of the estate would go to the eldest surviving son, William. The charge of the children was left to their mother, with whom were conjoined Drummond's kinsman, John Stirling of Birnay, and Richard Maitland; but in the event of Elizabeth Logan's marrying or departing this life in the nonage of her children, the charge was to devolve upon Lord Drummond, George Preston of Craigmillar, and William Drummond of Riccarton, with the two gentlemen aforesaid.*

William Drummond, the poet's heir, was knighted by Charles II., and died in 1713, aged about seventy-five years. He got the title of justice of peace by Lord Lauderdale's favour, but was fitter, says malicious Father Hay, in the Memoirs already cited, "to examine the condition of a pot of ale than the circumstances of any debate that comes before him." Professor Masson, with greater probability, represents him in his last years as "a very respectable old Scottish gentleman," without any portion of his father's genius.

* See the abstract of Drummond's will in *Archæologia Scotica*, vol. iv. p. 229.

Robert, the second surviving son, married Anna Maxwell, sister to the Laird of Hills; "died [about 1687] Roman Catholick, left noe childer-
ing," says our malicious friend, who adds that Robert also "was mutch given to drinke." The daughter Elizabeth married Dr. Henry Henderson, a physician of Edinburgh, and died long before 1711. The last lineal descendant of the poet was Barbara Mary Drummond, great-granddaughter of Sir William. She died in 1789, having been twice married: her only child, a daughter by her second husband, died at the age of thirteen, in 1777. This second husband of Barbara Drummond was Dr. William Abernethy, who, after his marriage, added the surname of Drummond to his own. He is noteworthy to us here on one account. In 1782, Dr. Abernethy Drummond presented to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland the whole of the poet's manuscripts at Hawthornden, consisting of transcripts of his poems and prose writings; letters; extracts from other authors, both in prose and verse, in Drummond's handwriting; poems and fragments by Drummond's uncle, William Fowler; and miscellaneous papers. Forty-five years later these manuscripts were carefully examined, and arranged in fifteen bound volumes, by Mr. David Laing, and the most interesting

of the contents previously unpublished were printed, with annotations by Mr. Laing, in the fourth volume of *Archæologia Scotica; or, Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*: Edinburgh, 1831.

The following is a list, chronologically arranged, of the previous editions of Drummond's Works:—

TEARES ON THE DEATH OF MELIADES. Edinbvrgh, printed by Andro Hart, and are to bee sold at his shop on the north side of the high streete, a litle beneath the Crosse. 1613. 4to. *Contains* (1) *the Sonnet to the Author by Alexander*; (2) *Tears on the Death of Meliades*; (3) *the "pyramid" in verse*; (4) *the epitaph beginning, "Stay, passenger."* *A copy of this first edition, presented by Drummond, is in the University Library at Edinburgh: there is none in the British Museum. Of the second edition of "Meliades" no copy is known to exist.*

MAUSOLEVM, or, The choisest Flowres of the Epitaphs, written on the Death of the neuer-too-much lamented Prince Henrie. Edinbvrgh, printed by Andro Hart. Anno Dom. 1613. 4to. *Three of the poems in this volume are by Drum-*

mond, viz., the "pyramid" and the epitaph from "Meliades," and the sonnet beginning, "A passing glance," here first printed. "There is little doubt that the present small tract was collected and sent forth by Drummond, . . . and was probably published at the same time with the preceding work." * It was reprinted in "Fugitive Scottish Poetry of the Seventeenth Century," Edinburgh, 1825.

TEARES ON THE DEATH OF MÆLIADES. By William Drummond of Hawthornden. The third Edition. Edinbvrgh, printed by Andro Hart. 1614. 4to.

POEMS: Amorous, Funerall, Divine, Pastorall, in Sonnets, Songs, Sextains, Madrigals. By W. D. the Author of the Teares on the Death of Mæliades. Edinbvrgh, printed by Andro Hart. 1616. 4to. Contains (1) Sonnet to the Author, by Parthenius; (2) Poems. The First Part; (3) Poems. The Second Part; (4) Sonnet to the Author of "Mæliades," reprinted; (5) Tears on the Death of Mæliades, reprinted; (6) Sonnet, "A passing glance," reprinted; (7) a pyramid in verse, reprinted; (8) Urania, or Spiritual Poems; (9) Sonnet to the Author, by

* Corser's *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*, vol. iii. p. 313.

Sir D. Murray; (10) Madrigals and Epigrams, with a Sonnet, at the end, by Sir W. Alexander, headed "Alexis to Damon."

POEMS: By William Drummond of Hawthorne-denne. The second Impression. Edinbvrgh, printed by Andro Hart. 1616. 4to. *Typographically identical with the preceding, and apparently no "second impression" at all, but a reissue of the original impression with a new title-page.*

FORTH FEASTING. A Panegyricke to the Kings Most Excellent Majestie. Edinbvrgh, printed by Andro Hart. 1617. 4to. *This was reprinted in "The Muses' Welcome to King James," Edinburgh, 1618, with the prefixed sonnet by Drummond, which does not appear in the original edition.*

FLOWRES OF SION. By William Drummond of Hawthorne-denne. To which is adjoynd his Cypresse Grove. Printed 1623. 4to. *Contains (1) Flowres of Sion; (2) A Cypresse Grove; (3) "On the Report of the Death of the Author," by Sir W. Alexander; (4) Sonnet, "To S. W. A.;" (5) To the memory of Jane, Countess of Perth.*

FLOWRES OF SION: By William Drummond of Hawthorne-denne. To which is adjoynd

his Cypresse Grove. Edenbovrgh, printed by John Hart. 1630. *Besides all the pieces in the preceding edition, this contains four new poems, viz., "An Hymn of the Ascension"; a Sonnet, "Death's Last Will"; "The Shadow of the Judgment"; and a Sonnet to the Obsequies of King James. It contains also, at the end of the volume, "A Table of the Hymnes and Sonnets, with their Argumentes," i.e. the headings of the poems, which are not given with the text, as in later editions. In some copies of this second edition the title-page bears the imprint, "Printed at Eden-Bourgh, by the Heires of Andro Hart. Anno 1630."*

THE ENTERTAINMENT of the high and mighty Monarch Charles, King of Great Britaine, France, and Ireland, into his auncient and royall citie of Edinbvrgh, the fifteenth of June, 1633. Printed at Edinbvrgh by John Wreittoun. 1633. 4to. *In addition to the description of the pageant, and Drummond's Speeches, &c., in prose and verse, this volume contains a Panegyric on King Charles, in verse, by Walter Forbes, which I have not included in the present edition.*

TO THE EXEQUIES OF THE HONOVABLE SR. ANTONYE ALEXANDER, Knight, &c. A pastorall Elegie. Edinbvrgh, printed in King

James his College, by George Anderson. 1638.
4to.

THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND, from the year 1423 until the year 1542, containing the Lives and Reigns of James the I, the II, the III, the IV, the V. With several Memorials of State during the Reigns of James VI and Charles I. By William Drummond of Hawthornden. With a Prefatory Introduction by Mr. Hall, of Grays-Inn. London, printed by Henry Hills for Rich. Tomlins and himself, and are to be sold at their houses near Py-Corner. MDCLV. fol. *The "Memorials of State" are the two papers entitled "Considerations to the King" and "An Apologetical Letter," with "An Intended Speech at the West gate of Edinburgh to King James" (read "King Charles"), i.e. the prose speech published in the "Entertainment of King Charles." The volume contains also a selection of twenty-two "Familiar Epistles" of Drummond's, and his essay, "A Cypress Grove." There is a second edition of this volume, London, 1681.*

POEMS, By that most famous Wit, William Drummond of Hawthornden. London: Printed for Richard Tomlins, at the Sun and Bible, neare Pye-Corner. 1656. 8vo. *With a preface*

by Edward Phillips, Milton's nephew. It contains most of the poems previously published, and about sixty new poems, two of which are certainly not by Drummond. Some copies have the imprint—"London, printed by W. H. and are to be sold in the Company of Stationers, 1656." Scot of Scotstarvet was concerned in the publication of this volume of 1656, and of the preceding volume of prose: there exist copies of both volumes bearing a dedication to Scotstarvet.

THE MOST ELEGANT AND ELABORATE POEMS of that great Court-Wit, Mr. William Drummond. Whose Labours, both in Verse and Prose, being heretofore so Precious to Prince Henry and to K. Charles, shall live and flourish in all Ages whiles there are men to read them, or Art and Judgment to approve them. London, printed for William Rands, Bookseller, at his House over against the Beare Taverne in Fleet-street. 1659. 8vo. *Not a new edition at all, but the remnant of the edition of 1656, with a new and absurd title-page. A copy in the British Museum has both title-pages of 1656 and 1659.*

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM DRUMMOND, of Hawthornden. Consisting of Those which were formerly Printed, and Those which were de-

sign'd for the Press. Now Published from the Author's Original Copies. Edinburgh: printed by James Watson, in Craig's-Closs, 1711. fol. *Edited by Bishop John Sage and Thomas Ruddiman. Contains all the pieces, both in prose and verse, which had appeared in previous editions; about forty additional poems, many of them of very doubtful authenticity; the various prose tracts mentioned in the course of our "Introductory Memoir," and one or two other prose papers; a further selection from Drummond's correspondence; and a Memoir by Bishop Sage, which is the principal early authority for the life of Drummond.*

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM DRUMMOND, OF HAWTHORNDEN. London, printed for E. Jeffery, Pall Mall. MDCCXCI. 8vo. *In Corser's "Collectanea" is catalogued a copy of this edition which bears the imprint—"London, printed for J. Jeffery, Pall Mall. MDCCXC."*

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM DRUMMOND, Esq. Edinburgh, 1793. 8vo. *Forming part of the fourth volume of Anderson's "Works of the British Poets," pp. 619-698.*

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM DRUMMOND. London, 1810. 8vo. *In Chalmers's "Works of the English Poets," vol. v. pp. 637-712.*

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN. Printed at Edinburgh: MDCCCXXXII. 4to. *Privately printed for the Maitland Club. A magnificent volume, edited with extreme care from the original editions. Besides all the poems which had appeared in previous editions, and "A Cypress Grove," this volume contains certain Commendatory Verses by Drummond now first collected from the volumes to which they were prefixed; a considerable number of poems from the Hawthornden MSS., reprinted from "Archæologia Scotica"; "Lines on the Bishops," from a MS. in the Advocates' Library.*

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM DRUMMOND, OF HAWTHORNDEN: with Life, by Peter Cunningham. London, 1833. 8vo. *Another edition, Edinburgh, 1852.*

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN. Edited by William B. Turnbull. London, 1856. 8vo. *Reissued, London, 1890.*



TEARS ON THE DEATH OF
MÆLIADES

VOL. I.

A

TO THE AUTHOR OF
TEARS ON THE DEATH OF
MÆLIADES

*In waves of woe thy sighs my soul do toss,
And do burst up the conduits of my tears,
Whose rankling wound no soothing balm long bears,
But freshly bleeds when aught upbraids my loss.
Then thou so sweetly sorrow makes to sing, 5
And troubled passions dost so well accord,
That more delight thine anguish doth afford,
Than others' joys can satisfaction bring.
What sacred wits, when ravish'd, do affect,
To force affections, metamorphose minds, 10
Whilst numbrous power the soul in secret binds,
Thou hast perform'd, transforming in effect :
For never complaints did greater pity move,
The best applause that can such notes approve.*

SIR W. ALEXANDER.



TEARS ON THE DEATH OF MÆLIADES

O HEAVENS ! then is it true that thou art gone,
And left this woful isle her loss to moan,
Mœliades,* bright day-star of the west,
A comet, blazing terror to the east ;
And neither that thy spright so heavenly wise, 5
Nor body, though of earth, more pure than skies,
Nor royal stem, nor thy sweet tender age,
Of adamantine Fates could quench the rage ?
O fading hopes ! O short-while-lasting joy
Of earth-born man, which one hour can destroy ! 10
Then even of virtue's spoils death trophies rears,
As if he gloried most in many tears.
Forc'd by grim Destinies, Heavens neglect our cries,
Stars seem set only to act tragedies :
And let them do their worst, since thou art gone, 15
Raise whom they list to thrones, enthron'd dethrone ;

* The name which in these verses is given to Prince Henry, is that which he himself, in the challenges of his martial sports and masquerades, was wont to use, MÆLIADES, PRINCE OF THE ISLES, which, in anagram, maketh MILES A DEO. [*Note by the author.*]

Stain princely bowers with blood, and, even to
Gange,

In cypress sad glad Hymen's torches change.

Ah ! thou hast left to live, and in the time

When scarce thou blossom'd in thy pleasant prime : 20

So falls by northern blast a virgin rose,

At half that doth her bashful bosom close ;

So a sweet flourish languishing decays,

That late did blush when kiss'd by Phœbus' rays ;

So Phœbus mounting the meridian's height, 25

Choked by pale Phœbe, faints unto our sight ;

Astonish'd nature sullen stands to see

The life of all this All so chang'd to be ;

In gloomy gowns the stars about deplore,

The sea with murmuring mountains beats the shore, 30

Black darkness reels o'er all, in thousand showers

The weeping air on earth her sorrow pours,

That, in a palsy, quakes to find so soon

Her lover set, and night burst forth ere noon.

If Heaven, alas ! ordain'd thee young to die, 35

Why was it not where thou thy might did'st try,

And to the hopeful world at least set forth

Some little spark of thine expected worth ?

Moeliades, O that by Ister's streams,

Amongst shrill-sounding trumpets, flaming gleams 40

Of warm encrimson'd swords, and cannons' roar,

Balls thick as rain pour'd by the Caspian shore,

Amongst crush'd lances, ringing helms, and shields,

Dismember'd bodies ravishing the fields,

In Turkish blood made red like Mars's star, 45

Thou ended hadst thy life, and Christian war !

Or, as brave Bourbon, thou hadst made old Rome,
 Queen of the world, thy triumph's place and tomb !
 So heaven's fair face, to the unborn which reads,
 A book had been of thine illustrious deeds ; 50
 So to their nephews * aged sires had told
 The high exploits performed by thee of old ;
 Towns raz'd, and rais'd, victorious, vanquish'd bands,
 Fierce tyrants flying, foil'd, kill'd by thy hands ;
 And in dear arras virgins fair had wrought 55
 The bays and trophies to thy country brought ;
 While some new Homer, imping pens to fame,
 Deaf Nilus' dwellers had made hear thy name.
 That thou didst not attain those honours' spheres,
 It was not want of worth, O no, but years. 60
 A youth more brave pale Troy with trembling walls
 Did never see, nor she whose name appals
 Both Titan's golden bowers, for bloody fights
 Must'ring on Mars's field such Mars-like knights.
 The heavens had brought thee to the highest height 65
 Of wit and courage, showing all their might
 When they thee fram'd : ay me ! that what is brave
 On earth, they as their own so soon should crave !
 Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
 From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore. 70

When Forth thy nurse, Forth where thou first didst
 pass

Thy tender days (who smil'd oft on her glass
 To see thee gaze), meand'ring with her streams,
 Heard thou hadst left this round, from Phœbus' beams

* Nephews : grandchildren ; Lat. *nepotes*.

She sought to fly, but forced to return 75
 By neighbour brooks, she gave herself to mourn ;
 And as she rush'd her Cyclades among,
 She seem'd to plain that Heaven had done her
 wrong.

With a hoarse plaint, Clyde down her steepy rocks,
 And Tweed through her green mountains clad with
 flocks, 80

Did wound the ocean, murmuring thy death ;
 The ocean that roar'd about the earth,
 And it to Mauritanian Atlas told,
 Who shrunk through grief, and down his white hairs
 roll'd

Huge streams of tears, that changed were in floods, 85
 With which he drown'd the neighbour plains and
 woods.

The lesser brooks, as they did bubbling go,
 Did keep a consort unto public woe ;
 The shepherds left their flocks with downcast eyes,
 Disdaining to look up to angry skies ; 90
 Some broke their pipes, and some in sweet-sad lays
 Made senseless things amazed at thy praise.

His reed Alexis * hung upon a tree,
 And with his tears made Doven great to be.
 Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore, 95
 From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.

Chaste maids which haunt fair Aganippe's well,
 And you in Tempe's sacred shade who dwell,

* Sir William Alexander, who also wrote an elegy on
 Prince Henry's death.

Let fall your harps, cease tunes of joy to sing,
 Dishevelled make all Parnassus ring 100
 With anthems sad ; thy music, Phœbus, turn
 In doleful plaints, whilst joy itself doth mourn :
 Dead is thy darling who decor'd thy bays,
 Who oft was wont to cherish thy sweet lays,
 And to a trumpet raise thine amorous style, 105
 That floating Delos envy might this isle.
 You Acidalian archers break your bows,
 Your brandons quench, with tears blot beauty's snows,
 And bid your weeping mother yet again
 A second Adon's death, nay Mars's plain. 110
 His eyes once were your darts, nay, even his name,
 Wherever heard, did every heart inflame :
 Tagus did court his love with golden streams,
 Rhine with his towns, fair Seine with all she claims.
 But ah ! poor lovers, death did them betray, 115
 And, not suspected, made their hopes his prey.
 Tagus bewails his loss with golden streams,
 Rhine with his towns, fair Seine with all she claims.
 Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
 From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore. 120
 Delicious meads, whose chequer'd plain forth brings
 White, golden, azure flowers, which once were kings,
 In mourning black their shining colours dye,
 Bow down their heads, whilst sighing zephyrs fly.
 Queen of the fields, whose blush makes blush the
 morn, 125
 Sweet rose, a prince's death in purple mourn ;
 O hyacinths, for aye your AI keep still,
 Nay, with more marks of woe your leaves now fill ;

And you, O flower of Helen's tears first born,
 Into those liquid pearls again you turn ; 130
 Your green locks, forests, cut ; in weeping myrrhs,
 The deadly cypress, and ink-dropping firs,
 Your palms and myrtles change ; from shadows
 dark,

Wing'd syrens, wail ; and you, sad echoes, mark
 The lamentable accents of their moan, 135
 And plain that brave Mœliades is gone.
 Stay, sky, thy turning course, and now become
 A stately arch unto the earth, his tomb ;
 Over which aye the wat'ry Iris keep,
 And sad Electra's sisters which still weep. 140
 Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
 From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.

Dear ghost, forgive these our untimely tears,
 By which our loving mind, though weak, appears ;
 Our loss, not thine, when we complain, we weep, 145
 For thee the glist'ring walls of heaven do keep
 Beyond the planets' wheels, above that source
 Of spheres, that turns the lower in its course,
 Where sun doth never set, nor ugly night
 Ever appears in mourning garments dight ; 150
 Where Boreas' stormy trumpet doth not sound,
 Nor clouds, in lightnings bursting, minds astound ;
 From care's cold climates far, and hot desire,
 Where time is banish'd, ages ne'er expire ;
 Amongst pure sprights environed with beams, 155
 Thou think'st all things below to be but dreams,
 And joy'st to look down to the azur'd bars
 Of heaven, indented all with streaming stars ;

And in their turning temples to behold,
 In silver robe the moon, the sun in gold, 160
 Like young eye-speaking lovers in a dance,
 With majesty by turns retire, advance.

Thou wond'rest earth to see hang like a ball,
 Clos'd in the ghastly cloister of this All ;
 And that poor men should prove so madly fond, 165
 To toss themselves for a small foot of ground,
 Nay, that they even dare brave the powers above,
 From this base stage of change that cannot move.

All worldly pomp and pride thou seest arise
 Like smoke, that scatt'reth in the empty skies. 170

Other hills and forests, other sumptuous towers,
 Amaz'd thou find'st, excelling our poor bowers ;
 Courts void of flattery, of malice minds,
 Pleasure which lasts, not such as reason blinds :
 Far sweeter songs thou hear'st and carollings, 175
 Whilst heavens do dance, and quire of angels
 sings,

Than mouldy minds could feign : even our annoy,
 If it approach that place, is chang'd in joy.

Rest, blessed spright, rest satiate with the sight
 Of him whose beams both dazzle and delight, 180
 Life of all lives, cause of each other cause,
 The sphere and centre where the mind doth pause ;
 Narcissus of himself, himself the well,
 Lover, and beauty, that doth all excel.
 Rest, happy ghost, and wonder in that glass 185
 Where seen is all that shall be, is, or was,
 While shall be, is, or was do pass away,
 And nought remain but an eternal day :

For ever rest ; thy praise fame may enrol
In golden annals, whilst about the pole 190
The slow Boötes turns, or sun doth rise
With scarlet scarf, to cheer the mourning skies :
The virgins to thy tomb may garlands bear
Of flowers, and on each flower let fall a tear.
Mæliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore, 195
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.

SONNET

A PASSING glance, a lightning 'long the skies, *a*
 That, ush'ring thunder, dies straight to our sight; *b*
 A spark, of contraries which doth arise, *a*
 Then drowns in the huge depths of day and night; *b*
 Is this small Small call'd life, held in such price *a* 5
 Of blinded wights, who nothing judge aright: *b*
 Of Parthian shaft so swift is not the flight *b*
 As life, that wastes itself, and living dies. *a*
 O! what is human greatness, valour, wit? *a*
 What fading beauty, riches, honour, praise? *d* 10
 To what doth serve in golden thrones to sit, *c*
 Thrall earth's vast round, triumphal arches raise? *d*
 All is a dream, learn in this prince's fall, *e*
 In whom, save death, nought mortal was at all. *e*

EPITAPH

STAY, passenger, see where enclosed lies *a*
 The paragon of princes, fairest frame *b*
 Time, nature, place, could show to mortal eyes, *a*
 In worth, wit, virtue, miracle to fame: *b* _____
 At least that part the earth of him could claim *b* 5
 This marble holds, hard like the Destinies: *a*
 For as to his brave spirit and glorious name, *b*
 The one the world, the other fills the skies. ~~_____~~
 Th' immortal amaranthus, princely rose, *c*
 Sad violet, and that sweet flower that bears *d* 10
 In sanguine spots the tenor of our woes, *c*
 Spread on this stone, and wash it with thy tears: *d*
 Then go and tell, from Gades unto Ind, *e*
 Thou saw where earth's perfections were confin'd. *e*



OF JET,
OR PORPHYRY,
OR THAT WHITE STONE
PAROS AFFORDS ALONE,
OR THOSE IN AZURE DYE,
WHICH SEEM TO SCORN THE SKY;
HERE MEMPHIS' WONDERS DO NOT SET,
NOR ARTEMISIA'S HUGE FRAME.
THAT KEEPS SO LONG HER LOVER'S NAME:
MAKE NO GREAT MARBLE ATLAS TREMBLE WITH GOLD,
TO PLEASE A VULGAR EYE THAT DOTTH BEHOLD:
THE MUSES, PHŒBUS, LOVE, HAVE RAISED OF THEIR TEARS
A CRYSTAL TOMB TO HIM, THROUGH WHICH HIS WORTH APPEARS

POEMS

VOL. I.

B

TO THE AUTHOR

WHILE thou dost praise the roses, lilies, gold,
Which in a dangling tress and face appear,
Still stands the sun in skies thy songs to hear,
A silence sweet each whispering wind doth hold ;
Sleep in Pasithea's lap his eyes doth fold, 5
The sword falls from the God of the fifth sphere,
The herds to feed, the birds to sing, forbear,
Each plant breathes love, each flood and fountain
cold ;
And hence it is, that that once nymph, now tree,
Who did th' Amphrysian shepherd's sighs disdain, 10
And scorn'd his lays, mov'd by a sweeter vein,
Is become pitiful, and follows thee,
Thee loves, and vaunteth that she hath the grace,
A garland for thy locks to interlace.

PARTHENIUS.

POEMS

THE FIRST PART

SONNET I.

IN my first years, and prime yet not at height, ^a
 When sweet conceits my wits did entertain, ^h
 Ere beauty's force I knew, or false delight, ^a
 Or to what oar she did her captives chain, ^b
 Led by a sacred troop of Phoebus' train, ^h 5
 I first began to read, then lov'd to write, ^a
 And so to praise a perfect red and white, ^u
 But, God wot, wist not what was in my brain: ^b
 Love smil'd to see in what an awful guise ^e
 I turn'd those antiques of the age of gold, ^d 10
 And, that I might more mysteries behold, ^d
 He set so fair a volume to mine eyes, ^e
 That I (quires clos'd which, dead, dead sighs but
 breathe)
 Joy on this living book to read my death. ^e

SONNET II.

I KNOW that all beneath the moon decays,
 And what by mortals in this world is brought,
 In Time's great periods shall return to nought ;
 That fairest states have fatal nights and days ;
 I know how all the Muse's heavenly lays,
 With toil of spright which are so dearly bought,
 As idle sounds, of few or none are sought,
 And that nought lighter is than airy praise ;
 I know frail beauty like the purple flower,
 To which one morn oft birth and death affords ;
 That love a jarring is of minds' accords,
 Where sense and will invassal reason's power :
 Know what I list, this all can not me move,
 But that, O me ! I both must write and love.

SONNET III.

YE who so curiously do paint your thoughts,
 Enlight'ning ev'ry line in such a guise,
 That they seem rather to have fall'n from skies,
 Than of a human hand be mortal draughts ;
 In one part Sorrow so tormented lies,
 As if his life at ev'ry sigh would part ;
 Love here blindfolded stands with bow and dart,
 There Hope looks pale, Despair with rainy eyes :
 Of my rude pencil look not for such art,
 My wit I find now lessened to devise
 So high conceptions to express my smart,
 And some think love but feign'd, if too too wise.
 These troubled words and lines confus'd you find,
 Are like unto their model, my sick mind.

SONNET IV.

FAIR is my yoke, though grievous be my pains, *a*
 Sweet are my wounds, although they deeply smart, *b*
 My bit is gold, though shortened be the reins, *a*
 My bondage brave, though I may not depart : *b*
 Although I burn, the fire which doth impart *b* 5
 Those flames, so sweet reviving force contains, *n*
 That, like Arabia's bird, my wasted heart, *b*
 Made quick by death, more lively still remains. *n*
 I joy, though oft my waking eyes spend tears, *c*
 I never want delight, even when I groan, *d* 10
 Best companied when most I am alone ; *d*
 A heaven of hopes I have midst hells of fears. *c*
 Thus every way contentment strange I find, *e*
 But most in her rare beauty, my rare mind. *e*

SONNET V.

How that vast heaven intitled First is roll'd, *a*
 If any other worlds beyond it lie, *b*
 And people living in eternity, *b*
 Or essence pure that doth this All uphold ; *a*
 What motion have those fixed sparks of gold, *a* 5
 The wand'ring carbuncles which shine from high, *b*
 By sprights, or bodies, contrare-ways in sky *b*
 If they be turn'd, and mortal things behold ; *a*
 How sun posts heaven about, how night's pale queen *c*
 With borrowed beams looks on this hanging round, 10 *a*
 What cause fair Iris hath, and monsters seen *c*
 In air's large fields of light, and seas profound, *a*
 Did hold my wand'ring thoughts, when thy sweet eye *e*
 Bade me leave all, and only think on thee. *a*

SONNET VI.

VAUNT not, fair heavens, of your two glorious lights *a*
 Which, though most bright, yet see not when they shine, *b*
 And shining, cannot show their beams divine *b*
 Both in one place, but part by days and nights; *a*
 Earth, vaunt not of those treasures ye enshrine, *b* 5
 Held only dear because hid from our sights, *a*
 Your pure and burnish'd gold, your diamonds fine, *b*
 Snow-passing ivory that the eye delights; *a*
 Nor, seas, of those dear wares are in you found, *b*
 Vaunt not, rich pearl, red coral, which do stir *b* 10
 A fond desire in fools to plunge your ground; *a*
 Those all, more fair, are to be had in her: *b*
 Pearl, ivory, coral, diamond, suns, gold, *a*
 Teeth, neck, lips, heart, eyes, hair, are to behold. *b*

SONNET VII.

