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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF RICHARD CRASHAW.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.
STEPS TO THE TEMPLE. CARMEN DEO NOSTRO.
THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES. AIRELLES.
LONDON:
ROBSON AND SONS, PRINTERS, PANCRAS ROAD, N.W.
THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

RICHARD CRASHAW.

FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED
AND COLLATED WITH THE ORIGINAL AND EARLY EDITIONS,
AND MUCH ENLARGED WITH
I. Hitherto unprinted and ineilit Poems from Archbishop Sancho's MSS. &c. &c.
II. Translation of the whole of the Poemata et Epigrammata.
IV. In Quarto, reproduction in facsimile of the Author's own Illustrations of 1652, with others specially prepared.

EDITED BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO

THE VERY REVEREND

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.

AS AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE FOR

FUNDAMENTAL INTELLECTUAL AND SPIRITUAL

QUICKENING AND NURTURE

FOUND IN AND SUSTAINED BY HIS WRITINGS

EARLIER AND LATEST,

THIS EDITION

OF A POET HE LOVES AS ENGLISHMAN AND CATHOLIC

IS DEDICATED BY

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.
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Those marked [*] are printed for the first time from MSS.; those marked [†] have additions for the first time given in their places.

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Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 are reproduced in facsimile from the author's own designs of 1652, by Poumeey of Dorchester, expressly for our edition of Crashaw. Besides the above there are a number of head- and tail-pieces by W. J. Linton, Esq.
I have at last the pleasure of seeing half-fulfilled a long-cherished wish and intention, by the issue of the present Volume, being Vol. I. of the first really worthy edition of the complete Poetry of Richard Crashaw, while Vol. II. is so well advanced that it may be counted on for Midsummer (Deo juvante).

This Volume contains the whole of the previously-published English Poems, with the exception of the Epigrams scattered among the others, which more fittingly find their place in Vol. II., along with the Latin and Greek originals, and our translation of all hitherto untranslated. Here also will be found important, and peculiarly interesting as characteristic, additions of unprinted and unedited poems by Crashaw from Archbishop Sancroft's MSS., among the Tanner MSS. in the Bodleian. These I have named 'Airelles,' after the little Alpine flowers that are dug out beneath the mountain masses of snow and ice, with abiding touches of beauty and perfume, as though they had been sheltered within walls and glass. The formerly printed Poems have been collated and recollated anxiously with the original and other early and authoritative editions, the results of which are shown in Notes and Illustrations at the close of each poem. Many
of the various readings are of rare interest, and collation has revealed successive additions and revisions altogether unrecorded by modern editors. In their places I have pointed out the flagrant carelessness of the last Editor, W. B. Turnbull, Esq., in Smith's 'Library of Old Authors.'

As was meet, I have adhered to the first titles of 'Steps to the Temple' and 'The Delights of the Muses,' the former embracing the Sacred, and the latter the Secular Poems. The original Editor (whoever he was), not the Author, gave these titles. In the Preface to 'the learned Reader,' he says, 'we stile his sacred Poems, Steps to the Temple.' At one time I was disposed to assign the editorship of the volumes of 1646 and 1648 to Sancroft; but inasmuch as both contained Bp. Rainbow's verses prefixed to Isaacson's 'Chronologic,' while the piece is not in the Sancroft MS., it seems he could not have been the editor. His pathetic closing words reveal much love: 'I will conclude all that I have impartially writ of this learned young Gent. (now dead to us) as hee himselfe doth, with the last line of his poem upon Bishop Andrewes' picture before his Sermons, Verte paginas—Look on his following leaves, and see him breath.'

I would now give an account of previous editions of our Worthy, and our use of them. The earliest of his publications—excluding minor pieces in University Collections as recorded in our Essay—was a volume of Latin Epigrams published at Cambridge in 1634 in a small 8vo. The name of Crashaw nowhere appears, but his initials R. C. are appended to the Dedication to his friend Laney. The title-page was as follows:
'Epigrammatum Sacrorum Liber. Cantabrigiae, ex Academia celeberrima typographo, 1634.' Besides the Epigrams, this now rare volume contained certain of his 'Poemata' before the Epigrams. A second edition was published in 1670 with a few additional Epigrams, and those in Greek. A third edition appeared in 1674. Fuller details, with collation of each, are given in Vol. II. in their places.

Nothing more of any considerableness was published until 1646, two years after the Poet's ejection. Then appeared a small volume of Poems, chiefly English, arranged in two distinct classes, Sacred and Secular, the latter with a separate title-page. In the Note which follows this Preface, the title-pages of the volume will be found, along with those of the subsequent editions of 1648 and 1670. With reference to the volume of 1646, a mistake in the printing was thus pointed out: 'Reader, there was a sudden mistake ('tis too late to recover it): thou wilt quickly find it out, and I hope as soone passe it over; some of the humane Poems are misplaced amongst the Divine.' These 'humane' poems, that belonged not to the 'Steps' but the 'Delights of the Muses,' were fifteen in all. They were assigned their own places in the new edition of 1648. With two exceptions, we have adhered to the classification of the 1648 edition: the exceptions are, that we have placed 'Vexilla Regis' immediately after the 'Office of the Holy Crosse,' as belonging properly to that composition; and the 'Apologie' for the Hymn to Teresa after the first, not after the second Hymn, seeing the 'Apologie' is only for the first. The new edition bore on its title-page the announcement: 'The second Edition, wherein are added divers pieces not
before extant.' Our contents of the present Volume (immediately following our Dedication) shows these additions, which were important and precious; viz. twenty-nine new English Poems and eighteen new Latin Poems.

The next edition was published in Paris in 1652. In our Note (as supra) the title-page is given. This volume is an elegant one, and is adorned with twelve dainty engravings after the Author's own designs, though we possess a copy without the engravings, having blanks left. This exceedingly rare book contains most of the Sacred Poems and some of the more serious of the Secular Poems; but as the contents (as supra) show, there were large omissions, notably the Sospetto and Musick's Duel. It was edited by Thomas Car, who prefixes two poems of his own, as follows:

I. Crashawe, the Anagramme 'He was Car.'

Was Car then Crashawe; or was Crashawe Car, 1
Since both within one name combined are?
Yes, Car's Crashawe, he Car; 'tis lone alone
Which melts two harts, of both composing one.
So Crashaw's still the same: so much desired
By strongest witts; so honor'd, so admired;
Car was but he that enter'd as a friend
With whom he shar'd his thoughtes, and did commend
(While yet he lin'd) this worke; they lon'd each other:
Sweete Crashawe was his friend; he Crashawe's brother. 10
So Car hath title then; 'twas his intent
That what his riches pen'd, poore Car should print;
Nor feares he checke, praysing that happie one
Who was belon'd by all; disprais'd by none:
To witt, being pleas'd with all things, he pleas'd all, 15
Nor would he gine, nor take offence; befall
What might, he would possesse himselfe, and line
As deade (denoyde of interest) t' all might gine
Desease t' his well-composed mynd; fore-stal'd
With heauenly riches; which had wholy call'd 20
PREFACE.

His thoughts from earth, to line aboue in th' aire
A very bird of paradise. No caro
Had he of earthy trasse. What might suffico
To fitt his soule to heauenly exercise
Sufficed him: and may we guesso his hart
By what his lipps brings forth, his onely part
Is God and godly thoughtes. Leaues doubt to none
But that to whom one God is all; all's one.
What he might eate or wearo he tooke no thought;
His needfull foode he rather found then sought.
He seekes no downes, no sheetes, his bed's still made;
If he can find a chaire or stoole, he's layd.
When Day peepes in, he quitts his restless rest,
And still, poore soule, before he's vp, he's dre'st.
Thus dying did he line, yet lined to dye
In th' Virgin's lappe, to whom he did applye
His virgin thoughtes and words, and thence was styld
By foes, the chaplaine of the virgin myld,
While yet he lined without. His modestie
Imparted this to some, and they to me.
Line happie then, deare soule! enioy the rest
Eternally by paynes thou purchacedst,
While Car must line in care, who was thy friend,
Nor cares he how he line, so in the end
He may enioy his dearest Lord and thee;
And sitt and singe more skilfull songs eternally.1

II. AN EPIGRAMME

Upon the Pictures in the following Poemes, which the Author first
made with his owne hand, admirably well, as may be scene in
his Manuscript dedicated to the Right Honourable Lady the L.
Denbigh.

'Twixt pen and pensill rose a holy strife
Which might draw Vertue better to the life:
Best witts gaue votes to that, but painters swore
They never saw peeces so sweete before

1 Turnbull in line 19 misprints 'Diseased his . . .', making nonsense. Disease is = dis-case, discompose, as used by Phineas Fletcher: cf. vol. iii. p. 194 et alibi.
As these fruits of pure Nature; where no Art
Did lead the untaught pensill, nor had part
In th' worke . . . .
The hand growne bold, with wit will needs contest:
Doth it penuyle? ah no! say each is best.
This to the care speakes wonders; that will trye
To speake the same, yet lowder, to the eye.
Both in their aymes are holy, both conspire
To wound, to burne the hart with heavenly fire.
This thens the doome, to doe both parties right:
This to the care speaks best; that, to the sight.

Thomas Car.1

It is clear from these lines in the former poem—

'C Car was but he that enter'd as a friend
With whom he shar'd his thoughtes, and did commend
(While yet he liv'd) THIS WORKE

So Car hath title then; 'twas his intent
That what his riches pen'd, poore Car should print'—

that the volume of 1652 carries the authority of Cra-
shaw with it as his own Selection from what he had
written. So that I have had no hesitation in accepting
its text of the Poems previously published (in 1646 and
1648): understanding that the Selection was regulated
by his desire only to offer the Countess of Denbigh
those he himself most valued. There are inevitable mis-
prints and a chaos of punctuation; but the text as a whole
is a great advance on those preceding, as our Notes and
Illustrations to the several poems prove. There are some
very valuable additions throughout, entirely overlooked
by modern Editors. Our text of all not in 1652 volume
is based on that of 1648 collated with 1646.

1 Turnbull again misprints in line 3 'But' for 'Best,' once more
making nonsense.
The engravings celebrated in the Epigram of Car—of whom more, and of the origin and purpose of the Volume, in our Essay—are as follows:

1. 'To the noblest and best of ladies:' a heart with an emblematical lock. Beneath is printed 'Non Vi' (= not by force), and the following lines:
   'Tis not the work of force but skill
   To find the way into man's will.
   'Tis lone alone can hearts unlock:
   Who knowes the Word, he needs not knock.

2. 'To the name above every name.' 'Numisma Urbani 6.' A dove under the tiara, surrounded with a glory. The legend is, 'In unitate Deus est.'

3. 'The Holy Nativity.' The Holy Family at Bethlehem. Beneath are these lines in French and Latin:
   Ton Créateur te fait voir sa naissance
   Deignant souffrir pour toj des son enfance.
   Quem vidistis, Pastores, &c.
   Natum vidimus, &c.

4. 'The Glorious Epiphanie.' The adoration of the Magi-kings.

5. 'The Office of the Holy Crosse.' Christ on the Cross. Beneath (from the Vulgate),
   Tradidit semetipsum pro nobis oblationem et hostiam
   Deo in odorem suavitatis.—Ad Ephe. 5.

6. 'The Recommendation.' The ascended Saviour looking down toward the Earth. Above, this line,
   Expostulatio Jesu Christi eum mundo ingrato.

Beneath, a Latin poem of thirteen lines, which appears in its place in our Vol. II.

7. 'Sancta Maria Dolorum.' The Virgin Mary under Vol. 1.
the Cross with the instruments of the Passion, holding
the dead Saviour in her arms.

8. 'Hymn of St. Thomas.' A Remonstrance. 'Ecce
panis Angelorum.'

9. 'Dies Irae.' The Last Judgment. 'Dies Irae,
dies illa,'

10. 'O Gloriosa Domina.' The Virgin Mary and
Child. Angels hold a crown over her head, surmounted
by the Holy Dove. Beneath:

S. Maria Major.
Dilectus meus mihi, et ego illi;
Qui pascitur inter lilia. Cant.

11. 'The Weeper.' A female head, showing beneath,
a bleeding and burning heart, surrounded by a glory.
This couplet is below:

Lo, where a wounded heart, with bleeding eyes conspire:
Is she a flaming fountaine, or a weeping fire?

12. 'Hymn to St. Teresa.' Portrait: scroll above,
inscribed 'Misericors Domini in aeternum cantabo.' Be-
neath, 'La Vray Portraict de Ste. Terese, Fondatrice
des Religieuses et Religieux réformez de l'ordre de N.
Dame de mont Carmel: Décédée le 4e Octo. 1582. Ca-
onisée le 12e Mars 1622.'

Besides these Twelve, I discovered another in illustra-
tion of 'O Gloriosa Domina,' substituted for No. 10 in
the very fine copy of the volume in the Douce Collection
in the Bodleian. I have the satisfaction of furnishing
admirable reproductions in fac-simile of Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4,
5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 12, and by the kindness of the
Bodleian Trustees, the unique illustration for No. 10.
No. 11 by my friend W. J. Linton, Esq. The whole
of these belong exclusively to our illustrated quarto edition, and the impressions taken have been strictly limited thereto, and a very few for my own gift-use.

We have now done with genuine editions; but have yet to notice a wretched medley which bears the name of the '2d edition.' Its title-page is given in our Note (as before). This volume is fairly printed; but whatever was meant by '2d edition,' whether it was so styled from ignorance of the edition of 1648 or copying of its title, or because it was meant for a 2d edition of 1652, it is a deplorable compilation made out of 1646 and 1652. It first reprints 1646 and then 1652, omitting in the second part such poems of 1652 as were in 1646, but without taking the trouble of correcting any, so as to bring them into agreement with the better text. Not to mention well-nigh innumerable misprints and omissions, so blind is it, that it has twice printed two poems which in 1652 had their titles altered, not observing that it had already printed them under the old titles. These were the poems, On the Death of a Young Gentleman, and in Praise of Lessius. It contains only the eight Latin Poems of 1646, and no others. Of this edition Turnbull says, 'In its text [it is] the most inaccurate of all' — and — What then? He reprints it! and leaves undetected its inaccuracies and omissions, and superadds as many more of his own—as our Notes and Illustrations demonstrate, albeit we have left many blunders unrecorded, contenting ourselves with seeing that our own is correct. And yet this Editor got in a rage with a correspondent (Professor M'Carty) of Notes and Queries, who at the time corrected incidentally a misprinted letter —oblivious of (literally) hundreds infinitely worse.
Peregrine Phillips in 1785 published a very well-printed volume of 'Selections' from Crashaw; but, like Turnbull, he blundered over the (so-called) '2d edition' of 1670, and seems never to have seen those of 1648 and 1652. Of other more recent editions I shall speak in our Essay, and, as already stated in our Memorial-Introduction, notice the University Collections and others, to which our Poet contributed. In its place, at close of the present Volume, see account of a hitherto unused edition of a Verse-Letter to Countess of Denbigh.

