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A. P. Woodhouse. 1920.

POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
EDMUND WALLER

EDITED WITH A MEMOIR

BY

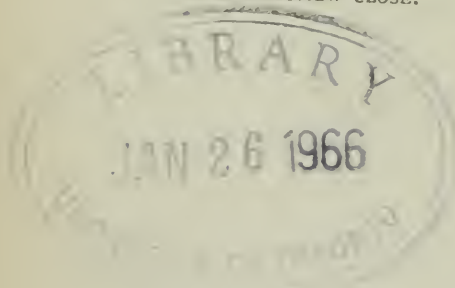
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# EDMUND WALLER.

1605—1687.

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EDMUND WALLER was born at Coleshill, in Hertfordshire, on the 3rd March, 1605.\* He was descended from a family of great affluence and antiquity. So far back as the reign of Henry VI., they held rich possessions in Kent; and had estates at later periods in Sussex, Bedfordshire, and Hertfordshire. The main branch finally settled at Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire, some time towards the close of the fifteenth, or early in the sixteenth, century. Generals, who fought at Agincourt and distinguished themselves in the civil war; sheriffs, who held a monopoly of county honours, and estated gentlemen, whose rent-rolls supplied them with princely revenues,† adorn the long list of Waller's ancestry; but their deeds and munificence are forgotten in the fame of their descendant.

In 1548-9, the lands of Beaconsfield, and other property in Hertfordshire and elsewhere, were bequeathed by Francis Waller in part to his wife, for her use as long as she remained unmarried, the whole to devolve to a child then unborn; and in default to the testator's two brothers, Thomas and Edmund, to be divided between them; with other provisions against further

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\* According to the evidence of a writ of 'oustre les maynes,' citing the date of the death of Waller's father, the poet was born in 1606; but the date above given is verified by the inscription on his monument in Beaconsfield churchyard.

† One of Waller's ancestors is said to have derived 7,000*l.* a-year from his estates, equivalent to nearly 30,000*l.* of our money. It is related of another Waller, who served at Agincourt, that he took the Duke of Orleans prisoner, brought him to England, and kept him on his estate for four-and-twenty years. A third was a general in the army of the Parliament.

default. Edmund Waller appears to have ultimately inherited all the estates, which descended from him to his son Robert, the father of the poet.\* Robert Waller entered the profession of the law; but relinquished it for the easier life of a country gentleman, dividing his time between Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire, but fixing his chief residence at Beaconsfield. This gentleman died on the 26th August, 1616, leaving to his widow the sole care and education of his son, Edmund, then eleven years old.

To the training of his youth may be distinctly traced the germs of the political principles that afterwards influenced the career of the poet. Mrs. Waller was an uncompromising royalist, although connected by blood and marriage with Cromwell and Hampden. She was the daughter of Griffith Hampden, and her brother William, the father of John Hampden, was married to Elizabeth Cromwell, the daughter of Sir Henry Cromwell, and aunt to the Protector. She was, consequently, the aunt of John Hampden, and her brother was uncle, by marriage, to Oliver Cromwell. This connexion was always acknowledged on both sides. Cromwell used to call her 'aunt,' and was in the habit, according to the usage of the time, when the phrase was current amongst the most distant relationships, of addressing Edmund Waller as 'cousin.' He continued to maintain these friendly terms even after the government was vested in his hands, and bore with magnanimity the half-jesting and half-earnest reproaches of Mrs. Waller, who made no concealment of her aversion to the new order of things. At last, however, finding that she carried her loyalty to the extreme length of keeping up a secret correspondence with the friends of the Stuarts, he placed her under surveillance, strictly confining her to the house of her daughter, who was married to Price, a violent parliamentarian. How long this lady survived her husband is not known; but that she lived long enough to witness the establishment of the Commonwealth is testified by her auto-

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\* Communicated by Mr. Larking.—*Notes and Queries*, vi. 538.

graph, which will be found at the close of this volume. She was certainly living in 1652.

Edmund Waller was educated at Eton, and removed at an unusually early age to King's College, Cambridge. The progress he made in his studies there is said to have attracted so much notice, that he was solicited, while he was yet only sixteen, to enter parliament for the borough of Agmondesham;\* but it will be more rational to conclude that he was indebted for this juvenile distinction to the power and wealth of his family. The scholastic attainments of sixteen, however creditable they might have been to his capacity or his perseverance, could scarcely have presented so strong a temptation to the electors of Agmondesham as the name he bore, and the local influence it represented.

He accepted the honour, but it was barren of results. He did nothing to advance his own reputation, or the interests committed to his charge. The House of Commons, indeed, at that period was utterly powerless. Whenever it attempted to vindicate its independence, it was silenced by the King. This parliament, to which Waller was returned, made a show of insisting upon its privileges, and carried a resolution to that effect; but James sent for the journals, and tore out the leaf containing the protest. It was, in fact, a mere mockery of representation, and the session was brought to an end as soon as the supplies were voted. The house met in November, and was abruptly dissolved in the following January. There was no opportunity for the oldest and most experienced members to distinguish themselves; and, even if there had been, Waller could not have turned it to profit. Agmondesh-

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\* The progress ascribed to Waller at college is not entitled to much credit. We learn from Aubrey that at the Grammar School of Market Wickham, where he received the rudiments of his education, he was dull and slow in his tasks. Mr. Thomas Bigge, of Wickham, who had been his schoolfellow, and of the same form, told Aubrey 'that he little thought then Waller would have made so rare a poet; for he was wont to make his exercise for him.' This account is highly probable. It clearly indicates the character of Waller's genius, which demanded time and labour in the accomplishment of the smallest results.

ham was a suspended borough. The right to send members to parliament had been in abeyance ever since the reigns of Edward I. and II.; yet it appears that it was permitted to have representatives in the house, on condition that they took no part in its deliberations. They were allowed to take their seats *sub silentio*. Such were the circumstances under which Waller made his first appearance in parliament, at an age when the restraint imposed upon him could scarcely be a source of regret to himself or his constituents.

His ambition was, probably, abundantly satisfied with the bare privilege of sitting in parliament. The distinction of representing a borough carried a prestige which was of no slight importance to a youth of good family and ample fortune, and which Waller appears to have appreciated at its full value. It was not surprising that at sixteen he should prefer the seductions of St. James's and Theobald's to the struggles of a degraded senate, and make no better use of his parliamentary opportunities than to advance his social position. The time had not yet arrived when members of the House of Commons were to choose finally between the country and the Crown; nor had Waller reached that maturity of years and observation necessary to enable men to judge for themselves on such subjects, or even to think seriously about them. With a large, unencumbered income, a ready wit just bursting into flower, and a predilection for the King's cause, in opposition to that of the people, which he inherited from his mother, Waller at once dropped into the 'primrose path of dalliance' that best suited his inclinations. His first session may be succinctly described as his introduction to Court.

Here we find him in frequent attendance during the brief term of the third parliament of James I.; admitted not only as a favourite, but allowed to be present at some of those singular conversations on state affairs, mixed with buffoonery, which that eccentric sovereign was in the habit of holding with his advisers. One of these conversations is recorded in detail by Waller's original biographer. It is stated to have

taken place on the day of the dissolution of the parliament, which was the 6th of January, 1622. The session, which his Majesty on that day brought suddenly to a close, was rendered memorable not only by the committal to prison of several members of the Commons, but by the arbitrary arrest of two members of the upper house, Oxford and Southampton; out of which circumstance arose the first systematic opposition of the Lords to the encroachments of the Crown. The King, not content with forcing the supplies from the Commons, appears, from this conversation, to have contemplated the further violence of dispensing with parliamentary forms altogether when he wanted to raise money.

Mr. Waller found Dr. Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, and Dr. Neale, Bishop of Durham, standing behind his Majesty's chair; and then happened something very extraordinary in the conversation these prelates had with the King, on which Mr. Waller did often reflect. His Majesty asked the bishops, 'My lords, cannot I take my subjects' money when I want it, without all this formality of parliament?' The Bishop of Durham readily answered, 'God forbid, sir, but you should; you are the breath of our nostrils!' Whereupon the King turned, and said to the Bishop of Winchester, 'Well, my lord, what say you?' 'Sir,' replied the Bishop, 'I have no skill to judge of parliamentary cases.' The King answered, 'No put-offs, my lord; answer me presently.' 'Then, sir,' said he, 'I think it is lawful for you to take my brother Neale's money, for he offers it.' Mr. Waller said the company was pleased with this answer, and the wit of it seemed to affect the King; for, a certain lord coming in soon after, his Majesty cried out, 'Oh, my lord, they say you lig with my lady.' 'No, sir,' said his lordship in confusion, 'but I like her company because she has much wit.' 'Why then,' says the King, 'do you not lig with my lord of Winchester there?'

After this, there was no more talk of parliaments till 1624; and there would have been none even then, but that the King was pressed by pecuniary necessities, and obliged to ask help from the Commons. Whether Waller was a candidate for re-election does not appear: but it is certain that he was not returned. The electors of Armondesham petitioned the house for the restitution of their lapsed privileges, and,

having succeeded, placed the representation in the hands of two gentlemen, through whose exertions they had recovered their independence. Soon afterwards James I. died, and Charles summoned a new parliament, which met for the first time on the 18th June, 1625. In this parliament Waller sat for Chipping Wycombe, another Buckinghamshire borough. He was as unfortunate on this occasion as on the former. Adjourned on account of the plague, and transferred to Oxford, the parliament had sat scarcely three weeks when it was dissolved. The King demanded subsidies to the extent of 700,000*l.* a year to meet the expenses of the war with Spain, besides a sum of 600,000*l.* to cover the royal debts. The Commons refused to grant more than about 145,000*l.*, and were dismissed to their constituents. A second parliament was convened in 1626; but a year elapsed before Waller found a seat, when he was re-elected for Agmondesham in March 1627. What part he took on the articles of impeachment presented against Buckingham by the Commons in this year is not known; but it may be inferred from his associations that he voted for the favourite. For many years afterwards he made no prominent display in public life. His politics during the interval must be gathered from his poems, which consist almost exclusively of panegyrics on the King and Queen, and other courtly topics.

His first poem, written in his eighteenth year, is remarkable in this respect—that it may be accepted as the model of all the poems that followed. He not only never departed from this model, but never improved upon it. The circumstance upon which it is founded—the escape of Prince Charles in a tempest on his homeward voyage from Spain—is related by Clarendon. Waller amplifies the incident, embellishes it with careful flattery, and elevates it into an heroic episode by the employment of classical machinery. It is not, however, his manner of treating so slight a subject that constitutes the chief interest, or curiosity, of the piece. Grand exaggerations were common enough in that age of patronage and hyperbole. The metrical system developed and laid down in these verses

distinguishes them from all other first attempts in poetry. At no period did Waller construct his lines with a more rigid adherence to the standard of versification he had set up, or adopted, from the beginning. 'If we were to judge only by the wording,' observes one of his critics, 'we could not know what was wrote at twenty and what was wrote at four-score.' To which Dr. Johnson adds, 'Denham corrected his numbers by experience, and gained ground gradually upon the ruggedness of his age; but what was acquired by Denham was inherited by Waller.' Dr. Johnson, probably, intended to convey that Waller inherited his numbers from Fairfax; but it had been better said elsewhere that he attained them 'by a felicity like instinct.' Dryden tells us that he had heard Waller declare that 'he derived the harmony of his numbers from the Godfrey of Bulloigne, which was turned into English by Mr. Fairfax;' but while this legitimate poetical lineage may be admitted without hesitation, it does not satisfy the surprise with which we discover in Waller's earliest poem an accuracy of structure which was not excelled in his latest. Fairfax had set the example of this style, but he only initiated it; his lines are frequently harsh, and there is no difficulty in tracing through his pages the progress of improvement towards that smoothness which Waller brought to perfection. That which in Fairfax is always aimed at, and frequently accomplished, is the undeviating rule in Waller, from which scarcely a solitary aberration can be detected. Of Sandys, also, it may be said, as of Fairfax, that his numbers were generally correct; but of Waller alone, that they were invariably musical. To the fact that Waller had determined upon his scheme of versification before he began to versify, and that he went on and ended as he commenced, may be referred at once the source of his distinctive merits, and their obvious bounds. The form took precedence of the matter; the inspiration waited on the vehicle. All the excellence that could be achieved by elegant turns of expression, select images, and deliberate flights of fancy, or of sentiment, restrained within prescribed limits, is

to be found, brought to the utmost point of certainty and finish, in his verse. But this exquisite workmanship solicits admiration rather by its executive skill, than its solidity, or the uses to which it is applied. The light and graceful structure could not bear much weight of thought, or be rendered available for large designs. Waller's paramount object was to produce smooth and melodious lines; and in that object he entirely succeeded. 'When he was a brisk young spark,' Aubrey informs us, 'and first studied poetry, 'Methought,' said he, 'I never saw a good copy of English verses; they want smoothness; then I began to essay.' This is the key to everything he wrote.

The poem on the Prince was followed, at distant intervals, by two or three others, of the same quality, and on similar topics. It is one of the inevitable conditions of this kind of verse, with which impulse has so little to do, and premeditation so much, that it shall be produced slowly. And there was another reason, independently of the extraordinary care he bestowed upon his writings, why these little pieces occupied so much time. Waller wrote only by snatches. The ore was as thinly scattered as it was difficult to work. Aubrey tells us that he had several times heard Waller say that he could not versify when he would; but that, when the fit came upon him, he did it easily. We must understand from this that he made his first draught easily; the labour consisted in shaping the crude material into its ultimate form. Most of his poems plainly betray the process to which they were submitted. Begun upon a particular topic, they were generally delayed till its attraction had faded, and it became necessary to sustain it by the introduction of more recent allusions. He lingered so long over his lines on the Prince's escape, for example, that the interest of the Spanish negotiation was absorbed in the French alliance before he brought the poem to a conclusion. This excessive fastidiousness was not always attended with commensurate success. Ten lines he wrote in the Duchess's *Tasso*, at Windsor, are said to have cost him the greater part of a summer; yet they contain nothing more

than the reproduction of a compliment he had long before addressed to Saccharissa, in much more graceful and animated verses.

In none of the productions of this early period are there any symptoms of that gallantry which afterwards formed so conspicuous an element in his poetry. His muse at this time devoted herself exclusively to royalty, and expended the whole of her resources upon studied panegyric. Emotion ripened as slowly in Waller as verse; and, contrary to the ordinary experience of poets, as of other men, he passed through the stages of marriage and widowhood before he fell in love. At about six-and-twenty, he married the daughter and heiress of Mr. Banks, a rich city merchant. The lady had a large fortune, and there was a competition for her hand. But Waller succeeded against the pretensions of a powerful rival, Mr. Crofts (afterwards Baron Crofts), whose suit was supported by the influence of the court. This marriage occasioned some notoriety at the time, from the circumstances attending it, and the relative position of the parties; but, although it looked like an adventure, it was, in reality, on Waller's side, merely a matter of prudential calculation. He was entering public life, and availed himself of the first favourable opportunity that offered for augmenting his fortune.

Shortly after his marriage, Waller retired to his estate at Beaconsfield, where he devoted himself to literary pursuits, assisted in his studies by Dr. Morley, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, who resided with him for several years.\* The

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\* Dr. George Morley, born in 1597, was the son of Francis Morley, Esq. by a sister of Sir John Denham. Reduced at an early age, by the imprudence of his father, to depend upon his own exertions, he became an indefatigable student, and succeeded in securing the friendship and patronage of some of the most distinguished men. The King appointed him his chaplain in ordinary, and gave him a canonry in Christ Church, Oxford, of which he was afterwards deprived in consequence of his devotion to the royal cause. In 1649, he accompanied the Prince to the Hague, and afterwards officiated in Clarendon's family at Antwerp. Upon the Restoration he was restored to his canonry, and nominated to the bishopric of Worcester, and in 1662 translated to Winchester. He died at Farnham Castle, in 1694.

The origin of Waller's acquaintance with Morley is differently

interval that elapsed before he re-entered parliament presented little temptation to seduce him from his seclusion. The struggle had begun between the King and the two houses: and the intermittent efforts of the representatives of the people to obtain a redress of grievances merely showed how powerless the constitution was at that time to resist the despotism of the crown. Representation was, to all intents and purposes, suspended; and, in order the more effectually to crush the action of public opinion, and prevent the co-operation of men of station and influence in different parts of the country, the King, late in the year 1632, adopted the extreme measure of issuing a proclamation by which all lords and gentlemen were commanded to reside upon their estates. It was no great penalty to Waller to submit to this arbitrary decree; although there can be no doubt that it helped to awaken him to the oppression of which the nation at large had long before complained. During this period he renewed his acquaintance with the classical authors, and devoted himself assiduously to poetry. The actual results were, as usual, small—a few short pieces on public events, finished with habitual elegance, and full of compliments to royalty.

At the end of a few years, Mrs. Waller died, leaving a son who did not long survive her, and a daughter, who was afterwards married to Mr. Dormer, a gentleman of Oxfordshire. When this event occurred, Waller was little more than nine-and-twenty. There was no longer any obligation upon him to lead a life of retirement; and his natural inclinations

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related. Clarendon says that Morley introduced Waller into that select society of which Falkland, Chillingworth, and himself were members; while Waller's first biographer asserts that, it was his connexion with that society which brought Waller acquainted with Morley. At one of the meetings of the club, a noise was heard in the street, which the members were told was occasioned by the arrest of a son of Ben Jonson. Upon sending for him, Waller was so struck by his appearance and conversation that he presented him with 100*l.*, and invited him to his house, where he remained several years. The only part of this anecdote that can be considered entitled to credit is the fact that Morley resided for a considerable period at Beaconsfield. There is no authority for the statement that he was a son of Ben Jonson.

drawing him back to society, a very short time elapsed before he again appeared in the gay world. Having married in the first instance for fortune, he could now afford to marry from choice; and his election was soon made. The lady who, at this dangerous season, attracted his attentions, was the eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester, the Lady Dorothea Sidney, whom Waller has rendered famous under the name of Saccharissa.

Circumstances were peculiarly favourable to the feelings she inspired. Waller was young, rich, a wit, and a poet. Lady Dorothea was a descendant of Sir Philip Sidney; she was considered a beauty; and her beauty reigned supreme in the romantic solitudes of Penshurst. Her father was engaged in an embassy abroad; and there was no interruption to the indulgence of a passion which so many propitious incidents seemed to encourage. There does not appear to have been much company at Penshurst, till Waller, alarmed by the presence of a rival, declared his suit; when we find him addressing a poem to the Earl of Leicester, in which he conjures his lordship to come home, and decide the contest for his daughter's hand. The only persons alluded to in the verses upon Saccharissa, are Lady Dorothea's younger sister, that 'fairest blossom,' Lady Lucy; and Mrs. Broughton, Saccharissa's attendant, whose intercession with her lady, at those private hours when ladies are supposed to be accessible to such influences, is earnestly entreated by the poet. Amoret, the friend of Saccharissa, is also spoken of. No obstacle seems to have impeded the course of the lover; and, as far as the poems throw any light upon the history of the memorable episode they illustrate, Waller had ample opportunity to urge his pretensions. The chivalry, however, which he displayed on a former occasion, deserted him in the presence of the proud Saccharissa; and, notwithstanding his poetry, his reputation, and his wealth, she rejected him with scorn.

From what followed, it may be inferred that the disappointment did not weigh very heavily on his spirits; nor can it be assumed from his verses that his feelings were very

deeply engaged. The love poems are as laboriously worked up as the lines on the reduction of Sallee, or the panegyric on the Protector. They have an air of formality and invention which might, probably, not be wholly inconsistent with a real passion, since real passions affect different natures differently; but which certainly is not suggestive of much earnestness or profound sensibility. The poet selects his praises with artistic caution, and appears throughout to be creating an ideal rather than offering spontaneous homage to a reality. The same verses in which he celebrates the beauty of Saccharissa, might be addressed, with almost equal propriety, to a picture or a statue; and there is hardly a single personal attribute on which he founds his worship of the lady of Penshurst, that he has not also ascribed, in varying phrases, and more elaborate forms, to the Queen and the Duchess of York. His stock of charms and fascinations is limited, and is applied in common to every woman he eulogizes; there is no individuality in his portraiture; and it is only when he comes to contrast the characters of Saccharissa and Amoret, and is forced to distinguish and oppose their qualities, that we discern a separate identity in his descriptions.

The absence of information respecting the date of his amatory poems—if they may be so called—deprives us of the means of ascertaining whether any of them are referable to the period when he was wooing Saccharissa. But there is internal evidence of the fact that, towards the close of their intercourse, when he was beginning to despair of touching her heart, he took refuge in the milder climate of Amoret's eyes. He was avowedly in a state of perplexity between them; and if he was not actually in love with them both at the same time, he was, at least, not unwilling they should think so. In the poem which announces his divided allegiance, and furnishes the conflicting reasons which render the choice so difficult, he frankly declares that he is equally devoted to both:—

I will tell you how I do  
Saccharissa love and you.

The confession was not complimentary to either of the

ladies; and it must have been especially unacceptable to Amoret to be informed that Waller sought relief in the less splendid benignity of her beauty, as an escape from the dazzling light of Saccharissa's. We learn, from a subsequent poem, that Amoret (who is said to have been the Lady Sophia Murray) treated his addresses as might be expected from this untoward revelation; and that, notwithstanding the sweetness and gentleness on which he founded his hopes, he had the mortification of discovering, upon a nearer approach, that her heart was not 'at home' to receive him. Although the time when the other love verses were written is pure matter of conjecture, we may fairly assign them to the period immediately following the death of Mrs. Waller. If they were not composed while Waller was prosecuting his suit to Saccharissa, they were probably produced very soon after; and, as we are assured that the Chlorises,\* Phillises, Sylvias, and Flavias were real, and not imaginary, persons, they exhibit in a remarkable point of view the elastic capacity of Waller's affections. The fact that he could transfer his sympathies with such facility from one lady to another, and include at nearly the same moment so many in his comprehensive litany, materially diminishes the confidence we might otherwise be disposed to place in the sincerity of his devotion to Saccharissa. A variety of inspirations may be necessary to supply the demands of a poetical temperament; but it may be reasonably doubted whether he was ever moved by a true passion who professes to have been moved by it frequently. Impressions that succeed each other so rapidly may occupy the fancy of a poet, but can scarcely be supposed to reach his heart.

Of the subsequent life of Saccharissa little is known, except that she married the Earl of Sunderland (then Lord Spencer), who was killed at the battle of Newbury, about four years after his marriage; that she bore her lord three children; that

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\* It may be assumed that Chloris was Mrs. Wharton. See the lines on that lady's *Elegy on Rochester*, p. 203.

at the end of ten years she married Mr. Robert Smythe; and that having lived to a great age, she was buried in the same vault with her first husband, at Brinton, in Northamptonshire. Her picture may be seen in the gallery at Penshurst. It disappoints at first sight the expectations raised by the descriptions of Waller; but upon closer examination we may detect in its compound expression the blended features of Philoclea and Pamela, traced in it by the poet. Latent energy and a royal temper sleep under large, languishing eyes; and even in the softness of a commodious person, a blond complexion and sunny hair, there are unmistakeable suggestions of pride and haughty reserve. The figure is voluptuous, perhaps a little coarse; and the whole character has that exacting air of indolence which typifies the union of a strong will and a constitutional love of ease.

In the last poem addressed by Waller to Saccharissa he declares his intention of going abroad, and seeking consolation in change of scene; but when next we hear of him, we find him settling down tranquilly at home in a second marriage. As it often happens that poet's mistresses become famous, while their wives sink into oblivion, so in this case poetical history has collected many particulars concerning Saccharissa, while it records nothing about Waller's wife, except that her name was Bresse, or Breaux (even that point is undetermined), and that she brought him a great number of children.

Towards the close of 1639, the year of Saccharissa's marriage, the King, acting under the advice of Wentworth and Laud, resolved to call a parliament. This revival of the popular estate summoned Waller from his domestic repose and literary pursuits, and he was again returned for Agmondesham. The great object of the King was to obtain the consent of the Commons to the subsidies he required; and, in order to produce a striking effect at the opening of the session, which commenced its sittings on the 13th April, 1640, Wentworth, now Earl of Strafford, went over to Ireland, and succeeded in procuring from the Irish House of Commons a grant of four subsidies. Relying upon the influ-

ence of this grant as a precedent, Strafford demanded a similar concession from the English Parliament; but was met by a catalogue of grievances,—ship-money, monopolies, innovations in religion, breaches of privilege, and star-chamber oppressions. The redress of these grievances was insisted upon before the house would consent to entertain the question of supply. Waller's known relations with the Court led to the supposition, on the one hand, that he would support the demands of the King; while, on the other, his intimate connexion with Hampden encouraged the expectation that he would take the popular side. His conduct, when the subject came to be debated on the 22d April, was honourable alike to his independence and his judgment. In a speech, distinguished by eloquence and closeness of argument, he defended the constitutional doctrine set up by the Commons, while he endeavoured, by the expression of his respect for the person and authority of the Sovereign, to mitigate the heat of discussion; concluding with a proposition that the house should first consider the grievances, and then proceed to the supply.

In the following bold passage he cast the odium of the King's measures upon the clergy, by whose support his Majesty was principally sustained in his arbitrary proceedings:—

But his Majesty shall hear the truth from us; and we shall make appear the error of these divines, who would persuade us that a monarch must be absolute, and that he may do all things *ad libitum*; receding not only from the text (though that be a wandering too), but from the way their own profession might teach them, *State super vias antiquas*, and, *Remove not the ancient bounds and landmarks which our fathers have set*. If to be absolute were to be restrained by no laws, then can no King in Christendom be so; for, they all stand obliged to the laws Christian; and we ask no more; for to this pillar our privileges are fixed, our Kings at their Coronation taking a sacred oath not to infringe them. I am sorry these men take no more care to gain our belief of these things which they tell us for our souls' healths, while we know them so manifestly in the wrong in that which concerns the liberties and privileges of the subjects of

England. But, they gain preferment; and then 'tis no matter, though they neither believe themselves, nor are believed by others. But, since they are so ready to let loose the consciences of their Kings, we are the more carefully to provide for our protection against this pulpit law, by declaring, and reinforcing the municipal laws of this kingdom.

Waller, probably, had the Bishop of Durham's answer to the King (which he had heard some years before at St. James's) in his thoughts when he was delivering this passage.\*

The King had confidently relied upon Waller's support, and sent a particular message to him, requesting that he would second the demand for subsidies. With this request it was impossible to comply, but Waller, unable to help the King with his vote, showed his earnest desire to rescue him from the dangerous counsels upon which he was acting. Learning that Sir Henry Vane objected against first voting a supply, because the King would not accept it unless it came up to the amount he demanded, Waller spoke anxiously on the subject to Sir Thomas Jermyn, the comptroller of the household, entreating him to save his master from the effects of so dangerous a course; 'for,' he said, 'I am but a country gentleman, and cannot pretend to know the King's mind.' This salutary warning was in vain. Sir Thomas Jermyn was afraid to contradict the secretary; and, long afterwards, the Earl of St. Albans, Sir Thomas's son, told Waller that his father's cowardice had ruined the King.†

On the 4th of May Charles sent Sir Henry to demand six subsidies from the house; but Sir Henry, either by mistake or design, demanded twelve, which threw the Commons into

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\* Dr. Johnson describes this address of Waller's as 'one of those noisy speeches which disaffection and discontent regularly dictate; a speech filled with hyperbolical complaints of imaginary grievances.' Yet there is nothing in the speech more palpable than its freedom from exaggeration, and its loyal desire to reconcile the King and the Parliament; and nothing in history more certain than that the grievances complained of were real.

† Life of Waller. Ed. 1711.

a flame; and his Majesty, finding that no money would be granted, committed several members to the Fleet, and dissolved the parliament on the following day. Thus terminated the brief session which is known as the Short Parliament.

It was succeeded in the following November by what is no less emphatically designated the Long Parliament. Waller, who had acquired considerable popularity by his conduct on the question of supply, was again elected for Agmondesham; and so much importance was attached to the influence of his name, that he was selected by the Commons to manage the prosecution of Judge Crawley, who, together with Sir John Bramstone, chief justice of the King's Bench; Sir Humphrey Davenport, chief baron; Finch, and others, had advised and sanctioned the levy of ship-money and other abuses. Waller's speech upon this grave occasion displays a courage equal to the emergencies of the time, tempered by a sound and dispassionate judgment. Strictly confining himself to the matter in the charge, that Crawley, being one of the judges of the Common Pleas, had declared and published in the Exchequer Chamber, and on the Western Circuit, 'that the King's right to ship-money was so inherent a right in the Crown, as an act of parliament could not take it away;' he showed with clearness and precision the fallacy and danger of suffering the tribunals of the law to usurp the prerogative of legislation. After a general expression of respect for the functions of the judge, he proceeded to expose the pernicious use to which they had been perverted in this instance.

But as all professions are obnoxious to the malice of the professors, and by them most easily betrayed, so, my lords, these Articles have told you how these brothers of the coif are become *fratres in malo*; how these sons of the law have torn out the bowels of their mother. But this judge, whose charge you last heard, in one expression of his excels no less his fellows than they have done the worst of their predecessors in this conspiracy against the commonwealth. Of the judgment for ship-money, and those extra-judicial opinions preceding the same (wherein they are jointly concerned), you have already heard; how unjust and pernicious a proceeding that was in so public a cause, has

been sufficiently expressed to your lordships. But this man, adding despair to our miseries, tells us from the bench that ship-money was a right so inherent in the crown, that it would not be in the power of an act of parliament to take it away. Herein, my lords, he did not only give as deep a wound to the commonwealth as any of the rest, but dipped his dart in such a poison, that, so far as in him lay, it might never receive a cure. As by these abortive opinions, subscribing to the subversion of our propriety before he heard what could be said for it, he prevented his own; so, by this declaration of his, he endeavours to prevent the judgment of your lordships too; and to confine the power of a parliament, the only place where this mischief might be redressed.

The inconsistency of denying the supremacy of the law from the very bench where the law itself was administered, is exemplified in another passage.

This imposition of ship-money, springing from a pretended necessity, was it not enough that it was now grown annual, but he must entail it on the State for ever; at once making necessity inherent to the Crown, and slavery to the subject? Necessity! which, dissolving all law, is so much more prejudicial to his Majesty than to any of us, by how much the law has invested his royal state with a greater power, and ampler fortune. For, so undoubted a truth it has ever been, that kings, as well as subjects, are involved in the confusion which necessity produces, that the heathen thought their gods also obliged by the same, *Pareatur necessitati quam ne dii quidem superant*. This judge then having, in his charge at the assize, declared the dissolution of the law by this supposed necessity; with what conscience could he at the same assize proceed to condemn and punish men? unless, perchance, he meant the law was still in force for our destruction, and not for our preservation; that it should have the power to kill, but none to protect us! a thing no less horrid than if the sun should burn without lighting us; or, the earth serve only to bury, and not feed and nourish us.

At a subsequent period the proposal for the abolition of Episcopacy came under discussion. Upon this question Waller separated from what must be called his party; for the course he had hitherto taken undoubtedly identified him with the Parliament. Remembering what he had formerly

urged against the dangerous assumptions of the Bishops, his speech in defence of their order acquires peculiar force.

There is no doubt but the sense of what this nation had suffered from the present bishops hath produced these complaints; and the apprehensions men have of suffering the like in time to come, make so many desire the taking away of Episcopacy; but I conceive it is possible that we may not now take a right measure of the minds of the people by their petitions; for, when they subscribed them, the bishops were armed with a dangerous commission of making new canons, imposing new oaths, and the like; but now we have disarmed them of that power. These petitioners lately did look upon Episcopacy as a beast armed with horns and claws; but now that we have cut and pared them (and may, if we see cause, yet reduce it into narrower bounds) it may, perhaps, be more agreeable. Howsoever, if they be still in passion, it becomes us soberly to consider the right use and antiquity thereof; and not to comply further with a general desire than may stand with a general good.

We have already showed that Episcopacy and the evils thereof are mingled like water and oil; we have, also, in part, severed them; but I believe you will find that our laws and the present government of the Church are mingled like wine and water; so inseparable, that the abrogation of at least a hundred of our laws is desired in these petitions. I have often heard a noble answer of the Lords, commended in this house, to a proposition of like nature, but of less consequence: they gave no other reason of their refusal but this, *Nolumus mutare Leges Angliæ*. It was the bishops who so answered them; and it would become the dignity and wisdom of this house to answer the people now with a *Nolumus mutare*.

The main point of the argument was to illustrate the risks of innovation. 'If the people,' he observed, 'by multiplying hands and petitions prevail for an equality in things ecclesiastical, the next demand perhaps may be *Lex Agraria*, the like equality in things temporal;' and, therefore, he added in conclusion, 'my humble opinion is, that we may settle men's minds herein; and by a question declare our resolution to reform, that is, not to abolish Episcopacy.' In his speech on refusing the supplies he had already enunciated the same doctrine, applying it on that occasion to the inroads by the

King upon the established forms of the constitution. 'We all know,' he said, 'how dangerous innovations are, though to the better; and what hazard these princes must run that enterprize the change of a long-established government.' But the two cases were widely different; in the one, innovation was an outrage upon constitutional privileges, in the other, a legitimate exercise of them. In failing to see this distinction, or, perhaps, in desiring to evade it in the hope of bringing about a peaceful adjustment of differences, lies the fundamental error which led to all the subsequent calamities of Waller's life.

As the dissensions between the King and the Parliament gradually widened, and ultimately broke out into open hostility, there was no longer any middle refuge for men who, like Waller, trimmed between the extremes. The time for resting the dispute upon broad constitutional doctrines was gone by. Discussion had taken the shape of conflict. The King was in the field at the head of his troops, and the Parliament had organized an army to oppose him. Neutrality under these circumstances was impossible. It had become indispensable to adopt one side or the other.

There was but one escape open to Waller. Willing to reform, but not prepared to abolish, and still keeping up his personal relations with the King, while he continued to be trusted with the confidence of Parliament, he joined the small party, that at the beginning of hostilities stood still; and absented himself from the house. This voluntary withdrawal, however, did not last long. Having communicated his position to the King, he obtained, what it was a disloyalty to his constituents and to his own independence to ask, his Majesty's permission to resume his seat. His private sympathies were entirely with the King, and his public proceedings to some extent were faithful to his feelings. When his Majesty set up his standard at Nottingham, in August, 1642, Waller sent him a thousand broad pieces; and whenever he spoke in the house, it was to oppose the violence of his friends. He was permitted to use this free language with

impunity, because he was believed to be really in the interests of the people; and the Parliament testified their faith in him by appointing him one of the Commissioners to treat for peace with the King at Oxford, after the battle of Edgehill. When he was presented, the King, perceiving that he was the last in the order of precedence, said to him, 'Though you are the last, you are not the lowest, nor the least in my favour.' From this incident is dated the origin of Waller's participation in that enterprize which afterwards nearly cost him his life. Whitelock says, he was so deeply affected by these expressions, that he then formed the determination to join the confederacy that is known by the name of Waller's Plot; but Fenton tells us he had already joined it, and that the King's words were intended to intimate his knowledge of the fact.

The object of the Plot was to bring the war to a conclusion, and to reinstate the King. There can be no doubt that it was pacific in its origin. The whole force its promoters meant to bring to bear upon the Parliament was the moral force of opinion; but the plans and combinations necessary to give effect to such a demonstration led to a train of consequences beyond their control.

The design appears to have grown out of confidential conversations between Waller and his brother-in-law, Mr. Tomkins, who was clerk of the Queen's council. Tomkins' intercourse lay chiefly amongst commercial men in the city, as that of Waller amongst men of rank and station. Upon a comparison of their observations, they arrived at the conclusion that there was a large majority of people in both classes who disapproved of the proceedings of the Parliament, but who were restrained by fear from openly opposing them. To unite these people in some public expression of their sentiments, with a view to facilitate the pacification of the kingdom, comprised the whole plan contemplated by Waller. But a movement of this nature, which, in ordinary times, would have been perfectly legal and justifiable, was naturally regarded with suspicion in a season of agitation and distrust,

when society was in a state of disorganization, and all constitutional modes of action were suspended. The secrecy with which the projectors of the movement were compelled to carry on their preparations increased the danger. In order to ascertain their strength, they appointed persons on whom they could rely to make lists, in the different wards and parishes, of the inhabitants who were favourable or unfavourable to Parliament; and, as a measure of safety, they prohibited more than three of their friends from meeting in one place, and no individual was to communicate the design to more than two others. Lord Conway, who had just arrived from Ireland, ardent in the cause, joined in the confederation, and, being a soldier by profession, is supposed to have imparted something of a military character to its operations.

At the same time that this really peaceful combination was silently maturing its purposes, Sir Nicholas Crispe, a merchant, and furious loyalist, was engaged in promoting the same end by violent means. He had already procured a loan of 100,000*l.* for the King, raised a regiment at his own cost, and transmitted a commission of array from Oxford to London by the hands of Lady Aubigny, who was ignorant of the contents of the papers which she was entrusted to deliver to a gentleman in the city. Crispe, in fact, had organized an extensive conspiracy. The King's children were to be removed to a place of security; contributions were to be raised, soldiers enrolled, and magazines established; declarations were to be issued, announcing the objects in view; the prisoners committed by the Parliament were to be released, and the principal members of both houses, opposed to the King, were to be seized. Crispe was so confident of success, that he had colours in readiness to be raised at the Exchange, Temple Bar, and other public places.\*

The inevitable consequence of two movements, however different in their nature, being thus carried on simultaneously

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\* For details, see Clarendon, May, *Bio. Brit.*, and Forster's *Life of Pym*.

in the same interest, was that they should become confounded; and as the actors in each were committed to a common purpose, all were held to be equally guilty. Waller, being the most influential person implicated, and his complicity being considered all the more culpable as he had hitherto enjoyed the confidence of the Parliament, he was at once dealt with as the chief delinquent.

Information of the plot was conveyed to Pym on the 31st May, 1643, while he was at St. Margaret's church solemnizing a fast. In the midst of the worship, a messenger suddenly entered, and handed a letter to Pym; who hastily communicated the contents in whispers to his friends, and hurried out; the incident producing a profound sensation amongst the persons present. That night Waller and Tomkins were arrested at their houses.

There are different accounts of the means by which the plans of the confederates were traced and detected. According to one account,\* Waller was betrayed by his sister, Mrs. Price, whose chaplain, Goode, stole some of his papers, and might have secured them all, if Waller had not dreamt one night of his sister's treachery, and got up and burned what were left. According to Clarendon, the plot was discovered by a servant of Tomkins, who was employed by the Parliament as a spy. There is too much reason to believe that, through whatever channel the revelations may have been made, they came from a domestic quarter. All Waller's family, except his mother, were zealous parliamentarians. Two sisters were married to Price and Tomkins, and a third to Colonel Scroope, who afterwards obtained Cromwell's permission for Waller to return from exile, and who was himself hanged at the Restoration for signing the death warrant of the King; one of Waller's brothers served under Cromwell in Ireland; and another was a colonel in the army of the Parliament. Waller stood alone in his family in his allegiance to the King.

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\* A MS. written by a relative of Waller's, who lived in his house.

If Waller and Tomkins had acted with firmness, there might have been some difficulty in obtaining proofs of their guilt; but they were overcome by a paroxysm of terror, and declared themselves willing to confess not only everything they knew, but everything they suspected of others. They were ready to denounce their friends, in the pusillanimous hope of saving themselves. Waller gave up the names of the Earl of Portland and Lord Conway, who were immediately afterwards arrested, and their lands and goods seized; and implicated the Earl of Northumberland as being favourable to the design of checking the Parliament and reconciling them to the King. Tomkins confessed that he had received a commission of array from Lady Aubigny,\* and that he had buried it in his garden: voluntarily furnishing the Parliament with a clue to the whole conspiracy, which they could never have obtained through any other means.

There is, perhaps, no example on record of such humiliating cowardice, under circumstances that made so urgent an appeal to the honour and fidelity of a gentleman, as that which was exhibited by Waller throughout, if Clarendon's narrative of the transaction is to be considered entitled to credit. He volunteered to reveal to the Parliament the private conversations of ladies of rank, who had admitted him to their confidence on the credit of his wit and reputation; to expose their correspondence and intercourse with the King's friends; and to tell how they derived and conveyed intelligence. In plain terms, he offered to turn informer against all those who had reposed implicit trust in his integrity, expecting thereby to secure his own safety, which is said to have been promised to him by Pym. And this treachery was all the more despicable, because it was gratuitous and unnecessary; for the Parliament knew little or nothing definite of the plot, except the information acquired from these voluntary confessions. When Lord Portland, after having received a miserable

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\* In consequence of this confession Lady Aubigny was arrested; but effected her escape, and fled to the Hague.

letter from Waller, entreating him to acknowledge the truth of his statements, demanded to be confronted with him before the Lords, Waller solicited a private conference, for the purpose, as he alleged, of satisfying his lordship on the facts. When the conference was over, Lord Portland went to the usher of the house, and said, 'Do me the favour to tell my Lord Northumberland that Mr. Waller has extremely pressed me to save my own life and his, by throwing the blame on Lord Conway and the Earl of Northumberland.'\* In only one instance Waller appears to have shown rectitude or manliness. Being pressed with respect to Selden, Pierpont, and White-locke, he exonerated them from all participation in the conspiracy.

Waller, Tomkins, Chaloner (the agent of Crispe), Alexander Hampden (Waller's cousin, to whom he addressed one of his poems in happier days), Hassel (the King's letter-carrier between Oxford and London), Blinkorne, and White were arraigned at Guildhall, before a Council of War. Waller succeeded, says Clarendon, in getting his trial put off, 'till he might recover his understanding,' by acting with incredible dissimulation a strange remorse of conscience. Hassel died the night before the trial. All the rest were sentenced. Tomkins and Chaloner were executed in front of their own houses; Alexander Hampden expired in prison: and White and Blinkorne were ultimately reprieved.

Waller, by obtaining the postponement of his trial till the immediate fury of prosecution had been abated through the sacrifice of its first victims, and by appealing from the military tribunal to the House of Commons, finally escaped. The speech he addressed to the house on this occasion was admirably adapted to propitiate the compassion and the prejudices of the assembly. He affected profound contrition, threw himself wholly on the mercy of his hearers, but artfully reminded them that their own rights would be compromised

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\* The Earl of Portland and Lord Conway denied the truth of Waller's statements; and, there being no other testimony against them, they were admitted to bail after a long imprisonment.

in his person if they allowed him to be tried by the soldiers. His submission was abject; but the flattery was adroit, and the premeditated eloquence full of point and brilliancy. 'In truth,' says Clarendon, 'he does as much owe the keeping his head to that oration, as Catiline did the loss of his to those of Tully.' It was not to his eloquence, however, he was entirely indebted for his safety. The Commons decided against his claim to be tried at their hands, and expelled him from the house. In the interval, he is said to have expended thirty thousand pounds in bribes. He was finally arraigned before a military tribunal, and condemned, but reprieved by Essex. At the end of a year his sentence was commuted to banishment for life, and a fine of ten thousand pounds.

Turning from these details, which cannot be dwelt upon without pain and regret, we now follow the course of the exiled poet on the continent, his fortune diminished, and his health broken by anxiety and suffering. After a short residence in Normandy, he made a tour through Italy and Switzerland with his friend Evelyn, and ultimately settled in Paris. By this time he had completely recovered his natural gaiety; and his house, which he maintained in great splendour, was frequented by the chief wits and courtiers of the French capital. At his liberal table, the only English table in Paris except that of Lord St. Albans, minister and favourite of the exiled Queen, the banished Royalists found a hospitable reception, as long as his resources lasted. His means were so much impaired that this profusion, which exhibited an extraordinary contrast to the prudence of his youth, ended at last in an extremity of distress. His personal estate, augmented by his first wife's fortune, is stated by Aubrey to have been worth 3000*l.* a year, raised by other authorities to 3500*l.* But he had been compelled, in order to discharge the fine of 10,000*l.*, to sell off a property in Bedfordshire of 1000*l.* or 1300*l.* per annum; and to make still larger sacrifices to conciliate the favour of influential persons by costly gifts. His difficulties were increased by the growing demands of a numerous family. His daughter Margaret

was born in Rouen, and several children were born in Paris. At length he was thrown for support, as a final resource, upon his wife's jewels, and was reduced to the last, which he called the 'Rump jewel,' when, through the intercession of his brother-in-law Scroope, he was permitted to return. Evelyn, who had been his constant visitor in Paris, records his having taken leave of him before his departure for England, on the 13th January, 1652.

His mother was still living, and residing at Beaconsfield, and receiving the visits of Cromwell, who used to come to see her, notwithstanding her loyalty. Here, close in the neighbourhood, Waller settled at Hall Barn, a house built by himself, where he hung up the portrait of Saccharissa, which she is said herself to have presented to him. All the acrimonies of the past were forgotten, and Cromwell once more received him (although there really was no blood-relationship between them) as his kinsman, and admitted him to his confidence. Waller adapted himself with facility to the altered state of things; and, in his panegyrics on Cromwell and his wars, displayed as zealous an allegiance as he had formerly paid to the Stuarts. Indeed, in one of his poems, he carries his zeal so far as to call upon the people to melt down the gold taken from the Spaniards, and make it into a crown for Cromwell. Anecdotes are related of the intimacy that subsisted between the Protector and the poet. They would sometimes discuss the Greek and Latin historians together; and Cromwell would excuse himself to Waller for employing in his conversation, with other people, such phrases as 'The Lord will help,' 'The Lord will reveal,' which, it appears, he never used when they were alone. 'Cousin Waller,' he would say, 'I must talk to these men in their own way!'

The Restoration soon followed; and the pliant muse again found shelter and protection at Whitehall. 'It is not possible,' observed Dr. Johnson, 'to read without some contempt and indignation, poems of the same author, ascribing the highest degree of *power and piety* to Charles the First, then transferring the same *power and piety* to Oliver Cromwell.'

now inviting Oliver to take the crown, and then congratulating Charles the Second on his recovered right.' The reproach is just. All that can be said in mitigation of its severity is, that Waller owed Cromwell a debt of gratitude, and had some claims on Charles, in whose cause he had suffered, not nobly or heroically, it is true, but with much cost of reputation and fortune; and that his last, and worst, panegyrics brought him back to his first principles, and rounded off his public life with something like a consistency, that at least reconciled its beginning and its end.

There seems to have been a tacit compromise of politics on both sides. Cromwell and Charles evidently regarded Waller with indifference as a partizan, and received him only for the sake of his social and literary powers. He had shown himself incapable of leading or following; the most infirm of conspirators, and the weakest of allies. But he had been famous for his verse before he fell into discredit as a politician;\* and they who could no longer be damaged by his hostility or support, were willing to be entertained by his wit.