THAT learned Grecian,* who did so excel ^a
 In knowledge passing sense, that he is nam'd ^b
 Of all the after-worlds divine, doth tell, ^a
 That at the time when first our souls are fram'd, ^b
 Ere in these mansions blind they come to dwell, ^{a 5}
 They live bright rays of that eternal light, ^a
 And others see, know, love, in heaven's great height, ^a
 Not toil'd with aught to reason doth rebel. ^a
 Most true it is, for straight at the first sight ^a
 My mind me told, that in some other place ^{a 10}
 It elsewhere saw the idea of that face, ^a
 And lov'd a love of heavenly pure delight; ^a
 No wonder now I feel so fair a flame, ^a
 Sith I her lov'd ere on this earth she came. ^a

* Plato.

SONNET VIII.

Now while the night her sable veil hath spread, ^a
 And silently her resty coach doth roll, ^t
 Rousing with her from Tethys' azure bed ^m
 Those starry nymphs which dance about the pole ; ^h
 While Cynthia, in purest cypress clad, ^a 5
 The Latmian shepherd in a trance descries, ^c
 And whiles looks pale from height of all the skies, ⁿ
 Whiles dyes her beauties in a bashful red ; ^a
 While sleep, in triumph, closed hath all eyes, ⁿ
 And birds and beasts a silence sweet do keep, ^d 10
 And Proteus' monstrous people in the deep, ^d
 The winds and waves, husht up, to rest entice ; ^a
 I wake, muse, weep, and who my heart hath slain ^e
 See still before me to augment my pain. ^{r e}

SONNET IX.

SLEEP, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds with grief opprest ;
Lo, by thy charming rod all breathing things 5
Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possest,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spares, alas ! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to show, 10
With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe ;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kiss the image of my death.

SONNET X.

FAIR Moon, who with thy cold and silver shine
Makes sweet the horror of the dreadful night,
Delighting the weak eye with smiles divine,
Which Phœbus dazzles with his too much light ;
Bright Queen of the first Heaven, if in thy shrine, 5
By turning oft, and Heaven's eternal might,
Thou hast not yet that once sweet fire of thine,
Endymion, forgot, and lover's plight ;
If cause like thine may pity breed in thee,
And pity somewhat else to it obtain, 10
Since thou hast power of dreams, as well as he
Who paints strange figures in the slumb'ring brain,
Now while she sleeps, in doleful guise her show
These tears, and the black map of all my woe.

SONNET XI.

LAMP of heaven's crystal hall that brings the hours,
Eye-dazzler, who makes the ugly night
At thine approach fly to her slumb'ry bow'rs,
And fills the world with wonder and delight ;
Life of all lives, death-giver by thy flight 5
To southern pole from these six signs of ours,
Goldsmith of all the stars, with silver bright
Who moon enamels, Apelles of the flow'rs ;
Ah ! from those watery plains thy golden head
Raise up, and bring the so long lingering morn ; / 10
A grave, nay, hell, I find become this bed,
This bed so grievously where I am torn ;
But, woe is me ! though thou now brought the day,
Day shall but serve more sorrow to display.

SONG I.

IT was the time when to our northern pole
 The brightest lamp of heaven begins to roll ;
 When earth more wanton in new robes appeareth,
 And, scorning skies, her flow'rs in rainbows beareth,
 On which the air moist sapphires doth bequeath, 5
 Which quake to feel the kissing zephyrs' breath ;
 When birds from shady groves their love forth warble,
 And sea like heaven, heaven looks like smoothest
 marble ;

When I, in simple course, free from all cares,
 Far from the muddy world's captiving snares, 10
 By Ora's flow'ry banks alone did wander,
 Ora that sports her like to old Meander ;
 A flood more worthy fame and lasting praise
 Than that which Phaethon's fall so high did raise,*
 Into whose moving glass the milk-white lilies 15
 Do dress their tresses, and the daffodillies.
 Where Ora with a wood is crown'd about,
 And seems forget the way how to come out,
 A place there is, where a delicious fountain
 Springs from the swelling paps of a proud mountain, 20

* The river Eridanus, or Po, into which Phaethon fell.

Whose falling streams the quiet caves do wound,
 And make the echoes shrill resound that sound.
 The laurel there the shining channel graces,
 The palm her love with long stretch'd arms embraces,
 The poplar spreads her branches to the sky, 25
 And hides from sight that azure canopy ;
 The streams the trees, the trees their leaves still nourish,
 That place grave winter finds not without flourish.*
 If living eyes Elysian fields could see,
 This little Arden might Elysium be. 30
 Here Dian often used to repose her,
 And Acidalia's queen with Mars rejoice her ;
 The nymphs oft here do bring their maunds with flow'rs,
 And anadems weave for their paramours ;
 The Satyrs in these shades are heard to languish, 35
 And make the shepherds partners of their anguish,
 The shepherds who in barks of tender trees
 Do grave their loves, disdains, and jealousies,
 Which Phillis, when thereby her flocks she feedeth,
 With pity whiles, sometime with laughter readeth. 40
 Near to this place, when sun in midst of day
 In highest top of heaven his coach did stay,
 And, as advising, on his career glanced
 The way did rest, the space he had advanced †
 His panting steeds along those fields of light, 45
 Most princely looking from that ghastly height ;
 When most the grasshoppers are heard in meadows,
 And lofty pines have small or else no shadows,

* Flourish : flowers. Cf. *Tears on the Death of Mæliades*, line 23.

† As all along that morn he had advanced—Ed. 1656.

It was my hap, O woful hap ! to bide
 Where thickest shades me from all rays did hide, 50
 Into a shut-up place, some Sylvan's chamber,
 Whose ceiling spread was with the locks of amber
 Of new-bloom'd sycamores, floor wrought with flowers
 More sweet and rich than those in princes' bowers.
 Here Adon blush'd, and Clytia all amaz'd 55
 Look'd pale, with him who in the fountain gaz'd ;
 The amaranthus smil'd, and that sweet boy
 Which sometime was the god of Delos' joy ;
 The brave carnation, speckled pink here shined,
 The violet her fainting head declined 60
 Beneath a drowsy chasbow, all of gold,
 The marigold her leaves did here unfold.

Now, while that ravish'd with delight and wonder,
 Half in a trance I lay those arches under,
 The season, silence, place, did all entice 65
 Eyes' heavy lids to bring night on their skies,
 Which softly having stolen themselves together,
 Like evening clouds, me plac'd I wot not whither.
 As cowards leave the fort which they should keep,
 My senses one by one gave place to Sleep, 70
 Who, followed with a troop of golden slumbers,
 Thrust from my quiet brain all base encumbers,
 And thrice me touching with his rod of gold,
 A heaven of visions in my temples roll'd,
 To countervail those pleasures were bereft me ; 75
 Thus in his silent prison clos'd he left me.

Methought through all the neighbour woods a
 noise
 Of quiristers, more sweet than lute or voice

(For those harmonious sounds to Jove are given
 By the swift touches of the nine-string'd heaven, 80
 Such are, and nothing else), did wound mine ear,
 No, soul, that then became all ear to hear :

And whilst I list'ning lay, O ghastly wonder !

I saw a pleasant myrtle cleave asunder ;

A myrtle great with birth, from whose rent womb 85
 Three naked nymphs more white than snow forth
 come,

For nymphs they seem'd ; about their heavenly faces
 In waves of gold did flow their curling tresses ;
 About each arm, their arms more white than milk,
 Each wore a blushing armet of silk. 90

The goddesses were such that by Scamander

Appeared to the Phrygian Alexander ;

Aglaia, and her sisters, such perchance

Be, when about some sacred spring they dance.

But scarce the grove their naked beauties graced, 95

And on the amorous verdure had not traced,

When to the flood they ran, the flood in robes

Of curling crystal to breasts' ivory globes

Who wrapt them all about, yet seem'd take pleasure

To show warm snows throughout her liquid azure. 100

Look how Prometheus' man, when heavenly fire

First gave him breath, day's brandon * did admire,

And wond'ring of this world's amphitheatre ;

So gaz'd I on those new guests of the water.

All three were fair, yet one excell'd as far 105

The rest as Phœbus doth the Cyprian star,

* Brandon : torch ; *sc.* the sun.

Or diamonds small gems, or gems do other,
Or pearls that shining shell is call'd their mother.

Her hair, more bright than are the morning's beams,
Hung in a golden shower above the streams, 110
And, sweetly tous'd, her forehead sought to cover,
Which seen did straight a sky of milk discover,
With two fair brows, love's bows, which never
bend

But that a golden arrow forth they send ;
Beneath the which two burning planets glancing, 115
Flash'd flames of love, for love there still is dancing.
Her either cheek resembl'd a blushing morn,
Or roses gules in field of lilies borne,
Betwixt the which a wall so fair is raised,
That it is but abased even when praised ; 120
Her lips like rows of coral soft did swell,
And th' one like th' other only doth excel :
The Tyrian fish looks pale, pale look the roses,
The rubies pale, when mouth's sweet cherry closes.
Her chin like silver Phœbe did appear 125
Dark in the midst to make the rest more clear ;
Her neck seemed fram'd by curious Phidias' master,
Most smooth, most white, a piece of alabaster.
Two foaming billows flow'd upon her breast,
Which did their tops with coral red encrest ; 130
There all about, as brooks them sport at leisure,
With circling branches veins did swell in azure :
Within those crooks are only found those isles
Which Fortunate the dreaming old world styles.
The rest the streams did hide, but as a lily 135
Sunk in a crystal's fair transparent belly.

I, who yet human weakness did not know,
 For yet I had not felt that archer's bow,
 Ne could I think that from the coldest water
 The winged youngling burning flames could scatter, 140
 On every part my vagabonding sight
 Did cast, and drown mine eyes in sweet delight.
 What wondrous thing is this that beauty's named !
 Said I ; I find I heretofore have dreamed,
 And never known in all my flying days 145
 Good unto this, that only merits praise.
 My pleasures have been pains, my comforts crosses,
 My treasure poverty, my gains but losses.
 O precious sight ! which none doth else descry,
 Except the burning sun, and quivering I. 150
 And yet, O dear-bought sight ! O would for ever
 I might enjoy you, or had joy'd you never !
 O happy flood ! if so ye might abide !
 Yet ever glory of this moment's pride,
 Adjure your rilllets all now to behold her, 155
 And in their crystal arms to come and fold her ;
 And sith ye may not aye your bliss embrace,
 Draw thousand portraits of her on your face,
 Portraits which in my heart be more apparent,
 If like to yours my breast but were transparent. 160
 O that I were, while she doth in you play,
 A dolphin to transport her to the sea !
 To none of all those gods I would her render,
 From Thule to Ind though I should with her
 wander.
 Oh ! what is this ? the more I fix mine eye, 165
 Mine eye the more new wonders doth espy ;

The more I spy, the more in uncouth fashion
 My soul is ravish'd in a pleasant passion.
 But look not, eyes : as more I would have said,
 A sound of whirling wheels me all dismay'd, 170
 And with the sound forth from the timorous bushes,
 With storm-like course, a sumptuous chariot rushes,
 A chariot all of gold, the wheels were gold,
 The nails, and axe-tree gold on which it roll'd ;
 The upmost part a scarlet veil did cover, 175
 More rich than Danaë's lap spread with her lover.
 In midst of it, in a triumphing chair,
 A lady sat, miraculously fair,
 Whose pensive countenance, and looks of honour,
 Do more allure the mind that thinketh on her, 180
 Than the most wanton face and amorous eyes,
 That Amathus or flow'ry Paphos sees.
 A crew of virgins made a ring about her,
 The diamond she, they seem the gold without
 her.

Such Thetis is, when to the billows' roar 185
 With mermaids nice she danceth on the shore :
 So in a sable night the sun's bright sister
 Among the lesser twinkling lights doth glisten.
 Fair yokes of ermelines whose colour pass
 The whitest snows on aged Grampius' face, 190
 More swift than Venus' birds this chariot guided
 To the astonish'd bank whereas it bided :
 But long it did not bide, when poor those streams,
 Ay me ! it made, transporting those rich gems,
 And by that burthen lighter, swiftly driven 195
 Till, as methought, it at a tower arrived.

Upon a rock of crystal shining clear,
 Of diamonds this castle did appear,
 Whose rising spires of gold so high them reared,
 That, Atlas-like, it seem'd the heaven they beared. 200
 Amidst which heights on arches did arise,
 Arches which gilt flames brandish to the skies,
 Of sparkling topazes, proud, gorgeous, ample,
 Like to a little heaven, a sacred temple,
 Whose walls no windows have, nay all the wall 205
 Is but one window ; night there doth not fall
 More when the sun to western worlds declineth,
 Than in our zenith when at noon he shineth.
 Two flaming hills the passage strait defend
 Which to this radiant building doth ascend, 210
 Upon whose arching tops, on a pilaster,
 A port stands open, rais'd in love's disaster ;
 For none that narrow bridge and gate can pass,
 Who have their faces seen in Venus' glass.
 If those within but to come forth do venture, 215
 That stately place again they never enter.
 The precinct strengthened with a ditch appears,
 In which doth swell a lake of inky tears
 Of madding lovers, who abide there moaning,
 And thicken even the air with piteous groaning. 220
 This hold, to brave the skies, the Destines fram'd,
 The world the Fort of Chastity it nam'd.
 The Queen * of the third Heaven once to appal it
 The god of Thrace here brought, who could not
 thrall it,

* Venus.

For which he vow'd ne'er arms more to put on, 225
And on Rhipæan hills was heard to groan.

Here Psyche's lover hurls his darts at random,
Which all for nought him serve, as doth his brandon.

What bitter anguish did invade my mind,
When in that place my hope I saw confin'd, 230
Where with high-tow'ring thoughts I only reach'd her,
Which did burn up their wings when they approach'd
her !

Methought I set me by a cypress shade,
And night and day the hyacinth there read ;
And that bewailing nightingales did borrow 235
Plaints of my plaint, and sorrows of my sorrow.

My food was wormwood, mine own tears my drink,
My rest, on death and sad mishaps to think.

And for such thoughts to have my heart enlarged,
And ease mine eyes with briny tribute charged, 240

Over a brook, methought, my pining face
I laid, which then, as griev'd at my disgrace,

A face me show'd again so overclouded,
That at the sight mine eyes afraid them shrouded.

This is the guerdon, Love, this is the gain 245

In end which to thy servants doth remain,
I would have said, when fear made sleep to leave me,
And of those fatal shadows did bereave me ;

But ah, alas ! instead to dream of love

And woes, me made them in effect to prove ; 250

For what into my troubled brain was painted,
I waking found that time and place presented.

SONNET XII.

AH ! burning thoughts, now let me take some rest,
And your tumultuous broils a while appease ;
Is 't not enough, stars, fortune, love molest
Me all at once, but ye must too displease ?
Let hope, though false, yet lodge within my breast, 5
My high attempt, though dangerous, yet praise.
What though I trace not right heaven's steepy ways ?
It doth suffice, my fall shall make me blest.
I do not doat on days, nor fear not death ;
So that my life be brave, what though not long ? 10
Let me renown'd live from the vulgar throng,
And when ye list, Heavens ! take this borrowed breath.
Men but like visions are, time all doth claim ;
He lives, who dies to win a lasting name.

MADRIGAL I.

A DÆDAL * of my death,
Now I resemble that subtle worm on earth,
Which, prone to its own evil, can take no rest ;
For with strange thoughts possest,
I feed on fading leaves
Of hope, which me deceives,
And thousand webs doth warp within my breast
And thus in end unto myself I weave
A fast-shut prison, no, but even a grave.

* Dædal : contriver.

SEXTAIN I.

THE heaven doth not contain so many stars,
 So many leaves not prostrate lie in woods,
 When autumn's old, and Boreas sounds his wars,
 So many waves have not the ocean floods,
 As my rent mind hath torments all the night, 5
 And heart spends sighs, when Phœbus brings the light.

Why should I been * a partner of the light,
 Who, crost in birth by bad aspects of stars,
 Have never since had happy day nor night?
 Why was not I a liver in the woods, 10
 Or citizen of Thetis' crystal floods,
 Than made a man for love and fortune's wars?

I look each day when death should end the wars,
 Uncivil wars, 'twixt sense and reason's light;
 My pains I count to mountains, meads, and floods, 15
 And of my sorrow partners make the stars;
 All desolate I haunt the fearful woods,
 When I should give myself to rest at night.

With watchful eyes I ne'er behold the night,
 Mother of peace, but ah! to me of wars, 20

* Why was I made—Ed. 1656.

And Cynthia queen-like shining through the woods,
 When straight those lamps come in my thought,
 whose light

My judgment dazzled, passing brightest stars,
 And then mine eyes en-isle themselves with floods.

Turn to their springs again first shall the floods, 25
 Clear shall the sun the sad and gloomy night,
 To dance about the pole cease shall the stars,
 The elements renew their ancient wars
 Shall first, and be depriv'd of place and light,
 Ere I find rest in city, fields, or woods. 30

End these my days, indwellers of the woods,
 Take this my life, ye deep and raging floods ;
 Sun, never rise to clear me with thy light,
 Horror and darkness, keep a lasting night ;
 Consume me, care, with thy intestine wars, 35
 And stay your influence o'er me, bright stars !

In vain the stars, indwellers of the woods,
 Care, horror, wars, I call, and raging floods,
 For all have sworn no night shall dim my light.*

* Most editions (including that of 1616) read here
 "sight" for "light"; but surely the latter is the word
 required.

SONNET XIII.

O SACRED blush, impurpling cheeks' pure skies
With crimson wings which spread thee like the morn ;
O bashful look, sent from those shining eyes,
Which, though cast down on earth, couldst heaven
adorn ;
O tongue, in which most luscious nectar lies, 5
That can at once both bless and make forlorn ;
Dear coral lip, which beauty beautifies,
That trembling stood ere that her words were born ;
And you her words, words, no, but golden chains,
Which did captive mine ears, ensnare my soul, 10
Wise image of her mind, mind that contains
A power, all power of senses to control ;
Ye all from love dissuade so sweetly me,
That I love more, if more my love could be.

SONNET XIV.

NOR Arne, nor Mincius, nor stately Tiber,
Sebethus, nor the flood into whose streams
He fell who burnt the world with borrow'd beams,
Gold-rolling Tagus, Munda, famous Iber,
Sorgue, Rhone, Loire, Garron, nor proud-banked
Seine, 5
Peneus, Phasis, Xanthus, humble Ladon,
Nor she whose nymphs excel her who lov'd Adon,
Fair Tamesis, nor Ister large, nor Rhine,
Euphrates, Tigris, Indus, Hermus, Gange,
Pearly Hydaspes, serpent-like Meander, 10
The gulf bereft sweet Hero her Leander,
Nile, that far far his hidden head doth range,
Have ever had so rare a cause of praise,
As Ora, where this northern Phoenix stays.

SONNET XV.

To hear my plaints, fair river crystalline,
Thou in a silent slumber seems to stay ;
Delicious flow'rs, lily and columbine,
Ye bow your heads when I my woes display ;
Forests, in you the myrtle, palm, and bay, 5
Have had compassion list'ning to my groans ;
The winds with sighs have solemniz'd my moans
'Mong leaves, which whispered what they could not
say ;
The caves, the rocks, the hills, the Sylvans' thrones,
(As if even pity did in them appear) 10
Have at my sorrows rent their ruthless stones ;
Each thing I find hath sense except my dear,
Who doth not think I love, or will not know
My grief, perchance delighting in my woe.

SONNET XVI.

SWEET brook, in whose clear crystal I mine eyes
 Have oft seen great in labour of their tears ;
 Enamell'd bank, whose shining gravel bears
 These sad characters of my miseries ;
 High woods, whose mounting tops menace the
 spheres ; 5
 Wild citizens, Amphions of the trees,*
 You gloomy groves at hottest noons which freeze,
 Elysian shades, which Phœbus never clears ;
 Vast solitary mountains, pleasant plains,
 Embroid'ed meads that ocean-ways you reach ; 10
 Hills, dales, springs, all that my sad cry constrains
 To take part of my plaints, and learn woe's speech,
 Will that remorseless fair e'er pity show ?
 Of grace now answer if ye ought know. No.

* A rather far-fetched periphrasis for wood-birds !

SONNET XVII.

WITH flaming horns the Bull now brings the year,
Melt do the horrid mountains' helms of snow,
The silver floods in pearly channels flow,
The late-bare woods green anadems do wear ;
The nightingale, forgetting winter's woe, 5
Calls up the lazy morn her notes to hear ;
Those flow'rs are spread which names of princes bear,
Some red, some azure, white and golden grow ;
Here lows a heifer, there bea-wailing * strays 10
A harmless lamb, not far a stag rebounds ;
The shepherds sing to grazing flocks sweet lays,
And all about the echoing air resounds.

Hills, dales, woods, floods, and everything doth
change,

But she in rigour, I in love am strange.

* The unusual spelling of the first syllable here was doubtless designed to suggest the bleating noise made by lambs.

SONNET XVIII.

WHEN Nature now had wonderfully wrought
All Auristella's parts, except her eyes,
To make those twins two lamps in beauty's skies,
She counsel of her starry senate sought.
Mars and Apollo first did her advise 5
In colour black to wrap those comets bright,
That Love him so might soberly disguise,
And unperceived, wound at every sight.
Chaste Phœbe spake for purest azure dyes,
But Jove and Venus green about the light 10
To frame thought best, as bringing most delight,
That to pin'd hearts hope might for aye arise :
Nature, all said, a paradise of green
There plac'd, to make all love which have them
seen.

MADRIGAL II.

To the delightful green
Of you, fair radiant eyne,
Let each black yield beneath the starry arch.
Eyes, burnish'd heavens of love,
Sinople * lamps of Jove, 5
Save that those hearts which with your flames ye parch
Two burning suns you prove,
All other eyes compar'd with you, dear lights,
Be hells, or if not hells, yet dumpish nights.
The heavens, if we their glass 10
The sea believe, be green, not perfect blue :
They all make fair what ever fair yet was,
And they be fair because they look like you.

* Sinople : green.

SONNET XIX.

IN vain I haunt the cold and silver springs,
 To quench the fever burning in my veins ;
 In vain, love's pilgrim, mountains, dales, and plains,
 I overrun ; vain help long absence brings :
 In vain, my friends, your counsel me constrains 5
 To fly, and place my thoughts on other things.
 Ah ! like the bird that fired hath her wings,
 The more I move, the greater are my pains.
 Desire, alas ! Desire, a Zeuxis new,
 From Indies borrowing gold, from western skies 10
 Most bright cynoper,* sets before mine eyes
 In every place, her hair, sweet look, and hue :
 That fly, run, rest I, all doth prove but vain,
 My life lies in those looks which have me slain.

* Cynoper : cinnabar ; vermilion.

SONNET XX.

ALL other beauties, howsoe'er they shine
In hairs more bright than is the golden ore,
Or cheeks more fair than fairest eglantine,
Or hands like hers who comes the sun before ; *
Match'd with that heavenly hue, and shape divine, 5
With those dear stars which my weak thoughts adore,
Look but like shadows, or if they be more,
It is in that, that they are like to thine.
Who sees those eyes, their force and doth not prove,
Who gazeth on the dimple of that chin, 10
And finds not Venus' son intrench'd therein,
Or hath not sense, or knows not what is love.
To see thee had Narcissus had the grace,
He sure had died with wond'ring on thy face.

* Aurora.

SONNET XXI.

My tears may well Numidian lions tame,
And pity breed into the hardest heart
That ever Pyrrha did to maid impart,
When she them first of blushing rocks did frame.
Ah ! eyes which only serve to wail my smart, 5
How long will you mine inward woes proclaim ?
Let it suffice, you bear a weeping part
All night, at day though ye do not the same :
Cease, idle sighs, to spend your storms in vain,
And these calm secret shades more to molest 10
Contain you in the prison of my breast,
You do not ease but aggravate my pain ;
Or, if burst forth you must, that tempest move
In sight of her whom I so dearly love.

SONNET XXII.

NYMPHS, sister nymphs, which haunt this crystal
brook,
And, happy, in these floating bowers abide,
Where trembling roofs of trees from sun you hide,
Which make ideal woods in every crook ;
Whether ye garlands for your locks provide, 5
Or pearly letters seek in sandy book,
Or count your loves when Thetis was a bride,
Lift up your golden heads and on me look.
Read in mine eyes mine agonising cares,
And what ye read recount to her again : 10
Fair nymphs, say, all these streams are but my tears,
And if she ask you how they sweet remain,
Tell, that the bitterest tears which eyes can pour,
When shed for her do cease more to be sour.

MADRIGAL III.

LIKE the Idalian queen,
Her hair about her eyne,
With neck and breast's ripe apples to be seen,
At first glance of the morn,
In Cyprus' gardens gathering those fair flow'rs 5
Which of her blood were born,
I saw, but fainting saw, my paramours.
The Graces naked danc'd about the place,
The winds and trees amaz'd
With silence on her gaz'd ; 10
The flow'rs did smile, like those upon her face,
And as their aspen stalks those fingers band,
That she might read my case,
A hyacinth I wish'd me in her hand.

SONNET XXIII

THEN is she gone? O fool and coward I!
O good occasion lost, ne'er to be found!
What fatal chains have my dull senses bound,
When best they may, that they not fortune try?
Here is the flow'ry bed where she did lie, 5
With roses here she stellularied the ground,
She fix'd her eyes on this yet smiling pond,
Nor time, nor courteous place, seem'd ought deny.
Too long, too long, Respect, I do embrace
Your counsel, full of threats and sharp disdain; 10
Disdain in her sweet heart can have no place,
And though come there, must straight retire again:
Henceforth, Respect, farewell, I oft hear told
Who lives in love can never be too bold.



SONNET XXIV.

IN mind's pure glass when I myself behold,
And vively see how my best days are spent,
What clouds of care above my head are roll'd,
What coming harms which I can not prevent :
My begun course I, wearied, do repent, 5
And would embrace what reason oft hath told ;
But scarce thus think I, when love hath controll'd
All the best reasons reason could invent.
Though sure I know my labour's end is grief,
The more I strive that I the more shall pine, 10
That only death can be my last relief :
Yet when I think upon that face divine,
Like one with arrow shot in laughter's place,
Malgré my heart, I joy in my disgrace.

SONNET XXV.

DEAR quirister, who from those shadows sends,
Ere that the blushing dawn dare show her light,
Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends
(Become all ear), stars stay to hear thy plight ;
If one whose grief even reach of thought transcends, 5
Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,
May thee importune who like case pretends,
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite ;
Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long, long sing) for what thou thus complains, 10
Sith, winter gone, the sun in dappled sky
Now smiles on meadows, mountains, woods, and plains?
The bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings sobb'd forth, I love, I love !

SONNET XXVI.

TRUST not, sweet soul, those curled waves of gold,
With gentle tides which on your temples flow,
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow,
Nor snow of cheeks with Tyrian grain enroll'd ;
Trust not those shining lights which wrought my woe, 5
When first I did their burning rays behold,
Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show
Than of the Thracian harper * have been told.
Look to this dying lily, fading rose,
Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams 10
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice,
And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes :
The cruel tyrant that did kill those flow'rs,
Shall once, ay me ! not spare that spring of yours.