Of the Poems now for the first time printed, the present Volume contains no fewer than fifteen or sixteen with important additions: Vol. II. will contain very many more, as well as our Translation of the hitherto untranslated Poems and Epigrams. The source of all these erewhile unprinted Poems is Vol. 465 among the Tanner mss., which is known to be in the handwriting (mainly) of Archbishop Sancroft. The Volume is a collection of contemporary Poetry, but as it now rests in the Bodleian is imperfect, as the Index shows. The following details will probably interest our readers. In the Index is first of all the following, 'Mr. Crashaw's Epigrams, sacra Latina;' but it is erased. Then underneath is written 'Mr. Crashaw's poems transcrib'd frō his own copie, before they were printed; amongst which are some not printed.' 'Latin, On y' Gospels v p 7. On other Subiects p 39, 95, 229. English Sacred Poems p 111. On other Subiects—39, 162, 164 v 167 v 196, 202 v 206, 223. v Suspetto di Herodi, translated frō Car. Marino p 287 v.' Guided by this Index—for, though to some 'R. Cr.' is prefixed, others printed in 1646 and 1648 are left without name
or initials—page 7 to 22 contains Latin Poems and Epi-
grams still unpublished. On page 22 is a large letter C —Crashaw. The pagination then leaps to p. 39 and goes on to page 64, and consists of Latin Poems and one in Greek 'On other Subjects,' also wholly unpublished. Page 66 is blank, and a blank leaf follows. Then there is a Latin poem by Wallis, and pp. 95-6 contain other Latin poems by Crashaw, in part published. Pages 97-102 are blank, and the pagination again leaps to p. 111, where begin the English Sacred Poems, continuing to page 137, with 'Crashaw' written at end. These pages (111-137) contain mainly Poems and Epigrams before published. On page 130 is a short poem 'On Good Friday' by T. Randolph. On page 135 are two poems by Dr. Alabaster: then, on page 136, Crashaw's poem 'On the Assumption,' and on page 137, a short poem by Wotton. Pages 138-142 are blank, and once more the pagination passes to p. 159, where there is a poem by Giles Fletcher (pp. 159-160)—printed by us in Appendix to Poems of Dr. Giles Fletcher in our Fuller Worthies' Miscellanies. Pages 160-1 have poems by Corbett (erroneously inserted as Herrick's by Hazlitt in his edition of Herrick), and a Song by Wotton. On page 162 'The Faire Ethiopian,' by Crashaw: p. 163, 'Upon Mr. Cl.' [Cleveland?], who made a Song against the D.D.s — The complaint of a woman with child [both anonymous]. Then at page 164 'Upon a gnatt burnt in a candle,' by Crashaw (being entered in Index as supra), and never published. On pages 165-6, Love's Horoscope (published): p. 166, Ad Amicam. T. R. (not by Crashaw, being entered in Index under Randolph): pp. 167-71, Fidicinis et Philomela Bellum
Musicum, and Upon Herbert's Temple: pp. 172-3, Upon Isaacson's Frontispiece (the second piece): pp. 173-4, An invitation to faire weather (all published before). Then translations from the Latin Poets with 'R. Cr.' above each, pp. 174-178—all unpublished: pp. 178-9, from Virgil (published). Next on pp. 180-87 are the following: 'On ye Gunpowder-Treason' (three separate pieces), and 'Upon the King's Coronation' (two pieces). These have never been printed until now in our present Vol., and they are unquestionably Crashaw's, inasmuch as (a) All entered thus 164 v. 167 are by him, and so these being entered under his name in Index as 167 v. 196 must belong to him; (b) 'Upon the King's Coronation' are renderings in part of his own Latin; (c) As shown in our Essay (where also their biographie value is shown) unusual words used by Crashaw occurr in them. Pp. 187-90, 'Panegyriek upon the birth of the Duke of York' (published): pp. 190-2, 'Upon the birth of the Princesse Elizabeth' (never before printed). Pages 192-196, poems by Corbett, Wotton, and others. Pages 196-7, Translation from the Latin Ex Euphormione (not before published), and on Lessius (published). Then pp. 197-201, poems by various, in part anonymous: pp. 202-3, An Elegy on Staninough—not having his name or initials, but entered in Index under his name—(never before published): pp. 203-5, In obitum desider. Mo' Chambers (published, but the heading new), and Upon the death of a friend (not before published): p. 205, 'On a cobler' (anonymous): p. 206, In obitum Dr Brooke: Epitaphium Conjug. (published): page 207, poem by Culverwell: p. 208, blank; and then the pagination passes to p. 223. Pages 223-229, poems on Herry's [or Harris'] (all pub-
lished, but with variations): pp. 229-30, Elegie on Dr. Porter (never before published, and entered in Index under Crashaw): from p. 231 to 238, various poems, but none by Crashaw; then the pagination leaps to p. 238, and goes on to p. 255, with various pieces, but again none by Crashaw. On pp. 297-8 are eight of the published English Epigrams. All the other anonymous and avowed poems being entered in the Index separately from Crashaw's, and under either their titles or authors, makes us safe to exclude them from our Volumes. On the other hand, the Index-entries and 'R. C.' together, assure us that rich and virgin as is the treasure-trove of unprinted and unpublished Poems—English and Latin, especially the Latin—it is without a shadow of doubt Richard Crashaw's, and of supreme worth. I have also had the good fortune to discover a Harleian ms. from Lord Somers' Library (6917-18), which furnishes some valuable readings of some of the Poems, as recorded and used by us.

Throughout we have endeavoured with all fidelity to reproduce our Worthy in integrity of text and orthography—diminishing only (slightly) italics and capitals, and as usual giving capitals to all divine Names (nouns and pronouns) and personifications. In Notes and Illustrations all various readings are recorded, and such elucidations and filling-in of names and allusions as are likely to be helpful.

It is now my pleasant duty to return right hearty, because heartfelt, thanks to many friends and correspondents who have aided me in a somewhat arduous and difficult work and 'labour of love.' To the venerable
and illustrious man whose name by express permission adorns my Dedication, I owe a debt of gratitude for a beautiful, a pathetic, a (to me) sacred Letter, that greatly animated me to go forward. By my admirable friends Revs. J. H. Clark, M.A., of West Dereham, Norfolk, and Thomas Ashe, M.A., Ipswich, my edition (as Vol. II. will evidence) is advantaged in various Translations for the first time of the Latin poems, valuable in themselves, and the more valued for the generous enthusiasm and modesty with which they were offered, not to say how considerably they have lightened my own work in the same field. To Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, who retains in the Army his fine literary culture and acumen; to W. Aldis Wright, Esq., M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge; the very Reverend Dr. F. C. Husenbeth, Cossey, Norwich; the Earl and Countess of Denbigh; Monsignor Stonor, Rome; to Correspondents at Loretto, Douai, Paris, &c.; and to Colonel Chester and Mr. W. T. Brooke, London,—I wish to tender my warmest thanks for various services most pleasantly rendered; all to the enrichment of our edition.

The Illustrations (in the 4to) speak for themselves. I cannot sufficiently express my acknowledgments for the spontaneous and ever-increasing willinghood of my artist-poet friend W. J. Linton, Esq., who from his temporary Transatlantic home has sent me the exquisite head- and tail-pieces in both volumes, besides cunningly interpreting the two original Illustrations drawn for me by Mrs. Hugh Blackburn of Glasgow, and the Poet's 'Weeper.' To Mrs. Blackburn her work is its own abundant reward; but none the less do I appreciate her great kindness to me.
 Anything else needing to be said will be found in the Memorial-Introduction and Essay on the Life and Poetry, and Notes and Illustrations. I cannot better close our Preface than with the fine tribute of R. Aris Willmott, in his 'Dream of the Poets,' wherein he catches up the echo of Cowley across two centuries:

Poet and Saint! thy sky was dark
    And sad thy lonely vigil here;
But thy meek spirit, like the lark
    Still showered music on the ear,
From its own heaven ever clear:
No pining mourner thou! thy strain
Could breathe a slumber upon Pain,
Singing thy tears asleep: not long
    To stray by Siloa's brook was thine:
Yet Time hath never dealt thee wrong,
    Nor brush'd the sweet bloom from thy line:
Thou hast a home in every song,
    In every Christian heart, a shrine.

Alexander B. Grosart.

15 St. Alban's Place, Blackburn, Lancashire,
4th February 1872.
MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

In a Study of the Life and Poetry of our present Worthy, which will be found in our Volume II.—thus postponed in order that the completed Works may be before the student-reader along with it—I venture to hope new light will be shed on both, and his character as a Man and Poet—one of the richest of the minor Poets of England—vindicated and interpreted as never hitherto they have been. Some memories cannot bear the 'cruel light' of close scrutiny, some poetries when tested prove falsetto-noted. Richard Crashaw grows on us the more insight we gain. If he were as well known as George Herbert, he would be equally cherished, while his Poetry would be recognised as perfumed with all his devoutness and of a diviner 'stuff' and woven in a grander loom; in sooth, infinitely deeper and finer in almost every element of true singing as differenced from pious and gracious versifying. In this hurrying-scurrying age, only twos-and-threes take time to hold communion with these ancient Worthies; and hence my Essay, as with the Fletcher's and Lord Brooke and Henry Vaughan, may win-back that recognition and love due to Crashaw.

Then, in a much fuller and more adequate Memoir than hitherto furnished of William Crashaw, B.D.,
father of our Poet—also in our Volume II.—the usually-
given ancestral details will appear from new and unused
sources. So that here and now I intend to limit myself
to a brief statement of the few outward facts, i.e. re-
serving their relation to the central thing in Richard
Crashaw's life—his passing from Protestantism to Catholickism, and to contemporaries and inner friends,
and to his Poetry—to our announced Study.

Willmott in his 'Lives of the English Sacred Poets'
(vol. first, 1834, vol. second, 1839), begins his fine-toned
little Notice thus: 'After an anxious search in all the
accessible sources of information, I am able to tell little
of one of whom every lover of poetry must desire to know
much. The time of his birth and of his decease is
involved in equal mystery.' Our 'all' is still 'little' as
compared with what we yearn for; but we do not need
to begin so dolorously as our predecessor, for we have
discovered both the 'time of his birth and of his decease.'
He was born in London in 1612-3; this date being ar-
ived at from the register-entry of his age on admission
to the University, viz. 18 in 1630-1 (as hereafter stated).
Shakespeare was then retired to his beloved Stratford;
Milton was in the sixth year of his cherub-beauty. His
father being 'Preacher at the Temple' at the date would
have determined London to have been his birthplace;
but his admission to Pembroke and his own signature at
Peterhouse, 'Richardum Crashaw, Londinense,' prove
it. Who was his mother I have failed to find. The se-
cond Mrs. William Crashaw, celebrated in a remark-

1 Edition of 1834, p. 295; of 1839, vol. i. p. 301. Turnbull adds
not one iota to our knowledge, and repeats all Willmott's erroneous
dates, &c.
able contemporary poetical tractate printed (if not published) by her bereaved husband (of which more anon and elsewhere, as supra), could not have been the Poet’s mother, as she was not married to Crashaw (pater) until 1619. We should gladly have exchanged the ‘Honour of Vertue or the Monument erected by the sorrowfull Husband and the Epitaphs annexed by learned and worthy men, to the immortall memory of that worthy Gentle-woman Mrs. Elizabeth Crashawe. Who dyed in child-birth, and was buried in Whit-Chappel: Octob. 8. 1620. In the 24 yeare of her age’—for a page on the first Mrs. Crashaw. Yet is it pleasant to know the motherless little lad received such a new mother as this tribute pictures. In 1620 he was in his ninth year. Thus twice a broad shadow blackened his father’s house and his home. Little more than a year had he his ‘second’ mother.

Our after-Memoir of the elder Crashaw shows that he was a man of no ordinary force of character and influence. The Epistles-dedicatory to his numerous polemical books are addressed with evident familiarity to the fore-most in Church and State: and it is in agreement with this to learn (as we do) that Master Richard gained admission to the great ‘Charterhouse’ School through Sir Henry Yelverton and Sir Randolph Crew—the former the patron-friend of the saintly Dr. Sibbes, the latter of Herrick, and both of mark. The Register of Charterhouse as now extant begins in 1680. So that we know not the date of young Crashaw’s entry on the ‘foundation’ provided so munificently by Sutton.1 As

1 The present eminent Head of ‘Charterhouse,’ Dr. Haig-Brown, strove to find earlier documents in vain for me.
we shall find, one of the Teachers—Brooke—is gratefully and characteristically remembered by our Worthy in one of his Latin poems, none the less gratefully that 'the rod' is recalled. He was 'Schoolmaster' from 1627-8 to 1643. The age of admission was 10 to 14: the latter would bring us to 1627-8, or Brooke's first year of office. Probably, however, he entered sooner; but neither Robert Grey (1624-26) nor William Middleton, A.M. (1626-28), nor others of the Masters or celebrities of the famous School are celebrated by him, with the exception of (afterwards) Bishop Laney. Francis Beaumont was Head-Master in June 18, 1624, and I should have liked to have been able to associate Crashaw with the Beaumont family. Probably Dr. Joseph Beaumont of 'Psyche' was a school-fellow.

How long the Charterhouse was attended is unknown; but renewed researches at Cambridge add to as well as correct the usual dates of his attendance there. Willmott states that 'he was elected a scholar of Pembroke Hall, March 26, 1632,' and remarks, 'and yet we find him lamenting the premature death of his friend, William Herrys, a fellow of the same College, which happened in the October of 1631.' He quotes from the Cole mss. The original register in the Admission-book of Pembroke College removes the difficulty, and is otherwise valuable, as will be seen. It is as follows:

'Julij 6. 1631. Richardus Crashawe, Guilelmi presbyteri filius, natus Londini annos habens 18, admissus est ad 2ae mensae ordinem sub tutela Mr Tourney.'