At no period does Waller appear to have obtained any solid influence in public affairs. We hear of his *bons mots*, which were repeated with great gusto by his contemporaries of all parties; but we do not find that he made much impression by his speeches or his actions. Nursed in Parliament, as Clarendon says, his orations were distinguished by skilful and brilliant points, carefully prepared, rather than by original views, or weight of judgment. Burnet tells us that, even at seventy, he was always listened to with delight; but gives us to understand that it was because he said 'the liveliest things of any among them.' He was 'only concerned,' he adds, 'to say that which should make him be applauded; he never laid the business of the House to heart, being a vain

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\* 'I departed from Venice,' writes Evelyn, 'accompanied with Mr. Waller (*the celebrated poet*), newly gotten out of England, after the Parliament had extremely worried him for attempting to put in execution the commission of array, and for which the rest of his colleagues were hanged by the rebels.'

and empty, though a witty man.' This description is, probably, accurate on the whole. Waller could light up the ridiculous side of a question by a happy epigram, or present the heads of a discussion with effective perspicuity; but he rarely ventured farther, and the highest merit of his eloquence was its fitness to the immediate occasion, and its vivacity of illustration.

Having to some extent repaired his fortune, he again entered Parliament, and was returned in 1661 for Hastings, in Sussex. His circumstances, however, were not so prosperous as to render him careless of opportunities of improvement; and in 1665 he applied to the King for the provostship of Eton, which happened at that time to fall vacant. It was the only favour he ever asked, and the King at once acceded to his request; but Clarendon refused to set the seal to the grant, on the ground that laymen were excluded from the office by the statutes of the college. Waller afterwards resented this opposition by joining Buckingham's party, and giving full vent to his personal feelings in the debate on Clarendon's impeachment. But whatever satisfaction he may have derived from contributing to the ruin of the Chancellor, he gained nothing by it towards the advancement of his object; for upon a second application for the place, the question was referred to the Council, who decided that Clarendon was right.

Waller, notwithstanding, continued to maintain his position, to frequent the court, and to attend the House, of which, at this time, he must have been the oldest member. In 1678, he was returned for Chipping Wycombe, and finally, at eighty-two years of age, he represented Saltash in the only parliament summoned by James II. His mental powers were still clear and vigorous, although symptoms of physical decay were rapidly accumulating upon him. Characteristic anecdotes are related of his wit, even at this period. The King, taking him into his closet one day, asked him how he liked a certain portrait; Waller replied that his eyes were dim, and he could not discern who it was; when the King informed

him it was the Princess of Orange; upon which Waller observed that she was like the greatest woman in the world. 'Who do you call so?' inquired his Majesty. 'Queen Elizabeth,' was the answer. 'I wonder you should think so, Mr. Waller,' observed the King; 'but I must confess she had a wise council.' 'And, sir,' rejoined Waller, 'did your Majesty ever know a fool choose a wise one?' On another occasion, when Waller's daughter was on the eve of marriage with Dr. Birch, the King sent him a message, expressing his surprise that he would think of marrying his daughter to a falling church; 'The King,' returned Waller, 'does me very great honour, to take notice of my private affairs; but I have lived long enough to observe that the falling church has got a trick of rising again.' His animal spirits were bright to the last; and it is related of him that, although an habitual water-drinker, he inspired the orgies of the Sedleys and Buckinghams of Charles the Second's court with unflagging gaiety. Saville used to say that he was the only man he would allow to sit with him without drinking.

At eighty-two, conscious of daily increasing evidences of decay, he looked forward with composure to the change which he knew could not be far distant; and purchased a small estate at Coleshill, his native place, desirous, as he said, 'to die, like the stag, where he was roused.' But it was too late. A tumour in his legs rendered it necessary to obtain immediate medical aid; and Waller made his last journey to Windsor to consult Sir Charles Scarborough, who was then in attendance on the King. He requested Sir Charles, as a friend, to tell him frankly the *meaning* of the swelling; and, being informed that 'his blood would no longer run,' he calmly repeated a passage from Virgil, and returned to Beaconsfield to prepare for death. Calling his family round him, he received the sacrament from his son-in-law, Dr. Birch, and caused it to be administered at the same time to his children. Upon this solemn occasion he made a declaration of his faith in Christianity, and recalled an incident that had occurred at court many years before, when he reproved the Duke of Bucking-

ham for some profane conversation, telling him that he had heard more arguments in favour of Atheism than his Grace, but that he had lived long enough to see there was nothing in them, which he hoped his Grace would also. In this spirit he died, on the 21st of October, 1687, in his eighty-third year, and was buried in the churchyard of Beaconsfield. A monument was erected over his grave by his sons' executors, inscribed with a Latin epitaph, written by Mr. Rymer, the historiographer royal.

He left behind him five sons and eight daughters by his second wife. His eldest son, Benjamin, being of weak mind, was committed by his will to the care of his daughter, Margaret, his favourite and amanuensis. To his second son, Edmund, he bequeathed his estate. His third son, William, was a merchant in London; his fourth, Stephen, was a doctor of laws, afterwards appointed one of the commissioners of the Union; and of his fifth no account has been preserved. Edmund afterwards represented Agmondesham in Parliament, where he became the head of an isolated section called the flying squadron. Towards the close of his life, he joined the Quakers, and, dying without issue, bequeathed his estates to his nephew, the son of his brother Stephen. Of Waller's eight daughters, three were married, and one was a dwarf.

In person, Waller was spare and delicate, and rather above the middle height. He is described by Aubrey as having a 'fair thin skin, his face somewhat of an olivaster; his hair frizzed, of a brownish colour; full eye, popping out and working; oval-faced; his forehead high and full of wrinkles.' He adds that he was of a very hot brain and apt to be choleric; and that his head was small. The portraits of Waller do not in all particulars agree with this description, the head being rather massive, and the features coarse, with a thoughtful expression in the eyes, indicating the 'melancholic' temperament ascribed to him by Clarendon.

The predominant characteristic of Waller's poetry is that which has been already noticed—the correctness, or, as it has been with less propriety called, the sweetness of his

versification. His principal merit is that of having been the first who uniformly observed the obligations of a strict metrical system. There are very few of his lines that do not read smoothly, and but one in which a syllabic defect can be detected. In the attainment of this end some sacrifices were unavoidable. To secure his numbers, Waller frequently inverts his meaning, and sometimes obscures it. In this respect he proceeds upon a principle the reverse of that laid down by Dryden, who maintained that poetry should flow directly to its purpose, and be as obvious as prose. Dr. Johnson observes that Waller 'sometimes retains the final syllable on the preterite, as amazed, supposed;' and it may be added that he employs or rejects it at will, to suit his measure, which produces uncertainty and impedes the reader. In this edition, the obstruction is removed by accenting the final syllable whenever it is to be pronounced. Waller's language is everywhere pure, and carefully chosen. Pope estimated it so highly that, in planning a dictionary that should be an authority for style, he selected Waller as one of the best examples of poetical diction. Nor is it a slight excellence that, writing in the age of Etherege and Rochester, his verse is never stained with a vicious sentiment, or a licentious image. If there is not much real emotion in his love poems, they are always refined and delicate, and full of an exquisite kind of gallantry. His gaiety has an instinctive air of high breeding; and no poet ever paid compliments in verse so gracefully. Voltaire compared him to Voiture, whom he thought he excelled. His *Divine Poems*, written near the close of his life, at the desire of Lady Ranelagh, are, in some aspects, his greatest performances. They not only exhibit no decadence of power, but embrace a larger field and a more ambitious purpose than he had ever attempted before; and the affecting lines with which he terminates the series, dictated to his daughter, Margaret, when he was nearly blind, may be justly considered the noblest he produced. Of few poets can it be said that their last lines were their best.

# POEMS

OF

## EDMUND WALLER.

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TO MY LADY ——— \*

MADAM,—Your commands for the gathering these sticks into a faggot had sooner been obeyed, but, intending to present you with my whole vintage, I stayed till the latest grapes were ripe; for here your ladyship has not only all I have done, but all I ever mean to do of this kind. Not but that I may defend the attempt I have made upon poetry, by the examples (not to trouble you with history) of many wise and worthy persons of our own times; as Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Francis Bacon, Cardinal Perron (the ablest of his countrymen), and the former Pope, who, they say, instead of the Triple Crown, wore sometimes the poet's ivy, as an ornament, perhaps, of lesser weight and trouble. But, madam, these nightingales sung only in the spring; it was the diversion of their youth; as ladies learn to sing and play when they are children, what they forget when they are women. The resemblance holds further; for, as you quit the lute the sooner because the posture is suspected to draw the body awry, so this is not always practised without some villany to the mind; wresting it from present occasions, and accustoming us to a style somewhat removed from common use. But, that you may not think his case deplorable who had made these verses, we are told that Tully (the greatest wit among the Romans) was once sick of this disease; and yet recovered so well, that of almost as bad a

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\* This letter was prefixed to the collection of Waller's poems published during his exile, but omitted from all subsequent editions. Most readers, notwithstanding the opinion of Mr. Fenton, will infer, from internal evidence, that it was designed for publication. The name of the lady to whom it was addressed is unknown. She was probably an imaginary personage—'the lady of the brain, not of the heart' of the writer.

poet as your servant, he became the most perfect orator in the world. So that, not so much to have made verses, as not to give over in time, leaves a man without excuse; the former presenting us with an opportunity at least of doing wisely, that is, to conceal those we have made; which I shall yet do, if my humble request may be of as much force with your ladyship, as your commands have been with me. Madam, I only whisper these in your ear; if you publish them, they are your own; and therefore, as you apprehend the reproach of a wit and a poet, cast them into the fire; or, if they come where green boughs are in the chimney, with the help of your fair friends (for thus bound, it will be too hard a task for your hands alone), tear them in pieces, wherein you will honour me with the fate of Orpheus; for so his poems, whereof we only bear the form (not his limbs, as the story will have it), I suppose were scattered by the Thracian dames. Here, madam, I might take an opportunity to celebrate your virtues, and to instruct you how unhappy you are, in that you know not who you are; how much you excel the most excellent of your own, and how much you amaze the least inclined to wonder of our sex. But as they will be apt to take your ladyship's for a Roman name, so would they believe that I endeavoured the character of a perfect nymph, worshipped an image of my own making, and dedicated this to the lady of the brain, not of the heart, of

Your Ladyship's most humble servant,

EDM. WALLER.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION OF MR. WALLER'S POEMS,  
AFTER THE RESTORATION, PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1664.

WHEN the author of these verses (written only to please himself, and such particular persons to whom they were directed) returned from abroad some years since, he was troubled to find his name in print; but somewhat satisfied to see his lines so ill rendered that he might justly disown them, and say to a mistaking printer as one did to an ill reciter,

. . . . Male dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.\*

Having been ever since pressed to correct the many and gross faults (such as use to be in impressions wholly neglected by the authors), his answer was, that he made these when ill verses had more favour, and escaped better, than good ones do in this age;

\* Martial, lib. i. ep. 39.

the severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by those faults in the impression which hitherto have hung upon his book, as the Turks hang old rags, or such like ugly things, upon their fairest horses, and other goodly creatures, to secure them against fascination. And for those of a more confined understanding, who pretend not to censure, as they admire most what they least comprehend, so his verses (maimed to that degree that himself scarce knew what to make of many of them) might, that way at least, have a title to some admiration; which is no small matter, if what an old author observes be true, that the aim of orators is victory, of historians truth, and of poets admiration. He had reason, therefore, to indulge those faults in his book, whereby it might be reconciled to some, and commended to others.

The printer also, he thought, would fare the worse if those faults were amended; for we see maimed statues sell better than whole ones; and clipped and washed money goes about, when the entire and weighty lies hoarded up.

These are the reasons which, for above twelve years past, he has opposed to our request; to which it was replied, that as it would be too late to recall that which had so long been made public, so might it find excuse from his youth, the season it was produced in; and for what had been done since, and now added, if it commend not his poetry, it might his philosophy, which teaches him so cheerfully to bear so great a calamity as the loss of the best part of his fortune, torn from him in prison (in which, and in banishment, the best portion of his life hath also been spent), that he can still sing under the burthen, not unlike that Roman,

. . . . Quem demisere Philippi  
Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni  
Et laris et fundi.\* . . .

Whose spreading wings the civil war had clipped,  
And him of his old patrimony stripped.

Who yet not long after could say,

Musis amicus, tristitiam et metus  
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum  
Portare ventis.† . . .

They that acquainted with the muses be,  
Send care and sorrow by the winds to sea.

Not so much moved with these reasons of ours (or pleased with our rhymes), as wearied with our importunity, he has at last given

\* Horace, lib. ii. ep. 2.

† Lib. i. ode 26.

us leave to assure the reader, that the Poems which have been so long and so ill set forth under his name, are here to be found as he first writ them; as also to add some others which have since been composed by him: and though his advice to the contrary might have discouraged us, yet observing how often they have been reprinted, what price they have borne, and how earnestly they have been always inquired after, but especially of late (making good that of Horace,

. . . *Meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit.\**

‘some verses being, like some wines, recommended to our taste by time and age’) we have adventured upon this new and well-corrected edition, which, for our own sakes as well as thine, we hope will succeed better than he apprehended.

*Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.*

ALBINOVANUS.†

PREFACE TO THE SECOND PART OF MR. WALLER’S POEMS,  
PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1690.

THE reader needs be told no more in commendation of these Poems, than that they are Mr. Waller’s; a name that carries everything in it that is either great or graceful in poetry. He was, indeed, the parent of English verse, and the first that showed us our tongue had beauty and numbers in it. Our language owes more to him than the French does to Cardinal Richelieu, and the whole Academy. A poet cannot think of him without being in the same rapture Lucretius is in when Epicurus comes in his way.

*Tu pater, et rerum inventor; tu patria nobis  
Suppeditas præcepta; tuisque ex, Inclute! chartis,  
Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta;  
Aurea! perpetua semper dignissima vita!‡*

The tongue came into his hands like a rough diamond: he polished it first, and to that degree, that all artists since him have admired the workmanship, without pretending to mend it. Suckling and Carew, I must confess, wrote some few things smoothly enough; but as all they did in this kind was not very considerable, so it was a little later than the earliest pieces of Mr.

\* Lib. ii. ep. 1.

† There can be no reasonable doubt that this preface was written by Waller himself.

‡ Lib. iii. ver. 9.

Waller. He undoubtedly stands first in the list of refiners, and, for aught I know, last too; for I question whether in Charles II.'s reign English did not come to its full perfection; and whether it has not had its Augustan age as well as the Latin. It seems to be already mixed with foreign languages as far as its purity will bear; and, as chemists say of their menstruums, to be quite sated with the infusion. But posterity will best judge of this. In the meantime, it is a surprising reflection, that between what Spenser wrote last, and Waller first, there should not be much above twenty years' distance,\* and yet the one's language, like the money of that time, is as current now as ever; whilst the other's words are like old coins, one must go to an antiquary to understand their true meaning and value. Such advances may a great genius make, when it undertakes anything in earnest!

Some painters will hit the chief lines and masterstrokes of a face so truly, that through all the differences of age the picture shall still bear a resemblance. This art was Mr. Waller's: he sought out, in this flowing tongue of ours, what parts would last, and be of standing use and ornament; and this he did so successfully, that his language is now as fresh as it was at first setting out. Were we to judge barely by the wording, we could not know what was wrote at twenty, and what at fourscore. He complains, indeed, of a tide of words that comes in upon the English poet, and overflows whatever he builds; but this was less his case than any man's that ever wrote; and the mischief of it is, this very complaint will last long enough to confute itself; for though English be mouldering stone, as he tells us there, yet he has certainly picked the best out of a bad quarry.

We are no less beholden to him for the new turn of verse which he brought in, and the improvement he made in our numbers. Before his time men rhymed indeed, and that was all: as for the harmony of measure, and that dance of words which good ears are so much pleased with, they knew nothing of it. Their poetry then was made up almost entirely of monosyllables; which, when they come together in any cluster, are certainly the most harsh, untuneable things in the world. If any man doubts of this, let him read ten lines in Donne, and he will be quickly convinced. Besides, their verses ran all into one another, and hung together, throughout a whole copy, like the hooked atoms that compose a body in Des Cartes. There was no distinction of

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\* This statement is not quite accurate. Spenser died in January, 1598-9, and, assuming the date of Waller's first poem to have been 1624, the interval must have been at least twenty-five years.

parts, no regular stops, nothing for the ear to rest upon; but as soon as the copy began, down it went like a larum, incessantly; and the reader was sure to be out of breath before he got to the end of it: so that really verse, in those days, was but downright prose tagged with rhymes. Mr. Waller removed all these faults, brought in more polysyllables, and smoother measures, bound up his thoughts better, and in a cadence more agreeable to the nature of the verse he wrote in; so that wherever the natural stops of that were, he contrived the little breakings of his sense so as to fall in with them; and, for that reason, since the stress of our verse lies commonly upon the last syllable, you will hardly ever find him using a word of no force there. I would say, if I were not afraid the reader would think me too nice, that he commonly closes with verbs, in which we know the life of language consists.

Among other improvements we may reckon that of his rhymes, which are always good, and very often the better for being new. He had a fine ear, and knew how quickly that sense was cloyed by the same round of chiming words still returning upon it. It is a decided case by the great master of writing,\* *Quæ sunt ampla, et pulchra, diu placere possunt; quæ lepida et concinna* (amongst which rhyme must, whether it will or no, take its place), *citò satietate afficiunt aurium sensum fastidiosissimum*. This he understood very well; and therefore, to take off the danger of a surfeit that way, strove to please by variety and new sounds. Had he carried this observation, among others, as far as it would go, it must, methinks, have shown him the incurable fault of this jingling kind of poetry, and have led his later judgment to blank verse; but he continued an obstinate lover of rhyme to the very last; it was a mistress that never appeared unhandsome in his eyes, and was courted by him long after Saccharissa was forsaken. He had raised it, and brought it to that perfection we now enjoy it in; and the poet's temper (which has always a little vanity in it) would not suffer him ever to slight a thing he had taken so much pains to adorn. My Lord Roscommon was more impartial; no man ever rhymed truer and evenner than he; yet he is so just as to confess that it is but a trifle, and to wish the tyrant dethroned, and blank verse set up in its room. There is a third person,† the living glory of our English poetry, who has disclaimed the use of it upon the stage, though no man ever employed it there so happily as he. It was the strength of his genius that first brought it into credit in plays, and it is the force

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\* *Ad Herennium*, lib. iv.

† Mr. Dryden.

of his example that has thrown it out again. In other kinds of writing it continues still, and will do so till some excellent spirit arises that has leisure enough, and resolution, to break the charm, and free us from the troublesome bondage of rhyming, as Mr. Milton very well calls it, and has proved it as well by what he has wrote in another way. But this is a thought for times at some distance; the present age is a little too warlike; it may perhaps furnish out matter for a good poem in the next, but it will hardly encourage one now. Without prophesying, a man may easily know what sort of laurels are like to be in request.

Whilst I am talking of verse, I find myself, I do not know how, betrayed into a great deal of prose. I intended no more than to put the reader in mind what respect was due to anything that fell from the pen of Mr. Waller. I have heard his last-printed copies, which are added in the several editions of his poems, very slightly spoken of, but certainly they do not deserve it. They do indeed discover themselves to be his last, and that is the worst we can say of them. He is there

Jam senior; sed cruda Deo viridisque senectus.\*

The same censure, perhaps, will be passed on the pieces of this Second Part. I shall not so far engage for them, as to pretend they are all equal to whatever he wrote in the vigour of his youth; yet they are so much of a piece with the rest, that any man will at first sight know them to be Mr. Waller's. Some of them were wrote very early, but not put into former collections, for reasons obvious enough, but which are now ceased. The play was altered to please the court; it is not to be doubted who sat for the Two Brothers' characters. It was agreeable to the sweetness of Mr. Waller's temper to soften the rigour of the tragedy, as he expresses it; but whether it be so agreeable to the nature of tragedy itself to make everything come off easily, I leave to the critics. In the prologue and epilogue there are a few verses that he has made use of upon another occasion; but the reader may be pleased to allow that in him that has been allowed so long in Homer and Lucretius. Exact writers dress up their thoughts so very well always, that when they have need of the same sense, they cannot put it into other words but it must be to its prejudice. Care has been taken in this book, to get together everything of Mr. Waller's that is not put into the former collection; so that between both the reader may make the set complete.

It will, perhaps, be contended, after all, that some of these

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\* Virg. *Æn.* vi. v. 304.

ought not to have been published; and Mr. Cowley's\* decision will be urged, that a neat tomb of marble is a better monument than a great pile of rubbish. It might be answered to this, that the pictures and poems of great masters have been always valued, though the last hand were not put to them: and I believe none of those gentlemen that will make the objection would refuse a sketch of Raphael's, or one of Titian's draughts of the first sitting. I might tell them, too, what care has been taken by the learned to preserve the fragments of the ancient Greek and Latin poets; there has been thought to be a divinity in what they said; and therefore the least pieces of it have been kept up and revered like religious relics; and I am sure, take away the *mille anni*,† and impartial reasoning will tell us there is as much due to the memory of Mr. Waller, as to the most celebrated names of antiquity.

But, to waive the dispute now of what *ought* to have been done, I can assure the reader what *would* have been, had this edition been delayed. The following poems were got abroad, and in a great many hands; it were vain to expect that, among so many admirers of Mr. Waller, they should not meet with one fond enough to publish them. They might have stayed, indeed, till by frequent transcriptions they had been corrupted extremely, and jumbled together with things of another kind; but then they would have found their way into the world; so it was thought a greater piece of kindness to the author to put them out whilst they continue genuine and unmixed, and such as he himself, were he alive, might own.

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\* In the preface to his works.

† Alluding to that verse in Juvenal—

. . . . Et uni cedit Homero  
Propter mille annos. . . .—Sat. 7.

And yields to Homer on no other score,  
Than that he lived a thousand years before.

MR. C. DRYDEN.

OF THE DANGER HIS MAJESTY [BEING PRINCE]  
 ESCAPED IN THE ROAD AT ST. ANDERO.\*

NOW had his Highness bid farewell to Spain,  
 And reached the sphere of his own power, the main;  
 With British bounty in his ship he feasts  
 The Hesperian princes, his amazèd guests,  
 To find that watery wilderness exceed  
 The entertainment of their great Madrid.  
 Healths to both kings, attended with the roar  
 Of cannons, echoed from the affrighted shore,  
 With loud resemblance of his thunder, prove  
 Bacchus the seed of cloud-compelling Jove;  
 While to his harp divine Arion sings†  
 The loves and conquests of our Albion kings.

Of the Fourth Edward was his noble song,  
 Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautiful, and young;

\* The occasion of this piece was an accident that occurred to Prince Charles on his return from Spain, after abandoning his suit for the hand of the Infanta. The prince had been attended from Madrid by the Cardinal Zopala, the Marquis Aytone, and other Spanish noblemen, and, having arrived at the port of St. Andero, in the Bay of Biscay, he gave them a farewell entertainment of great magnificence. 'In carrying them back to shore,' says Mr. Fenton, 'a tempest overtook them with so much fury that they could neither reach land, nor regain the fleet; and night coming on when the rowers were fainting with toil, their horror was almost increased to despair. In this calamity they yielded themselves to the mercy of the seas, till at last they spied a light in a ship near to which the storm had driven them; on which, not without some danger of being dashed to pieces, they were safely received.' This occurrence took place towards the end of September or beginning of October, 1623. Fenton fixes the date of the poem immediately afterwards, in Waller's eighteenth year; but the allusions to the Princess Henrietta bring it down a little later. The marriage with the Princess was not arranged till the following August, near to which time the piece must have been written, or completed. It is probable, from the evident care and finish bestowed upon the lines, that Waller began the piece early, and lingered long over its composition. This elaboration is the more remarkable in a first production, and indicates at the outset that fastidiousness of taste and execution which mark the whole of his poems.

† Dr. Johnson objects to this allusion to Arion (whose story is related by Plutarch) that it is puerile and ridiculous.

He rent the crown from vanquished Henry's head,  
Raised the White Rose, and trampled on the Red;  
Till love, triumphing o'er the victor's pride,  
Brought Mars and Warwick to the conquered side:  
Neglected Warwick (whose bold hand, like Fate,  
Gives and resumes the sceptre of our state)  
Woos for his master; and with double shame,  
Himself deluded, mocks the princely dame,  
The Lady Bona, whom just anger burns,  
And foreign war with civil rage returns.  
Ah! spare your swords, where beauty is to blame;  
Love gave the affront, and must repair the same;  
When France shall boast of her, whose conquering eyes  
Have made the best of English hearts their prize;  
Have power to alter the decrees of Fate,  
And change again the counsels of our state.\*

What the prophetic Muse intends, alone  
To him that feels the secret wound is known.

With the sweet sound of this harmonious lay,  
About the keel delighted dolphins play,  
Too sure a sign of sea's ensuing rage,  
Which must anon this royal troop engage;  
To whom soft sleep seems more secure and sweet,  
Within the town commanded by our fleet.

These mighty peers placed in the gilded barge,  
Proud with the burden of so brave a charge,  
With painted oars the youths begin to sweep  
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep;

---

\* It is clear from this passage and the two lines which follow, that the whole piece was either written, or re-cast, with a direct reference to the marriage of the Prince. The allusion to Edward IV. makes rather an unfortunate historical parallel. The Earl of Warwick had been employed by Edward to negotiate a union with the Lady Bona, daughter of the Duke of Savoy; but, in the interval, happening to fall in love with the Lady Elizabeth Grey, the widow of Sir John Grey, his Majesty broke off the engagement with Lady Bona, who had accepted his proposals. The same reason for treating the Infanta with similar discourtesy and caprice did not exist in the case of Prince Charles, although Waller's gallantry to the future Queen makes him ascribe the abandonment of the Spanish negotiation to the influence of her beauty.

Which soon becomes the seat of sudden war  
 Between the wind and tide that fiercely jar.  
 As when a sort\* of lusty shepherds try  
 Their force at football, care of victory  
 Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast,  
 That their encounter seems too rough for jest;  
 They ply their feet, and still the restless ball,  
 Tossed to and fro, is urgèd by them all:  
 So fares the doubtful barge 'twixt tide and winds,  
 And like effect of their contention finds.  
 Yet the bold Britons still securely rowed;  
 Charles and his virtue was their sacred load;†  
 Than which a greater pledge Heaven could not give,  
 That the good boat this tempest should outlive.

But storms increase, and now no hope of grace  
 Among them shines, save in the Prince's face;  
 The rest resign their courage, skill, and sight,  
 To danger, horror, and unwelcome night.  
 The gentle vessel, (wont with state and pride  
 On the smooth back of silver Thames to ride)  
 Wanders astonished in the angry main,  
 As Titan's car did, while the golden rein  
 Filled the young hand of his adventurous son,‡  
 When the whole world an equal hazard run  
 To this of ours, the light of whose desire  
 Waves threaten now, as that was scared by fire.  
 The impatient sea grows impotent and raves,  
 That, night assisting, his impetuous waves  
 Should find resistance from so light a thing;  
 These surges ruin, those our safety bring.  
 The oppressèd vessel doth the charge abide,  
 Only because assailed on every side;  
 So men with rage and passion set on fire,  
 Trembling for haste, impeach their mad desire.

---

\* In the sense of company, or set of people. The word is so used by the writers of Elizabeth's age; and in several other places by Waller

† Imitated from Cæsar's answer to the boatman.

‡ Phaeton.

The pale Iberians had expired with fear,  
But that their wonder did divert their care,  
To see the Prince with danger moved no more  
Than with the pleasures of their court before ;  
Godlike his courage seemed, whom nor delight  
Could soften, nor the face of death affright.  
Next to the power of making tempests cease,  
Was in that storm to have so calm a peace.  
Great Maro could no greater tempest feign,  
When the loud winds usurping on the main  
For angry Juno, laboured to destroy  
The hated relics of confounded Troy ;  
His bold Æneas, on like billows tossed  
In a tall ship, and all his country lost,  
Dissolves with fear ; and both his hands upheld,  
Proclaims them happy whom the Greeks had quelled  
In honourable fight ; our hero, set  
In a small shallop, Fortune in his debt,  
So near a hope of crowns and sceptres, more  
Than ever Priam, when he flourished, wore ;  
His loins yet full of ungot princes, all  
His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall  
That argues fear ; if any thought annoys  
The gallant youth, 'tis love's untasted joys,  
And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,  
For which he lately pawned his heart in France ;\*  
Where he had seen a brighter nymph than she†  
That sprung out of his present foe, the sea.

---

\* A compliment to the charms of the Princess at the expense of historical truth. When Prince Charles and Buckingham left England on their expedition to Madrid for the purpose of concluding the match with the Infanta, they travelled under the names of John and Thomas Smith, and, visiting Paris on the way, the Prince there saw the Princess for the first time. So far from wounding his Royal Highness by her 'fatal glance,' the lady made no impression whatever on him ; and he pursued his journey with the intention of prosecuting his union with the Infanta, which was frustrated partly by delays on the side of the court, and partly by the unbecoming conduct of the Prince and his companion.

† Venus.

That noble ardour, more than mortal fire,  
The conquered ocean could not make expire;  
Nor angry Thetis raise her waves above  
The heroic Prince's courage or his love;  
'Twas indignation, and not fear he felt,  
The shrine should perish where that image dwelt.  
Ah, Love forbid! the noblest of thy train  
Should not survive to let her know his pain;  
Who nor his peril minding nor his flame,  
Is entertained with some less serious game,  
Among the bright nymphs of the Gallic court,  
All highly born, obsequious to her sport;  
They roses seem, which in their early pride  
But half reveal, and half their beauties hide;  
She the glad morning, which her beams does throw  
Upon their smiling leaves, and gilds them so;  
Like bright Aurora, whose refulgent ray  
Foretells the fervour of ensuing day,  
And warns the shepherd with his flocks retreat  
To leafy shadows from the threatened heat.

From Cupid's string of many shafts, that fled  
Winged with those plumes which noble Fame had shed.  
As through the wondering world she flew, and told  
Of his adventures, haughty, brave, and bold;  
Some had already touched the royal maid,  
But Love's first summons seldom are obeyed;  
Light was the wound, the Prince's care unknown,  
She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.  
His glorious name had so possessed her ears,  
That with delight those antique tales she hears  
Of Jason, Theseus, and such worthies old,  
As with his story best resemblance hold.  
And now she views, as on the wall it hung,  
What old Musæus so divinely sung;  
Which art with life and love did so inspire,  
That she discerns and favours that desire,  
Which there provokes the adventurous youth to swim,  
And in Leander's danger pities him;

Whose not new love alone, but fortune, seeks  
To frame his story like that amorous Greek's.  
For from the stern of some good ship appears  
A friendly light, which moderates their fears;  
New courage from reviving hope they take,  
And climbing o'er the waves that taper make,  
On which the hope of all their lives depends,  
As his on that fair Hero's hand extends.  
The ship at anchor, like a fixèd rock,  
Breaks the proud billows which her large sides knock;  
Whose rage restrainèd, foaming higher swells,  
And from her port the weary barge repels,  
Threatening to make her, forcèd out again,  
Repeat the dangers of the troubled main.  
Twice was the cable hurled in vain; the Fates  
Would not be movèd for our sister states;  
For England is the third successful throw,  
And then the genius of that land they know,  
Whose prince must be (as their own books devise)  
Lord of the scene where now his danger lies.

Well sung the Roman bard, 'All human things  
Of dearest value hang on slender strings.'  
O see the then sole hope, and, in design  
Of Heaven, our joy, supported by a line!  
Which for that instant was Heaven's care above,  
The chain that's fixèd to the throne of Jove,  
On which the fabric of our world depends;  
One link dissolved, the whole creation ends.\*

---

\* Dr. Johnson's aversion to the employment of technical details tells with force in his criticism on this introduction and use of the cable, which he says is 'in part ridiculously mean, and in part ridiculously tumid.'

# OF HIS MAJESTY'S RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S DEATH.\*

SO earnest with thy God! can no new care,  
No sense of danger, interrupt thy prayer?  
The sacred wrestler, till a blessing given,  
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers Heaven;  
Nor was the stream of thy devotion stopped,  
When from the body such a limb was lopped,  
As to thy present state was no less maim,  
Though thy wise choice has since repaired the same.†  
Bold Homer durst not so great virtue feign  
In his best pattern:‡ of Patroclus slain,  
With such amazement as weak mothers use,  
And frantic gesture, he receives the news.  
Yet fell his darling by the impartial chance  
Of war, imposed by royal Hector's lance;  
Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand  
Torn from thy bosom, left his high command.

The famous painter§ could allow no place  
For private sorrow in a prince's face:  
Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,  
He cast a veil upon supposed grief.||  
'Twas want of such a precedent as this  
Made the old heathen frame their gods amiss.

---

\* The murder of the Duke of Buckingham on the 23rd August, 1628, ascertains the date of this poem. The King was at prayers, when Sir John Hipposley suddenly entered, and, in the midst of the devotions, communicated what had happened in a whisper to his Majesty. The King received the news unmoved, and without a change of countenance, till prayers were over; when he retired to his room, and, flinging himself on his bed, gave way to a passion of tears.

† The Duke of Buckingham was at Portsmouth, superintending the equipment of a fleet for the relief of Rochelle, when he was assassinated. The Earl of Lindsey, afterwards killed at the battle of Edgehill, was immediately appointed his successor, and set sail in command of the fleet on the 4th of September.

‡ Achilles.

§ Timanthes.

|| In the famous picture of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, the painter, with consummate art, buries the features of Agamemnon in the folds of his drapery.

Their Phœbus should not act a fonder part  
 For the fair boy,\* than he did for his hart;  
 Nor blame for Hyacinthus' fate his own, [known.  
 That kept from him wished death, hadst thou been

He that with thine shall weigh good David's deeds,  
 Shall find his passion, nor his love, exceeds:  
 He cursed the mountains where his brave friend died,  
 But let false Ziba with his heir divide;  
 Where thy immortal love to thy blessed friends,  
 Like that of Heaven, upon their seed descends.  
 Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,  
 Godlike, unmoved, and yet, like woman, kind!  
 Which of the ancient poets had not brought  
 Our Charles's pedigree from Heaven, and taught  
 How some bright dame, compressed by mighty Jove,  
 Produced this mixed Divinity and Love?

### ON THE TAKING OF SALLE.†

OF Jason, Theseus, and such worthies old,  
 Light seem the tales antiquity has told;  
 Such beasts and monsters as their force oppressed,  
 Some places only, and some times, infest.  
 Salle, that scorned all power and laws of men,  
 Goods with their owners hurrying to their den,  
 And future ages threatening with a rude  
 And savage race, successively renewed;  
 Their king despising with rebellious pride,  
 And foes professed to all the world beside;  
 This pest of mankind gives our hero fame,  
 And through the obligèd world dilates his name.‡

\* Cyparissus.

† Salle, a town in the kingdom, or province, of Fez, was taken and demolished in 1632, by the troops of the Emperor of Morocco, assisted by a squadron of English vessels of war despatched to his aid by King Charles.

‡ The people of Salle had established a reign of terror in their waters by a system of wholesale piracy, which their commercial intercourse and

The Prophet once to cruel Agag said,  
 'As thy fierce sword has mothers childless made,  
 So shall the sword make thine;' and with that word  
 He hewed the man in pieces with his sword.  
 Just Charles like measure has returned to these  
 Whose Pagan hands had stained the troubled seas;  
 With ships that made the spoilèd merchant mourn;  
 With ships their city and themselves are torn.  
 One squadron of our wingèd castles sent,  
 O'erthrew their fort, and all their navy rent;  
 For not content the dangers to increase,  
 And act the part of tempests in the seas,  
 Like hungry wolves, those pirates from our shore  
 Whole flocks of sheep, and ravished cattle bore.  
 Safely they might on other nations prey,—  
 Fools to provoke the sovereign of the sea!  
 Mad Cacus so, whom like ill fate persuades,  
 The herd of fair Alcmena's seed invades,  
 Who for revenge, and mortals' glad relief,  
 Sacked the dark cave, and crushed that horrid thief.

Morocco's monarch, wondering at this fact,  
 Save that his presence his affairs exact,  
 Had come in person to have seen and known  
 The injured world's revenger and his own.  
 Hither he sends the chief among his peers,  
 Who in his bark proportioned presents bears,  
 To the renowned for piety and force,  
 Poor captives manumised, and matchless horse.\*

---

maritime habits enabled them to accomplish with facility. They further incensed the Emperor of Morocco by openly rebelling against his authority.

\* The conclusion of this little piece is with justice pronounced feeble by Dr. Johnson. After the demolition of Salle, the Emperor of Morocco, to testify his gratitude to the King of England, sent him a present of Barbary horses, and three hundred Christian slaves. The commemoration of this circumstance at the close of a poem dedicated to the liberation of captives, and the destruction of a nest of sanguinary pirates, is a manifest anti-climax.

## TO THE KING, ON HIS NAVY.\*

WHERE'ER thy navy spreads her canvas wings,  
 Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings;  
 The French and Spaniard, when thy flags appear,  
 Forget their hatred, and consent to fear.  
 So Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,  
 And, when he pleased to thunder, part the fray.  
 Ships heretofore in seas like fishes sped,  
 The mightiest still upon the smallest fed;  
 Thou on the deep imposest nobler laws,  
 And by that justice hast removed the cause  
 Of those rude tempests, which for rapine sent,  
 Too oft, alas! involved the innocent.  
 Now shall the ocean, as thy Thames, be free  
 From both those fates, of storms and piracy.  
 But we most happy, who can fear no force  
 But wingèd troops, or Pegasean horse.  
 'Tis not so hard for greedy foes to spoil  
 Another nation, as to touch our soil.

---

\* The date of this poem is uncertain. Some of Waller's editors refer it to 1626, Rymer to 1632, and Fenton to 1635, when, in consequence of the league entered into between France and Holland, the English monarch, suspecting that the intention of the coalition was to wrest from him his ancient prerogative of the narrow seas, fitted out a considerable armament for the purpose of maintaining his rights. The absence of all special allusion to these circumstances in the poem justifies the rejection of Fenton's supposition. An occasion offering so many temptations to the poet was not likely to have been dismissed in a general panegyric on the power of the navy. The armament consisted of nineteen vessels of war, and six merchant ships, commanded by the Earl of Lindsey, with Sir William Monson as vice admiral, and Sir John Pennington as rear admiral. It put out to sea in 1635, and kept the waters till the following October. 'In the interval,' says Monson, in his *Naval Tracts*, 'we made good our seas and shores, gave laws to our neighbour nations, and restored the ancient sovereignty of the narrow seas to our gracious king.' Waller would scarcely have omitted to notice this memorable demonstration, and its successful issue, if his lines had been intended to apply to it specially. The references to France and Spain, and the dominion of the seas might, with equal propriety, be addressed to any previous period of the reign of Charles I., under whose auspices the navy made a rapid and decisive progress. The improvements in naval architecture were not inconsiderable in the time of Elizabeth. 'Whoever

Should nature's self invade the world again,  
 And o'er the centre spread the liquid main,  
 Thy power were safe, and her destructive hand  
 Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command;  
 Thy dreadful fleet would style thee lord of all,  
 And ride in triumph o'er the drownèd ball;  
 Those towers of oak o'er fertile plains might go,  
 And visit mountains where they once did grow.

The world's restorer once could not endure  
 That finished Babel should those men secure,  
 Whose pride designed that fabric to have stood  
 Above the reach of any second flood;  
 To thee, his chosen, more indulgent, he  
 Dares trust such power with so much piety.\*

### UPON HIS MAJESTY'S REPAIRING OF ST. PAUL'S.†

THAT shipwrecked vessel which the Apostle bore,  
 Scarce suffered more upon Melita's shore,

were the inventors,' observes Raleigh, 'we find that every age has added somewhat to ships; and in my time the shape of our English ships has been greatly bettered.' Yet, notwithstanding the advance made in Elizabeth's time, the royal navy, twenty years after her accession, amounted to only twenty-four ships, and at her death to forty-two. James I. increased the number of vessels, and improved their build; but it was in the reign of Charles I., and by the skill and genius of the Petts, that the navy was first rendered powerful, and the structure of ships brought near to what, says Charnock, 'should experimentally be considered as the *ne plus ultra* of perfection.' Charles took a strong personal interest in the progress of these improvements, and the 'Sovereign of the Seas,' built under his immediate inspection, is described by all naval historians as the marvel of its day. His devotion to the interests of this branch of the public service was constant and judiciously directed, and abundantly entitled him, on several grounds, to the panegyric of Waller.

\* 'Those lines are very noble,' observes Dr. Johnson, 'which suppose the King's power secure against a second Deluge; so noble that it were almost criminal to remark the mistake of *centre* for *surface*, or to say that the empire of the sea would be worth little if it were not that the waters terminate in land.'

† The repairs of St. Paul's were commenced in the spring of 1633;

Than did his temple in the sea of time,  
 Our nation's glory, and our nation's crime.  
 When the first monarch\* of this happy isle,  
 Moved with the ruin of so brave a pile,  
 This work of cost and piety begun,  
 To be accomplished by his glorious son,  
 Who all that came within the ample thought  
 Of his wise sire has to perfection brought;†  
 He, like Amphion, makes those quarries leap  
 Into fair figures from a confused heap;  
 For in his art of regiment is found  
 A power like that of harmony in sound.

Those antique minstrels sure were Charles-like kings,  
 Cities their lutes, and subjects' hearts their strings,  
 On which with so divine a hand they strook,  
 Consent of motion from their breath they took:  
 So all our minds with his conspire to grace  
 The Gentiles' great apostle, and deface  
 Those state-obscuring sheds, that like a chain  
 Seemed to confine and fetter him again;  
 Which the glad saint shakes off at his command,  
 As once the viper from his sacred hand:  
 So joys the aged oak, when we divide  
 The creeping ivy from his injured side.

Ambition rather would affect the fame  
 Of some new structure, to have borne her name.

---

the images of this piece are sufficiently obvious, although few readers will agree with Dr. Johnson that they are also vulgar. To make quarries leap into figures like Amphion, represents an idea that possesses neither much novelty in itself, nor fitness in the place where it is employed; but it is scarcely chargeable with being low or mean. The succeeding passage, in which the satisfaction of St. Paul at the clearing away of the sheds that formerly obscured the cathedral is compared to the joy of the oak at being relieved from the creeping ivy, exhibits a curious mixture of extravagance and poverty.

\* King James I.

† The cathedral had suffered twice from fire, 1137 and 1561. James I. contemplated its complete restoration, and promoted subscriptions for the purpose; but the credit of attempting to carry out his designs was reserved for his successor, who is not entitled, however, to the honour assigned to him by Waller of having completed the work.

Two distant virtues in one act we find,  
The modesty and greatness of his mind;  
Which not content to be above the rage,  
And injury of all-impairing age,  
In its own worth secure, doth higher climb,  
And things half swallowed from the jaws of Time  
Reduce; an earnest of his grand design,  
To frame no new church, but the old refine;  
Which, spouse-like, may with comely grace command  
More than by force of argument or hand.  
For doubtful reason few can apprehend,  
And war brings ruin where it should amend;  
But beauty, with a bloodless conquest, finds  
A welcome sovereignty in rudest minds.

Not aught which Sheba's wondering queen beheld  
Amongst the works of Solomon, excelled  
His ships, and building; emblems of a heart  
Large both in magnanimity and art.

While the propitious heavens this work attend,  
Long-wanted showers they forget to send;  
As if they meant to make it understood  
Of more importance than our vital food.

The sun, which riseth to salute the quire  
Already finished, setting shall admire  
How private bounty could so far extend:  
The King built all, but Charles the western end.\*  
So proud a fabric to devotion given,  
At once it threatens and obliges heaven!

Laomedon, that had the gods in pay,  
Neptune, with him that rules the sacred day,†

---

\* This part of the repairs, or improvements, was effected at the private expense of the King. It consisted of a magnificent portico, supported by Corinthian pillars, within which were placed the statues of James and Charles. The portico was built by Inigo Jones, and was intended to be surmounted by statues; but the undertaking was abandoned before that portion of the design was finished. Dugdale tells us that this portico was meant as an ambulatory for persons who, usually walking in the body of the church, disturbed the service.

† Apollo.

Could no such structure raise: Troy walled so high,  
The Atrides might as well have forced the sky.

Glad, though amazèd, are our neighbour kings,  
To see such power employed in peaceful things;  
They list not urge it to the dreadful field;  
The task is easier to destroy than build.

. . . . Sic gratia regum  
Pieriis tentam modis . . . .—HORACE.

---

### TO MR. HENRY LAWES,

WHO HAD THEN NEWLY SET A SONG OF MINE IN THE YEAR 1635.\*

VERSE makes heroic virtue live;  
But you can life to verses give.  
As when in open air we blow,  
The breath, though strained, sounds flat and low;  
But if a trumpet take the blast,  
It lifts it high, and makes it last:  
So in your airs our numbers dressed,  
Make a shrill sally from the breast  
Of nymphs, who, singing what we penned,  
Our passions to themselves commend;

---

\* Henry Lawes, the son of a vicar-choral at Salisbury, was born about 1600. He was a disciple of Coperario, and was appointed a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and afterwards one of the private music to Charles I. He held a distinguished place amongst the composers of his day, and is mainly indebted for his celebrity in our time to the music he composed for Milton's *Comus*, in which he performed the character of the Attendant Spirit, when it was presented at Ludlow Castle. 'His chief talent,' says Hawkins, 'lay in the composition of songs for a single voice, and in these the great and almost only excellence is the exact correspondence between the accent of the music and the quantities of the verse; and, if the poems of Milton and Waller in his commendation be attended to, it will be found that in this particular is his chief praise.' This talent for rendering music the exponent of poetry is undervalued by Burney and Hawkins, who, testing music by independent canons, did not sufficiently appreciate the very rare merit displayed by Lawes, in giving perspicuous expression to the words. Lawes lived to compose the anthem for the coronation of Charles II., and died in 1662.

While love, victorious with thy art,  
Governs at once their voice and heart.

You by the help of tune and time,  
Can make that song that was but rhyme.  
Noy\* pleading, no man doubts the cause;  
Or questions verses set by Lawes.

As a church window, thick with paint,  
Lets in a light but dim and faint;  
So others, with division, hide  
The light of sense, the poet's pride:  
But you alone may truly boast  
That not a syllable is lost;  
The writer's, and the setter's, skill  
At once the ravished ears do fill.  
Let those which only warble long,  
And gargle in their throats a song,  
Content themselves with Ut, Re, Mi:†  
Let words, and sense, be set by thee.

### THE COUNTRY TO MY LADY CARLISLE.‡

MADAM, of all the sacred Muse inspired,  
Orpheus alone could with the woods comply;  
Their rude inhabitants his song admired,  
And Nature's self, in those that could not lie:

\* Edward Noy, Attorney-General in the reign of Charles II. He commenced his political career as the opponent of the prerogative, and ended it by supporting the prerogative against the people. He advised the arbitrary measure of ship-money, the writ for which, Clarendon tells us, he drew with his own hand. There is an irreconcilable contradiction between the date assigned to the poem, 1635, and the introduction of Noy's name, as being then living and pleading, Noy having died in August, 1634.