* Orpheus.

SONNET XXVII.

THAT I so slenderly set forth my mind,
Writing I wot not what in ragged rhymes,
And charg'd with brass into these golden times,
When others tower so high, am left behind ;
I crave not Phœbus leave his sacred cell 5
To bind my brows with fresh Aonian bays ;
Let them have that who tuning sweetest lays
By Tempe sit, or Aganippe's well ;
Nor yet to Venus' tree do I aspire,
Sith she for whom I might affect that praise, 10
My best attempts with cruel words gainsays,
And I seek not that others me admire.
Of weeping myrrh the crown is which I crave,
With a sad cypress to adorn my grave.

SONNET XXVIII.

SOUND hoarse, sad lute, true witness of my woe,
And strive no more to ease self-chosen pain
With soul-enchanting sounds ; your accents strain
Unto these tears incessantly which flow.
Shrill treble, weep ; and you, dull basses, show 5
Your master's sorrow in a deadly vein ;
Let never joyful hand upon you go,
Nor consort keep but when you do complain.
Fly Phœbus' rays, nay, hate the irksome light ;
Woods' solitary shades for thee are best, 10
Or the black horrors of the blackest night,
When all the world, save thou and I, doth rest :
Then sound, sad lute, and bear a mourning part,
Thou hell mayst move, though not a woman's heart.

SONNET XXIX.

YOU restless seas, appease your roaring waves,
And you who raise huge mountains in that plain,
Air's trumpeters, your blust'ring storms restrain,
And listen to the plaints my grief doth cause.
Eternal lights, though adamantine laws 5
Of destinies to move still you ordain,
Turn hitherward your eyes, your axe-tree pause,
And wonder at the torments I sustain.
Earth, if thou be not dull'd by my disgrace,
And senseless made, now ask those powers above, 10
Why they so crost a wretch brought on thy face,
Fram'd for mishap, th' anachorite of love?
And bid them, if they would more Ætnas burn,
In Rhodope or Erymanthe me turn.

SONNET XXX.

WHAT cruel star into this world me brought ?
 What gloomy day did dawn to give me light ?
 What unkind hand to nurse me, orphan, sought,
 And would not leave me in eternal night ?
 What thing so dear as I hath essence * bought ? 5
 The elements, dry, humid, heavy, light,
 The smallest living things by nature wrought,
 Be freed of woe, if they have small delight.
 Ah ! only I, abandon'd to despair,
 Nail'd to my torments, in pale Horror's shade, 10
 Like wand'ring clouds see all my comforts fled,
 And evil on evil with hours my life impair :
 The heaven and fortune which were wont to turn,
 Fixt in one mansion stay to cause me mourn.

* By "essence" he here intends "existence."

SONNET XXXI.

DEAR eye, which deign'st on this sad monument
The sable scroll of my mishaps to view,
Though with the mourning Muses' tears besprent,
And darkly drawn, which is not feign'd, but true ;
If thou not dazzled with a heavenly hue, 5
And comely feature, didst not yet lament.
But happy liv'st unto thyself content,
O let not Love thee to his laws subdue.
Look on the woful shipwreck of my youth,
And let my ruins for a Phare thee serve 10
To shun this rock Capharean of untruth,
And serve no god who doth his churchmen starve :
His kingdom is but plaints, his guerdon tears,
What he gives more are jealousies and fears.

SONNET XXXII.

IF crost with all mishaps be my poor life,
If one short day I never spent in mirth,
If my spright with itself holds lasting strife,
If sorrow's death is but new sorrow's birth ;
If this vain world be but a sable stage 5
Where slave-born man plays to the scoffing stars,
If youth be toss'd with love, with weakness age,
If knowledge serve to hold our thoughts in wars ;
If time can close the hundred mouths of fame,
And make, what long since past, like that to be, 10
If virtue only be an idle name,
If I, when I was born, was born to die ;
 Why seek I to prolong these loathsome days ?
 The fairest rose in shortest time decays.

SONNET XXXIII.

LET fortune triumph now, and Tö sing,
Sith I must fall beneath this load of care ;
Let her, what most I prize of ev'ry thing,
Now wicked trophies in her temple rear.
She, who high palmy empires doth not spare, 5
And tramples in the dust the proudest king,
Let her vaunt how my bliss she did impair,
To what low ebb she now my flow doth bring ;
Let her count how, a new Ixion, me
She in her wheel did turn, how high nor low 10
I never stood, but more to tortur'd be :
Weep, soul, weep, plaintful soul, thy sorrows know ;
 Weep, of thy tears till a black river swell,
 Which may Cocytus be to this thy hell.

SONNET XXXIV.

O CRUEL beauty, meekness inhumane,
That night and day contend with my desire,
And seek my hope to kill, not quench my fire,
By death, not balm, to ease my pleasant pain ;
Though ye my thoughts tread down which would
aspire, 5
And bound my bliss, do not, alas ! disdain
That I your matchless worth and grace admire,
And for their cause these torments sharp sustain.
Let great Empedocles vaunt of his death,
Found in the midst of those Sicilian flames, 10
And Phaëthon, that heaven him reft of breath,
And Dædal's son, he nam'd the Samian streams :
Their haps I envy not ; my praise shall be,
The fairest she that liv'd gave death to me.

SONNET XXXV.

THE Hyperborean hills, Ceraunus' snow,
 Or Arimaspus (cruel!) first thee bred ;
 The Caspian tigers with their milk thee fed,
 And Fauns did human blood on thee bestow ;
 Fierce Orithyia's lover * in thy bed 5
 Thee lull'd asleep, where he enrag'd doth blow ;
 Thou didst not drink the floods which here do flow,
 But tears, or those by icy Tanais' head.
 Sith thou disdains my love, neglects my grief,
 Laughs at my groans, and still affects my death, 10
 Of thee, nor heaven, I'll seek no more relief,
 Nor longer entertain this loathsome breath,
 But yield unto my star, that thou mayst prove
 What loss thou hadst in losing such a love.

* Boreas.

SONG II.

PHŒBUS, arise,
 And paint the sable skies
 With azure, white, and red ;
 Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed,
 That she thy career may with roses spread ; 5
 The nightingales thy coming each where sing ;
 Make an eternal spring,
 Give life to this dark world which lieth dead ;
 Spread forth thy golden hair
 In larger locks than thou wast wont before, 10
 And, emperor-like, decore
 With diadem of pearl thy temples fair :
 Chase hence the ugly night,
 Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.
 This is that happy morn, 15
 That day, long-wished day,
 Of all my life so dark
 (If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,
 And fates not hope betray),
 Which, only white, deserves 20
 A diamond for ever should it mark :
 This is the morn should bring unto this grove
 My love, to hear and recompense my love.

Fair king, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams, 25
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see, than those which by Peneus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise ;
Nay, suns, which shine as clear
As thou when two thou did to Rome appear. 30
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise ;
If that ye, winds, would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your stormy chiding stay ;
Let zephyr only breathe, 35
And with her tresses play,
Kissing sometimes those purple ports of death.
The winds all silent are,
And Phœbus in his chair,
Ensaffroning sea and air, 40
Makes vanish every star :
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills to shun his flaming wheels ;
The fields with flow'rs are deck'd in every hue,
The clouds bespangle with bright gold their blue : 45
Here is the pleasant place,
And ev'ry thing, save her, who all should grace.

SONNET XXXVI.

WHO hath not seen into her saffron bed
The morning's goddess mildly her repose,
Or her,* of whose pure blood first sprang the rose,
Lull'd in a slumber by a myrtle shade ;
Who hath not seen that sleeping white and red 5
Makes Phœbe look so pale, which she did close
In that Ionian hill, to ease her woes,
Which only lives by nectar kisses fed ;
Come but and see my lady sweetly sleep,
The sighing rubies of those heavenly lips, 10
The Cupids which breast's golden apples keep,
Those eyes which shine in midst of their eclipse,
And he them all shall see, perhaps, and prove
She waking but persuades, now forceth love.

* Venus.

SONNET XXXVII.

OF Cytherea's birds, that milk-white pair,
On yonder leafy myrtle-tree which groan,
And waken, with their kisses in the air,
Enamour'd zephyrs murmuring one by one,
If thou but sense hadst like Pygmalion's stone, 5
Or hadst not seen Medusa's snaky hair,
Love's lessons thou might'st learn ; and learn, sweet
 fair,

To summer's heat ere that thy spring be grown.
And if those kissing lovers seem but cold,
Look how that elm this ivy doth embrace, 10
And binds, and clasps with many a wanton fold,
And courting sleep o'ershadows all the place ;
 Nay, seems to say, dear tree, we shall not part,
 In sign whereof, lo ! in each leaf a heart.

SONNET XXXVIII.

THE sun is fair when he with crimson crown,
And flaming rubies, leaves his eastern bed ;
Fair is Thaumantias in her crystal gown,
When clouds engemm'd hang azure, green, and red :
To western worlds when wearied day goes down, 5
And from Heaven's windows each star shows her head,
Earth's silent daughter, night, is fair, though brown ;
Fair is the moon, though in love's livery clad ;
Fair Chloris is when she doth paint April,
Fair are the meads, the woods, the floods are fair ; 10
Fair looketh Ceres with her yellow hair,
And apples' queen when rose-cheek'd she doth smile.
That heaven, and earth, and seas are fair is true,
Yet true that all not please so much as you.

MADRIGAL IV.

WHENAS she smiles I find
More light before mine eyes,
Than * when the sun from Ind
Brings to our world a flow'ry Paradise :
But when she gently weeps, 5
And pours forth pearly showers
On cheeks' fair blushing flowers,
A sweet melancholy my senses keeps.
Both feed so my disease,
So much both do me please, 10
That oft I doubt, which more my heart doth burn,
Like love to see her smile, or pity mourn.

* "Than" is the reading of the edition of 1656; that of 1616 has "Nor."

SONNET XXXIX.

SLIDE soft, fair Forth, and make a crystal plain,
Cut your white locks, and on your foamy face
Let not a wrinkle be, when you embrace
The boat that earth's perfections doth contain.
Winds, wonder, and through wond'ring hold your
 peace ; 5
Or if that ye your hearts cannot restrain
From sending sighs, mov'd by a lover's case,
Sigh, and in her fair hair yourselves enchain ;
Or take these sighs which absence makes arise
From mine oppressed breast, and wave the sails, 10
Or some sweet breath new brought from Paradise :
Floods seem to smile, love o'er the winds prevails,
 And yet huge waves arise ; the cause is this,
 The ocean strives with Forth the boat to kiss.

SONNET XL.

AH ! who can see those fruits of Paradise,
Celestial cherries, which so sweetly swell,
That sweetness' self confined there seems to dwell,
And all those sweetest parts about despise ?
Ah ! who can see and feel no flame surprise 5
His hardened heart ? for me, alas ! too well
I know their force, and how they do excel :
Now burn I through desire, now do I freeze ;
I die, dear life, unless to me be given
As many kisses as the spring hath flow'rs, 10
Or as the silver drops of Iris' show'rs,
Or as the stars in all-embracing heaven ;
And if, displeas'd, ye of the match complain,
Ye shall have leave to take them back again.

SONNET XLI.

Is't not enough, ay me ! me thus to see
Like some heaven-banish'd ghost still wailing go,
A shadow which your rays do only show ?
To vex me more, unless ye bid me die, 5
What could ye worse allot unto your foe ?
But die will I, so ye will not deny
That grace to me which mortal foes even try,
To choose what sort of death should end my woe.
One time I found whenas ye did me kiss,
Ye gave my panting soul so sweet a touch, 10
That half I swoon'd in midst of all my bliss ;
I do but crave my death's wound may be such ;
For though by grief I die not and annoy,
Is't not enough to die through too much joy ?

MADRIGAL V.

SWEET rose, whence is this hue
Which doth all hues excel?
Whence this most fragrant smell,
And whence this form and gracing grace in you?
In flow'ry Pæstum's field perhaps ye grew, 5
Or Hybla's hills you bred,
Or odoriferous Enna's plains you fed,
Or Tmolus, or where boar young Adon slew ;
Or hath the queen of love you dy'd of new
In that dear blood, which makes you look so red? 10
No, none of those, but cause more high you blest,
My lady's breast you bare, and lips you kiss'd.

SONNET XLII.

SHE whose fair flow'rs no autumn makes decay,
Whose hue celestial, earthly hues doth stain,
Into a pleasant odoriferous plain
Did walk alone, to brave the pride of May ;
And whilst through checker'd lists she made her way, 5
Which smil'd about her sight to entertain,
Lo, unawares, where Love did hid remain,
She spied, and sought to make of him her prey ;
For which, of golden locks a fairest hair,
To bind the boy, she took ; but he, afraid 10
At her approach, sprang swiftly in the air,
And mounting far from reach, look'd back and said,
Why shouldst thou, sweet, me seek in chains to bind,
Sith in thine eyes I daily am confin'd ?

MADRIGAL VI.

ON this cold world of ours,
Flow'r of the seasons, season of the flow'rs,
Son of the sun, sweet Spring,
Such hot and burning days why dost thou bring?
Is this for that those high eternal pow'rs 5
Flash down that fire this All environing?
Or that now Phœbus keeps his sister's sphere?
Or doth some Phaëthon
Inflame the sea and air?
Or rather is it, usher of the year, 10
For that, last day, amongst thy flow'rs alone,
Unmask'd thou saw'st my fair?
And whilst thou on her gaz'd she did thee burn,
And in thy brother Summer doth thee turn?

SONNET XLIII.

DEAR wood, and you, sweet solitary place,
Where from the vulgar I estranged live,
Contented more with what your shades me give,
Than if I had what Thetis doth embrace ;
What snaky eye, grown jealous of my peace, 5
Now from your silent horrors would me drive,
When sun, progressing in his glorious race
Beyond the Twins, doth near our pole arrive?
What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be of bondage free, 10
Far from the madding worldling's hoarse discords,
Sweet flow'ry place, I first did learn of thee :
Ah ! if I were mine own, your dear resorts
I would not change with princes' stately courts.

SEXTAIN II.

SITH gone is my delight and only pleasure,
 The last of all my hopes, the cheerful sun
 That clear'd my life's dark day, nature's sweet treasure,
 More dear to me than all beneath the moon,
 What resteth now, but that upon this mountain 5
 I weep, till Heaven transform me in a fountain ?

Fresh, fair, delicious, crystal, pearly fountain,
 On whose smooth face to look she oft took pleasure,
 Tell me (so may thy streams long cheer this mountain,
 So serpent ne'er thee stain, nor scorch thee sun, 10
 So may with gentle beams thee kiss the moon),
 Dost thou not mourn to want so fair a treasure ?

While she her glass'd in thee, rich Tagus' treasure
 Thou envy needed not, nor yet the fountain
 In which that hunter * saw the naked moon ; 15
 Absence hath robb'd thee of thy wealth and pleasure,
 And I remain like marigold of sun
 Depriv'd, that dies by shadow of some mountain.

* Actæon.

Nymphs of the forests, nymphs who on this mountain
 Are wont to dance, showing your beauty's treasure ²⁰
 To goat-feet Sylvans, and the wond'ring sun,
 Whenas you gather flowers about this fountain,
 Bid her farewell who placed here her pleasure,
 And sing her praises to the stars and moon.

Among the lesser lights as is the moon, ²⁵
 Blushing through scarf of clouds on Latmos' mountain,
 Or when her silver locks she looks for pleasure
 In Thetis' streams, proud of so gay a treasure,
 Such was my fair when she sat by this fountain
 With other nymphs, to shun the amorous sun. ³⁰

As is our earth in absence of the sun,
 Or when of sun deprived is the moon ;
 As is without a verdant shade a fountain,
 Or wanting grass, a mead, a vale, a mountain ;
 Such is my state, bereft of my dear treasure, ³⁵
 To know whose only worth was all my pleasure.

Ne'er think of pleasure, heart ; eyes, shun the sun,
 Tears be your treasure, which the wand'ring moon
 Shall see you shed by mountain, vale, and fountain.

SONNET XLIV.

THOU window, once which served for a sphere
To that dear planet of my heart, whose light
Made often blush the glorious queen of night,
While she in thee more beauteous did appear,
What mourning weeds, alas ! now dost thou wear ! 5
How loathsome to mine eyes is thy sad sight !
How poorly look'st thou, with what heavy cheer,
Since that sun set, which made thee shine so bright !
Unhappy now thee close, for as of late
To wond'ring eyes thou wast a paradise, 10
Bereft of her who made thee fortunate,
A gulf thou art, whence clouds of sighs arise ;
But unto none so noisome as to me,
Who hourly see my murder'd joys in thee.

 SONNET XLV.

ARE these the flow'ry banks, is this the mead,
Where she was wont to pass the pleasant hours?
Did here her eyes exhale mine eyes' salt show'rs,
When on her lap I laid my weary head?
Is this the goodly elm did us o'erspread, 5
Whose tender rind, cut out in curious flow'rs
By that white hand, contains those flames of ours?
Is this the rustling spring us music made?
Deflourish'd mead, where is your heavenly hue?
Bank, where that arras did you late adorn? 10
How look ye, elm, all withered and forlorn?
Only, sweet spring, nought altered seems in you ;
 But while here chang'd each other thing appears,
 To sour your streams take of mine eyes these tears.

SONNET XLVI.

ALEXIS, here she stay'd ; among these pines,
Sweet hermitress, she did alone repair ;
Here did she spread the treasure of her hair,
More rich than that brought from the Colchian mines.
She set her by these musked eglantines, 5
The happy place the print seems yet to bear ;
Her voice did sweeten here thy sugar'd lines,
To which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend their ear.
Me here she first perceiv'd, and here a morn
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face ; 10
Here did she sigh, here first my hopes were born,
And I first got a pledge of promis'd grace :
But, ah ! what serv'd it to be happy so,
Sith passed pleasures double but new woe ?

SONNET XLVII.

O NIGHT, clear night, O dark and gloomy day !
 O woful waking ! O soul-pleasing sleep !
 O sweet conceits which in my brains did creep,
 Yet sour conceits which went so soon away !
 A sleep I had more than poor words can say, 5
 For, clos'd in arms, methought, I did thee keep ;
 A sorry wretch plung'd in misfortunes deep
 Am I not, wak'd, when light doth lies bewray ?
 O that that night had ever still been black !
 O that that day had never yet begun ! 10
 And you, mine eyes, would ye no time saw sun,
 To have your sun in such a zodiac !
 Lo ! what is good of life is but a dream,
 When sorrow is a never-ebbing stream.

SONNET XLVIII

HAIR, precious hair which Midas' hand did strain,
Part of the wreath of gold that crowns those brows
Which winter's whitest white in whiteness stain,
And lily, by Eridan's bank that grows ;
Hair, fatal present, which first caus'd my woes, 5
When loose ye hang like Danae's golden rain,
Sweet nets, which sweetly do all hearts enchain,
Strings, deadly strings, with which Love bends his
 bows,
How are ye hither come? tell me, O hair,
Dear armelet, for what thus were ye given? 10
I know a badge of bondage I you wear,
Yet hair, for you, O that I were a heaven !
 Like Berenice's lock that ye might shine,
 But brighter far, about this arm of mine.

MADRIGAL VII.

UNHAPPY light,
Do not approach to bring the woful day:
When I must bid for aye
Farewell to her, and live in endless plight.
Fair moon, with gentle beams 5
The sight who never mars,
Long clear heaven's sable vault ; and you, bright stars,
Your golden locks long glass in earth's pure streams ;
Let Phœbus never rise
To dim your watchful eyes : 10
Prolong, alas ! prolong my short delight,
And, if ye can, make an eternal night.

SONNET XLIX.

WITH grief in heart, and tears in swooning eyes,
When I to her had giv'n a sad farewell,
Close sealed with a kiss, and dew which fell
On my else-moisten'd face from beauty's skies,
So strange amazement did my mind surprise, 5
That at each pace I fainting turn'd again,
Like one whom a torpedo stupefies,
Not feeling honour's bit, nor reason's rein.
But when fierce stars to part me did constrain,
With back-cast looks I envied both and bless'd 10
The happy walls and place did her contain,
Till that sight's shafts their flying object miss'd.
So wailing parted Ganymede the fair,
When eagles' talons bare him through the air.

MADRIGAL VIII.

I FEAR not henceforth death,
Sith after this departure yet I breathe ;
Let rocks, and seas, and wind,
Their highest treasons show ;
Let sky and earth combin'd
Strive, if they can, to end my life and woe ;
Sith grief can not, me nothing can o'erthrow :
Or if that aught can cause my fatal lot,
It will be when I hear I am forgot.

SONNET L.

How many times night's silent queen her face
Hath hid, how oft with stars in silver mask
In Heaven's great hall she hath begun her task,
And cheer'd the waking eye in lower place !
How oft the sun hath made by Heaven's swift race 5
The happy lover to forsake the breast
Of his dear lady, wishing in the west
His golden coach to run had larger space !
I ever count, and number, since, alas !
I bade farewell to my heart's dearest guest ; 10
The miles I compass, and in mind I chase
The floods and mountains hold me from my rest :
But, woe is me ! long count and count may I,
Ere I see her whose absence makes me die.

SONNET LI.

So grievous is my pain, so painful life,
That oft I find me in the arms of Death ;
But, breath half-gone, that tyrant called Death
Who others kills, restoreth me to life :
For while I think how woe shall end with life, 5
And that I quiet peace shall joy by death,
That thought even doth o'erpower the pains of death,
And call me home again to loathed life.
Thus doth mine evil transcend both life and death,
While no death is so bad as is my life, 10
Nor no life such which doth not end by death,
And Protean changes turn my death and life.
O happy those who in their birth find death,
Sith but to languish Heaven affordeth life !

SONNET LII.

FAME, who with golden pens abroad dost range
Where Phœbus leaves the night, and brings the day ;
Fame, in one place who, restless, dost not stay
Till thou hast flown from Atlas unto Gange ;
Fame, enemy to time that still doth change, 5
And in his changing course would make decay
What here below he findeth in his way,
Even making virtue to herself look strange ;
Daughter of heaven, now all thy trumpets sound,
Raise up thy head unto the highest sky, 10
With wonder blaze the gifts in her are found ;
And when she from this mortal globe shall fly,
In thy wide mouth keep long, long keep her name
So thou by her, she by thee live shall, Fame.

MADRIGAL IX.

THE ivory, coral, gold,
Of breast, of lips, of hair,
So lively Sleep doth show to inward sight,
That wake I think I hold
No shadow, but my fair : 5
Myself so to deceive,
With long-shut eyes I shun the irksome light.
Such pleasure thus I have,
Delighting in false gleams,
If Death Sleep's brother be, 10
And souls reliev'd of sense have so sweet dreams,
That I would wish me thus to dream and die.

SONNET LIII.

I CURSE the night, yet do from day me hide,
 The Pandionian birds * I tire with moans,
 The echoes even are wearied with my groans,
 Since absence did me from my bliss divide.
 Each dream, each toy my reason doth affright ; 5
 And when remembrance reads the curious scroll
 Of pass'd contentments caused by her sight,
 Then bitter anguish doth invade my soul.
 While thus I live eclipsed of her light,
 O me ! what better am I than the mole, 10
 Or those whose zenith is the only pole,
 Whose hemisphere is hid with so long night ?
 Save that in earth he rests, they hope for sun,
 I pine, and find mine endless night begun.

* The Pandionian birds : nightingales.

SONNET LIV.

OF death some tell, some of the cruel pain
Which that bad craftsman in his work did try,
When (a new monster) flames once did constrain
A human corpse to yield a brutish cry.
Some tell of those in burning beds who lie, 5
For that they durst in the Phlegræan plain
The mighty rulers of the sky defy,
And siege those crystal towers which all contain.
Another counts of Phlegethon's hot floods
The souls which drink, Ixion's endless smart, 10
And his to whom a vulture eats the heart ;
One tells of spectres in enchanted woods.
Of all those pains he who the worst would prove,
Let him be absent, and but pine in love.

MADRIGAL X.

TRITONS, which bounding dive
Through Neptune's liquid plain,
Whenas ye shall arrive
With tilting tides where silver Ora plays,
And to your king his watery tribute pays,
Tell how I dying live,
And burn in midst of all the coldest main.

SONNET LV.

PLACE me where angry Titan burns the Moor,
And thirsty Afric fiery monsters brings,
Or where the new-born phoenix spreads her wings,
And troops of wond'ring birds her flight adore ;
Place me by Gange, or Ind's empamper'd shore, 5
Where smiling heavens on earth cause double springs ;
Place me where Neptune's quire of syrens sings,
Or where, made hoarse through cold, he leaves to
 roar ;
Me place where Fortune doth her darlings crown,
A wonder or a spark in Envy's eye, 10
Or let outrageous fates upon me frown,
And pity wailing see disaster'd me ;
 Affection's print my mind so deep doth prove,
 I may forget myself, but not my love.

POEMS

THE SECOND PART

SONNET I.

OF mortal glory, O soon darken'd ray !
O posting joys of man, more swift than wind !
O fond desires, which wing'd with fancies stray !
O trait'rous hopes, which do our judgments blind !
Lo ! in a flash that light is gone away, 5
Which dazzle did each eye, delight each mind,
And with that sun, from whence it came, combin'd,
Now makes more radiant heaven's eternal day.
Let Beauty now be blubber'd cheeks with tears,*
Let widow'd Music only roar and plain ; 10
Poor Virtue, get thee wings, and mount the spheres,
And let thine only name on earth remain.

Death hath thy temple raz'd, Love's empire foil'd,
The world of honour, worth, and sweetness spoil'd.

* The edition of 1656 reads, "bedew her cheeks with tears."

SONNET II.

THOSE eyes, those sparkling sapphires of delight,
Which thousand thousand hearts did set on fire,
Which made that eye of heaven that brings the light,
Oft jealous, stay amaz'd them to admire ;
That living snow, those crimson roses bright, 5
Those pearls, those rubies, which did breed desire,
Those locks of gold, that purple fair of Tyre,
Are wrapt, ay me ! up in eternal night.
What hast thou more to vaunt of, wretched world,
Sith she, who cursed thee made blest, is gone ? 10
Thine ever-burning lamps, rounds ever whirl'd,
Can unto thee not model such a one :
For if they would such beauty bring on earth,
They should be forc'd again to make her breath.*

* Breath, for " breathe."

SONNET III.

O FATE ! conspir'd to pour your worst on me,
O rigorous rigour, which doth all confound !
With cruel hands ye have cut down the tree,
And fruit and flower dispersed on the ground.
A little space of earth my love doth bound ; 5
That beauty which did raise it to the sky,
Turn'd in neglected dust, now low doth lie,
Deaf to my plaints, and senseless of my wound.
Ah ! did I live for this ? Ah ! did I love ?
For this and was it she did so excel ? 10
That ere she well life's sweet-sour joys did prove,
She should, too dear a guest, with horror dwell ?
Weak influence of Heaven ! what fair ye frame,
Falls in the prime, and passeth like a dream.

SONNET IV.

O WOFUL life ! Life? No, but living death,
Frail boat of crystal in a rocky sea,
A sport expos'd to Fortune's stormy breath,
Which kept with pain, with terror doth decay :
The false delights, true woes thou dost bequeath, 5
Mine all-appalled mind do so affray,
That I those envy who are laid in earth,
And pity them that run thy dreadful way.
When did mine eyes behold one cheerful morn ?
When had my tossed soul one night of rest ? 10
When did not hateful stars my projects scorn ?
O ! now I find for mortals what is best ;
Even, sith our voyage shameful is, and short,
Soon to strike sail, and perish in the port.