He was 'matriculated pensioner of Pembroke, March 26,

1 As before, vol. ii. p. 302.
1632,' but, as above, his 'admission' preceded. Belonging to Essex, it is not improbable that Crashaw and Harris were school-fellows at the Charterhouse. His 'friendships' and associates, so winsomely 'sung' of, will demand full after-notice. In 1632-3 appeared George Herbert's 'Temple;' an influential event in our Poet's history. He took the degree of B.A. in 1634. In 1634 he published anonymously his volume of Latin Epigrams and other Poems; a very noticeable book from a youth of 20, especially as most must have been composed long previously. He passed from Pembroke to Peterhouse in 1636; and again I have the satisfaction to give, for the first time, the entry in the old College Register. It is as follows:

'Anno Domini millesimo sexcentesimo tricesimo sexto vicesimo die mensis Novembris Richardus Crashaw admissus fuit a Reverendo in Christo Patre ac D° D° Francisco Episcopo Elæisi ad locum sive societatem Magistri Simon Smith legitime vacantem in Collegio sive Domo S° Petri, et vicesimo secundo die ejusdem mensis coram Magistro et Sociis ejusdem Collegii personaliter constitutus, juramentum prestitit quod singulis Ordinationibus et Statutis Collegii (quantum in ipso est) reverenter obediret, et specialiter præter hoc de non appellando contra amotionem suam secundum modum et formam statutorum prædictorum et de salvando cistam Magistri Thomæ de Castro Bernardi et Magri Thomæ Holbrooke (quantum in ipso est) indemnum, quo juramento prestito admissus fuit a Magistro Collegii in perpetuum socium ejusdem Collegii et in locum supradictum. Per me Richardum Crashaw Londinensem.' (p. 500.)
He was made Fellow in 1637, and M.A. in 1638; looking forward to becoming a 'Minister' of the Gospel. His Latin Poems in honour of, and in pathetic appeal regarding Peterhouse, are of the rarest interest, and suggest much elucidatory of his great 'change' in religious matters; a change that must have been a sad shock to his ultra-Protestant father, but in which, beyond all gainsaying, conscience ruled, if the heart quivered. While at the University he was called on to contribute to the various 'Collections' issued from 1631 onward; and it certainly is once more noticeable that such a mere youth should have been thus recognised. His Verses—Latin and English—appeared thus with those of Henry More, Joseph Beaumont, Edward King ('Lycidas'), Cowley, and others; and more than hold their own. In 1635 Shelford, 'priest' of Ringlefield, obtained a laudatory poem from him for his 'Five Pious and Learned Discourses.' According to Anthony A-Wood, on the authority of one who knew (not from the Registers), he took a degree in 1641 at Oxford.1

Of his inner Life and experiences during these years (twelve at least), and the influences that went to shape his decision and after-course, and his relation to the Countess of Denbigh, I shall speak fully and I trust helpfully in our Essay. We need to get at the Facts and Circumstances to pronounce a righteous verdict.

1 I feel disposed to think that it must have been some other Richard Crashaw, albeit attendance at both Universities was not uncommon. Wood's words are, that he was 'incorporated' in 1641 at Oxford; and his authority 'the private observation of a certain Master of Arts, that was this year living in the University;' and he adds, 'afterwards he was Master of Arts, in which degree it is probable he was incorporated' (Fasti, s. n.).
MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION. 

For his great-brained, stout-hearted, iron-willed Father, the stormy period was congenial: but for his son the atmosphere was mephitic; as the Editor's 'Preface to the Learned Reader,' in his 'character' of him, suggests. Signatures were being put unsolemnly to the 'Solemn League and Covenant,' and as a political not a religious thing, by too many. Richard Crashaw could not do that, and the crash of 'Ejection' came. Here is the rescript from the Register of Peterhouse once more unused hitherto: 1 

'Whereas in pursuite of an ordinance of Parliament for regulating and reforming of the Universitie of Cambridge, I have ejected Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Penniman, Mr. Crashaw, Mr. Holder, Mr. Tyringham, late fellowes of Peterhouse, in Cambridge. And whereas Mr. Charles Hotham, Robert Quarles, Howard Becher, Walter Ellis, Edward Sammes, have been examined and approved by the Assembly of Divines now sitting at Westminster, according to the said Ordinance as fitt to be Fellowes: These are therefore to require you, and every of you, to receive the said Charles Hotham, Robert Quarles, Howard Becher, Walter Ellis, Masters of Arts; and Edward Sammes, Bach', as fellowes of your Colledge in room of the said Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Penniman, Mr. Crashaw, Mr. Holder, Mr. Tyringham, formerly ejected, and to give them place according to their seniority in the Universitie, in reference to all those that are or shall hereafter bee putt in by mee accordinge to the Ordinance

1 I owe very hearty thanks to my good friend Mr. W. Aldis Wright, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, and to the Masters and other authorities of Pembroke and Peterhouse, for unfailling attention to my inquiries and the most zealous aid throughout.

VOL. I.
of Parliament aforesaid. Given under my hand and
teale the eleaventh day of June anno 1644.

Manchester.

'To the Master, President; and Fellowes of Peterhouse, in Cambridge.'
(p. 518.)

' The ejection' of 1644, like that larger one of 1662,
brought much sorrow and trial to a number of good and true souls. To one so gentle, shy, self-introspective as Crashaw, it must have been as the tearing down of a nest to a poor bird. His fellow-sufferers went hither and thither. Our first glimpse of our Worthy after his 'ejection' is in 1646, when the 'Steps to the Temple' and 'Delights of the Muses' appeared, with its Editor's touching saying at the close of his Preface 'now dead to us.' A second edition, with considerable additions, was published in 1648. Previous to 1646 he had 'gone over' to Catholicism; for in the 'Steps' of that year is 'An Apologie' for his 'Hymn'—'In Memory of the Vertuous and Learned Lady Madre de Teresa, that sought an early Martyrdom.' In 1646 it is headed simply 'An Apologie for the precedent Hymne;' in the 'Carmen Deo Nostro' of 1652 it is more fully inscribed 'An Apologie for the foregoing Hymn, as havin been writt when the author was yet among the Protestantes.' His two Latin poems, 'Fides que sola justificat non est sine spe et dilectione' and 'Baptismus non tollit futura pecata,' were first published in 1648. Turnbull was either ignorant of their existence or intentionally suppressed them.

Our Worthy did not long remain in England. He retired to France; and his little genial poem on sending 'two green apricoocks' to Cowley sheds a gleam of light
on his residence in Paris. Cowley was in the 'gay city' in 1646 as Secretary to Lord Jermyn; and inasmuch as the volume of that year contained his own alternate-poem on 'Hope,' I like to imagine that he carried over a copy of it to Crashaw, and renewed their old friendship. Cowley, it is told, found our Poet in great poverty: but Car's verses somewhat lighten the gloom. The 'Secretary' of Lord Jermyn introduced his friend to the Queen of Charles I., who was then a fugitive in Paris. So it usually runs: but Crashaw had previously 'sung' of and to her Majesty. From the Queen the Poet obtained letters of recommendation to Italy; and from a contemporary notice, hereafter to be used, we learn he became 'Secretary' at Rome to Cardinal Palotta. He appears to have remained in Rome until 1649-50, and by very 'plain speech' on the moralities, that is immoralities, of certain ecclesiastics, to have drawn down on himself Italian jealousy and threats. His 'good' Cardinal provided a place of shelter in the Lady-chapel of Loretto, of which he was made a Canon. But his abode there was very brief; for, by a document sent me from Loretto, I ascertained that he died of fever after a few weeks' residence only, and was buried within the chapel there, in 1650.\footnote{My 'document' was an extract from an old Register of the Church. I lent it to the late Mr. Robert Bell (who intended to include Crashaw in his 'Poets'), and somehow it got astray. My priest-correspondent at Loretto was dead when I applied for another copy, and the Register has disappeared. Of the fact, however, that Crashaw died in 1650 there can be no doubt.} Cowley shed 'melodious tears' over his dear friend, in which he turns to fine account his 'fever' end: and with his priceless tribute, of which Dr. Johnson
said, 'In these verses there are beauties which common authors may justly think not only above their attainment, but above their ambition,'—I close for the present our Memoir:

**On the Death of Mr. Crashaw.**

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are giv'n
The two most sacred names of Earth and Heav'n,
The hardest, rarest union which can be
Next that of godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muses banish'd slaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moses thou (tho' spells and charms withstand)
Hast brought them nobly home, back to their Holy Land.

Ah, wretched we, Poets of Earth! but thou
Wert living, the same Poet which thou'rt now;
Whilst angels sing to thee their ayres divine,
And joy in an applause so great as thine.
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old;
And they (kind spirits!) shall all rejoice to see,
How little less than they, exalted man may be.

Still the old heathen gods in numbers dwell,
The heav'nliest thing on Earth still keeps up Hell:
Nor have we yet quite purg'd the Christian land;
Still idols here, like calves at Bethel stand.
And tho' Pan's death long since all or'cles broke,
Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke;
Nay, with the worst of heathen dotage, we
(Vain men!) the monster woman deifie;
Find stars, and tie our fates there in a face,
And Paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place.
What different faults corrupt our Muses thus?
Wanton as girls, as old wives, fabulous.

Thy spotless Muse, like Mary, did contain
The boundless Godhead; she did well disdain

1 Life of Cowley, in Lives of the Poets.
MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

That her eternal verse employ'd should be
On a less subject than eternity;
And for a sacred mistress scorn'd to take
But her whom God Himself scorn'd not His spouse to make:
It (in a kind) her miracle did do,
A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.

How well (blest Swan) did Fate contrive thy death,
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great mistress's arms! Thon most divine,
And richest off'ring of Loretto's shrine!
Where, like some holy sacrifice t' expire,
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.
Angels (they say) brought the fam'd chappel there,
And bore the sacred load in triumph thro' the air:
'Tis surer much they brought thee there; and they,
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

Pardon, my Mother-Church, if I consent
That angels led him, when from thee he went;
For ev'n in error, sure no danger is,
When join'd with so much piety as his.
Ah! mighty God, with shame I speak't, and grief;
Ah! that our greatest faults were in belief!
And our weak reason were ev'n weaker yet,
Rather than thus, our wills too strong for it.
His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right:
And I, myself, a Catholick will be;
So far at least, great Saint! to pray to thee.

Hail, Bard triumphant! and some care bestow
On us, the Poets militant below:
Oppos'd by our old enemy, adverse Chance,
Attack'd by Envy and by Ignorance;
Enchain'd by Beauty, tortur'd by desires,
Expos'd by tyrant-love, to savage beasts and fires.
Thon from low Earth in nobler flames didst rise,
And like Elijah, mount alive the skies.
Elisha-like (but with a wish much less,
More fit thy greatness and my littleness;)
Lo here I beg (I whom thou once didst prove
So humble to esteem, so good to love)
Not that thy sp'rit might on me doubled be,  
I ask but half thy mighty sp'rit for me:  
And when my Muse soars with so strong a wing,  
'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee to sing.¹

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

¹ Works, vol. i. (1707) pp. 41-7. Line 3 by a strange oversight is misprinted in all the editions I have seen 'The hard, and rarest...'. I accept WILLMOTT's correction.
THE

WORKS OF RICHARD CRASHAW.

VOL. I.
ENGLISH POETRY.
NOTE.
The title-pages, with collation, of the original and early editions of 'Steps to the Temple' and 'The Delights of the Muses' (1646 to 1670) are here given successively:

1st edition, 1646. (1)

STEPS

TO THE

TEMPLE.

Sacred Poems,

With other Delights of the Muses.

By Richard Crashaw, sometimes of Pembroke Hall, and late Fellow of St. Peters Coll., in Cambridge.

Printed and Published according to Order.

LONDON,
Printed by T. W. for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Princes Armes in St Pauls Churchyard. 1646.
THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES.

or,

Other Poems written on severall occasions.

By Richard Crashaw, sometimes of Pembroke Hall, and late Fellow of St. Peters Colledge in Cambridge.

Mart. Die mihi quid melius desidiosus agas.

London,
Printed by T. W. for H. Moseley, at the Princes Armes in S. Pauls Churchyard, 1646. [12°]

Collation: Title-page; the Preface to the Reader, pp. 6; the Author's Motto and short Note to Reader, pp. 2 [all unpaged]; 'Steps to the Temple,' pp. 99; title-page of 'Delights,' as supra, and pp. 103-138; the Table, pp. 4.
2d edition, 1648.

STEPS

TO THE

TEMPLE,

Sacred Poems.

With

The Delights of the Muses.

By Richard Crashaw, sometimes of Pembroke Hall, and late fellow of St. Peters Coll. in Cambridge.

The second Edition wherein are added divers pieces not before extant.

LONDON,

Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Princes Armes in St. Pauls Church-yard.

1648. [12°]

The title-page to the 'Delights of the Muses' is exactly the same with that of 1646, except the date '1648.' Collation: Engraved title-page; title-page (printed); the Preface to the Reader and the Author's Motto, pp. 6; 'Steps,' pp. 110; the Table, pp. 4; the 'Delights;' title-page; the Table, pp. 3; Poems, pp. 71.
CARMEN

DEO NOSTRO.

Te Decet Hymnus

Sacred Poems,

Collected,
Corrected,
Augmented,
Most humbly Presented.

To
My Lady
The Countess of
Denbigh

By
Her most devoted Servant.

R. C.

In hearty [sic] acknowledgment of his immortal obligation to her Goodness & Charity.

AT PARIS

By Peter Targa, Printer to the Archbishop of [sic] Paris, in S. Victors streete at the golden sunne.

M. DC. LII. [8°]

Collation: Title-page; Verses by Can, pp. 3; Verse-Letter to Countess of Denbigh, pp. 3 [all unpaged]; the Poems, pp. 131. (See our Preface for more on this and preceding and succeeding volumes, and for notice of a separate edition of the Verse-Letter to the Countess of Denbigh.)

**STEPS TO THE TEMPLE,**

THE DELIGHTS
Of The Muses, and Carmen Deo Nostro.


The 2d Edition.

In the Savoy,

Printed by T. N. for Henry Herringham at the Blew Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1670. [8vo]

Collation: Engraving of a 'Temple;' title-page; the Preface to the Reader and the Author's Motto, pp. 8; the Table, pp. 6 [all unpaged]; 'Steps,' pp. 77; 'Delights,' pp. 81-137; 'Carmen Deo Nostro, Te Deect Hymnvs,' pp. 141-208. For later editions see our Preface, as before, and for details on all, early and recent, and Manuscripts; and also our Memorial-Introduction and Essay. The 'Preface' of 1646 was reprinted in 1648 without change, save a few slight orthographical differences, and these: p. xlv. line 3, 'their' for 'its dearest:' p. xlvii. line 1, 'subburl' for 'suburb:' and ibid. line 19, 'then' for 'than:' 1648 our text. It follows this Note in its own place. G.
STEPS TO THE TEMPLE, &c.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

Learned Reader,

The Author's friend will not usurpe much upon thy eye: This is onely for those whom the name of our divine Poet hath not yet seized into admiration. I dare undertake that what Jamblichus\(^2\) \textit{(in vita Pythagore)} affirmeth of his Master, at his contemplations, these Poems can, viz. They shall lift thee, Reader, some yards above the ground: and, as in \textit{Pythagoras Schoole}, every temper was first tuned into a height by several proportions of Musick, and spiritualiz'd for one of his weighty lectures; so maist thou take a poem hence, and tune thy soule by it, into a heavenly pitch;\(^3\) and thus refined and borne up upon the wings of meditation, in these Poems thou maist talke freely of God, and of that other state.

Here's Herbert's\(^4\) second, but equall, who hath retriv'd Poetry of late, and return'd it up to its primitive use; let

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\(^1\) Query, the legal term 'seized' = taken possession of? So Vaughan, Sillurist,

'O give it ful obedience, that so seiz'd
Of all I have, I may not move thy wrath' (l. 184),

and

'Thou so long seiz'd of my heart' (ib. p. 289). G.

\(^2\) = Iamblichus, the celebrated Neo-Platonic philosopher, author of \textit{Περὶ Ἡλεκτρίου καὶ Σολίνος}, concerning the Philosophy of Pythagoras. G.