† Lawes strenuously resisted the rage for songs in Italian, a language which the hearers did not understand. In his volume of *Ayres and Dialogues*, published in 1653, he ridiculed the popular taste by setting to music the initial words of some old Italian airs, consisting of nothing more than the abbreviations of an index, which he assures his readers he had successfully passed off as a veritable Italian song.

‡ The Lady Lucy Percy, daughter of the Earl of Northumberland,

Your beauty next our solitude invades,  
And warms us, shining through the thickest shades.

Nor ought the tribute which the wondering court  
Pays your fair eyes, prevail with you to scorn  
The answer and consent to that report  
Which, echo-like, the country does return:  
Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our springs  
Present the impartial images of things.

A rural judge\* disposed of beauty's prize;  
A simple shepherd was preferred to Jove;  
Down to the mountains from the partial skies,  
Came Juno, Pallas, and the Queen of Love,  
To plead for that which was so justly given  
To the bright Carlisle of the court of heaven.

Carlisle! a name which all our woods are taught,  
Loud as their Amaryllis, to resound;  
Carlisle! a name which on the bark is wrought  
Of every tree that's worthy of the wound.  
From Phœbus' rage our shadows and our streams  
May guard us better than from Carlisle's beams.

---

during whose imprisonment in the Tower she married the Earl of Carlisle against the wishes of her father, who for a long time withheld his forgiveness. She incurred considerable censure for meddling in politics; and Sir Philip Warwick hints that she accepted in turn the gallantries of Strafford and Pym. Although Waller celebrates her beauty, as a court poet was bound to do, she was more indebted to her vivacity and wit than to her personal charms, for the influence she enjoyed. Sir Toby Mathews' character of this lady, preserved by Fenton, cannot be otherwise regarded than as a pure exercise of the writer's fancy. According to the description he has given of her, she was too lofty and dignified to be capable of friendship, and had 'too great a heart' to be susceptible of love. 'She believeth nothing to be worthy of her consideration,' he says, 'but her own imaginations: these gallant fancies keep her in satisfaction, when she is alone; where she will make something worthy of her liking, since, in the world, she cannot find anything worthy of her loving.' Waller presents her under a more attractive aspect.

\* Paris.

## THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE IN MOURNING.\*

**W**HEN from black clouds no part of sky is clear,  
 But just so much as lets the sun appear,  
 Heaven then would seem thy image, and reflect  
 Those sable vestments, and that bright aspect.  
 A spark of virtue by the deepest shade  
 Of sad adversity is fairer made;  
 Nor less advantage doth thy beauty get;  
 A Venus rising from a sea of jet!  
 Such was the appearance of new formèd light,  
 While yet it struggled with eternal night.  
 Then mourn no more, lest thou admit increase  
 Of glory by thy noble lord's decease.  
 We find not that the laughter-loving dame†  
 Mourned for Anchises; 'twas enough she came  
 To grace the mortal with her deathless bed,  
 And that his living eyes such beauty fed;  
 Had she been there, untimely joy, through all  
 Men's hearts diffused, had marred the funeral.  
 Those eyes were made to banish grief: as well  
 Bright Phœbus might affect in shades to dwell,  
 As they to put on sorrow: nothing stands,  
 But power to grieve, exempt from thy commands.  
 If thou lament, thou must do so alone;  
 Grief in thy presence can lay hold on none.  
 Yet still persist the memory to love  
 Of that great Mercury of our mighty Jove,

---

\* The Earl of Carlisle, according to Clarendon, came into England with James I., and by the prudence of his conduct secured more popularity than any of his countrymen. He was twice married—first to the sole daughter and heir of Lord Denny, and afterwards to the Lady Lucy Percy. Luxurious in his habits, and costly in his personal expenses, he lived superbly and died poor. 'He left behind him,' says Clarendon, 'the reputation of a very fine gentleman and a most accomplished courtier; and after having spent in a very jovial life above four hundred thousand pounds, which, upon a strict computation, he received from the crown, he left not a house nor an acre of land to be remembered by.' He died in 1636.

† Venus.

Who, by the power of his enchanting tongue,  
 Swords from the hands of threatening monarchs wrung.  
 War he prevented, or soon made it cease,  
 Instructing princes in the arts of peace ;  
 Such as made Sheba's curious queen resort  
 To the large hearted Hebrew's famous court.  
 Had Homer sat amongst his wondering guests,  
 He might have learned at those stupendous feasts,  
 With greater bounty, and more sacred state,  
 The banquets of the gods to celebrate.  
 But oh ! what elocution might he use,  
 What potent charms, that could so soon infuse  
 His absent master's love into the heart  
 Of Henrietta ! forcing her to part  
 From her loved brother, country, and the sun,  
 And, like Camilla, o'er the waves to run  
 Into his arms !\* while the Parisian dames  
 Mourn for the ravished glory ; at her flames  
 No less amazed than the amazèd stars,  
 When the bold charmer of Thessalia wars  
 With Heaven itself, and numbers does repeat,  
 Which call descending Cynthia from her seat.

---

IN ANSWER TO ONE WHO WRIT A LIBEL  
 AGAINST THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

WHAT fury has provoked thy wit to dare,  
 With Diomede, to wound the Queen of Love ?  
 Thy mistress' envy, or thine own despair ?  
 Not the just Pallas in thy breast did move  
 So blind a rage, with such a different fate ;  
 He honour won where thou hast purchased hate.  
 She gave assistance to his Trojan foe ;  
 Thou, that without a rival thou mayst love,

---

\* Lord Carlisle was appointed with Lord Holland to represent Prince Charles at the marriage with the Princess Henrietta in Paris.

Dest to the beauty of this lady owe,  
 While after her the gazing world does move.  
 Canst thou not be content to love alone?  
 Or is thy mistress not content with one?

Hast thou not read of Fairy Arthur's shield.  
 Which, but disclosed, amazed the weaker eyes  
 Of proudest foes, and won the doubtful field?  
 So shall thy rebel wit become her prize.  
 Should thy iambics swell into a book,  
 All were confuted with one radiant look.

Heaven he obliged that placed her in the skies;  
 Rewarding Phœbus, for inspiring so  
 His noble brain, by likening to those eyes  
 His joyful beams; but Phœbus is thy foe,  
 And neither aids thy fancy nor thy sight,  
 So ill thou rhym'st against so fair a light.

## OF HER CHAMBER.

THEY taste of death that do at heaven arrive;  
 But we this paradise approach alive.  
 Instead of death, the dart of love does strike,  
 And renders all within these walls alike.  
 The high in titles, and the shepherd, here  
 Forgets his greatness, and forgets his fear.  
 All stand amazed, and gazing on the fair,  
 Lose thought of what themselves or others are;  
 Ambition lose, and have no other scope,  
 Save Carlisle's favour, to employ their hope.  
 The Thracian\* could (though all those tales were true  
 The bold Greeks tell) no greater wonders do;  
 Before his feet so sheep and lions lay,  
 Fearless and wrathless while they heard him play.

\* Orpheus.

The gay, the wise, the gallant, and the grave,  
 Subdued alike, all but one passion have;  
 No worthy mind but finds in hers there is  
 Something proportioned to the rule of his;  
 While she with cheerful, but impartial grace,  
 (Born for no one, but to delight the race  
 Of men) like Phœbus so divides her light,  
 And warms us, that she stoops not from her height.

---

## TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS! 'twas love that injured you,  
 And on that rock your Thyrsis threw;  
 Who for proud Celia could have died,  
 While you no less accused his pride.

Fond Love his darts at random throws,  
 And nothing springs from what he sows;  
 From foes discharged, as often meet  
 The shining points of arrows fleet,  
 In the wide air creating fire,  
 As souls that join in one desire.

Love made the lovely Venus burn  
 In vain, and for the cold youth\* mourn,  
 Who the pursuit of churlish beasts  
 Preferred to sleeping on her breasts.

Love makes so many hearts the prize  
 Of the bright Carlisle's conquering eyes,  
 Which she regards no more than they  
 The tears of lesser beauties weigh.  
 So have I seen the lost clouds pour  
 Into the sea a useless shower;  
 And the vexed sailors curse the rain  
 For which poor shepherds prayed in vain.

Then, Phyllis, since our passions are  
 Governed by chance; and not the care,

---

But sport of heaven, which takes delight  
 To look upon this Parthian fight  
 Of love, still flying, or in chase,  
 Never encountering face to face;  
 No more to love we'll sacrifice,  
 But to the best of deities;  
 And let our hearts, which love disjoined,  
 By his kind mother be combined.

---

TO THE QUEEN MOTHER OF FRANCE, UPON  
 HER LANDING.\*

GREAT Queen of Europe! where thy offspring wears  
 All the chief crowns; where princes are thy heirs;†  
 As welcome thou to sea-girt Britain's shore,  
 As erst Latona (who fair Cynthia bore)  
 To Delos was; here shines a nymph as bright,  
 By thee disclosed, with like increase of light.  
 Why was her joy in Belgia confined?  
 Or why did you so much regard the wind?  
 Scarce could the ocean, though enraged, have tossed  
 Thy sovereign bark, but where the obsequious coast

---

\* Mary de Medicis, flying from the persecutions of Richelieu, took sanctuary in England, upon the invitation of the Queen, in 1638. The people gave her a very rough reception, and her landing led to a tumult in which lives were lost, and it was found necessary to employ force to protect her against the violence of the populace. Her subsequent residence at St. James's Palace, where she lived upon the bounty of the country, being allowed a pension of 3000*l.* a month, became a source of constant irritation; and at length, in 1641, the Parliament interfered, and procured her removal, mitigating the severity of the measure by granting a sum of 10,000*l.*, nominally for the expenses of her journey, but really as a provision against want. The wretched close of her life at Cologne, in the following year, presents one of the most extraordinary reverses of fortune in the annals of history.

† The royalties with which Mary de Medicis was directly related connected her with most of the reigning Sovereigns of Europe. She was the daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the widow of Henry IV., and the mother of the King of France, the Queens of England and Spain, and the Duchess of Savoy.

Pays tribute to thy bed. Rome's conquering hand  
 More vanquished nations under her command  
 Never reduced. Glad Berecynthia so  
 Among her deathless progeny did go;  
 A wreath of towers adorned her reverend head,  
 Mother of all that on ambrosia fed.  
 Thy godlike race must sway the age to come,  
 As she Olympus peopled with her womb.

Would those commanders of mankind obey  
 Their honoured parent, all pretences lay  
 Down at your royal feet, compose their jars,  
 And on the growing Turk discharge these wars,  
 The Christian knights that sacred tomb should wrest  
 From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the East;  
 Our England's Prince, and Gallia's Dauphin, might  
 Like young Rinaldo and Tancredi fight;  
 In single combat by their swords again  
 The proud Argantes and fierce Soldan slain;  
 Again might we their valiant deeds recite,  
 And with your Tuscan Muse\* exalt the fight.

### THYRSIS, GALATEA.†

THYRSIS.

AS lately I on silver Thames did ride,  
 Sad Galatea on the bank I spied;  
 Such was her look as sorrow taught to shine,  
 And thus she graced me with a voice divine.

GALATEA.

You that can tune your sounding strings so well,  
 Of ladies' beauties, and of love to tell,

\* Tasso.

† The Duchess of Hamilton, whose untimely death is mourned in this pastoral, was the niece of the favourite Buckingham, and daughter of the Earl of Denbigh. She is said to have united the personal grace and beauty of the Villiers, with a highly cultivated mind. The time of her death, 1638, determines the date of the poem.

Once change your note, and let your lute report  
The justest grief that ever touched the Court.

THYRSIS.

Fair nymph! I have in your delights no share,  
Nor ought to be concerned in your care;  
Yet would I sing if I your sorrows knew,  
And to my aid invoke no muse but you.

GALATEA.

Hear then, and let your song augment our grief,  
Which is so great as not to wish relief.  
She that had all which Nature gives, or Chance,  
Whom Fortune joined with Virtue to advance  
To all the joys this island could afford,  
The greatest mistress, and the kindest lord;  
Who with the royal mixed her noble blood,  
And in high grace with Gloriana stood;  
Her bounty, sweetness, beauty, goodness, such,  
That none e'er thought her happiness too much;  
So well-inclined her favours to confer,  
And kind to all, as Heaven had been to her!  
The virgin's part, the mother, and the wife,  
So well she acted in this span of life,  
That though few years (too few, alas!) she told,  
She seemed in all things, but in beauty, old.  
As unripe fruit, whose verdant stalks do cleave  
Close to the tree, which grieves no less to leave  
The smiling pendant which adorns her so,  
And until autumn on the bough should grow;  
So seemed her youthful soul not easily forced,  
Or from so fair, so sweet, a seat divorced.  
Her fate at once did hasty seem and slow;  
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

THYRSIS.

Under how hard a law are mortals born!  
Whom now we envy, we anon must mourn;

What Heaven sets highest, and seems most to prize,  
 Is soon removèd from our wondering eyes!  
 But since the Sisters\* did so soon untwine  
 So fair a thread, I'll strive to piece the line.  
 Vouchsafe, sad nymph! to let me know the dame,  
 And to the muses I'll commend her name;  
 Make the wide country echo to your moan,  
 The listening trees and savage mountains groan.  
 What rock's not movèd when the death is sung  
 Of one so good, so lovely, and so young?

GALATEA.

'Twas Hamilton!—whom I had named before,  
 But naming her, grief lets me say no more.

## Saccharissa.†

### ON MY LADY DOROTHY SIDNEY'S PICTURE.

SUCH was Philoclea, and such Dorus' flame!  
 The matchless Sidney, that immortal frame

\* Parcæ.

† Under this title are here collected all the poems that directly refer to the Lady Dorothea Sidney. They belong, in chronological order, to a period antecedent to 1639, the year of Lady Dorothea's marriage. Dr. Johnson thinks that the poetical name conferred on the lady by her lover is contradicted by Waller's own account of her. 'It is derived,' he observes, 'from the Latin appellation of *sugar*. and implies, if it means anything, a spiritless mildness, and dull good-nature, such as excites rather tenderness and esteem, and such as, though always treated with kindness, is never honoured or admired. Yet he describes Saccharissa as a sublime predominating beauty, of lofty charms, and imperious influence, on whom he looks with amazement rather than fondness, whose chains he wishes, though in vain, to break, and whose presence is *wine* that *inflames to madness*.' Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that Waller's description of Saccharissa is too vague and inconsistent to convey a distinct image of her person or character, and that the final impression it leaves upon the mind is indefinite and unsatisfactory. The loftiness ascribed to her is

Of perfect beauty on two pillars placed ;  
 Not his high fancy could one pattern, graced  
 With such extremes of excellence, compose ;  
 Wonders so distant in one face disclose !  
 Such cheerful modesty, such humble state,  
 Moves certain love, but with as doubtful fate  
 As when, beyond our greedy reach, we see  
 Inviting fruit on too sublime a tree.  
 All the rich flowers through his Arcadia found,  
 Amazed we see in this one garland bound.  
 Had but this copy (which the artist took  
 From the fair picture of that noble book)  
 Stood at Kalander's, the brave friends had jarred,  
 And, rivals made, the ensuing story marred.  
 Just nature, first instructed by his thought,  
 In his own house thus practised what he taught ;  
 This glorious piece transcends what he could think,  
 So much his blood is nobler than his ink !\*

---

blended with 'cheerful modesty and humble state;' and her haughtiness is considerably mitigated by natural grace and softness. This picture of contradictions is clearly not so much a representation of the actual attributes of the lady herself, as of the perplexity of a suitor, seeking, without success, to touch her heart. It is the rejected lover who speaks of Saccharissa's disdain and scorn ; and it may be reasonably inferred that, had Waller been fortunate in his suit, he would have discovered in Saccharissa those qualities of sweetness and tenderness that first inspired the appellation he bestowed on her—'a name,' says Mr. Fenton, 'which recalls to mind what is related of the Turks, who, in their gallantries, think *Sucar Birpara*, i. e. bit of sugar, to be the most polite and endearing compliment they can use to the ladies.'

\* The allusions throughout this poem are to the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney, in which Pyrocles and Musidorus, inspired by the sight of the portraits of Philoclea and Pamela, fall in love with the originals, and ultimately succeed in their suits. Philoclea's beauty is that of sweetness and gentleness, while Pamela's is of a grander and more majestic cast. Both characters are described to be combined in the portrait of Saccharissa. Kalander, whose name is introduced into Waller's lines, is the hospitable host in the *Arcadia*, who receives Musidorus into his house, where the portraits are hung up. Sir Philip Sidney was great uncle to Lady Dorothea, or Dorothy, as she appears to have been generally called.

## TO VANDYCK.\*

**R**ARE Artisan, whose pencil moves  
 Not our delights alone, but loves!  
 From thy shop of beauty we  
 Slaves return, that entered free.  
 The heedless lover does not know  
 Whose eyes they are that wound him so;  
 But, confounded with thy art,  
 Inquires her name that has his heart.  
 Another, who did long refrain,  
 Feels his old wound bleed fresh again  
 With dear remembrance of that face,  
 Where now he reads new hope of grace:  
 Nor scorn nor cruelty does find,  
 But gladly suffers a false wind  
 To blow the ashes of despair  
 From the reviving brand of care.  
 Fool! that forgets her stubborn look  
 This softness from thy finger took.  
 Strange! that thy hand should not inspire  
 The beauty only, but the fire;  
 Not the form alone, and grace,  
 But act and power of a face.  
 Mayst thou yet thyself as well,  
 As all the world besides, excel!  
 So you the unfeigned truth rehearse,  
 (That I may make it live in verse)

---

\* This piece refers generally to Vandyck's skill in idealizing his female heads; but it appears also to have a special reference to a portrait of Saccharissa. There is a portrait of her by Vandyck preserved at Hall-Barn, which she is said to have presented herself to Waller. The portrait at Windsor, generally supposed to be that of Saccharissa, is of another Countess of Sunderland, daughter of George, Lord Digby, and daughter-in-law to Lady Dorothea. The portrait at Penshurst does not convey a character of habitual severity or scorn, but rather of good nature and a love of ease, subject to sudden gusts of temper; and the kind of beauty it displays disappoints the expectations raised by the poetry of Waller.

Why thou couldst not at one assay,\*  
 The face to aftertimes convey,  
 Which this admires. Was it thy wit  
 To make her oft before thee sit?  
 Confess, and we'll forgive thee this;  
 For who would not repeat that bliss?  
 And frequent sight of such a dame  
 Buy with the hazard of his fame?  
 Yet who can tax thy blameless skill,  
 Though thy good hand had failèd still,  
 When nature's self so often errs?  
 She for this many thousand years  
 Seems to have practised with much care,  
 To frame the race of women fair;  
 Yet never could a perfect birth  
 Produce before to grace the earth,  
 Which waxèd old ere it could see  
 Her that amazed thy art and thee.

But now 'tis done, O let me know  
 Where those immortal colours grow,  
 That could this deathless piece compose!  
 In lilies? or the fading rose?  
 No; for this theft thou hast climbed higher  
 Than did Prometheus for his fire.

## AT PENSHURST.

**H**AD Dorothea lived when mortals made  
 Choice of their deities, this sacred shade  
 Had held an altar to her power, that gave  
 The peace and glory which these alleys have;  
 Embroidered so with flowers where she stood,  
 That it became a garden of a wood.  
 Her presence has such more than human grace,  
 That it can civilize the rudest place;

\* Originally used in the sense of *essay*, and radically the same word.

And beauty too, and order, can impart,  
 Where nature ne'er intended it, nor art. 10  
 The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,  
 No less than those of old did Orpheus' lyre;  
 If she sit down, with tops all towards her bowed,  
 They round about her into arbours crowd;  
 Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,  
 Like some well-marshalled and obsequious band.  
 Amphion so made stones and timber leap  
 Into fair figures from a confused heap;\*  
 And in the symmetry of her parts is found  
 A power like that of harmony in sound. 20

Ye lofty beeches, tell this matchless dame,  
 That if together ye fed all one flame,  
 It could not equalize the hundredth part  
 Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart!  
 Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark  
 Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark  
 Of noble Sidney's birth; when such benign,  
 Such more than mortal-making stars did shine, 25  
 That there they cannot but for ever prove  
 The monument and pledge of humble love;  
 His humble love whose hope shall ne'er rise higher,  
 Than for a pardon that he dares admire. 30

### TO MY LORD OF LEICESTER.†

NOT that thy trees at Penshurst groan,  
 Oppressèd with their timely load,

\* This comparison, in nearly the same words, occurs in the lines on the *Repairing of St. Paul's*.—*Ante* p. 60. The reference to Orpheus, a few lines before, had also been already applied in the lines to Lady Carlisle, and is afterwards again addressed to Saccharissa.

† Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, married the Lady Dorothea Percy, sister to the Countess of Carlisle. Of eight daughters, Waller's Saccharissa was the eldest. Lord Leicester was appointed as Strafford's successor in the Lieutenantcy of Ireland, but fell under the displeasure of

And seem to make their silent moan,  
That their great lord is now abroad :\*  
They to delight his taste, or eye,  
Would spend themselves in fruit, and die.

Not that thy harmless deer repine,  
And think themselves unjustly slain  
By any other hand than thine,  
Whose arrows they would gladly stain ;  
No, nor thy friends, which hold too dear  
That peace with France which keeps thee there.

All these are less than that great cause  
Which now exacts your presence here,  
Wherein there meet the divers laws  
Of public and domestic care.  
For one bright nymph our youth contends,  
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright shield of Thetis' son,†  
(For which such stern debate did rise,  
That the great Ajax Telamon  
Refused to live without the prize)  
Those Achive peers did more engage,  
Than she the gallants of our age.

That beam of beauty, which begun  
To warm us so when thou wert here,  
Now scorches like the raging sun,  
When Sirius does first appear.  
O fix this flame! and let despair  
Redeem the rest from endless care.

---

the King, who summoned him to Oxford as he was about to embark for his government. Clarendon says that the contumely with which he was treated was unjust, and that he owed his greatest misfortunes to the irresolution and weakness of his character.

\* Lord Leicester was much employed on foreign service. He commanded a regiment under the States of the United Provinces, and was afterwards appointed to embassies in Denmark and France.

† Achilles.

OF THE LADY WHO CAN SLEEP WHEN SHE  
PLEASES.\*

NO wonder sleep from careful lovers flies,  
To bathe himself in Saccharissa's eyes.  
As fair Astræa once from earth to heaven,  
By strife and loud impiety was driven;  
So with our plaints offended, and our tears,  
Wise Somnus to that paradise repairs;  
Waits on her will, and wretches does forsake,  
To court the nymph for whom those wretches wake.  
More proud than Phœbus of his throne of gold  
Is the soft god those softer limbs to hold;  
Nor would exchange with Jove, to hide the skies  
In darkening clouds, the power to close her eyes;  
Eyes which so far all other lights control,  
They warm our mortal parts. but these our soul!

Let her free spirit, whose unconquered breast  
Holds such deep quiet and untroubled rest,  
Know that though Venus and her son should spare  
Her rebel heart, and never teach her care,  
Yet Hymen may in force his vigils keep,  
And for another's joy suspend her sleep.

OF THE MISREPORT OF HER BEING PAINTED.

AS when a sort of wolves infest the night  
With their wild howlings at fair Cynthia's light,  
The noise may chase sweet slumber from our eyes,  
But never reach the mistress of the skies;

\* Saccharissa's portrait at Penshurst is curiously suggestive of this power of sleeping at pleasure. The languishing softness of her large dreamy eyes, notwithstanding the latent fire they conceal, betrays the luxurious sense of deep repose indicated in the poem.

So with the news of Saccharissa's wrongs,  
 Her vexèd servants blame those envious tongues;  
 Call Love to witness that no painted fire  
 Can scorch men so, or kindle such desire;  
 While, unconcerned, she seems moved no more  
 With this new malice than our loves before;  
 But from the height of her great mind looks down  
 On both our passions without smile or frown.  
 So little care of what is done below  
 Hath the bright dame whom heaven affecteth so!  
 Paints her, 'tis true, with the same hand which spreads  
 Like glorious colours through the flowery meads,  
 When lavish nature, with her best attire,  
 Clôthes the gay spring, the season of desire;  
 Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn  
 With the same art wherewith she paints the morn;  
 With the same art wherewith she gildeth so  
 Those painted clouds which form Thaumantias' bow.

---

OF HER PASSING THROUGH A CROWD OF  
PEOPLE.

**A**S in old chaos (heaven with earth confused,  
 And stars with rocks together crushed and bruised)  
 The sun his light no further could extend  
 Than the next hill, which on his shoulders leaned;  
 So in this throng bright Saccharissa fared,  
 Oppressed by those who strove to be her guard;  
 As ships, though never so obsequious, fall  
 Foul in a tempest on their admiral.  
 A greater favour this disorder brought  
 Unto her servants than their awful thought  
 Durst entertain, when thus compelled they pressed  
 The yielding marble of her snowy breast.

While love insults,\* disguisèd in the cloud,  
 And welcome force, of that unruly crowd.  
 So the amorous tree, while yet the air is calm,  
 Just distance keeps from his desirèd palm;†  
 But when the wind her ravished branches throws  
 Into his arms, and mingles all their boughs,  
 Though loath he seems her tender leaves to press,  
 More loath he is that friendly storm should cease,  
 From whose rude bounty he the double use  
 At once receives, of pleasure and excuse.

---

THE STORY OF PHŒBUS AND DAPHNE, †  
 APPLIED.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspirèd train,  
 Fair Saccharissa loved, but loved in vain;  
 Like Phœbus sung the no less amorous boy;  
 Like Daphne she, as lovely, and as coy!  
 With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,  
 With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use!  
 Such is the chaes when Love and Fancy leads,  
 O'er craggy mountains, and through flowery meads;  
 Invoked to testify the lover's care,  
 Or form some image of his cruel fair.  
 Urged with his fury, like a wounded deer,  
 O'er these he fled; and now approaching near,  
 Had reached the nymph with his harmonious lay,  
 Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.  
 Yet what he sung in his immortal strain,  
 Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain;

---

\* Exults?

† Ovalle informs us that the palm-trees in Chili have this wonderful property, that they never will bear any fruit but when they are planted near each other; and when they find one standing barren by itself, if they plant another, be it never so small, (which they call the female,) it will become prolific.—FENTON.

‡ Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, b. i.

All, but the nymph that should redress his wrong,  
 Attend his passion, and approve his song.  
 Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought praise,  
 He caught at love, and filled his arms with bays.\*

## FABULA PHŒBI ET DAPHNES.

ARCADIÆ juvenis Thyrsis, Phœbique sacerdos,  
 Ingenti frustra Saccharissæ ardebat amore.  
 Haud Deus ipse olim Daphni majora canebat;  
 Nec suit asperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illâ:  
 Carminibus Phœbo dignis premit ille fugacem  
 Per rupes, per saxa, volans per florida vates  
 Pascua: formosam nunc his componere nympham,  
 Nunc illis crudelem insanâ mente solebat.  
 Audiit illa procul miserum, cytharamque sonantem;  
 Audiit, at nullis respexit mota querelis!  
 Ne tamen omnino caneret desertus, ad alta  
 Sidera perculsi referunt nova carmina montes.  
 Sic, non quæsitis cumulatus laudibus, olim  
 Elapsâ reperit Daphne sua laurea Phœbus.

\* The transformation of the nymph into the laurel is thus rendered by Sandys:—

‘Forthwith a numbness all her limbs possessed,  
 And slender films her softer sides invest;  
 Hair into leaves, her arms to branches grow,  
 And late swift feet, now roots, are less than slow.  
 Her graceful head a heavy top sustains;  
 One beauty throughout all her form remains.  
 Still Phœbus loves. He handles the new plant,  
 And feels her heart within the bark to pant.  
 Embraced the bole, as he would her have done;  
 And kissed the boughs; the boughs his kisses shun.  
 To whom the god: ‘Although thou canst not be  
 The wife I wished, yet shalt thou be my Tree;  
 Our quiver, harp, our tresses never shorn,  
 My Laurel, thou shalt ever more adorn.’

## S O N G.

SAY, lovely dream! where couldst thou find  
 Shades to counterfeit that face?  
 Colours of this glorious kind  
 Come not from any mortal place.

In heaven itself thou sure wert dressed  
 With that angel-like disguise:  
 Thus deluded am I blessed,  
 And see my joy with closed eyes.

But ah! this image is too kind  
 To be other than a dream;  
 Cruel Saccharissa's mind  
 Never put on that sweet extreme!

Fair dream! if thou intend'st me grace,  
 Change that heavenly face of thine;  
 Paint despised love in thy face,  
 And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,  
 With a pity-moving shape,  
 Such as wander by the brook  
 Of Lethe, or from graves escape.

Then to that matchless nymph appear,  
 In whose shape thou shinest so;  
 Softly in her sleeping ear,  
 With humble words, express my woe.

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,  
 Thus surprisèd she may fall;  
 Sleep does disproportion hide,  
 And, death resembling, equals all.

## TO MRS. BRAUGHTON,

SERVANT TO SACCHARISSA.

FAIR fellow-servant! may your gentle ear  
 Prove more propitious to my slighted care  
 Than the bright dame's we serve: for her relief  
 (Vexed with the long expressions of my grief)  
 Receive these plaints; nor will her high disdain  
 Forbid my humble muse to court her train.

So, in those nations which the sun adore,  
 Some modest Persian, or some weak-eyed Moor,  
 No higher dares advance his dazzled sight,  
 Than to some gilded cloud, which near the light  
 Of their ascending god adorns the east,  
 And, gracèd with his beams, outshines the rest.

Thy skilful hand contributes to our woe,  
 And whets those arrows which confound us so.  
 A thousand Cupids in those curls do sit  
 (Those curious nets!) thy slender fingers knit.  
 The Graces put not more exactly on  
 The attire of Venus, when the ball she won,  
 Than Saccharissa by thy care is dressed,  
 When all our youth prefers her to the rest.

You the soft season know when best her mind  
 May be to pity, or to love, inclined:  
 In some well-chosen hour supply his fear,  
 Whose hopeless love durst never tempt the ear  
 Of that stern goddess. You, her priest, declare  
 What offerings may propitiate the fair;  
 Rich orient pearl, bright stones that ne'er decay,  
 Or polished lines, which longer last than they;  
 For if I thought she took delight in those,  
 To where the cheerful morn does first disclose,  
 (The shady night removing with her beams)  
 Winged with bold love, I'd fly to fetch such gems.  
 But since her eyes, her teeth, her lip excels  
 All that is found in mines or fishes' shells,

Her nobler part as far exceeding these,  
None but immortal gifts her mind should please.  
The shining jewels Greece and Troy bestowed  
On Sparta's queen,\* her lovely neck did load,  
And snowy wrists; but when the town was burned,  
Those fading glories were to ashes turned;  
Her beauty, too, had perished, and her fame,  
Had not the muse redeemed them from the flame.

---

## TO MY YOUNG LADY LUCY SIDNEY.†

WHY came I so untimely forth  
Into a world which, wanting thee,  
Could entertain us with no worth  
Or shadow of felicity?  
That time should me so far remove  
From that which I was born to love!

Yet, fairest blossom! do not slight  
That age which you may know so soon;  
The rosy morn resigns her light,  
And milder glory, to the noon;  
And then what wonders shall you do,  
Whose dawning beauty warms us so?

Hope waits upon the flowery prime;  
And summer, though it be less gay,  
Yet is not looked on as a time  
Of declination or decay;  
For with a full hand that does bring  
All that was promised by the spring.

---

\* Helen.

† The younger sister of Lady Dorothea; afterwards married to Sir John Pelham.

## TO AMORET.\*

FAIR! that you may truly know  
 What you unto Thyrsis owe,  
 I will tell you how I do  
 Saccharissa love and you.

Joy salutes me, when I set  
 My blessed eyes on Amoret;  
 But with wonder I am strook,  
 While I on the other look.

If sweet Amoret complains,  
 I have sense of all her pains;  
 But for Saccharissa I  
 Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of myself is mine,  
 Lovely Amoret! is thine;  
 Saccharissa's captive fain  
 Would untie his iron chain,  
 And, those scorching beams to shun,  
 To thy gentle shadow run.

If the soul had free election  
 To dispose of her affection,  
 I would not thus long have borne  
 Haughty Saccharissa's scorn;  
 But 'tis sure some power above,  
 Which controls our wills in love!

If not love, a strong desire  
 To create and spread that fire  
 In my breast, solicits me,  
 Beauteous Amoret! for thee.

'Tis amazement more than love,  
 Which her radiant eyes do move;

---

\* In this piece Waller, finding his suit to Saccharissa hopeless, begins to make excuses to himself for seeking relief in the kindlier climate of Amoret's beauty—an expectation in which the next poem shows that he was disappointed. Neither of the ladies can be fairly judged by the comparison that is drawn between them in these verses. Fenton tells us that he heard the Duke of Buckingham say the Amoret of Waller was the Lady Sophia Murray.

If less splendour wait on thine,  
 Yet they so benignly shine,  
 I would turn my dazzled sight  
 To behold their milder light;  
 But as hard 'tis to destroy  
 That high flame, as to enjoy;  
 Which how easily I may do,  
 Heaven (as easily scaled) does know!

Amoret! as sweet and good  
 As the most delicious food,  
 Which, but tasted, does impart  
 Life and gladness to the heart.

Saccharissa's beauty's wine,  
 Which to madness doth incline;  
 Such a liquor as no brain  
 That is mortal can sustain.

Scarce can I to heaven excuse  
 The devotion which I use  
 Unto that adorèd dame;  
 For 'tis not unlike the same  
 Which I thither ought to send;  
 So that if it could take end,  
 'Twould to heaven itself be due  
 To succeed her, and not you,  
 Who already have of me  
 All that's not idolatry;  
 Which, though not so fierce a flame,  
 Is longer like to be the same.

Then smile on me, and I will prove  
 Wonder is shorter-lived than love.

# ON THE FRIENDSHIP BETWIXT SACCHARISSA AND AMORET.

**T**ELL me, lovely, loving pair!  
 Why so kind, and so severe?  
 Why so careless of our care,  
 Only to yourselves so dear?

By this cunning change of hearts,  
 You the power of love control ;  
 While the boy's deluded darts  
 Can arrive at neither soul.

For in vain to either breast  
 Still beguilèd love does come,  
 Where he finds a foreign guest,  
 Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like design,  
 When they never mean to pay,  
 That they may the law decline,  
 To some friend make all away.

Not the silver doves that fly,  
 Yoked in Cytherea's car ;  
 Not the wings that lift so high,  
 And convey her son so far ;

Are so lovely, sweet, and fair,  
 Or do more ennoble love ;  
 Are so choicely matched a pair,  
 Or with more consent do move.

### AT PENSHURST.\*

**W**HILE in this park I sing, the listening deer  
 Attend my passion, and forget to fear. *Orp 2002*  
 When to the beeches I report my flame, *P 2002*  
 They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.

\* Waller here takes his final leave of Saccharissa, who was at this time on the eve of marriage. Taking into consideration the circumstances of her position, the reproaches heaped upon her in this poem are not creditable to the generosity of the writer, and are but indifferently atoned for by the benediction with which he closes. He afterwards, however, made some amends for the harshness of his verse, by a playful letter to Lady Lucy on the marriage of her sister. In this letter he takes a lively revenge upon Saccharissa, and resigns himself to his fate much in the manner of a man of easy gallantry in one of Etherege's comedies. After alluding to the loss of the sister and the

To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers  
 With loud complaints, they answer me in showers.  
 To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,  
 More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heaven!  
 Love's foe professed! why dost thou falsely feign  
 Thyself a Sidney? from which noble strain 10  
 He sprung,\* that could so far exalt the name  
 Of love, and warm our nation with his flame;  
 That all we can of love, or high desire,  
 Seems but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire.  
 Nor call her mother, who so well does prove  
 One breast may hold both chastity and love.  
 Never can she, that so exceeds the spring  
 In joy and bounty, be supposed to bring  
 One so destructive. To no human stock  
 We owe this fierce unkindness, but the rock, 20  
 That cloven rock produced thee, by whose side  
 Nature, to recompense the fatal pride  
 Of such stern beauty, placed those healing springs,†  
 Which not more help, than that destruction, brings.

---

mistress, he thus runs on with what he calls 'the imprecations of the deserted.' 'May my Lady Dorothy (if we may yet call her so) suffer as much, and have the like passion for this young lord, whom she has preferred to the rest of mankind, as others have had for her! And may the love, before the year go about, make her taste of the first curse imposed on womankind, the pains of becoming a mother! May her first-born be none of her own sex! nor so like her, but that he may resemble her lord as much as herself! May she that always affected silence, and retiredness, have the house filled with the noise, and number, of her children; and hereafter of her grandchildren! And then, may she arrive at that great curse, so much declined by fair ladies, old age! May she live to be very old, and yet seem young; be told so by her glass, and have no aches to inform her of the truth! And when she shall appear to be mortal, may her lord not mourn for her, but go hand in hand with her to that place, where we are told there is neither marrying, nor giving in marriage; that being there divorced, we may all have an interest in her again! My revenge being immortal, I wish all this may also befall their posterity to the world's end, and afterwards!' The raillery is sufficiently coarse; but it is characteristic of the time, and strikingly illustrates the elasticity of spirit with which the vicissitudes of love were endured in those days.

\* Sir Philip Sidney.

† Tunbridge Wells.

Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,  
 I might, like Orpheus, with my numerous moan  
 Melt to compassion; now, my traitorous song  
 With thee conspires to do the singer wrong;  
 While thus I suffer not myself to lose  
 The memory of what augments my woes; <sup>30</sup>  
 But with my own breath still foment the fire,  
 With flames as high as fancy can aspire!

This last complaint the indulgent ears did pierce  
 Of just Apollo, president of verse;  
 Highly concernèd that the muse should bring  
 Damage to one whom he had taught to sing,  
 Thus he advised me: 'On yon aged tree <sup>Sidon</sup>  
 Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea,  
 That there with wonders thy diverted mind  
 Some truce, at least, may with this passion find.' <sup>40</sup>  
 Ah, cruel nymph! from whom her humble swain  
 Flies for relief unto the raging main, <sup>1-5-sona</sup>  
 And from the winds and tempests does expect  
 A milder fate than from her cold neglect!  
 Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove  
 Blessed in her choice; and vows this endless love  
 Springs from no hope of what she can confer,  
 But from those gifts which heaven has heaped on her. <sup>42</sup>

---

\* It does not appear that Waller followed the advice of Apollo. Instead of flying for relief to 'the raging main,' he re-entered Parliament in 1640. A long interval of years elapsed before he again saw Saccharissa, and when they once more met she was an old woman. The meeting happened accidentally at Woburn, at Lady Wharton's; and Saccharissa, who had not forgotten how to jest with her lovers, said to him, 'When, Mr. Waller, will you write such fine verses on me again?' To which he replied, as if he still resented her scorn, 'Oh! madam, when your ladyship is as young again!'

## TO MY LORD OF FALKLAND.\*

**B**RAVE Holland leads, and with him Falkland goes.†  
 Who hears this told, and does not straight suppose  
 We send the Graces and the Muses forth,  
 To civilize and to instruct the north?

\* The gallant and accomplished Lucius Cary, second Viscount Falkland, who fell at the battle of Newbury, in the 34th year of his age, four years after the expedition into Scotland, to which this poem refers. The memorable panegyric of Clarendon upon the character of this remarkable man has been assailed with some justice by Horace Walpole. But whatever inconsistencies may be alleged against his public conduct in a crisis where much allowance may be reasonably made for conscientious doubts, his personal courage, lofty integrity, and extensive attainments must always command respect and admiration. His early death, under circumstances peculiarly affecting, invests his memory with an interest almost romantic; and of him it may well be said, 'Whom the gods love die young!'

† In May, 1638, the Marquis of Hamilton was sent as High Commissioner into Scotland to appease the tumults arising out of the Covenant; and in the following November he dissolved the General Assembly, in consequence of their having rejected the King's authority in church matters. The result was, that the Scotch made a declaration of war, raised an army under Leslie, and seized upon Edinburgh. The expedition which occasioned these verses was organized in March, 1639, when the King, at the head of a considerable force, marched towards Berwick on the road to Scotland. In that expedition Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, held the command of lord-general of the horse, under the Earl of Arundel. The prophecy of the poem was frustrated by the treachery of the Earl of Holland, who, faithless to the cause in which he had embarked, betrayed it in the presence of the enemy. Having been ordered with the flower of the English troops to engage an inferior body of the Scotch under Leslie, he advanced against them, and then retired, without striking a blow. His whole public conduct was marked by similar contradictions, not to apply a severer term to his political infidelities. Mr. Forster, in his admirable biographies of the *Statesmen of the Commonwealth*, tells us that he was one of the lords who, with Pym and Hampden, took an active part at the London meetings of the Scotch commissioners from the Covenant; yet, notwithstanding his apparent relations with the Parliament, he made a last effort on behalf of the King, conspicuous equally by its folly and rashness. He finally expiated his errors on the scaffold; and, distrusted by both parties, and lamented by none, was executed in March, 1648-9.

Waller appropriately associates Lord Holland with the graces. He was celebrated for the courtliness and gallantry of his manners, and his handsome person is familiar to us in the portraits of Vandyck. His true character, says one writer, was *elegans formarum spectator*.

Not that these ornaments make swords less sharp;  
 Apollo bears as well his bow as harp;\*  
 And though he be the patron of that spring,  
 Where, in calm peace, the sacred virgins sing,  
 He courage had to guard the invaded throne  
 Of Jove, and cast the ambitious giants down.

Ah, noble friend! with what impatience all  
 That know thy worth, and know how prodigal  
 Of thy great soul thou art, (longing to twist  
 Bays with that ivy which so early kissed  
 Thy youthful temples) with what horror we  
 Think on the blind events of war and thee!  
 To fate exposing that all-knowing breast  
 Among the throng, as cheaply as the rest;  
 Where oaks and brambles (if the copse be burned)  
 Confounded lie, to the same ashes turned.

Some happy wind over the ocean blow  
 This tempest yet, which frights our island so!  
 Guarded with ships, and all the sea our own,  
 From heaven this mischief on our heads is thrown.

In a late dream, the genius of this land,  
 Amazed, I saw, like the fair Hebrew stand,  
 When first she felt the twins begin to jar,†  
 And found her womb the seat of civil war.  
 Inclined to whose relief, and with presage  
 Of better fortune for the present age,  
 Heaven sends, quoth I, this discord for our good,  
 To warm, perhaps, but not to waste our blood;  
 To raise our drooping spirits, grown the scorn  
 Of our proud neighbours, who ere long shall mourn  
 (Though now they joy in our expected harms)  
 We had occasion to resume our arms.

---

It was, probably, in consideration of these attractive qualifications that he was selected, when he was Lord Kensington, by James I. to negotiate in Paris the treaty of marriage between Charles and the Princess Henrietta, upon whose heart he is said to have made an early impression, and with whom he is known to have been a distinguished favourite.

\* Horace, Ode iv., lib. 3.

† Gen. xxv. 22.

A lion so with self-provoking smart,  
 (His rebel tail scourging his nobler part)  
 Calls up his courage; then begins to roar,  
 And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.\*

---

## TO MY LORD NORTHUMBERLAND,

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS LADY.†

TO this great loss a sea of tears is due;  
 But the whole debt not to be paid by you.  
 Charge not yourself with all, nor render vain  
 Those showers the eyes of us your servants rain.  
 Shall grief contract the largeness of that heart.  
 In which nor fear, nor anger, has a part?  
 Virtue would blush if time should boast (which dries,  
 Her sole child dead, the tender mother's eyes)  
 Your mind's relief, where reason triumphs so  
 Over all passions, that they ne'er could grow  
 Beyond their limits in your noble breast,  
 To harm another, or impeach your rest.  
 This we observed, delighting to obey  
 One who did never from his great self stray;  
 Whose mild example seemèd to engage  
 The obsequious seas, and teach them not to rage.  
 The brave Æmilius, his great charge laid down,  
 (The force of Rome, and fate of Macedon)

---

\* Mr. Fenton traces this passage to Tasso, still more familiar to Waller in the translation of his favourite Fairfax:—

‘And as a lion strikes him with his train,  
 His native wrath to quicken and to move;  
 So he awaked his fury and disdain,’ &c.

† The lady whose death is the subject of this piece was the Lady Anne Cecil, daughter of the Earl of Salisbury. The Earl of Northumberland, then Lord Percy, married her against the vehement protest of his father, who considered Lord Salisbury the chief cause of his committal to the Tower, where he was confined for fifteen years on a false charge of having been concerned in the Gunpowder Plot. See, also, *note*, p. 53. The date of this poem is conjectured to have been about 1639.

In his lost sons did feel the cruel stroke  
 Of changing fortune, and thus highly spoke  
 Before Rome's people: 'We did oft implore,  
 That if the heavens had any bad in store  
 For your Æmilius, they would pour that ill  
 On his own house, and let you flourish still.'  
 You on the barren seas, my lord, have spent  
 Whole springs and summers to the public lent;  
 Suspended all the pleasures of your life,  
 And shortened the short joy of such a wife;  
 For which your country's more obligèd than  
 For many lives of old less happy men.  
 You, that have sacrificed so great a part  
 Of youth, and private bliss, ought to impart  
 Your sorrow too, and give your friends a right  
 As well in your affliction as delight.  
 Then with Æmilian courage bear this cross,  
 Since public persons only public loss  
 Ought to affect. And though her form and youth,  
 Her application to your will and truth,  
 That noble sweetness, and that humble state,  
 (All snatched away by such a hasty fate!)  
 Might give excuse to any common breast,  
 With the huge weight of so just grief oppressed;  
 Yet let no portion of your life be stained  
 With passion, but your character maintained  
 To the last act. It is enough her stone  
 May honoured be with superscription\*  
 Of the sole lady who had power to move  
 The great Northumberland to grieve, and love.

---

\* An example of the female rhyme which rarely occurs in Waller, and one of the very few blemishes he carried down from the old writers.

## TO MY LORD ADMIRAL,

OF HIS LATE SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

**W**ITH joy like ours, the Thracian youth invades  
 Orpheus, returning from the Elysian shades;  
 Embrace the hero, and his stay implore;  
 Make it their public suit he would no more  
 Desert them so, and for his spouse's sake,  
 His vanished love, tempt the Lethean lake.  
 The ladies, too, the brightest of that time,  
 (Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb)  
 Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,  
 Who shall the fair Eurydice succeed:  
 Eurydice! for whom his numerous moan  
 Makes listening trees and savage mountains groan;  
 Through all the air his sounding strings dilate  
 Sorrow, like that which touched our hearts of late.  
 Your pining sickness, and your restless pain,  
 At once the land affecting, and the main,  
 When the glad news that you were admiral  
 Scarce through the nation spread,\* 'twas feared by all  
 That our great Charles, whose wisdom shines in you,  
 Would be perplexèd how to choose a new.  
 So more than private was the joy and grief,  
 That at the worst it gave our souls relief,  
 That in our age such sense of virtue lived,  
 They joyed so justly, and so justly grieved.