SONNET V.

MINE eyes, dissolve your globes in briny streams,
And with a cloud of sorrow dim your sight ;
The sun's bright sun is set, of late whose beams
Gave lustre to your day, day to your night.
My voice, now deafen earth with anathemes, 5
Roar forth a challenge in the world's despite,
Tell that disguised grief is her delight,
That life a slumber is of fearful dreams.
And, woful mind, abhor to think of joy ;
My senses all now comfortless you hide, 10
Accept no object but of black annoy,
Tears, plaints, sighs, mourning weeds, graves gaping
wide.
I have nought left to wish, my hopes are dead,
And all with her beneath a marble laid.

SONNET VI.

SWEET soul, which in the April of thy years
So to enrich the heaven mad'st poor this round,
And now with golden rays of glory crown'd,
Most blest abid'st above the sphere of spheres ;
If heavenly laws, alas ! have not thee bound 5
From looking to this globe that all upbears,
If ruth and pity there above be found,
O deign to lend a look unto those tears.
Do not disdain, dear ghost, this sacrifice,
And though I raise not pillars to thy praise, 10
Mine offerings take ; let this for me suffice,
My heart a living pyramid I raise ;
 And whilst kings' tombs with laurels flourish green,
 Thine shall with myrtles and these flow'rs be seen.

MADRIGAL I.

THIS life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air
By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it everywhere,
And strive who can most motion it bequeath : 5
And though it sometime seem of its own might,
Like to an eye of gold, to be fix'd there,
And firm to hover in that empty height,
That only is because it is so light.
But in that pomp it doth not long appear ; 10
For even when most admir'd, it in a thought,
As swell'd from nothing, doth dissolve in nought.

SONNET VII.

O! IT is not to me, bright lamp of day,
That in the east thou show'st thy rosy face ;
O! it is not to me thou leav'st that sea,
And in these azure lists beginn'st thy race.
Thou shin'st not to the dead in any place ; 5
And I, dead, from this world am gone away,
Or if I seem, a shadow, yet to stay,
It is a while but to bemoan my case.
My mirth is lost, my comforts are dismay'd,
And unto sad mishaps their place do yield ; 10
My knowledge doth resemble a bloody field,
Where I my hopes and helps see prostrate laid.
So painful is life's course which I have run,
That I do wish it never had begun.

SONG I.

SAD Damon being come
To that for ever lamentable tomb,
Which those eternal powers that all control,
Unto his living soul
A melancholy prison had prescriv'd ; 5
Of hue, of heat, of motion quite depriv'd,
In arms weak, trembling, cold,
A marble, he the marble did infold ;
And having made it warm with many a show'r,
Which dimmed eyes did pour, 10
When grief had given him leave, and sighs them
stay'd,
Thus with a sad alas at last he said :
Who would have thought to me
The place where thou didst lie could grievous be ?
And that, dear body, long thee having sought, 15
O me ! who would have thought
Thee once to find it should my soul confound,
And give my heart than death a deeper wound ?
Thou didst disdain my tears,
But grieve not that this ruthless stone them bears ; 20
Mine eyes serve only now for thee to weep,
And let their course them keep ;

Although thou never wouldst them comfort show,
Do not repine, they have part of thy woe.

Ah, wretch ! too late I find 25

How virtue's glorious titles prove but wind ;

For if she any could release from death,

Thou yet enjoy'd hadst breath ;

For if she ere appear'd to mortal eyne,

It was in thy fair shape that she was seen. 30

But, O ! if I was made

For thee, with thee why too am I not dead ?

Why do outrageous fates, which dimm'd thy sight,

Let me see hateful light ?

They without me made death thee to surprise, 35

Tyrants, perhaps, that they might kill me twice.

O grief ! and could one day

Have force such excellence to take away ?

Could a swift-flying moment, ah ! deface

Those matchless gifts, that grace 40

Which art and nature had in thee combin'd,

To make thy body paragon thy mind ?

Have all passed like a cloud,

And doth eternal silence now them shroud ?

Is what so much admir'd was nought but dust, 45

Of which a stone hath trust ?

O change ! O cruel change ! thou to our sight

Shows destines' rigour equal doth their might.

When thou from earth didst pass,

Sweet nymph, perfection's mirror broken was, 50

And this of late so glorious world of ours,

Like meadow without flow'rs,

Or ring of a rich gem made blind, appear'd,

Or night, by star nor Cynthia neither clear'd
 Love when he saw thee die, 55
 Entomb'd him in the lid of either eye,
 And left his torch within thy sacred urn,
 There for a lamp to burn :
 Worth, honour, pleasure, with thy life expir'd,
 Death since, grown sweet, begins to be desir'd. 60

Whilst thou to us wast given,
 The earth her Venus had as well as heaven,
 Nay, and her sun, which burnt as many hearts,
 As he doth eastern parts ;
 Bright sun, which, forc'd to leave these hemispheres, 65
 Benighted set into a sea of tears.
 Ah, Death, who shall thee fly,
 Sith the most worthy be o'erthrown by thee ?
 Thou spar'st the ravens, and nightingales dost kill,
 And triumphs at thy will ; 70
 But give thou canst not such another blow,
 Because like her earth can none other show.

O bitter sweets of love !
 How better is 't at all you not to prove,
 Than when we do your pleasure most possess, 75
 To find them then made less !
 O ! that the cause which doth consume our joy,
 Remembrance of it too, would too destroy !
 What doth this life bestow
 But flowers on thorns which grow, 80
 Which though they sometime blandishing delight,
 Yet afterwards us smite ?
 And if the rising sun them fair doth see,
 That planet, setting, too beholds them die.

This world is made a hell, 85
 Depriv'd of all that in it did excel.
 O Pan, Pan, winter is fallen in our May,
 Turn'd is in night our day ;
 Forsake thy pipe, a sceptre take to thee,
 Thy locks dis-garland, thou black Jove shalt be. 90
 The flocks do leave the meads,
 And, loathing three-leav'd grass, hold up their
 heads ;
 The streams not glide now with a gentle roar,
 Nor birds sing as before ;
 Hills stand with clouds, like mourners, veil'd in black, 95
 And owls on cabin roofs foretell our wrack.
 That zephyr every year
 So soon was heard to sigh in forests here,
 It was for her : that wrapt in gowns of green,
 Meads were so early seen, 100
 That in the saddest months oft sung the merles,
 It was for her ; for her trees dropt forth pearls.
 That proud and stately courts
 Did envy those our shades, and calm resorts,
 It was for her ; and she is gone, O woe ! 105
 Woods cut again do grow,
 Bud doth the rose and daisy, winter done,
 But we, once dead, no more do see the sun.
 Whose name shall now make ring
 The echoes ? of whom shall the nymphets sing ? 110
 Whose heavenly voice, whose soul-invading strains,
 Shall fill with joy the plains ?
 What hair, what eyes, can make the morn in east
 Weep, that a fairer riseth in the west ?

POEMS

113

Fair sun, post still away,
 No music here is found thy course to stay
 Sweet Hybla swarms, with wormwood fill your bowers,
 Gone is the flower of flowers ;

115

Blush no more, rose, nor, lily, pale remain,
 Dead is that beauty which yours late did stain. 120
 Ay me ! to wail my plight

Why have not I as many eyes as night,
 Or as that shepherd which Jove's love did keep,
 That I still still may weep?

But though I had, my tears unto my cross 125
 Were not yet equal, nor grief to my loss :
 Yet of your briny showers,

Which I here pour, may spring as many flowers
 As came of those which fell from Helen's eyes ;

And when ye do arise, 130
 May every leaf in sable letters bear
 The doleful cause for which ye spring up here.

MADRIGAL II.

DEAR night, the ease of care,
Untroubled seat of peace,
Time's eldest child, which oft the blind do see,
On this our hemisphere
What makes thee now so sadly dark to be? 5
Com'st thou in funeral pomp her grave to grace?
Or do those stars which should thy horror clear,
In Jove's high hall advise
In what part of the skies,
With them, or Cynthia, she shall appear? 10
Or, ah, alas! because those matchless eyes
Which shone so fair, below thou dost not find,
Striv'st thou to make all other eyes look blind?

SONNET VIII.

My lute, be as thou wast when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds on thee their ramage * did bestow.
Sith that dear voice which did thy sounds approve, 5
Which us'd in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear, 10
Each stop a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear :
Be therefore silent as in woods before,
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle, still her loss complain.

* Warbling: Fr. *ramage*.

SONNET IX.

SWEET Spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs :
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.
Thou turn'st, sweet youth, but, ah ! my pleasant hours
And happy days with thee come not again ;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee turn, which turn my sweets in sours.
Thou art the same which still thou wast before,
Delicious, wanton, amiable, fair ;
But she, whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air,
Is gone ; nor gold, nor gems, her can restore.
Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
While thine forgot lie closed in a tomb.

SONNET X.

WHAT doth it serve to see Sun's burning face, ·
And skies enamell'd with both the Indies' gold,
Or moon at night in jetty chariot roll'd,
And all the glory of that starry place?
What doth it serve earth's beauty to behold, 5
The mountains' pride, the meadows' flow'ry grace,
The stately comeliness of forests old,
The sport of floods, which would themselves embrace?
What doth it serve to hear the Sylvans' songs,
The wanton merle, the nightingale's sad strains, 10
Which in dark shades seem to deplore my wrongs?
For what doth serve all that this world contains,
Sith she for whom those once to me were dear,
No part of them can have now with me here?

MADRIGAL III.

THE beauty, and the life
Of life's and beauty's fairest paragon,
O tears ! O grief ! hung at a feeble thread,
To which pale Atropos had set her knife ;
The soul with many a groan 5
Had left each outward part,
And now did take his last leave of the heart ;
Nought else did want, save death, even to be dead ;
When the afflicted band about her bed,
Seeing so fair him come in lips, cheeks, eyes, 10
Cried, ah ! and can death enter paradise ?

SONNET XI.

AH ! napkin, ominous present of my dear,
Gift miserable, which doth now remain
The only guerdon of my helpless pain,
When I thee got thou show'd my state too clear :
I never since have ceased to complain, 5
Since I the badge of grief did ever wear,
Joy on my face durst never since appear,
Care was the food which did me entertain.
Now, since made mine, dear napkin, do not grieve
That I this tribute pay thee from mine eyne, 10
And that, these posting hours I am to live,
I launder thy fair figures in this brine :
No, I must even beg of thee the grace,
That thou wouldst deign in grave to shroud my
face.

MADRIGAL IV.

POOR turtle ! thou bemoans
The loss of thy dear love,
And I for mine send forth these smoking groans :
Unhappy widow'd dove !
While all about do sing,
I at the root, thou on the branch above,
Even weary with our moans the gaudy spring.
Yet these our plaints we do not spend in vain,
Sith sighing zephyrs answer us again.

SONNET XII.

As, in a dusky and tempestuous night,
A star is wont to spread her locks of gold,
And while her pleasant rays abroad are roll'd,
Some spiteful cloud doth rob us of her sight ;
Fair soul, in this black age so shin'd thou bright, 5
And made all eyes with wonder thee behold,
Till ugly Death, depriving us of light,
In his grim misty arms thee did enfold.
Who more shall vaunt true beauty here to see ?
What hope doth more in any heart remain, 10
That such perfections shall his reason rein,
If beauty, with thee born, too died with thee ?
 World, plain no more of Love, nor count his harms ;
 With his pale trophies Death hath hung his arms.

SONNET XIII.

SITH it hath pleas'd that First and only Fair
To take that beauty to himself again,
Which in this world of sense not to remain,
But to amaze, was sent, and home repair ;
The love which to that beauty I did bear 5
(Made pure of mortal spots which did it stain,
And endless, which even death cannot impair),
I place on Him who will it not disdain.
No shining eyes, no locks of curling gold,
No blushing roses on a virgin face, 10
No outward show, no, nor no inward grace,
Shall force hereafter have my thoughts to hold :
Love here on earth huge storms of care do toss,
But, plac'd above, exempted is from loss.

MADRIGAL V.

My thoughts hold mortal strife ;
I do detest my life,
And with lamenting cries,
Peace to my soul to bring,
Oft call that prince which here doth monarchise ; 5
But he, grim-grinning king,
Who caitives scorns, and doth the blest surprise,
Late having deckt with beauty's rose his tomb,
Disdains to crop a weed, and will not come.

SONG II.

IT autumn was, and on our hemisphere
 Fair Erycine * began bright to appear ;
 Night westward did her gemmy world decline,
 And hide her lights, that greater light might
 shine ;
 The crested bird had given alarum twice 5
 To lazy mortals, to unlock their eyes ;
 The owl had left to plain, and from each thorn
 The wing'd musicians did salute the morn,
 Who, while she glass'd her locks in Ganges' streams,
 Set open wide the crystal port of dreams ; 10
 When I, whose eyes no drowsy night could close,
 In sleep's soft arms did quietly repose,
 And, for that heavens to die me did deny,
 Death's image kissed, and as dead did lie.
 I lay as dead, but scarce charm'd were my cares, 15
 And slaked scarce my sighs, scarce dried my tears,
 Sleep scarce the ugly figures of the day
 Had with his sable pencil put away,
 And left me in a still and calmy mood,
 When by my bed methought a virgin stood, 20

* Venus.

A virgin in the blooming of her prime,
 If such rare beauty measur'd be by time.
 Her head a garland wore of opals bright,
 About her flow'd a gown as pure as light,
 Dear amber locks gave umbrage to her face, 25
 Where modesty high majesty did grace ;
 Her eyes such beams sent forth, that but with
 pain

Here weaker sights their sparkling could sustain.
 No deity feign'd which haunts the silent woods
 Is like to her, nor syren of the floods : 30
 Such is the golden planet of the year,
 When blushing in the east he doth appear.
 Her grace did beauty, voice yet grace did pass,
 Which thus through pearls and rubies broken was.

How long wilt thou, said she, estrang'd from joy, 35
 Paint shadows to thyself of false annoy ?
 How long thy mind with horrid shapes affright,
 And in imaginary evils delight ;
 Esteem that loss which, well when view'd, is gain,
 Or if a loss, yet not a loss to plain ? 40
 O leave thy tired soul more to molest,
 And think that woe when shortest then is best.
 If she for whom thou deaf'nest thus the sky
 Be dead, what then ? was she not born to die ?
 Was she not mortal born ? If thou dost grieve 45
 That times should be in which she should not live,
 Ere e'er she was weep that day's wheel was roll'd,
 Weep that she liv'd not in the age of gold ;
 For that she was not then, thou may'st deplore
 As duly as that now she is no more. 50

If only she had died, thou sure hadst cause
 To blame the destines, and heaven's iron laws ;
 But look how many millions her advance,
 What numbers with her enter in this dance,
 With those which are to come : shall heavens them
 stay, 55
 And All's fair order break, thee to obey ?
 Even as thy birth, death, which doth thee appal,
 A piece is of the life of this great All.
 Strong cities die, die do high palmy reigns,
 And, weakling, thou thus to be handled plains. 60
 If she be dead, then she of loathsome days
 Hath past the line, whose length but loss bewrays ;
 Then she hath left this filthy stage of care,
 Where pleasure seldom, woe doth still repair :
 For all the pleasures which it doth contain, 65
 Not countervail the smallest minute's pain.
 And tell me, thou who dost so much admire
 This little vapour, smoke, this spark, or fire,
 Which life is call'd, what doth it thee bequeath
 But some few years which birth draws out to death ? 70
 Which if thou paragon with lustres run,
 And them whose career is but now begun,
 In day's great vast they shall far less appear,
 Than with the sea when matched is a tear.
 But why wouldst thou here longer wish to be ? 75
 One year doth serve all nature's pomp to see,
 Nay, even one day and night : this moon, that sun,
 Those lesser fires about this round which run,
 Be but the same which, under Saturn's reign,
 Did the serpentine seasons interchain. 80

How oft doth life grow less by living long ?
 And what excelleth but what dieth young ?
 For age which all abhor, yet would embrace,
 Whiles makes the mind as wrinkled as the face ;
 And when that destinies conspire with worth, 85
 That years not glory wrong, life soon goes forth.
 Leave then laments, and think thou didst not live,
 Laws to that first eternal cause to give,
 But to obey those laws which he hath given,
 And bow unto the just decrees of Heaven, 90
 Which can not err, whatever foggy mists
 Do blind men in these sublunary lists.

But what if she for whom thou spend'st those
 groans,

And wastest life's dear torch in ruthless moans,
 She for whose sake thou hat'st the joyful light, 95
 Court'st solitary shades, and irksome night,
 Doth live ? O ! if thou canst, through tears, a space
 Lift thy dimm'd lights, and look upon this face,
 Look if those eyes which, fool, thou didst adore,
 Shine not more bright than they were wont before ; 100
 Look if those roses death could aught impair,
 Those roses to thee once which seem'd so fair ;
 And if these locks have lost aught of that gold,
 Which erst they had when thou them didst behold. -
 I live, and happy live, but thou art dead, 105
 And still shalt be, till thou be like me made.
 Alas ! whilst we are wrapt in gowns of earth,
 And blind, here suck the air of woe beneath,
 Each thing in sense's balances we weigh,
 And but with toil and pain the truth descry. 110

Above this vast and admirable frame,
 This temple visible, which World we name,
 Within whose walls so many lamps do burn,
 So many arches opposite do turn,
 Where elemental brethren nurse their strife, 115
 And by intestine wars maintain their life,
 There is a world, a world of perfect bliss,
 Pure, immaterial, bright, more far from this
 Than that high circle, which the rest enspheres,
 Is from this dull ignoble vale of tears ; 120
 A world, where all is found, that here is found,
 But further discrepant than heaven and ground.
 It hath an earth, as hath this world of yours,
 With creatures peopled, stor'd with trees and
 flow'rs ;
 It hath a sea, like sapphire girdle cast, 125
 Which decketh of harmonious shores the vast ;
 It hath pure fire, it hath delicious air,
 Moon, sun, and stars, heavens wonderfully fair :
 But there flow'rs do not fade, trees grow not old,
 The creatures do not die through heat nor cold ; 130
 Sea there not tossed is, nor air made black
 Fire doth not nurse itself on others' wrack ;
 There heavens be not constrain'd about to range,
 For this world hath no need of any change ;
 The minutes grow not hours, hours rise not days, 135
 Days make no months but ever-blooming Mays.
 Here I remain, but hitherward do tend
 All who their span of days in virtue spend :
 Whatever pleasure this low place contains,
 It is a glance but of what high remains. 140

Those who, perchance, think there can nothing be
 Without this wide expansion which they see,
 And that nought else mounts stars' circumference,
 For that nought else is subject to their sense,
 Feel such a case, as one whom some abysm 145
 Of the deep ocean kept had all his time ;
 Who born and nourish'd there, can scarcely dream
 That ought can live without that briny stream ;
 Cannot believe that there be temples, towers,
 Which go beyond his caves and dampish bowers, 150
 Or there be other people, manners, laws,
 Than them he finds within the roaring waves ;
 That sweeter flow'rs do spring than grow on rocks,
 Or beasts be which excel the scaly flocks ;
 That other elements be to be found, 155
 Than is the water, and this ball of ground.
 But think that man from those abysms were brought,
 And saw what curious nature here hath wrought,
 Did see the meads, the tall and shady woods,
 The hills did see, the clear and ambling floods, 160
 The diverse shapes of beasts which kinds forth
 bring,
 The feathered troops, that fly and sweetly sing ;
 Did see the palaces, the cities fair,
 The form of human life, the fire, the air,
 The brightness of the sun that dims his sight, 165
 The moon, the ghastly splendours of the night :
 What uncouth rapture would his mind surprise !
 How would he his late-dear resort despise !
 How would he muse how foolish he had been
 To think nought be, but what he there had seen ! 170

Why did we get this high and vast desire,
 Unto immortal things still to aspire ?
 Why doth our mind extend it beyond time,
 And to that highest happiness even climb,
 If we be nought but what to sense we seem, 175
 And dust, as most of worldlings us esteem ?
 We be not made for earth, though here we come,
 More than the embryo for the mother's womb ;
 It weeps to be made free, and we complain
 To leave this loathsome jail of care and pain. 180

But thou who vulgar footsteps dost not trace,
 Learn to raise up thy mind unto this place,
 And what earth-creeping mortals most affect,
 If not at all to scorn, yet to neglect :
 O chase not shadows vain, which, when obtain'd, 185
 Were better lost, than with such travail gain'd.
 Think that on earth, which humans greatness call,
 Is but a glorious title to live thrall ;
 That sceptres, diadems, and chairs of state,
 Not in themselves, but to small minds are great ; 190
 How those who loftiest mount do hardest light,
 And deepest falls be from the highest height ;
 How fame an echo is, how all renown,
 Like to a blasted rose, ere night falls down ;
 And though it something were, think how this round 195
 Is but a little point, which doth it bound.
 O leave that love which reacheth but to dust,
 And in that love eternal only trust,
 And beauty, which, when once it is possesset,
 Can only fill the soul, and make it blest. 200
 Pale envy, jealous emulations, fears,

Sighs, plaints, remorse, here have no place, nor tears ;
False joys, vain hopes, here be not, hate nor wrath ;
What ends all love, here most augments it, death.
If such force had the dim glance of an eye, 205
Which some few days thereafter was to die,
That it could make thee leave all other things,
And like the taper-fly there burn thy things ;
And if a voice, of late which could but wail,
Such pow'r had, as through ears thy soul to steal ; 210
If once thou on that only Fair couldst gaze,
What flames of love would he within thee raise !
In what a mazing maze would it thee bring,
To hear but once that quire celestial sing !
The fairest shapes on which thy love did seize, 215
Which erst did breed delight, then would displease,
Then discords hoarse were earth's enticing sounds,
All music but a noise which sense confounds.
This great and burning glass that clears all eyes,
And musters with such glory in the skies ; 220
That silver star which with its sober light
Makes day oft envy the eye-pleasing night ;
Those golden letters which so brightly shine
In heaven's great volume gorgeously divine ;
The wonders all in sea, in earth, in air, 225
Be but dark pictures of that sovereign Fair ;
Be tongues, which still thus cry unto your ear,
(Could ye amidst world's cataracts them hear,)
From fading things, fond wights, lift your desire,
And in our beauty, his, us made, admire : 230
If we seem fair, O think how fair is he
Of whose fair fairness shadows, steps, we be.

No shadow can compare it with the face,
 No step with that dear foot which did it trace ;
 Your souls immortal are, then place them hence, 235
 And do not drown them in the must of sense :
 Do not, O do not, by false pleasures' might
 Deprive them of that true and sole delight.
 That happiness ye seek is not below ;
 Earth's sweetest joy is but disguised woe. 240

Here did she pause, and with a mild aspect
 Did towards me those laming twins direct ;
 The wonted rays I knew, and thrice essay'd
 To answer make, thrice falt'ring tongue it stay'd ;
 And while upon that face I fed my sight, 245
 Methought she vanish'd up in Titan's light,
 Who gilding with his rays each hill and plain,
 Seem'd to have brought the golden * world again.

* The edition of 1616 has "goldsmith's" for "golden":
 I have followed that of 1656.

TO THE AUTHOR

*The sister nymphs who haunt the Thespian springs,
Ne'er did their gifts more liberally bequeath
To them who on their hills suck'd sacred breath,
Than unto thee, by which thou sweetly sings. 5
Ne'er did Apollo raise on Pegase' wings
A muse more near himself, more far from earth,
Than thine, if she do weep thy lady's death,
Or sing those sweet-sour pangs which passion brings.
To write our thoughts in verse doth merit praise,
But those our verse to gild in fiction's ore, 10
Bright, rich, delightful, doth deserve much more,
As thou hast done these thy delicious lays:
Thy muse's morning, doubtless, doth bewray
The near approach of a more glist'ring day.*

D. MURRAY.

URANIA, OR SPIRITUAL POEMS

URANIA, OR SPIRITUAL POEMS

TRIUMPHING chariots, statues, crowns of bays,
Sky-threat'ning arches, the rewards of worth,
Works heavenly wise in sweet harmonious lays,
Which sprights divine unto the world set forth ;
States, which ambitious minds with blood do raise, 5
From frozen Tanais to sun-gilded Gange,
Gigantic frames, held wonders rarely strange,
Like spiders' webs, are made the sport of days.
All only constant is in constant change,
What done is, is undone, and when undone, 10
Into some other fashion doth it range :
Thus goes the floating world beneath the moon :
Wherefore, my mind, above time, motion, place,
Thee raise, and steps unknown to nature trace.

Too long I follow'd have my fond desire,
And too long panted on the Ocean streams,
Too long refreshment sought amidst the fire,
And hunted joys, which to my soul were blames.
Ah ! when I had what most I did admire, 5



And seen of life's delights the last extremes,
 I found all but a rose hedg'd with a brier,
 A nought, a thought, a show of mocking dreams.
 Henceforth on thee, mine only good, I'll think,
 For only thou canst grant what I do crave ; 10
 Thy nail my pen shall be, thy blood mine ink,
 Thy winding-sheet my paper, study, grave.
 And till that soul forth of this body flee,
 No hope I'll have, but only only Thee.

To spread the azure canopy of heaven,
 And make it twinkle all with spangs of gold,
 To place this pond'rous globe of earth so even,
 That it should all, and nought should it uphold ;
 To give strange motions to the planets seven, 5
 And Jove to make so meek, and Mars so bold ;
 To temper what is moist, dry, hot, and cold,
 Of all their jars that sweet accords are given ;
 Lord, to thy wit is nought, nought to thy might :
 But that thou shouldst, thy glory laid aside, 10
 Come basely in mortality to bide,
 And die for them deserv'd eternal plight,
 A wonder is so far above our wit,
 That angels stand amaz'd to think on it

COME forth, come forth, ye blest triumphing bands,
 Fair citizens of that immortal town,
 Come see that King, who all this All commands,
 Now, overcharg'd with love, die for his own.
 Look on those nails which pierce his feet and hands ; 5

What a strange diadem his brows doth crown !
 Behold his pallid face, his eyes which swoon,
 And what a throng of thieves him mocking stands :
 Come forth, ye empyrean troops, come forth,
 Preserve this sacred blood, which earth adorns ; 10
 Gather those liquid roses from his thorns,
 O ! to be lost they be of too much worth ;
 For streams, juice, balm, they are, which quench,
 kills, charms,
 Of God, death, hell, the wrath, the life, the harms.

SOUL, which to hell wast thrall,
 He, He for thine offence
 Did suffer death, who could not die at all.
 O sovereign excellence !
 O life of all that lives ! 5
 Eternal bounty, which all goodness gives !
 How could Death mount so high ?
 No wit this point can reach ;
 Faith only doth us teach,
 For us He died, at all who could not die. 10

IF with such passing beauty, choice delights,
 The architect of this great round did frame
 This palace visible, which world we name,
 Yet silly mansion but of mortal wights ;
 How many wonders, what amazing lights, 5
 Must that triumphing seat of glory claim,
 Which doth transcend all this great All's high heights,
 Of whose bright sun ours here is but a beam !

O blest abode ! O happy dwelling-place
 Where visibly th' Invisible doth reign ! 10
 Blest people, who do see true beauty's face,
 With whose dark shadows he but earth doth deign,
 All joy is but annoy, all concord strife,
 Match'd with your endless bliss and happy life.