\(^3\) Cf. poem on Lessius, lines 18 and 38. G.

\(^4\) See our Memorial-Introduction and Essay, for remarks on Herbert's relation to Crashaw. G.
it bound back to heaven gates, whence it came. Thinke
ye S. AUGUSTINE would have steyned his graver learning
with a booke of Poetry, had he fancied its dearest end to
be the vanity of love-sonnets and epitaphs? No,
no, he thought with this our Poet, that every foot in a
high-borne verse, might helpe to measure the soule into
that better world. Divine Poetry, I dare hold it in position,
against Suarez or the subject, to be the language of the
angels; it is the quintessence of phantasie and discourse
center'd in Heaven; 'tis the very out-goings of the soule;
tis what alone our Author is able to tell you, and that in
his owne verse.
It were prophane but to mention here in the Preface
those under-headed Poets, retainers to seven shares and a
halfe;¹ madrigall fellowes, whose onely businesse in verse,

¹ 'Seven shares and a halfe.' The same phrase occurs in Ben
Jonson's Poetaster. The player whom Captain Tucca bullied and
deceav'd, was one of Henslowe's company, as shown by Tucca's sting-
ing taunt that they had 'fortune and the good year on their side;
the facts being that the Fortune theatre had just been built, and
that the year had been an exceptionally bad one with the hitherto
prosperous players. To call attention tacitly to the allusion 'fortune'
is, in the original editions, printed in italics. Various other players
having been mimicked, ridiculed, and reviled, Tucca then bids fare-
well to his new acquaintance with—'commend me to seven shares
and a halfe;' a remark which by its position seems to point to the
chief men of the company. But a great part of the office of a man-
ger like Henslowe was, as exhibited in Henslowe's own Diary, just
such as is depreciatingly described in our text. He had various
dramatic authors, poetasters, and others in his pay and debt. Hence
as the Poetaster was written in 1601, and this preface in 1646, it
may be concluded, that 'seven shares and a halfe' was the established
proportion taken by, and therefore a theatrical cant name for, the
Manager. It follows also that as the Player was one of Henslowe's
company, the seven shares and a halfe alluded to by Jonson was
Henslowe himself, from whom he had seceded, and with whom he
had probably quarrelled. The question, however, yet remains open,
whether seven shares and a halfe was the proportion received by a
manager, or that taken by a proprietor-manager, such as Henslowe
was. Malone has conjectured that Henslowe drew fifteen shares; if
so, the other seven and a halfe may have been as rent, and out of
one of the two halves may have come the general expenses of the
house. G.
is to rimc a poore six-penny soule, a suburb-sinner¹ into Hell:—May such arrogant pretenders to Poetry vanish, with their prodigious issue of tumorous² heats and flashes of their adulctrate braines, and for ever after, may this our Poet fill up the better room of man. Oh! when the general arraignment of Poets shall be, to give an account of their higher soules, with what a triumphant brow shall our divine Poet sit above, and looke downe upon poore Homer, Virgil, Horace, Claudian, &c.? who had amongst them the ill lucke to talke out a great part of their gallant genius, upon bees, dung, froggs, and gnats, &c., and not as himself here, upon Scriptures, divine graces, martyrs and angels.

Reader, we stile his Sacred Poems, Steps to the Temple, and aptly, for in the Temple of God, under His wing, he led his life, in St. Marie's Church neere St. Peter's Colledge: there he lodged under Tertullian's roofe of angels; there he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow neere the house of God, where like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day; there he penned these Poems, steps for happy soules to clime heaven by. And those other of his pieces, intituled The Delights of the Muses. (though of a more humane mixture) are as sweet as they are innocent.

The praises that follow, are but few of many that might be conferr'd on him: he was excellent in five languages (besides his mother tongue), vid. Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, the two last whereof he had little helpe in, they were of his own acquisition.

Amongst his other accomplishments in academick (as well pious as harmlesse arts) he made his skill in Poetry, Musick, Drawing, Limning, Graving (exercises of his curious invention and sudden fancy) to be but his subservient

¹ 'Sixpenny soule, a suburb sinner.' This was the ordinary town courtesan, who, eschewing the penny and twopenny rabble of the pit and gallery, frequented the cheapest of the better-class seats, or main body of the house. G.
² = swollen. G.
recreations for vacant honres, not the grand businesse of his soule.

To the former qualifications I might adde that which would crowne them all, his rare moderation in diet (almost Lessian temperance); he never created a Muse out of distempers, nor (with our Canary scribblers) cast any strange mists of surfets before the intellectuall beames of his mind or memory, the latter of which he was so much a master of, that he had there under locke and key in readinesse, the richest treasures of the best Greek and Latine poets, some of which Authors hee had more at his command by heart, than others that onely read their works, to retaine little, and understand lesse.

Enough Reader, I intend not a volume of praises larger than his booke, nor need I longer transport thee to think over his vast perfections: I will conclude all that I have impartially writ of this learned young Gent. (now dead to us) as he himselfe doth, with the last line of his poem upon Bishop Andrews' picture before his Sermons: *Verte paginas,*

"Look on his following leaves, and see him breath."  

\(^1\) as taught by Lessius, whose praise Crashaw sang. See the Poem in its place in the *Delights.* G.

\(^2\) = drinkers of Canary (wine)? G.

\(^3\) On the authorship of this Preface see our Preface. G.

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**The Author's Motto.**

Live Iesus, live, and let it bee
My life, to dye for love of Thee.
Sacred Poetry.

I.

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE
(1648),

AND

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO &c.
(1652).
Loe! where a wounded heart with bleeding eyes conspire.
Is she a flaming fountain, or a weeping fire?

THE WEEPER.

1.

Hail, sister springs!
Parents of syluer-footed rills!
Euer-bubling things!
Thawing crystall! snowy hills
Still spending, neuer spent! I mean
Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene!

1 This couplet appeared first in 1648 edition of the 'Steps to the Temple;' but it properly belongs to the engraving in 'Carmen Deo Nostro' of 1652, which is reproduced in our illustrated 4to edition. G.
2 'The Weeper' appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 1-5) ; was reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 1-6), 1652 (pp. 85-92), 1670 (pp. 1-5). For reasons stated in our Preface, our text follows that of 1652; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem for details of various readings, &c. &c., and our Essay for critical remarks on it from Pope to Dr. George Macdonald, G.
II.
Heauens thy fair eyes be;
Heauens of ever-falling starres.
'Tis seed-time still with thee:
And starres thou sow'st, whose harvest darest Promise the Earth, to counter-shine
Whatsoever makes heau'n's forehead fine.

III.
But we're deceived all:
Starres indeed they are too true;
For they but seem to fall,
As heau'n's other spangles doe:
It is not for our Earth and vs
To shine in things so preitious.

IV.
Upwards thou dost weep:
Heau'n's bosome drinks the gentle stream.
Where th' milky rivers creep,
Thine floates above, and is the cream.
Waters above th' heauns, what they be
We're are taught best by thy teares and thee.

V.
Every morn from hence,
A brisk cherub something sippes,
Whose sacred influence
Addes sweetnes to his sweetest lippes:
Then to his musick; and his song
Tasts of this breakfast all day long.

VI.
When some new bright guest
Takes vp among the starres a room,
And Heaun will make a feast:
Angels with crystall violls come phials
And draw from these full eyes of thine,
Their Master's water, their own wine.

VII.
The deaw no more will weep
The primrose's pale cheek to deck:
The deaw no more will sleep
Nuzzel'd in the lilly's neck;
Much rather would it be thy tear,
And leaue them both to tremble here.

VIII.
Not the soft gold which
Steales from the amber-weeping tree,
Makes Sorrow halfe so rich
As the drops distil'd from thee.
Sorrowe's best ieweles lye in these
Caskets, of which Heaven keeps the keyes.

IX.
When Sorrow would be seen
In her brightest majesty:
SAINTE MARY MAGDALENE.

(For she is a Queen):
Then is she drest by none but thee.
Then, and only then, she weares
Her proudest pearles: I mean, thy teares.

x.

Not in the Evening's eyes,
When they red with weeping are
For the Sun that dyes;
Sitts Sorrow with a face so fair.
Nowhere but here did ever meet
Sweetnesse so sad, sadnesse so sweet.

xi.

Sadnesse all the while
Shee sits in such a throne as this,
Can doe nought but smile,
Nor beleeves she Sadnesse is:
Gladnesse it selfe would be more glad,
To bee made soe sweetly sad.

xii.

There's no need at all,
That the balsom-sweating bough
So coyly should let fall
His med'cinable teares; for now
Nature hath learnt to' extract a deaw
More soveraign and sweet, from you.
XIII.
Yet let the poore drops weep
(Weeping is the case of Woe):
Softly let them creep,
Sad that they are vanquish't so.
They, though to others no releife,
Balsom may be for their own greife.

xiv.
Golden though he be,
Golden Tagus murmures though.
Were his way by thee,
Content and quiet he would goe;
Soe much more rich would he esteem
Thy syluer, then his golden stream.

XV.
Well does the May that lyes
Smiling in thy cheeks, confesse
The April in thine eyes;
Mutuall sweetnesse they expresse.
No April ere lent kinder showres,
Nor May return'd more faithfull showres.

XVI.
O cheeks! Bedds of chast louses,
By your own showres seasonably dash't.
Eyes! Nests of milky doves,
In your own wells decently washt.
O wit of Loue! that thus could place 95
Fountain and garden in one face.

XVII.
O sweet contest! of woes
With loues; of teares with smiles disputing!
O fair and freindly foes,
Each other kissing and confuting! 100
While rain and sunshine, cheekes and eyes
Close in kind contrarietyes.

XVIII.
But can these fair flouds be
Freinds with the bosom-fires that fill thee!
Can so great flames agree
Æternal teares should thus distill thee!
O flouds! O fires! O suns! O showres!
Mixt and made freinds by Loue's sweet powres.

XIX.
'Twas his well-pointed dart
That digg'd these wells, and drest this wine; 110
And taught the wounded heart
The way into these weeping eyn.
Vain loues auant! bold hands forbear!
The Lamb hath dipp't His white foot here.

XX.
And now where'ere He strayes, 115
Among the Galilean mountaines,
SAINTE MARY MAGDALENE.

Or more unwelcome ways;
He's follow'd by two faithfull fountains;
Two walking baths, two weeping motions,
Portable, and compendious oceans.

XXI.

O thou, thy Lord's fair store!
In thy so rich and rare expenses,
Euen when He show'd most poor
He might provoke the wealth of princes.
What prince's wanton's pride e'er could
Wash with sylvier, wipe with gold?

XXII.

Who is that King, but He
Who calls 't His crown, to be call'd thine,
That thus can boast to be
Waited on by a wandring mine,
A voluntary mint, that strowes
Warm, sylvier showres wher're He goes?

XXIII.

O pretious prodigall!
Fair spend-thrift of thy-self! thy measure
(Mercilesse loue!) is all.
Euen to the last pearle in thy thraise: *thesaurus*,
All places, times, and objects be [Latin.
Thy tares' sweet opportunity.

VOL. I.
XXIV.

Does the day-starre rise?
Still thy teares doe fall and fall.
Does Day close his eyes?
Still the fountain weeps for all.
Let Night or Day doe what they will,
Thou hast thy task: thou weepest still.

XXV.

Does thy song lull the air?
Thy falling teares keep faithfull time.
Does thy sweet-breath'd praire
Vp in clouds of incense climb?
Still at each sigh, that is, each stop,
A bead, that is, a tear, does drop.

XXVI.

At these thy weeping gates
(Watching their watry motion),
Each winged moment waits:
Takes his tear, and gets him gone.
By thine ey's tint enobled thus,
Time layes him vp; he's pretious.

XXVII.

Time, as by thee He passes,
Makes thy ever-watry eyes
His hower-glasses.
By them His steps He rectifies.
The sands He us'd, no longer please,
For His owne sands He'l use thy seas.

XXVIII.
Not, 'so long she liu'd,'
Shall thy tomb report of thee;
But, 'so long she grieu'd?
Thus must we date thy memory.
Others by moments, months, and yeares
Measure their ages; thou, by teares.

XXIX.
So doe perfumes expire,
So sigh tormented sweets, opprest
With proud vnpritying fire.
Such teares the suffring rose, that's vex
With vngentle flames, does shed,
Sweating in a too warm bed.

XXX.
Say, ye bright brothers,
The fugitive sons of those fair eyes,
Your fruitfull mothers!
What make you here? what hopes can 'tice
You to be born? what cause can borrow
You from those nests of noble sorrow?

XXXI.
Whither away so fast?
For sure the sluttish earth
Your sweetnes cannot tast,
Nor does the dust deserve your birth.
Sweet, whither hast you then? O say
Why you trip so fast away?

XXXII.
We goe not to seek
The darlings of Aurora's bed,
The rose's modest cheek,
Nor the violet's humble head.
Though the feild's eyes too Weepers be,
Because they want such teares as we.

XXXIII.
Much lesse mean we to trace
The fortune of inferior gemmes,
Preferr'd to some proud face,
Or percht vpon fear'd diadems:
Crown'd heads are toyes. We goe to meet
A worthy object, our Lord's feet.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

With some shortcomings—superficial rather than substantive—'The Weeper' is a lovely poem, and well deserves its place of honour at the commencement of the 'Steps to the Temple,' as in editions of 1646, 1648, and 1670. Accordingly we have spent the utmost pains on our text of it, taking for basis that of 1652. The various readings of the different editions and of the SANCROFT ms. are given below for the capable student of the ultimate perfected form. I have not hesitated
to correct several misprints of the text of 1652 from the earlier editions.

The present poem appears very imperfectly in the first edition (1646), consisting there of only twenty-three stanzas instead of thirty-three (and so too in 1670 edition). The stanzas that are not given therein are xvi. to xxix. (on the last section onward). But on the other hand, exclusive of interesting variations, the text of 1646 supplies two entire stanzas (xi. and xxvii.) dropped out in the editions of 1648 and 1652, though both are in 1670 edition and in the Sancroft MS. Moreover I accept the succession of the stanzas in 1646, so far as it goes, confirmed as it is by the Sancroft MS. A third stanza in 1652 edition (st. xi. there) as also in 1648 edition, I omit, as it belongs self-revealingly to 'The Teare,' and interrupts the metaphor in 'The Weeper.' Another stanza (xxix.) might seem to demand excision also, as it is in part repeated in 'The Teare;' but the new lines are dainty and would be a loss to 'The Weeper.' Our text therefore is that of 1652, as before, with restorations from 1646.

The form of the stanza in the editions of 1646, 1648 and 1670 is thus:

In 1646 from stanza xv. (there) to end,

but I have made all uniform, and agreeably to above of 1652.

I would now submit variations, illustrations and corrections, under the successive stanzas and lines.

Couplet on the engraving of 'The Weeper.' In 1652 'Sainte' is misprinted 'Sanite,' one of a number that remind us that the
volume was printed in Paris, not London. In all the other editions the heading 'Sainte Mary Magdalene' is omitted.