---

\* The Earl of Northumberland was appointed Lord High Admiral about 1638. Sir William Monson does not appear to have formed a very high estimate of the Earl's talents in his naval capacity; and observes that, had his own opinion been consulted with reference to the armament which was placed under the Earl's command in 1636, and which was not attended with successful results, he should have advised a course that would have brought Holland and all her wealth to his Majesty's mercy. Clarendon represents the Earl of Northumberland to have been a man of indomitable pride, who, by the mere force of the reserve with which he held aloof from familiar intercourse with others (thinking everybody inferior to himself), obtained a reputation for wisdom and ability which he did not possess.

Nature (her fairest lights eclipsèd) seems  
 Herself to suffer in those sharp extremes ;  
 While not from thine alone thy blood retires,  
 But from those cheeks which all the world admires.  
 The stem thus threatened, and the sap in thee,  
 Droop all the branches of that noble tree !  
 Their beauty they, and we our love suspend ;  
 Nought can our wishes, save thy health, intend.  
 As lilies overcharged with rain, they bend  
 Their beauteous heads, and with high heaven contend ;  
 Fold thee within their snowy arms, and cry—  
 ‘He is too faultless, and too young, to die!’  
 So like immortals round about thee they  
 Sit, that they fright approaching death away.  
 Who would not languish, by so fair a train  
 To be lamented, and restored again ?  
 Or, thus withheld, what hasty soul would go,  
 Though to the blest ? O’er young Adonis so  
 Fair Venus mourned, and with the precious shower  
 Of her warm tears cherished the springing flower.

The next support, fair hope of your great name,  
 And second pillar of that noble frame,  
 By loss of thee would no advantage have,  
 But step by step pursue thee to the grave.

And now relentless Fate, about to end  
 The line which backward does so far extend  
 That antique stock, which still the world supplies  
 With bravest spirits, and with brightest eyes,  
 Kind Phœbus, interposing, bid me say,  
 Such storms no more shall shake that house ; but they,  
 Like Neptune, and his sea-born niece,\* shall be  
 The shining glories of the land and sea ;  
 With courage guard, and beauty warm, our age,  
 And lovers fill with like poetic rage.

---

\* VENUS.

## THE BATTLE OF THE SUMMER ISLANDS.\*

## CANTO I.

What fruits they have, and how Heaven smiles  
Upon these late-discovered isles.

**A**ID me, Bellona! while the dreadful fight  
Betwixt a nation and two whales I write.  
Seas stained with gore I sing, adventurous toil!  
And how these monsters did disarm an isle.

---

\* The Bermudas derived the name of the Summer Islands, or more properly, Somers' Islands, from Sir George Somers, who was wrecked on the coast in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and established a colony there. Like all new possessions, they awakened much attention in England, and curiosity was further stimulated by the glowing accounts that were given of the soil and climate. The earliest English work on the Bermudas was published in quarto in 1613, and is entitled *A Plaine Description of the Bermudas, now called Sommer Islands*. A copy of this book is preserved in the British Museum.

Waller is conjectured, from the intimation conveyed to Saccharissa in the last poem he addressed to her, to have left England immediately after her marriage, and gone on a voyage to the Bermudas, of which *The Battle of the Summer Islands* was the fruit. There is no testimony in support of this conjecture, which several circumstances tend to discredit. The piece bears internal evidence that the writer had never visited the scene in which it is laid. The descriptions, as far as they go, might have been easily drawn up from published materials; and in one place he expresses a longing desire to lay his limbs under the shade of the plantains. And it is clear, from an allusion in the first canto, that when he began the poem he had not yet relinquished all hope of Saccharissa.

The drift of these cantos, upon which Waller appears to have expended more than ordinary pains, is obscure; and, unless the piece was intended to convey some covert satire, which is not probable, it is difficult to conjecture the purpose for which it was written. The beginning is in his best manner, and is sustained with a richness of imagery that excites the highest expectations; but the moment he begins to tell his story the interest drops down, and ends in failure and disappointment. The contest with the whales is intended as burlesque or earnest; but in the execution it hovers between both, and satisfies the demands of neither. 'The beginning,' observes Dr. Johnson, 'is too splendid for jest, and the conclusion too light for seriousness. The versification is studied, and the images artfully amplified; but as it ends neither in joy nor sorrow, it will scarcely be read a second time.'

Bermuda, walled with rocks, who does not know?  
 That happy island where huge lemons grow,  
 And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear,  
 The Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair;  
 Where shining pearl, coral, and many a pound,  
 On the rich shore, of ambergris is found.  
 The lofty cedar, which to heaven aspires,  
 The prince of trees! is fuel to their fires;\*  
 The smoke by which their loaded spits do turn,  
 For incense might on sacred altars burn;  
 Their private roofs on odorous timber borne,  
 Such as might palaces for kings adorn.  
 The sweet palmettos a new Bacchus yield,†  
 With leaves as ample as the broadest shield,  
 Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs  
 They sit, carousing where their liquor grows.  
 Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow,  
 Such as fierce Cato did the Romans show,  
 With the rare fruit inviting them to spoil  
 Carthage, the mistress of so rich a soil.‡  
 The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,  
 But, at some constant seasons, every year,  
 Their barren tops with luscious food abound,  
 And with the eggs of various fowls are crowned.§

---

\* The practice of cutting down the cedars for firewood has not only diminished the picturesque beauty of the Bermudas, but greatly reduced the productiveness of the orange plantations, by depriving them of the shelter necessary to their cultivation.

† The palmetto is a species of palm peculiar to the West Indies, which yields from its trunk a liquor of a spirituous and intoxicating nature.

‡ As once old Cato, in the Roman sight,  
 The tempting fruit of Afric did unfold.

DRYDEN.—*Annus Mirabilis*.

The same allusion occurs also in the *Satire on the Dutch*. Dryden's application of the *Delenda est Carthago* to Holland had an appropriateness which we miss in Waller.

§ The Bermudas abound in poultry. For another picture of the riches of the islands in trees, birds, and ambergris, the reader may be referred to Marvell's little poem, *Bermudas*.

Tobacco is the worst of things, which they  
To English landlords, as their tribute, pay.\*  
Such is the mould, that the blessed tenant feeds  
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.  
With candied plantains, and the juicy pine,  
On choicest melons, and sweet grapes, they dine,  
And with potatoes fat their wanton swine.  
Nature these cates with such a lavish hand  
Pours out among them, that our coarser land  
Tastes of that bounty, and does cloth return,  
Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn;  
For the kind spring, which but salutes us here,  
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.  
Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live;  
At once they promise what at once they give.  
So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,  
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.  
Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncursed,  
To show how all things were created first.  
The tardy plants in our cold orchards placed,  
Reserve their fruit for the next age's taste;  
There a small grain in some few months will be  
A firm, a lofty, and a spacious tree.  
The palma-christi, and the fair papà,  
Now but a seed, (preventing nature's law)  
In half the circle of the hasty year  
Project a shade, and lovely fruits do wear.  
And as their trees, in our dull region set,  
But faintly grow, and no perfection get;  
So, in this northern tract, our hoarser throats,  
Utter unripe and ill-constrained notes,  
While the supporter of the poets' style,  
Phœbus, on them eternally does smile.  
Oh! how I long my careless limbs to lay  
Under the plantain's shade, and all the day

---

\* Tobacco is no longer a prominent article of export from the Bermudas. The export trade consists principally of arrow-root, potatoes, and onions, and palmetto and straw-hat manufactures.

With amorous airs my fancy entertain,  
 Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein!  
 No passion there in my free breast should move,  
 None but the sweet and best of passions, love.  
 There while I sing, if gentle love be by,  
 That tunes my lute, and winds the string so high,  
 With the sweet sound of Saccharissa's name  
 I'll make the listening savages grow tame.——  
 But while I do these pleasing dreams indite,  
 I am diverted from the promised fight.

## CANTO II.

Of their alarm, and how their foes  
 Discovered were, this canto shows.

**T**HOUGH rocks so high about this island rise,  
 That well they may the numerous Turk despise,  
 Yet is no human fate exempt from fear, [hear  
 Which shakes their hearts, while through the isle they  
 A lasting noise, as horrid and as loud  
 As thunder makes before it breaks the cloud.  
 Three days they dread this murmur, ere they know  
 From what blind cause the unwonted sound may grow.  
 At length two monsters of unequal size,  
 Hard by the shore, a fisherman espies;\*  
 Two mighty whales! which swelling seas had tossed,  
 And left them prisoners on the rocky coast.  
 One as a mountain vast; and with her came  
 A cub, not much inferior to his dam.  
 Here in a pool, among the rocks engaged,  
 They roared, like lions caught in toils, and raged.  
 The man knew what they were, who heretofore  
 Had seen the like lie murdered on the shore;

---

\* The whale fishery of the Bermudas is inconsiderable, although, being carried on close to the shore, it might be rendered an important source of profit by the application of capital. The entire produce of a season is stated not to exceed 1000 barrels of oil.

By the wild fury of some tempest cast,  
The fate of ships, and shipwrecked men, to taste.  
As careless dames, whom wine and sleep betray  
To frantic dreams, their infants overlay : \*  
So there, sometimes, the raging ocean fails,  
And her own brood exposes ; when the whales  
Against sharp rocks, like reeling vessels quashed,  
Though huge as mountains, are in pieces dashed ;  
Along the shore their dreadful limbs lie scattered,  
Like hills with earthquakes shaken, torn, and shattered.  
Hearts sure of brass they had, who tempted first  
Rude seas that spare not what themselves have nursed.  
The welcome news through all the nation spread,  
To sudden joy and hope converts their dread ;  
What lately was their public terror, they  
Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey ;  
Dispose already of the untaken spoil,  
And, as the purchase of their future toil,  
These share the bones, and they divide the oil.  
So was the huntsman by the bear oppressed,  
Whose hide he sold—before he caught the beast !

They man their boats, and all their young men arm  
With whatsoever may the monsters harm ;  
Pikes, halberts, spits, and darts that wound so far,  
The tools of peace, and instruments of war.  
Now was the time for vigorous lads to show  
What love, or honour, could incite them to ;  
A goodly theatre ! where rocks are round  
With reverend age, and lovely lasses, crowned.  
Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair,  
Within the bounds of noble Warwick's share ; †

---

\* The new-born babe by nurses overlaid.

DRYDEN.—*Palamon and Arcite.*

† Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick, was the proprietor of a portion of the Bermudas which bore his name. He was the elder brother of Lord Holland, and succeeded Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland, as Lord High Admiral, an office for which his chief qualification seems to have been a jovial disposition that won the hearts of the sailors. He was a great patron of the puritan preachers, but did not on that ac-

Warwick's bold Earl! than which no title bears  
 A greater sound among our British peers;  
 And worthy he the memory to renew,  
 The fate and honour to that title due,  
 Whose brave adventures have transferred his name,  
 And through the new world spread his growing fame.

But how they fought, and what their valour gained,  
 Shall in another Canto be contained.

## CANTO III.

The bloody fight, successful toil,  
 And how the fishes sacked the isle.

THE boat which on the first assault did go,  
 Struck with a harping-iron the younger foe;  
 Who, when he felt his side so rudely gored,  
 Loud as the sea that nourished him he roared.  
 As a broad bream, to please some curious taste,  
 While yet alive, in boiling water cast,  
 Vexed with unwonted heat he flings about  
 The scorching brass, and hurls the liquor out;  
 So with the barbèd javelin stung, he raves,  
 And scourges with his tail the suffering waves.  
 Like Spenser's Talus with his iron flail,\*  
 He threatens ruin with his ponderous tail;  
 Dissolving at one stroke the battered boat,  
 And down the men fall drenchèd in the moat;  
 With every fierce encounter they are forced  
 To quit their boats, and fare like men unhorsed.

---

count in the least restrain the licentiousness of his life. He became the head of that party, nevertheless, and, says Clarendon, 'got the style of a *godly man*.' He stood high in the confidence and regard of Cromwell, to whose daughter he married his heir.

\* His name was Talus, made of iron mould,  
 Immovable, resistless, without end,  
 Who in his hand an iron flail did hold,  
 With which he thrashed out falsehood, and did truth unfold.  
*Fairy Queen.*

The bigger whale like some huge carrack lay,  
Which wanteth sea-room with her foes to play;  
Slowly she swims; and when, provoked she would  
Advance her tail, her head salutes the mud;  
The shallow water doth her force infringe,  
And renders vain her tail's impetuous swinge;  
The shining steel her tender sides receive,  
And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.

This sees the cub, and does himself oppose  
Betwixt his cumbered mother and her foes;  
With desperate courage he receives her wounds,  
And men and boats his active tail confounds.  
Their forces joined, the seas with billows fill,  
And make a tempest, though the winds be still.

Now would the men with half their hopèd prey  
Be well content, and wish this cub away;  
Their wish they have: he (to direct his dam  
Unto the gap through which they thither came)  
Before her swims, and quits the hostile lake,  
A prisoner there but for his mother's sake.  
She, by the rocks compelled to stay behind,  
Is by the vastness of her bulk confined.  
They shout for joy! and now on her alone  
Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown.  
Their lances spent, one bolder than the rest,  
With his broad sword provoked the sluggish beast;  
Her oily side devours both blade and haft,  
And there his steel the bold Bermudan left.  
Courage the rest from his example take,  
And now they change the colour of the lake;  
Blood flows in rivers from her wounded side,  
As if they would prevent the tardy tide,  
And raise the flood to that propitious height,  
As might convey her from this fatal strait.  
She swims in blood, and blood does spouting throw  
To heaven, that Heaven men's cruelties might know.  
Their fixèd javelins in her side she wears,  
And on her back a grove of pikes appears;

You would have thought, had you the monster seen  
Thus dressed, she had another island been.  
Roaring she tears the air with such a noise,  
As well resembled the conspiring voice  
Of routed armies, when the field is won,  
To reach the ears of her escapèd son.  
He, though a league removèd from the foe,  
Hastes to her aid; the pious Trojan\* so,  
Neglecting for Creusa's life his own,  
Repeats the danger of the burning town.  
The men, amazèd, blush to see the seed  
Of monsters human piety exceed.  
Well proves this kindness, what the Grecian sung,  
That love's bright mother from the ocean sprung.  
Their courage droops, and, hopeless now, they wish  
For composition with the unconquered fish;  
So she their weapons would restore again,  
Through rocks they'd hew her passage to the main.  
But how instructed in each other's mind?  
Or what commerce can men with monsters find?  
Not daring to approach their wounded foe,  
Whom her courageous son protected so,  
They charge their muskets, and, with hot desire  
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire;  
Standing aloof, with lead they bruise the scales,  
And tear the flesh of the incensèd whales.  
But no success their fierce endeavours found,  
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.  
Now to their fort they are about to send  
For the loud engines which their isle defend;  
But what those pieces framed to batter walls,  
Would have effected on those mighty whales,  
Great Neptune will not have us know, who sends  
A tide so high that it relieves his friends.  
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;  
Much blood the monsters lost, and they their arms.

## TO THE QUEEN,

OCCASIONED UPON SIGHT OF HER MAJESTY'S PICTURE.\*

WELL fare the hand! which to our humble sight  
 Presents that beauty, which the dazzling light  
 Of royal splendour hides from weaker eyes;  
 And all access, save by this art, denies.  
 Here only we have courage to behold  
 This beam of glory; here we dare unfold  
 In numbers thus the wonders we conceive;  
 The gracious image, seeming to give leave,  
 Propitious stands, vouchsafing to be seen;  
 And by our muse saluted Mighty Queen,  
 In whom the extremes of power and beauty move,  
 The Queen of Britain, and the Queen of Love!†

---

\* In August, 1624, Lord Kensington (afterwards created Earl of Holland) was appointed ambassador to make proposals to Louis XIII. for the marriage of Prince Charles to Henrietta Maria, the youngest daughter of Henry IV. In the meanwhile, James I. died at Theobald's, on the 27th March, 1625, and Charles succeeded to the throne. The negotiations for the marriage having been completed, the ceremony was solemnized on a platform before the great door of the Cathedral of Paris, on the 1st May, the Duke of Chevereux acting as the King's proxy. The Queen landed on the 13th of the following month at Dover, where she was met by the King, who conducted her to Canterbury, from whence they proceeded on the following day to Hampton Court, their public entry into London being prevented by the plague then raging in the city. Mr. Fenton supposes that Waller addressed this poem to the Queen on her arrival in England; but Dr. Johnson, mistaking the piece to which Fenton's remark refers, thinks that 'the mention of the nation's obligations to her frequent pregnancy proves that it was written when her Majesty had brought many children.' These allusions occur in the piece that immediately follows, which was obviously written at a later period. It is impossible to determine with certainty the date of either of these poems.

† This panegyric on her Majesty's beauty is scarcely sustained by the description of her person given by Lord Kensington in one of his letters from Paris to the Prince of Wales. 'Sir,' writes Lord Kensington, 'if your intentions proceed this way (as by many reasons of state and wisdom there is cause now rather to press it than slacken it) you will find a lady of as much loveliness and sweetness to deserve your affection, as any creature under heaven can do. And, sir, by all her fashions since my being here, and by what I hear from the ladies, it is most visible to me, her infinite value and respect unto you. Sir, I say not this to betray your belief, but from a true observation and

As the bright sun (to which we owe no sight  
 Of equal glory to your beauty's light)  
 Is wisely placed in so sublime a seat,  
 To extend his light, and moderate his heat;  
 So, happy 'tis you move in such a sphere,  
 As your high Majesty with awful fear  
 In human breasts might qualify that fire,  
 Which, kindled by those eyes, had flamèd higher  
 Than when the scorched world like hazard run,  
 By the approach of the ill-guided sun.

No other nymphs have title to men's hearts,  
 But as their meanness larger hope imparts;  
 Your beauty more the fondest lover moves  
 With admiration than his private loves;  
 With admiration! for a pitch so high  
 (Save sacred Charles his) never love durst fly.  
 Heaven that preferred a sceptre to your hand,  
 Favoured our freedom more than your command;  
 Beauty had crowned you, and you must have been  
 The whole world's mistress, other than a Queen.  
 All had been rivals, and you might have spared,  
 Or killed, and tyrannized, without a guard.  
 No power achieved, either by arms or birth,  
 Equals love's empire both in heaven and earth.  
 Such eyes as yours on Jove himself have thrown  
 As bright and fierce a lightning as his own;  
 Witness our Jove, prevented by their flame  
 In his swift passage to the Hesperian dame;  
 When, like a lion, finding, in his way  
 To some intended spoil, a fairer prey,

---

knowledge of this to be so. I tell you this, and must somewhat more, in way of admiration of the person of madame; for the impressions I had of her were but ordinary, but the amazement extraordinary, to find her (as I protest to God I did) the sweetest creature in France. Her growth is very little; short of her age; and her wisdom infinitely beyond it. I heard her discourse with her mother, and the ladies about her, with extraordinary discretion and quickness. She dances (the which I am a witness of) as well as ever I saw any creature; they say she sings sweetly; I am sure she looks so.'

The royal youth pursuing the report  
 Of beauty, found it in the Gallic court;  
 There public care with private passion fought  
 A doubtful combat in his noble thought: \*  
 Should he confess his greatness, and his love,  
 And the free faith of your great brother† prove;  
 With his Achates breaking through the cloud  
 Of that disguise which did their graces shroud; ‡  
 And mixing with those gallants at the ball,  
 Dance with the ladies, and outshine them all?  
 Or on his journey o'er the mountains ride?—  
 So when the fair Leucothoe he espied,  
 To check his steeds impatient Phœbus yearned,  
 Though all the world was in his course concerned.  
 What may hereafter her meridian do,  
 Whose dawning beauty warmed his bosom so?  
 Not so divine a flame, since deathless gods  
 Forbore to visit the defiled abodes  
 Of men, in any mortal breast did burn;  
 Nor shall, till piety and they return.

---

## OF THE QUEEN.

THE lark, that shuns on lofty boughs to build  
 Her humble nest, lies silent in the field;  
 But if (the promise of a cloudless day)  
 Aurora smiling bids her rise and play,  
 Then straight she shows 'twas not for want of voice,  
 Or power to climb, she made so low a choice;

---

\* There public care with private passion fought  
 A doubtful combat in his noble thought.

FAIRFAX'S *Translation of Tasso.*

† Louis XIII., King of France.

‡ The Achates was the Duke of Buckingham, who accompanied the prince, as mentioned in a previous note. The poet makes a bold, but, perhaps, excusable, use of his licence when he affirms that on that occasion the beauty of the princess enslaved the heart of her future husband.

Singing she mounts; her airy wings are stretched  
Towards heaven, as if from heaven her note she fetched.

So we, retiring from the busy throng,  
Use to restrain the ambition of our song;  
But since the light which now informs our age  
Breaks from the court, indulgent to her rage,  
Thither my muse, like bold Prometheus, flies,  
To light her torch at Gloriana's eyes.

Those sovercign beams which heal the wounded soul,  
And all our cares, but once beheld, control!  
There the poor lover, that has long endured  
Some proud nymph's scorn, of his fond passion cured,  
Fares like the man who first upon the ground  
A glow-worm spied, supposing he had found  
A moving diamond, a breathing stone;  
For life it had, and like those jewels shone;  
He held it dear, till by the springing day  
Informed, he threw the worthless worm away.

She saves the lover, as we gangrenes stay,  
By cutting hope, like a lopped limb, away;  
This makes her bleeding patients to accuse  
High Heaven, and these expostulations use:  
'Could Nature then no private woman grace,  
Whom we might dare to love, with such a face,  
Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,  
Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies?  
Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,  
What envious power has placed this glorious light?'

Thus, in a starry night, fond children cry  
For the rich spangles that adorn the sky,  
Which, though they shine for ever fixèd there,  
With light and influence relieve us here.  
All her affections are to one inclined;  
Her bounty and compassion to mankind;  
To whom, while she so far extends her grace,  
She makes but good the promise of her face;  
For Mercy has, could Mercy's self be seen,  
No sweeter look than this propitious queen.

Such guard, and comfort, the distressèd find  
 From her large power, and from her larger mind,  
 That whom ill Fate would ruin, it prefers,  
 For all the miserable are made hers.  
 So the fair tree whereon the eagle builds,  
 Poor sheep from tempests, and their shepherds, shields,  
 The royal bird possesses all the boughs,  
 But shade and shelter to the flock allows.

Joy of our age, and safety of the next!  
 For which so oft thy fertile womb is vexed;  
 Nobly contented, for the public good,  
 To waste thy spirits and diffuse thy blood,  
 What vast hopes may these islands entertain,  
 Where monarchs, thus descended, are to reign?  
 Led by commanders of so fair a line,  
 Our seas no longer shall our power confine.

A brave romance who would exactly frame,  
 First brings his knight from some immortal dame,  
 And then a weapon, and a flaming shield,  
 Bright as his mother's eyes, he makes him wield.  
 None might the mother of Achilles be,  
 But the fair pearl and glory of the sea;\*  
 The man to whom great Maro gives such fame,†  
 From the high bed of heavenly Venus came;  
 And our next Charles, whom all the stars design  
 Like wonders to accomplish, springs from thine.

## THE APOLOGY OF SLEEP,

FOR NOT APPROACHING THE LADY WHO CAN DO ANYTHING BUT  
 SLEEP WHEN SHE PLEASETH.

MY charge it is those breaches to repair  
 Which Nature takes from sorrow, toil, and care;  
 Rest to the limbs, and quiet I confer  
 On troubled minds; but nought can add to her

\* Thetis.

† Æneas.

Whom Heaven, and her transcendent thoughts have  
Above those ills which wretched mortals taste. [placed

Bright as the deathless gods, and happy, she  
From all that may infringe delight is free ;  
Love at her royal feet his quiver lays,  
And not his mother with more haste obeys.  
Such real pleasures, such true joys suspense,  
What dream can I present to recompense?

Should I with lightning fill her awful hand,  
And make the clouds seem all at her command ;  
Or place her in Olympus' top, a guest  
Among the immortals, who with nectar feast ;  
That power would seem, that entertainment, short  
Of the true splendour of her present court,  
Where all the joys, and all the glories, are  
Of three great kingdoms, severed from the care.  
I, that of fumes and humid vapours made,  
Ascending, to the seat of sense invade,  
No cloud in so serene a mansion find,  
To overcast her ever-shining mind,  
Which holds resemblance with those spotless skies,  
Where flowing Nilus want of rain supplies ;  
That crystal heaven, where Phœbus never shrouds  
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds.  
But what so hard which numbers cannot force?  
So stoops the moon, and rivers change their course.  
The bold Mæonian\* made me dare to steep  
Jove's dreadful temples in the dew of sleep ;  
And since the Muses do invoke my power,  
I shall no more decline that sacred bower  
Where Gloriana their great mistress lies ;  
But, gently taming those victorious eyes,  
Charm all her senses, till the joyful sun  
Without a rival half his course has run ;  
Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,  
May boast himself the brightest thing that shines.

---

\* Homer.

## PUERPERIUM.\*

YOU gods that have the power  
 To trouble, and compose,  
 All that's beneath your bower,  
 Calm silence on the seas, on earth impose.

Fair Venus! in thy soft arms  
 The God of Rage confine;  
 For thy whispers are the charms  
 Which only can divert his fierce design.

What though he frown, and to tumult do incline?  
 Thou the flame  
 Kindled in his breast canst tame  
 With that snow which unmelted lies on thine.

Great goddess! give this thy sacred island rest;  
 Make heaven smile,  
 That no storm disturb us while  
 Thy chief care, our halcyon, builds her nest.

Great Gloriana! fair Gloriana!  
 Bright as high heaven is, and fertile as earth,  
 Whose beauty relieves us,  
 Whose royal bed gives us  
 Both glory and peace,  
 Our present joy, and all our hopes' increase.

---

 TO AMORET.

AMORET! the Milky Way  
 Framed of many nameless stars!†

---

\* Mr. Fenton conjectures that this poem was written in 1640, when the Queen was delivered of her fourth son, the Duke of Gloucester.

† Her face is like the milky way i' th' sky,  
 A meeting of gentle lights without a name.

The smooth stream where none can say  
He this drop to that prefers!

Amoret! my lovely foe!  
Tell me where thy strength does lie?  
Where the power that charms us so?  
In thy soul, or in thy eye?

By that snowy neck alone,  
Or thy grace in motion seen,  
No such wonders could be done;  
Yet thy waist is straight and clean  
As Cupid's shaft, or Hermes' rod,  
And powerful, too, as either god.

---

TO PHYLLIS.\*

PHYLLIS! why should we delay  
Pleasures shorter than the day?  
Could we (which we never can!)  
Stretch our lives beyond their span,  
Beauty like a shadow flies,  
And our youth before us dies.  
Or would youth and beauty stay,  
Love hath wings, and will away.  
Love hath swifter wings than Time;  
Change in love to heaven does climb.  
Gods, that never change their state,  
Vary oft their love and hate.

Phyllis! to this truth we owe  
All the love betwixt us two.

---

\* Founded, probably, on Ben Jonson's song in *Volpone*.—

‘Come, my Celia, let us prove,  
While we can, the sports of love.’

*Songs from the Dramatists*, p. 115.

The original is supplied by Catullus. The idea is repeated in different forms by Herrick and Wyatt.—See WYATT'S *Poems*, Ann. Ed., p. 166.

Let not you and I inquire  
 What has been our past desire ;  
 On what shepherds you have smiled,  
 Or what nymphs I have beguiled ;  
 Leave it to the planets too,  
 What we shall hereafter do ;  
 For the joys we now may prove,  
 Take advice of present love.

---

## A LA MALADE.

AH, lovely Amoret! the care  
 Of all that know what's good or fair!  
 Is heaven become our rival too?  
 Had the rich gifts, conferred on you  
 So amply thence, the common end  
 Of giving lovers—to pretend?

Hence, to this pining sickness (meant  
 To weary thee to a consent  
 Of leaving us) no power is given  
 Thy beauties to impair; for heaven  
 Solicits thee with such a care,  
 As roses from their stalks we tear,  
 When we would still preserve them new  
 And fresh, as on the bush they grew.

With such a grace you entertain,  
 And look with such contempt on pain,  
 That languishing you conquer more,  
 And wound us deeper than before.  
 So lightnings which in storms appear,  
 Scorch more than when the skies are clear.

And as pale sickness does invade  
 Your frailer part, the breaches made  
 In that fair lodging, still more clear  
 Make the bright guest, your soul, appear.  
 So nymphs o'er pathless mountains borne,  
 Their light robes by the brambles torn

From their fair limbs, exposing new  
And unknown beauties to the view  
Of following gods, increase their flame,  
And haste to catch the flying game.

---

## UPON THE DEATH OF MY LADY RICH.\*

**M**AY those already cursed Essexian plains,  
Where hasty death and pining sickness reigns,  
Prove all a desert! and none there make stay,  
But savage beasts, or men as wild as they!  
There the fair light which all our island graced,  
Like Hero's taper in the window placed,  
Such fate from the malignant air did find,  
As that exposèd to the boisterous wind.

Ah, cruel Heaven! to snatch so soon away  
Her for whose life, had we had time to pray,  
With thousand vows and tears we should have sought  
That sad decree's suspension to have wrought.  
But we, alas, no whisper of her pain  
Heard, till 'twas sin to wish her here again.  
That horrid word, at once, like lightning spread,  
Struck all our ears—The Lady Rich is dead!  
Heartrending news! and dreadful to those few  
Who her resemble, and her steps pursue;  
That Death should license have to rage among  
The fair, the wise, the virtuous, and the young!

The Paphian queen from that fierce battle borne,  
With gorèd hand, and veil so rudely torn,  
Like terror did among the immortals breed,  
Taught by her wound that goddesses may bleed.

---

\* The Lady Anne Cavendish, daughter of the Earl of Devonshire, and married to the heir of the Earl of Warwick. She died in her twenty-seventh year, in 1638, leaving an only son, who was married to Cromwell's youngest daughter.

All stand amazèd! but beyond the rest  
The heroic dame whose happy womb she blessed,\*  
Moved with just grief, expostulates with Heaven,  
Urging the promise to the obsequious given,  
Of longer life; for ne'er was pious soul  
More apt to obey, more worthy to control.  
A skilful eye at once might read the race  
Of Caledonian monarchs in her face,†  
And sweet humility; her look and mind  
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.  
There dwelt the scorn of vice, and pity too,  
For those that did what she disdained to do;  
So gentle and severe, that what was bad,  
At once her hatred and her pardon had.  
Gracious to all; but where her love was due,  
So fast, so faithful, loyal, and so true,  
That a bold hand as soon might hope to force  
The rolling lights of Heaven as change her course.

Some happy angel, that beholds her there,  
Instruct us to record what she was here!  
And when this crowd of sorrow's overblown,  
Through the wide world we'll make her graces known.  
So fresh the wound is, and the grief so vast,  
That all our art and power of speech is waste.  
Here passion sways, but there the Muse shall raise  
Eternal monuments of louder praise.

There our delight, complying with her fame,  
Shall have occasion to recite thy name,  
Fair Saccharissa!—and now only fair!  
To sacred friendship we'll an altar rear,  
(Such as the Romans did erect of old)  
Where, on a marble pillar, shall be told

---

\* The Countess of Devonshire, the only daughter of Lord Bruce. She lived to a great age. Sir William Temple records in 1667 that her house was constantly frequented by Waller.

† Alluding to the descent of the Countess from Robert Bruce, two of whose descendants wore the crown of Scotland, which through the female line afterwards devolved on the Stuarts.

The lovely passion each to other bare,  
 With the resemblance of that matchless pair.  
 Narcissus to the thing for which he pined,  
 Was not more like than yours to her fair mind,  
 Save that she graced the several parts of life,  
 A spotless virgin, and a faultless wife.  
 Such was the sweet converse 'twixt her and you,  
 As that she holds with her associates now.

How false is hope, and how regardless fate,  
 That such a love should have so short a date!  
 Lately I saw her sighing part from thee;  
 (Alas that that the last farewell should be!)  
 So looked Astræa, her remove designed,  
 On those distressed friends she left behind.  
 Consent in virtue knit your hearts so fast,  
 That still the knot, in spite of death, does last;  
 For as your tears, and sorrow-wounded soul,  
 Prove well that on your part this bond is whole,  
 So all we know of what they do above,  
 Is that they happy are, and that they love.  
 Let dark oblivion, and the hollow grave,  
 Content themselves our frailer thoughts to have;  
 Well chosen love is never taught to die,  
 But with our nobler part invades the sky.  
 Then grieve no more that one so heavenly shaped  
 The crooked hand of trembling age escaped;  
 Rather, since we beheld her not decay,  
 But that she vanished so entire away,  
 Her wondrous beauty, and her goodness, merit  
 We should suppose that some propitious spirit  
 In that celestial form frequented here,  
 And is not dead, but ceases to appear.

---

 OF LOVE.

ANGER, in hasty words or blows,  
 Itself discharges on our foes;

And sorrow, too, finds some relief  
In tears, which wait upon our grief;  
So every passion, but fond love,  
Unto its own redress does move;  
But that alone the wretch inclines  
To what prevents his own designs;  
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,  
Disordered, tremble, fawn and creep;  
Postures which render him despised,  
Where he endeavours to be prized.  
For women, (born to be controlled)  
Stoop to the forward and the bold;  
Affect the haughty and the proud,  
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.  
Who first the generous steed oppressed,  
Not kneeling did salute the beast;  
But with high courage, life, and force,  
Approaching, tamed the unruly horse.

Unwisely we the wiser East  
Pity, supposing them oppressed  
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,  
By which they govern, spoil and kill:  
Each nymph, but moderately fair,  
Commands with no less rigour here.  
Should some brave Turk, that walks among  
His twenty lasses, bright and young,  
And beckons to the willing dame,  
Preferred to quench his present flame,  
Behold as many gallants here,  
With modest guise and silent fear,  
All to one female idol bend,  
While her high pride does scarce descend  
To mark their follies, he would swear  
That these her guard of eunuchs were,  
And that a more majestic queen,  
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,  
In vain I struggled with the yoke

Of mighty Love; that conquering look,  
 When next beheld, like lightning strook  
 My blasted soul, and made me bow  
 Lower than those I pitied now.

So the tall stag, upon the brink  
 Of some smooth stream about to drink,  
 Surveying there his armèd head,  
 With shame remembers that he fled  
 The scornèd dogs, resolves to try  
 The combat next; but if their cry  
 Invades again his trembling ear,  
 He straight resumes his wonted care,  
 Leaves the untasted spring behind,  
 And, winged with fear, outflies the wind.

---

#### FOR DRINKING OF HEALTHS.

LET brutes and vegetals, that cannot think,  
 So far as drought and nature urges, drink;  
 A more indulgent mistress guides our sp'rits,  
 Reason, that dares beyond our appetites,  
 (She would our care, as well as thirst, redress)  
 And with divinity rewards excess.  
 Deserted Ariadne, thus supplied,  
 Did perjured Theseus' cruelty deride;  
 Bacchus embraced, from her exalted thought  
 Banished the man, her passion, and his fault.  
 Bacchus and Phœbus are by Jove allied,  
 And each by other's timely heat supplied;  
 All that the grapes owe to his ripening fires  
 Is paid in numbers which their juice inspires.  
 Wine fills the veins, and healths are understood  
 To give our friends a title to our blood;  
 Who, naming me, doth warm his courage so,  
 Shows for my sake what his bold hand would do.

## OF MY LADY ISABELLA,

PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

SUCH moving sounds from such a careless touch!  
 So unconcerned herself, and we so much!  
 What art is this, that with so little pains  
 Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns?  
 The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,  
 And tell their joy for every kiss aloud.  
 Small force there needs to make them tremble so;  
 Touched by that hand, who would not tremble too?  
 Here love takes stand, and while she charms the ear,  
 Empties his quiver on the listening deer.  
 Music so softens and disarms the mind,  
 That not an arrow does resistance find.  
 Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,  
 And acts herself the triumph of her eyes:  
 So Nero once, with harp in hand, surveyed  
 His flaming Rome, and as it burned he played.

---

## OF MRS. ARDEN.\*

BEHOLD, and listen, while the fair  
 Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air,  
 And with her own breath fans the fire  
 Which her bright eyes do first inspire.  
 What reason can that love control,  
 Which more than one way courts the soul?  
 So when a flash of lightning falls  
 On our abodes, the danger calls  
 For human aid, which hopes the flame  
 To conquer, though from heaven it came;  
 But if the winds with that conspire,  
 Men strive not, but deplore the fire.

---

\* Fenton suggests that this lady was probably either a maid of honour, or a gentlewoman of the bed-chamber to King Charles the First's Queen; perhaps one of the ladies that acted in Montagne's *Shepherd's Paradise*, ridiculed in Suckling's *Session of the Poets*.

## OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE DWARFS.\*

DESIGN, or chance, makes others wive;  
 But Nature did this match contrive;  
 Eve might as well have Adam fled,  
 As she denied her little bed  
 To him, for whom Heaven seemed to frame,  
 And measure out, this only dame.

Thrice happy is that humble pair,  
 Beneath the level of all care!  
 Over whose heads those arrows fly  
 Of sad distrust and jealousy;  
 Securèd in as high extreme,  
 As if the world held none but them.

To him the fairest nymphs do show  
 Like moving mountains, topped with snow;  
 And every man a Polypheme  
 Does to his Galatea seem;  
 None may presume her faith to prove;  
 He proffers death that proffers love.

Ah, Chloris? that kind Nature thus  
 From all the world had severed us;  
 Creating for ourselves us two,  
 As love has me for only you!

## LOVE'S FAREWELL.

TREADING the path to nobler ends,  
 A long farewell to love I gave,

\* Richard Gibson, a page of the back stairs, and Mrs. Anne Shepherd. They were both about the same height—three feet ten inches. Charles I. sanctioned the wedding by his presence, and gave away the bride. The dwarfs had nine children, five of whom attained maturity, and grew to the ordinary standard. Gibson, who appears to have cultivated painting with some success, lived to the age of seventy-five, and his wife survived him nearly twenty years.

Resolved my country, and my friends,  
All that remained of me should have.

And this resolve no mortal dame,  
None but those eyes could have o'erthrown,  
The nymph I dare not, need not name,  
So high, so like herself alone.

Thus the tall oak, which now aspires  
Above the fear of private fires,  
Grown and designed for nobler use,  
Not to make warm, but build the house,  
Though from our meaner flames secure,  
Must that which falls from heaven endure.

---

FROM A CHILD.

MADAM, as in some climes the warmer sun  
Makes it full summer ere the spring's begun,  
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,  
Before our violets dare look abroad;  
So measure not by any common use  
The early love your brighter eyes produce.  
When lately your fair hand in woman's weed  
Wrapped my glad head, I wished me so indeed,  
That hasty time might never make me grow  
Out of those favours you afford me now;  
That I might ever such indulgence find,  
And you not blush, nor think yourself too kind;  
Who now, I fear, while I these joys express,  
Begin to think how you may make them less.  
The sound of love makes your soft heart afraid,  
And guard itself, though but a child invade,  
And innocently at your white breast throw  
A dart as white, a ball of new fallen snow.

## ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined,  
 Shall now my joyful temples bind;  
 No monarch but would give his crown,  
 His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,  
 The pale which held that lovely deer.  
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,  
 Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there  
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;  
 Give me but what this ribband bound,  
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.\*

## THE FALL.

SEE! how the willing earth gave way,  
 To take the impression where she lay.  
 See! how the mould, as loth to leave  
 So sweet a burden, still doth cleave  
 Close to the nymph's stained garment. Here  
 The coming spring would first appear,  
 And all this place with roses strow,  
 If busy feet would let them grow.

Here Venus smiled to see blind chance  
 Itself before her son advance,  
 And a fair image to present,  
 Of what the boy so long had meant.  
 'Twas such a chance as this, made all  
 The world into this order fall;  
 Thus the first lovers, on the clay,  
 Of which they were composed, lay;

- \* As shows the air when with a rainbow graced,  
 So smiles that ribband round my Julia's waist;  
 Or like—nay, 'tis that zonulet of love,  
 Wherein all pleasures of the world are wove.

HERRICK.—*Hesperides*.

So in their prime, with equal grace,  
Met the first patterns of our race.

Then blush not, fair! or on him frown,  
Or wonder how you both came down;  
But touch him, and he'll tremble straight,  
How could he then support your weight?  
How could the youth, alas! but bend,  
When his whole heaven upon him leaned?  
If aught by him amiss were done,  
'Twas that he let you rise so soon.

---

### OF SYLVIA.

OUR sighs are heard; just heaven declares  
The sense it has of lover's cares;  
She that so far the rest outshined,  
Sylvia the fair, while she was kind,  
As if her frowns impaired her brow,  
Seems only not unhandsome now.  
So when the sky makes us endure  
A storm, itself becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,  
Hiding from Flavia's self her name,  
Lest she, provoking Heaven, should prove  
How it rewards neglected love.  
Better a thousand such as I,  
Their grief untold, should pine and die,  
Than her bright morning, overcast  
With sullen clouds, should be defaced.

---

### THE BUD.

LATELY on yonder swelling bush,  
Big with many a coming rose,  
This early bud began to blush,  
And did but half itself disclose;

I plucked it, though no better grown,  
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,  
With such a purple light they shone,  
As if they had been made of fire,  
And spreading so, would flame anon.  
All that was meant by air or sun,  
To the young flower, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,  
What may the same in forms of love,  
Of purest love, and music too,  
When Flavia it aspires to move?  
When that, which lifeless buds persuades  
To wax more soft, her youth invades?

---

## ON THE DISCOVERY OF A LADY'S PAINTING.

PYGMALION'S fate reversed is mine ;\*  
His marble love took flesh and blood ;  
All that I worshipped as divine,  
That beauty ! now 'tis understood,  
Appears to have no more of life  
Than that whereof he framed his wife.

As women yet, who apprehend  
Some sudden cause of causeless fear,  
Although that seeming cause take end,  
And they behold no danger near,  
A shaking through their limbs they find,  
Like leaves saluted by the wind :

So though the beauty do appear  
No beauty, which amazed me so ;  
Yet from my breast I cannot tear  
The passion which from thence did grow ;

---

\* Ovid, *Met.* x.

Nor yet out of my fancy raze  
The print of that supposed face.

A real beauty, though too near,  
The fond Narcissus did admire!  
I dote on that which is nowhere;  
The sign of beauty feeds my fire.  
No mortal flame was e'er so cruel  
As this, which thus survives the fuel:

---

## OF LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

NOT caring to observe the wind,  
Or the new sea explore,  
Snatched from myself, how far behind  
Already I behold the shore!

May not a thousand dangers sleep  
In the smooth bosom of this deep?  
No; 'tis so rockless and so clear,  
That the rich bottom does appear  
Paved all with precious things; not torn  
From shipwrecked vessels, but there born.

Sweetness, truth, and every grace  
Which time and use are wont to teach,  
The eye may in a moment reach,  
And read distinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs, with colours faint,  
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,  
And a weak heart in time destroy;  
She has a stamp, and prints the boy;  
Can, with a single look, inflame  
The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

## THE SELF-BANISHED.

IT is not that I love you less,  
 Than when before your feet I lay;  
 But to prevent the sad increase  
 Of hopeless love, I keep away.

In vain, alas! for everything  
 Which I have known belong to you,  
 Your form does to my fancy bring,  
 And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the spring, from the new sun,  
 Already has a fever got,  
 Too late begins those shafts to shun,  
 Which Phœbus through his veins has shot;

Too late he would the pain assuage,  
 And to thick shadows does retire;  
 About with him he bears the rage,  
 And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vowed I have, and never must  
 Your banished servant trouble you;  
 For if I break, you may mistrust  
 The vow I made—to love you too.

TO SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT,

UPON HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF GONDIBERT.\*

*Written in France.*

THUS the wise nightingale that leaves her home,  
 Her native wood, when storms and winter come,  
 Pursuing constantly the cheerful spring,  
 To foreign groves does her old music bring.

\* These verses were printed in 1653, with a few other pieces in a small tract of 24 pages; but the allusions to Davenant's exile show that they must have been written some years before. They were after-

The drooping Hebrews' banished harps, unstrung,  
At Babylon upon the willows hung;  
Yours sounds aloud, and tells us you excel  
No less in courage, than in singing well;  
While, unconcerned, you let your country know,  
They have impoverished themselves, not you;  
Who, with the Muses' help, can mock those fates  
Which threaten kingdoms, and disorder states.  
So Ovid, when from Cæsar's rage he fled,  
The Roman Muse to Pontus with him led;  
Where he so sung, that we, through pity's glass,  
See Nero milder than Augustus was.  
Hereafter such, in thy behalf, shall be  
The indulgent censure of posterity.  
To banish those who with such art can sing,\*  
Is a rude crime, which its own curse doth bring;  
Ages to come shall ne'er know how they fought,  
Nor how to love their present youth be taught.

---

wards, together with a similar tribute from Cowley, prefixed to the collected edition of Davenant's works, published by his widow in 1673. The first two cantos of *Gondibert* were written when Davenant was in Paris, and published in London in 1651. The Discourse, or Preface, with Hobbes' Answer, had previously appeared in Paris.

\* Davenant was not banished, as might be inferred from this line. His attachment to the King's party brought him into suspicion, and in May, 1641, he was accused before the Parliament of being concerned in a design for bringing the army to London for the King's protection. Upon this charge he was apprehended, but admitted to bail. While he was at large he attempted to withdraw to France, and was again arrested. He succeeded, however, in effecting his escape, and fled to the continent, where he remained for some time. He returned to England in 1643, was made lieutenant-general of ordnance under the Earl of Newcastle, and knighted for the services he rendered to the royal cause at Gloucester. The subsequent decline of the King's affairs induced him to retire to Paris, where he lived in the Louvre with his friend, Lord Jermyn. It was here he wrote the first two cantos of *Gondibert*, and planned an expedition to Virginia, for the purpose of conveying French artificers to that colony. The vessel in which he embarked was seized, and he was again taken, and, after an imprisonment in Cowes Castle, removed to the Tower to be tried by a high commission court. Here he was confined for two years, but was ultimately saved, according to some authorities by the interposition of Milton, and according to others by the interest of two aldermen of York, whom he had formerly permitted to escape when they were his prisoners.

This to thyself.—Now to thy matchless book,  
 Wherein those few that can with judgment look,  
 May find old love in pure fresh language told,  
 Like new-stamped coin made out of angel gold ;  
 Such truth in love as the antique world did know,  
 In such a style as courts may boast of now ;  
 Which no bold tales of gods or monsters swell,  
 But human passions, such as with us dwell.  
 Man is thy theme ; his virtue, or his rage,  
 Drawn to the life in each elaborate page.  
 Mars, nor Bellona, are not namèd here,  
 But such a Gondibert as both might fear ;  
 Venus had here, and Hebe, been outshined  
 By thy bright Birtha and thy Rhodalind.  
 Such is thy happy skill, and such the odds  
 Betwixt thy worthies and the Grecian gods !  
 Whose deities in vain had here come down,  
 Where mortal beauty wears the sovereign crown ;  
 Such as of flesh composed, by flesh and blood,  
 Though not resisted, may be understood.