LOVE which is here a care,
 That wit and will doth mar,
 Uncertain truce, and a most certain war ;
 A shrill tempestuous wind,
 Which doth disturb the mind, 5
 And, like wild waves, our designs all commove ;
 Among those sprights above
 Which see their Maker's face,
 It a contentment is, a quiet peace,
 A pleasure void of grief, a constant rest, 10
 Eternal joy which nothing can molest.

WHAT hapless hap had I now to be born
 In these unhappy times, and dying days,
 Of this else-doating world, when good decays,
 Love is quench'd forth, and virtue held a scorn ;
 When such are only priz'd, by wretched ways 5
 Who with a golden fleece them can adorn,
 When avarice and lust are counted praise,
 And noble minds live orphan-like forlorn ?
 Why was not I into that golden age,

When gold yet was not known, and those black arts, 10
By which base mortals vilely play their parts,
And stain with horrid acts earth's stately stage?
Then to have been, heaven! it had been my bliss;
But bless me now, and take me soon from this.

THRICE happy he, who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world doth live his own,
Though solitaire, yet who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan, 5
Or the soft sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisp'rings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O how more sweet is zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs perfum'd, which do the flowers unfold, 10
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drunk in gold!
The world is full of horrors, falsehoods, slights;
Woods' silent shades have only true delights.

WHY, worldlings, do ye trust frail honour's dreams,
And lean to gilded glories which decay?
Why do ye toil to register your names
In icy columns, which soon melt away?
True honour is not here; that place it claims, 5
Where black-brow'd night doth not exile the day,
Nor no far-shining lamp dives in the sea,
But an eternal sun spreads lasting beams.

There it attendeth you, where spotless bands
 Of sprights stand gazing on their sovereign bliss, 10
 Where years not hold it in their cank'ring hands,
 But who once noble ever noble is :
 Look home, lest he your weak'ned wit make thrall,
 Who Eden's foolish gard'ner erst made fall.

ASTREA in this time
 Now doth not live, but is fled up to heaven ;
 Or if she live, it is not without crime
 That she doth use her power,
 And she is no more virgin, but a whore, 5
 Whore prostitute for gold :
 For she doth never hold her balance even ;
 And when her sword is roll'd,
 The bad, injurious, false she not o'erthrows,
 But on the innocent lets fall her blows. 10

WHAT serves it to be good ? Goodness, by thee
 The holy-wise is thought a fool to be ;
 For thee the man to temperance inclin'd,
 Is held but of a base and abject mind ;
 The continent is thought for thee but cold ; 5
 Who yet was good, that ever died old ?
 The pitiful who others fears to kill,
 Is kill'd himself, and goodness doth him ill :
 The meek and humble man who cannot brave,
 By thee is to some giant's brood made slave. 10

Poor Goodness, thine thou to such wrongs sett'st forth,
That O ! I fear me, thou art nothing worth :

And when I look to earth, and not to heaven,
Ere I were turned dove, I would be raven.

GREAT God whom we with humble thoughts adore,
Eternal, infinite, almighty king,
Whose palace heaven transcends, whose throne before
Archangels serve, and seraphim do sing ;
Of nought who wrought all that with wond'ring eyes.⁵
We do behold within this spacious round,
Who mak'st the rocks to rock, and stand the skies,
At whose command the horrid thunders sound :
Ah ! spare us worms, weigh not how we, alas !
Evil to ourselves, against thy laws rebel ;¹⁰
Wash off those spots, which still in conscience' glass,
Though we be loth to look, we see too well.
Deserv'd revenge, O do not, do not take :
If thou revenge, what shall abide thy blow ?
Pass shall this world, this world which thou didst
make,¹⁵
Which should not perish till thy trumpet blow.
For who is he whom parents' sin not stains,
Or with his own offence is not defil'd ?
Though Justice ruin threaten, Justice' reins
Let Mercy hold, and be both just and mild.²⁰
Less are our faults far far than is thy love ;
O ! what can better seem * thy pow'r divine,

* Seem : beseem.

Than those who evil deserve thy goodness prove,
 And where thou thunder shouldst there fair to shine ?
 Then look, and pity, pitying forgive 25
 Us guilty slaves, or servants, at thy will ;
 Slaves, if, alas ! thou look'st how we do live,
 Or doing nought at all, or doing ill,
 Of an ungrateful mind a foul effect.
 But if thy gifts, which largely heretofore 30
 Thou hast upon us pour'd, thou dost respect,
 We be thy servants, nay, than servants more,
 Thy children, yes, and children dearly bought ;
 But what strange chance us of this lot bereaves ?
 Vile rebels, O ! how basely are we brought ! 35
 Whom grace made children, sin hath now made slaves ;
 Sin slaves hath made, but let thy grace sin thrall,
 That in our wrongs thy mercy may appear :
 Thy wisdom not so weak is, pow'r so small,
 But thousand ways they can make men thee fear. 40
 O wisdom boundless ! admirable grace !
 Grace, wisdom, which do dazzle reason's eye,
 And could Heaven's king bring from his placeless
 place,
 On this infamous stage of woe to die,
 To die our death, and with the sacred stream 45
 Of blood and water gushing from his side,
 To expiate that sin and deadly blame,
 Contrived first by our first parents' pride !
 Thus thy great love and pity, heavenly king,
 Love, pity, which so well our loss prevents, 50
 Could even of evil itself all goodness bring,
 And sad beginnings cheer with glad events.

O love and pity ! ill known of these times,
O love and pity ! careful of our bliss,
O goodness ! with the heinous acts and crimes 55
Of this black age that almost vanquish'd is,
Make this excessive ardour of thy love
So warm our coldness, so our lives renew,
That we from sin, sin may from us remove,
Wit may our will, faith may our wit subdue. 60
Let thy pure love burn up all mortal lust,
That band of ills which thralls our better part,
And fondly makes us worship fleshly dust,
Instead of thee, in temple of our heart.
Grant, when at last the spright shall leave this
tomb, 65
This loathsome shop of sin, and mansion blind,
And (call'd) before thy royal seat doth come,
It may a saviour, not a judge, thee find.

MADRIGALS AND EPIGRAMS

1676
MADRIGALS AND EPIGRAMS

THE STATUE OF MEDUSA.

OF that Medusa strange,
Who those that did her see in rocks did change,
None image carv'd is this ;
Medusa's self it is :
For whilst at heat of day, 5
To quench her thirst, she by this spring did stay,
Her curling snakes beholding in this glass,
Life did her leave, and thus transform'd she was.

THE TROJAN HORSE.

A HORSE I am, whom bit,
Rein, rod, nor spur, not fear ;
When I my riders bear,
Within my womb, not on my back, they sit :
No streams I drink, nor care for grass nor corn ; 5
Art me a monster wrought,
All nature's works to scorn :
A mother, I was without mother born ;
In end all arm'd my father I forth brought :
What thousand ships, and champions of renown 10
Could not do free, I captive raz'd a town.

A LOVER'S HEAVEN.

THOSE stars, nay, suns, which turn
 So stately in their spheres,
 And dazzling do not burn ;
 The beauty of the morn
 Which on those cheeks appears, 5
 The harmony which to that voice is given,
 Make me think ye are heaven :
 If heaven ye be, O that by pow'ful charms
 I Atlas were, to hold you in mine arms !

DEEP IMPRESSION OF LOVE.

WHOM raging dog doth bite,
 He doth in water still
 That Cerberus' image see :
 Love, mad, perhaps, when he my heart did smite,
 More to dissemble ill, 5
 Transform'd himself in thee,
 For ever since thou present art to me :
 No spring there is, no flood, nor other place,
 Where I, alas ! not see thy heavenly face.

THE PORTRAIT OF MARS AND VENUS.

FAIR Paphos' wanton queen,
 Not drawn in white and red,
 Is truly here, as when in Vulcan's bed

She was of all heaven's laughing senate seen.
 Gaze on her hair and eyne, 5
 Her brows, the bows of love,
 Her back with lilies spread :
 And ye should see her turn, and sweetly move,
 But that she neither so will do, nor dare,
 For fear to wake the angry god of war. 10

IÖLAS' EPITAPH.

HERE dear Iölas lies,
 Who whilst he liv'd, in beauty did surpass
 That boy whose heavenly eyes
 Brought Cypris from above,
 Or him till death who look'd in wat'ry glass, 5
 Even judge the god of love :
 And if the nymph once held of him so dear,
 Dorine the fair, would here but shed one tear.
 Thou shouldst, in nature's scorn,
 A purple flower see of this marble born. 10

UPON THE DEATH OF A LINNET.

IF cruel Death had ears,
 Or could be pleas'd by songs,
 This wing'd musician liv'd had many years,
 And Chloris mine had never wept these wrongs :
 For when it first took breath, 5
 The heavens their notes did unto it bequeath ;

And, if that Samian's * sentence be found true,
 Amphion in this body liv'd of new :
 But Death, for that he nothing spares, nought hears,
 As he doth kings, it kill'd, O grief ! O tears ! 10

ALCON'S KISS.

WHAT others at their ear,
 Two pearls Camilla at her nose did wear ;
 Which Alcon, who nought saw
 (For love is blind), robb'd with a pretty kiss ;
 But having known his miss, 5
 And felt what ore he from that mine did draw,
 When she to charge again him did desire,
 He fled, and said, foul water quenched fire.

ICARUS.

WHILST with audacious wings
 I sprang those airy ways,
 And fill'd, a monster new, with dread and fears,
 The feathered people, and their eagle kings ;
 Dazzled with Phœbus' rays, 5
 And charmed with the music of the spheres,
 When pens could move no more, and force did fail,
 I measur'd by a fall these lofty bounds :
 Yet doth renown my losses countervail,
 For still the shore my brave attempt resounds ; 10
 A sea, an element doth bear my name ;
 Who hath so vast a tomb in place or fame ?

* Pythagoras.

CHERRIES.

My wanton, weep no more
 The losing of your cherries ;
 Those, and far sweeter berries,
 Your sister in good store
 Hath, spread on lips and face : 5
 Be glad, kiss but with me, and hold your peace.

OF THAUMANTIA, BEHOLDING HERSELF IN
 A MARBLE.

WORLD, wonder not that I
 Engrave thus in my breast
 This angel face which me bereaves of rest ;
 Since things even wanting sense cannot deny
 To lodge so dear a guest, 5
 And this hard marble stone
 Receives the same, and loves, but cannot groan.

LOVE SUFFERETH NO PARASOL.

THOSE eyes, dear eyes, be spheres,
 Where two bright suns are roll'd ;
 That fair hand to behold,
 Of whitest snow appears :
 Then while ye coyly stand, 5
 To hide from me those eyes,
 Sweet, I would you advise
 To choose some other fan than that white hand ;
 For if ye do, for truth most true this know,
 That suns ere long must needs consume warm snow. 10

SLEEPING BEAUTY.

O SIGHT too dearly bought !
 She sleeps, and though those eyes,
 Which lighten Cupid's skies,
 Be clos'd, yet such a grace
 Environeth that place, 5
 That I through wonder to grow faint am brought :
 Suns, if eclips'd ye have such power divine,
 O ! how can I endure you when ye shine ?

THE QUALITY OF A KISS.

THE kiss with so much strife
 Which I late got, sweet heart,
 Was it a sign of death, or was it life ?
 Of life it could not be,
 For I by it did sigh my soul in thee ; 5
 Nor was it death, death doth no joy impart.
 Thou silent stand'st, ah ! what thou didst bequeath,
 To me a dying life was, living death.

OF PHILLIS.

IN petticoat of green,
 Her hair about her eyne,
 Phillis beneath an oak
 Sat milking her fair flock :
 Among that strained moisture, rare delight ! 5
 Her hand seem'd milk in milk, it was so white.

KISSES DESIRED.

THOUGH I with strange desire
 To kiss those rosy lips am set on fire,
 Yet will I cease to crave
 Sweet touches in such store,
 As he * who long before 5
 From Lesbia them in thousands did receive.
 Heart mine, but once me kiss,
 And I by that sweet bliss
 Even swear to cease you to importune more :
 Poor one no number is ; 10
 Another word of me ye shall not hear
 After one kiss, but still one kiss, my dear.

OF DAMETAS.

DAMETAS dream'd he saw his wife at sport,
 And found that sight was through the horny port.

THE CANNON.

WHEN first the cannon from her gaping throat,
 Against the heaven her roaring sulphur shot,
 Jove waken'd with the noise, and ask'd with wonder,
 What mortal wight had stolen from him his thunder :
 His crystal towers he fear'd ; but fire and air, 5
 So deep, did stay the ball from mounting there.

* Catullus.

APELLES ENAMOUR'D OF CAMPASPE,
ALEXANDER'S MISTRESS.

POOR painter, whilst I sought
 To counterfeit by art
 The fairest frame that nature ever wrought,
 And having limn'd each part,
 Except her matchless eyes, 5
 Scarce on those twins I gaz'd,
 As lightning falls from skies,
 When straight my hand benumb'd was, mind amaz'd ;
 And ere that pencil half them had exprest,
 Love all had drawn, no, graven within my breast. 10

CAMPASPE.

ON stars shall I exclaim,
 Which thus my fortune change?
 Or shall I else revenge
 Upon myself this shame?
 Unconstant monarch, or shall I thee blame, 5
 Who lett'st Apelles prove
 The sweet delights of Alexander's love?
 No, stars, myself, and thee, I all forgive,
 And joy that thus I live :
 Kings know not beauty, hence mine was despis'd ; 10
 The painter did, and me he dearly priz'd.

UNPLEASANT MUSIC.

IN fields Ribaldo stray'd
 May's tapestry to see,
 And hearing on a tree
 A cuckoo sing, he sigh'd, and softly said,
 Lo ! how, alas ! even birds sit mocking me !

A JEST.

IN a most holy church a holy man
 Unto a holy saint, with visage wan,
 And eyes like fountains, mumbled forth a prayer,
 And with strange words and sighs made black the air ;
 And having long so stay'd, and long long pray'd, 5
 A thousand crosses on himself he laid ;
 Then with some sacred beads hung on his arm,
 His eyes, his mouth, breast, temples did he charm.
 Thus not content (strange worship hath none end),
 To kiss the earth at last he did pretend, 10
 And bowing down, besought with humble grace
 An aged woman near to give some place :
 She turn'd, and turning up her — beneath,
 Said, sir, kiss here, for it is all but earth.

NARCISSUS.

FLOODS cannot quench my flames ! ah ! in this well.
 I burn, not drown, for what I cannot tell.

A KISS.

HARK, happy lovers, hark,
 This first and last of joys,
 This sweet'ner of annoys,
 This nectar of the gods
 Ye call a kiss, is with itself at odds ; 5
 And half so sweet is not
 In equal measure got
 At light of sun, as it is in the dark :
 Hark, happy lovers, hark.

CORNUCOPIA.

IF for one only horn
 Which nature to him gave,
 So famous is the noble unicorn,
 What praise should that man have,
 Whose head a lady brave 5
 Doth with a goodly pair at once adorn?

OF AMINTAS.

OVER a crystal source
 Amintas laid his face,
 Of purling * streams to see the restless course :
 But scarce he had o'ershadowed the place,

* Purling : this is Phillips's reading ; the edition of 1616 has " popling."

When (spying in the ground a child arise, 5
 Like to himself in stature, face, and eyes)
 He rose o'erjoyed, and cried,
 Dear mates, approach, see whom I have descried ;
 The boy of whom strange stories shepherds tell,
 Oft-called Hylas, dwelleth in this well. 10

PAMPHILUS.

SOME, ladies wed, some love, and some adore them,
 I like their wanton sport, then care not for them.

UPON A GLASS.

If thou wouldst see threads purer than the gold,
 Where love his wealth doth show,
 But take this glass, and thy fair hair behold :
 If whiteness thou wouldst see more white than snow,
 And read on wonder's book, 5
 Take but this glass, and on thy forehead look.
 Wouldst thou in winter see a crimson rose,
 Whose thorns do hurt each heart,
 Look but in glass how thy sweet lips do close :
 Wouldst thou see planets which all good impart, 10
 Or meteors divine,
 But take this glass, and gaze upon thine eyne.
 No, planets, rose, snow, gold, cannot compare.
 With you, dear eyes, lips, brows, and amber hair !

OF A BEE.

As an audacious knight,
 Come with some foe to fight,
 His sword doth brandish, makes his armour ring ;
 So this proud bee, at home perhaps a king,
 Did buzzing fly about, 5
 And, tyrant, after thy fair lip did sting :
 O champion strange as stout !
 Who hast by nature found
 Sharp arms, and trumpet shrill, to sound and wound.

OF THAT SAME.

O ! DO not kill that bee
 That thus hath wounded thee !
 Sweet, it was no despite,
 But hue did him deceive,
 For when thy lips did close, 5
 He deemed them a rose.
 What wouldst thou further crave ?
 He wanting wit, and blinded with delight,
 Would fain have kiss'd, but mad with joy did bite.

OF A KISS.

AH ! of that cruel bee
 Thy lips have suck'd too much,
 For when they mine did touch,
 I found that both they hurt, and sweeten'd me :

This by the sting they have, 5
 And that they of the honey do receive.
 Dear kiss ! else by what art
 Couldst thou at once both please and wound my heart ?

IDMON TO VENUS.

IF, Acidalia's queen,
 Thou quench in me thy torch,
 And with the same Thaumantia's heart shall scorch,
 Each year a myrtle-tree
 Here I do vow to consecrate to thee ; 5
 And when the meads grow green,
 I will of sweetest flowers
 Weave thousand garlands to adorn thy bowers.

A LOVER'S PLAINT.

IN midst of silent night,
 When men, birds, beasts, do rest,
 With love and fear possess,
 To Heaven and Flore I count my heavy plight.
 Again, with roseate wings 5
 When morn peeps forth, and Philomela sings,
 Then void of all relief,
 Do I renew my grief :
 Day follows night, night day, whilst still I prove
 That Heaven is deaf, Flore careless of my love. 10

HIS FIREBRAND.

LEAVE, page, that slender torch,
And in this gloomy night
Let only shine the light
Of love's hot brandon, which my heart doth scorch :
A sigh, or blast of wind, 5
My tears, or drops of rain,
May that at once make blind ;
Whilst this, like *Ætna*, burning shall remain.

DAPHNIS' VOW.

WHEN sun doth bring the day
From the Hesperian sea,
Or moon her coach doth roll
Above the northern pole ;
When serpents cannot hiss, 5
And lovers shall not kiss ;
Then may it be, but in no time till then,
That Daphnis can forget his Orienne.

OF NISA.

NISA, Palemon's wife, him weeping told,
He kept not grammar rules, now being old :
For why, quoth she, position false make ye,
Putting a short thing where a long should be ?

BEAUTY'S IDEA.

WHO would perfection's fair idea see,
 Let him come look on Chloris sweet with me.
 White is her hand,* her teeth white, white her skin,
 Black be her eyes, her eyebrows Cupid's inn ;
 Her locks, her body, hands do long appear, 5
 But teeth short, belly short, short either ear ;
 The space 'twixt shoulders, eyes, is wide, brows wide,
 Strait waist, the mouth strait, and her virgin pride ;
 Thick are her lips, thighs, with banks swelling there,
 Her nose is small, small fingers ; and her hair, 10
 Her sugared mouth, her cheeks, her nails be red ;
 Little her foot, pap little, and her head.

Such Venus was, such was the flame of Troy :
 Such Chloris is, my hope and only joy.

CRATON'S DEATH.

AMIDST the waves profound,
 Far, far from all relief,
 The honest fisher, Craton, ah ! is drown'd
 Into his little skiff ;
 The boards of which did serve him for a bier, 5
 So that to the black world when he came near,
 Of him no waftage greedy Charon got,
 For he in his own boat
 Did pass that flood by which the gods do swear.

* Hand: "hair" in former editions, which is obviously incorrect.

ARMELINE'S EPITAPH.

NEAR to this eglantine
 Enclosed lies the milk-white Arneline,
 Once Chloris' only joy,
 Now only her annoy ;
 Who envied was of the most happy swains 5
 That keep their flocks in mountains, dales, or plains ;
 For oft she bare the wanton in her arm,
 And oft her bed and bosom did he warm :
 Now when unkindly Fates did him destroy,
 Blest dog, he had the grace, 10
 With tears for him that Chloris wet her face.

THE STATUE OF VENUS SLEEPING.

BREAK not my sweet repose,
 Thou whom free will or chance brings to this place ;
 Let lids these comets close,
 O do not seek to see their shining grace ;
 For when mine eyes thou seest, they thine will blind, 5
 And thou shalt part, but leave thy heart behind.

LILLA'S PRAYER.

LOVE, if thou wilt once more
 That I to thee return,
 Sweet god ! make me not burn
 For quivering age that doth spent days deplore ;

Nor do not wound my heart 5
 For some unconstant boy,
 Who joys to love, yet makes of love a toy :
 But, ah ! if I must prove thy golden dart,
 Of grace, O let me find
 A sweet young lover with an aged mind. 10
 Thus Lilla pray'd, and Idas did reply,
 Who heard, Dear, have thy wish, for such am I.

THE UNKINDNESS OF RORA.

WHILST, sighing forth his wrongs,
 In sweet, though doleful songs,
 Alexis seeks to charm his Rora's ears,
 The hills are heard to moan,
 To sigh each spring appears ; 5
 Trees, even hard trees, through rind distil their tears.
 And soft grows every stone ;
 But tears, sighs, songs cannot fair Rora move ;
 Proud of his plaints, she glories in his love.

ANTHEA'S GIFT.

THIS virgin lock of hair
 To Idmon Anthea gives,
 Idmon for whom she lives,
 Though oft she mix his hopes with cold despair :
 This now ; but, absent if he constant prove, 5
 With gift more dear she vows to meet his love.

TO THAUMANTIA.

COME, let us live and love,
And kiss, Thaumantia mine :
I shall the elm be, be to me the vine ;
Come let us teach new billing to the dove ;
Nay, to augment our bliss, 5
Let souls even other kiss ;
Let Love a workman be,
Undo, distemper, and his cunning prove,
Of kisses three make one, of one make three :
Though moon, sun, stars, be bodies far more bright, 10
Let them not vaunt they match us in delight.

EPITAPH.

THIS dear, though not respected earth doth hold
One, for his worth, whose tomb should be of gold.

OF LIDA.

SUCH Lida is, that who her sees,
Through envy, or through love straight dies.

A WISH.

To forge to mighty Jove
The thunder-bolts above,
Nor on this round below
Rich Midas' skill to know,

And make all gold I touch, 5
 I do not crave, nor other cunning such ;
 Of all those arts be underneath the sky,
 I wish but Phillis' lapidare to be.

A LOVER'S DAY AND NIGHT.

BRIGHT meteor of day,
 For me in Thetis' bowers for ever stay :
 Night, to this flowery globe
 Ne'er show for me thy star-embroider'd robe ;
 My night, my day, do not proceed from you, 5
 But hang on Mira's brow ;
 For when she lowers, and hides from me her eyes,
 'Midst clearest day I find black night arise ;
 When, smiling, she again those twins doth turn,
 In midst of night I find noon's torch to burn. 10

THE STATUE OF ADONIS.

WHEN Venus 'longst that plain
 This Parian Adon saw,
 She sigh'd, and said, What power breaks Destine's law,
 World-mourned boy, and makes thee live again?
 Then with stretch'd arms she ran him to enfold ; 5
 But when she did behold
 The boar whose snowy tusks did threaten death,
 Fear closed up her breath :
 Who can but grant then that these stones do live,
 Sith this bred love, and that a wound did give ? 10

CHLORUS TO A GROVE.

OLD oak, and you, thick grove,
 I ever shall you love,
 With these sweet-smelling briers ;
 For, briers, oak, grove, ye crowned my desires,
 When underneath your shade 5
 I left my woe, and Flore her maidenhead.

A COUPLET ENCOMIASTIC.

LOVE, Cypris, Phœbus, will feed, deck, and crown
 Thy heart, brows, verse, with flames, with flow'rs,
 renown.

ANOTHER.

THY muse not-able, full, il-lustred rhymes
 Make thee the poet-aster of our times.

THE ROSE.

FLOWER, which of Adon's blood
 Sprang, when of that clear flood
 Which Venus wept another white was born,
 The sweet Cynarean youth thou right dost show :
 But this sharp-pointed thorn, 5
 Which does so proud about thy crimson grow,

What doth it represent?
 Boars' tusks, perhaps, his snowy flank which rent :
 O show of shows ! of unesteemed * worth,
 Which both what kill'd and what was kill'd sett'st
 forth. 10

TO A RIVER.

SITH she will not that I
 Show to the world my joy,
 Thou who oft mine annoy
 Hast heard, dear flood, tell Thetis' nymphets bright,
 That not a happier wight 5
 Doth breathe beneath the sky ;
 More sweet, more white, more fair,
 Lips, hands, and amber hair,
 Tell none did ever touch ;
 A smaller, daintier waist, 10
 Tell never was embrac'd :
 But peace, sith she forbids thou tell'st too much.

THAIS' METAMORPHOSE.

INTO Briareus huge
 Thaïs wish'd she might change
 Her man, and pray'd him herefore not to grudge,
 Nor fondly think it strange :

* Unesteemed : inestimable.

For if, said she, I might the parts dispose, 5
 I wish you not an hundred arms nor hands,
 But hundred things like those
 With which Priapus in our garden stands.

UPON A BAY TREE, NOT LONG SINCE GROW-
 ING IN THE RUINS OF VIRGIL'S TOMB.

THOSE stones which once had trust
 Of Maro's sacred dust,
 Which now of their first beauty spoil'd are seen,
 That they due praise not want,
 Inglorious and remain, 5
 A Delian tree, fair nature's only plant,
 Now courts, and shadows with her tresses green :
 Sing Iö Pæan, ye of Phœbus' train,
 Though envy, avarice, time, your tombs throw down,
 With maiden laurels nature will them crown. 10

EPITAPH.

THEN death thee hath beguil'd,
 Alecto's first-born child ;
 Thou who didst thrall all laws,
 Then against worms canst not maintain thy cause ;
 Yet worms, more just than thou, now do no wrong, 5
 Sith all do wonder they thee spar'd so long,
 For though from life but lately thou didst pass,
 Ten springs are gone since thou corrupted was.

FLORA'S FLOWER.

VENUS doth love the rose ;
 Apollo those dear flow'rs
 Which were his paramours ;
 The queen of sable skies
 The subtle lunaries ;
 But Flore likes none of those,
 For fair to her no flower seems save the lily :
 And why ? because one letter turns it —

MELAMPUS' EPITAPH.

ALL that a dog could have,
 The good Melampus had ;
 Nay, he had more than what in beasts we crave,
 For he could play the brave,
 And often like a Thraso stern go mad ;
 And if ye had not seen, but heard him bark,
 Ye would have sworn he was your parish clerk.

5

KALA'S COMPLAINT.

KALA, old Mopsus' wife,
 Kala with fairest face,
 For whom the neighbour swains oft were at strife,
 As she to milk her milk-white flock did tend,
 Sigh'd with a heavy grace,
 And said, what wretch like me doth lead her life ?
 I see not how my task can have an end ;
 All day I draw these streaming dugs in fold,
 All night mine empty husband's soft and cold.

5

THE HAPPINESS OF A FLEA.

How happier is that flea
 Which in thy breast doth play,
 Than that pied butterfly
 Which courts the flame, and in the same doth die !
 That hath a light delight, 5
 Poor fool ! contented only with a sight ;
 When this doth sport, and swell with dearest food,
 And if he die, he, knight-like, dies in blood.