St. i. line 2. 1646, 1648 and 1670 editions read 'silver-footed.' Were it only for the reading of the text of 1652 'silver-footed,' I should have been thankful for it; and I accept it the more readily in that the SANCROFT MS. from Crashaw's own copy, also reads 'silver-footed.' The Homeric compound epithet occurs in HERRICK contemporarily in his Hesperides,

'I send, I send here my supremest kiss
To thee, my silver-footed Thanasis'

[that is, the river Thames']. WILLIAM BROWNE earlier, has 'faire silver-footed Thetis' (Works by Hazlitt, i. p. 188). Cf. also the first line of the Elegy on Dr. Porter in our 'Airelles' —printed for the first time by ms: 'Stay silver-footed Cane.'

With reference to the long-accepted reading 'silver-footed,' the epithet is loosely used not for in the state of being forded, but for in a state to be forded, or fordable, and hence shallow. The thought is not quite the same as that intended to be conveyed by such a phrase as 'silver stream of Thames,' but pictures the bright, pellucid, silvery whiteness of a clear mountain rill. As silver-shallow — a meaning which, as has been said, cannot be fairly obtained from it — can it alone be taken as a double epithet. In any other sense the hyphen is only an attempt to connect two qualities which refuse to be connected. All difficulty and obscurity are removed by 'silver-footed.'

St. iii. line 1. The 'we' may be = wee, as printed in 1646, but in 1648 it is 'we are,' and in 1670 'we're,' and in the last, line 2, 'they're.' The SANCROFT MS. in line 2, reads 'they are indeed' for 'indeed they are.'

St. iv. line 4, 1646 and 1670 have 'crawles' and 'crawls' respectively, for 'floates;' as in 1648 and our text. The SANCROFT MS. also reads 'crawles.' In line 3, 1646 and 1670 'meet' is inadvertently substituted for 'creep.'

Lines 5 and 6, 1646 and 1670 read

'Heaven, of such faire floods as this,
Heaven the christall ocean is.'

So too the SANCROFT MS., save that for 'this' it has 'these.'
St. v. line 2. 'Brisk' is = active, nimble. So—and something more—Shakespeare: 'he made me mad, to see him shine so brisk' (1 Henry IV. 3).

Line 3. 1646, 1670 and Sancroft ms. read 'soft' for 'sacred' of 1652 and 1648.

Line 6. 'Breakfast.' See our Essay on this and similar homely words, with parallels. 1648 reads 'his' for 'this breakfast.'

St. vi. line 4, 'violls'= phials or small bottles. The reading in 1646 and 1670 is 'Angels with their bottles come.' So also in the Sancroft ms.

St. vii. line 4. 'Nuzzeld'= nestled or nourished. In quaint old Dr. Worship's Sermons, we have 'dew cruzle on his cheek' (p. 91).

Lines 1 and 3, 'deaw'= 'dew.' This was the contemporary spelling, as it was long before in Sir John Davies, the Fletchers and others in our Fuller Worthies' Library, s. v.

Lines 5 and 6. 1646, 1670 and Sancroft ms. read

'Much rather would it tremble here
And leave them both to be thy teare.'

1648 is as our text (1652).

St. ix. A hasty reader may judge this stanza to have been displaced by the xith, but a closer examination reveals a new vein (so-to-say) of the thought. It is characteristic of Crashaw to give a first-sketch, and afterwards fill in other details to complete the scene or portraiture.

St. xi. Restored from 1646.

St. xii. line 1. 1646, 1648 and 1670 read 'There is.'

Line 4, 'medicinable teares.' So Shakespeare (nearly): 'their medicinal gum' (Othello, v. 2).

St. xiii. line 2. 1646 and 1670 unhappily misprint 'case'; and Turnbull passed the deplorable blunder and perpetuated it.

Line 5. Our text (1652) misprints 'draw' for 'deaw' = dew, as before.

Line 6. 1646 and 1670 read 'May balsame.'

St. xiv. line 3. 1646 and 1670 read

'Might he flow from thee.'
Turnbull misses the rhythmical play in the first and second
'though,' and punctuates the second so as to read with next
line. I make a full-stop as in the Sancroft ms.
Line 4, ib. read
'Content and quiet would he goe.'
So the Sancroft ms.
Line 5, ib. read
'Richer far does he esteem.'
So the Sancroft ms.
St. xv. lines 5 and 6, ib. read
'No April e'er lent softer showres,
Nor May returned fairer flowers.'
'Faithful' looks deeper: but the Sancroft ms. agrees with '46
and '70.
St. xvii. line 2, in 1648 misreads
'With loves and tears, and smiles disputing.'
Turnbull, without the slightest authority, seeing not even in
1670 are the readings found, has thus printed lines 2 and 4,
'With loves, of tears with smiles disporting'... 'Each other
kissing and comforting' !
St. xviii. line 2 in 1648 mis-reads
'Friends with the balsome fire that fill thee.'
The 'balsome' is an evident misprint, but 'thee' is preferable
to 'fill you' of our text (1652), and hence I have adopted it.
Line 3 in 1648 reads
'Cause great flames agree.'
St. xix. line 3, 1648, reads 'that' for 'the.'
Line 4, ib. 'those' for 'these.'
Line 6. cf. Revelations xiv. 5, 'These are they which follow
the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.'
St. xxi. line 6. 'wipe with gold,' refers to Mary Magdalene's
golden tresses, as also in st. xxii. 'a voluntary mint.'
Line 4. 'provoke' = challenge.
St. xxii. line 2. Curiously enough, 1648 edition leaves a
blank where we read 'calls t' as in our text (1652). Turnbull
prints 'call'st,' but that makes nonsense. It is calls 't as = calls
it. So too the Sancroft ms. Probably the copy for 1648 was
illegible.
St. xxiv. line 1. 1646 and 1670 read

'Does the Night arise?'

Line 2. Our text (1652) misprints 'starres' for 'teares' of 1646, 1648 and 1670.

Line 3. 1646 and 1670 read

'Does Night loose her eyes?'

The Sancroft ms. reads line 139 'Does the Night arise?' and line 141, 'Does Niget loose her eyes?'

St. xxv. line 2. 1646 and 1670 read

'Thy teares' just cadence still keeps time.'

So the Sancroft ms.

Line 3. Our text (1652) misprints 'paire' for 'praire.'

'Sweet-breath'd' should probably be pronounced as the adjectival of the substantive, not as the participle of the verb.

Line 6. 1646, 1648 and 1670 read 'doth' for 'does.'

St. xxvi. lines 1 and 2. 1646 and 1670 read

'Thus dost thou melt the yeare
Into a weeping motion.'

Each minute waiteth here.'

So the Sancroft ms.

St. xxvii. Restored from 1646 edition. The Sancroft ms. in line 168 miswrites 'teares.'

St. xxviii. line 5. reads in 1646 and 1670

'Others by dayes, by monthes, by yeares.'

So also the Sancroft ms., wherein this st. follows our st. xv.

St. xxix. line 3. Our text (1652) misprints 'fires' for 'fire' of 1648.

St. xxx. line 1. Our text (1652) misprints 'Say the bright brothers.' 1646 and 1670 read 'Say watry Brothers.' So Sancroft ms. 1648 gives 'ye,' which I have adopted. The misprint of 'the' in 1652 originated doubtless in the printer's reading 'ye,' the usual mode of writing 'the.'

Line 2. 1646 and 1670 read

'Yee simpering . . . .'

So the Sancroft ms.

Line 3, ib. 'fertile' for 'fruitfull.'

Line 4, ib. 'What hath our world that can entice.' So the Sancroft ms.
Lines 5 and 6, ib.

'what is't can borrow
Yon from her eyes, swolne wombes of sorrow.'

So the Sancroft ms.
St. xxxi. line 2. 1646 and 1670 read

'O whither? for the sluttish Earth:'

and I accept 'sluttish' for 'sordid,' which is also confirmed by Sancroft ms.
Line 4, ib. 'your' for 'their;' and as this is also the reading of 1648 and Sancroft ms., I have accepted it.
Line 5. 1646 and 1670 omit 'Sweet.'
Line 6, ib. read 'ye' for 'you.'

St. xxxii. and xxxiii. In 1646 and 1670 these two stanzas are thrown into one, viz. 23 (there), which consists of the first four lines of xxxii. and the two closing lines of xxxiii. as follows,

'No such thing; we goe to meet
A worthier object, our Lord's feet.'

In the Sancroft ms. also, and reads as last line 'A worthy object, our Lord Jesus feet.' On the closing lines of st. xxxii. cf. Sospetto d'Herode, st. xlviii.

I have not thought it needful, either in these Notes or hereafter, to record the somewhat arbitrary variations of mere orthography in the different editions, as 'haile' for 'hail,' 'silver' for 'silver,' 'hee' for 'he,' and the like. But I trust it will be found that no different wording has escaped record. G.
SACRED

SANCTA MARIA

DOLORVM.
SANCTA MARIA DOLORVM, OR THE
MOTHER OF SORROWS.

A pathetick Descant upon the devout Plainsong of
Stabat Mater Dolorosa.1

1.

In shade of Death's sad tree
Stood doleful shee.
Ah she! now by none other
Name to be known, alas, but Sorrow's Mother.

Before her eyes,
Her's, and the whole World's ioyes,
Hanging all torn she sees; and in His woes
And paines, her pangs and throes:
Each wound of His, from every part,
All, more at home in her one heart.

1 Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 7-9); reprinted in
1652 and 1670. As before, our text is that of 1652 (pp. 55-61); but
see Notes and Illustrations at close. The illustration, engraved by
Mesager, is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. G.
II.

What kind of marble, than,
Is that cold man
Who can look on and see,
Nor keep such noble sorrowes company?
Sure eu'en from you
(My flints) some drops are due,
To see so many unkind swords contest
So fast for one soft brest:
While with a faithfull, mutuall floud,
Her eyes bleed teares, His wounds weep blood.

III.

O costly intercourse
Of deaths, and worse—
Divided loues. While Son and mother
Discourse alternate wounds to one another,
Quick deaths that grow
And gather, as they come and goe:
His nailes write swords in her, which soon her heart
Payes back, with more then their own smart.
Her swords, still growing with His pain,
Turn speares, and straight come home again.

IV.

She sees her Son, her God,
Bow with a load
Of borrow'd sins; and swimme
In woes that were not made for Him.

Ah! hard command
Of love! Here must she stand,
Charg'd to look on, and with a stedfast ey
See her life dy:
Leaving her only so much breath
As serves to keep alive her death.

V.

O mother turtle-dove!
Soft source of love!
That these dry lids might borrow
Something from thy full seas of sorrow!

O in that brest
Of thine (the noblest nest
Both of Love's fires and flouds) might I recline
This hard, cold heart of mine!
The chill lump would relent, and prove
Soft subject for the siege of Love.

VI.

O teach those wounds to bleed
In me; me, so to read
This book of loves, thus writ
In lines of death, my life may copy it
With loyall cares.

O let me, here, claim shares!
Till drunk of the dear wounds, I be
A lost thing to the world, as it to me.

O faithfull freind
Of me and of my end!

Fold vp my life in loue; and lay't beneath
My dear Lord's vitall death.

Lo, heart, thy hope's whole plea! her preious breath
Pour'd out in prayrs for thee; thy Lord's in death.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

St. i. line 10. In 1648 the reading is
'Are more at home in her Owne heart.'
In 1670 'All, more at home in her own heart.' I think 'all' and 'one' of our text (1652) preferable. There is a world of pathos in the latter. Cf. st. ii. line 8.

St. ii. line 1. On the change of orthography for rhyme, see our Phineas Fletcher, vol. ii. 206; and our Lord Brooke, Vaughan, &c. &c., show 'then' and 'than' used as in Crashaw.

St. vi. line 3. In 1648 the reading is 'love;' 1670 as our text (1652). The plural includes the twofold love of Son and mother.

Line 7, ib. 'to' for 'in.'
Line 9, ib. 'Oh give' at commencement. 1670, 'to' for 'too.'

St. vii. and viii. These two stanzas do not appear in 1648 edition, but appear in 1670.

St. vii. line 4. By 'tree' the Cross is meant. Cf. st. i. line 1.

St. ix. line 1. 1648 edition supplies the two words required by the measure of the other stanzas, 'in sins.' They are dropped inadvertently in 1652 and 1670. Turnbull failed as usual to detect the omission.

Line 1. 1648 spells 'Divident.'
Lines 5 and 6. I have accepted correction of our text (1652) from 1648 edition, in line 6, of 'If' for 'Is,' which is also the reading of 1670. 1648 substitutes 'just' for 'soft,' but 1670 does not adopt it, nor can I.

St. x. line 1. 1648 reads 'Lend, O lend some reliefe.'
Line 9 reads 'To studie thee so.'
St. xi. line 3, ib. reads 'thy' for 'the.'
Line 8, ib. reads 'Thy deare lost vitall death.'
Line 10. I have adopted from 1648 'in thy Lord's death' for 'thy lord's in death' of our text (1652).

Turnball has some sad misprints in this poem: c.g. st. ii. line 4, 'sorrow's' for 'sorrows;' st. iii. line 2, 'death's' for 'deaths;' st. vi. line 9, 'Me to' for 'Me, too;' st. x. line 2, 'in' for 'an,' and line 3, 'a' mis-inserted before 'sad.' Except in the 'Me to' of st. vi., he had not even the poor excuse of following the text of 1670. G.

THE TEARE.¹

1.

What bright-soft thing is this,
Sweet Mary, thy faire eyes' expence?
A moist sparke it is,
A watry diamond; from whence
The very tearme, I think, was found,
The water of a diamond.

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 0-7): reprinted in 1648 (pp. 9-11) and 1670 editions. As it does not appear in 'Carmen Deo Nostro,' &c. (1652), our text follows that of 1648; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.
II.

O, 'tis not a teare:
'Tis a star about to dropp
From thine eye, its spheare;
The sun will stoope and take it up:
Proud will his sister be, to weare
This thine eyes' iewell in her eare.

III.

O, 'tis a teare,
Too true a teare; for no sad eyne,
How sad so 'ere,
Raine so true a teare, as thine;
Each drop leaving a place so deare,
Weeps for it self; is its owne teare.

IV.

Such a pearle as this is,
Slip't from Aurora's dewy brest—
The rose-bud's sweet lipp kisses;
And such the rose it self that's vext
With ungentle flames, does shed,
Sweating in a too warm bed.

V.

Such the maiden gem,
By the purpling vine put on,
Peeps from her parent stem,
And blushes on the bridegroom sun;
The watry blossom of thy eyne
Ripe, will make the richer wine.

VI.
Faire drop, why quak'st thou so?
'Cause thou streight must lay thy head
    In the dust?  O, no!
The dust shall never be thy bed:
A pillow for thee will I bring,
Stuft with downe of angel's wing.

VII.
Thus carried up on high
    (For to Heaven thou must goe),
    Sweetly shalt thou lye,
    And in soft slumbers bath thy woe,
Till the singing orbes awake thee,
And one of their bright chorus make thee.