---

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, MR. WASE,

THE TRANSLATOR OF GRATIUS.\*

THUS, by the music, we may know  
 When noble wits a-hunting go,  
 Through groves that on Parnassus grow.

---

\* Mr. Christopher Wase, fellow of King's College, Cambridge, from which he was ejected and obliged to leave the kingdom, for some passage that gave offence in his preface to a translation of the *Electra* of Scphocles. He was afterwards taken and imprisoned, but escaped and served in the Spanish army against the French. He subsequently returned to England, and was appointed tutor to Lord Herbert, the son of the Earl of Pembroke, to whom he dedicated *Gratii Falisci Cynegeticon*, the poem on hunting to which Waller's lines refer. Mr. Wase published numerous works and translations, and was held in high estimation for the extent of his erudition, and especially for his philological attainments.

The Muses all the chase adorn ;  
My friend on Pegasus is borne ;  
And young Apollo winds the horn.

Having old Gratius in the wind,  
No pack of critics e'er could find,  
Or he know more of his own mind.

Here huntsmen with delight may read  
How to choose dogs for scent or speed,  
And how to change or mend the breed ;

What arms to use, or nets to frame,  
Wild beasts to combat or to tame ;  
With all the mysteries of that game.

But, worthy friend ! the face of war  
In ancient times doth differ far  
From what our fiery battles are.

Nor is it like, since powder known,  
That man, so cruel to his own,  
Should spare the race of beasts alone.

No quarter now, but with the gun  
Men wait in trees from sun to sun,  
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next  
Should be no comment, but a text  
To tell how modern beasts are vexed.

Thus would I further yet engage  
Your gentle Muse to court the age  
With somewhat of your proper rage ;

Since none does more to Phœbus owe  
Or in more languages can show  
Those arts which you so early know.

## TO A FRIEND,

ON THE DIFFERENT SUCCESS OF THEIR LOVES.\*

**T**HREE happy pair! of whom we cannot know  
 Which first began to love, or loves most now;  
 Fair course of passion! where two lovers start,  
 And run together, heart still yoked with heart;  
 Successful youth! whom love has taught the way  
 To be victorious in the first essay.  
 Sure love's an art best practisèd at first,  
 And where the experienced still prosper worst!  
 I, with a different fate, pursued in vain  
 The haughty Celia, till my just disdain  
 Of her neglect, above that passion borne,  
 Did pride to pride oppose, and scorn to scorn.  
 Now she relents; but all too late to move  
 A heart directed to a nobler love.  
 The scales are turned, her kindness weighs no more  
 Now than my vows and service did before.  
 So in some well-wrought hangings you may see  
 How Hector leads, and how the Grecians flee;  
 Here, the fierce Mars his courage so inspires,  
 That with bold hands the Argive fleet he fires;  
 But there, from heaven the blue-eyed virgin† falls,  
 And frightened Troy retires within her walls;  
 They that are foremost in that bloody race,  
 Turn head anon, and give the conquerors chase.  
 So like the chances are of love and war,  
 That they alone in this distinguished are,  
 In love the victors from the vanquished fly;  
 They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

---

\* In the first edition this poem is addressed to A. H. Fenton conjectures that the initials were intended for Alexander Hampden, a relative of Waller, who was implicated with him in the plot.

† Minerva.

## TO ZELINDA.\*

**F**AIREST piece of well-formed earth!  
 Urge not thus your haughty birth;  
 The power which you have o'er us lies  
 Not in your race, but in your eyes.  
 'None but a prince!'—Alas! that voice  
 Confines you to a narrow choice.  
 Should you no honey vow to taste,  
 But what the master-bees have placed  
 In compass of their cells, how small  
 A portion to your share would fall!  
 Nor all appear, among those few,  
 Worthy the stock from whence they grew.  
 The sap which at the root is bred  
 In trees, through all the boughs is spread;  
 But virtues which in parents shine,  
 Make not like progress through the line.  
 'Tis not from whom, but where, we live;  
 The place does oft those graces give.  
 Great Julius, on the mountains bred,  
 A flock perhaps, or herd, had led.  
 He that the world subdued,† had been  
 But the best wrestler on the green.  
 'Tis art and knowledge which draw forth  
 The hidden seeds of native worth;  
 They blow those sparks, and make them rise  
 Into such flames as touch the skies.  
 To the old heroes hence was given  
 A pedigree which reached to heaven;  
 Of mortal seed they were not held,  
 Which other mortals so excelled.

---

\* 'The author seems to have composed these verses purely for an exercise of his fancy, upon reading the sixth book of Des Maretz' *Ariane*, where Palamede, addressing his courtship to Zelinde, who was descended from the Parthian kings, she answered, 'I am a princess: and, being such, I will listen to proposals of this kind *from none but a prince*.'—FENTON.  
 † Alexander.

And beauty, too, in such excess  
 As yours, Zelinda! claims no less.  
 Smile but on me, and you shall scorn,  
 Henceforth, to be of princes born.  
 I can describe the shady grove  
 Where your loved mother slept with Jove;  
 And yet excuse the faultless dame,  
 Caught with her spouse's shape and name.  
 Thy matchless form will credit bring  
 To all the wonders I shall sing.

---

## TO MY LADY MORTON, ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY,\*

AT THE LOUVRE IN PARIS.

**M**ADAM! new years may well expect to find  
 Welcome from you, to whom they are so kind;  
 Still as they pass, they court and smile on you,  
 And make your beauty, as themselves, seem new.  
 To the fair Villiers we Dalkeith prefer,  
 And fairest Morton now as much to her;  
 So like the sun's advance your titles show,  
 Which as he rises does the warmer grow.

But thus to style you fair, your sex's praise,  
 Gives you but myrtle, who may challenge bays;  
 From armèd foes to bring a royal prize,  
 Shows your brave heart victorious as your eyes.  
 If Judith, marching with the general's head,  
 Can give us passion when her story's read,

---

\* Lady Morton, daughter of Sir Edward Villiers, niece of the Duke of Buckingham, and wife of Lord Douglas, of Dalkeith, was one of the most celebrated beauties of her day. The incidents alluded to in the poem are matters of history. She was faithfully devoted to the royal family, and in 1646 succeeded with great difficulty, and at considerable personal peril, in conveying the Princess Henrietta in disguise from Otlands into France. Waller was then an exile in Paris. These lines were addressed to Lady Morton in 1650.

What may the living do, which brought away,  
 Though a less bloody, yet a nobler prey;  
 Who from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand,  
 Snatched her fair charge, the Princess, like a brand?  
 A brand! preserved to warm some prince's heart,  
 And make whole kingdoms take her brother's\* part.  
 So Venus, from prevailing Greeks, did shroud  
 The hope of Rome,† and saved him in a cloud.

This gallant act may cancel all our rage,  
 Begin a better, and absolve this age.  
 Dark shades become the portrait of our time;  
 Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime!‡  
 Let him that draws it hide the rest in night;  
 This portion only may endure the light,  
 Where the kind nymph, changing her faultless shape,  
 Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to 'scape,  
 When through the guards, the river, and the sea,  
 Faith, beauty, wit, and courage, made their way.  
 As the brave eagle does with sorrow see  
 The forest wasted, and that lofty tree  
 Which holds her nest about to be o'erthrown,  
 Before the feathers of her young are grown,  
 She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,  
 But bears them boldly on her wings away;  
 So fled the dame, and o'er the ocean bore  
 Her princely burthen to the Gallic shore.  
 Born in the storms of war, this royal fair,  
 Produced like lightning in tempestuous air,  
 Though now she flies her native isle (less kind,  
 Less safe for her than either sea or wind!)

---

\* King Charles II.

† Æneas.

‡ The sufferings and privations undergone by the Queen of England and the Princess Henrietta in Paris are well known. Cardinal Mazarin withheld their pension, and they were reduced to the last stage of distress at their lodgings in the Louvre. Cardinal Retz relates that, visiting the princess one day, he found the queen in her chamber, and that her majesty said to him, 'You see I am come to keep Henrietta company; the poor child could not read to-day for want of a fire.'

Shall, when the blossom of her beauty's blown,  
 See her great brother on the British throne;  
 Where peace shall smile, and no dispute arise,  
 But which rules most, his sceptre, or her eyes.

---

TO A FAIR LADY, PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

STRANGE! that such horror and such grace  
 Should dwell together in one place;  
 A fury's arm, an angel's face!

'Tis innocence, and youth, which makes  
 In Chloris' fancy such mistakes,  
 To start at love, and play with snakes.

By this and by her coldness barred,  
 Her servants have a task too hard;  
 The tyrant has a double guard!

Thrice happy snake! that in her sleeve  
 May boldly creep; we dare not give  
 Our thoughts so unconfined a leave.

Contented in that nest of snow  
 He lies, as he his bliss did know,  
 And to the wood no more would go.

Take heed, fair Eve! you do not make  
 Another tempter of this snake;  
 A marble one so warmed would speak.

---

A PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR,  
 OF THE PRESENT GREATNESS, AND JOINT INTEREST, OF HIS HIGHNESS,  
 AND THIS NATION.\*

WHILE with a strong and yet a gentle hand,  
 You bridle faction, and our hearts command,  
 Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,  
 Make us unite, and make us conquer too;

---

\* Fenton supposes that this poem was written about 1654. It is

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,  
 Think themselves injured that they cannot reign,  
 And own no liberty but where they may  
 Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune showed his face,  
 To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,  
 So has your Highness, raised above the rest,  
 Storms of ambition, tossing us, repressed.\*

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,  
 Restored by you, is made a glorious state;  
 The seat of empire, where the Irish come,  
 And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own; and now all nations greet,  
 With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet;  
 Your power extends as far as winds can blow,  
 Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven, (that hath placed this island to give law,  
 To balance Europe, and her states to awe)  
 In this conjunction doth on Britain smile;  
 The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent,  
 By the rude ocean, from the continent;  
 Or thus created; it was sure designed  
 To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

---

the most studied and elaborate of all Waller's productions. Dr. Johnson pronounces a high panegyric upon the grandeur, grace, and music of the lines, but qualifies his praise by adding that the great fault of the piece is the choice of the hero—a point upon which a difference of opinion may be fairly entertained.

\* Above the waves as Neptune lifts his eyes,  
 To chide the winds that Trojan ships oppressed,  
 And with his countenance calmed seas, winds and skies—  
 So looked Rinaldo, when he shook his crest.

FAIRFAX'S *Translation of Tasso.*

Hither the oppressèd shall henceforth resort,  
Justice to crave, and succour, at your court;  
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,  
But for the world's protector shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your wingèd navy, flies  
Through every land that near the ocean lies,  
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news  
To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a chief the meanest nation blessed,  
Might hope to lift her head above the rest;  
What may be thought impossible to do  
By us, embracèd by the sea and you?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we  
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea,  
And every coast may trouble, or relieve;  
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we, have this prerogative,  
That none can at our happy seats arrive;  
While we descend at pleasure, to invade  
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,  
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,  
Of her own growth hath all that Nature craves,  
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,  
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky;  
So what our earth, and what our heaven, denies,  
Our ever constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,  
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow;  
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine;  
And, without planting, drink of every vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;  
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims;  
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow;  
We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds;  
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds;  
Rome, though her eagle through the world had flown,  
Could never make this island all her own.\*

Here the Third Edward, and the Black Prince, too,  
France-conquering Henry flourished, and now you;  
For whom we stayed, as did the Grecian state,  
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cried,  
He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide  
Another yet; a world reserved for you,  
To make more great than that he did subdue.

He safely might old troops to battle lead,  
Against the unwarlike-Persian, and the Mede,  
Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,  
More spoils than honour to the victor yield.

A race unconquered, by their clime made bold,  
The Caledonians, armed with want and cold,  
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,  
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall so ill confined,  
With a new chain of garrisons you bind;  
Here foreign gold no more shall make them come;  
Our English iron holds them fast at home.

---

\* The Roman wall, built by the Emperor Adrian, to protect the settlers from the incursions of the natives, who still held their fastnesses in the north, indicates the line beyond which the island remained unconquered.

They, that henceforth must be content to know  
No warmer regions than their hills of snow,  
May blame the sun, but must extol your grace,  
Which in our senate hath allowed them place.

Preferred by conquest, happily o'erthrown,  
Falling they rise, to be with us made one;  
So kind dictators made, when they came home,  
Their vanquished foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Irish, with like fate,  
Advanced to be a portion of our state;  
While by your valour and your bounteous mind,  
Nations, divided by the sea, are joined.

Holland, to gain your friendship, is content  
To be our outguard on the continent;  
She from her fellow-provinces would go,  
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,  
Preventing posts, the terror and the news,  
Our neighbour princes trembled at their roar;  
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing sword made war to cease;  
And now you heal us with the acts of peace;  
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,  
Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Less pleasure take brave minds in battles won,  
Than in restoring such as are undone;  
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,  
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.

To pardon willing, and to punish loath,  
You strike with one hand, but you heal with both;  
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve  
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When fate, or error, had our age misled,  
 And o'er this nation such confusion spread,  
 The only cure, which could from Heaven come down,  
 Was so much power and piety in one!

One! whose extraction from an ancient line  
 Gives hope again that well-born men may shine;  
 The meanest in your nature, mild and good,  
 The noble rest securèd in your blood.

Oft have we wondered how you hid in peace  
 A mind proportioned to such things as these;  
 How such a ruling spirit you could restrain,  
 And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give,  
 How fathers, husbands, pious sons should live;  
 Born to command, your princely virtues slept,  
 Like humble David's, while the flock he kept.\*

But when your troubled country called you forth,  
 Your flaming courage, and your matchless worth,  
 Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,  
 To fierce contention gave a prosperous end.

Still as you rise, the state, exalted too,  
 Finds no distemper while 'tis changed by you;  
 Change like the world's great scene! when, without  
 The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys. [noise;

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory  
 Run, with amazement we should read your story;  
 But living virtue, all achievements past,  
 Meets envy still, to grapple with at last.

---

\* Marvell applies a similar parallel to Charles II.:—

‘Of a tall stature, and of sable hue,  
 Much like the son of Kish, that lofty Jew,  
 Twelve years complete he suffered in exile,  
 And kept his father's asses all the while.’

This Cæsar found; and that ungrateful age,  
With losing him went back to blood and rage;  
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,  
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars  
Gave a dim light to violence, and wars,  
To such a tempest as now threatens all,  
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,  
Which of the conquered world had made them lord,  
What hope had ours, while yet their power was new,  
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You! that had taught them to subdue their foes,  
Could order teach, and their high spirits compose;  
To every duty could their minds engage,  
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,  
And angry grows, if he that first took pain  
To tame his youth approach the haughty beast,  
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.\*

As the vexed world, to find repose, at last  
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast;  
So England now does, with like toil oppressed,  
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,  
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace;  
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,  
And draw the image of our Mars in fight;

---

\* So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,  
And beats his tail, with courage proud, and wroth,  
If his commander come, who first took pain  
To tame his youth, his lofty crest down go'th.

FAIRFAX'S *Tasso*.

Tell of towns stormed, of armies over-run,  
 And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won;  
 How, while you thundered, clouds of dust did choke  
 Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,  
 And every conqueror creates a muse.  
 Here, in low strains, your milder deeds we sing;  
 But there, my lord! we'll bays and olive bring

To crown your head; while you in triumph ride  
 O'er vanquished nations, and the sea beside;  
 While all your neighbour-princes unto you,  
 Like Joseph's sheaves,\* pay reverence, and bow.

## TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND MASTER EVELYN,†

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIUS.

LUCRETIUS (with a stork-like fate,  
 Born, and translated, in a state)  
 Comes to proclaim, in English verse,  
 No monarch rules the universe;  
 But chance, and atoms, make this All  
 In order democratical,  
 Where bodies freely run their course,  
 Without design, or fate, or force.  
 And this in such a strain he sings,  
 As if his muse, with angels' wings,

\* Gen., xxxviii.

† John Evelyn, the author of *Sylva*, whose *Diary* is familiar to all readers. The translation to which these verses refer was published in 1656. It embraced only the First Book, and was entitled *An Essay on the First Book of Titus Lucretius Carus, de rerum naturâ, interpreted, and made into English verse*, by J. Evelyn, Esq. Mr. Evelyn was discouraged from proceeding any further with the translation, in consequence of the ill success of the work, arising from the gross errors committed by the printer, and the neglect of the gentleman who undertook to revise the proof sheets.

Had soared beyond our utmost sphere,  
And other worlds discovered there;  
For his immortal, boundless wit,  
To Nature does no bounds permit,  
But boldly has removed those bars  
Of heaven, and earth, and seas, and stars,  
By which they were before supposed,  
By narrow wits, to be enclosed,  
Till his free muse threw down the pale,  
And did at once dispark them all.

So vast this argument did seem,  
That the wise author did esteem  
The Roman language (which was spread  
O'er the whole world, in triumph led)  
A tongue too narrow to unfold  
The wonders which he would have told.  
This speaks thy glory, noble friend!  
And British language does commend;  
For here Lucretius whole we find,  
His words, his music, and his mind.  
Thy art has to our country brought  
All that he writ, and all he thought.  
Ovid translated, Virgil too,  
Showed long since what our tongue could do;  
Nor Lucan we, nor Horace spared;  
Only Lucretius was too hard.  
Lucretius, like a fort, did stand  
Untouched, till your victorious hand  
Did from his head this garland bear,  
Which now upon your own you wear;  
A garland! made of such new bays,  
And sought in such untrodden ways,  
As no man's temples e'er did crown,  
Save this great author's, and your own!

## TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND SIR THOS. HIGGONS,\*

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF 'THE VENETIAN TRIUMPH.'

THE winged lion's† not so fierce in fight,  
 As Liberi's hand presents him to our sight;  
 Nor would his pencil make him half so fierce,  
 Or roar so loud, as Businello's verse;  
 But your translation does all three excel,  
 The fight, the piece, and lofty Businel.  
 As their small galleys may not hold compare  
 With our tall ships, whose sails employ more air;  
 So does the Italian to your genius vail,  
 Moved with a fuller and a nobler gale.  
 Thus, while your muse spreads the Venetian story,  
 You make all Europe emulate her glory;  
 You make them blush weak Venice should defend  
 The cause of heaven, while they for words contend;  
 Shed Christian blood, and populous cities raze,  
 Because they're taught to use some different phrase.  
 If, listening to your charms, we could our jars  
 Compose, and on the Turk discharge these wars,

---

\* Sir Thomas Higgons was the son of Dr. Thomas Higgons, rector of Westburgh, in Shropshire, where he was born in 1624. He married the widow of the Earl of Essex; and when she died in 1656 he delivered a funeral oration over her grave. He afterwards married the daughter of Sir Bevil Greenvill, and sister of the Earl of Bath; was returned to Parliament in succession for Malmsbury and New Windsor; and subsequently knighted and rewarded with a pension of 500*l.* a year, and large pecuniary gifts, for his services to the crown. In 1669, he was sent envoy extraordinary to invest the Duke of Saxony with the garter; and a few years later appointed envoy to Vienna. He died suddenly, in 1691, in the court of King's Bench, while he was attending there as a witness. His literary productions are slight, and of no great value, and not to be confounded with the larger and more important works of his son, Mr. Bevil Higgons. The *Venetian Triumph* was a poem written by Businello, addressed to Liberi, the painter, instructing him how to paint the sea fight that took place between the Turks and Venetians in 1656. Waller appears to have modelled upon this poem his *Instructions to a Painter*, in reference to the Duke of York's victory over the Dutch. Marvell also adopted the same form a little later, not for the purpose of panegyric, but as a vehicle of satire.

† The arms of Venice.

Our British arms the sacred tomb might wrest  
 From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the East;  
 And then you might our own high deeds recite,  
 And with great Tasso celebrate the fight.

---

## TO A L A D Y

SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

CHLORIS! yourself you so excel,  
 When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,  
 That, like a spirit, with this spell  
 Of my own teaching, I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,  
 Which, on the shaft that made him die,  
 Espied a feather of his own,  
 Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had Echo, with so sweet a grace,  
 Narcissus' loud complaints returned,  
 Not for reflection of his face,  
 But of his voice, the boy had burned.

---

## TO THE MUTABLE FAIR.

HERE, Cælia! for thy sake I part  
 With all that grew so near my heart;  
 The passion that I had for thee,  
 The faith, the love, the constancy!  
 And, that I may successful prove,  
 Transform myself to what you love.

Fool that I was! so much to prize  
 Those simple virtues you despise;  
 Fool! that with such dull arrows strove,  
 Or hoped to reach a flying dove;

For you, that are in motion still,  
Decline our force, and mock our skill;  
Who, like Don Quixote, do advance  
Against a windmill our vain lance.

Now will I wander through the air,  
Mount, make a stoop at every fair,  
And, with a fancy unconfined,  
(As lawless as the sea or wind)  
Pursue you wheresoe'er you fly,  
And with your various thoughts comply.

The formal stars do travel so,  
As we their names and courses know;  
And he that on their changes looks,  
Would think them governed by our books;  
But never were the clouds reduced  
To any art; the motion used  
By those free vapours are so light,  
So frequent, that the conquered sight  
Despairs to find the rules that guide  
Those gilded shadows as they slide;  
And therefore of the spacious air  
Jove's royal consort had the care;  
And by that power did once escape,  
Declining bold Ixion's rape;  
She, with her own resemblance, graced  
A shining cloud, which he embraced.

Such was that image, so it smiled  
With seeming kindness, which beguiled  
Your Thyrsis lately, when he thought  
He had his fleeting Cælia caught.  
'Twas shaped like her, but, for the fair,  
He filled his arms with yielding air.

A fate for which he grieves the less,  
Because the gods had like success;  
For in their story one, we see,  
Pursues a nymph, and takes a tree;  
A second, with a lover's haste,  
Soon overtakes whom he had chased,

But she that did a virgin seem,  
 Possessed, appears a wandering stream;  
 For his supposed love, a third  
 Lays greedy hold upon a bird,  
 And stands amazed to find his dear  
 A wild inhabitant of the air.

To these old tales such nymphs as you  
 Give credit, and still make them new;  
 The amorous now like wonders find  
 In the swift changes of your mind.

But, Cælia, if you apprehend  
 The muse of your incensèd friend,  
 Nor would that he record your blame,  
 And make it live, repeat the same;  
 Again deceive him, and again,  
 And then he swears he'll not complain;  
 For still to be deluded so,  
 Is all the pleasure lovers know;  
 Who, like good falconers, take delight,  
 Not in the quarry, but the flight.

---

## TO A LADY,

FROM WHOM HE RECEIVED A SILVER PEN.

MADAM! intending to have tried  
 The silver favour which you gave,  
 In ink the shining point I dyed,  
 And drenched it in the sable wave;  
 When, grieved to be so foully stained,  
 On you it thus to me complained.

‘Suppose you had deserved to take  
 From her fair hand so fair a boon,  
 Yet how deservèd I to make  
 So ill a change, who ever won  
 Immortal praise for what I wrote,  
 Instructed by her noble thought?

'I, that expressed her commands  
To mighty lords, and princely dames,  
Always most welcome to their hands,  
Proud that I would record their names,  
Must now be taught an humble style,  
Some meaner beauty to beguile!'

So I, the wrongèd pen to please,  
Make it my humble thanks express,  
Unto your ladyship, in these:  
And now 'tis forcèd to confess  
That your great self did ne'er indite,  
Nor that, to one more noble, write.

---

#### ON THE HEAD OF A STAG.

SO we some antique hero's strength  
Learn by his lance's weight and length;  
As these vast beams express the beast,  
Whose shady brows alive they dressed.  
Such game, while yet the world was new,  
The mighty Nimrod did pursue.  
What huntsman of our feeble race,  
Or dogs, dare such a monster chase,  
Resembling, with each blow he strikes,  
The charge of a whole troop of pikes?  
O fertile head! which every year  
Could such a crop of wonder bear!  
The teeming earth did never bring  
So soon, so hard, so huge a thing;  
Which might it never have been cast,  
(Each year's growth added to the last)  
'These lofty branches had supplied  
The earth's bold sons' prodigious pride;  
Heaven with these engines had been scaled,  
When mountains heaped on mountains failed.

## THE MISER'S SPEECH.

IN A MASK.

BALLS of this metal slacked At'lanta's pace,  
 And on the amorous youth\* bestowed the race;  
 Venus, (the nymph's mind measuring by her own)  
 Whom the rich spoils of cities overthrown  
 Had prostrated to Mars, could well advise  
 The adventurous lover how to gain the prize.  
 Nor less may Jupiter to gold ascribe;  
 For, when he turned himself into a bribe,  
 Who can blame Danae, or the brazen tower,  
 That they withstood not that almighty shower?  
 Never till then did love make Jove put on  
 A form more bright, and nobler than his own;  
 Nor were it just, would he resume that shape,  
 That slack devotion should his thunder 'scape.  
 'Twas not revenge for grieved Apollo's wrong,  
 Those ass's ears on Midas' temples hung,  
 But fond repentance of his happy wish,  
 Because his meat grew metal like his dish.  
 Would Bacchus bless me so, I'd constant hold  
 Unto my wish, and die creating gold.

## TO CHLORIS.†

CHLORIS! since first our calm of peace  
 Was frighted hence, this good we find,  
 Your favours with your fears increase,  
 And growing mischiefs make you kind.

\* Hippomenes.

† In the first edition, this piece was entitled *To Chloris, upon a favour received*. Mr. Fenton is led to doubt its genuineness from the following memorandum, which he found written, in an unknown hand, opposite the title of the verses, in an old copy of Waller's poems: 'Which Mr. Waller says is suppositious, in an edition given my father (out of which I transcribed the additions into this), faultily

So the fair tree, which still preserves  
 Her fruit and state while no wind blows,  
 In storms from that uprightness swerves,  
 And the glad earth about her strows  
 With treasure, from her yielding boughs.

---

## TO A LADY IN RETIREMENT.

SEES not my love how time resumes  
 The glory which he lent these flowers?  
 Though none should taste of their perfumes,  
 Yet must they live but some few hours;  
 Time what we forbear devours!

Had Helen, or the Egyptian Queen,\*  
 Been ne'er so thrifty of their graces,  
 Those beauties must at length have been  
 The spoil of age, which finds out faces  
 In the most retirèd places.

Should some malignant planet bring  
 A barren drought, or ceaseless shower,  
 Upon the autumn or the spring,  
 And spare us neither fruit nor flower;  
 Winter would not stay an hour.

Could the resolve of love's neglect  
 Preserve you from the violation  
 Of coming years, then more respect  
 Were due to so divine a fashion,  
 Nor would I indulge my passion.

---

printed, but corrected by the author under his own hand.' This unauthenticated memorandum is simply absurd. Waller could not have employed the term 'suppositious,' which implies a doubt, concerning a matter upon which he could have had no doubt. The internal evidence of the piece is conclusive of the authorship. There are few verses of this kind in the whole collection more distinctly marked by the hand of Waller.

\* Cleopatra.

## TO MR. GEORGE SANDYS,\*

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF SOME PARTS OF THE BIBLE.

HOW bold a work attempts that pen,  
Which would enrich our vulgar tongue  
With the high raptures of those men  
Who, here, with the same spirit sung  
Wherewith they now assist the choir  
Of angels, who their songs admire!

Whatever those inspirèd souls  
Were urgèd to express, did shake  
The aged deep, and both the poles;  
Their numerous thunder could awake  
Dull earth, which does with Heaven consent  
To all they wrote, and all they meant.

Say, sacred bard! what could bestow  
Courage on thee to soar so high?  
Tell me, brave friend! what helped thee so  
To shake off all mortality?  
To light this torch, thou hast climbed higher  
Than he who stole celestial fire.†

## CHLORIS AND HYLAS.

MADE TO A SARABAND.

CHLORIS.

HYLAS, oh Hylas! why sit we mute,  
Now that each bird saluteth the spring?

\* The translator of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, son of Archbishop Sandys, and author, in addition to a variety of other publications, of an elaborate work of travels, which went through several editions. The translations that suggested these lines of Waller's were a metrical paraphrase of the *Song of Solomon*, published in 1641, and dedicated to the King; and *A Paraphrase of the Psalms of David and the Hymns of the Old and New Testament*, published in 1636, and reprinted in 1640—a book in which Charles I. is said to have taken great delight when he was a prisoner at Carisbrooke.

† Prometheus.

Wind up the slackened strings of thy lute,  
 Never canst thou want matter to sing;  
 For love thy breast does fill with such a fire,  
 That whatsoe'er is fair moves thy desire.

HYLAS.

Sweetest! you know, the sweetest of things  
 Of various flowers the bees do compose;  
 Yet no particular taste it brings  
 Of violet, woodbine, pink, or rose;  
 So love the result is of all the graces  
 Which flow from a thousand several faces.

CHLORIS.

Hylas! the birds which chant in this grove,  
 Could we but know the language they use,  
 They would instruct us better in love,  
 And reprehend thy inconstant Muse;  
 For love their breasts does fill with such a fire,  
 That what they once do choose, bounds their desire.

HYLAS.

Chloris! this change the birds do approve,  
 Which the warm season hither does bring;  
 Time from yourself does further remove  
 You, than the winter from the gay spring;  
 She that like lightning shined while her face lasted,  
 The oak now resembles which lightning hath blasted.

---

IN ANSWER OF SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S VERSES.

CON.

STAY here, fond youth! and ask no more; be wise;  
 Knowing too much, long since lost Paradise.

PRO.

And, by your knowledge, we should be bereft  
 Of all that paradise which yet is left.

## CON.

The virtuous joys thou hast, thou wouldst should still  
 Last in their pride; and wouldst not take it ill  
 If rudely from sweet dreams, and for a toy,  
 Thou waked; he wakes himself that does enjoy.

## PRO.

How can the joy, or hope, which you allow  
 Be stylèd virtuous, and the end not so?  
 Talk in your sleep, and shadows still admire!  
 'Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire;  
 But—to sleep better; for who'er drinks deep  
 Of this *Nepenthe*,\* rocks himself asleep.

## CON.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but destroys,  
 And while it pleaseth much, yet still it cloy.  
 Who thinks he should be happier made for that,  
 As reasonably might hope he might grow fat  
 By eating to a surfeit; this once passed,  
 What relishes? even kisses lose their taste.

## PRO.

Blessings may be repeated while they cloy;  
 But shall we starve, 'cause surfeittings destroy?  
 And if fruition did the taste impair  
 Of kisses, why should yonder happy pair,  
 Whose joys just Hymen warrants all the night,  
 Consume the day, too, in this less delight?

## CON.

Urge not 'tis necessary; alas! we know  
 The homeliest thing that mankind does is so.  
 The world is of a large extent we see,  
 And must be peopled; children there must be:—

---

\* An anodyne frequently mentioned by the Greek and Roman writers. Petit, quoted by Fenton, supposes that it was the plant called by Pliny *anothera*, which had a short stem, and flowers resembling a rose. The soothing quality ascribed to it resided in the root, which had a powerful effect infused in wine.

So must bread too; but since there are enough  
Born to that drudgery, what need we plough?

PRO.

I need not plough, since what the stooping hine  
Gets of my pregnant land, must all be mine;  
But in this nobler tillage 'tis not so;  
For when Anchises did fair Venus know,  
What interest had poor Vulcan in the boy,  
Famous Æneas, or the present joy?

CON.

Women enjoyed, whate'er before they've been,  
Are like romances read, or scenes once seen;  
Fruition dulls or spoils the play much more  
Than if one read, or knew, the plot before.

PRO.

Plays and romances read and seen, do fall  
In our opinions; yet not seen at all,  
Whom would they please? To an heroic tale  
Would you not listen, lest it should grow stale?

CON.

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;  
Heaven were not heaven if we knew what it were.

PRO.

If 'twere not heaven if we knew what it were,  
'Twould not be heaven to those that now are there.

CON.

And as in prospects we are there pleased most,  
Where something keeps the eye from being lost,  
And leaves us room to guess; so here, restraint  
Holds up delight, that with excess would faint.

PRO.

Restraint preserves the pleasure we have got,  
But he ne'er has it that enjoys it not.

In goodly prospects, who contracts the space,  
Or takes not all the bounty of the place?  
We wish removed what standeth in our light,  
And nature blame for limiting our sight;  
Where you stand wisely winking, that the view  
Of the fair prospect may be always new.

CON.

They, who know all the wealth they have, are poor;  
He's only rich that cannot tell his store.

PRO.

Not he that knows the wealth he has is poor,  
But he that dares not touch, nor use, his store.

---

AN APOLOGY FOR HAVING LOVED BEFORE.

THEY that never had the use  
Of the grape's surprising juice,  
To the first delicious cup  
All their reason render up;  
Neither do, nor care to know,  
Whether it be best or no.

So they that are to love inclined,  
Swayed by chance, not choice, or art,  
To the first that's fair, or kind,  
Make a present of their heart;  
'Tis not she that first we love,  
But whom dying we approve.

To man, that was in the evening made,  
Stars gave the first delight,  
Admiring, in the gloomy shade,  
Those little drops of light;  
Then at Aurora, whose fair hand  
Removed them from the skies,  
He gazing toward the east did stand,  
She entertained his eyes.

But when the bright sun did appear,  
 All those he 'gan despise;  
 His wonder was determined there,  
 And could no higher rise;  
 He neither might, nor wished to know  
 A more refulgent light;  
 For that (as mine your beauties now)  
 Employed his utmost sight.

---

### THE NIGHT-PIECE;

OR, A PICTURE DRAWN IN THE DARK.

**D**ARKNESS, which fairest nymphs disarm,  
 Defends us ill from Mira's charms;  
 Mira can lay her beauty by,  
 Take no advantage of the eye,  
 Quit all that Lely's art can take,  
 And yet a thousand captives make.

Her speech is graced with sweeter sound  
 Than in another's song is found;  
 And all her well-placed words are darts,  
 Which need no light to reach our hearts.

As the bright stars, and Milky Way,  
 Showed by the night, are hid by day;  
 So we, in that accomplished mind,  
 Helped by the night, new graces find,  
 Which, by the splendour of her view,  
 Dazzled before, we never knew.

While we converse with her, we mark  
 No want of day, nor think it dark;  
 Her shining image is a light  
 Fixed in our hearts, and conquers night.

Like jewels to advantage set,  
 Her beauty by the shade does get;  
 There blushes, frowns, and cold disdain,  
 All that our passion might restrain,

Is hid, and our indulgent mind  
Presents the fair idea kind.

Yet, friended by the night, we dare  
Only in whispers tell our care;  
He that on her his bold hand lays,  
With Cupid's pointed arrows plays;  
They with a touch, (they are so keen!)  
Wound us unshot, and she unseen.

All near approaches threaten death;  
We may be shipwrecked by her breath;  
Love, favoured once with that sweet gale,  
Doubles his haste, and fills his sail,  
Till he arrive where she must prove  
The haven, or the rock, of love.

So we the Arabian coast do know  
At distance, when the spices blow;  
By the rich odour taught to steer,  
Though neither day nor stars appear.

## PART OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS, TRANSLATED.

*Beginning at v. 437.*

. . . . Talesque miserrima fletus  
Fertque refertque soror. . . .

*And ending with*

Adnixi torquent spumas, et cærulea verrunt.—V. 583.

ALL this her weeping sister\* does repeat  
To this stern man,† whom nothing could entreat;  
Lost were her prayers, and fruitless were her tears!  
Fate, and great Jove, had stopped his gentle ears.  
As when loud winds a well-grown oak would rend  
Up by the roots, this way and that they bend  
His reeling trunk; and with a boisterous sound  
Scatter his leaves, and strew them on the ground;

\* Anna.

† Æneas.

He fixèd stands; as deep his root doth lie  
Down to the centre, as his top is high;  
No less on every side the hero pressed,  
Feels love and pity shake his noble breast,  
And down his cheeks though fruitless tears do roll,  
Unmoved remains the purpose of his soul.  
Then Dido, urgèd with approaching fate,  
Begins the light of cruel Heaven to hate;  
Her resolution to dispatch and die,  
Confirmed by many a horrid prodigy!  
The water, consecrate for sacrifice,  
Appears all black to her amazèd eyes;  
The wine to putrid blood converted flows,  
Which from her none, not her own sister, knows.  
Besides, there stood, as sacred to her lord,\*  
A marble temple which she much adored,  
With snowy fleeces and fresh garlands crowned;  
Hence every night proceeds a dreadful sound;  
Her husband's voice invites her to his tomb,  
And dismal owls presage the ills to come.  
Besides, the prophecies of wizards old  
Increased her terror and her fall foretold;  
Scorned, and deserted, to herself she seems,  
And finds Æneas cruel in her dreams.

So to mad Pentheus, double Thebes appears,  
And furies howl in his distempered ears;  
Orestes so, with like distraction tossed,  
Is made to fly his mother's angry ghost.

Now grief and fury to their height arrive;  
Death she decrees, and thus does it contrive.  
Her grievèd sister, with a cheerful grace,  
(Hope well dissembled shining in her face)  
She thus deceives. 'Dear sister! let us prove  
The cure I have invented for my love.  
Beyond the land of Ethiopia, lies  
The place where Atlas does support the skies,

---

\* Sichæus.

Hence came an old magician, that did keep  
The Hesperian fruit, and made the dragon sleep;  
Her potent charms do troubled souls relieve,  
And, where she lists, make calmest minds to grieve;  
The course of rivers, and of heaven, can stop,  
And call trees down from the airy mountain's top.  
Witness, ye Gods! and thou, my dearest part!  
How loth I am to tempt this guilty art.  
Erect a pile, and on it let us place  
That bed where I my ruin did embrace;  
With all the reliques of our impious guest,  
Arms, spoils, and presents, let the pile be dressed;  
(The knowing woman thus prescribes) that we  
May rase the man out of our memory.'

Thus speaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end  
For which she doth those sacred rites pretend.  
Nor worse effects of grief her sister thought  
Would follow, than Sichæus' murder wrought;  
Therefore obeys her; and now, heaped high  
The cloven oaks and lofty pines do lie;  
Hung all with wreaths and flowery garlands round,  
So by herself was her own funeral crowned!  
Upon the top the Trojan's image lies,  
And his sharp sword, wherewith anon she dies.  
They by the altar stand, while with loose hair  
The magic prophetess begins her prayer:  
On Chaos, Erebus, and all the gods,  
Which in the infernal shades have their abodes,  
She loudly calls, besprinkling all the room  
With drops, supposed from Lethe's lake to come.  
She seeks the knot which on the forehead grows  
Of new-foaled colts, and herbs by moonlight mows.  
A cake of leaven in her pious hands  
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot stands;  
One tender foot was bare, the other shod,  
Her robe ungirt, invoking every god,  
And every power, if any be above,  
Which takes regard of ill-requited love!

Now was the time when weary mortals steep  
Their careful temples in the dew of sleep;  
On seas, on earth, and all that in them dwell,  
A death-like quiet, and deep silence fell;  
But not on Dido! whose untamèd mind  
Refused to be by sacred night confined;  
A double passion in her breast does move,  
Love, and fierce anger for neglected love.  
Thus she afflicts her soul: 'What shall I do?  
With fate inverted, shall I humbly woo?  
And some proud prince, in wild Numidia born,  
Pray to accept me, and forget my scorn?  
Or shall I with the ungrateful Trojan go,  
Quit all my state, and wait upon my foe?  
Is not enough, by sad experience! known  
The perjured race of false Laomedon?  
With my Sidonians shall I give them chase,  
Bands hardly forcèd from their native place?  
No;—die! and let this sword thy fury tame;  
Nought but thy blood can quench this guilty flame.  
Ah, sister! vanquished with my passion, thou  
Betray'dst me first, dispensing with my vow.  
Had I been constant to Sichæus still,  
And single lived, I had not known this ill!'

Such thoughts torment the Queen's enraged breast,  
While the Dardanian does securely rest  
In his tall ship, for sudden flight prepared;  
To whom once more the son of Jove appeared;  
Thus seems to speak the youthful deity,  
Voice, hair, and colour, all like Mercury.

'Fair Venus' seed! canst thou indulge thy sleep,  
Nor better guard in such great danger keep?  
Mad, by neglect to lose so fair a wind!  
If here thy ships the purple morning find,  
Thou shalt behold this hostile harbour shine  
With a new fleet, and fires, to ruin thine;  
She meditates revenge, resolved to die;  
Weigh anchor quickly, and her fury fly.'

This said, the god in shades of night retired.  
Amazed Æneas, with the warning fired,  
Shakes off dull sleep, and rousing up his men,  
'Behold! the gods command our flight again;  
Fall to your oars, and all your canvas spread;  
What god soe'er that thus vouchsafes to lead,  
We follow gladly, and thy will obey;  
Assist us still, smoothing our happy way,  
And make the rest propitious!'—With that word  
He cuts the cable with his shining sword;  
Through all the navy doth like ardour reign,  
They quit the shore, and rush into the main;  
Placed on their banks, the lusty Trojans sweep  
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.

---

## ON THE PICTURE OF A FAIR YOUTH,

TAKEN AFTER HE WAS DEAD.

AS gathered flowers, while their wounds are new,  
Look gay and fresh, as on the stalk they grew;  
Torn from the root that nourished them, awhile  
(Not taking notice of their fate) they smile,  
And, in the hand which rudely plucked them, show  
Fairer than those that to their autumn grow;  
So love and beauty still that visage grace;  
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place.  
Alive, the hand of crooked Age had marred  
Those lovely features, which cold death had spared.

No wonder then he sped in love so well,  
When his high passion he had breath to tell;  
When that accomplished soul, in this fair frame,  
No business had but to persuade that dame,  
Whose mutual love advanced the youth so high,  
That, but to heaven, he could no higher fly.

## ON A BREDE OF DIVERS COLOURS,

WOVEN BY FOUR LADIES.

TWICE twenty slender virgin-fingers twine  
 This curious web, where all their fancies shine.  
 As Nature them, so they this shade have wrought,  
 Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.  
 Not Juno's bird, when his fair train dispread,  
 He woos the female to his painted bed;  
 No, not the bow, which so adorns the skies,  
 So glorious is, or boasts so many dyes.

---

## OF A WAR WITH SPAIN, AND FIGHT AT SEA.\*

NOW, for some ages, had the pride of Spain  
 Made the sun shine on half the world in vain;  
 While she bid war to all that durst supply  
 The place of those her cruelty made die.  
 Of nature's bounty men forebore to taste,  
 And the best portion of the earth lay waste.  
 From the new world, her silver and her gold  
 Came, like a tempest, to confound the old;  
 Feeding with these the bribed Electors' hopes,  
 Alone she gives us emperors and popes;

---

\* The title of this poem is disproportionate to its subject. The war with Spain was nothing more than the fitting out of an armament of observation; and the fight at sea was an accidental affair of a few hours, in which some Spanish galleons were surprised and captured by three English ships. In 1656 a fleet was sent out to the Mediterranean under the joint command of Blake and Montague. It was originally intended that they should fall upon the Spanish fleet in the harbour of Cadiz; the project, however, was abandoned. The next design was the reduction of Gibraltar, which was also given up. Without any definite object in view they cruised about for some time idly before Cadiz, watching the Spanish fleet. and then made for the opposite coast of Barbary to chastise the Tripoli and Salee rovers; but even that object was relinquished in consequence of an accommodation entered into between those lawless barbarians and the Protector. There

With these accomplishing her vast designs,  
Europe was shaken with her Indian mines.

When Britain, looking with a just disdain  
Upon this gilded majesty of Spain,  
And knowing well that empire must decline,  
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin,  
Our nation's solid virtue did oppose  
To the rich troublers of the world's repose.

And now some months, encamping on the main,  
Our naval army had besieged Spain;  
They that the whole world's monarchy designed,  
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confined;  
From whence our Red Cross they triumphant see,  
Riding without a rival on the sea.

Others may use the ocean as their road,  
Only the English make it their abode,  
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,  
And make a covenant with the inconstant sky;  
Our oaks secure, as if they there took root,  
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

Meanwhile the Spaniards in America,  
Near to the line the sun approaching saw,  
And hoped their European coasts to find  
Cleared from our ships by the autumnal wind;  
Their huge capacious galleons stuffed with plate,  
The labouring winds drive slowly towards their fate.

---

was nothing, therefore, left for the fleet but to resume its useless and inglorious surveillance at Cadiz. In vain Montague remonstrated, requesting that he might be permitted to undertake more advantageous enterprises. Cromwell was peremptory in his orders, having resolved to keep a strict watch in the Spanish waters. While the fleet was thus lying in sight of a harbour which it was not considered prudent to approach, Captain Stayner, in the *Speaker*, accompanied by two other vessels, went to a neighbouring bay to take in fresh water, and, on his way, fell in with eight richly laden galleons returning from America. This unlooked-for piece of good fortune awakened the enthusiasm of the sailors. The galleons were attacked with irresistible fury, and in the course of a few hours two were forced ashore, one burned, another sunk, and the remainder captured, with money and plate on board to the value of 500,000*l*.

Before St. Lucar they their guns discharge,  
 To tell their joy, or to invite a barge;  
 This heard some ships of ours, (though out of view)  
 And, swift as eagles, to the quarry flew;  
 So heedless lambs, which for their mothers bleat,  
 Wake hungry lions, and become their meat.

Arrived, they soon begin that tragic play,  
 And with their smoky cannons banish day;  
 Night, horror, slaughter, with confusion meets,  
 And in their sable arms embrace the fleets.  
 Through yielding planks the angry bullets fly,  
 And, of one wound, hundreds together die;  
 Born under different stars one fate they have,  
 The ship their coffin, and the sea their grave!  
 Bold were the men which on the ocean first  
 Spread their new sails, when shipwreck was the worst;  
 More danger now from man alone we find  
 Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind.  
 They that had sailed from near the Antarctic Pole,  
 Their treasure safe, and all their vessels whole,  
 In sight of their dear country ruined be,  
 Without the guilt of either rock or sea!  
 What they would spare, our fiercer art destroys,  
 Surpassing storms in terror and in noise.  
 Once Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,  
 And, when he pleased to thunder, part the fray;  
 Here, heaven in vain that kind retreat should sound,  
 The louder cannon had the thunder drowned.  
 Some, we made prize; while others, burned and rent,  
 With their rich lading to the bottom went;  
 Down sinks at once (so Fortune with us sports!)  
 The pay of armies, and the pride of courts.  
 Vain man! whose rage buries as low that store,  
 As avarice had digged for it before;  
 What earth, in her dark bowels, could not keep  
 From greedy hands, lies safer in the deep,  
 Where Thetis kindly does from mortals hide  
 Those seeds of luxury, debate, and pride.