OF THAT SAME.

POOR flea ! then thou didst die ;
 Yet by so fair a hand,
 That thus to die was Destine to command :
 Thou die didst, yet didst try
 A lover's last delight, 5
 To vault on virgin plains, her kiss and bite :
 Thou diedst, yet hast thy tomb
 Between those paps, O dear and stately room !
 Flea, happier far, more blest
 Than Phoenix burning in his spicy nest ! 10

LINA'S VIRGINITY.

WHO Lina weddeth, shall most happy be,
 For he a maid shall find,
 Though maiden none be she,
 A girl, or boy, beneath her waist confin'd ;
 And though bright Ceres' locks be never shorn, 5
 He shall be sure this year to lack no corn.

LOVE NAKED.

AND would ye, lovers, know
 Why Love doth naked go?
 Fond, waggish, changeling lad!
 Late whilst Thaumantia's voice
 He wond'ring heard, it made him so rejoice, 5
 That he o'erjoy'd ran mad,
 And in a frantic fit threw clothes away,
 And since from lip and lap hers cannot stray.

NIOBE.

WRETCHED Niobe I am;
 Let wretches read my case,
 Not such who with a tear ne'er wet their face.
 Seven daughters of me came,
 And sons as many, which one fatal day 5
 Orb'd mother took away.
 Thus reft by heavens unjust,
 Grief turn'd me stone, stone too me doth entomb;
 Which if thou dost mistrust,
 Of this hard rock but ope the flinty womb, 10
 And here thou shalt find marble, and no dust.

CHANGE OF LOVE.

ONCE did I weep and groan,
 Drink tears, draw loathed breath,
 And all for love of one
 Who did affect my death:

But now, thanks to disdain, 5
 I live reliev'd of pain ;
 For sighs, I singing go,
 I burn not as before, no, no, no.

WILD BEAUTY.

IF all but ice thou be,
 How dost thou thus me burn,
 Or how at fire which thou dost raise in me,
 Sith ice, thyself in streams dost thou not turn,
 But rather, plaintful case ! 5
 Of ice art marble made to my disgrace ?
 O miracle of love, not heard till now !
 Cold ice doth burn, and hard by fire doth grow !

CONSTANT LOVE.

TIME makes great states decay,
 Time doth May's pomp disgrace,
 Time draws deep furrows in the fairest face,
 Time wisdom, force, renown doth take away,
 Time doth consume the years, 5
 Time changes works in heaven's eternal spheres :
 Yet this fierce tyrant, which doth all devour,
 To lessen love in me shall have no power.

TO CHLORIS.

SEE, Chloris, how the clouds
 Tilt in the azure lists,
 And how with Stygian mists
 Each horned hill his giant forehead shrouds ;

Jove thund'reth in the air, 5
 The air, grown great with rain,
 Now seems to bring Deucalion's days again.
 I see thee quake ; come, let us home repair,
 Come hide thee in mine arms,
 If not for love, yet to shun greater harms. 10

UPON A PORTRAIT.

THE goddess that in Amathus doth reign,
 With silver trammels,* and sapphire-colour'd eyes,
 When naked from her mother's crystal plain
 She first appear'd unto the wond'ring skies,
 Or when, the golden apple to obtain, 5
 Her blushing snows amazed Ida's trees,
 Did never look in half so fair a guise
 As she here drawn, all other ages' stain.
 O God, what beauties to inflame the soul,
 And hold the wildest hearts in chains of gold ! 10
 Fair locks, sweet face, love's stately capitol,
 Dear neck, which dost that heavenly frame up-hold :
 If Virtue would to mortal eyes appear,
 To ravish sense, she would your beauty wear.

UPON THAT SAME.

IF heaven, the stars, and nature did her grace
 With all perfections found the moon above,
 And what excelleth in this lower place
 Did place in her, to breed a world of love ;

* Trammels : nets. So Spenser :—

“ Her golden locks she roundly did uptie
 In braided trammels.”

If angels' gleams shine on her fairest face, 5
 Which make heaven's joy on earth the gazer
 prove,
 And her bright eyes, the orbs which beauty move,
 Do glance like Phœbus in his glorious race ;
 What pencil paint, what colour to the sight
 So sweet a shape can show? The blushing morn 10
 The red must lend, the milky-way the white,
 And night the stars which her rich crown adorn,
 To draw her right ; but then, that all agree,
 The heaven the table, Zeuxis Jove must be.

UPON THAT SAME, DRAWN WITH A PANSY.

WHEN with brave art the curious painter drew
 This heavenly shape, the hand why made he bear
 With golden veins that flower of purple hue,
 Which follows on the planet of the year?
 Was it to show how in our hemisphere 5
 Like him she shines ; nay, that effects more true
 Of power and wonder do in her appear,
 Whilst he but flowers, she doth brave minds sub-
 due?
 Or would he else to virtue's glorious light
 Her constant course make known ; or is it he 10
 Doth parallel her bliss with Clytia's plight?
 Right so ; and thus, he reading in her eye
 Some woful lover's end, to grace his grave,
 For cypress tree this mourning flower her gave.
 VOL. I. M

UPON THAT SAME.

IF sight be not beguil'd
 And eyes right play their part,
 This flower is not of art,
 But is fair nature's child :
 And though, when Phœbus from us is exil'd, 5
 She doth not lock her leaves, his loss to moan,
 No wonder, earth hath now more suns than one.

THIRSI IN DISPRAISE OF BEAUTY.

THAT which so much the doating world doth prize,
 Fond ladies' only care and sole delight,
 Soon-fading beauty, which of hues doth rise,
 Is but an abject let of nature's might :
 Most woful wretch, whom shining hair and eyes 5
 Lead to love's dungeon, traitor'd by a sight,
 Most woful ; for he might with greater ease
 Hell's portals enter, and pale death appease.

As in delicious meads beneath the flowers,
 And the most wholesome herbs that May can show, 10
 In crystal curls the speckled serpent lowers ;
 As in the apple, which most fair doth grow,
 The rotten worm is clos'd, which it devours ;
 As in gilt cups with Gnoisian wine which flow,
 Oft poison pompously doth hide its sours : 15
 So lewdness, falsehood, mischief them advance,
 Clad with the pleasant rays of beauty's glance.

Good thence is chas'd where beauty doth appear,
 Mild lowliness with pity from it fly ;
 Where beauty reigns, as in their proper sphere, 20
 Ingratitude, disdain, pride, all descry ;
 The flower and fruit which virtue's tree should bear,
 With her bad shadow beauty maketh die :
 Beauty a monster is, a monster hurl'd
 From angry heaven, to scourge this lower world. 25

As fruits which are unripe, and sour of taste,
 To be confect'd more fit than sweet we prove,
 For sweet, in spite of care, themselves will waste,
 When they, long kept, the appetite do move ;
 So in the sweetness of his nectar, Love 30
 The foul confects, and seasons for his feast :
 Sour is far better which we sweet may make,
 Than sweet which sweeter sweetness will not take.

Foul may my lady be, and may her nose,
 A Teneriffe, give umbrage to her chin ; 35
 May her gay mouth, which she no time may close,
 So wide be that the moon may turn therein ;
 May eyes and teeth be made conform to those,
 Eyes set by chance and white, teeth black and thin :
 May all what seen is, and is hid from sight, 40
 Like unto these rare parts be framed right.

I shall not fear, thus though she stray alone,
 That others her pursue, entice, admire ;
 And though she sometime counterfeit a groan,
 I shall not think her heart feels uncouth fire, 45

I shall not style her ruthless to my moan,
 Nor proud, disdainful, wayward to desire :
 Her thoughts with mine will hold an equal line,
 I shall be hers, and she shall all be mine.

EURYMEDON'S PRAISE OF MIRA.

GEM of the mountains, glory of our plains,
 Rare miracle of nature and of love,
 Sweet Atlas, who all beauty's heavens sustains,
 No, beauty's heaven, where all her wonders move,
 The sun from east to west who all doth see, 5
 Ont his low globe sees nothing like to thee.

One Phoenix only liv'd ere thou wast born,
 And earth but did one queen of love admire ;
 Three Graces only did the world adorn,
 But thrice three Muses sung to Phœbus' lyre : 10
 Two Phoenixes be now, love's queens are two,
 Four Graces, Muses ten, all made by you !

For those perfections which the bounteous heaven
 To diverse worlds in diverse times assign'd,
 With thousands more, to thee at once were given, 15
 Thy body fair, more fair they made thy mind ;
 And that thy like no age should more behold,
 When thou wast fram'd they after brake the mould.

Sweet are the blushes on thy face which shine,
 Sweet are the flames which sparkle from thine eyes, 20

Sweet are his torments who for thee doth pine,
 Most sweet his death for thee who sweetly dies,
 For if he die, he dies not by annoy,
 But too much sweetness and abundant joy.

What are my slender lays to show thy worth? 25
 How can base words a thing so high make known?
 So wooden globes bright stars to us set forth;
 So in a crystal is sun's beauty shown:
 More of thy praises if my muse should write,
 More love and pity must the same indite. 30

THAUMANTIA AT THE DEPARTURE OF IDMON.

FAIR Dian, from the height
 Of heaven's first orb who cheer'st this lower place,
 Hide now from me thy light,
 And, pitying my case,
 Spread with a scarf of clouds thy blushing face. 5

Come with your doleful songs,
 Night's sable birds, which plain when others sleep,
 Come, solemnize my wrongs,
 And consort to me keep,
 Sith heaven, earth, hell, are set to cause me weep. 10

This grief yet I could bear,
 If now by absence I were only pin'd;
 But, ah! worse evil I fear,
 Men absent prove unkind,
 And change, unconstant like the moon, their mind. 15

If thought had so much power
 Of thy departure, that it could me slay,
 How will that ugly hour
 My feeble sense dismay,
 Farewell, sweet heart, when I shall hear thee say! 20

Dear life, sith thou must go,
 Take all my joy and comfort hence with thee,
 And leave with me thy woe,
 Which, until I thee see,
 Nor time, nor place, nor change shall take from me. 25

ERYCINE AT THE DEPARTURE OF ALEXIS.

AND wilt thou then, Alexis mine, depart,
 And leave these flow'ry meads and crystal streams,
 These hills as green as great with gold and gems,
 Which court thee with rich treasure in each part?
 Shall nothing hold thee, not my loyal heart, 5
 That bursts to lose the comfort of thy beams,
 Nor yet this pipe which wildest satyrs tames,
 Nor lambkins' wailing, nor old Dorus' smart?
 O, ruthless shepherd! forests strange among,
 What canst thou else but fearful dangers find? 10
 But, ah! not thou, but honour doth me wrong;
 O cruel honour, tyrant of the mind!
 This said sad Erycine, and all the flowers
 Empearled, as she went, with eyes' salt showers.

ALEXIS TO DAMON.*

THE love Alexis did to Damon bear
 Shall witness'd be to all the woods and plains
 As singular, renown'd by neighbouring swains,
 That to our relics time may trophies rear :
 Those madrigals we sung amidst our flocks, 5
 With garlands guarded from Apollo's beams,
 On Ochills whiles, whiles near Bodotria's streams,
 Are registrate by echoes in the rocks.
 Of foreign shepherds bent to try the states,
 Though I, world's guest, a vagabond do stray, 10
 Thou mayst that store which I esteem survey,
 As best acquainted with my soul's conceits :
 Whatever fate heavens have for me design'd,
 I trust thee with the treasure of my mind.

* Written by Sir William Alexander.

FORTH FEASTING:

A PANEGYRIC TO THE KING'S MOST
EXCELLENT MAJESTY

Flumina senserunt ipsa

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY

[From the MUSES' WELCOME TO KING JAMES
Edinburgh, MDCXVIII.]

*If in this storm of joy and pompous throng,
This nymph, great King, come ever thee so near
That thy harmonious ears her accents hear,
Give pardon to her hoarse and lowly song:
Fain would she trophies to thy virtues rear, 5
But for this stately task she is not strong,
And her defects her high attempts do wrong,
Yet as she could she makes thy worth appear
So in a map is shown this flowery place,
So wrought in arras by a virgin's hand, 10
With heaven and blazing stars doth Atlas stand,
So drawn by charcoal is Narcissus' face.
She may Aurora be to some bright sun,
Which may perfect the day by her begun.*

FORTH FEASTING

WHAT blust'ring noise now interrupts my sleep,
What echoing shouts thus cleave my crystal deep,
And call me hence from out my wat'ry court?
What melody, what sounds of joy and sport,
Be these here hurl'd from ev'ry neighbour spring? 5
With what loud rumours do the mountains ring,
Which in unusual pomp on tip-toes stand,
And, full of wonder, overlook the land?
Whence come these glitt'ring throngs, these meteors
bright,
This golden people set unto my sight? 10
Whence doth this praise, applause, and love arise?
What load-star eastward draweth thus all eyes?
And do I wake, or have some dreams conspir'd
To mock my sense with shadows much desir'd?
Stare I that living face, see I those looks, 15
Which with delight wont to amaze my brooks?
Do I behold that worth, that man divine,
This age's glory, by these banks of mine?
Then is it true, what long I wish'd in vain,
That my much-loving prince is come again? 20
So unto them whose zenith is the pole,
When six black months are past, the sun doth roll :

So after tempest to sea-tossed wights
 Fair Helen's brothers show their cheering lights :
 So comes Arabia's marvel * from her woods, 25
 And far, far off is seen by Memphis' floods ;
 The feather'd sylvans cloud-like by her fly,
 And with applauding clangours beat the sky ;
 Nile wonders, Serap's priests entranced rave,
 And in Mygdonian stone her shape engrave, 30
 In golden leaves write down the joyful time
 In which Apollo's bird came to their clime.

Let mother earth now deckt with flowers be seen,
 And sweet-breath'd zephyrs curl the meadows green,
 Let heavens weep rubies in a crimson shower, 35
 Such as on Indies' shores they use to pour,
 Or with that golden storm the fields adorn,
 Which Jove rain'd when his blue-eyed maid was
 born.

May never hours the web of day out-weave,
 May never night rise from her sable cave. 40
 Swell proud, my billows, faint not to declare
 Your joys as ample as their causes are ;
 For murmurs hoarse sound like Arion's harp,
 Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp.
 And you, my nymphs, rise from your moist repair, 45
 Strew all your springs and grots with lilies fair :
 Some swiftest-footed get her hence and pray
 Our floods and lakes come keep this holiday ;
 Whate'er beneath Albania's hills do run,
 Which see the rising or the setting sun, 50

* The Phoenix.

Which drink stern Grampius' mists, or Ochills' snows ;
 Stone-rolling Tay, Tyne tortoise-like that flows,
 The pearly Don, the Dees, the fertile Spey,
 Wild Nevern which doth see our longest day,
 Ness smoking sulphur, Leave with mountains
 crown'd, 55

Strange Lomond for his floating isles renown'd,
 The Irish Rian, Ken, the silver Ayr,
 The snaky Dun, the Ore with rushy hair,
 The crystal-streaming Nid, loud-bellowing Clyde,
 Tweed, which no more our kingdoms shall divide, 60
 Rank-swelling Annan, Lid with curled streams,
 The Esks, the Solway where they lose their names :
 To ev'ry one proclaim our joys and feasts,
 Our triumphs, bid all come, and be our guests ;
 And as they meet in Neptune's azure hall, 65
 Bid them bid sea-gods keep this festival.

This day shall by our currents be renown'd,
 Our hills about shall still this day resound :
 Nay, that our love more to this day appear,
 Let us with it henceforth begin our year. 70

To virgins flowers, to sun-burnt earth the rain,
 To mariners fair winds amidst the main,
 Cool shades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
 Please not so much, to us as thy return.
 That day, dear Prince, which reft us of thy sight, 75
 Day, no, but darkness, and a cloudy night,
 Did freight our breasts with sighs, our eyes with tears,
 Turn'd minutes in sad months, sad months in years ;
 Trees left to flourish, meadows to bear flowers,
 Brooks hid their heads within their sedgy bowers ; 80

Fair Ceres curst our fields with barren frost,
 As if again she had her daughter lost ;
 The Muses left our groves, and for sweet songs
 Sat sadly silent, or did weep their wrongs :
 Ye know it, meads, ye, murmuring woods, it know, 85
 Hill, dales, and caves, copartners of their woe ;
 And ye it know, my streams, which from their eyne
 Oft on your glass receiv'd their pearly brine.
 O Naiads dear, said they, Napæas * fair,
 O nymphs of trees, nymphs which on hills repair, 90
 Gone are those maiden glories, gone that state,
 Which made all eyes admire our hap of late.
 As looks the heaven when never star appears,
 But slow and weary shroud them in their spheres,
 While Tithon's wife embosom'd by him lies, 95
 And world doth languish in a dreary guise ;
 As looks a garden of its beauty spoil'd ;
 As wood in winter by rough Boreas foil'd ;
 As portraits raz'd of colours use to be ;
 So look'd these abject bounds depriv'd of thee. 100

While as my rills enjoy'd thy royal gleams,
 They did not envy Tiber's haughty streams,
 Nor wealthy Tagus with his golden ore,
 Nor clear Hydaspes, which on pearls doth roar,
 Empamper'd Gange, that sees the sun new born, 105
 Nor Acheloüs with his flowery horn, †
 Nor floods which near Elysian fields do fall ;
 For why?—thy sight did serve to them for all.

* Napæas : nymphs of the vales.

† Acheloüs' horn : the cornucopia.

No place there is so desert, so alone,
 Even from the frozen to the torrid zone, 110
 From flaming Hecla to great Quincy's Lake,
 Which thine abode could not most happy make.
 All those perfections, which by bounteous Heaven
 To diverse worlds in diverse times were given,
 The starry senate pour'd at once on thee, 115
 That thou exemplar might'st to others be.

Thy life was kept till the three sisters spun
 Their threads of gold, and then it was begun.
 With curled clouds when skies do look most fair,
 And no disorder'd blasts disturb the air ; 120
 When lilies do them deck in azure gowns,
 And new-born roses blush with golden crowns ;
 To bode how calm we under thee should live,
 What halycyonian days thy reign should give,
 And to two flowery diadems thy right, 125
 The heavens thee made a partner of the light.
 Scarce wast thou born, when, join'd in friendly
 bands,

Two mortal foes with other clasped hands,
 With virtue fortune strove, which most should grace
 Thy place for thee, thee for so high a place ; 130
 One vow'd thy sacred breast not to forsake,
 The other on thee not to turn her back,
 And that thou more her love's effects might'st feel,
 For thee she rent her sail, and broke her wheel.

When years thee vigour gave, O then how clear 135
 Did smother'd sparkles in bright flames appear !
 Amongst the woods to force a flying hart,
 To pierce the mountain wolf with feather'd dart,

See falcons climb the clouds, the fox ensnare,
 Outrun the wind-outrunning dædal hare, 140
 To loose a trampling steed alongst a plain,
 And in meand'ring gyres him bring again,
 The press thee making place, were vulgar things ;
 In admiration's air, on glory's wings,
 O ! thou far from the common pitch didst rise, 145
 With thy designs to dazzle envy's eyes :
 Thou sought'st to know this All's eternal source,
 Of ever-turning heavens the restless course,
 Their fixed eyes, their lights which wand'ring run,
 Whence moon her silver hath, his gold the sun ; 150
 If destine be or no, if planets can
 By fierce aspects force the free-will of man ;
 The light and spiring fire, the liquid air,
 The flaming dragons, comets with red hair,
 Heaven's tilting lances, artillery, and bow, 155
 Loud-sounding trumpets, darts of hail and snow,
 The roaring element with people dumb,
 The earth, with what conceiv'd is in her womb,
 What on her moves, were set unto thy sight,
 Till thou didst find their causes, essence, might : 160
 But unto nought thou so thy mind didst strain,
 As to be read in man, and learn to reign,
 To know the weight and Atlas of a crown,
 To spare the humble, proublings pester down.
 When from those piercing cares which thrones in-
 vest, 165
 As thorns the rose, thou wearied wouldst thee rest,
 With lute in hand, full of celestial fire,
 To the Pierian groves thou didst retire :

There, garlanded with all Urania's flowers,
 In sweeter lays than builded Thebes' towers, 170
 Or them which charm'd the dolphins in the main,
 Or which did call Eurydice again,
 Thou sung'st away the hours, till from their sphere
 Stars seem'd to shoot, thy melody to hear.
 The god with golden hair, the sister maids, 175
 Left nymphal Helicon, their Tempe's shades,
 To see thine isle, here lost their native tongue,
 And in thy world-divided language sung.

Who of thine after-age can count the deeds,
 With all that fame in time's huge annals reads, 180
 How by example more than any law,
 This people fierce thou didst to goodness draw,
 How while the neighbour worlds, tous'd by the Fates,
 So many Phaëthons had in their states,
 Which turn'd in heedless flames their burnish'd
 thrones, 185

Thou, as enspher'd, keep'dst temperate thy zones ;
 In Afric shores the sands that ebb and flow,
 The speckled flowers in unshorn meads that grow,
 He sure may count, with all the waves that meet
 To wash the Mauritanian Atlas' feet. 190

Though thou were not a crowned king by birth,
 Thy worth deserves the richest crown on earth.
 Search this half-sphere and the opposite ground,
 Where is such wit and bounty to be found ?

As into silent night, when near the bear 195
 The virgin huntress shines at full most clear,
 And strives to match her brother's golden light,
 The host of stars doth vanish in her sight ;

Arcturus dies, cool'd is the lion's ire,
 Po burns no more with Phaëthontal fire ; 200
 Orion faints to see his arms grow black,
 And that his blazing sword he now doth lack :
 So Europe's lights, all bright in their degree,
 Lose all their lustre paragon'd with thee.
 By just descent thou from more kings dost shine 205
 Than many can name men in all their line :
 What most they toil to find, and finding hold,
 Thou scornest, orient gems and flatt'ring gold ;
 Esteeming treasure surer in men's breasts
 Than when immur'd with marble, clos'd in chests. 210
 No stormy passions do disturb thy mind,
 No mists of greatness ever could thee blind :
 Who yet hath been so meek ? Thou life didst give
 To them who did repine to see thee live.
 What prince by goodness hath such kingdoms gain'd ? 215
 Who hath so long his people's peace maintain'd ?
 Their swords are turn'd in scythes, in culcers spears,
 Some giant post their antique armour bears :
 Now, where the wounded knight his life did bleed,
 The wanton swain sits piping on a reed ; 220
 And where the cannon did Jove's thunder scorn,
 The gaudy huntsman winds his shrill-tun'd horn ;
 Her green locks Ceres without fear doth dye,
 The pilgrim safely in the shade doth lie,
 Both Pan and Pales careless keep their flocks, 225
 Seas have no dangers save the winds and rocks :
 Thou art this isle's palladium, neither can,
 While thou art kept, it be o'erthrown by man.
 Let others boast of blood and spoils of foes,

Fierce rapines, murders, Iliads of woes, 230
 Of hated pomp, and trophies reared fair,
 Gore-spangled ensigns streaming in the air,
 Count how they make the Scythian them adore,
 The Gaditan, the soldier of Aurore ;

Unhappy vauntry ! to enlarge their bounds, 235
 Which charge themselves with cares, their friends with
 wounds,

Which have no law to their ambitious will,
 But, man-plagues, born are human blood to spill :
 Thou a true victor art, sent from above,
 What others strain by force to gain by love ; 240
 World-wand'ring fame this praise to thee imparts,
 To be the only monarch of all hearts.

They many fear who are of many fear'd,
 And kingdoms got by wrongs by wrongs are tear'd,
 Such thrones as blood doth raise, blood throweth
 down ; 245

No guard so sure as love unto a crown.

Eye of our western world, Mais-daunting King,
 With whose renown the earth's seven climates ring,
 Thy deeds not only claim these diadems,
 To which Thame, Liffey, Tay, subject their streams, 250
 But to thy virtues rare, and gifts, is due
 All that the planet of the year doth view :
 Sure, if the world above did want a prince,
 The world above to it would take thee hence.

That murder, rapine, lust, are fled to hell, 255
 And in their rooms with us the Graces dwell,
 That honour more than riches men respect,
 That worthiness than gold doth more effect,

That piety unmasked shows her face,
 That innocency keeps with power her place, 230
 That long-exil'd Astrea leaves the heaven,
 And useth right her sword, her weights holds even,
 That the Saturnian world is come again,
 Are wish'd effects of thy most happy reign.
 That daily peace, love, truth, delights increase, 255
 And discord, hate, fraud, with encumbers cease,
 That men use strength not to shed others' blood,
 But use their strength now to do other good,
 That fury is enchain'd, disarmed wrath,
 That, save by nature's hand, there is no death, 270
 That late grim foes like brothers other love,
 That vultures prey not on the harmless dove,
 That wolves with lambs do friendship entertain,
 Are wish'd effects of thy most happy reign.
 That towns increase, that ruined temples rise, 275
 And their wind-moving vanes plant in the skies,
 That ignorance and sloth hence run away,
 That buried arts now rouse them to the day,
 That Hyperion, far beyond his bed
 Doth see our lions ramp, our roses spread, 280
 That Iber courts us, Tiber not us charms,
 That Rhine with hence-brought beams his bosom
 warms,
 That evil us fear, and good us do maintain,
 Are wish'd effects of thy most happy reign.
 O virtue's pattern, glory of our times, 285
 Sent of past days to expiate the crimes,
 Great King, but better far than thou art great,
 Whom state not honours, but who honours state ;

By wonder born, by wonder first install'd,
 By wonder after to new kingdoms call'd, 290
 Young, kept by wonder near home-bred alarms,
 Old, sav'd by wonder from pale traitors' harms,
 To be for this thy reign which wonders brings,
 A king of wonder, wonder unto kings !
 If Pict, Dane, Norman thy smooth yoke had seen, 295
 Pict, Dane, and Norman had thy subjects been :
 If Brutus knew the bliss thy rule doth give,
 Even Brutus joy would under thee to live ;
 For thou thy people dost so dearly love,
 That they a father, more than prince, thee prove. 300

O days to be desir'd, age happy thrice,
 If ye your heaven-sent good could duly prize !
 But ye, half-palsy-sick, think never right
 Of what ye hold, till it be from your sight,
 Prize only summer's sweet and musked breath, 305
 When armed winters threaten you with death ;
 In pallid sickness do esteem of health,
 And by sad poverty discern of wealth.
 I see an age when after many years,
 And revolutions of the slow-pac'd spheres, 310
 These days shall be to other far esteem'd,
 And like Augustus' palmy reign be deem'd.
 The names of Arthur's fabulous paladins,
 Grav'n in time's surly brows in wrinkled lines,
 Of Henrys, Edwards, famous for their fights, 315
 Their neighbour conquests, orders new of knights,
 Shall by this prince's name be past as far
 As meteors are by the Idalian star. *

* The Idalian star : Venus.

If grey-hair'd Proteus' songs the truth not miss,
 And grey-hair'd Proteus oft a prophet is, 320
 There is a land hence distant many miles,
 Outreaching fiction and Atlantic isles,
 Which, homelings, from this little world we name,
 That shall emblazon with strange rites his fame,
 Shall raise him statues all of purest gold, 325
 Such as men gave unto the gods of old,
 Name by him fanes, proud palaces, and towns,
 With some great flood, which most their fields renowns.
 This is that king who should make right each wrong,
 Of whom the bards and mystic sibyls sung, 330
 The man long promis'd, by whose glorious reign
 This isle should yet her ancient name regain,
 And more of Fortunate deserve the style
 Than those where heavens with double summers smile.