VIII.
There thy selfe shalt bee
An eye, but not a weeping one;
    Yet I doubt of thee,
Whether th' had'st rather there have shone
An eye of heaven; or still shine here,
In the heaven of Marie's eye, a teare.
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

It is to be re-noted that st. v. is identical in all save 'watry' for 'bridegroom' with st. xi. of 'The Weeper' as given in text of 1652, and that st. iv. has two lines from st. xxix. of the same poem. Neither of these stanzas appear in 'The Weeper' of 1646. As stated in relative foot-note, I have withdrawn the former from 'The Weeper.' We may be sure it was inadvertently inserted in 1652, seeing that the very next stanza closes with the same word 'wine' as in it: a fault which our Poet never could have passed. It is to be noticed too that 'The Teare' did not appear in the edition of 1652. By transferring the stanza to 'The Teare' as in 1646, 1648 and 1670 editions, a blemish is removed from 'The Weeper;' while in 'The Teare' it is a vivid addition. The 'such' of line 1 links it naturally on to st. iv. with its 'such.'

Our text follows that of 1648 except in st. v. line 4, where I adopt the reading of 1652 in 'The Weeper' (there st. xi.) of 'bridegroom' (misprinted 'bridegrooms') for 'watry,' and that I correct in st. vii. line 6, the misprint 'the' for 'thee,'—the latter being found in 1646 and 1670. With reference to st. v. again, in line 5 in 'The Weeper' of 1648 the reading is 'balsome' for 'blossom.' The 'ripe' of line 6 settles (I think) that 'blossom' is the right word, as the ripe blossom is the grape, to the rich luecent-white drops of which the Weeper's tears are likened. 'Balsome' doesn't make wine. I have adopted from st. xi. of 'The Weeper' of 1652 the reading 'the purpling vine' for 'the wanton Spring' of 1646, 1648 and 1670. The Sancroft ms. in st. i. line 2, reads 'expends' for 'expence;' st. iv. line 4, 'that's' for 'when;' st. v. line 4, 'manly sunne' for 'bridegrome,' and line 5, 'thine' for 'thy;' st. viii. line 6, 'I' th'' for 'In th.' G.
Tractasti semetipsum pro nobis oblationem, et hostiam Deo in odorum suavitatis. - ad Ephes
THE OFFICE OF THE HOLY CROSSE.¹

Tradidit semetipsum pro nobis oblationem et hostiam Deo in odorum suamitatis. Ad Ephe. v. 2.

THE HOWRES.

FOR THE HOVR OF MATINES.

The Versicle.

Lord, by Thy sweet and saving sign!

The Responsory.

Defend us from our foes and Thine.

V. Thou shalt open my lippes, O Lord.

R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praye.

V. O God, make speed to save me.

R. O Lord, make hast to help me.

¹ Most of 'The Office of the Holy Crosse' appeared in the 'Steps' of 1648, but in a fragmentary form. First came a piece 'Upon our B. Saviour's Passion,' which included all the Hymns. Then 'the Antiphona,' which was the last so called here; then 'the Recommendation of the precedent Hymn;' then 'a Prayer;' and lastly, 'Christ's Victory,' including three other of the verses, called 'the Antiphona.' Our text is from 'Carmen Deo Nostro' &c. of 1652, as before (pp. 31-48)—the engraving in which is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. See Notes and Illustrations at close of this composition. G.
Glory be to the Father, 
and to the Son, 
and to the H[oly] G[host].
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

The Hymn.
The wakefull Matines hast to sing 
The unknown sorrows of our King:
The Father’s Word and Wisdom, made
Man for man, by man’s betraid;
The World’s price sett to sale, and by the bold
Merchants of Death and Sin, is bought and sold:
Of His best freinds (yea of Himself) forsaken;
By His worst foes (because He would) besie’d and taken.

The Antiphona.
All hail, fair tree,
Whose fruit we be!
What song shall raise
Thy seemly praise,
Who broughtst to light
Life out of death, Day out of Night!

The Versicle.
Lo, we adore Thee,
Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before Thee:
The Responsor.
'Cause, by the conenant of Thy crosse,
Thou hast san'd at once the whole World's losse.

The Prayer.
O Lord Iesv-Chrst, Son of the liuing God!
interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own pretious death,
Thy crosse and passion, betwixt my soul and Thy
judgment, now and in the hour of my death. And
vouchsafe to graunt vnto me Thy grace and mercy;
vnto all quick and dead, remission and rest; to Thy
Church, peace and concord; to vs sinners, life and
glory everlasting. Who liuest and reignest with
the Father, in the vnity of the Holy Ghost, one
God, world without end. Amen.

For the Hour of Prime.

The Versicle.
Lord, by Thy sweet and sauing sign!

The Responsor.
Defend vs from our foes and Thine.
V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.
R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.
V. O God, make speed to save me.
R. O Lord, make hast to help me.
V. Glory be to, &c.
R. As it was in the, &c.
The Hymn.

The early Prime blushes to say
She could not rise so soon, as they
Call'd Pilat vp; to try if he
Could lend them any cruelty.

Their hands with lashes arm'd, their tongues
with lyes
And loathsom spittle, blott those beauteous eyes,
The blissfull springs of ioy; from whose all-cheering ray
The fair starrs fill their wakefull fires, the sun himself drinks day.

The Antiphona.

Victorious sign
That now dost shine,
Transcrib'd above
Into the land of light and love;
O let vs twine
Our rootes with thine,
That we may rise
Vpon thy wings, and reach the skyes.

The Versicle.

Lo, we adore Thee,
Dread Lamb! and fall
Thus low before Thee.
The Responsor.

'Cause by the covenant of Thy crosse
Thou hast sau'd at once the whole World's losse.

The Prayer.

O Lord Iesv-Christ, Son of the living God!
interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own pretious death,
Thy crosse and passion, betwixt my soul and Thy
judgment, now and in the hour of my death. And
vouchsafe to graunt vnto me Thy grace and mercy;
nto all quick and dead, remission and rest; to
Thy Church, peace and concord; to vs sinners,
life and glory everlastling. Who liuest and reignest
with the Father, in the vntity of the Holy Ghost,
one God, world without end. Amen.

The Third.

The Versicle.

Lord, by Thy sweet and sauing sign,

The Responsor.

Defend vs from our foes and Thine.
V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.
R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.
V. O God, make speed to save me.
R. O Lord, make hast to help me.
V. Glory be to, &c.
R. As it was in the, &c.
The Hymn.
The third hour's deafen'd with the cry
Of crucify Him, crucify.
So goes the vote (nor ask them, why?),
Lieve Barabbas! and let God dy.
But there is witt in wrath, and they will try
A hail more cruel then their crucify.
For while in sport He weares a spitefull crown
The serious showres along His decent Face run
sadly down.

The Antiphona.
Christ when He dy'd
Deceiu'd the Crosse;
And on Death's side
Threw all the losse.
The captive World awak't and found
The prisoners loose, the iaylor bound.

The Versicle.
Lo, we adore Thee,
Dread Lamb, and fall
Thus low before Thee.

The Responser.
'Cause by the couenant of Thy crosse
Thou hast sauid at once the whole World's losse.
The Prayer.

O Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the living God! interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own precious death, Thy cross and passion, betwixt my soul and Thy judgment, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to grant unto me Thy grace and mercy; unto all quick and dead, remission and rest; to Thy Church, peace and concord; to Thy sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who liest and reignest with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

The Sixth.

The Versicle.

Lord, by Thy sweet and sauing sign!

The Responsor.

Defend vs from our foes and Thine.

V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.
R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.
V. O God, make speed to save me!
R. O Lord, make haste to help me!
V. Glory be to, &c.
R. As it was in the, &c.

The Hymn.

Now is the noon of Sorrow's night:
High in His patience, as their spite,
Lo, the faint Lamb, with weary limb
Beares that huge tree which must bear Him!
That fatall plant, so great of fame
For fruit of sorrow and of shame,
Shall swell with both, for Him, and mix
All woes into one crucifix.
Is tortur'd thirst itselxe too sweet a cup?
Gall, and more bitter mocks, shall make it vp.
Are nailes, blunt pens of superficiall smart?
Contempt and scorn can send sure wounds to
search the inmost heart.

The Antiphona.

O deare and sweet dispute
'Twixt Death's and Loue's farr different fruit!
Different as farr
As antidotes and poysons are.
    By that first fatall tree
Both life and liberty
    Were sold and slain;
By this they both look vp, and liue again.

The Versicle.

Lo, we adore Thee,
Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before Thee.

The Responsor.

’Cause by the covenanct of Thy crosse,
Thou hast sau’d the World from certain losse.
The Prayer.

O Lord Iesv-Christ, Son of the liuing God! interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own pretious death, Thy crosse and passion, betwixt my soul and Thy judgment, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to graunt vnto me Thy grace and mercy; vnto all quick and dead, remission and rest; to Thy Church, peace and concord; to vs sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who liuest and reignest with the Father, in the vnity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

The Ninth.

The Versicle.

Lord, by Thy sweet and saveing sign,

The Responsor.

Defend vs from our foes and Thine.

V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.
R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.
V. O God, make speed to save me!
R. O Lord, make hast to help me!
V. Glory be to, &c.
R. As it was in the, &c.

The Hymn.

The ninth with awfull horror hearkened to those groanes Which taught attention en'n to rocks and stones.
Hear, Father, hear! Thy Lamb (at last) complaines
Of some more painfull thing then all His paines.
Then bowes His all-obedient head, and dyes His own lou's and our sins' GREAT SACRIFICE.
The sun saw that, and would haue seen no more;
The center shook: her vselesse veil th' inglorious Temple tore.

*The Antiphona.*

O strange, mysterious strife
Of open Death and hidden Life!
When on the crosse my King did bleed,
Life seem'd to dy, Death dy'd indeed.¹

*The Versicle.*

Lo, we adore Thee,
Dread Lamb! and fall
Thus low before Thee.

*The Responsor.*

'Cause by the covenant of Thy crosse
Thou hast sau'd at once the whole World's losse.

*The Prayer.*

O Lord Iesv-Christ, Son of the liuing God!
interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own pretious death,

¹ *Mors et vita duello*
Conlixero mirando:
Dux vitae mortuus, regnat vivus.

*Latin Sequence* 12th-13th century: Vict. Pasch. G.
Thy crosse and passion, betwixt my soul and Thy judgment, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to grant unto me Thy grace and mercy; unto all quick and dead, remission and rest; to Thy Church, peace and concord; to vs sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who liuest and reignest with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

Evensong.

The Versicle.

Lord, by Thy sweet and sauing sign!

The Responsoe.

Defend vs from our foes and Thine.

V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord!

R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

V. O God, make speed to save me!

R. O Lord, make hast to help me!

V. Glory be to, &c.

R. As it was in the, &c.

The Hymn.

But there were rocks would not relent at this:
Lo, for their own hearts, they rend His;
Their deadly hate liues still, and hath
A wild reserve of wanton wrath;
Superfluous spear! But there's a heart stands by Will look no wounds be lost, no deaths shall dy.
Gather now thy Greif’s ripe fruit, great mother-maid!
Then sitt thee down, and sing thine eu’nsong in the sad tree’s shade.

*The Antiphon.*

O sad, sweet tree!
Wofull and joyfull we
Both weep and sing in shade of thee.
When the dear nailes did lock
And graft into thy gracious stock
    The hope, the health,
    The worth, the wealth

Of all the ransom’d World, thou hadst the power
    (In that propitious hour)
To poise each pretious limb,
And prone how light the World was, when it weighed with Him.

Wide maist thou spred
Thine armes, and with thy bright and blissfull head
O’relook all Libanns. Thy lofty crown
The King Himself is, thou His humble throne,
Where yeilding and yet conquering He
Prou’d a new path of patient victory:

When wondring Death by death was slain,
And our Captiuity His captiue ta’ne.
The Versicle.

Lo, we adore Thee,
Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before Thee.

The Responor.

'Cause by the covenant of Thy crosse
Thou hast sau'd the World from certain losse.

The Prayer.

O Lord Jesu-Christ, Son of the liuing, &c.

Compline.

The Versicle.

Lord, by Thy sweet and sauing sign!

The Responor.

Defend us from our foes and Thine.

R. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord! 235

R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

R. O God, make speed to save me!

R. O Lord, make hast to help me!

R. Glory be to, &c.

R. As it was in the, &c. 240

The Hymn.

The Complin hour comes last, to call
Vs to our own lives' funerall.

vol. 1.
Ah heartlesse task! yet Hope takes head,
And lines in Him that here lyes dead.
Run, Mary, run! Bring hither all the blest
Arabia, for thy royall phoenix' nest;
Pour on thy noblest sweets, which, when they touch
This sweeter body, shall indeed be such.
But must Thy bed, Lord, be a borrow'd grave
Who lend'st to all things all the life they have.
O rather use this heart, thus farr a fitter stone,
'Cause, though a hard and cold one, yet it is Thine
own. Amen.

*The Antiphon.*

O save vs then,
Mercyfull King of men!
Since Thou wouldst needs be thus
A Saviour, and at such a rate, for vs;
Save vs, O save vs, Lord.
We now will own no shorter wish, nor name a nar-
rower word;
Thy blood bids vs be bold,
Thy wounds gie vs fair hold,
Thy sorrows chide our shame:
Thy crosse, Thy nature, and Thy name
Advance our claim,
And cry with one accord
Save them, O save them, Lord!
SVM pulcher: ut nemo nunc me allegari.
Sunt adsita: nemo est qui verba posse.
Sunt divae: a me nemo quidquid populat.
Ex concli pulcro nemo me longae hores.
Arma uiue iniquorum a mauflisspis.
Prudensse summus sed me gust et qui confiisti?
Ex ista fide at per me gestusique dubius?
Sum veritas: quae multis, non creditis?
Sum cum verba veras est qui me prior.
Sanus esto uedere ut nemo capit.
Sum miseriae: nullus fides in me credens.
TV S. part. san ut mihi impensa Heno.
Scribi uti eam parasit hae ueter.
These Houres, and that which houers o're my end,
Into Thy hands and hart, Lord, I commend.
Take both to Thine account, that I and mine
In that hour, and in these, may be all Thine.
That as I dedicate my devoutest breath
To make a kind of life for my Lord's death,
So from His living and life-giving death,
My dying life may draw a new and neuer fleeting breath.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the original edition of this composition, as supra (1618),
it is entitled simply 'Upon our B[l]essed] Saviour's Passion.'
What in our text (1652) constitute the Hymns, were originally
numbered as seven stanzas. A few various readings from 1618
will be found below. Our text is given in full in 1670 edition,
but not very accurately.

Varios readings of the Hymns in 1648 'Steps.'
I. Line 1. 'The wakefull dawning hast's to sing.'
1. 'The early Morne.'
2. 'It' for 'she.'

2. 'By all Thine unknown sorrows, good Lord, deliver us:'
3. 'betr.' for 'beseig'd;' the former perhaps super.

3. 'ther's' for 'there is.'