And now, into her lap the richest prize  
 Fell, with the noblest of our enemies ;  
 The Marquis\* (glad to see the fire destroy  
 Wealth that prevailing foes were to enjoy)  
 Out from his flaming ship his children sent,  
 To perish in a milder element ;  
 Then laid him by his burning lady's side,  
 And, since he could not save her, with her died.†  
 Spices and gums about them melting fry,  
 And, phoenix-like, in that rich nest they die ;  
 Alive, in flames of equal love they burned,  
 And now together are to ashes turned ;  
 Ashes ! more worth than all their funeral cost,  
 Than the huge treasure which was with them lost.  
 These dying lovers, and their floating sons,  
 Suspend the fight, and silence all our guns ;  
 Beauty and youth about to perish, finds  
 Such noble pity in brave English minds,  
 That (the rich spoil forgot, their valour's prize,)  
 All labour now to save their enemies.  
 How frail our passions ! how soon changèd are  
 Our wrath and fury to a friendly care !  
 They that but now for honour, and for plate,  
 Made the sea blush with blood, resign their hate ;  
 And, their young foes endeavouring to retrieve,  
 With greater hazard than they fought, they dive.  
 With these, returns victorious Montague,  
 With laurels in his hand, and half Peru.‡

---

\* The Marquis of Badajos, Viceroy of Mexico. He was on board the vessel that was burned, with his wife, sons, and daughters. He and his wife and eldest daughter perished ; but the rest of his children, and nearly a hundred other persons were saved by the prompt humanity of the English.

† He let her fall, himself fell by her side ;  
 And, for he could not save her, with her died.

FAIRFAX'S *Tasso*.

‡ The injustice of thus giving Montague, by implication, the credit of the action is obvious. He was not even present at the capture of the galleons ; and the whole share he had in the transaction was the glory of bringing home the treasure and the prisoners. The incident was

Let the brave generals divide that bough,  
 Our great Protector hath such wreaths enow;  
 His conquering head has no more room for bays;  
 Then let it be as the glad nation prays;  
 Let the rich ore forthwith be melted down,  
 And the state fixed by making him a crown;  
 With ermine clad, and purple, let him hold  
 A royal sceptre, made of Spanish gold.

---

## UPON THE DEATH OF THE LORD PROTECTOR.\*

WE must resign! Heaven his great soul does claim  
 In storms, as loud as his immortal fame;  
 His dying groans, his last breath, shakes our isle,  
 And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile;

---

made the most of. The treasure was paraded in a sort of triumph through Southwark to the Tower in open carts, attended by a scanty guard, to show confidence in the people; and Montague was loaded with panegyrics by the Protector, and received the formal thanks of the House of Commons. Tardy justice was afterwards rendered to Captain Stayner, who was knighted by Cromwell.

Edward Montague was one of the most distinguished men of his time. Like most of the admirals of that period, he was originally a soldier. He first served in the Parliament army, and acquired a brilliant reputation at the early age of nineteen; and being afterwards promoted to high command in the navy, he contributed effectually to the maintenance of the English sovereignty of the seas. On the death of Cromwell, he joined the King's party, and his accession was munificently acknowledged by Charles, who immediately made him a privy councillor, master of the wardrobe, admiral of the narrow seas, and lieutenant-admiral to the Duke of York, raising him at the same time to the peerage, with the title of Earl of Sandwich, under which name he is familiar to all readers of Pepys' *Diary*.

\* Dr. Johnson distinguishes this piece from the poems written on the same occasion by Dryden and Sprat, as being 'dictated by real veneration for the memory of the Protector.' Dryden and Sprat, he observes, were young men, struggling into notice, and hoping for some favour from the ruling party; but Waller had little to expect, and was not likely to ask anything. This commendation, however, he completely reverses in the next sentence. After condemning Waller's congratulatory poem on the Restoration, he says that 'neither Cromwell nor Charles could value his testimony as the effect of conviction, or receive his praise as effusions of reverence; they could

About his palace their broad roots are tossed  
 Into the air.\*—So Romulus was lost!†  
 New Rome in such a tempest missed her king,  
 And from obeying fell to worshipping.  
 On Cæta's top thus Hercules lay dead,  
 With ruined oaks and pines about him spread;  
 The poplar, too, whose bough he wont to wear  
 On his victorious head, lay prostrate there;  
 Those his last fury from the mountain rent:  
 Our dying hero from the continent  
 Ravished whole towns; and forts from Spaniards reft,  
 As his last legacy to Britain left.  
 The ocean, which so long our hopes confined,  
 Could give no limits to his vaster mind;  
 Our bounds' enlargement was his latest toil,  
 Nor hath he left us prisoners to our isle;  
 Under the tropic is our language spoke,  
 And part of Flanders hath received our yoke.‡

consider them but as the labour of invention, and the tribute of dependence.' The only excuse, if it be one, that can be offered for an inconsistency, with which Dryden is not less chargeable than Waller, is to be found in the circumstances of the time, and the spirit of the age. It should be observed, also, that there is a distinct line to be drawn between the poems on the death of the Protector and the restoration of the King. Gratitude for favours to come was, no doubt, the predominant motive of most of the panegyrics on Charles; but the tributes to Cromwell's memory, from which neither pensions nor places could be looked for, may, at least, be supposed to have been sincere. Waller is not so happy in his verses on the death of Cromwell as in his panegyric, and both are immeasurably inferior to Dryden's.

\* Alluding to the tempest that ravaged the coast of England on the day of Cromwell's death. The incident is also noticed by Dryden:—

'But first the ocean as a tribute sent  
 The giant prince of all her watery herd,  
 And the isle, when her protecting genius went,  
 Upon his obsequies loud sighs conferred.'

† An eclipse of the sun, and a violent storm, are said to have taken place when Romulus was assassinated.

‡ Scott (*Life of Dryden*) selects this couplet as an instance of bathos. The criticism is open to doubt. The passage means that Cromwell had extended our language, and enlarged our possessions. Whoever considers the latter circumstance the more important, will think that it properly comes last.

From civil broils he did us disengage,  
 Found nobler objects for our martial rage;  
 And, with wise conduct, to his country showed  
 The ancient way of conquering abroad.  
 Ungrateful then! if we no tears allow  
 To him, that gave us peace and empire too.  
 Princes, that feared him, grieve, concerned to see  
 No pitch of glory from the grave is free.  
 Nature herself took notice of his death,  
 And, sighing, swelled the sea with such a breath,  
 That, to remotest shores her billows rolled,  
 The approaching fate of their great ruler told.\*

---

TO THE KING,

UPON HIS MAJESTY'S HAPPY RETURN.†

THE rising sun complies with our weak sight,  
 First gilds the clouds, then shows his globe of light  
 At such a distance from our eyes, as though  
 He knew what harm his hasty beams would do.

---

\* Waller's two poems on Cromwell were satirized in a piece called *The Panegyric and the Storm, two Poetical Epistles by Edmund Waller, Vassal to the Usurper, answered by more faithful Subjects to His Majesty King Charles II.* Amongst the *State Poems* there is an Answer by Sir William Godolphin, to the lines on the Death of Cromwell, which were generally ridiculed by the King's party, under the name of *The Storm*. Waller's last four lines are thus travestied in the answer; showing how the same image may be effectually made to serve two purposes:

‘Nature herself rejoicèd at his death,  
 And on the waters sung with such a breath,  
 As made the sea dance higher than before,  
 While here glad waves came dancing to the shore.’

† In this poem Waller introduces the prominent topics that are more elaborately dwelt upon in the *Astræa Redux* of Dryden; the happy deliverance of the country from its recent yoke, the delight of the people on receiving back their legitimate sovereign, and the glory and prosperity which the panegyrist could do no less than predict under the new reign. The subject was barren and difficult. Charles had as yet done nothing to justify personal encomiums, unless he was to be considered entitled to applause for submitting to misfortunes which he could not help, and accepting a throne which there was

But your full majesty at once breaks forth  
 In the meridian of your reign. Your worth,  
 Your youth, and all the splendour of your state,  
 (Wrapped up, till now, in clouds of adverse fate!)  
 With such a flood of light invade our eyes,  
 And our spread hearts with so great joy surprise,  
 That if your grace incline that we should live,  
 You must not, sir! too hastily forgive.  
 Our guilt preserves us from the excess of joy,  
 Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy.\*  
 All are obnoxious! and this faulty land,  
 Like fainting Esther, does before you stand,  
 Watching your sceptre. The revolted sea  
 Trembles to think she did your foes obey.  
 Great Britain, like blind Polypheme, of late,  
 In a wild rage, became the scorn and hate

---

nobody else to occupy. To make the most of these negative merits, and to build up the greatness of the future on the ruins of the past, were the only sources upon which the court poets could draw; and it must be allowed that they drained them dry. The sea, that lately swelled into a storm in its loud grief for the death of the Protector, is here made to tremble at the thought of having obeyed him; and England, recently represented as controlling the destinies of the world, is here described as having become the scorn and hate of her proud neighbours. All the poems on his Majesty's 'happy return' were constructed on the same plan, and repeat exactly the same points. In these productions Dryden displayed a vast superiority over Waller. He imparted a certain artificial elevation to the theme by the boldness of his treatment, the richness and variety of his imagery, and the weight of his diction; while Waller, restrained by the character of his genius within narrower limits, merely indicates the items of flattery, which he wants the power to invest with dignity. Nor does he suffer more in comparison with Dryden than with himself. His poem on the King is strikingly inferior to his poems on Cromwell. This inferiority was so apparent to Charles when Waller presented the poem to him at Court, that His Majesty noticed it at once; upon which Waller made his well-known reply, 'Sir, we poets never succeed so well in fact as in fiction.'

\* Fenton supposes that this line was suggested by the death of Oughtred, the mathematician, who expired in a transport of joy upon hearing of the Restoration. The fact rests on the authority of Collier. William Oughtred was Rector of Aldbury, in Surrey, and was considered the greatest mathematician of his age. The general plan of his *Clavis Mathematica* was adopted by Newton. He was upwards of eighty when he died.

Of her proud neighbours, who began to think  
She, with the weight of her own force, would sink.  
But you are come, and all their hopes are vain;  
This giant isle has got her eye again.

Now she might spare the ocean, and oppose  
Your conduct to the fiercest of her foes.

Naked, the Graces guarded you from all  
Dangers abroad; and now your thunder shall.

Princes that saw you, different passions prove,  
For now they dread the object of their love;

Nor without envy can behold his height,  
Whose conversation was their late delight.

So Semele, contented with the rape

Of Jove disguisèd in a mortal shape,

When she beheld his hands with lightning filled,

And his bright rays, was with amazement killed.

And though it be our sorrow, and our crime,  
To have accepted life so long a time

Without you here, yet does this absence gain

No small advantage to your present reign;

For, having viewed the persons and the things,

The councils, state, and strength of Europe's kings,

You know your work; ambition to restrain,

And set them bounds, as Heaven does to the main.

We have you now with ruling wisdom fraught,

Not such as books, but such as practice, taught.

So the lost sun, while least by us enjoyed,

Is the whole night for our concern employed;

He ripens spices, fruits, and precious gums,

Which from remotest regions hither comes.

This seat of yours (from the other world removed)  
Had Archimedes known, he might have proved  
His engine's force fixed here. Your power and skill  
Make the world's motion wait upon your will.

Much suffering monarch! the first English born  
That has the crown of these three nations worn!  
How has your patience, with the barbarous rage  
Of your own soil, contended half an age?

Till (your tried virtue, and your sacred word,  
At last preventing your unwilling sword)  
Armies and fleets which kept you out so long,  
Owned their great sovereign, and redressed his wrong.  
When straight the people, by no force compelled,  
Nor longer from their inclination held,  
Break forth at once, like powder set on fire,  
And, with a noble rage, their King require.  
So the injured sea, which from her wonted course,  
To gain some acres, avarice did force,  
If the new banks, neglected once, decay,  
No longer will from her old channel stay ;  
Raging, the late got land she overflows,  
And all that's built upon't to ruin goes.

Offenders now, the chiefest, do begin  
To strive for grace, and expiate their sin.  
All winds blow fair, that did the world embroil ;  
Your vipers treacle yield, and scorpions oil.

If then such praise the Macedonian\* got,  
For having rudely cut the Gordian knot,  
What glory's due to him that could divide  
Such ravelled interests ; has the knot untied,  
And without stroke so smooth a passage made,  
Where craft and malice such impeachments laid ?

But while we praise you, you ascribe it all  
To His high hand, which threw the untouched wall  
Of self-demolished Jericho so low ;  
His angel 'twas that did before you go,  
Tamed savage hearts, and made affections yield,  
Like ears of corn when wind salutes the field.

Thus patience-crowned, like Job's, your trouble ends,  
Having your foes to pardon, and your friends ;  
For, though your courage were so firm a rock,  
What private virtue could endure the shock ?  
Like your Great Master, you the storm withstood,  
And pitied those who love with frailty showed.

---

\* Alexander.

Rude Indians, torturing all the royal race,  
Him with the throne and dear-bought sceptre grace  
That suffers best. What region could be found,  
Where your heroic head had not been crowned?

The next experience of your mighty mind  
Is, how you combat fortune, now she's kind.  
And this way, too, you are victorious found;  
She flatters with the same success she frowned.  
While to yourself severe, to others kind,  
With power unbounded, and a will confined,  
Of this vast empire you possess the care,  
The softer parts fall to the people's share.  
Safety, and equal government, are things  
Which subjects make as happy as their kings.

Faith, law, and piety, (that banished train!)  
Justice and truth, with you return again.  
The city's trade, and country's easy life,  
Once more shall flourish without fraud or strife.  
Your reign no less assures the ploughman's peace,  
Than the warm sun advances his increase;  
And does the shepherds as securely keep  
From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.

But, above all, the Muse-inspired train  
Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again!  
Kind Heaven at once has, in your person, sent  
Their sacred judge, their guard, and argument.

Nec magis expressi vultus per ahenea signa,  
Quam per vatis opus mores, animique, virorum  
Clarorum apparent . . . . HOR.

ON ST. JAMES'S PARK,  
AS LATELY IMPROVED BY HIS MAJESTY.\*

OF the first Paradise there's nothing found ;  
Plants set by Heaven are vanished, and the ground ;  
Yet the description lasts ; who knows the fate  
Of lines that shall this paradise relate ?

Instead of rivers rolling by the side  
Of Eden's garden, here flows in the tide ;  
The sea, which always served his empire, now  
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleasure too.  
Of famous cities we the founders know ;  
But rivers, old as seas, to which they go,  
Are nature's bounty ; 'tis of more renown  
To make a river, than to build a town.

For future shade, young trees upon the banks  
Of the new stream appear in even ranks ;  
The voice of Orpheus, or Amphion's hand,  
In better order could not make them stand ;  
May they increase as fast, and spread their boughs,  
As the high fame of their great owner grows !  
May he live long enough to see them all  
Dark shadows cast, and as his palace tall !  
Methinks I see the love that shall be made,  
The lovers walking in that amorous shade ;  
The gallants dancing by the river side ;  
They bathe in summer, and in winter slide.  
Methinks I hear the music in the boats,  
And the loud echo which returns the notes ;  
While overhead a flock of new-sprung fowl  
Hangs in the air, and does the sun control,  
Darkening the sky ; they hover o'er, and shroud  
The wanton sailors with a feathered cloud.

---

\* The improvements were commenced immediately after the King's return. A stream of water from the Thames was introduced into the Park, avenues of trees were planted, a decoy was constructed, a new Pall-mall built, and wild fowl and various animals were collected within the grounds. Waller's description of the park is curious from the minuteness of its details.

Beneath, a shoal of silver fishes glides,  
And plays about the gilded barges' sides ;  
The ladies, angling in the crystal lake,  
Feast on the waters with the prey they take ;  
At once victorious with their lines, and eyes,  
They make the fishes, and the men, their prize.  
A thousand Cupids on the billows ride,  
And sea-nymphs enter with the swelling tide ;  
From Thetis sent as spies, to make report,  
And tell the wonders of her sovereign's court.  
All that can, living, feed the greedy eye,  
Or dead, the palate, here you may descry ;  
The choicest things that furnished Noah's ark,  
Or Peter's sheet, inhabiting this park ;  
All with a border of rich fruit-trees crowned,  
Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound.  
Such various ways the spacious alleys lead,  
My doubtful Muse knows not what path to tread.  
Yonder, the harvest of cold months laid up,  
Gives a fresh coolness to the royal cup ;  
There ice, like crystal firm, and never lost,  
Tempers hot July with December's frost ;  
Winter's dark prison, whence he cannot fly,  
Though the warm spring, his enemy, draws nigh.  
Strange ! that extremes should thus preserve the snow,  
High on the Alps, or in deep caves below.

Here, a well-polished Mall gives us the joy  
To see our Prince his matchless force employ ;  
His manly posture, and his graceful mien,  
Vigour and youth, in all his motions seen ;  
His shape so lovely, and his limbs so strong,  
Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long.  
No sooner has he touched the flying ball,  
But 'tis already more than half the Mall ;  
And such a fury from his arm has got,  
As from a smoking culverin it were shot.\*

---

\* The game at which the King is described playing was called

Near this my Muse, what most delights her, sees  
 A living gallery of aged trees ;  
 Bold sons of earth, that thrust their arms so high,  
 As if once more they would invade the sky.  
 In such green palaces the first kings reigned,  
 Slept in their shades, and angels entertained ;  
 With such old counsellors they did advise,  
 And, by frequenting sacred groves, grew wise.  
 Free from the impediments of light and noise,  
 Man, thus retired, his nobler thoughts employs.  
 Here Charles contrives the ordering of his states,  
 Here he resolves his neighbouring princes' fates ;  
 What nation shall have peace, where war be made,  
 Determined is in this oraculous shade ;  
 The world, from India to the frozen north,  
 Concerned in what this solitude brings forth.  
 His fancy, objects from his view receives ;  
 The prospect, thought and contemplation gives.  
 That seat of empire here salutes his eye,  
 To which three kingdoms do themselves apply ;  
 The structure by a prelate\* raised, Whitehall,  
 Built with the fortune of Rome's capitol ;  
 Both, disproportioned to the present state  
 Of their proud founders, were approved by Fate.  
 From hence he does that antique pile† behold,  
 Where royal heads receive the sacred gold ;  
 It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep ;  
 There made like gods, like mortals there they sleep ;  
 Making the circle of their reign complete,  
 Those suns of empire ! where they rise, they set.  
 When others fell, this, standing, did presage  
 The crown should triumph over popular rage ;

---

Paille-maille, from which the street took its name. Paille-maille was a species of bowls played with a mallet, the player striking the bowl with a mallet through an arch of iron erected at each end of the ground. Charles II. was passionately fond of this game, which was one of the most popular and fashionable amusements during his reign.

\* Cardinal Wolsey.

† Westminster Abbey.

Hard by that house,\* where all our ills were shaped,  
 The auspicious temple stood, and yet escaped.  
 So snow on *Ætna* does unmelted lie,  
 Whence rolling flames and scattered cinders fly;  
 The distant country in the ruin shares;  
 What falls from heaven the burning mountain spares.  
 Next, that capacious hall† he sees, the room  
 Where the whole nation does for justice come;  
 Under whose large roof flourishes the gown,  
 And judges grave, on high tribunals, frown.  
 Here, like the people's pastor he does go,  
 His flock subjected to his view below;  
 On which reflecting in his mighty mind,  
 No private passion does indulgence find;  
 The pleasures of his youth suspended are,  
 And made a sacrifice to public care.  
 Here, free from court compliances, he walks,  
 And with himself, his best adviser, talks;  
 How peaceful olives may his temples shade,  
 For mending laws, and for restoring trade;  
 Or, how his brows may be with laurel charged,  
 For nations conquered, and our bounds enlarged.  
 Of ancient prudence here he ruminates,  
 Of rising kingdoms, and of falling states;  
 What ruling arts gave great *Augustus* fame,  
 And how *Alcides* purchased such a name.  
 His eyes, upon his native palace‡ bent,  
 Close by, suggest a greater argument.  
 His thoughts rise higher, when he does reflect  
 On what the world may from that star expect  
 Which at his birth appeared,§ to let us see  
 Day, for his sake, could with the night agree;

---

\* House of Commons.

† Westminster Hall.

‡ St. James's Palace, where Charles II. was born.

§ This, I believe, and a passage in the *Instructions to a Painter*, are the only instances of a reference to astrology to be found in the poems of Waller, although the subject presented tempting suggestions to a poet who excelled in the art of flattery. The star that appeared in the

A prince, on whom such different lights did smile,  
 Born the divided world to reconcile!  
 Whatever Heaven, or high extracted blood  
 Could promise, or foretel, he will make good;  
 Reform these nations, and improve them more,  
 Than this fair park, from what it was before.

---

OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, MOTHER TO  
 THE PRINCE OF ORANGE;\*

AND OF HER PORTRAIT, WRITTEN BY THE LATE DUCHESS OF YORK  
 WHILE SHE LIVED WITH HER.

**H**EROIC nymph! in tempests the support,  
 In peace the glory of the British court!  
 Into whose arms the church, the state, and all  
 That precious is, or sacred here, did fall.  
 Ages to come, that shall your bounty hear,  
 Will think you mistress of the Indies were;  
 Though straiter bounds your fortunes did confine,  
 In your large heart was found a wealthy mine;  
 Like the blest oil, the widow's lasting feast,  
 Your treasure, as you poured it out, increased.†  
 While some your beauty, some your bounty sing,  
 Your native isle does with your praises ring;

---

heavens at the birth of Charles II. was the favourite phenomenon of the royal party, and did duty in almost all the poems of the time.

\* Mary, Princess of Orange, and sister to Charles II. She visited this country on the occasion of the Restoration, at which time the poem was probably written; although the reference in the title to the 'late' Duchess of York seems to imply a subsequent date. Three months after her arrival in England, the Princess was seized by small-pox, which terminated in her death, in December, 1660. The Duchess of York did not die till 1671. The title was evidently added afterwards, when the poem was published.

† For many years of her life the Princess devoted one-half of her revenues to the maintenance of the Duke of Gloucester, as a means of rendering him independent of the influence of the Roman Catholic sovereigns; and she contributed largely to the support of the royal family during their reverses.

But, above all, a nymph of your own train\*  
 Gives us your character in such a strain,  
 As none but she, who in that court did dwell,  
 Could know such worth, or worth describe so well.  
 So while we mortals here at heaven do guess,  
 And more our weakness, than the place, express,  
 Some angel, a domestic there, comes down,  
 And tells the wonders he hath seen and known.

---

UPON HER MAJESTY'S NEW BUILDINGS AT  
 SOMERSET HOUSE.†

GREAT Queen! that does our island bless  
 With princes and with palaces;  
 Treated so ill, chased from your throne,  
 Returning, you adorn the town;  
 And, with a brave revenge, do show  
 Their glory went and came with you.

While Peace from hence, and you were gone,  
 Your houses in that storm o'erthrown,  
 Those wounds which civil rage did give,  
 At once you pardon, and relieve.

Constant to England in your love,  
 As birds are to their wonted grove,  
 Though by rude hands their nests are spoiled,  
 There the next spring again they build.

Accusing some malignant star,  
 Not Britain, for that fatal war,

---

\* Lady Anne Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, and afterwards Duchess of York, and mother of Queen Mary and Queen Anne.

† In Nov. 1660, (not 1662 as stated by Fenton,) the Queen-Mother, Henrietta Maria, returned to England, and took up her residence in her old palace of Somerset House, which had formerly been assigned to her by Charles I. During the few years she remained here, she considerably enlarged the buildings, especially on the side facing the river. Cowley also addressed some verses to her on these improvements.

Your kindness banishes your fear,  
 Resolved to fix for ever here.\*  
 But what new mine this work supplies?  
 Can such a pile from ruin rise?  
 This, like the first creation, shows  
 As if at your command it rose.

Frugality and bounty too,  
 (Those differing virtues) meet in you;  
 From a confined, well-managed store,  
 You both employ and feed the poor.

Let foreign princes vainly boast  
 The rude effects of pride and cost;  
 Of vaster fabrics, to which they  
 Contribute nothing but the pay;  
 This, by the Queen herself designed,  
 Gives us a pattern of her mind;  
 The state and order does proclaim  
 The genius of that royal dame.  
 Each part with just proportion graced,  
 And all to such advantage placed,  
 That the fair view her window yields,  
 The town, the river, and the fields,  
 Entering, beneath us we descry,  
 And wonder how we came so high.

She needs no weary steps ascend;  
 All seems before her feet to bend;  
 And here, as she was born, she lies;  
 High, without taking pains to rise.

## OF A TREE CUT IN PAPER.

**F**AIR hand! that can on virgin paper write,  
 Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white;

\* This resolution was afterwards relinquished. Henrietta Maria left England in 1665, and was succeeded in Somerset House by Catherine of Braganza.

Whose travel o'er that silver field does show  
 Like track of leverets in morning snow.  
 Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,  
 Without a spot or blemish to the thought.  
 Strange that your fingers should the pencil foil,  
 Without the help of colours or of oil!  
 For though a painter boughs and leaves can make,  
 'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake;  
 Whose breath salutes your new-created grove,  
 Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.  
 Orpheus could make the forest dance; but you  
 Can make the motion and the forest too.

---

## TO A LADY,

FROM WHOM HE RECEIVED THE COPY OF THE POEM ENTITLED 'OF A  
 TREE CUT IN PAPER,' WHICH FOR MANY YEARS HAD BEEN LOST.

NOTHING lies hid from radiant eyes;  
 All they subdue become their spies.  
 Secrets, as choicest jewels, are  
 Presented to oblige the fair;  
 No wonder, then, that a lost thought  
 Should there be found, where souls are caught.  
 The picture of fair Venus (that  
 For which men say the goddess sat)  
 Was lost, till Lely from your look  
 Again that glorious image took.  
 If Virtue's self were lost, we might  
 From your fair mind new copies write.  
 All things but one you can restore;  
 The heart you get returns no more.

TO THE QUEEN, UPON HER MAJESTY'S  
BIRTHDAY,

AFTER HER HAPPY RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS SICKNESS.\*

**F**AREWELL the year! which threatened so  
The fairest light the world can show.  
Welcome the new! whose every day,  
Restoring what was snatched away  
By pining sickness from the fair,  
That matchless beauty does repair  
So fast, that the approaching spring,  
(Which does to showery meadows bring  
What the rude winter from them tore)  
Shall give her all she had before.

But we recover not so fast  
The sense of such a danger past;  
We that esteemed you sent from heaven,  
A pattern to this island given,  
To show us what the blessed do there,  
And what alive they practised here,  
When that which we immortal thought,  
We saw so near destruction brought,  
Felt all which you did then endure,  
And tremble yet, as not secure.  
So though the sun victorious be,  
And from a dark eclipse set free,  
The influence, which we fondly fear,  
Afflicts our thoughts the following year.

But that which may relieve our care  
Is, that you have a help so near  
For all the evil you can prove,  
The kindness of your royal love;  
He that was never known to mourn,  
So many kingdoms from him torn,

---

\* Catherine of Braganza, the Queen of Charles II. These verses are assigned to the year 1663.

His tears reserved for you, more dear,  
 More prized, than all those kingdoms were!  
 For when no healing art prevailed,  
 When cordials and elixirs failed,  
 On your pale cheek he dropped the shower,  
 Revived you like a dying flower.\*

---

TO MR. KILLIGREW,†

UPON HIS ALTERING HIS PLAY, 'PANDORA,' FROM A TRAGEDY INTO  
 A COMEDY, BECAUSE NOT APPROVED ON THE STAGE.

SIR, you should rather teach our age the way  
 Of judging well, than thus have changed your play;  
 You had obliged us by employing wit,  
 Not to reform Pandora, but the pit;  
 For as the nightingale, without the throng  
 Of other birds, alone attends her song,  
 While the loud daw, his throat displaying, draws  
 The whole assemblage of his fellow-daws;  
 So must the writer, whose productions should  
 Take with the vulgar, be of vulgar mould;  
 Whilst nobler fancies make a flight too high  
 For common view, and lessen as they fly.

---

\* It is generally said of Charles that, notwithstanding his infidelities, he treated the unfortunate Queen with respect, and occasionally, even with kindness. But the 'tears' and 'royal love' belong to that province of fiction in which, according to Waller, poets succeed best.

† Afterwards Sir William, the eldest brother of Tom and Henry Killigrew. He was one of the gentlemen ushers to the privy chamber of Charles I., and had the command of the troops that guarded the King's person throughout the whole of the Civil War. He afterwards entered into a composition for his estate with the Committee of Sequestration. Upon the Restoration he was restored to his post of gentleman usher; and on the King's marriage was made first vice-chamberlain to the Queen, an office which he held for twenty-two years. *Pandora* does not appear to have been printed in its original form; but was published as a comedy in 1664. Killigrew's plays, four in number, were collected and published in folio in 1666, with sundry complimentary tributes, including the verses of Waller.

VERSES TO DR. GEORGE ROGERS,

ON HIS TAKING THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHYSIC AT PADUA,  
IN THE YEAR 1664.\*

WHEN as of old the earth's bold children strove,  
With hills on hills, to scale the throne of Jove,  
Pallas and Mars stood by their sovereign's side,  
And their bright arms in his defence employed;  
While the wise Phœbus, Hermes, and the rest,  
Who joy in peace, and love the Muses best,  
Descending from their so distempered seat,  
Our groves and meadows chose for their retreat.  
There first Apollo tried the various use  
Of herbs, and learned the virtues of their juice,  
And framed that art, to which who can pretend  
A juster title than our noble friend?  
Whom the like tempest drives from his abode,  
And like employment entertains abroad.  
This crowns him here, and in the bays so earned,  
His country's honour is no less concerned,  
Since it appears not all the English rave,  
To ruin bent; some study how to save;  
And as Hippocrates did once extend  
His sacred art, whole cities to amend;  
So we, great friend! suppose that thy great skill,  
Thy gentle mind, and fair example, will,  
At thy return, reclaim our frantic isle,  
Their spirits calm, and peace again shall smile.

---

\* These verses were prefixed by Dr. Rogers with several others to his *Inaugural Exercise at Padua*, published in 1664. When they were first inserted in the collected edition of Waller's works, (many years after the publication of Fenton's edition) they were accompanied by a note to the effect that, 'although first printed in 1664, they seem to have been written before the Restoration, as appears from the lines toward the conclusion.' This is clearly a mistake, as the occasion upon which they were written occurred four years *after* the Restoration.

## INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER,

FOR THE DRAWING OF THE POSTURE AND PROGRESS OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES AT SEA, UNDER THE COMMAND OF HIS HIGHNESS-ROYAL; TOGETHER WITH THE BATTLE AND VICTORY OBTAINED OVER THE DUTCH, JUNE 3, 1665.\*

FIRST draw the sea, that portion which between  
 The greater world and this of ours is seen;  
 Here place the British, there the Holland fleet,  
 Vast floating armies! both prepared to meet.  
 Draw the whole world, expecting who should reign,  
 After this combat, o'er the conquered main.  
 Make Heaven concerned, and an unusual star  
 Declare the importance of the approaching war.  
 Make the sea shine with gallantry, and all  
 The English youth flock to their Admiral,  
 The valiant Duke! whose early deeds abroad,  
 Such rage in fight, and art in conduct showed.  
 His bright sword now a dearer interest draws,  
 His brother's glory, and his country's cause.

Let thy bold pencil hope and courage spread  
 Through the whole navy, by that hero led;  
 Make all appear, where such a Prince is by,  
 Resolved to conquer, or resolved to die.

---

\* This poem, as observed in a previous note, is modelled on the plan of the *Venetian Triumph*. The victory it records, although by no means decisive of the war with Holland, had the effect for a time of materially crippling the power of the Dutch at sea. The fleet set sail in April, 1665. It was divided into three squadrons; the first commanded by the Duke of York; the second by Prince Rupert; and the third by the Earl of Sandwich. The Duke cruised about for nearly a month without falling in with the enemy, and, after capturing several homeward-bound vessels, withdrew to the English coast. The Dutch took advantage of his absence, and towards the end of May appeared near the Dogger Sands with a powerful armament. It was in this interval they seized a little fleet of nine English merchant vessels on their way home from Hamburg, an incident alluded to by Waller. The Duke immediately put out to sea, and fell in with the Dutch, commanded by Baron Opdam, on the 3rd of June. The state of the wind was against the Dutch, and Opdam had a presentiment that the issue would be disastrous; but his instructions were peremptory, and he prepared for battle. For nine hours the event was doubtful:

With his extraction, and his glorious mind,  
Make the proud sails swell more than with the wind;  
Preventing cannon, make his louder fame  
Check the Batavians, and their fury tame.  
So hungry wolves, though greedy of their prey,  
Stop when they find a lion in their way.  
Make him bestride the ocean, and mankind  
Ask his consent to use the sea and wind.  
While his tall ships in the barred channel stand,  
He grasps the Indies in his armèd hand.

Paint an east wind, and make it blow away  
The excuse of Holland for their navy's stay;  
Make them look pale, and, the bold Prince to shun,  
Through the cold north and rocky regions run.  
To find the coast where morning first appears,  
By the dark pole the wary Belgian steers;  
Confessing now he dreads the English more  
Than all the dangers of a frozen shore;  
While from our arms, security to find,  
They fly so far, they leave the day behind,  
Describe their fleet abandoning the sea,  
And all their merchants left a wealthy prey;  
Our first success in war make Bacchus crown,  
And half the vintage of the year our own.  
The Dutch their wine, and all their brandy lose,  
Disarmed of that from which their courage grows;

---

when the Earl of Sandwich broke through the enemy's centre, and threw the whole fleet into confusion. Opdam, notwithstanding, made a desperate attempt to board the English Admiral; but while the vessels were fighting hand to hand, the gun-room of the Dutch Admiral took fire, and the ship was blown up. Opdam and at least five hundred men perished in the explosion. During the consternation that ensued, several Dutch vessels were burned, and the flames spread so rapidly that at last the whole fleet presented the aspect of a sheet of flame. The fight continued from three o'clock in the morning till seven in the evening; when the Dutch, availing themselves of the increasing darkness, escaped with the remnant of their vessels. The Duke of York was afterwards severely censured for not following up his victory by pursuing the enemy. Dryden has celebrated this engagement in one of his noblest poems—the *Annus Mirabilis*. See DRYDEN—*Ann.* Ed. i. 159.

While the glad English, to relieve their toil,  
In healths to their great leader drink the spoil.\*

His high command to Afric's coast extend,  
And make the Moors before the English bend;  
Those barbarous pirates willingly receive  
Conditions, such as we are pleased to give.  
Deserted by the Dutch, let nations know  
We can our own and their great business do;  
False friends chastise, and common foes restrain,  
Which, worse than tempests, did infest the main.  
Within those Straits, make Holland's Smyrna fleet  
With a small squadron of the English meet;  
Like falcons these, those like a numerous flock  
Of fowl, which scatter to avoid the shock.  
There paint confusion in a various shape;  
Some sink, some yield; and, flying, some escape.  
Europe and Africa, from either shore,  
Spectators are, and hear our cannon roar;  
While the divided world in this agree,  
Men that fight so, deserve to rule the sea.

But, nearer home, thy pencil use once more,  
And place our navy by the Holland shore;  
The world they compassed, while they fought with Spain,  
But here already they resign the main;  
Those greedy mariners, out of whose way  
Diffusive Nature could no region lay,  
At home, preserved from rocks and tempests, lie,  
Compelled, like others, in their beds to die.  
Their single towns the Iberian armies pressed;  
We all their provinces at once invest;  
And, in a month, ruin their traffic more  
Than that long war could in an age before.

But who can always on the billows lie?  
The watery wilderness yields no supply.

---

\* The circumstance here alluded to occurred in 1664, before war was actually declared, when a fleet of Dutch Bordeaux vessels, laden with wine and brandy, fell into the hands of the English, and were declared lawful prizes by the Admiralty.

Spreading our sails, to Harwich we resort,  
 And meet the beauties of the British court.  
 The illustrious Duchess, and her glorious train,  
 (Like Thetis with her nymphs) adorn the main.  
 The gazing sea-gods, since the Paphian Queen\*  
 Sprung from among them, no such sight had seen.  
 Charmed with the graces of a troop so fair,  
 Those deathless powers for us themselves declare,  
 Resolved the aid of Neptune's court to bring,  
 And help the nation where such beauties spring;  
 The soldier here his wasted store supplies,  
 And takes new valour from the ladies' eyes.†

Meanwhile, like bees, when stormy winter's gone,  
 The Dutch (as if the sea were all their own)  
 Desert their ports, and, falling in their way,  
 Our Hamburg merchants are become their prey.‡  
 Thus flourish they, before the approaching fight;  
 As dying tapers give a blazing light.

To check their pride, our fleet half-victualled goes,  
 Enough to serve us till we reach our foes;  
 Who now appear so numerous and bold,  
 The action worthy of our arms we hold.  
 A greater force than that which here we find,  
 Ne'er pressed the ocean, nor employed the wind.§

\* Venus.

† The Duke of York's family were on board his vessel, while the fleet lay upon the English coast; and their presence, instead of producing the effect attributed to it by Waller, is said to have been resented by the sailors, who were not disposed at such a time to pay them the respect they appear to have anticipated.

‡ The loss sustained by our merchants was estimated at between two and three hundred thousand pounds. All possible precautions had been taken to warn the little Hamburg fleet, just then expected home, that the Duke of York had retired to the coast; but the fleet, still supposing him to be at sea, pursued their voyage, and thus fell into the hands of the enemy.

§ The English fleet consisted of 114 men-of-war and frigates, 28 fire-ships and ketches, and about 21,000 soldiers and seamen. The Dutch, under Opdam, numbered upwards of 100 vessels of war, besides fire-ships and yachts, and upwards of 22,000 men, the whole divided into seven squadrons.

Restrained a while by the unwelcome night,  
The impatient English scarce attend the light.  
But now the morning (heaven severely clear!)  
To the fierce work indulgent does appear;  
And Phœbus lifts above the waves his light,  
That he might see, and thus record, the fight.

As when loud winds from different quarters rush,  
Vast clouds encountering one another crush;  
With swelling sails so, from their several coasts,  
Join the Batavian and the British hosts.  
For a less prize, with less concern and rage,  
The Roman fleets at Actium did engage;  
They, for the empire of the world they knew,  
These, for the Old contend, and for the New.  
At the first shock, with blood and powder stained,  
Nor heaven, nor sea, their former face retained;  
Fury and art produce effects so strange,  
They trouble Nature, and her visage change.  
Where burning ships the banished sun supply,  
And no light shines, but that by which men die,  
There York appears! so prodigal is he  
Of royal blood, as ancient as the sea!  
Which down to him, so many ages told,  
Has through the veins of mighty monarchs rolled!  
The great Achilles marched not to the field  
Till Vulcan that impenetrable shield,  
And arms, had wrought; yet there no bullets flew,  
But shafts and darts which the weak Phrygians threw.  
Our bolder hero on the deck does stand  
Exposed, the bulwark of his native land;  
Defensive arms laid by as useless here,  
Where massy balls the neighbouring rocks do tear.  
Some power unseen those princes does protect,  
Who for their country thus themselves neglect.  
Against him first Opdam his squadron leads,  
Proud of his late success against the Swedes;  
Made by that action, and his high command,  
Worthy to perish by a prince's hand.

The tall Batavian in a vast ship rides,  
Bearing an army in her hollow sides;  
Yet, not inclined the English ship to board,  
More on his guns relies, than on his sword;\*  
From whence a fatal volley we received;  
It missed the Duke, but his great heart it grieved;  
Three worthy persons from his side it tore,  
And dyed his garment with their scattered gore.†  
Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives,  
More to be valued than a thousand lives!  
On such a theatre as this to die,  
For such a cause, and such a witness by!  
Who would not thus a sacrifice be made,  
To have his blood on such an altar laid?  
The rest about him struck with horror stood,  
To see their leader covered o'er with blood.  
So trembled Jacob, when he thought the stains  
Of his son's coat had issued from his veins.  
He feels no wound but in his troubled thought;  
Before, for honour, now, revenge he fought;  
His friends in pieces torn, (the bitter news  
Not brought by Fame) with his own eyes he views.  
His mind at once reflecting on their youth,  
Their worth, their love, their valour, and their truth,  
The joys of court, their mothers, and their wives,  
To follow him, abandoned,—and their lives!

---

\* This is an injustice to the gallant Opdam, for which but inadequate amends are made in a subsequent passage. The courage displayed by the Dutch commander in his attempt to board the English Admiral deserved a more generous acknowledgment. The collision was so close between the two vessels, that the Dutch historians assert that the *Royal Charles* was at one moment actually boarded. After Opdam perished, his vice-admiral renewed the attempt, and would probably have succeeded but for the intrepidity of an English captain, who, running his vessel between, boarded and burned the Dutchman.

† The peril in which the Duke of York was personally placed is illustrated by the incident here alluded to, when the Earl of Falmouth, Lord Muskerry, and Mr. Boyle, second son of the Earl of Burlington, and several of the Duke's footmen, were killed at his side by a chain-shot. The Duke was sprinkled by their blood and brains, and is said to have been wounded in the hand by a fragment of Mr. Boyle's skull.

He storms and shoots, but flying bullets now,  
To execute his rage, appear too slow;  
They miss, or sweep but common souls away;  
For such a loss Opdam his life must pay.  
Encouraging his men, he gives the word,  
With fierce intent that hated ship to board,  
And make the guilty Dutch, with his own arm,  
Wait on his friends, while yet their blood is warm.  
His wingèd vessel like an eagle shows,  
When through the clouds to truss a swan she goes;  
The Belgian ship unmoved, like some huge rock  
Inhabiting the sea, expects the shock.  
From both the fleets men's eyes are bent this way,  
Neglecting all the business of the day;  
Bullets their flight, and guns their noise suspend;  
The silent ocean does the event attend,  
Which leader shall the doubtful victory bless,  
And give an earnest of the war's success;  
When Heaven itself, for England to declare,  
Turns ship, and men, and tackle, into air.

Their new commander from his charge is tossed,  
Which that young prince\* had so unjustly lost,  
Whose great progenitors, with better fate,  
And better conduct, swayed their infant state.  
His flight towards heaven the aspiring Belgian took,  
But fell, like Phaëton, with thunder strook;  
From vaster hopes than his he seemed to fall,  
That durst attempt the British Admiral;  
From her broad sides a ruder flame is thrown  
Than from the fiery chariot of the sun;  
That, bears the radiant ensign of the day,  
And she, the flag that governs in the sea.†

---

\* Prince of Orange.

† The cause of the explosion of Opdam's ship has been variously stated, but by Waller alone ascribed to the fire of the English. According to some accounts, one of the English captains, perceiving the Duke's danger, ran under the Dutch Admiral's side, and set fire to the powder-room; while others assert that it was done by a black in Opdam's service, out of revenge for some ill usage.

The Duke, (ill pleased that fire should thus prevent  
The work which for his brighter sword he meant)  
Anger still burning in his valiant breast,  
Goes to complete revenge upon the rest.  
So on the guardless herd, their keeper slain,  
Rushes a tiger in the Libyan plain.  
The Dutch, accustomed to the raging sea,  
And in black storms the frowns of heaven to see,  
Never met tempest which more urged their fears,  
Than that which in the Prince's look appears.  
Fierce, goodly, young ! Mars he resembles, when  
Jove sends him down to scourge perfidious men ;  
Such as with foul ingratitude have paid,  
Both those that led, and those that gave them aid.  
Where he gives on, disposing of their fates,  
Terror and death on his loud cannon waits,  
With which he pleads his brother's cause so well,  
He shakes the throne to which he does appeal.  
The sea with spoils his angry bullets strow,  
Widows and orphans making as they go ;  
Before his ship fragments of vessels torn,  
Flags, arms, and Belgian carcasses are borne ;  
And his despairing foes, to flight inclined,  
Spread all their canvas to invite the wind.  
So the rude Boreas, where he lists to blow,  
Makes clouds above, and billows fly below,  
Beating the shore ; and, with a boisterous rage,  
Does heaven at once, and earth, and sea engage.  
The Dutch, elsewhere, did through the watery field  
Perform enough to have made others yield ;  
But English courage, growing as they fight,  
In danger, noise, and slaughter, takes delight ;  
Their bloody task, unwearied still, they ply,  
Only restrained by death, or victory.  
Iron and lead, from earth's dark entrails torn,  
Like showers of hail, from either side are borne ;  
So high the rage of wretched mortals goes,  
Hurling their mother's bowels at their foes !

Ingenious to their ruin, every age  
Improves the arts and instruments of rage.  
Death-hastening ills Nature enough has sent,  
And yet men still a thousand more invent!

But Bacchus now, which led the Belgians on,  
So fierce at first, to favour us begun;  
Brandy and wine, (their wonted friends) at length  
Render them useless, and betray their strength.  
So corn in fields, and in the garden, flowers,  
Revive and raise themselves with moderate showers;  
But overcharged with never ceasing rain,  
Become too moist, and bend their heads again.  
Their reeling ships on one another fall,  
Without a foe, enough to ruin all.  
Of this disorder, and the favouring wind,  
The watchful English such advantage find,  
Ships fraught with fire among the heap they throw,  
And up the so-entangled Belgians blow.  
The flame invades the powder-rooms, and then,  
Their guns shoot bullets, and their vessels men.  
The scorched Batavians on the billows float,  
Sent from their own, to pass in Charon's boat.

And now, our royal Admiral success  
(With all the marks of victory) does bless;  
The burning ships, the taken, and the slain,  
Proclaim his triumph o'er the conquered main.  
Nearer to Holland, as their hasty flight  
Carries the noise and tumult of the fight,  
His cannons' roar, forerunner of his fame,  
Makes their Hague tremble, and their Amsterdam;  
The British thunder does their houses rock,  
And the Duke seems at every door to knock.  
His dreadful streamer (like a comet's hair,  
Threatening destruction) hastens their despair;  
Makes them deplore their scattered fleet as lost,  
And fear our present landing on their coast.

The trembling Dutch the approaching Prince behold,  
As sheep a lion leaping towards their fold;

Those piles, which serve them to repel the main,  
They think too weak his fury to restrain.  
'What wonders may not English valour work,  
Led by the example of victorious York?  
Or, what defence against him can they make,  
Who, at such distance, does their country shake?  
His fatal hand their bulwarks will o'erthrow,  
And let in both the ocean, and the foe ;'  
Thus cry the people ;—and, their land to keep,  
Allow our title to command the deep ;  
Blaming their States' ill conduct, to provoke  
Those arms, which freed them from the Spanish yoke.

Painter! excuse me, if I have awhile  
Forgot thy art, and used another style ;  
For, though you draw armed heroes as they sit,  
The task in battle does the Muses fit ;  
They, in the dark confusion of a fight,  
Discover all, instruct us how to write ;  
And light and honour to brave actions yield,  
Hid in the smoke and tumult of the field,  
Ages to come shall know that leader's toil,  
And his great name, on whom the Muses smile ;  
Their dictates here let thy famed pencil trace,  
And this relation with thy colours grace.