Run on, great Prince, thy course in glory's way, 335
 The end the life, the evening crowns the day ;
 Heap worth on worth, and strongly soar above
 Those heights which made the world thee first to love ;
 Surmount thyself, and make thine actions past
 Be but as gleams or lightnings of thy last, 340
 Let them exceed them of thy younger time,
 As far as autumn doth the flowery prime.
 Through this thy empire range, like world's bright eye,
 That once each year surveys all earth and sky,
 Now glances on the slow and resty bears, 345
 Then turns to dry the weeping Auster's tears,
 Just unto both the poles, and moveth even
 In the infigur'd circle of the heaven.

O ! long long haunt these bounds, which by thy sight

Have now regain'd their former heat and light ! 350
 Here grow green woods, here silver brooks do glide,
 Here meadows stretch them out with painted pride,
 Embroid'ring all the banks ; here hills aspire
 To crown their heads with the ethereal fire ;
 Hills, bulwarks of our freedom, giant walls, 355
 Which never fremdling's slight nor sword made thralls ;
 Each circling flood to Thetis tribute pays,
 Men here, in health, outlive old Nestor's days ;
 Grim Saturn yet amongst our rocks remains,
 Bound in our caves with many metal'd chains ; 360
 Bulls haunt our shades like Leda's lover white,
 Which yet might breed Pasiphaë delight ;
 Our flocks fair fleeces bear, with which for sport
 Endymion of old the moon did court,
 High-palmed harts amidst our forests run, 365
 And, not impaled, the deep-mouth'd hounds do shun ;
 The rough-foot hare him in our bushes shrouds,
 And long-wing'd hawks do perch amidst our clouds.
 The wanton wood-nymphs of the verdant spring
 Blue, golden, purple flowers shall to thee bring, 370
 Pomona's fruits the panisks, * Thetis' girls
 Thy Thule's amber, with the ocean pearls ;
 The Tritons, herdsmen of the glassy field,
 Shall give thee what far-distant shores can yield,
 The Serean fleeces, Erythrean gems, 375
 Vast Plata's silver, gold of Peru streams,
 Antarctic parrots, Æthiopian plumes,
 Sabæan odours, myrrh, and sweet perfumes.

* Panisks : rural divinities ; fauns.

And I myself, wrapt in a watchet gown,
 Of reeds and lilies on my head a crown, 380
 Shall incense to thee burn, green altars raise,
 And yearly sing due pæans to thy praise.

Ah ! why should Isis only see thee shine ?
 Is not thy Forth as well as Isis thine ?
 Though Isis vaunt she hath more wealth in store, 385
 Let it suffice thy Forth doth love thee more :
 Though she for beauty may compare with Seine,
 For swans and sea-nymphs with imperial Rhine,
 Yet in the title may be claim'd in thee,
 Nor she, nor all the world, can match with me. 390
 Now when, by honour drawn, thou shalt away
 To her already jealous of thy stay,
 When in her amorous arms she doth thee fold,
 And dries thy dewy hairs with hers of gold,
 Much questioning of thy fare, much of thy sport, 395
 Much of thine absence, long, howe'er so short,
 And chides perhaps thy coming to the north,
 Loathe not to think on thy much-loving Forth.
 O ! love these bounds, where of thy royal stem
 More than an hundred wore a diadem. 400
 So ever gold and bays thy brows adorn,
 So never time may see thy race outworn,
 So of thine own still may'st thou be desir'd,
 Of strangers fear'd, redoubted, and admir'd ;
 So memory thee praise, so precious hours 405
 May character thy name in starry flowers ;
 So may thy high exploits at last make even
 With earth thy empire, glory with the heaven.

NOTES

NOTES TO VOLUME I.

TEARS ON THE DEATH OF MÆLIADES (p. 5).

I HAVE followed the text given in the edition of Drummond's *Poems* published in 1616, which, being the last published during his lifetime, may be taken as representing his final intention. It differs in some slight particulars from that of the first edition. The latter gives, for example, a different version of the couplet which concludes several of the paragraphs after the manner of a refrain. In the first edition we find :—

“ Meliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore
From ruddy Hesp'rus' rising to Aurore.”

Brave Bourbon (line 47). The famous Constable de Bourbon, born in 1489. His name is not very happily introduced by Drummond in this connection, for although his bravery and his military abilities are unquestioned, he is principally remembered by his achievements in arms against his native country. The story of the reproach which he received from the

dying Bayard is familiar to every one. Bourbon ended his life as a military adventurer. He led a mercenary army against Rome, and got his death-wound in an assault upon the city on the 6th of May 1527. Rome, nevertheless, was captured and pillaged by the besiegers.

She whose name appals Both Titan's golden bowers (lines 62-63). "She" is Rome. "Titan's golden bowers" are the East, where he rises, and the West, where he sets. Sir William Alexander has this image in the sixteenth sonnet of his *Aurora* :—

"I with her praise both Titan's bowers should fill."

Flowers, which once were kings (line 122). Hyacinth, narcissus, and anemone, flowers which sprang from the blood of the princes Hyacinthus, Narcissus, and Adonis.

O hyacinths, for aye your AI keep still (line 127). According to the poets, this flower, which sprang from the blood of Hyacinthus, bore upon its leaves marks resembling the Greek exclamation of woe—AI.

And sad Electra's sisters which still weep (line 140). Electra was one of the seven Pleiades, the daughters of Atlas and Pleione. They made away with themselves for sorrow at the death of their sisters, the Hyades, and were changed into the constellation which bears their name. In the first edition this line reads as follows :—

"And soft-eyed Pleiades which still do weep."

SONNET (p. 13).

In whom, save death, nought mortal was at all (line 14). This conceit is borrowed from Guarini (Madrigal 133. *Rime*: Venice, 1598):—

Nè di mortal havesti altro, che morte.

This sonnet originally appeared in the *Mausoleum, or, The Choisest Flowres of the Epitaphs, written on the Death of the never-too-much lamented Prince Henrie*, Edinburgh, 1613.

POEMS.—THE FIRST PART

TO THE AUTHOR (p. 19).

“Parthenius,” the author of this very graceful commendatory sonnet, is Sir William Alexander.

SONNET VI. (p. 26).

Guarini, in his twenty-seventh sonnet, celebrates his mistress's beauty in a similar manner, cataloguing the wonders of earth and heaven, and preferring to them all the *divina luce* of her countenance; but the resemblance in particulars is very slight.

SONNET VII. (p. 27).

This sonnet is largely Platonic, and refers principally to the *Phædrus*. In the intelligible world abide the Ideas of all things, eternal, immutable, in occult union. Now the winged souls, accompanying the

Gods, and possessing themselves a deiform nature, perceive according to their ability, as Plotinus asserts, this intelligible world and what belongs to it; though the same spectacle is not received by each. But the soul, possessing also a nature contrary to the deiform (Plato's mortal steed), falls into generation, as into darkness and oblivion, and slowly regains the knowledge of what it had seen in the intelligible world, by recognising in corporeal objects the Ideas of which they participate. For human knowledge is wholly of the nature of an awakening and a recollection. Thus the sight of a beautiful object awakens in the soul a reminiscence of the Idea, the Beautiful itself, which in its winged condition it beheld, and it is alone by virtue of this reminiscence—by virtue, that is, of the idea of beauty which it retains in itself—that it is capable of recognising the beautiful in nature. But Drummond, in recording that he “elsewhere saw the idea of *that face*,” was possibly referring unwittingly to the experience of a previous incarnation; inasmuch as Ideas, “the exemplary causes of things,” are of the permanent alone, but not of the temporary. “Every image formed by nature,” says Plotinus, “lasts as long as its archetype remains” (*Ennead. V., Lib. VIII. 12*). Now the visible world, being an image of the intelligible world, is equally enduring; but matter is ever flowing, and that which participates of matter is therefore subject to continual change. And therefore the eternal Idea is constantly reflected in the whole of nature, but not uniformly in the particular parts of nature.

Not toil'd with aught to reason doth rebel (line 8).
I.e., subsisting according to intellect, or pure reason ;
 not wearied with the encumbrance of body. Professor
 Masson reads "soiled" for "toiled" (*Drummond of
 Hawthornden*, p. 47), but I think unnecessarily.

SONNET VIII. (p. 28).

This exquisite sonnet is partly borrowed from
 Petrarch. Compare the following lines (Petrarch,
 Part I., Son. 131) :—

“ Or, che 'l ciel e la terra e 'l vento tace,
 E le fere e gli augelli il sonno affrena,
 Notte 'l carro stellato in giro mena,
 E nel suo letto il mar senz' onda giace ;
 Veggio, penso, ardo, piango ; e chi mi sface,
 Sempre m' è innanzi per mia dolce pena.”

SONNET IX. (p. 29).

Evidently suggested by the following sonnet of
 Marino (*Rime di Gio. Battista Marino*, Venice, 1602 :
 Part I., p. 31) :—

“ O del silentio figlio, e dela Notte,
 Padre di vaghe imagnate forme,
 Sonno gentil, per le cui tacit' orme
 Son l'alme al ciel-d'Amor spesso condotte ;
 Hor, che 'n grembo ale lievi ombre interrotte
 Ogni cor (fuor che 'l mio) riposa, e dorme,
 L'Herebo oscuro, al mio pensier conforme,
 Lascia ti prego, e le Cimerie grotte,
 E vien col dolce tuo tranquillo oblio,
 E col bel volto, in ch' io mirar m' appago,

A consolar il vedovo desio.
 Che, se 'n te la sembianza, onde son vago,
 Non m' è dato goder, godrò pur' io
 Dela morte, che bramo, almen l'imago."

The expression "image of death," applied to sleep, is borrowed from Cicero: "Habes somnum imaginem mortis, eamque quotidie induis" (*Tusculanarum Quæstionum* Lib. I., c. 38). Drummond again uses this figure in the second part of his Poems (Song II., line 14). So Sidney, in the third book of *Arcadia*:—

"And mother earth, now clad in mourning weeds, did
 breathe
 A dull desire to kiss the image of our death."

Compare also with this sonnet, *Astrophel and Stella*, Sonnet 39.

SONG I. (p. 32).

This graceful poem is rich in pleasant reminiscences of Sidney.

Here Adon blush'd, &c. (lines 55-58). Adonis is the rose (compare Bion's first Idyll, and Drummond's *The Rose*, p. 169). Clytie is the heliotrope (*Ovid. Metam.*, Lib. IV.); "that sweet boy" is Hyacinthus (*ibid.*, Lib. XIII.).

For those harmonious sounds to Jove are given, By the swift touches of the nine-string'd heaven (lines 79-80). An allusion to the Pythagorean doctrine of the music of the spheres.

Or pearls that shining shell is call'd their mother (line 108). Sidney has this image in the verses

which Amphialus causes to be sung unto Philoclea (*Arcadia*, Book III.) :—

“ A nymph that did excel as far
All things that erst I saw, as orient pearls exceed
That which their mother hight.”

Or roses gules in field of lilies borne (line 118). So Sidney writes (*Astrophel and Stella*, Sonnet 13) of Stella's face :—

“ Where roses gules are borne in silver field.”

There all about, as brooks them sport at leisure, &c. (lines 131-133). Compare the song which Zelmane makes upon the beauty of Philoclea bathing (*Arcadia*, Book II.) :—

“ There fall those sapphire-coloured brooks,
Which conduit-like with curious crooks,
Sweet islands make in that sweet land.”

But Drummond's entire description of the bathing nymph (lines 109-136) may well be compared with this Song to Philoclea, and was perhaps suggested by it.

With storm-like course, a sumptuous chariot rushes (line 172). So in the Song of Amphialus (*Arcadia*, Book III.) :—

“ A chariot . . .

Whose storm-like course staid not till hard by me
it bided.”

And ease mine eyes with briny tribute charged, &c.

(lines 240-244). Compare Zelmane's verses by the river Ladon (*Arcadia*, Book II.):—

“ Over these brooks trusting to ease mine eyes
 (Mine eyes even great in labour with their tears)
 I laid my face ; my face wherein there lies
 Clusters of clouds which no sun ever clears.”

SONNET XII. (p. 41).

The first four lines of this sonnet were no doubt suggested by the following lines of Petrarch (Part II., Son. 6):—

“ Datemi pace, o duri miei pensieri :
 Non basta ben, ch' Amor, Fortuna e Morte,
 Mi fanno guerra intorno, e 'n su le porte,
 Senza trovarmi dentro altri guerrieri? ”

But the two sonnets have no further resemblance.

MADRIGAL I. (p. 42).

Translated from the following madrigal by Marino (*Rime*, Part II., p. 72):—

“ Fabro dela mia morte
 Sembr' io verme ingegnoso,
 Che intento al proprio mal mai non riposo.
 Dele caduche foglie
 D'una vana speranza mi nodrisco :
 E varie fila ordisco
 Di pensier, di desiri insieme attorte.
 Così lasso a me stesso
 Prigion non sol, ma sepoltura intesso.”

SEXTAIN I. (p. 43).

Compare the following stanzas of Petrarch (Part I., Sestina 7):—

- “ Non ha tanti animali il mar fra l'onde,
 Nè lassù sopra 'l cerchio della luna
 Vide mai tante stelle alcuna notte,
 Nè tanti augelli albergan per li boschi,
 Nè tant' erbe ebbe mai campo nè piaggia,
 Quant' ha 'l mio cor pensier ciascuna sera.
- “ Di dì in dì spero omai l'ultima sera
 Che scevri in me dal vivo terren l'onde,
 E mi lasci dormir in qualche piaggia ;
 Che tanti affanni uom mai sotto la luna
 Non sofferse quant' io : sannolsi i boschi,
 Che sol vo ricercando giorno e notte.
- “ I' non ebbi giammai tranquilla notte,
 Ma sospirando andai mattino e sera,
 Poi ch' Amor femmi un cittadin de' boschi.
 Ben fia, in prima ch' i' posi, il mar senz' onde,
 E la sua luce avrà 'l sol dalla luna,
 E i fior d'April morranno in ogni piaggia.”

SONNET XIV. (p. 46).

Petrarch has a similar catalogue of rivers in the first four lines of one of his sonnets: “Non Tesin, Pò, Varo, Arno, Adige e Tebro,” &c. (Part I., Son. 116). The remainder of his sonnet, however, bears no resemblance to Drummond's.

SONNET XVI. (p. 48).

*Sweet brook, in whose clear crystal I mine eyes
Have oft seen great in labour of their tears* (lines 1-2).
Another reminiscence of the verses, already quoted,
which Zelmane wrote in the sand of Ladon (*Arcadia*,
Book II.).

SONNET XVII. (p. 49).

Those flow'rs are spread which names of princes bear
(line 7). *I.e.*, hyacinth and narcissus.

SONNET XVIII. (p. 50).

Compare *Astrophel and Stella*, Sonnets 7 and 20.
The name Auristella, which appears nowhere else in
Drummond's poems, was probably chosen not without
a thought of Sidney's mistress.

MADRIGAL II. (p. 51).

Translated, with some variation, from the following
madrigal by Tasso (*Scielta delle Rime del Sig. Torquato
Tasso*: Ferrara, 1582: Part I., p. 49):—

“ Al vostro dolce azzurro
Ceda, o luci serene,
Qual più bel negro Italia in pregio tiene.
Occhi, cielo d'amore,
Sole di questo core,
Sono gli altri appo voi notte et inferno.
Azzurro è 'l cielo eterno,
E quel, ch' è bello, il bello ha sol da lui,
Ei bello è sol, perch' assomiglia a vui.”

SONNET XIX. (p. 52).

Marino has a sonnet, similar in motive (*Rime*, 1602 : Part I., p. 28), to which Drummond was doubtless indebted. The only direct imitation, however, occurs in lines 9-12 of Drummond's sonnet, with which compare the following lines of Marino's :—

“ Ei novo Zeusi, al' Oriente tolto
L'oro, l'ostro al' Aurora, i raggi al Sole,
Il bel crin ne figura, e gli occhi, e 'l volto.”

SONNET XXI. (p. 54).

That ever Pyrrha did to maid impart, &c. (lines 3-4). See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book I.

SONNET XXVII. (p. 61).

Compare *Astrophel and Stella*, Sonnet 90.

SONNET XXIX. (p. 63).

*And bid them, if they would more Ætnas burn,
In Rhodope or Erymanthe me turn* (lines 13-14).
Were he transformed into a snowy mountain—Rhodope or Erymanthus—his inward fire would convert it into a volcano.

SONNET XXXI. (p. 65).

This sonnet is addressed, by way of warning, to one yet inexperienced in love.

*And let my ruins for a Phare thee serve, To shun
this rock Capharean of untruth* (lines 10-11). Phare :

Pharos or lighthouse. Caphareus was the name of a rocky promontory of the island of Eubœa. Palamedes, the son of Nauplius, king of that island, was treacherously slain by the Greeks during the siege of Troy; wherefore his father Nauplius, when the Grecian ships were returning homewards, caused false beacons to be displayed on the Capharean rock, and many were wrecked there.

And serve no god who doth his churchmen starve (line 12). Compare Sidney, *Astrophel and Stella*, Sonnet 5:—

“Till that good god makes church and churchman starve.”

SONNET XXXIII. (p. 67).

Translated from the following sonnet by Tasso (*Scielta delle Rime*, &c., 1582: Part II., p. 26):—

“Vinca fortuna homai, se sotto il peso
 Di tante cure al fin cader conviene,
 Vinca, e del mio riposo, e del mio bene
 L'empio trofeo sia nel suo tempio appeso
 Colei, che mille eccelsi imperi ha reso
 Vili, et eguali a le più basse arene,
 Del mio male hor si vanta, e le mie pene
 Conta, e me chiama da' suoi strali offeso.
 Dunque natura, e stil cangia, perch' io
 Cangio il mio riso in pianto? Hor qual più chiaro
 Presagio attende del mio danno eterno?
 Piangi, alma trista, piangi, e del tuo amaro
 Pianto si formi un tenebroso rio,
 Ch' il Cocito sia poi del nostro Inferno.”

SONNET XXXIV. (p. 68).

Let great Empedocles vaunt of his death, &c. (lines 9-10). He alludes to the fable concerning Empedocles, the great Sicilian philosopher, who was feigned to have cast himself into the crater of Etna, in order that his mysterious disappearance might give rise to the report that he was a god.

And Dædal's son, he nam'd the Samian streams (line 12). Icarus, the son of Dædalus, falling into the sea near Samos, gave to that part of the Mediterranean the name of Icarian. See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book VIII.

SONNET XXXV. (p. 69).

There is no need to suppose that the dreadful complaints which Drummond makes, here and elsewhere, of his mistress's cruelty, were intended to bear any personal application to Miss Cunningham of Barns. He was merely following the fashion of his school, in which such complaints formed a part of the regular system of amatory poetry. Even the gentle Petrarch ascribes to his Laura "un cor di tigre o d'orsa." To the *poet's* mistress, in fact, cruelty was an attribute equally indispensable with beauty.

This sonnet is partly borrowed from the following by Marino (*Rime*, 1602 : Part I., p. 76) :—

“Te l’Hiperboreo monte, o l’Arimaspe
 Produse, Elpinia, il Caucaso, o ’l Cerauno :
 Te fra l’Hircane tigri, e fra le Caspe
 Sol di tosco nodri Centauro o Fauno.
 Non le dolci bevesti acque di Dauno ;



Ma dela Tana il ghiaccio, o del' Idaspe :
 Non tra l'agne crescesti in grembo a Cauno,
 Ma in mezo dela vipera, e del' aspe.
 Poich' alpestra qual fera, aspra qual' angue,
 Sol delo stratio altrui sempre ti cibi,
 Nè curi il tuo pastor, ch' a morte langue.
 O più crudel, che gli avoltori e i nibi,
 Pasciti del mio core, e del mio sangue,
 Purch' un tuo bacio anzi 'l morir delibi."

SONG II. (p. 70).

Those which by Peneus' streams Did once thy heart surprise (lines 27-28). Daphne, the beloved of Apollo, was the daughter of the river-god Peneus. See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Lib. I.

As thou when two thou did to Rome appear (line 30). "During the Consulship of Cornelius Cethegus, and Sempronius [B.C. 204], at what time the Africane Warres were appointed to Scipio, two Sunnes at one time were seene in the Heavens: and the night (which is by nature darke) appeared extraordinary light" (*Varieties*, by David Person: London, 1635: Book V., p. 27).

Night like a drunkard reels Beyond the hills to shun his flaming wheels (lines 42-43). These fine lines are borrowed, as Professor Masson has pointed out, from *Romeo and Juliet* (Act II., Sc. 3):—

"And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
 Forth from Day's path and Titan's fiery wheels."

SONNET XXXVI. (p. 72).

That Ionian hill (line 7). Mount Latmos, where Endymion slept, beloved of Phœbe (the moon).

SONNET XXXVIII. (p. 74).

Fair is Thaumantias in her crystal gown (line 3). Thaumantias is a name of Iris (the rainbow), as the daughter of Thaumas (wonder). "Ad quem sic roseo Thaumantias ore locuta est" (*Æneid*, IX. 5).

Chloris (line 9), from *χλωρος*, pale-green; a name of Flora, the goddess of flowers, as presiding over the young vegetation of spring.

SONNET XXXIX. (p. 76).

Sigh, and in her fair hair yourselves enchain (line 8). And Sidney, in a sonnet of Stella sailing on the Thames (*Astrophel and Stella*, 103), has these words of the winds:—

"—— In her golden hair
They did themselves (O sweetest prison!) twine."

MADRIGAL VI. (p. 81).

That fire this All environing (line 6). According to the Platonists, true fire subsists in the heavens. They say "that all heaven consists of fire, which there predominates; but that it also comprehends, according to cause, the powers of the other elements, such as the solidity and stability of earth, the conglutinating and uniting power of water, and the tenuity and transparency of air" (Proclus, *On the Timæus*, Book III.). But the celestial fire differs from the grosser sublunary fire in being unburning and vivific. Thus Pico della Mirandola says: "Elementaris [ignis] urit, cœlestis vivificat, supercœlestis amat."

SONNET XLIII. (p. 82).

Far from the madding worldling's hoarse discords (line 11). Possibly this verse suggested the well-known line of Gray.

SONNET XLVIII. (p. 89).

Like Berenice's lock that ye might shine (line 13). Berenice was a queen of Egypt, and the wife of Ptolemy Euergetes. During her husband's absence in Syria, she dedicated her hair in the temple of Venus, as an offering for his safe return. The hair subsequently disappeared, and was said to have been changed into the constellation known as Berenice's Hair.

MADRIGAL IX. (p. 96).

Myself so to deceive, With long-shut eyes I shun the irksome light (lines 6-7). Sanazzaro has the same fancy in his twelfth Canzone, wherein he also records the appearance of his mistress to him in a dream (*Opere volgari di Jacopo Sanazzaro, Padova, 1723*):—

“Ond' io per ingannarme
Lungo spazio non volsi gli occhi aprire.”

There is no further resemblance, however.

SONNET LIV. (p. 98).

That bad craftsman (line 2). Perillus, who made for Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum, the brazen bull, wherein men were enclosed and consumed with fire; of whose victims Perillus was himself the first.

The Phlegræan plain (line 6). On the burning plain of Phlegra the earth-born giants fought with the gods, who overcame them by the aid of Hercules.

SONNET LV. (p. 100).

An imitation, with considerable variations, of the following sonnet by Petrarch (Part I., Son. 113):—

“ Pommi ove 'l Sol uccide i fiori e l'erba ;
 O dove vince lui 'l ghiaccio e la neve :
 Pommi ov' è 'l carro suo temprato e leve ;
 Ed ov' è chi cel rende, o chi cel serba :
 Pomm' in umil fortuna, od in superba ;
 Al dolce aere sereno, al fosco e greve :
 Pommi alla notte ; al dì lungo ed al breve ;
 Alla matura etate, od all' acerba :
 Pomm' in cielo, od in terra, od in abisso ;
 In alto poggio ; in valle ima e palustre ;
 Libero spirto, od a' suoi membri affisso :
 Pommi con fama oscura, o con illustre :
 Sarò qual fui : vivrò com' io son visso,
 Continuando il mio sospir trilustre.”

“ Trilustre ” indicates that Petrarch had been in love with Laura for fifteen years when he wrote this sonnet.

In Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie* (Lib. III. c. 19), a translation of this sonnet by Sir Thomas Wyatt is quoted as an illustration of the figure which the author terms *Merismus*, or the Distributor.

POEMS.—THE SECOND PART.

SONNET I. (p. 101).

Partly translated from the following sonnet of Marino (*Rime*, Part I., p. 146):—

“O d’humano splendor breve baleno :
 Ecco è pur (lasso) in apparir sparita
 L’alma mia luce, e di quaggiù partita
 Per far l’eterno dì vie più sereno.
 Quella, che resse di mia vita il freno,
 Colà poggiata, ond’ era dianzi uscita,
 Et al gran Sol, di cui fu raggio, unita,
 Il ciel di gloria, e me di doglia ha pieno.
 Ma tu (se pur di là cose mortali
 Lice mirar, dove si gode, e regna)
 Mira i miei pianti ale tue gioie eguali :
 E come, ove volasti, anima degna,
 La mia, per teco unirsi, aperte ha l’ali,
 E d’uscir con le lagrime s’ingegna.”

That sun (line 7). Intellect, from which the soul proceeds, and to which she returns.

SONNET II. (p. 102).

Here again Drummond is largely indebted to Marino. In the first four lines he has paraphrased the commencement of a sonnet by the Italian poet (*Rime*, Part I., p. 155):—

“Gli occhi leggiadri, a’ cui soavi honesti
 Sguardi di mill’ alme ardean d’alti desiri :

E da' cui vivi e lucidi zaffiri
Scorno haveano e splendor gli occhi celesti."

Lines 5-8, moreover, seem to owe their suggestion to a passage in another of Marino's sonnets (Part I., p. 153):—

" Le vive nevi, oimè, le vive rosè,
E le perle, e i rubini, e l'ostro, e l'oro,
Dove, dove son hor ? "

SONNET III. (p. 103).

I know not if the poet, in writing these very touching verses, had any thought of Petrarch, but lines 6-9 suggest a passage, not less affecting, in one of Petrarch's sonnets (Part II., Son. 24), where, recalling the beauties of his dead mistress, he exclaims:—

" Poca polvere son, che nulla sente:
Ed io pur vivo ! "

SONNET IV. (p. 104).

Translated, the conclusion excepted, from the seventeenth sonnet of Sanazzaro (*Opere volgari*, 1723: p. 343), which I subjoin:—

" O vita, vita nò, ma vivo affanno,
Nave di vetro in mar di cieco errore,
Sotto pioggia di pianto, e di dolore,
Che sempre cresce con vergogna e danno;
Le tue false promesse, e 'l vero inganno
M' han privo sì d'ogni speranza il core,
Ch' io porto invidia a quei che son già fore,
Ed ho pietà degli altri che verranno.
Quando vid' io mai dì sereno, o lieto ?
Quando passò quest' alma ora tranquilla ?

Quando il mio cor fu libero, o quieto?
 Quando sentii mai scema una favilla
 Dell' incendio 'nfelice, ov' io m' acqueto,
 Per più non ritentar Cariddi, e Scilla?"

The last three lines of Drummond's sonnet are borrowed from the corresponding lines of the fifteenth of Sanazzaro (*ibid.* p. 342) :—

“ Un sol rimedio veggio al viver corto ;
 Che avendo a navigar mar sì profondo,
 Uom raccolga la vela, e mora in porto.”