4. 'The fruit' instead of ' for'—a misprint.
5. 'our great sins' sacrifice.'

5. 'The Nightening houre'—a curious coinage.

1 The engraving of our text (1652) here, is reproduced in our illus-
trated quarto edition. For the Latin 'Expostulatio' belonging thereto, see our vol. ii. G.
In the 'Prayer,' 'unto all quick and dead' is dropped, and reads 'the,' not 'Thy,' Church. In line 55 Turnbull reads 'weakful;' and line 243, 'heed' for 'head,'—two of a number of provoking blunders in his text. G.

VEXILLA REGIS:
THE HYMN OF THE HOLY CROSSE.¹

I.

Loke vp, languisting soul! Lo, where the fau 1
Badge of thy faith calls back thy care,
And biddes thee ne're forget
Thy life is one long debt
Of loue, to Him, Who on this painfull tree
Paid back the flesh He took for thee.

II.

Lo, how the streames of life, from that full nest
Of loues, Thy Lord's too liberall brest,
Flow in an amorous floud
Of water wedding blood.
With these He wash't thy stain, transferr'd thy smart,
And took it home to His own heart.

III.

But though great Love, greedy of such sad gain,
Vsurpt the portion of thy pain,

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 33-1): reprinted in 1652 (pp. 49-51) and 1670 (pp. 174-6). Our text is that of 1652, as before. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.
And from the nails and spear
Turn'd the steel point of fear:
Their use is chang'd, not lost; and now they move
Not stings of wrath, but wounds of love.

iv.

Tall tree of life! thy truth makes good
What was till now we're understood,
Though the prophetick king
Struck loud his faithfull string:
It was thy wood he meant should make the throne
For a more than Salomon.

v.

Large throne of Loue! royally spred
With purple of too rich a red:
Thy crime is too much duty;
Thy burthen, too much beauty;
Glorious or grievous more? thus to make good
Thy costly excellence with thy King's own blood.

vi.

Even balance of both worlds! our world of sin,
And that of grace, Heaven-way'd in Him:
Vs with our price thou weighed'st;
Our price for vs thou payed'st,
Soon as the right-hand scale rejoic't to prove
How much Death weigh'd more light then Loue.
VII.

Hail, our alone hope! let thy fair head shoot
Aloft, and fill the nations with thy noble fruit:
The while our hearts and we
Thus graft our selves on thee,
Grow thou and they. And be thy fair increase
The sinner's pardon and the just man's peace.

Line, O for ever live and reign
The Lamb Whom His own love hath slain!
And let Thy lost sheep live to inherit
That kingdom which this Crosse did merit. Amen.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

These variations &c. as between 1648 and 1652, deserve record:

St. i. line 1. 'Languishing,' which is the reading in 1648.
1b. line 2. Here, and in v. line 1, I have added 'e' to 'badg' and 'larg' respectively from 1648.

St. vi. line 2. Our text (1652) corrects a manifest blunder of 1648, which reads 'wag'd' for 'way'd'—weighed. In 1648, lines 3-4 read

'Both with one price were weighed,
Both with one price were paid.'

St. vii. appeared for the first time in our text (1652). In the closing four lines, line 4, 1648, reads noticeably

'That Kingdom which Thy blessed death did merit.'

The allusion in st. iv. is to the old reading of Psalm xcvi. 10: 'Tell it among the heathen that the Lord reigneth from the tree.' The reference to Solomon points to the mediaeval mystical interpretations of Canticles iii. 9-10.

I place 'Vexilla Regis' immediately after the 'Office of the Holy Crosse,' as really belonging to it, and not to be separated as in 1648. G.
[THE LORD SILENCES HIS QUESTIONERS.]  

Neither durst any man from that day aske Him any more questions;  
*St. Matthew xxii.*

Mid'st all the darke and knotty snares,  
Black wit or malice can, or dares,  
Thy glorious wisedome breaks the nets,  
And treds with uncontrouled steps;  
Thy quell'd foes are not onely now  
Thy triumphs, but Thy trophies too:  
They both at once Thy conquests bee,  
And Thy conquests' memorie,  
Stony amazement makes them stand  
Wayting on Thy victorious hand,  
Like statues fix'd to the fame  
Of Thy renowne, and their own shame,  
As if they onely meant to breath  
To be the life of their own death.  
'Twas time to hold their peace, when they  
Had ne're another word to say;

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1 Originally appeared in *Steps* of 1646 (p. 15): was reprinted in editions 1648 (pp. 21–2) and 1670 (p. 15). Our text is that of 1648: but there are only slight orthographic differences in the others. G.
OUR BLESSED LORD IN HIS CIRCUMCISION.

Yet is their silence unto Thee,
The full sound of Thy victorie;
Their silence speaks aloud, and is
Thy well pronounc'd panegyris.

While they speak nothing, they speak all
Their share, in Thy memoriall.

While they speake nothing, they proclame
Thee, with the shrillest trump of Fame.

To hold their peace is all the wayes
These wretches have to speak Thy praise.

OUR BLESSED LORD IN HIS CIRCUMCISION
TO HIS FATHER. 1

1. To Thee these first-fruits of My growing death (For what else is My life?), lo! I bequeath:

2. Tast this, and as Thou lik'st this lesser flood
Expect a sea; My heart shall make it good.

1 Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (p. 21); was reprinted in 1648 (p. 29) and 1670 (p. 22). Our text is that of 1648, but the others are the same except in the usual changes of orthography. The SANCROFT ms. in line 7 reads 'Then shall He drink:' line 9, 'My paines are in their nonage: my young feares:' line 10 I have adopted, instead of 'Are yet both in their hopes, not come to yeares,' which isn't English; line 12, 'are tender:' line 14, 'a towardnesse.' I have arranged these poems in numbered couplets as in the SANCROFT ms. I insert 'd.' dropped by misprint in 1648, but found in 1646 (line 13). G.
3. Thy wrath that wades here now, e're long shall swim,
The floodgate shall be set wide ope for Him.

4. Then let Him drinke, and drinke, and doe His worst
To drowne the wantonnesse of His wild thirst.

5. Now's but the nonage of My paines, My feares
Are yett but hopes, weake as my infant yeares.

6. The day of My darke woe is yet but morne,
My teares but tender, and My death new-borne.

7. Yet may these unfledg'd griefes give fate some guesse,
These cradle-torments have their towardnesse.

8. These purple buds of blooming death may bee,
Erst the full stature of a fatall tree.

9. And till My riper woes to age are come,
This knife may be the speare's praelidium.
ON THE WOUNDS OF OUR CRUCIFIED LORD.¹

O, these wakefull wounds of Thine!  
Are they mouthes? or are they eyes?  
Be they mouthes, or be they eyne,  
Each bleeding part some one supplies.

Lo! a mouth! whose full-bloom'd lips  
At too dear a rate are roses:  
Lo! a blood-shot eye! that weeps,  
And many a cruell teare discloses.

O, thou that on this foot hast laid  
Many a kisse, and many a teare;  
Now thou shalt have all repaid,  
What soe're thy charges were.

This foot hath got a mouth and lips  
To pay the sweet summe of thy kisses;  
To pay thy teares, an eye that weeps,  
Instead of teares, such gems as this is.

¹ Appeared originally in ‘Steps’ of 1646 (pp. 21, 22): was reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 29, 30) and 1670 (pp. 22, 23). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree save in usual orthographic slight changes. In 1646 stanza ii. line 2 spells ‘too’ as ‘two.’ The Saxcroft MS. varies only, as usual, in the orthography. G.
Upon the Bleeding Crucifix

The difference onely this appeares,
(Nor can the change offend)
The debt is paid in ruby-teares
Which thou in pearles did'st lend.

Upon the Bleeding Crucifix: A Song.¹

I. Iesus, no more! It is full tide:
From Thy head and from Thy feet,
From Thy hands and from Thy side
All the purple riuers meet.

II. What need Thy fair head bear a part
In showres, as if Thine eyes had none?
What need they help to drown Thy heart,
That strues in torrents of it's own?

III. Water'd by the showres they bring,
The thornes that Thy blest browe encloses
(A cruell and a costly spring)
Conceine proud hopes of proving roses.

¹ Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 23, 24) : was reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 32, 33), 1652 (pp. 61-63) and 1670 (pp. 24, 25). Our text is that of 1652, as before, but with an entire stanza from 1646 overlooked. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.
IV.

Thy restlesse feet now cannot goe
For vs and our eternall good,
As they were euer wont. What though?
They swimme, alas! in their own floud.

V.

Thy hand to giue Thou canst not lift;
Yet will Thy hand still giuing be.
It giues, but O itself's the gift:
It giues though bound; though bound 'tis free.

VI.

But O Thy side, Thy deep-digg'd side!
That hath a double Nilus going:
Nor euer was the Pharian tide
Half so fruitfull, half so flowing.

VII.

No hair so small, but payes his riuier
To this Red Sea of Thy blood;
Their little channells can deliver
Somthing to the generall floud.

VIII.

But while I speak, whither are run
All the riuers nam'd before?
I counted wrong: there is but one;
But O that one is one all ore.
IX.
Rain-swoln rivers may rise proud,
Bent all to drown and overflow;
But when indeed all's overflow'd,
They themselves are drown'd too.

X.
This Thy blood's deluge (a dire chance,
Dear Lord, to Thee) to vs is found
A deluge of deliverance;
A deluge least we should be drown'd.⁠lest
N'er wast Thou in a sense so sadly true,
The well of living waters, Lord, till now.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.
The title in 1646 is 'On the bleeding wounds of our crucified Lord:' in 1648 has 'body' for 'wounds:' in 1670 as 1646. I record these variations, &c.:
St. i. lines 2 and 3, in 1646 and 1670 read
'From Thy hands and from Thy feet,
From Thy head and from Thy side.'
So the SANCROFT MS.
St. ii. In 1646 and 1670 this stanza is the 5th, and in line 2 has 'teares' for 'showeres.'
St. iii. This stanza, by some strange oversight, is wholly dropped in 1652. St. iii. not in SANCROFT MS., and our st. ii. is the last. On one of the fly-leaves of the copy of 1646 edition in Trinity College, Cambridge, is the following contemporary MS. epigram, which embodies the sentiment of the stanza:

*In caput Xii spinis coronatum.*
Cerno Caput -si Christe tumm mihi veritur omne
In spinis illud, quod fuit ante rosa.*

Turnbull gives the stanza, but misplaces it after our st. vi., overlooking that our st. ii. is in 1646 edition st. v.
St. iv. line 1: in 1646 and 1670 'they' for 'now.'
Line 3, ib. 'as they are wont'—evident inadvertence, as 'ever' is required by the measure.
Line 4, ib. 'blood' for 'floud:' so also in 1648.
St. v. line 1, ib. 'hand' for 'hands:' 'hand' in 1648, and in SANCROFT ms.: adopted. Line 4, 'dropps' in SANCROFT ms. for 'gives.'
St. vi. line 3. Our text (1652) prints 'pharian,' the Paris printer spelling (and mis-spelling) without comprehending the reference to Pharaoh.
St. vii. line 1, in 1646 and 1670 'not a haire but . . . .'
St. ix. line 3, in 1648 a capital in 'All's.' G.
TO THE NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME, THE NAME OF JESUS:

A HYMN.¹

In Unitate Devs Est
Numisima Urbani 6.

I sing the name which none can say
But touch't with an interior ray:
The name of our new peace; our good:
Our bliss; and supernatural blood:
The name of all our lines and loves.

Hearken, and help, ye holy doves!
The high-born brood of Day; you bright
Candidates of blissful light,
The heirs elect of Love, whose names belong
Unto the everlasting life of song;

All ye wise souls, who in the wealthy breast
Of this unbounded name, build your warm nest.

¹ Appeared originally in ‘Steps’ of 1648 (pp. 33-40); was reprinted in 1652 (pp. 1-9) and 1670 (pp. 146-153). Our text is that of 1652, as before, and its engraving here is reproduced in our illustrated 4to edition. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem, G.
Awake, my glory, Sovl (if such thou be,
And that fair word at all referr to thee),
    Awake and sing,
    And be all wing;
Bring hither thy whole self; and let me see
What of thy parent Heav'n yet speakes in thee.
    O thou art poore
    Of noble powres, I see,
And full of nothing else but empty me:
Narrow, and low, and infinitely lesse
Then this great morning's mighty busynes.
    One little world or two
    (Alas) will never doe;
    We must have store.
Goe, Sovl, out of thy self, and seek for more.
    Goe and request
Great Natvre for the key of her huge chest
Of Heav'n, the self-intuoluing sett of sphears:
    (Which dull mortality more feelest then heares).
    Then rouse the nest
Of nimble Art, and trauere round
The aeri shop of soul-appeasing sound:
    And beat a summons in the same
    All-soueraign name,
To warn each severall kind
And shape of sweetnes, be they such
    As sigh with supple wind
    Or answer artfull touch;
TO THE NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME.