Then draw the parliament, the nobles met,  
And our great monarch high above them set ;  
Like young Augustus let his image be,  
Triumphing for that victory at sea,  
Where Egypt's Queen,\* and Eastern Kings o'erthrown,  
Made the possession of the world his own.  
Last draw the Commons at his royal feet,  
Pouring out treasure to supply his fleet ;  
They vow with lives and fortunes to maintain  
Their King's eternal title to the main ;  
And with a present to the Duke, approve  
His valour, conduct, and his country's love.

---

\* Cleopatra.

## OF ENGLISH VERSE.

POETS may boast, as safely vain,  
 Their works shall with the world remain  
 Both, bound together, live or die,  
 The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line should long  
 Last in a daily changing tongue?  
 While they are new, envy prevails;  
 And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,  
 The matter may betray their art;  
 Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,  
 Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that lasting marble seek,  
 Must carve in Latin, or in Greek;  
 We write in sand, our language grows,  
 And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast;  
 The glory of his numbers lost!  
 Years have defaced his matchless strain;  
 And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties which adorned that age,  
 The shining subjects of his rage,  
 Hoping they should immortal prove,  
 Rewarded with success his love.

This was the generous poet's scope;  
 And all an English pen can hope,  
 To make the fair approve his flame,  
 That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus designed, has no ill fate,  
 If it arrive but at the date  
 Of fading beauty; if it prove  
 But as long-lived as present love.

## TO A PERSON OF HONOUR,

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE, INCOMPREHENSIBLE POEM, ENTITLED,  
'THE BRITISH PRINCES.'\*

SIR! you've obliged the British nation more  
 Than all their bards could ever do before,  
 And, at your own charge, monuments as hard  
 As brass or marble to your fame have reared;  
 For, as all warlike nations take delight  
 To hear how their brave ancestors could fight,  
 You have advanced to wonder their renown,  
 And no less virtuously improved your own;  
 That 'twill be doubtful whether you do write,  
 Or they have acted, at a nobler height.  
 You, of your ancient princes, have retrieved  
 More than the ages knew in which they lived;  
 Explained their customs and their rights anew,  
 Better than all their Druids ever knew;  
 Unriddled those dark oracles as well  
 As those that made them could themselves foretell.  
 For as the Britons long have hoped, in vain,  
 Arthur would come to govern them again,  
 You have fulfilled that prophecy alone,  
 And in your poem placed him on his throne.  
 Such magic power has your prodigious pen  
 To raise the dead, and give new life to men,  
 Make rival princes meet in arms and love,  
 Whom distant ages did so far remove;  
 For as eternity has neither past  
 Nor future, authors say, nor first nor last,  
 But is all instant, your eternal Muse  
 All ages can to any one reduce.  
 Then why should you, whose miracles of art  
 Can life at pleasure to the dead impart,

---

\* *The British Princes*, an heroic poem, by the Hon. Edward Howard, was published in 1669. Its bathos and vapid exaggeration brought down the unmerciful ridicule of the wits and satirists.

Trouble in vain your better-busied head,  
 To observe what times they lived in, or were dead?  
 For since you have such arbitrary power,  
 It were defect in judgment to go lower,  
 Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd,  
 As use to take the vulgar latitude;  
 For no man's fit to read what you have writ,  
 That holds not some proportion with your wit;  
 As light can no way but by light appear,  
 He must bring sense that understands it here.

---

### TO A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR,

A PERSON OF HONOUR, WHO LATELY WRIT A RELIGIOUS BOOK, ENTITLED, 'HISTORICAL APPLICATIONS, AND OCCASIONAL MEDITATIONS, UPON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.'\*

**B**OLD is the man that dares engage  
 For piety in such an age!  
 Who can presume to find a guard  
 From scorn, when Heaven's so little spared?  
 Divines are pardoned; they defend  
 Altars on which their lives depend;  
 But the profane impatient are,  
 When nobler pens make this their care;  
 For why should these let in a beam  
 Of divine light to trouble them,  
 And call in doubt their pleasing thought,  
 That none believes what we are taught?  
 High birth, and fortune, warrant give  
 That such men write what they believe;

---

\* The author of this little work, published anonymously in 1670, was George, Earl of Berkeley, a member of the Privy Council in the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William III. The main object of the volume, which reached a third edition in ten years, was to collect the testimonies of persons of eminence to the value of religion as exhibited in its influence on their lives, and at the approach of death. Lord Berkeley was a man of unaffected piety; and it has been supposed that the character of Lord Plausible, in the *Plain Dealer*, was intended by Wycherley as a portrait of him.

And, feeling first what they indite,  
 New credit give to ancient light.  
 Amongst these few, our author brings  
 His well known pedigree from kings.\*  
 This book, the image of his mind,  
 Will make his name not hard to find;  
 I wish the throng of great and good  
 Made it less easily understood!

---

## TO THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS,

WHEN SHE WAS TAKING LEAVE OF THE COURT AT DOVER.†

**T**HAT sun of beauty did among us rise;  
 England first saw the light of your fair eyes;  
 In English, too, your early wit was shown;  
 Favour that language, which was then your own,  
 When, though a child, through guards you made your  
 What fleet or army could an angel stay? [way;  
 Thrice happy Britain! if she could retain  
 Whom she first bred within her ambient main.  
 Our late burned London, in apparel new,  
 Shook off her ashes to have treated you;  
 But we must see our glory snatched away,  
 And with warm tears increase the guilty sea;  
 No wind can favour us; howe'er it blows,  
 We must be wrecked, and our dear treasure lose!  
 Sighs will not let us half our sorrows tell,—  
 Fair, lovely, great, and best of nymphs, farewell!

---

\* The Earl of Berkeley was descended in a direct line from the royal house of Denmark. The founder of the family was a younger son of the King of Denmark, and came to England with William the Conqueror.

† The Duchess of Orleans, the youngest daughter of Charles I., came to England on the 14th May, 1670, for the purpose of bringing about a league between England and France against the Dutch. She remained a fortnight at Dover, where Charles and the court gave her a brilliant reception. Shortly after her return, she was poisoned by her husband, at St. Cloud, in the 26th year of her age. The Duke entertained doubts of her fidelity, which she declared on her deathbed to be unfounded.

## TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! what's eminent, we know  
 Must for some cause be valued so;  
 Things without use, though they be good,  
 Are not by us so understood.  
 The early rose, made to display  
 Her blushes to the youthful May,  
 Doth yield her sweets, since he is fair,  
 And courts her with a gentle air.  
 Our stars do show their excellence  
 Not by their light, but influence;  
 When brighter comets, since still known  
 Fatal to all, are liked by none.  
 So your admirèd beauty still  
 Is, by effects, made good or ill.

---

## TO THE KING.

GREAT Sir! disdain not in this piece to stand,  
 Supreme commander both of sea and land.  
 Those which inhabit the celestial bower,  
 Painters express with emblems of their power;  
 His club Alcides, Phœbus has his bow,  
 Jove has his thunder, and your navy you.

But your great providence no colours here  
 Can represent; nor pencil draw that care,  
 Which keeps you waking to secure our peace,  
 The nation's glory, and our trade's increase;  
 You, for these ends, whole days in council sit,  
 And the diversions of your youth forget.

Small were the worth of valour and of force,  
 If your high wisdom governed not their course;  
 You as the soul, as the first mover you,  
 Vigour and life on every part bestow;  
 How to build ships, and dreadful ordnance cast,  
 Instruct the artists, and reward their haste.

So Jove himself, when Typhon heaven does brave,  
 Descends to visit Vulcan's smoky cave,  
 Teaching the brawny Cyclops how to frame  
 His thunder, mixed with terror, wrath, and flame.  
 Had the old Greeks discovered your abode,  
 Crete had not been the cradle of their god;  
 On that small island they had looked with scorn,  
 And in Great Britain thought the thunderer born.

---

## TO THE DUCHESS,

WHEN HE PRESENTED THIS BOOK TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

MADAM! I here present you with the rage,  
 And with the beauties, of a former age;  
 Wishing you may with as great pleasure view  
 This, as we take in gazing upon you.  
 Thus we writ then: your brighter eyes inspire  
 A nobler flame, and raise our genius higher.  
 While we your wit and early knowledge fear,  
 To our productions we become severe;  
 Your matchless beauty gives our fancy wing,  
 Your judgment makes us careful how we sing.  
 Lines not composed, as heretofore, in haste,  
 Polished like marble, shall like marble last,  
 And make you through as many ages shine,  
 As Tasso has the heroes of your line.

Though other names our wary writers use,  
 You are the subject of the British muse;  
 Dilating mischief to yourself unknown,  
 Men write, and die, of wounds they dare not own.  
 So the bright sun burns all our grass away,  
 While it means nothing but to give us day.

THESE VERSES WERE WRIT IN THE TASSO  
OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.\*

TASSO knew how the fairer sex to grace,  
But in no one durst all perfection place.  
In her alone that owns this book is seen  
Clorinda's spirit, and her lofty mien,  
Sophronia's piety, Erminia's truth,  
Armida's charms, her beauty, and her youth.

Our princess here, as in a glass, does dress  
Her well-taught mind, and every grace express.  
More to our wonder than Rinaldo fought,  
The hero's race excels the poet's thought,

THE TRIPLE COMBAT.†

WHEN through the world fair Mazarin had run,  
Bright as her fellow-traveller, the sun,

\* These verses are said, on the authority of the Duke of Buckingham, to have cost Waller the greatest part of a summer in composition and correction. They were written in her Royal Highness's copy of Tasso, when the court was at Windsor. The Duchess, described by her contemporaries as a woman of exquisite beauty, was the daughter of Alphonso d'Este, Duke of Modena, to whose family Tasso is understood to have paid special homage in the character of Rinaldo. Waller alludes to the circumstance in the previous poem.

† In 1675, the beautiful Duchess of Mazarin (who, under the influence of her uncle, the Cardinal, had rejected the suit of Charles II. in his exile) arrived in England, divorced from her husband, and wrecked in fortune. Taking refuge in the English court, where she was received with distinction, she contemplated the conquest of the King. The Duchess of Portsmouth was at this time in the ascendant, and much court scandal and amusement sprang from the rivalry of the 'illustrious pair,' as they are called by Waller. The struggle, however, did not last long, for the Duchess of Mazarin conceived a sudden caprice for the Prince de Monaco, and abandoned her design upon Charles. Who the third lady, described in the poem as Chloris, may have been must remain matter of conjecture, where there were so many to whose fugitive influence it might apply.

Hither at length the Roman eagle flies,  
As the last triumph of her conquering eyes.  
As heir to Julius, she may pretend  
A second time to make this island bend;  
But Portsmouth, springing from the ancient race  
Of Britons, which the Saxon here did chase,  
As they great Cæsar did oppose, makes head,  
And does against this new invader lead.  
That goodly nymph, the taller of the two,  
Careless and fearless to the field does go.  
Becoming blushes on the other wait,  
And her young look excuses want of height.  
Beauty gives courage; for she knows the day  
Must not be won the Amazonian way.  
Legions of Cupids to the battle come,  
For Little Britain these, and those for Rome.  
Dressed to advantage, this illustrious pair  
Arrived, for combat in the list appear.  
What may the Fates design! for never yet  
From distant regions two such beauties met.  
Venus had been an equal friend to both,  
And victory to declare herself seems loth;  
Over the camp, with doubtful wings, she flies,  
Till Chloris shining in the field she spies.  
The lovely Chloris well-attended came,  
A thousand Graces waited on the dame;  
Her matchless form made all the English glad,  
And foreign beauties less assurance had;  
Yet, like the Three on Ida's top, they all  
Pretend alike, contesting for the ball;  
Which to determine, Love himself declined,  
Lest the neglected should become less kind.  
Such killing looks! so thick the arrows fly!  
That 'tis unsafe to be a stander-by.  
Poets, approaching to describe the fight,  
Are by their wounds instructed how to write.  
They with less hazard might look on, and draw  
The ruder combats in Alsatia:

And, with that foil of violence and rage,  
 Set off the splendour of our golden age;  
 Where Love gives law, Beauty the sceptre sways,  
 And, uncompelled, the happy world obeys.

---

UPON OUR LATE LOSS OF THE DUKE OF  
 CAMBRIDGE.\*

THE failing blossoms which a young plant bears,  
 Engage our hope for the succeeding years;  
 And hope is all which art or nature brings,  
 At the first trial, to accomplish things.  
 Mankind was first created an essay;  
 That ruder draught the deluge washed away.  
 How many ages passed, what blood and toil,  
 Before we made one kingdom of this isle!  
 How long in vain had nature striven to frame  
 A perfect princess, ere her Highness came!  
 For joys so great we must with patience wait;  
 'Tis the set price of happiness complete.  
 As a first fruit, Heaven claimed that lovely boy;  
 The next shall live, and be the nation's joy.

---

OF THE LADY MARY, PRINCESS OF ORANGE.\*

AS once the lion honey gave,  
 Out of the strong such sweetness came;  
 A royal hero, no less brave,  
 Produced this sweet, this lovely dame.

To her the prince, that did oppose  
 Such mighty armies in the field,

---

\* The Duke of York's second son by Mary d'Este. He died when he was only a month old, November, 1677.

† The Princess Mary was married to the Prince of Orange at St. James's, in November, 1677.

And Holland from prevailing foes  
Could so well free, himself does yield.

Not Belgia's fleet (his high command)  
Which triumphs where the sun does rise,  
Nor all the force he leads by land,  
Could guard him from her conquering eyes.

Orange, with youth, experience has ;  
In action young, in council old ;  
Orange is, what Augustus was,  
Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair tree which bears his name,  
Blossoms and fruit at once are found ;  
In him we all admire the same,  
His flowery youth with wisdom crowned !

Empire and freedom reconciled  
In Holland are by great Nassau ;  
Like those he sprung from, just and mild,  
To willing people he gives law.

Thrice happy pair ! so near allied  
In royal blood, and virtue too !  
Now love has you together tied,  
May none this triple knot undo !

The church shall be the happy place  
Where streams, which from the same source run,  
Though divers lands awhile they grace,  
Unite again, and are made one.

A thousand thanks the nation owes  
To him that does protect us all ;  
For while he thus his niece bestows,  
About our isle he builds a wall ;

A wall ! like that which Athens had,  
By the oracle's advice, of wood ;  
Had theirs been such as Charles has made,  
That mighty state till now had stood.

AD COMITEM MONUMETENSEM DE  
BENTIVOGLIO SUO.\*

FLORIBUS Angligenis non hanc tibi necto corollam,  
Cùm satis indigenis te probet ipse Liber:  
Per me Roma sciet tibi se debere, quòd Anglo  
Romanus didicit cultiùs ore loqui.  
Ultima quæ tellus Aquilas duce Cæsare vidit,  
Candida Romulidum te duce scripta videt.  
Consilio ut quondam Patriam nil juveris, esto!  
Sed studio cives ingenioque juvas.  
Namque dolis liber hic instructus, et arte Batava,  
A Belga nobis ut caveamus, ait.  
Horremus per te civilis dira furoris  
Vulnera; discordes Flandria quassa monet.  
Hic discat miles pugnare, orare senator;  
Qui regnant, leni sceptrum tenere manu.  
Macte, Comes! virtute novâ: vestri ordinis ingens  
Ornamentum, ævi deliciæque tui!  
Dum stertunt alii somno vinoque sepulti,  
Nobilis antiquo stemmate digna facis.

---

UPON BEN JONSON.†

MIRROR of poets! mirror of our age!  
Which her whole face beholding on thy stage,  
Pleased, and displeased, with her own faults, endures,  
A remedy like those whom music cures.

---

\* A copy of verses prefixed to the Earl of Monmouth's translation of Cardinal Bentivoglio's *History of the Wars of Flanders*, published in 1678.

† Fenton makes a singular note on these lines. He says it would be superfluous to enter into particulars respecting the writers celebrated by Waller, they being already well known, contenting himself with this 'general observation on Mr. Waller's commendatory verses, that they are to be esteemed as the pure effects of candour and friendship;'

Thou hast alone those various inclinations  
 Which Nature gives to ages, sexes, nations ;  
 So tracèd with thy all-resembling pen,  
 That whate'er custom has imposed on men,  
 Or ill-got habit (which deforms them so,  
 That scarce a brother can his brother know)  
 Is represented to the wondering eyes  
 Of all that see, or read, thy comedies.  
 Whoever in those glasses looks, may find  
 The spots returned, or graces, of his mind ;  
 And by the help of so divine an art,  
 At leisure view, and dress, his nobler part.  
 Narcissus, cozened by that flattering well,  
 Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,  
 Had here, discovering the deformed estate  
 Of his fond mind, preserved himself with hate.  
 But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad  
 In flesh and blood so well, that Plato had  
 Beheld, what his high fancy once embraced,  
 Virtue with colours, speech, and motion graced.  
 The sundry postures of thy copious Muse  
 Who would express, a thousand tongues must use ;  
 Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy art ;  
 For as thou couldst all characters impart,

---

[from what follows, the candour would seem to form a remarkably insignificant ingredient] 'in many of which he seems, like a good-natured magistrate, to have been prevailed upon by the innocent poverty of the books which he commends, to give them a passport for present subsistence in their journey to the land where all things are forgotten.' The value of this stigma upon Waller may be estimated from an enumeration of the authors commended in his poetical tributes. They are, Ben Jonson and Fletcher, Sandys, Davenant, Wase, Evelyn, Lord Roscommon, Creech, Killigrew, the Earl of Berkeley, and Higgons. Of these, the first two could owe nothing either to his candour or his friendship ; and the rest were eminently entitled to his panegyric with the exception of the last, whose few published writings certainly do not justify the encomiums bestowed upon him. Unless, therefore, Fenton includes the lines to Howard on his *British Princes* amongst the 'commendatory verses'—which is scarcely credible—the reproach he casts upon Waller's literary judgment must be dismissed as an error of his own.

So none could render thine, which still escapes,  
 Like Proteus, in variety of shapes;  
 Who was nor this nor that; but all we find,  
 And all we can imagine, in mankind.

---

### ON MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S PLAYS.

FLETCHER! to thee we do not only owe  
 All these good plays, but those of others too;  
 Thy wit repeated does support the stage,  
 Credits the last, and entertains this age.  
 No worthies, formed by any Muse but thine,  
 Could purchase robes to make themselves so fine.

What brave commander is not proud to see  
 Thy brave Melantius in his gallantry?  
 Our greatest ladies love to see their scorn  
 Outdone by thine, in what themselves have worn;  
 The impatient widow, ere the year be done,  
 Sees thy Aspasia weeping in her gown.

I never yet the tragic strain essayed,  
 Deterred by that inimitable Maid;\*  
 And when I venture at the comic style,  
 Thy Scornful Lady† seems to mock my toil.

Thus has thy Muse at once improved and marred  
 Our sport in plays, by rendering it too hard!  
 So when a sort of lusty shepherds throw  
 The bar by turns, and none the rest outgo  
 So far, but that the best are measuring casts,  
 Their emulation and their pastime lasts;  
 But if some brawny yeoman of the guard  
 Step in, and toss the axletree a yard,  
 Or more, beyond the furthest mark, the rest  
 Despairing stand, their sport is at the best.

---

\* *The Maid's Tragedy*, the joint production of Beaumont and Fletcher.

† Generally considered the sole production of Fletcher.

UPON THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON'S TRANS-  
LATION OF HORACE,

'DE ARTE POETICA;' AND OF THE USE OF POETRY.

ROME was not better by her Horace taught,  
Than we are here to comprehend his thought;  
The poet writ to noble Piso there;  
A noble Piso does instruct us here,  
Gives us a pattern in his flowing style,  
And with rich precepts does oblige our isle:  
Britain! whose genius is in verse expressed,  
Bold and sublime, but negligently dressed.

Horace will our superfluous branches prune,  
Give us new rules, and set our harp in tune;  
Direct us how to back the wingèd horse,  
Favour his flight, and moderate his force.

Though poets may of inspiration boast,  
Their rage, ill-governed, in the clouds is lost.  
He that proportioned wonders can disclose,  
At once his fancy and his judgment shows.  
Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence,  
Neglect of which no wit can recompense.  
The fountain which from Helicon proceeds  
That sacred stream! should never water weeds,  
Nor make the crop of thorns and thistles grow,  
Which envy or perverted nature sow.

Well-sounding verses are the charm we use,  
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse;  
Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold,  
But they move more in lofty numbers told.  
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,  
We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.

The Muses' friend, unto himself severe,  
With silent pity looks on all that err;  
But where a brave, a public action shines,  
That he rewards with his immortal lines.

Whether it be in council or in fight,  
 His country's honour is his chief delight;  
 Praise of great acts he scatters as a seed,  
 Which may the like in coming ages breed.

Here taught the fate of verses (always prized  
 With admiration, or as much despised)  
 Men will be less indulgent to their faults,  
 And patience have to cultivate their thoughts.  
 Poets lose half the praise they should have got,  
 Could it be known what they discreetly blot;  
 Finding new words, that to the ravished ear  
 May like the language of the gods appear,  
 Such as, of old, wise bards employed, to make  
 Unpolished men their wild retreats forsake;  
 Law-giving heroes, famed for taming brutes,  
 And raising cities with their charming lutes;  
 For rudest minds with harmony were caught,  
 And civil life was by the Muses taught.  
 So wandering bees would perish in the air,  
 Did not a sound, proportioned to their ear,  
 Appease their rage, invite them to the hive,  
 Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive,  
 To rob the flowers, and to forbear the spoil,  
 Preserved in winter by their summer's toil;  
 They give us food, which may with nectar vie,  
 And wax, that does the absent sun supply.

## ON THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH'S EXPEDITION

INTO SCOTLAND IN THE SUMMER SOLSTICE.\*

SWIFT as Jove's messenger, the wingèd god,  
 With sword as potent as his charmèd rod,  
 He flew to execute the King's command,  
 And in a moment reached that northern land,

\* The murder in his coach, on the 3rd May, 1679, near Magus Muir, of Dr. Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, by Balfour, Danziel, and ten other Covenanters, was the immediate cause of the expedition

Where day contending with approaching night,  
Assists the hero with continued light.

On foes surprised, and by no night concealed,  
He might have rushed; but noble pity held  
His hand a while, and to their choice gave space,  
Which they would prove, his valour or his grace.  
This not well heard, his cannon louder spoke,  
And then, like lightning, through that cloud he broke.  
His fame, his conduct, and that martial look,  
The guilty Scots with such a terror strook,  
That to his courage they resign the field,  
Who to his bounty had refused to yield.  
Glad that so little loyal blood it cost,  
He grieves so many Britons should be lost;  
Taking more pains, when he beheld them yield,  
To save the flyers, than to win the field;  
And at the Court his interest does employ,  
That none, who 'scaped his fatal sword, should die.

And now, these rash bold men their error find,  
Not trusting one beyond his promise kind;  
One! whose great mind, so bountiful and brave,  
Had learned the art to conquer and to save

In vulgar breasts no royal virtues dwell;  
Such deeds as these his high extraction tell,  
And give a secret joy to him that reigns,  
To see his blood triumph in Monmouth's veins;\*  
To see a leader whom he got and chose,  
Firm to his friends, and fatal to his foes.

But seeing envy, like the sun, does beat,  
With scorching rays, on all that's high and great,

---

sent into Scotland by the King, under the command of the Duke of Monmouth. The Covenanters assembled in considerable strength at Bothwell-bridge, where the Duke's forces came up with them, and defeated them in a decisive action, leaving eight hundred slain upon the field, and taking twelve hundred prisoners, amongst whom were some of the Archbishop's murderers, who were afterwards hung.

\* It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that the Duke of Monmouth, whose claims to the throne form so remarkable an episode in English history, was the son of King Charles II. by Lucy Waters.

This, ill-requited Monmouth! is the bough  
 The Muses send to shade thy conquering brow.  
 Lampoons, like squibs, may make a present blaze;  
 But time and thunder pay respect to bays.\*  
 Achilles' arms dazzle our present view,  
 Kept by the Muse as radiant and as new  
 As from the forge of Vulcan first they came;  
 Thousands of years are past, and they the same;  
 Such care she takes to pay desert with fame!  
 Than which no monarch, for his crown's defence,  
 Knows how to give a nobler recompence.

---

OF AN ELEGY MADE BY MRS. WHARTON†  
 ON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

THUS mourn the Muses! on the hearse  
 Not strewing tears, but lasting verse,  
 Which so preserve the hero's name,  
 They make him live again in fame.

Chloris, in lines so like his own,  
 Gives him so just and high renown,  
 That she the afflicted world relieves,  
 And shows that still in her he lives;  
 Her wit as graceful, great, and good;  
 Allied in genius, as in blood.‡

His loss supplied, now all our fears  
 Are, that the nymph should melt in tears.

---

\* It was about this time that the story of the legitimacy of Monmouth was revived by the Whigs, as a means of setting aside the succession of the Duke of York. The bill of exclusion was read a second time in the Commons while Monmouth was on his way to Scotland. The consequences were fatal to Monmouth; the King finding it necessary not only to declare publicly that no marriage had ever taken place with Lucy Waters, but to dismiss Monmouth, whom he passionately loved, from his office of Commander-in-chief.

† This lady was the daughter, and co-heiress with the Countess of Abingdon, of Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire.

‡ The Earl of Rochester's mother was Mrs. Wharton's great aunt.

Then, fairest Chloris! comfort take,  
 For his, your own, and for our sake,  
 Lest his fair soul, that lives in you,  
 Should from the world for ever go.

---

## TO MR. CREECH,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF 'LUCRETIIUS.'\*

WHAT all men wished, though few could hope to see,  
 We are now blessed with, and obliged by thee.  
 Thou, from the ancient, learnèd Latin store,  
 Giv'st us one author, and we hope for more.  
 May they enjoy thy thoughts!—Let not the stage  
 The idlest moment of thy hours engage;  
 Each year that place some wondrous monster breeds,  
 And the wit's garden is o'errun with weeds.  
 There, Farce is Comedy; bombast called strong;  
 Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song.  
 'Tis hard to say they steal them now-a-days;  
 For sure the ancients never wrote such plays.  
 These scribbling insects have what they deserve,  
 Not plenty, nor the glory for to starve.  
 That Spenser knew, that Tasso felt before;  
 And death found surly Ben exceeding poor.  
 Heaven turn the omen from their image here!  
 May he with joy the well-placed laurel wear!  
 Great Virgil's happier fortune may he find,  
 And be our Cæsar, like Augustus, kind!

---

\* Creech also translated Theocritus, most of the *Odes* of Horace, and portions of Ovid and Juvenal. Dryden speaks highly of his merits as a translator; and Warton is of opinion that even in his day he had not been excelled. Time has reversed these judgments, and the translations that were once in everybody's hands, and that were said to have provoked the envy of Dryden, are now little read. Creech early distinguished himself at Oxford by his classical attainments, and having taken orders in 1699, at the age of forty, was presented by his college with the living of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire. In the following year he terminated his existence.

But let not this disturb thy tuneful head;  
 Thou writ'st for thy delight, and not for bread;  
 Thou art not cursed to write thy verse with care;  
 But art above what other poets fear.  
 What may we not expect from such a hand,  
 That has, with books, himself at free command?  
 Thou know'st in youth, what age has sought in vain;  
 And bring'st forth sons without a mother's pain.  
 So easy is thy sense, thy verse so sweet,  
 Thy words so proper, and thy phrase so fit,  
 We read, and read again; and still admire [fire!  
 Whence came this youth, and whence this wondrous  
 Pardon this rapture, sir! but who can be  
 Cold, and unmoved, yet have his thoughts on thee?  
 Thy goodness may my several faults forgive,  
 And by your help these wretched lines may live.  
 But if, when viewed by your severer sight,  
 They seem unworthy to behold the light,  
 Let them with speed in deserved flames be thrown!  
 They'll send no sighs, nor murmur out a groan;  
 But, dying silently, your justice own.

---

OF HER MAJESTY, ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1683.

**W**HAT revolutions in the world have been,  
 How are we changed since we first saw the Queen!  
 She, like the sun, does still the same appear,  
 Bright as she was at her arrival here!  
 Time has commission mortals to impair,  
 But things celestial is obliged to spare.

May every new year find her still the same  
 In health and beauty as she hither came!  
 When Lords and Commons, with united voice,  
 The Infanta named, approved the royal choice;\*

---

\* The royal message announcing the king's intention to marry the Infanta of Portugal was delivered in Parliament in May, 1662.

First of our queens whom not the King alone,  
But the whole nation, lifted to the throne.

With like consent, and like desert, was crowned  
The glorious Prince\* that does the Turk confound.  
Victorious both! his conduct wins the day,  
And her example chases vice away;  
Though louder fame attend the martial rage,  
'Tis greater glory to reform the age.

---

#### OF TEA, COMMENDED BY HER MAJESTY.†

VENUS her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays;  
Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise.  
The best of queens, and best of herbs, we owe  
To that bold nation which the way did show  
To the fair region where the sun does rise,  
Whose rich productions we so justly prize.  
The Muse's friend, tea does our fancy aid,  
Repress those vapours which the head invade,  
And keeps that palace of the soul serene,  
Fit on her birth-day to salute the Queen.

---

#### OF THE INVASION AND DEFEAT OF THE TURKS, IN THE YEAR 1683.‡

THE modern Nimrod, with a safe delight  
Pursuing beasts, that save themselves by flight,  
Grown proud, and weary of his wonted game,  
Would Christians chase, and sacrifice to fame.

---

\* John Sobieski, king of Poland.

† Tea was an article of luxury and costliness when these lines were written. It was first introduced into England about the middle of the seventeenth century.

‡ In July, 1683, the Turks, under the command of the Grand Vizier, Cara Mustapha, laid siege to Vienna, which they carried. In September, John Sobieski, king of Poland, appeared at the head of his legions, and produced so great a panic amongst the besiegers, that they

A prince with eunuchs and the softer sex  
 Shut up so long, would warlike nations vex,  
 Provoke the German, and, neglecting heaven,  
 Forget the truce for which his oath was given.

His Grand Vizier, presuming to invest  
 The chief imperial city of the west,  
 With the first charge compelled in haste to rise,  
 His treasure, tents, and cannon, left a prize ;  
 The standard lost, and janizaries slain,  
 Render the hopes he gave his master vain.  
 The flying Turks, that bring the tidings home,  
 Renew the memory of his father's doom ;\*  
 And his guard murmurs, that so often brings  
 Down from the throne their unsuccessful kings.

The trembling Sultan's forced to expiate  
 His own ill-conduct by another's fate.  
 The Grand Vizier, a tyrant, though a slave,  
 A fair example to his master gave ;  
 He Bassa's head, to save his own, made fly,†  
 And now, the Sultan to preserve, must die.

The fatal bowstring was not in his thought,  
 When, breaking truce, he so unjustly fought ;

fled in precipitation, leaving their standard, and nearly the whole of their ordnance on the field. The Janissaries, indignant at this discreditable retreat, demanded justice in the eastern fashion on the unfortunate commander ; and the Sultan, in self-preservation, was compelled to give him up to their vengeance. The Grand Vizier was accordingly strangled at Belgrade in the following December. It appears that he was the victim of other passions besides those of war and ambition. He had attained to the highest dignities a subject was capable of enjoying, through the influence of the Sultanness-Mother, with whom he had formed intimate relations. But before he had gone upon this campaign he conceived an attachment for the Sultan's sister. This flagrant infidelity was not to be forgiven ; and love, suddenly converted into hate, mainly contributed to his ruin. The Sultanness-Mother joined with the Janissaries in the demand for his execution, to which the Sultan Mahomet at last unwillingly assented.

\* Ibrahim, the father of Mahomet, was deposed and strangled in 1649.

† The Bassa of Buda, to whom the Sultan's sister was married. The Vizier, upon a pretence that the Bassa had neglected his duty in battle, but really to remove him out of the way of his suit to the princess, put him to death.

Made the world tremble with a numerous host,  
And of undoubted victory did boast.  
Strangled he lies! yet seems to cry aloud,  
To warn the mighty, and instruct the proud,  
That of the great, neglecting to be just,  
Heaven in a moment makes an heap of dust.

The Turks so low, why should the Christians lose  
Such an advantage of their barbarous foes?  
Neglect their present ruin to complete,  
Before another Solymán they get?  
Too late they would with shame, repenting, dread  
That numerous herd, by such a lion led;  
He Rhodes and Buda from the Christians tore,  
Which timely union might again restore.

But, sparing Turks, as if with rage possessed,  
The Christians perish, by themselves oppressed;  
Cities and provinces so dearly won,  
That the victorious people are undone!

What angel shall descend to reconcile  
The Christian states, and end their guilty toil?  
A prince more fit from heaven we cannot ask  
Than Britain's king, for such a glorious task;  
His dreadful navy, and his lovely mind,  
Give him the fear and favour of mankind;  
His warrant does the Christian faith defend;  
On that relying, all their quarrels end.  
The peace is signed,\* and Britain does obtain  
What Rome had sought from her fierce sons in vain.

In battles won Fortune a part doth claim,  
And soldiers have their portion in the same;  
In this successful union we find  
Only the triumph of a worthy mind.  
'Tis all accomplished by his royal word,  
Without unsheathing the destructive sword;  
Without a tax upon his subjects laid,  
Their peace disturbed, their plenty, or their trade.

---

\* The peace of Nimeguen.

And what can they to such a prince deny,  
With whose desires the greatest kings comply?

The arts of peace are not to him unknown;  
This happy way he marched into the throne;  
And we owe more to heaven than to the sword,  
The wished return of so benign a lord.

Charles! by old Greece with a new freedom graced,  
Above her antique heroes shall be placed.

What Theseus did, or Theban Hercules,  
Holds no compare with this victorious peace,  
Which on the Turks shall greater honour gain,  
Than all their giants and their monsters slain:  
Those are bold tales, in fabulous ages told;  
This glorious act the living do behold.

## A PRESAGE OF THE RUIN OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE;

PRESENTED TO HIS MAJESTY KING JAMES II. ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

SINCE James the Second graced the British throne,  
Truce, well observed, has been infringed by none;  
Christians to him their present union owe,  
And late success against the common foe;  
While neighbouring princes, loth to urge their fate,  
Court his assistance, and suspend their hate.  
So angry bulls the combat do forbear,  
When from the wood a lion does appear.

This happy day peace to our island sent,  
As now he gives it to the continent.

A prince more fit for such a glorious task,  
Than England's king, from Heaven we cannot ask;  
He, great and good! proportioned to the work,  
Their ill-drawn swords shall turn against the Turk.

Such kings, like stars with influence unconfined,  
Shine with aspect propitious to mankind;

Favour the innocent, repress the bold,  
And, while they flourish, make an age of gold.

Bred in the camp, famed for his valour young;  
At sea successful, vigorous, and strong;  
His fleet, his army, and his mighty mind,  
Esteem and reverence through the world do find.  
A prince with such advantages as these,  
Where he persuades not, may command a peace.  
Britain declaring for the juster side,  
The most ambitious will forget their pride;  
They that complain will their endeavours cease,  
Advised by him, inclined to present peace,  
Join to the Turk's destruction, and then bring  
All their pretences to so just a king.

If the successful troublers of mankind,  
With laurel crowned, so great applause do find,  
Shall the vexed world less honour yield to those  
That stop their progress, and their rage oppose?  
Next to that power which does the ocean awe,  
Is to set bounds, and give ambition law.

The British monarch shall the glory have,  
That famous Greece remains no longer slave;  
That source of art and cultivated thought!  
Which they to Rome, and Romans hither brought.

The banished Muses shall no longer mourn,  
But may with liberty to Greece return;  
Though slaves, (like birds that sing not in a cage)  
They lost their genius, and poetic rage;  
Homers again, and Pindars, may be found,  
And his great actions with their numbers crowned.

The Turk's vast empire does united stand;  
Christians, divided under the command  
Of jarring princes, would be soon undone,  
Did not this hero make their interest one;  
Peace to embrace, ruin the common foe,  
Exalt the Cross, and lay the Crescent low.

Thus may the Gospel to the rising sun  
Be spread, and flourish where it first begun;

And this great day, (so justly honoured here!)  
Known to the East, and celebrated there.

*Hæc ego longævus cecini tibi, maxime regum!*  
*Ausus et ipse manu juvenum tentare laborem.*—VIRG.

## Songs.

### STAY, PHŒBUS!

STAY, Phœbus! stay;  
The world to which you fly so fast,  
Conveying day  
From us to them, can pay your haste  
With no such object, nor salute your rise,  
With no such wonder as De Mornay's eyes.

Well does this prove  
The error of those antique books,  
Which made you move  
About the world; her charming looks  
Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,  
Did not the rolling earth snatch her away.\*

### PEACE, BABBLING MUSE!

PEACE, babbling Muse!  
I dare not sing what you indite;  
Her eyes refuse  
To read the passion which they write.  
She strikes my lute, but, if it sound,  
Threatens to hurl it on the ground;

\* The lady to whom this song was addressed is supposed by Fenton to have been a descendant of Philip de Mornay, the favourite of Henry IV., and probably one of Queen Henrietta's attendants.

And I no less her anger dread,  
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,  
While some fierce lion does embrace  
His breathless corpse, and lick his face;  
Wrapped up in silent fear he lies,  
Torn all in pieces if he cries.

---

## CHLORIS ! FAREWELL.

CHLORIS! farewell. I now must go;  
For if with thee I longer stay,  
Thy eyes prevail upon me so,  
I shall prove blind, and lose my way.

Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth,  
Among the rest, me hither brought;  
Finding this fame fall short of truth,  
Made me stay longer than I thought.

For I'm engaged by word and oath,  
A servant to another's will;  
Yet, for thy love, I'd forfeit both,  
Could I be sure to keep it still.

But what assurance can I take,  
When thou, foreknowing this abuse,  
For some more worthy lover's sake,  
Mayst leave me with so just excuse?

For thou mayst say, 'twas not thy fault  
That thou didst thus inconstant prove;  
Being by my example taught  
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

No, Chloris! no: I will return,  
And raise thy story to that height,  
That strangers shall at distance burn,  
And she distrust me reprobate.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,  
 And gain such trust, that I may come  
 And banquet sometimes on thy face,  
 But make my constant meals at home.

---

TO FLAVIA.

'TIS not your beauty can engage  
 My wary heart;  
 The sun, in all his pride and rage,  
 Has not that art;  
 And yet he shines as bright as you,  
 If brightness could our souls subdue.

'Tis not the pretty things you say,  
 Nor those you write,  
 Which can make Thyrsis' heart your prey;  
 For that delight,  
 The graces of a well-taught mind,  
 In some of our own sex we find.

No, Flavia! 'tis your love I fear;  
 Love's surest darts,  
 Those which so seldom fail him, are  
 Headed with hearts;  
 Their very shadows make us yield;  
 Dissemble well, and win the field.

---

BEHOLD THE BRAND OF BEAUTY TOSSED!

BEHOLD the brand of beauty tossed!  
 See how the motion does dilate the flame!  
 Delighted love his spoils does boast,  
 And triumph in this game.  
 Fire, to no place confined,  
 Is both our wonder and our fear;

Moving the mind,  
 As lightning hurlèd through the air.  
 High heaven the glory does increase  
 Of all her shining lamps, this artful way;  
 The sun in figures, such as these,  
 Joys with the moon to play;  
 To the sweet strains they advance,  
 Which do result from their own spheres,  
 As this nymph's dance  
 Moves with the numbers which she hears.

---

WHILE I LISTEN TO THY VOICE.

WHILE I listen to thy voice,  
 Chloris! I feel my life decay;  
 That powerful noise  
 Calls my fleeting soul away.  
 Oh! suppress that magic sound,  
 Which destroys without a wound.  
 Peace, Chloris! peace! or singing die,  
 That together you and I  
 To heaven may go;  
 For all we know  
 Of what the blessèd do above,  
 Is, that they sing, and that they love.

---

GO, LOVELY ROSE!

GO, lovely Rose!  
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
 That now she knows,  
 When I resemble her to thee,  
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
 And shuns to have her graces spied, .  
 That hadst thou sprung  
 In deserts, where no men abide,  
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
 Of beauty from the light retired;  
 Bid her come forth,  
 Suffer herself to be desired,  
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she  
 The common fate of all things rare  
 May read in thee;  
 How small a part of time they share  
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

SUNG BY MRS. KNIGHT, TO HER MAJESTY,  
 ON HER BIRTHDAY.

THIS happy day two lights are seen,  
 A glorious saint, a matchless queen;\*  
 Both named alike, both crowned appear,  
 The saint above, the Infanta here.  
 May all those years which Catherine  
 The martyr did for heaven resign,  
 Be added to the line  
 Of your blessed life among us here!  
 For all the pains that she did feel,  
 And all the torments of her wheel,  
 May you as many pleasures share!  
 May Heaven itself content  
 With Catherine the Saint!

\* Queen Catherine was born on the day set apart in the calendar for the commemoration of the martyrdom of St. Catherine.

Without appearing old,  
 An hundred times may you,  
 With eyes as bright as now,  
 This welcome day behold!

---

## Prologues and Epilogues.

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### PROLOGUE FOR THE LADY-ACTORS :\*

SPOKEN BEFORE KING CHARLES II.

AMAZE us not with that majestic frown,  
 But lay aside the greatness of your crown!  
 And for that look which does your people awe,  
 When in your throne and robes you give them law,  
 Lay it by here, and give a gentler smile!  
 Such as we see great Jove's in picture, while  
 He listens to Apollo's charming lyre,  
 Or judges of the songs he does inspire.  
 Comedians on the stage show all their skill,  
 And after do as Love and Fortune will.  
 We are less careful, hid in this disguise;  
 In our own clothes more serious and more wise.  
 Modest at home, upon the stage more bold,  
 We seem warm lovers, though our breasts be cold;  
 A fault committed here deserves no scorn,  
 If we act well the parts to which we're born.

---

\* The lady-actors at the court of Charles II. composed the most brilliant company, perhaps, on record. The two princesses, afterwards Queens of England, the Duke and Duchess of Monmouth, the former condescending to appear as a dancer, the Duchess of Marlborough, and nearly all the ladies of celebrity, acted in the masks and plays presented at Whitehall, either in principal characters, or in the groups of dancers, nymphs, and attendants.

## PROLOGUE TO THE 'MAID'S TRAGEDY.\*

SCARCE should we have the boldness to pretend  
 So long-renowned a tragedy to mend,  
 Had not already some deserved your praise  
 With like attempt. Of all our elder plays  
 This and Philaster have the loudest fame;  
 Great are their faults, and glorious is their flame.  
 In both our English genius is expressed;  
 Lofty and bold, but negligently dressed.

Above our neighbours our conceptions are;  
 But faultless writing is the effect of care.  
 Our lines reformed, and not composed in haste,  
 Polished like marble, would like marble last.  
 But as the present, so the last age writ;  
 In both we find like negligence and wit.  
 Were we but less indulgent to our faults,  
 And patience had to cultivate our thoughts,  
 Our Muse would flourish, and a nobler rage  
 Would honour this than did the Grecian stage.

Thus says our author, not content to see  
 That others write as carelessly as he;  
 Though he pretends not to make things complete,  
 Yet, to please you, he'd have the poets sweat.

In this old play, what's new we have expressed  
 In rhyming verse, distinguished from the rest;  
 That as the Rhone its hasty way does make  
 (Not mingling waters) through Geneva's lake,  
 So having here the different styles in view,  
 You may compare the former with the new.

If we less rudely shall the knot untie,  
 Soften the rigour of the tragedy,

---

\* Waller made an alteration of the *Maid's Tragedy*, 'to please the court,' as we learn from the Preface to the Second Part of his Poems. The alteration was designed, as he expresses it in the Prologue, to 'soften the rigour of the tragedy,' and the interpolations and substitutions, the better to distinguish them from the original, were written in rhyme. The experiment was, in every sense, a failure.

And yet preserve each person's character,  
Then to the other this you may prefer.  
'Tis left to you: the boxes, and the pit,  
Are sovereign judges of this sort of wit.  
In other things the knowing artist may  
Judge better than the people; but a play,  
(Made for delight, and for no other use)  
If you approve it not, has no excuse.

---

## EPILOGUE TO THE 'MAID'S TRAGEDY.'

SPOKEN BY THE KING.

THE fierce Melantius was content, you see,  
The king should live; be not more fierce than he;  
Too long indulgent to so rude a time,  
When love was held so capital a crime,  
That a crowned head could no compassion find,  
But died—because the killer had been kind!  
Nor is't less strange, such mighty wits as those  
Should use a style in tragedy like prose.  
Well-sounding verse, where princes tread the stage,  
Should speak their virtue, or describe their rage.  
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,  
We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades;  
And verses are the potent charms we use,  
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse.

When next we act this tragedy again,  
Unless you like the change, we shall be slain.  
The innocent Aspasia's life or death,  
Amintor's too, depends upon your breath.  
Excess of love was heretofore the cause;  
Now if we die, 'tis want of your applause.

## EPILOGUE TO THE 'MAID'S TRAGEDY.'

DESIGNED UPON THE FIRST ALTERATION OF THE PLAY, WHEN THE  
KING ONLY WAS LEFT ALIVE.\*

A SPASIA bleeding on the stage does lie,  
To show you still 'tis the *Maid's Tragedy*.  
The fierce Melantius was content, you see,  
The king should live; be not more fierce than he;  
Too long indulgent to so rude a time,  
When love was held so capital a crime,  
That a crowned head could no compassion find,  
But died—because the killer had been kind!  
This better natured poet had reprieved  
Gentle Amintor too, had he believed  
The fairer sex his pardon could approve,  
Who to ambition sacrificed his love.  
Aspasia he has spared; but for her wound  
(Neglected love!) there could no salve be found.  
When next we act this tragedy again,  
Unless you like the change, I must be slain.  
Excess of love was heretofore the cause;  
Now if I die, 'tis want of your applause.

---

\* This Epilogue, which is nearly the same as the former, was written for the alterations as they were originally contemplated; but Waller, having seen occasion to change his plan, adapted the Epilogue accordingly.

## Epigrams, Epitaphs, and Fragments.

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### UNDER A LADY'S PICTURE.

SUCH Helen was! and who can blame the boy\*  
 That in so bright a flame consumed his Troy?  
 But had like virtue shined in that fair Greek,  
 The amorous shepherd had not dared to seek  
 Or hope for pity; but with silent moan,  
 And better fate, had perishèd alone.

---

### OF A LADY WHO WRIT IN PRAISE OF MIRA.

WHILE she pretends to make the graces known  
 Of matchless Mira, she reveals her own;  
 And when she would another's praise indite,  
 Is by her glass instructed how to write.

---

### TO ONE MARRIED TO AN OLD MAN.

SINCE thou wouldst needs (bewitched with some ill  
 Be buried in those monumental arms, [charms!])  
 All we can wish is, may that earth lie light  
 Upon thy tender limbs! and so good night.