SONNET VI. (p. 106).

The first two lines are translated from these of Marino (*Rime*, Part I., p. 154) :—

“ Anima bella, che 'n su 'l fior degli anni
 Per arricchir di te l'empirea spera,” &c.

But the substance of the whole sonnet is evidently borrowed from the following, which is also by Marino (*ibid.* p. 150) :—

“ Alma gentil, ch' anzi gran tempo l'ale
 Lieta spiegasti agli stellanti giri,
 Ov' hor nel divin Sol vagheggi e miri
 Te stessa, e 'l tuo splendor non più mortalé :
 Deh, se non vieta in ciel legge fatale
 Talhora in nostri udir bassi desiri,
 A me china le luci, e de' martiri
 Mira lo stuol, ch' ognor per te m' assale.
 E se mole non ergo, ove lasciasti
 La terrestre quagiù lacera spoglia,

Che degli anni al furor salda contrasti :
 Prendilo in pace, e la pietosa voglia
 Gradisci, e 'l pianto, ond' io la lavo, e basti,
 Che 'l cor viva Piramide l' accoglia."

MADRIGAL I. (p. 107).

Altered, though without improvement, from the following beautiful madrigal of Guarini, entitled "Humana fragilità" (Mad. 132: *Rime del Sig. Cavaliere Battista Guarini*, Venice, 1598) :—

" Questa vita mortale,
 Che par si bella, è quasi piuma al vento,
 Che la porta, e la perde in un momento.
 E s'ella pur con temerari giri
 Tal 'or s'avanza, e sale,
 E librata su l'ale
 Pender da se nel'aria anco la miri ;
 È sol, perche di sua natura è leve :
 Ma poco dura, e 'n breve
 Dopo mille rivolte, e mille strade,
 Perch' ella è pur di terra, a terra cade."

SONG I. (p. 109).

And this of late so glorious world of ours, Like meadow without flow'rs, Or ring of a rich gem made blind, appear'd (lines 51-53). Compare Petrarch (Part II., Son. 67) :—

" Pianger l'aer e la terra e 'l mar dovrebbe
 L'uman legnaggio, che senz' ella è quasi
 Senza fior prato, o senza gemma anello."

Or as that shepherd which Jove's love did keep (line 123). Argus with the hundred eyes, who guarded Jove's love, Io.

SONNET IX. (p. 116).

Petrarch has a pretty sonnet on the same theme (Part II., Son. 42), beginning:—

“ Zefiro torna, e 'l bel tempo rimena,
E i fiori e l'erbe, sua dolce famiglia.”

Drummond's sonnet may possibly have been suggested by this, but the resemblance is not very close. To the poetical reader it will perhaps recall Gray's exquisite sonnet on the death of West.

MADRIGAL III. (p. 118).

Translated, and adapted to his own case, by Drummond, from the following madrigal of Guarini, headed “Bella Donna Campata” (Mad. 130: *Rime*, 1598):—

“ Pende a debil filo
(O dolore, O pietate)
De la novella mia terrena dea
La vita, e la beltate ;
E già l'ultimo spirito trahea
L'anima per uscire,
Nè mancava a morire altro, che morte ;
Quando sue fere scorte,
Mirando ella si bella in quel bel viso,
Disse, morte non entra in Paradiso.”

SONNET XI. (p. 119).

I launder thy fair figures in this brine (line 12).

This line is borrowed from Shakespeare. Compare *A Lover's Complaint*, stanza 3:—

“ Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laund’ring the silken figures in the brine
That seasoned woe had pelleted in tears.”

MADRIGAL IV. (p. 120).

Translated from Tasso (*Rime*, Venice, 1608: Part IV., p. 99):—

“ O vaga tortorella,
Tu la tua compagnia
Ed io piango colei, che non fu mia.
Misera vedovella,
Tu sovra il nudo ramo,
A’ piè del secco tronco io la richiamo.
Ma l’aura solo, e ’l vento
Risponde mormorando al mio lamento.”

SONG II. (p. 124).

This beautiful poem presents our author in his most philosophic mood. To contrast it with the pieces written by Petrarch upon a similar theme, is to set in the clearest light the most vital distinction between Drummond and the Italian poets, whom he so often and so happily imitated. Petrarch, too, is visited in dreams by the apparition of his dead mistress. In the sixth Canzone of the second part of his poems, he tells how in a vision he saw her, and of the words of

hope and comfort which she spoke. It is all perfectly sweet and simple. She is happy in heaven, and he is to implore God's help, and to follow her; the Canzone concluding with an impassioned prayer to the Virgin Mary for aid and guidance. Nothing is there of the mystic philosophy which shines with steady radiance throughout the greater part of Drummond's poem. In his Italian masters—Marino, perhaps, on some rare occasions, excepted—he would find little of the philosophy which is so striking a characteristic of his own most thoughtful work; nor could he learn much in this respect from the English poets, his contemporaries or predecessors. His philosophy is Platonic: in his later writings it is modified in the direction of Christianity; less so in the poem now before us, a part of which, indeed, is little more than a poetical adaptation of a portion of the *Phædo*. In Drummond's most philosophical production—the prose essay entitled *A Cypress Grove*, which he published in 1623 together with his *Flowers of Sion*—many passages from the present poem are expanded or repeated; but as the reader will find a reprint of the entire essay in the second volume, I shall not quote from it in this place.

Some wise sayings concerning Death may be noted. How long wilt thou *esteem that loss which, well when view'd, is gain* (line 39)? *Even as thy birth, death, which doth thee appal, A piece is of the life of this great All* (lines 57-58). And once more: *I live, and happy live, but thou art dead, And still shalt be, till thou be like me made* (lines 105-106). This last conception is profoundly philosophical. The soul is confined in the body as in a tomb, and its life here is said

to be death in comparison with that which it enjoys when free from the encumbrance of matter. Thus Heraclitus, speaking of disembodied souls, has these words : " We live their death, and we die their life."

This temple visible, which World we name (line 112). "World" is here, of course, used in the sense of *κόσμος*, the visible universe. The argument of the following portion of the poem is chiefly borrowed from the *Phædo*. I am persuaded, says Socrates, "that the earth is prodigiously great ; that we who dwell in places extending from Phasis to the pillars of Hercules, inhabit only a certain small portion of it, about the Mediterranean sea, like ants or frogs about a marsh ; and that there are many others elsewhere, who dwell in many such-like places. For I am persuaded, that there are everywhere about the earth many hollow places of all-various forms and magnitudes, into which there is a confluence of water, mists, and air ; but that the earth itself, which is of a pure nature, is situated in the pure heavens, in which the stars are contained, and which most of those who are accustomed to speak about such particulars denominate æther. But the places which we inhabit are nothing more than the dregs of this pure earth, or cavities into which its dregs continually flow. We are ignorant, therefore, that we dwell in the cavities of this earth, and imagine that we inhabit its upper parts. Just as if some one dwelling in the bottom of the sea, should think that he resided on its surface, and, beholding the sun and the other stars through the water, should imagine that the sea is the heavens ; but through sloth and imbecility having never ascended to the top of the sea, nor emerged from its deeps into this region, has

never perceived how much purer and more beautiful it is than the place which he inhabits, nor has received this information from any other who has beheld this place of our abode. In the very same manner are we affected : for, dwelling in a certain hollow of the earth, we think that we reside on its surface ; and we call the air heaven, as if the stars passed through this, as through the heavens themselves" (Thomas Taylor's translation. Compare Drummond, lines 141-170). These upper regions of the earth are far more beautiful than the parts which we inhabit, and possess everything which nature here brings forth in far greater perfection (compare line 121 *et seq.*). But hear Socrates again : "This [upper] earth too contains many other animals and men, some of whom inhabit its middle parts ; others dwell about the air, as we do about the sea ; and others reside in islands which the air flows round, and which are situated not far from the continent. And in one word, what water and the sea are to us, with respect to utility, that air is to them : but what air is to us, that æther is to the inhabitants of this pure earth. But the seasons there are endued with such an excellent temperament, that the inhabitants are never molested with disease, and live for a much longer time than those who dwell in our regions ; and they surpass us in sight, hearing, and prudence, and everything of this kind, as much as air excels water in purity—and æther, air. And besides this, they have groves and temples of the Gods, in which the Gods dwell in reality ; and likewise oracles and divinations, and sensible perceptions of the Gods, and such-like associations with them. The sun, too, and moon, and

stars are seen by them such as they really are ; and in every other respect their felicity is of a correspondent nature." And lastly, Socrates, speaking of that which happens to the soul after death, says : " But those who shall appear to have lived most excellently, with respect to piety—these are they who, being liberated and dismissed from these places in the earth, as from the abodes of a prison, shall arrive at the pure habitation on high, and dwell on the æthereal earth. And among these, those who are sufficiently purified by philosophy shall live without bodies through the whole of the succeeding time, and shall arrive at habitations yet more beautiful than these, which it is neither easy to describe, nor is the present time sufficient for such an undertaking."

Undoubtedly Drummond had conjoined in his mind some notion of the Christian heaven, and even of the intelligible world, with that of Plato's upper earth. But Plato's meaning was widely different from Drummond's. It must be remembered that, according to the Platonic doctrine, the earth is an animal, endued with intellect and soul. Now the soul of the earth, like the soul of man, possesses three vehicles or bodies ; of which the first is simple and immaterial, the second simple and material, and the third composite and material. Of these vehicles, moreover, the first is called æthereal and luciform, and is analogous to the body of the heavens ; and it contains the summits of the elements incorruptibly and unitedly, and according to a celestial characteristic ; but fire predominates, viz., the celestial fire which is vivific but not destructive. And finally, it is vital, and is perpetually generated through the

whole of time, and it is immaterial as compared with corruptible bodies. The second vehicle is called aerial, and is indeed the first vehicle of the soul which is properly called a body ; for it is composed of the pure elements, and is material and mutable, although in a less degree than the third vehicle. But the third, in which the elements are no longer pure, is this terrestrial globe which we commonly call the earth ; and it is enclosed in the second vehicle, as a small globe in a greater. Thus the first and second vehicles are the media which connect the immaterial soul with this gross body, since, as Proclus says, “ The progression of things is nowhere without a medium, but exists according to a well ordered gradation.” Plato’s upper earth is then the middle vehicle of the earth-soul, and is placed in the pure heavens, beyond the grosser elements of this terrestrial globe ; and there the elements are pure, as being more proximate to their divine causes. And whatever subsists according to nature in our lower earth, will subsist in proportionately greater purity in this upper earth, as again the whole is essentially in the intelligible world, which is the eternal paradigm of this All. But the souls which descend from the intelligible world into generation upon the earth, proceed first to the æthereal vehicle or celestial earth, possessing themselves a corresponding vehicle, connate with their mundane existence. Next, gathering from the elements as they descend a material vehicle, they dwell, in aerial bodies, on the upper earth, the second vehicle, namely, but first material body, of the earth-soul. Finally, obtaining a grosser vehicle, they descend into this composite body of the earth, which we now

inhabit. And the reascent takes place through the same media. For souls which have lived here a guiltless life, but without philosophy, proceed, after death, to the upper earth, and dwell there in aerial vehicles; but being not yet released from the bonds of matter, they are still subject to death, although from the purity of the elements there, they are far longer lived than we. The souls which have attained a more perfect liberation are raised to their kindred star, as Plato says: *i.e.*, to the æthereal vehicle of that mundane soul under which they are arranged, and which in our case is the earth; and they dwell there with luciform vehicles. And those which are completely purified may rise yet higher, proceeding, beyond time itself, to the intelligible world whence they were derived.

O leave that love which reacheth but to dust (line 197). This verse is borrowed from Sidney, who has in one of his sonnets the following line:—

“Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust.”

TO THE AUTHOR (p. 133).

This sonnet, by Sir David Murray of Gorthy, is printed in the edition of 1616 immediately after *Urania*; but as it relates particularly to the “Poems,” I have inserted it here.

URANIA, OR SPIRITUAL POEMS (p. 137).

Of the thirteen poems published under this title, ten were republished by Drummond in his *Flowers of Sion*, 1623, but with certain alterations. I have therefore retained both versions. In the first of the

sonnets (p. 137) Drummond is again in his philosophic mood: see especially lines 9-14. *All on'y constant is in constant change*, is finely said of this *floating world beneath the moon*. For in the sensible world, all is constantly *becoming*, but never really *is*; since matter itself, as is beautifully explained by Plotinus (*Ennead.* III., Lib. VI., 7), is no other than non-being; and "the forms which appear to exist in matter, are empty shows (*παλγυια*—toys), shadows in a shadow, just as in a mirror the object appears to be there, while in reality it is elsewhere; and seeming to possess substance, possesses indeed nothing." That which is *above time, motion, place* (line 13), is the intelligible world, of which this visible universe is the reflection.

SONNET, "COME FORTH," &c. (p. 138).

Partly translated from the following portion of a sonnet by Marino (*Rime*, 1602: Part I., p. 195):—

“Uscite, uscite a rimirar, pietose
 Schiere del Paradiso cittadine,
 Il vostro Rè schernito; e qual su 'l crine
 Novo e stranio diadema Amor gli pose:
 Dale tempie traffitte e sanguinose
 Il vivo humor dele purpuree brine
 Voi rasciugate; e dal' acute spine
 Venite a cor le già cadenti rose.”

SONNET, "THRICE HAPPY HE," &c. (p. 141).

Translated by Drummond, doubtless with much sympathy, from the following sonnet by Marino (*Rime*, Part I., p. 177):—

“ Felice è ben chi selva ombrosa e folta
 Cerca, e ricovra in solitaria vita :
 Ivi mai non è sola alma romita,
 Ma fra gli angeli stessi a Dio rivolta.
 O quanto là più volentier s’ascolta
 Di semplicetto augel voce gradita,
 Che ’n regio albergo, ov’ è la fè mentita,
 Vanto di turba adulatrice, e stolta.
 Quanto è più dolce un venticel di bosco,
 Ch’ aura vana d’honor : quanto tra fiori
 D’argento un rio, che ’n vasel d’oro il toscò.
 Hanno i sacri silentij e i muti horrori
 Armonia vera, e pace ; e l’ombra e ’l fosco
 Mille vivi del ciel lampi, e splendori.”

MADRIGALS AND EPIGRAMS.

THE STATUE OF MEDUSA (p. 149).

No doubt suggested by the following epigram by
 Antonio Tibaldeo (*Delitiæ Poet. Italarum, collectore*
Ranutio Ghero, 1608 : vol. ii. p. 1151) :—

IN MEDUSÆ CAPUT.

“ Exemptam mediâ de Palladis ægide dicas
 Gorgona, quam parvo claudit in orbe lapis.
 Quin et monstrifici perstant miracula vultus ;
 Vivit, et innumero palpitat angue caput.
 Tam similis non ipsa sibi est ; se forsitan olim
 Vidit, et a speculo saxeæ facta suo est.”

THE TROJAN HORSE (p. 149).

In the Greek Anthology is an epigram on this subject by Antiphilus of Byzantium (*Anthol. Palatin.* vol. ii. p. 30), but it has little or no resemblance to Drummond's.

A LOVER'S HEAVEN (p. 150).

Probably suggested by the forty-first madrigal of Marino, which is headed "Celia rassomigliata al Cielo." The last two lines are:—

" S'un ciel reggessi di bellezze tante
Fra queste bracia, O me felice Atlante !"

IÖLAS' EPITAPH (p. 151).

The conclusion of this epitaph was perhaps suggested by the following dainty little madrigal of Guarini (Mad. 134):—

EPITAFIO DI PARGOLETTA VIOLANTE.

" Se vuoi saper chi sono,
O tu, che miri la brev' urna ; piagni.
Spunterà dal mio cenere, se 'l bagni
D'una tua lagrimetta,
Un' odorata e vaga violetta,
E così dal tuo dono
Intenderai chi sono."

SLEEPING BEAUTY (p. 154).

The conceit in the last two lines of this pretty madrigal is also to be found in Guarini, who, in a

madrigal to his mistress's eyes (Mad. 12), exclaims—

“ Se chiusi m' uccidete,
Aperti che farete? ”

OF PHILLIS (p. 154).

Borrowed from the thirty-first madrigal of Marino (*Rime*, Part II., p. 38). Drummond's version, however, is more picturesque and more concise than the original, which I subjoin :—

“ Mentre Lidia premea
Dentro rustica coppa
A la lanuta la feconda poppa,
I' stava a rimirar doppio candore
Di natura e d'amore :
Nè distinguer sapea
Il bianco humor dale sue mani intatte,
Ch' altro non discernea, che latte in latte.”

OF HER DOG (p. 158).

Suggested by a sonnet of Marino (*Rime*, Part I., p. 34). I quote the lines to which Drummond was here indebted :—

“ Mentre nel grembo a trastullar ti stai
Dela mia donna humilmente altero,
Vezzoso animaletto, e lusinghiero,
Ond' invido e geloso altrui ne fai :
Ardo, e vie più nel cor, lasso, che mai
Sento l'usato ardor possente, e fero,
Forse però, che 'l mio Sol vivo, e vero,
Vibra nel Can vie più cocenti i rai.”

OF AMINTAS (p. 159).

Compare the following epigram by Francesco Panigarola (*Delitiæ Poet. Ital.*, vol. ii. p. 176):—

DE IOLÂ.

“ Cùm nudum lymphis se credere vellet Iolas,
Effigiem fonti vidit inesse suam :
Nec semet noscens, comites io currite, dixit,
Depositis alis ecce Cupido natat.”

PAMPHILUS (p. 160).

The name and character of this Pamphilus are borrowed from Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II., where the story is told of the inconstancy of Pamphilus, and the revenge taken upon him by the ladies whom he had deceived.

OF A BEE (p. 161).

Translated, with variations, from the following madrigal by Tasso (*Rime*, Venice, 1608 : Part IV., p. 104):—

“ Qual cavagliero ardito
A le famose prove
Il sonoro metallo accende, e move ;
Tal zenzaretta fiera
Zuffola intorno, e vola,
E vi percuote poi la bianca gola.
O mirabil guerriera,
In cui natura giunge
La tromba a l'arme, ond' ella suona, e punge.”

OF A KISS (p. 161).

This, again, is borrowed from Tasso (*Scielta delle Rime*, &c., Ferrara, 1582 : Part I., p. 50) :—

“ Ne i vostri dolci baci
 Del’ api è il dolce mele,
 E vi è il morso del’ api anco crudele.
 Dunque addolcito e punto
 Da voi parto in un punto.”

CRATON’S DEATH (p. 164).

Possibly suggested by an epigram of Julianus the Egyptian (*Antholog. Palatin.*, vol. i. p. 386), of which the first two lines are these :—

Μύγδων τέρμα βίοιο λαχών, ἀντόστολος ἦλθεν
 εἰς ἀΐδην, νεκύων πορθμίδος ὄν χατέων.

I.e., Mygdon, having reached the end of his life, came self-equipped to Hades, not needing the boat of the dead.

LILLA’S PRAYER (p. 165).

From the following madrigal by Guarini (*Mad.* 109), entitled “ Donna Accorta ” :—

“ Se vuoi ch’ io torni a le tue fiamme, Amore,
 Non far idolo il core
 Nè di fredda vecchiezza,
 Nè d’incostante e pazza giovanezza.
 Dammi, se puoi, Signore,
 Cor saggio in bel sembiante,
 Canuto amore in non canuto amante.”

THE STATUE OF ADONIS (p. 168).

Translated from the following epigram by Giovanni Antonio Volpi (*Delit. Poet. Ital.*, vol. ii. pp. 1452-3):—

IN STATUAM ADONIDIS.

“Cùm Cytherea procul Parium spectaret Adonim,
 Accurrens tales fudit ab ore sonos :
 Quis deploratum nobis te reddit, Adoni ?
 Quæve tibi lucem fata dedere novam ?
 Dixit, et ad caros amplexus læta cucurrit,
 Figeret ut niveis oscula pressa genis.
 Ast aprum aspiciens, nova vulnera dente minantem,
 Semianimis trepido concidit icta metu.
 Vivere quis neget hos lapides? si incendit Adonis
 Corda Deæ formâ, vulnere terret aper.”

THE ROSE (p. 169).

Translated from the following madrigal by Tasso (*Scielta delle Rime*, &c., 1582 : Part II., p. 64) :—

“O del sangue d'Adone
 Nato fior, quando un altro ancor del'acque
 Lacrimose di Venere ne nacque,
 Il bel morto garzone
 Tu vivo rappresenti ;
 Ma la spina pungente,
 Che cinge il giro tuo purpureo, e vago,
 Di chi diremo imago ?
 Forse figura del cinghial il dente ?
 O bel mostro tra mostri,
 Ch' in un l'ucciso e l'uccisor dimostri !”

In Bion's first Idyll the rose is said to have sprung

from the blood of Adonis, and the anemone from the tears shed by Venus upon his death. *Cynarean* (line 4) should doubtless be Cinyrean, from Cinyras, the father of Adonis.

KALA'S COMPLAINT (p. 172).

From a Latin epigram by P. Zanchi (*Delit. Poet. Ital.*, vol. ii. p. 1481).

THE HAPPINESS OF A FLEA (p. 173).

From Tasso (*Rime*, Venice, 1608: Part IV., p. 104):—

“ Questa lieve zenzara
 Quanto ha sorte migliore
 Dela farfalla, che s'infiamma, e more
 L'una di chiaro foco,
 Di gentil sangue è vaga
 L'altra, che vive di sì bella piaga.
 O fortunato loco
 Tra 'l mento, e 'l casto petto,
 Altrove non fu mai maggior diletto.”

OF THAT SAME (p. 173).

Again from Tasso (*ibid.*, Part IV., p. 104):—

“ Tu moristi in quel seno,
 Piccioletta zenzara,
 Dov' è sì gran fortuna il venir meno.
 Quando fin più beato,
 O ver tomba più cara,
 Fu mai concesso da benigno fato?
 Felice tu, felice
 Più che nel rego oriental Fenice !”

LOVE NAKED (p. 174).

This is from the Italian, but I have not succeeded in tracing the original. There is a version of the same by Crashaw, which I subjoin:—

OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

“ Would any one the true cause find
 How Love came nak'd, a boy, and blind?
 'Tis this: list'ning one day too long
 To th' Syrens in my mistress' song,
 The ecstasy of a delight
 So much o'er-mast'ring all his might,
 To that one sense made all else thrall,
 And so he lost his clothes, eyes, heart and all.”

NIOBE (p. 174).

Translated from the following verses by Bernardo Accolti (*Rime di diversi Autori*, Venice, 1550):—

“ Niobe son, leggà mia sorte dura
 Chi miser è, e non chi mai si dolse.
 Sette, e sette figliuoi mi diè natura,
 E sette, e sette un giorno sol mi tolse.
 Poi fu al marmo il marmo sepoltura,
 Perche 'l Ciel me regina in pietra volse ;
 E se non credi, apri 'l sepolcro basso,
 Cener non troverai, ma sasso in sasso.”

UPON A PORTRAIT (p. 176).

In the edition of 1656 this sonnet appears with the heading, “On the Pourtrait of the Countesse of

Perthe." The three following pieces relate to the same subject. This lady was Jean, daughter of Robert Ker, first Earl of Roxburgh, and wife of John Drummond, second Earl of Perth, who succeeded to the title upon the death of his elder brother, James, in December 1611. Earl John was a man of learning and literary tastes: five of the poet Drummond's letters to him, chiefly on heraldic or genealogical matters, are extant, and have been published. His Countess "lived in great esteem with all that knew her, and died much regretted about the year 1622" (*Genealogy of the House of Drummond*, by William Drummond, Viscount Strathallan: Edinburgh, 1831: p. 208). She died young, although the mother of seven children.

I think Drummond was indebted for the hint of this graceful sonnet to Marino, a sonnet by whom (*Rime*, Part I., p. 205) begins with the following lines:—

“ La Dea, che 'n Cipro, e 'n Amathunta impera,
Quando, o dove a te, Fidia, ignuda apparse?
Forse quando l'Egeo, che d'amor n' arse,
Solcò nascente in su la conca altera?
O pur' allhor, che dala terza spera
Al Troiano pastor venne a mostrarse? ”

UPON THAT SAME (p. 176).

The blushing morn The red must lend, the milky way the white (lines 10–11). Compare Marino (*Rime*, Part I., p. 202, *Sonnet*):—

“ L'ostro schietto al' Aurora, il latte tolse
Al bel calle stellato, e 'l santo viso,
E la beata fronte ornar ne volse. ”

EURYMEDON'S PRAISE OF MIRA (p. 180).

*Two Phœnixes be now, love's queens are two, Four
Graces, Muses ten, all made by you* (lines 11-12).
Compare the following anonymous epigram from the
Greek Anthology (*Anthol. Palatin.*, vol. i. p. 76) :—

Τέσσαρες αἱ Χάριτες, Παφίαι δύο, καὶ δέκα Μοῦσαι.
Δερκυλὶς ἐν πάσαις Μοῦσα, Χάρις, Παφίη.

I.e., Four are the Graces, Venuses two, and ten the
Muses ; among them all is Dercylis, a Muse, a Grace,
a Venus.

Compare also Drummond's posthumous "Epitaph
of one named Margaret."

ERYCINE AT THE DEPARTURE OF ALEXIS (p. 182).

Alexis is Sir William Alexander, the author of
the following sonnet, headed "Alexis to Damon" ;
Damon being, of course, Drummond himself. Alex-
ander's sonnet concludes the *Madrigals and Epigrams*
in the edition of 1616, and is here retained, both on
account of its connection with the sonnet by Drum-
mond which immediately precedes it, and as an
interesting testimony to the close friendship which
subsisted between the two poets.

FORTH FEASTING (p. 189).

To spare the humble, proudlings pester down (line
164). King James's motto, "Parcere subjectis et
debellare superbos."

Thou sung'st away the hours, till from their sphere Stars seem'd to shoot, thy melody to hear (lines 173-174). Compare *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II., Sc. 1 :—

“ And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.”

There is a land . . . Which, homelings, from this little world we name (lines 321-323). Drummond probably alludes to the colony of New Scotland.



END OF VOL. I.

Fold close, soft wings, your
airy wings ~~at~~ rest;
Eh, that have twined with
thousand leaves your head,
You saw the children of your
brows you shed
Your fallen (glories) falling
streams modest,

Turning w/ 1000 leaves
your aged head,

(Broad) eh, the children
of your brows you shed,
With fallen glories falling
streams modest

The fallen year doth
falling streams
modest.

2. Stay, elm, that twined
w/ 1000 leaves
✓ ~~they~~ head
you

Still - dropping, skies,
you falling stream
molest

Elm that w/ 1000

leaves you aged to
have twined, then children
of your brows you
shed,

while falling, skies that
falling streams
molest

Fold close, soft winds, your
airy wings in rest,
~~Where these your weary leaves,~~
~~or these your dead~~

~~Elm, that with not a single~~
~~leaves your head~~

Elm, that with thousand
leaves ~~thy~~ aged head
~~Has dressed~~ your

~~Dost murmuring twine, be~~
~~Dost twine, these children~~
~~of thy brow untaken~~
that

~~Elm, that at tree~~

Have murmuring twined

Just twice
Elm, that ~~of~~ thousand
leaves {thy} ~~aged~~ ~~has~~
 {your}

Too soon the children
of your brows your
 shad

Fold close, soft winds, your
 silly wings in rest
Elm, ^{who} ~~that~~ with thousand
leaves your aged has
Have twined, the children
of your brows ~~your~~ ~~shad~~
 who
Whose

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