---

### AN EPIGRAM ON A PAINTED LADY WITH ILL TEETH

WERE men so dull they could not see  
 That Lyce painted; should they flee,  
 Like simple birds, into a net  
 So grossly woven and ill set,

---

\* Paris.

Her own teeth would undo the knot,  
 And let all go that she had got.  
 Those teeth fair Lyce must not show  
 If she would bite; her lovers, though  
 Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes.  
 Are disabused when first she gapes;  
 The rotten bones discovered there,  
 Show 'tis a painted sepulchre.

---

### EPIGRAM UPON THE GOLDEN MEDAL.\*

OUR guard upon the royal side!  
 On the reverse our beauty's pride!  
 Here we discern the frown and smile,  
 The force and glory of our isle.  
 In the rich medal, both so like  
 Immortals stand, it seems antique;  
 Carved by some master, when the bold  
 Greeks made their Jove descend in gold,  
 And Danae wondering at their shower,  
 Which falling, stormed her brazen tower.  
 Britannia there, the fort in vain  
 Had battered been with golden rain;  
 Thunder itself had failed to pass;  
 Virtue's a stronger guard than brass.

---

\* This epigram alludes to the well-known original of the figure of Britannia. Philippe Rotier, the medallist, being employed to cut the die for the new coinage, transferred the portrait of the reigning favourite, La Belle Stewart, to the reverse of the coin, where it may still be seen, the likeness being transmitted with tolerable accuracy through the hands of subsequent artists. He afterwards engraved her profile for a medal, which Horace Walpole pronounces the most perfect face he had ever seen. It is said of Rotier, that while Miss Stewart sat to him, he conceived so violent a passion for her, that he nearly lost his senses. That exquisite loveliness was afterwards fearfully impaired by the ravages of the small-pox, which deprived her of the use of one of her eyes. Waller repeats in his verses the compliment to Miss Stewart's virtue, which, whether well or ill founded, appears to have been generally credited at court.

WRITTEN ON A CARD THAT HER MAJESTY  
TORE AT OMBRE.

THE cards you tear in value rise ;  
So do the wounded by your eyes.  
Who to celestial things aspire,  
Are by that passion raised the higher.

---

TO MR. GRANVILLE (NOW LORD LANSDOWNE),  
ON HIS VERSES TO KING JAMES II.

AN early plant! which such a blossom bears,  
And shows a genius so beyond his years ;  
A judgment! that could make so fair a choice ;  
So high a subject to employ his voice ;  
Still as it grows, how sweetly will he sing  
The growing greatness of our matchless King!

---

LONG AND SHORT LIFE.

CIRCLES are praised, not that abound  
In largeness, but the exactly round :  
So life we praise that does excel  
Not in much time, but acting well.

---

TRANSLATED OUT OF SPANISH.

THOUGH we may seem importunate,  
While your compassion we implore ;  
They whom you make too fortunate,  
May with presumption vex you more.

## TRANSLATED OUT OF FRENCH.

FADE, flowers! fade, Nature will have it so;  
 'Tis but what we must in our autumn do!  
 And as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,  
 The loss alone by those that loved them found.  
 So in the grave shall we as quiet lie,  
 Missed by some few that loved our company;  
 But some so like to thorns and nettles live,  
 That none for them can, when they perish, grieve.

---

SOME VERSES OF AN IMPERFECT COPY,  
 DESIGNED FOR A FRIEND, ON HIS TRANSLATION OF OVID'S 'FASTI.'

ROME'S holy-days you tell, as if a guest  
 With the old Romans you were wont to feast.  
 Numa's religion, by themselves believed,  
 Excels the true, only in show received.  
 They made the nations round about them bow,  
 With their dictators taken from the plough;  
 Such power has justice, faith, and honesty!  
 The world was conquered by morality.  
 Seeming devotion does but gild a knave,  
 That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave;  
 But where religion does with virtue join,  
 It makes a hero like an angel shine.

\* \* \* \* \*

---

## ON THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES I.

AT CHARING CROSS, IN THE YEAR 1674.\*

THAT the First Charles does here in triumph ride,  
 See his son reign where he a martyr died,

---

\* Some particulars respecting this statue were collected by Horace Walpole, to which subsequent research has added a few items of interest. It appears that the statue was cast between 1630 and 1633, by

And people pay that reverence as they pass,  
 (Which then he wanted!) to the sacred brass,  
 Is not the effect of gratitude alone,  
 To which we owe the statue and the stone;  
 But Heaven this lasting monument has wrought,  
 That mortals may eternally be taught  
 Rebellion, though successful, is but vain,  
 And kings so killed rise conquerors again.  
 This truth the royal image does proclaim,  
 Loud as the trumpet of surviving Fame.

## P R I D E.

NOT the brave Macedonian youth\* alone,  
 But base Caligula, when on the throne,  
 Boundless in power, would make himself a god,  
 As if the world depended on his nod.  
 The Syrian King† to beasts was headlong thrown,  
 Ere to himself he could be mortal known.  
 The meanest wretch, if Heaven should give him line,  
 Would never stop till he were thought divine.  
 All might within discern the serpent's pride,  
 If from ourselves nothing ourselves did hide.

Hubert Le Sœur (a Frenchman, and pupil of John of Bologna), at the cost of 600*l.*, for the Lord Treasurer Weston (afterwards Earl of Portland), to be set up in his lordship's gardens at Roehampton, in Surrey. Walpole says that it was cast in a piece of ground near the church in Covent-garden, but, not being erected before the commencement of the civil war, the Parliament sold it to John Rivett, a brazier, living at the Dial, near Holborn Conduit, with strict orders to break it in pieces. Rivett, however, buried it underground till the Restoration, when it was discovered and claimed by the Earl of Portland, who obtained permission from the House of Commons (there being then no courts of law open) for the sheriff to serve a replevin. Here there is an hiatus in the narrative. It may be inferred, however, that Rivett finally succeeded in establishing his right of property by purchase in the statue. Strype says that the patriotic brazier presented it to the King. It was finally set up in Charing-cross, in 1674, at the expense of the Crown. The pedestal was made by Grinling Gibbons.

\* Alexander.

† Nebuchadnezzar.

Let the proud peacock his gay feathers spread,  
And woo the female to his painted bed ;  
Let winds and seas together rage and swell ;  
This Nature teaches, and becomes them well.  
'Pride was not made for men :'\* a conscious sense  
Of guilt, and folly, and their consequence,  
Destroys the claim, and to beholders tells,  
Here nothing but the shape of manhood dwells.

---

## EPITAPH ON SIR GEORGE SPEKE.

UNDER this stone lies virtue, youth,  
Unblemished probity and truth ;  
Just unto all relations known,  
A worthy patriot, pious son ;  
Whom neighbouring towns so often sent,  
To give their sense in parliament ;  
With lives and fortunes trusting one  
Who so discreetly used his own.  
Sober he was, wise, temperate,  
Contented with an old estate,  
Which no foul avarice did increase,  
Nor wanton luxury make less.  
While yet but young his father died,  
And left him to a happy guide ;  
Not Lemuel's mother with more care  
Did counsel or instruct her heir,  
Or teach with more success her son  
The vices of the time to shun.  
An heiress she ; while yet alive,  
All that was hers to him did give ;  
And he just gratitude did show  
To one that had obliged him so ;  
Nothing too much for her he thought,  
By whom he was so bred and taught.

---

\* Eccclus. x. 18.

So (early made that path to tread,  
Which did his youth to honour lead)  
His short life did a pattern give  
How neighbours, husbands, friends, should live.

The virtues of a private life  
Exceed the glorious noise and strife  
Of battles won; in those we find  
The solid interest of mankind.

Approved by all, and loved so well,  
Though young, like fruit that's ripe, he fell.

EPITAPH ON COLONEL CHARLES CAVENDISH.\*

HERE lies Charles Ca'ndish: let the marble stone,  
That hides his ashes, make his virtue known.  
Beauty and valour did his short life grace,  
The grief and glory of his noble race!  
Early abroad he did the world survey,  
As if he knew he had not long to stay;  
Saw what great Alexander in the East,  
And mighty Julius conquered in the West;  
Then, with a mind as great as theirs, he came  
To find at home occasion for his fame;  
Where dark confusion did the nations hide,  
And where the juster was the weaker side.  
Two loyal brothers took their sovereign's part,  
Employed their wealth, their courage, and their art;  
The elder† did whole regiments afford;  
The younger brought his conduct and his sword.  
Born to command, a leader he begun,  
And on the rebels lasting honour won.

\* Younger son of the Earl of Devonshire, and brother of Lady Rich. He was slain in 1643 at Gainsborough, fighting on the King's side, in the twenty-third year of his age. Cromwell, reporting the action, described the manner of his death. 'My captain-lieutenant,' he writes, 'slew him with a thrust under the short ribs.'

† Afterwards Earl of Devonshire.

The horse, instructed by their general's worth,  
 Still made the King victorious in the north.  
 Where Ca'ndish fought, the Royalists prevailed;  
 Neither his courage, nor his judgment, failed.  
 The current of his victories found no stop,  
 Till Cromwell came, his party's chiefest prop.  
 Equal success had set these champions high,  
 And both resolved to conquer or to die.  
 Virtue with rage, fury with valour strove;  
 But that must fall which is decreed above!  
 Cromwell, with odds of number and of fate,  
 Removed this bulwark of the church and state;  
 Which the sad issue of the war declared,  
 And made his task, to ruin both, less hard.  
 So when the bank, neglected, is o'erthrown,  
 The boundless torrent does the country drown.  
 Thus fell the young, the lovely, and the brave;  
 Strew bays and flowers on his honoured grave!

---

#### EPITAPH ON THE LADY SEDLEY.\*

HERE lies the learnèd Savil's heir;  
 So early wise, and lasting fair,  
 That none, except her years they told,  
 Thought her a child, or thought her old.  
 All that her father knew or got,  
 His art, his wealth, fell to her lot;  
 And she so well improved that stock,  
 Both of his knowledge and his flock,  
 That wit and fortune, reconciled  
 In her, upon each other smiled.  
 While she, to every well-taught mind,  
 Was so propitiously inclined,

---

\* This lady was the daughter of Sir Henry Savil, Provost of Eton.  
 She married Sir John Sedley, and was mother of the poet.

And gave such title to her store,  
 That none, but the ignorant, were poor  
 'The Muses daily found supplies,  
 Both from her hands and from her eyes.  
 Her bounty did at once engage,  
 And matchless beauty warm, their rage.  
 Such was this dame in calmer days,  
 Her nation's ornament and praise!  
 But when a storm disturbed our rest,  
 The port and refuge of the oppressed.  
 This made her fortune understood,  
 And looked on as some public good.  
 So that (her person and her state,  
 Exempted from the common fate)  
 In all our civil fury she  
 Stood, like a sacred temple, free.  
 May here her monument stand so,  
 To credit this rude age! and show  
 To future times, that even we  
 Some patterns did of virtue see;  
 And one sublime example had  
 Of good, among so many bad.

---

# EPITAPH TO BE WRITTEN UNDER THE LATIN

INSCRIPTION UPON THE TOMB OF THE ONLY SON OF THE  
 LORD ANDOVER.\*

'TIS fit the English reader should be told,  
 In our own language, what this tomb does hold.  
 'Tis not a noble corpse alone does lie  
 Under this stone, but a whole family.  
 His parents' pious care, their name, their joy,  
 And all their hope, lies buried with this boy;

---

\* Lord Andover was the eldest son of the Earl of Berkshire. The youth for whom this epitaph was written died in 1641.

This lovely youth! for whom we all made moan,  
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.

Had there been space and years enough allowed,  
His courage, wit, and breeding to have showed,  
We had not found, in all the numerous roll  
Of his famed ancestors, a greater soul;  
His early virtues to that ancient stock  
Gave as much honour, as from thence he took.

Like buds appearing ere the frosts are passed,  
To become man he made such fatal haste,  
And to perfection laboured so to climb,  
Preventing slow experience and time,  
That 'tis no wonder Death our hopes beguiled;  
He's seldom old that will not be a child.

### EPITAPH UNFINISHED.

GREAT soul! for whom Death will no longer stay,  
But sends in haste to snatch our bliss away.  
O cruel Death! to those you take more kind,  
Than to the wretched mortals left behind!  
Here beauty, youth, and noble virtue shined,  
Free from the clouds of pride that shade the mind.  
Inspired verse may on this marble live,  
But can no honour to thy ashes give——

\* \* \* \*

# Divine Poems.\*

---

## OF DIVINE LOVE.

A POEM. IN SIX CANTOS.

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant;  
 Sic nos Scripturæ depascimur aurea dicta;  
 Aurea! perpetua semper dignissima vita! . . .  
 Nam divinus amor cum cæpit vociferari,  
 Diffugiunt animi terrores. . . . *Lucretius*, lib. iii.

Exul eram, requiesque mihi, non fama, petita est,  
 Mens intenta suis ne foret usque malis: . . .  
 Namque ubi mota calent sacra mea pectora Musa,  
 Altior humano spiritus ille malo est.

OVID. *De Trist.* lib. iv. el. 1.

---

ARGUMENTS.—I. Asserting the authority of the Scripture, in which this love is revealed.—II. The preference and love of God to man in the creation.—III. The same love more amply declared in our redemption.—IV. How necessary this love is to reform mankind, and how excellent in itself.—V. Showing how happy the world would be, if this love were universally embraced.—VI. Of preserving this love in our memory, and how useful the contemplation thereof is.

### CANTO I.

THE Grecian muse has all their gods survived,  
 Nor Jove at us, nor Phœbus is arrived;  
 Frail deities! which first the poets made,  
 And then invoked, to give their fancies aid.

---

\* These were the last poems composed by Waller. Most of them were written when he was above eighty years of age. Fenton is of opinion that they do not exhibit the same elevation and fire as his earlier compositions. Dr. Johnson thinks that, had he written on the same subjects, he could not have written better at any period, and that he had lost none of his poetical power at eighty-two. It is true we do not derive the same pleasure from these poems we receive from his shorter compositions, addressed to lighter themes; but we discern in them the same careful art, the same diligent attention to metrical structure, and the same sort of mosaic work in the execution. If as a whole they are less attractive, the diminution of interest cannot be

Yet if they still divert us with their rage,  
 What may be Loped for in a better age,  
 When not from Helicon's imagined spring,  
 But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we sing?  
 This with the fabric of the world begun,  
 Elder than light, and shall outlast the sun.  
 Before this oracle, like Dagon, all  
 The false pretenders, Delphos, Ammon, fall;  
 Long since despised and silent, they afford  
 Honour and triumph to the eternal Word.

As late philosophy our globe has graced,  
 And rolling earth among the planets placed,\*  
 So has this Book entitled us to heaven,  
 And rules to guide us to that mansion given;  
 Tells the conditions how our peace was made,  
 And is our pledge for the great Author's aid.  
 His power in Nature's ample book we find,  
 But the less volume does express his mind.

This light unknown, bold Epicurus taught  
 That his blessed gods vouchsafe us not a thought,  
 But unconcerned let all below them slide,  
 As fortune does, or human wisdom, guide.  
 Religion thus removed, the sacred yoke,  
 And band of all society, is broke.

---

traced to the feebleness of age, or the lack of poetical energy, but rather to the choice of topics, which restrained the fancy of the writer, and in which his usual grace and dexterity had little room for display.

\* In this passage, and in the little song, *Stay, Phæbus, stay!* Waller alludes to the Copernican system, which, in the 16th century, was discussed with the violence and fanaticism that generally attends philosophical innovations. Copernicus began his observations about 1500. Previously to his time the established belief referred all magnitudes to the earth, which was considered as the principal object in the universe. Copernicus revived, and confirmed, the Pythagorean theory, which made the sun the centre of the system, and supposed the earth to have a double revolution, moving round the sun, and round its own axis, at the same time. The great work of Copernicus was published in 1543, and the first copy had scarcely reached his hands when he died. He thus escaped the persecution which afterwards fell upon his disciple, Galileo.

What use of oaths, of promise, or of test,  
 Where men regard no God but interest?  
 What endless war would jealous nations tear,  
 If none above did witness what they swear?  
 Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet just,  
 Among themselves to find so little trust!  
 Were Scripture silent, Nature would proclaim,  
 Without a God, our falsehood and our shame.  
 To know our thoughts the object of his eyes,  
 Is the first step towards being good or wise;  
 For though with judgment we on things reflect,  
 Our will determines, not our intellect.  
 Slaves to their passion, reason men employ  
 Only to compass what they would enjoy.  
 His fear to guard us from ourselves we need,  
 And Sacred Writ our reason does exceed;  
 For though heaven shows the glory of the Lord,  
 Yet something shines more glorious in his Word;  
 His mercy this (which all his work excels!)  
 His tender kindness and compassion tells;  
 While we, informed by that celestial Book,  
 Into the bowels of our Maker look.  
 Love there revealed (which never shall have end,  
 Nor had beginning) shall our song commend;  
 Describe itself, and warm us with that flame  
 Which first from heaven, to make us happy, came.

## CANTO II.

**T**HE fear of hell, or aiming to be blessed,  
 Savours too much of private interest.  
 This moved not Moses, nor the zealous Paul,  
 Who for their friends abandoned soul and all;\*  
 A greater yet from heaven to hell descends,  
 To save, and make his enemies his friends.  
 What line of praise can fathom such a love,  
 Which reached the lowest bottom from above?

---

\* Exodus. xxxii. 32. Ep. to the Romans, ix. 3.

The royal prophet,\* that extended grace  
From heaven to earth, measured but half that space.  
The law was regnant. and confined his thought;  
Hell was not conquered when that poet wrote;  
Heaven was scarce heard of until He came down,  
To make the region where love triumphs known.

That early love of creatures yet unmade,  
To frame the world the Almighty did persuade;  
For love it was that first created light,  
Moved on the waters, chased away the night  
From the rude Chaos, and bestowed new grace  
On things disposed of to their proper place;  
Some to rest here, and some to shine above;  
Earth, sea, and heaven, were all the effects of love.  
And love would be returned; but there was none  
That to themselves or others yet were known;  
The world a palace was without a guest,  
Till one appears that must excel the rest;  
One! like the Author, whose capacious mind  
Might, by the glorious work, the Maker find;  
Might measure heaven, and give each star a name;  
With art and courage the rough ocean tame,  
Over the globe with swelling sails might go,  
And that 'tis round by his experience know;  
Make strongest beasts obedient to his will,  
And serve his use the fertile earth to till.  
When, by his Word, God had accomplished all,  
Man to create he did a council call;  
Employed his hand, to give the dust he took  
A graceful figure, and majestic look;  
With his own breath conveyed into his breast  
Life, and a soul fit to command the rest;  
Worthy alone to celebrate his name  
For such a gift, and tell from whence it came.  
Birds sing his praises in a wilder note,  
But not with lasting numbers and with thought,

Man's great prerogative! but above all  
His grace abounds in his new favourite's fall.

If he create, it is a world he makes;  
If he be angry, the creation shakes;  
From his just wrath our guilty parents fled;  
He cursed the earth, but bruised the serpent's head.  
Amidst the storm his bounty did exceed,  
In the rich promise of the Virgin's seed;  
Though justice death, as satisfaction, craves,  
Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.

## CANTO III.

NOT willing terror should his image move;  
He gives a pattern of eternal love;  
His Son descends to treat a peace with those  
Which were, and must have ever been, his foes.  
Poor he became, and left his glorious seat  
To make us humble, and to make us great;  
His business here was happiness to give  
To those whose malice could not let him live.

Legions of angels, which he might have used,  
(For us resolved to perish) he refused;  
While they stood ready to prevent his loss,  
Love took him up, and nailed him to the cross.  
Immortal love! which in his bowels reigned,  
That we might be by such great love constrained  
To make return of love. Upon this pole  
Our duty does, and our religion, roll.  
To love is to believe, to hope, to know;  
'Tis an essay, a taste of heaven below!

He to proud potentates would not be known;  
Of those that loved him he was hid from none.  
Till love appear we live in anxious doubt;  
But smoke will vanish when that flame breaks out;  
This is the fire that would consume our dross,  
Refine, and make us richer by the loss.

Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,  
 We should agree as angels do above.  
 Where love presides, not vice alone does find  
 No entrance there, but virtues stay behind;  
 Both faith, and hope, and all the meaner train  
 Of mortal virtues, at the door remain.  
 Love only enters as a native there,  
 For, born in heaven, it does but sojourn here.

He that alone would wise and mighty be,  
 Commands that others love as well as he.  
 Love as he loved!—How can we soar so high?—  
 He can add wings, when he commands to fly.  
 Nor should we be with this command dismayed;  
 He that examples gives, will give his aid;  
 For he took flesh, that where his precepts fail.  
 His practice, as a pattern, may prevail.  
 His love, at once, and dread, instruct our thought;  
 As man he suffered, and as God he taught.  
 Will for the deed he takes; we may with ease  
 Obedient be, for if we love we please.  
 Weak though we are, to love is no hard task,  
 And love for love is all that Heaven does ask.  
 Love! that would all men just and temperate make,  
 Kind to themselves, and others, for his sake.

'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground,  
 Wanting this love they must with weeds abound,  
 (Unruly passions) whose effects are worse  
 Than thorns and thistles springing from the curse.

#### CANTO IV.

TO glory man, or misery, is born,  
 Of his proud foe the envy, or the scorn;  
 Wretched he is, or happy, in extreme;  
 Base in himself, but great in Heaven's esteem;  
 With love, of all created things the best;  
 Without it, more pernicious than the rest;

For greedy wolves unguarded sheep devour  
 But while their hunger lasts, and then give o'er;  
 Man's boundless avarice his wants exceeds,  
 And on his neighbours round about him feeds.

His pride and vain ambition are so vast,  
 That, deluge-like, they lay whole nations waste.  
 Debauches and excess (though with less noise)  
 As great a portion of mankind destroys.  
 The beasts and monsters Hercules oppressed,  
 Might in that age some provinces infest;  
 These more destructive monsters are the bane  
 Of every age, and in all nations reign;  
 But soon would vanish, if the world were blessed  
 With sacred love, by which they are repressed.

Impendent death, and guilt that threatens hell,  
 Are dreadful guests, which here with mortals dwell;  
 And a vexed conscience, mingling with their joy  
 Thoughts of despair, does their whole life annoy;  
 But love appearing, all those terrors fly;  
 We live contented, and contented die.  
 They in whose breast this sacred love has place,  
 Death, as a passage to their joy, embrace.  
 Clouds and thick vapours, which obscure the day,  
 The sun's victorious beams may chase away;  
 Those which our life corrupt and darken, love  
 (The nobler star!) must from the soul remove.  
 Spots are observed in that which bounds the year;  
 This brighter sun moves in a boundless sphere;  
 Of heaven the joy, the glory, and the light,  
 Shines among angels, and admits no night.

## CANTO V.

THIS Iron Age (so fraudulent and bold!)  
 Touched with this love, would be an Age of Gold;  
 Not, as they feigned, that oaks should honey drop,  
 Or land neglected bear an unsown crop;

Love would make all things easy, safe, and cheap;  
 None for himself would either sow or reap;  
 Our ready help, and mutual love, would yield  
 A nobler harvest than the richest field.  
 Famine and death, confined to certain parts,  
 Extended are by barrenness of hearts.  
 Some pine for want where others surfeit now;  
 But then we should the use of plenty know.  
 Love would betwixt the rich and needy stand,  
 And spread heaven's bounty with an equal hand;  
 At once the givers and receivers bless,  
 Increase their joy, and make their suffering less.  
 Who for himself no miracle would make,  
 Dispensed with several for the people's sake;  
 He that, long fasting, would no wonder show,  
 Made loaves and fishes, as they ate them, grow,  
 Of all his power, which boundless was above,  
 Here he used none but to express his love;  
 And such a love would make our joy exceed,  
 Not when our own, but other mouths we feed.

Laws would be useless which rude nature awe;  
 Love, changing nature, would prevent the law;  
 Tigers and lions into dens we thrust,  
 But milder creatures with their freedom trust.  
 Devils are chained, and tremble; but the Spouse  
 No force but love, nor bond but bounty, knows.  
 Men (whom we now so fierce and dangerous see)  
 Would guardian angels to each other be;  
 Such wonders can this mighty love perform,  
 Vultures to doves, wolves into lambs transform!  
 Love what Isaiah prophesied can do,\*  
 Exalt the valleys, lay the mountains low,  
 Humble the lofty, the dejected raise, [ways.  
 Smooth and make straight our rough and crooked  
 Love, strong as death, and like it, levels all;  
 With that possessed, the great in title fall;

---

\* Isaiah, xl. 4.

Themselves esteem but equal to the least,  
 Whom Heaven with that high character has blessed.  
 This love, the centre of our union, can  
 Alone bestow complete repose on man;  
 Tame his wild appetite, make inward peace,  
 And foreign strife among the nations cease.  
 No martial trumpet should disturb our rest,  
 Nor princes arm, though to subdue the East;  
 Where for the tomb so many heroes (taught  
 By those that guided their devotion) fought.  
 Thrice happy we, could we like ardour have  
 To gain his love, as they to win his grave!  
 Love as he loved! A love so unconfined,  
 With arms extended, would embrace mankind.  
 Self-love would cease, or be dilated, when  
 We should behold as many selfs as men;  
 All of one family, in blood allied,  
 His precious blood, that for our ransom died.

## CANTO VI.

**T**HOUGH the creation (so divinely taught!)  
 Prints such a lively image on our thought,  
 That the first spark of new-created light,  
 From Chaos struck, affects our present sight;  
 Yet the first Christians did esteem more blessed  
 The day of rising, than the day of rest,  
 That every week might new occasion give,  
 To make his triumph in their memory live.  
 Then let our Muse compose a sacred charm,  
 To keep his blood among us ever warm,  
 And singing as the blessed do above,  
 With our last breath dilate this flame of love.  
 But on so vast a subject who can find  
 Words that may reach the idea of his mind?  
 Our language fails; or, if it could supply,  
 What mortal thought can raise itself so high?

Despairing here, we might abandon art,  
 And only hope to have it in our heart.  
 But though we find this sacred task too hard  
 Yet the design, the endeavour, brings reward.  
 The contemplation does suspend our woe,  
 And makes a truce with all the ills we know.  
 As Saul's afflicted spirit, from the sound  
 Of David's harp, a present solace found ;\*  
 So on this theme while we our Muse engage,  
 No wounds are felt, of fortune or of age.  
 On divine love to meditate is peace,  
 And makes all care of meaner things to cease.

Amazed at once, and comforted, to find  
 A boundless power so infinitely kind,  
 The soul contending to that light to flee  
 From her dark cell, we practise how to die ;  
 Employing thus the poet's wingèd art,  
 To reach this love, and grave it in our heart.  
 Joy so complete, so solid, and severe,  
 Would leave no place for meaner pleasures there ;  
 Pale they would look, as stars that must be gone,  
 When from the East the rising sun comes on.

---

## OF THE FEAR OF GOD.

IN TWO CANTOS.

### CANTO I.

THE fear of God is freedom, joy, and peace,  
 And makes all ills that vex us here to cease.  
 Though the word fear, some men may ill endure,  
 'Tis such a fear as only makes secure.  
 Ask of no angel to reveal thy fate ;  
 Look in thy heart, the mirror of thy state.  
 He that invites will not the invited mock,  
 Opening to all that do in earnest knock.

---

\* 1 Sam. xvi. 23.

Our hopes are all well-grounded on this fear;  
All our assurance rolls upon that sphere.  
This fear, that drives all other fears away,  
Shall be my song, the morning of our day!  
Where that fear is, there's nothing to be feared;  
It brings from heaven an angel for a guard.  
Tranquillity and peace this fear does give;  
Hell gapes for those that do without it live.  
It is a beam, which he on man lets fall,  
Of light, by which he made and governs all.  
'Tis God alone should not offended be;  
But we please others, as more great than he.  
For a good cause, the sufferings of man  
May well be borne; 'tis more than angels can.  
Man, since his fall, in no mean station rests,  
Above the angels, or below the beasts.  
He with true joy their hearts does only fill,  
That thirst and hunger to perform his will.  
Others, though rich, shall in this world be vexed,  
And sadly live in terror of the next.  
The world's great conqueror\* would his point pursue,  
And wept because he could not find a new;  
Which had he done, yet still he would have cried,  
To make him work until a third he spied.  
Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe  
To Heaven itself, unless it make them grow.  
Though richly fed, man's care does still exceed;  
Has but one mouth, yet would a thousand feed.  
In wealth and honour, by such men possessed,  
If it increase not, there is found no rest.  
All their delight is while their wish comes in;  
Sad when it stops, as there had nothing been.  
'Tis strange men should neglect their present store,  
And take no joy but in pursuing more;  
No! though arrived at all the world can aim;  
This is the mark and glory of our frame.

---

\* Alexander.

A soul capacious of the Deity,  
 Nothing but he that made can satisfy.  
 A thousand worlds, if we with him compare,  
 Less than so many drops of water are.  
 Men take no pleasure but in new designs;  
 And what they hope for, what they have outshines.  
 Our sheep and oxen seem no more to crave,  
 With full content feeding on what they have;  
 Vex not themselves for an increase of store,  
 But think to-morrow we shall give them more.  
 What we from day to day receive from Heaven,  
 They do from us expect it should be given.  
 We made them not, yet they on us rely,  
 More than vain men upon the Deity;  
 More beasts than they! that will not understand  
 That we are fed from his immediate hand.  
 Man, that in him has being, moves, and lives,  
 What can he have, or use, but what he gives?  
 So that no bread can nourishment afford,  
 Or useful be, without his Sacred Word.

## CANTO II.

**E**ARTH praises conquerors for shedding blood,  
 Heaven those that love their foes, and do them  
 It is terrestrial honour to be crowned [good.  
 For strowing men, like rushes, on the ground.  
 True glory 'tis to rise above them all,  
 Without the advantage taken by their fall.  
 He that in sight diminishes mankind,  
 Does no addition to his stature find;  
 But he that does a noble nature show,  
 Obliging others, still does higher grow;  
 For virtue practised such a habit gives,  
 That among men he like an angel lives;  
 Humbly he doth, and without envy, dwell,  
 Loved and admired by those he does excel.  
 Fools anger show, which politicians hide;  
 Blessed with this fear, men let it not abide.

The humble man, when he receives a wrong,  
Refers revenge to whom it doth belong;  
Nor sees he reason why he should engage,  
Or vex his spirit for another's rage.  
Placed on a rock, vain men he pities, tossed  
On raging waves, and in the tempest lost.  
The rolling planets, and the glorious sun,  
Still keep that order which they first begun;  
They their first lesson constantly repeat,  
Which their Creator as a law did set.  
Above, below, exactly all obey;  
But wretched men have found another way;  
Knowledge of good and evil, as at first,  
(That vain persuasion!) keeps them still accursed!  
The Sacred Word refusing as a guide,  
Slaves they become to luxury and pride.  
As clocks, remaining in the skilful hand  
Of some great master, at the figure stand,  
But when abroad, neglected they do go,  
At random strike, and the false hour do show;  
So from our Maker wandering, we stray,  
Like birds that know not to their nests the way.  
In him we dwelt before our exile here,  
And may, returning, find contentment there,  
True joy may find, perfection of delight,  
Behold his face, and shun eternal night.  
Silence, my Muse! make not these jewels cheap,  
Exposing to the world too large a heap.  
Of all we read, the Sacred Writ is best,  
Where great truths are in fewest words expressed.  
Wrestling with death, these lines I did indite;  
No other theme could give my soul delight.  
O that my youth had thus employed my pen!  
Or that I now could write as well as then!  
But 'tis of grace, if sickness, age, and pain,  
Are felt as throes, when we are born again;  
Timely they come to wean us from this earth,  
As pangs that wait upon a second birth.

## OF DIVINE POESY.

## TWO CANTOS.

*Occasioned upon sight of the 53rd chapter of Isaiah turned into verse  
by Mrs. Wharton.*

## CANTO I.

POETS we prize, when in their verse we find  
Some great employment of a worthy mind.  
Angels have been inquisitive to know  
The secret which this oracle does show.  
What was to come, Isaiah did declare,  
Which she describes as if she had been there;  
Had seen the wounds, which, to the reader's view,  
She draws so lively that they bleed anew.  
As ivy thrives which on the oak takes hold,  
So with the prophet's may her lines grow old!  
If they should die, who can the world forgive,  
(Such pious lines!) when wanton Sappho's live?  
Who with his breath his image did inspire,  
Expects it should foment a nobler fire;  
Not love which brutes as well as men may know,  
But love like his, to whom that breath we owe.  
Verse so designed, on that high subject wrote,  
Is the perfection of an ardent thought;  
The smoke which we from burning incense raise,  
When we complete the sacrifice of praise.  
In boundless verse the fancy soars too high  
For any object but the Deity.  
What mortal can with Heaven pretend to share  
In the superlatives of wise and fair?  
A meaner subject when with these we grace,  
A giant's habit on a dwarf we place.  
Sacred should be the product of our Muse,  
Like that sweet oil, above all private use,  
On pain of death forbidden to be made,  
But when it should be on the altar laid.

Verse shows a rich inestimable vein,  
When, dropped from heaven, 'tis thither sent again.

Of bounty 'tis that he admits our praise,  
Which does not him, but us that yield it, raise;  
For as that angel up to heaven did rise,  
Borne on the flame of Manoah's sacrifice,  
So, winged with praise, we penetrate the sky;  
Teach clouds and stars to praise him as we fly;  
The whole creation, (by our fall made groan!)  
His praise to echo, and suspend their moan.  
For that he reigns, all creatures should rejoice,  
And we with songs supply their want of voice.  
The church triumphant, and the church below,  
In songs of praise their present union show;  
Their joys are full; our expectation long;  
In life we differ, but we join in song.  
Angels and we, assisted by this art,  
May sing together, though we dwell apart.  
Thus we reach heaven, while vainer poems must  
No higher rise than winds may lift the dust.  
From that they spring; this from his breath that gave,  
To the first dust, the immortal soul we have;  
His praise well sung, (our great endeavour here)  
Shakes off the dust, and makes the breath appear.

## CANTO II.

**H**E that did first this way of writing grace,\*  
Conversed with the Almighty face to face;  
Wonders he did in sacred verse unfold,  
When he had more than eighty winters told.  
The writer feels no dire effect of age,  
Nor verse, that flows from so divine a rage.  
Eldest of Poets, he beheld the light,  
When first it triumphed o'er eternal night;  
Chaos he saw, and could distinctly tell  
How that confusion into order fell.

---

\* Moses.

As if consulted with, he has expressed  
The work of the Creator, and his rest;  
How the flood drowned the first offending race,  
Which might the figure of our globe deface.  
For new-made earth, so even and so fair,  
Less equal now, uncertain makes the air;  
Surprised with heat, and unexpected cold,  
Early distempers make our youth look old;  
Our days so evil, and so few, may tell  
That on the ruins of that world we dwell.  
Strong as the oaks that nourished them, and high,  
That long-lived race did on their force rely,  
Neglecting Heaven; but we, of shorter date!  
Should be more mindful of impendent fate.  
To worms, that crawl upon this rubbish here,  
This span of life may yet too long appear;  
Enough to humble, and to make us great,  
If it prepare us for a nobler seat.  
Which well observing, he, in numerous lines,  
Taught wretched man how fast his life declines;  
In whom he dwelt before the world was made,  
And may again retire when that shall fade.  
The lasting Iliads have not lived so long  
As his and Deborah's triumphant song.  
Delphos unknown, no Muse could them inspire,  
But that which governs the celestial choir.  
Heaven to the pious did this art reveal,  
And from their store succeeding poets steal.  
Homer's Scamander for the Trojans fought,  
And swelled so high, by her old Kishon taught.  
His river scarce could fierce Achilles stay;  
Hers, more successful, swept her foes away.  
The host of heaven, his Phœbus and his Mars,  
He arms, instructed by her fighting stars.  
She led them all against the common foe;  
But he (misled by what he saw below!)  
The powers above, like wretched men, divides,  
And breaks their union into different sides.

The noblest parts which in his heroes shine,  
 May be but copies of that heroine.  
 Homer himself, and Agamemnon, she  
 The writer could, and the commander, be.  
 Truth she relates in a sublimer strain,  
 Than all the tales the boldest Greeks could feign;  
 For what she sung that Spirit did indite,  
 Which gave her courage, and success, in fight.  
 A double garland crowns the matchless dame;  
 From Heaven her poem, and her conquest, came.

Though of the Jews she merit most esteem,  
 Yet here the Christian has the greater theme;  
 Her martial song describes how Sisera fell;  
 This sings our triumph over death and hell.  
 The rising light employed the sacred breath  
 Of the blest Virgin and Elizabeth.  
 In songs of joy the angels sung his birth;  
 Here how he treated was upon the earth  
 Trembling we read! the affliction and the scorn,  
 Which for our guilt so patiently was borne!  
 Conception, birth, and suffering, all belong,  
 (Though various parts) to one celestial song;  
 And she, well using so divine an art,  
 Has in this concert sung the tragic part.

As Hannah's seed was vowed to sacred use,  
 So here this lady consecrates her Muse.  
 With like reward may Heaven her bed adorn,  
 With fruit as fair as by her Muse is born!

## ON THE PARAPHRASE OF THE LORD'S PRAYER,

WRITTEN BY MRS. WHARTON.

SILENCE, you winds! listen, ethereal lights!  
 While our Urania sings what Heaven indites;  
 The numbers are the nymph's; but from above  
 Descends the pledge of that eternal love.

Here wretched mortals have not leave alone,  
 But are instructed, to approach his throne;  
 And how can he to miserable men  
 Deny requests which his own hand did pen?

In the Evangelists we find the prose  
 Which, paraphrased by her, a poem grows;  
 A devout rapture! so divine a hymn,  
 It may become the highest seraphim!  
 For they, like her, in that celestial choir,  
 Sing only what the spirit does inspire.  
 Taught by our Lord, and theirs, with us they may  
 For all but pardon for offences pray.

---

## SOME REFLECTIONS OF HIS UPON THE SEVERAL PETITIONS IN THE SAME PRAYER.

### I

**H**IS sacred name with reverence profound  
 Should mentioned be, and trembling at the  
 It was Jehovah; 'tis Our Father now; [sound!  
 So low to us does Heaven vouchsafe to bow! \*  
 He brought it down, that taught us how to pray;  
 And did so dearly for our ransom pay.

### 2

*His kingdom come.* For this we pray in vain,  
 Unless he does in our affections reign.  
 Absurd it were to wish for such a King,  
 And not obedience to his sceptre bring,  
 Whose yoke is easy, and his burthen light,  
 His service freedom, and his judgments right.

### 3

*His will be done.* In fact 'tis always done;  
 But, as in heaven, it must be made our own.

---

\* Psalm xviii. 9.

His will should all our inclinations sway,  
 Whom Nature, and the universe, obey.  
 Happy the man! whose wishes are confined  
 To what has been eternally designed;  
 Referring all to his paternal care,  
 To whom more dear than to ourselves we are.

## 4

It is not what our avarice hoards up;  
 'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our cup;  
 Like new-born babes depending on the breast,  
 From day to day we on his bounty feast;  
 Nor should the soul expect above a day,  
 To dwell in her frail tenement of clay;  
 The setting sun should seem to bound our race,  
 And the new day a gift of special grace.

## 5

*That he should all our trespasses forgive,*  
 While we in hatred with our neighbours live;  
 Though so to pray may seem an easy task,  
 We curse ourselves when thus inclined we ask.  
 This prayer to use, we ought with equal care  
 Our souls, as to the sacrament, prepare.  
 The noblest worship of the Power above,  
 Is to extol, and imitate his love;  
 Not to forgive our enemies alone,  
 But use our bounty that they may be won.

## 6

*Guard us from all temptations of the foe;*  
 And those we may in several stations know;  
 The rich and poor in slippery places stand.  
 Give us enough! but with a sparing hand!  
 Not ill-persuading want, nor wanton wealth,  
 But what proportioned is to life and health.  
 For not the dead, but living, sing thy praise,  
 Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raise.

Favete linguis! . . . .  
 Virginibus puerisque canto.—HOR.

## ON THE FOREGOING DIVINE POEMS.

WHEN we for age could neither read nor write,  
 The subject made us able to indite;  
 The soul, with nobler resolutions decked,  
 The body stooping, does herself erect.  
 No mortal parts are requisite to raise  
 Her that, unbodied, can her Maker praise.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;  
 So, calm are we when passions are no more!  
 For then we know how vain it was to boast  
 Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.  
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes  
 Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,  
 Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;  
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,  
 As they draw near to their eternal home.  
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,  
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

. . . . . Miratur limen Olympi.—VIRG.

THE END.

## POSTSCRIPT.

### WALLER'S AUTOGRAPH.

FEW autographs of distinguished men of the 17th century are so rare as that of Edmund Waller. There is no trace of his hand-writing in the British Museum; nor am I aware of any public libraries, or collections, in which MSS. of his are preserved. The scarcity of such reliques may be partly accounted for by the fact that Waller wrote little, either in prose or poetry, and held no public employments which made demands upon his pen. Although he maintained intimate relations, at different periods, with the most celebrated persons of his time, he does not appear to have kept up a correspondence with any of them. The two or three letters of his that survive in print are written on special subjects, and betray as much labour as his verse. The pains it cost him to satisfy his taste would seem to have rendered correspondence irksome to him.

Aubrey says of Waller, 'He writes a lamentable hand, as bad as the scratching of a hen.' This description is a little exaggerated, as I am enabled to show by the kindness of my friend, Dudley Costello, Esq., from whose accurate tracings the following facsimiles have been engraved. They are taken from an old black-letter copy of Chaucer, sold by Mr. Pickering in 1836. The volume is in folio, and wants the title-page and two or three leaves at the beginning; but the edition is determined by the inscription on the colophon:—

Imprinted at London, by Jhon Kynston, for Jhon Wight, dwellyng in Paules Churchyarde. Anno 1561.

This is the edition that was edited by Stowe, of which the following is the full title-page:—

The Woorkes of Geffrey Chaucer, newlie printed with diuers Addicions, whiche were neuer in Print before: with the Siege and Destruction of the worthy Citee of Thebes, compiled by Jhon Lidgate, Monk of Berie, 1561. London, by Jhon Kynston for Jhon Wight, 1561. Folio.

At the top of the inside of the cover is the annexed inscription in Waller's hand-writing:—

*I am morte polibus  
Ridet anhelantem cluam ad vestibula Turbani*

And also on the inside of the cover appears the subjoined signature :—

*Ed: Waller*

On the first page, beginning with the line in the Prologue—

Let Austin have his swinke to him reserved,

is another signature :—

*Edm Waller:*

The inside of the second cover is scrawled over with a variety of inscriptions in prose and verse, and, amongst them, occurs the following, written by Waller, with the signature purposely defaced :—

The noble Chaucer writt in praies of weomen: and, to set forth his witt. it is a pattern of poetrie for all men to learn bye and shall be kept for eternitie.

Upon the same cover is another signature, scarcely less interesting than that of the poet himself, with the year in which it was written placed under it at a little distance :—

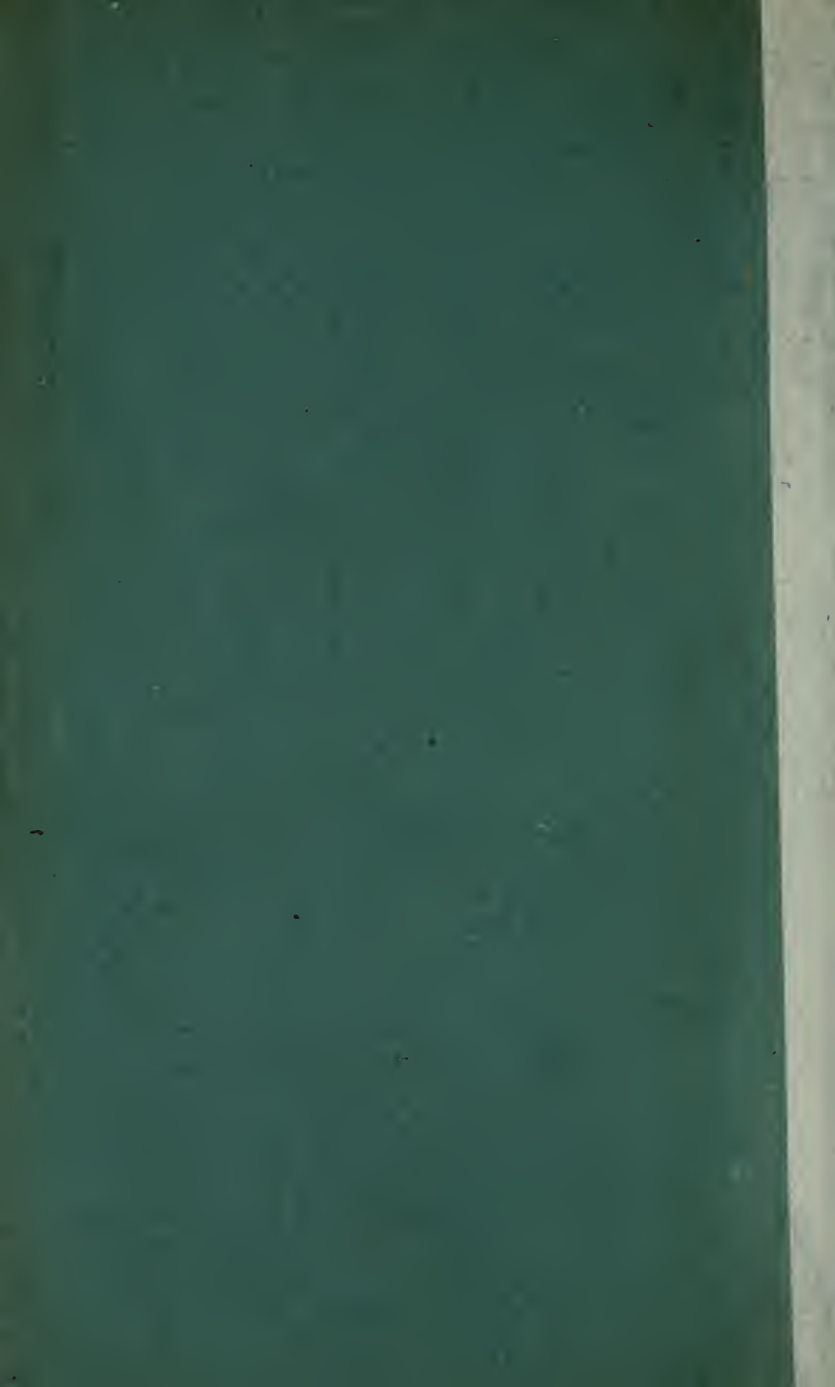
*Ann Waller*

1679

The Christian name of Waller's first wife was Anna; but as she died about 1635, this could not have been her autograph. There can be no doubt that it was the signature of Waller's mother, who survived to a much later period, and whose name was Ann.

The volume of Chaucer from which these autographs have been copied is in the possession of Newman Smith, Esq.







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