That they convene and come away
To wait at the love-crowned doores of this illustrious day.
Shall we dare this, my Soul? we'll doe't and bring
No other note for't, but the name we sing.
   Wake lvte and harp, and every sweet-lipp'd
   thing
   That talks with tuneful string;
Start into life, and leap with me
Into a hasty fit-tun'd harmony.
   Nor must you think it much
   To obey my bolder touch;
I have authority in Love's name to take you,
And to the worke of Loue this morning wake you.
   Wake, in the name
Of Him Who neuer sleeps, all things that are,
   Or, what's the same,
   Are musical;
   Answer my call
   And come along;
Help me to meditate mine immortal song.
Come, ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth,
Bring all your household stuffe of heav'n on earth;
O you, my Soul's most certain wings,
Complaining pipes, and prattling strings,
   Bring all the store
Of sweets you have; and murmur that you have no
   more.
Come, ne're to part,
Nature and Art!
Come; and come strong,
To the conspiracy of our spatiouse song.
Bring all the powres of praise,
Your provinces of well-uniyted worlds can raise;
Bring all your lytes and harps of Heavn and Earth;
Whatere cooperates to the common mirthe:
Vessells of vocall ioyes,
Or you, more noble architects of intellectuall noise,
Cymballs of Heau'n, or humane sphears,
Solliciter of soyles or eares;
And when you are come, with all
That you can bring or we can call:
O may you fix
For euer here, and mix
Your selues into the long
And euerlastong series of a deathlesse song;
Mix all your many worlds aboue,
And loose them into one of loue.
Chear thee my heart!
For thou too hast thy part
And place in the Great Throng
Of this unbounded all-imbracing song.
Powres of my soul, be proud!
And speake lowd
To all the dear-bought Nations, this redeeming Name,
And in the wealth of one rich word, proclaim
New similes to Nature. May it be no wrong
Blest Heauns, to you and your superiour song,
That we, dark sons of dust and sorrow,
A while dare borrow
The name of your delights, and our desires,
And fitt it to so farr inferior lyres.
Our murmurs haue their musick too,
Ye mighty Orbes, as well as you;
Nor yeilds the noblest nest
Of warbling Seraphim to the cares of Loue,
A choicer lesson then the joyfull brest
Of a poor panting turtle-doue.
And we, low wormes, haue leave to doe
The same bright busynes (ye Third Heavens) with you.
Gentle spirits, doe not complain!
We will haue care
To keep it fair,
And send it back to you again.
Come, lonely Name! Appear from forth the bright
Regions of peacefull light;
Look from Thine Own illustrious home,
Fair King of names, and come:
Leaue all Thy native glories in their gorgeous nest,
And giue Thy Self a while the gracious Guest
Of humble soules, that seek to find
The hidden sweets
Which man's heart meets
When Thou art Master of the mind.
Come lonely Name; Life of our hope!
Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope!
Unlock Thy cabinet of Day,
Dearest Sweet, and come away.
Lo, how the thirsty Lands
Gasp for Thy golden showres! with long-streteht hands
Lo, how the laboring Earth
That hopes to be
All Heauen by Thee,
Leapes at Thy birth!
The' attending World, to wait Thy rise,
First turn'd to eyes;
And then, not knowing what to doe,
Turn'd them to teares, and spent them too.
Come royall Name! and pay the expence
Of all this pretious patience;
O come away
And kill the death of this delay!
O, see so many worlds of barren yeares
Melted and measur'd out in seas of teares:
O, see the weary liddes of wakefull Hope
(Love's eastern windowes) all wide ope
With curtains drawn,
To catch the day-break of Thy dawn.
O, dawn at last, long lookt for Day!
Take Thine own wings, and come away.
Lo, where aloft it comes! It comes, among
The conduct of adoring spirits, that throng
Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.  
  O, they are wise,  
And know what sweetes are suck't from out it:  
  It is the hune,  
By which they thrive,  
Where all their hoard of hon'y lyes.  
Lo, where it comes, vpon the snowy Dove's  
Soft back; and brings a bosom big with lones:  
Welcome to our dark world, Thou womb of Day!  
Unfold Thy fair conceotions, and display  
The birth of our bright ioyes, O Thou compacted  
Body of blessings: Spirit of soules extracted!  
O, dissipate Thy spiey powres,  
(Cloud of condens'd sweets) and break vpon vs  
In balmy showrs!  
O, fill our senses, and take from vs all force of so  
  prophane a fallacy,  
To think ought sweet but that which smells of Thee!  
Fair, flowry Name, in none but Thee  
And Thy nectarcall fragrancy,  
  Hourly there meetes  
An universall synod of all sweetes;  
By whom it is defined thus,  
  That no perfume  
  For euer shall presume  
To passe for odoriferous,  
But such alone whose sacred pedigree  
Can prove itself some kin (sweet Name!) to Thee.
Sweet Name, in Thy each syllable
A thousand blest Arabias dwell;
A thousand hills of frankincense,
Mountains of myrrh, and beds of spices
And ten thousand paradises,
The soul that tastes Thee takes from thence.
How many unknown worlds there are
Of comforts, which Thou hast in keeping!
How many thousand mercyes there
In Pitty's soft lap ly a-sleeping!
Happy he who has the art
To awake them,
And to take them
Home, and lodge them in his heart.
O, that it were as it was wont to be!
When Thy old freinds of fire, all full of Thee,
Fought against frowns with smiles; gaue glorious chase
To persecutions; and against the face
Of Death and feircest dangers, durst with braue
And sober pace, march on to meet a grave.
On their bold brests, about the world they bore Thee,
And to the teeth of Hell stood vp to teach Thee;
In center of their inmost soules, they wore Thee,
Where rackes and torments striu'd, in vain, to reach Thee.

Little, alas, thought they
Who tore the fair brests of Thy freinds,
Their fury but made way
For Thee, and scru'd them in Thy glorious ends.
What did their weapons but with wider pores
Inlarge Thy flaming-brested loners,
   More freely to transpire
   That impatient fire,
The heart that hides Thee hardly coners?
What did their weapons but sett wide the dores
For Thee? fair, purple doores, of Loun's deusing;
The ruby windowes which inricht the East
Of Thy so oft-repeated rising!
Each wound of theirs was Thy new morning,
And reithron'd Thee in Thy rosy nest,
With blush of Thine Own blood Thy day adorn-
ing:
It was the witt of Loun oreflowd the bounds
Of Wrath, and made Thee way through all those
wovnds.
Wellcome, dear, all-adorèd Name!
   For sure there is no knee
   That knowes not Thee:
Or, if there be such sonns of shame,
   Alas! what will they doe
When stubborn rocks shall bow
And hills hang down their heam-saluting heads
   To seek for humble beds
Of dust, where in the bashfull shades of Night
Next to their own low Nothing, they may ly,
And couch before the dazeling light of Thy dread
majesty.
They that by Loue's mild dictate now
Will not adore Thee,
Shall then, with just confusion bow
And break before Thee.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The title in 1648 'Steps' is simply 'On the name of Jesus.'
In 1670 it is 'To the Name above every Name, the Name of
Jesus, a Hymn,' and throughout differs from our text (1652)
only in usual modernisation of orthography. The text of 1648
yields these readings:

Line 7, 'the bright.'
  ,, 42, 'of th's.'
  ,, 49, 'Into a habit fit of self tun'd Harmonic.'
  ,, 79, 'you're.'
  ,, 92, 'aloud.'
  ,, 105, 'Seraphins.'
  ,, 106, 'loyall' for 'joyfull.'
  ,, 132, 'heavens.'
  ,, 182 spells 'sillabell.'
  ,, 187, 'The soules tastes thee takes from thence.'
  ,, 202, 'bare.'
  ,, 204, 'ware.'
  ,, 209, 'For Thee: And serv'd therin thy glorious ends.'

See our Essay for critical remarks on the measure and
rhythm of this poem as printed in our text (1652). G.
PSALME XXIII.¹

Happy me! O happy sheepe!
Whom my God vouchsafes to keepe;
Even my God, even He it is,
That points me to these paths of blisse;
On Whose pastures cheerefull Spring,
All the yeare doth sit and sing,
And rejoycing, smiles to see
Their green backs weare His liverie:
Pleasure sings my soul to rest,
Plentie weares me at her brest,
Whose sweet temper teaches me
Nor wanton, nor in want to be.
At my feet, the blubb'ring mountaine
Weeping, melts into a fountaine;
Whose soft, silver-sweating streames
Make high-noon forget his beames:
When my wayward breath is flying,
He calls home my soul from dying;

¹ Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 25-27); was reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 40-42) and 1679 (pp. 26-28). Our text is that of 1648: but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.
Strokes and tames my rabid griefe,  
And does wooe me into life:  
When my simple weaknes strayes,  
(Tangled in forbidden wayes)  
He (my Shepheard) is my guide,  
Hee's before me, on my side,  
And behind me, He beguiles  
Craft in all her knottie wiles:  
He expounds the weary wonder  
Of my giddy steps, and under  
Spreads a path, cleare as the day,  
Where no churlish rub says nay  
To my joy-conducted feet,  
Whilst they gladly goe to meet  
Grace and Peace, to learne new laies,  
Tun'd to my great Shepheard's praise.  
Come now all ye terrors sally,  
Muster forth into the valley,  
Where triumphant darknesse hovers  
With a sable wing, that covers  
Brooding horror. Come, thou Death,  
Let the damps of thy dull breath  
Over-shadow even that shade,  
And make Darknes' selfe afraid;  
There my feet, even there, shall find  
Way for a resolvèd mind.  
Still my Shepheard, still my God,  
Thou art with me; still Thy rod,
And Thy static, whose influence
Gives direction, gives defence.
At the whisper of Thy word
Crown'd abundance spreads my board:
While I feast, my foes doe feed
Their ranck malice not their need,
So that with the self-same bread
They are starv'd and I am fed.
How my head in ointment swims!
How my cup o'relooks her brims!
So, even so still may I move,
By the line of Thy deare love;
Still may Thy sweet mercy spread
A shady arme above my head,
About my paths; so shall I find,
The faire center of my mind,
Thy temple, and those lovely walls
Bright ever with a beame, that falls
Fresh from the pure glance of Thine eye,
Lighting to Eternity.
There I'le dwell for ever; there
Will I find a purer aire
To feed my life with, there I'le sup
Balme and nectar in my cup;
And thence my ripe soule will I breath
Warme into the armes of Death.
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the Sancroft ms. this is headed 'Ps. 23 (Paraphrasis).'

In line 4 it reads 'paths' for 'ways,' which I accept; line 27 'weary' for 'giddy,' and line 28 'giddy' for 'weary,' both adopted; line 29 reads as we have printed instead of 'Spreads a path as clear as day;' line 33, 'learne' for 'meet,' adopted; line 41, 'that' for 'the,' adopted. Only orthographic further variations. In line 30 'rub'—obstruction, reminds of Shakespeare's 'Now every rub is smoothed in our way' (Henry V. ii. 2), and elsewhere. G.

PSALM CXXXVII.\(^1\)

On the proud banks of great Euphrates' flood,

There we sate, and there we wept:

Our harpes, that now no musick understood,

Nodding, on the willowes slept:

While unhappy captiv'd wee,

Lovely Sion, thought on thee.

They, they that snatcht us from our countrie's breast,

Would have a song carv'd to their eares

In Hebrew numbers, then (O cruel jest!)

When harpes and hearts were drown'd in teares:

\(^1\) Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 27, 28); reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 42, 43) and 1670 (pp. 28, 29). Our text is that of 1648, with which the others agree, except in usual slight changes of orthography, and the following adopted from the Sancroft ms.: line 7, a second 'they' inserted; line 17, 'than' for 'then;,' line 21 'enparch't' = without perch or support. G.
Come, they cry'd, come sing and play
One of Sion's songs to-day.
Sing? play? to whom (ah!) shall we sing or play,
If not, Jerusalem, to thee?
Ah! thee Jerusalem! ah! sooner may
This hand forget the masterie
Of Musick's dainty touch, than I
The musick of thy memory.
Which when I lose, O may at once my tongue
Lose this same busie-speaking art,
Vnpearch't, her vocal arteries unstrung,
No more acquainted with my heart,
On my dry pallat's roof to rest
A wither'd leaf, an idle guest.
No, no, Thy good Sion, alone, must crowne
The head of all my hope-nurst joyes.
But Edom, cruell thou! thou cry'dst downe, downe
Sink Sion, downe and never rise,
Her falling thou did'st urge and thrust,
And haste to dash her into dust:
Dost laugh? proud Babel's daughter! do, laugh on,
Till thy ruine teach thee teares,
Even such as these; laugh, till a venging throng
Of woes, too late, doe rouze thy feares:
Laugh, till thy children's bleeding bones
Weepe pretious teares upon the stones.
IN THE HOLY NATIVITY OF OVR LORD GOD:

A HYMN SVNG AS BY THE SHEPHEARDS.¹

The Hymn.

Chorës.

Come, we shepheards, whose blest sight
Hath mett Loue's noon in Nature's night;
Come, lift we vp our loftyer song
And wake the svn that lyes too long.

To all our world of well-stoln joy
He slept; and dreamt of no such thing.
While we found out Heaven's fairer ey
And kis't the cradle of our King.
Tell him He rises now, too late
To show vs ought worth looking at.

Tell him we now can show him more
Then he e're show'd to mortall sight;
Then he himselfe e're saw before,
Which to be seen needes not his light.

¹ Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 28-31); reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 13-17), 1652 (pp. 10-16) and 1670 (pp. 29-32). Our text is that of 1652, as before, and its engraving here, is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. See Notes and Illustrations at close of this composition, G.
Ton Créateur te fait voir sa naissance,
N'oublie pas de souffrir pour toi des siens enonce.
IN THE HOLY NATIVITY OF OUR LORD GOD.

Tell him, Tityrus, where th' hast been,
Tell him Thyris, what th' hast seen.

TITYRUS.
Gloomy night embrac't the place
Where the noble Infant lay.
The Babe look't vp and shew'd His face;
In spite of darknes, it was day.
It was Thy day, Sweet! and did rise
Not from the East, but from Thine eyes.

Chorus. It was Thy day, Sweet.

THYRSIS.
Winter chidde aloud, and sent
The angry North to wage his warres.
The North forgott his feirce intent,
And left perfumes in stead of scarres.
By those sweet eyes' persuasiue powrs
Where he mean't frost, he scatter'd flowrs.

Chorus. By those sweet eyes.

Both.
We saw Thee in Thy baulmy-nest,
Young dawn of our æternall Day!
We saw Thine eyes break from their East
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw Thee; and we blest the sight,
We saw Thee by Thine Own sweet light.
Tityrus.

Poor world (said I), what wilt thou doe
To entertain this starry Stranger?
Is this the best thou canst bestow?
A cold, and not too cleanly, manger?

Contend, the powres of Heau'n and Earth,
To fit a bed for this huge birth?

*Chorus.* Contend the powers.

Thyrsis.

Proud world, said I, cease your contest
And let the mighty Babe alone.

The phenix builds the phenix' nest,
Lov's architecture is his own.
The Babe whose birth embraues this morn,
Made His Own bed e're He was born.

*Chorus.* The Babe whose...

Tityrus.

I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow,
Come houering o're the place's head;
Offering their whitest sheets of snow
To furnish the fair Infant's bed:

*Forbear, said I; be not too bold,
Your fleece is white but 'tis too cold.

*Chorus.* Forbear, sayd I.

Thyrsis.

I saw the obsequious Seraphims
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow.
IN THE HOLY NATIVITY OF OVR LORD GOD.

For well they now can spare their wing,
Since Heavn itself lyes here below.
Well done, said I; but are you sure
Your down so warm, will passe for pure!

*Chorus.* Well done, sayd I.

**Titurus.**

No, no! your King's not yet to seeke
Where to repose His royall head;
See, see! how soon His new-bloom'd cheek
Twixt's mother's brests is gone to bed.
Sweet choice, said we! no way but so
Not to ly cold, yet sleep in snow.

*Chorus.* Sweet choice, said we.

**Both.**

We saw Thee in Thy baulmy nest,
Bright dawn of our eternall Day!
We saw Thine eyes break from their East
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw Thee: and we blest the sight,
We saw Thee, by Thine Own sweet light.

*Chorus.* We saw Thee, &c.

**Fvll Chorvs.**

Wellcome, all wonders in one sight!
\text{Eternity shutt in a span!}
Sommer in Winter, Day in Night!
Heauen in Earth, and God in man!

*Vol. 1.*
Great, little One! Whose all-embracing birth
Lifts Earth to Heauen, stoopes Heau'n to Earth.

Wellcome, though not to gold nor silk,
To more then Cæsar's birth-right is;
Two sister-seas of virgin-milk,
With many a rarely-temper'd kisse,
That breathes at once both maid and mother,
Warmes in the one, cooles in the other.
Shee sings Thy tears asleep, and dips
Her kisses in Thy weeping eye;
She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,
That in their buds yet blushing ly:e:
She 'gainst those mother-diamonds, tries
The points of her young eagle's eyes.
Wellcome, though not to those gay flyes,
Guilded i' th' beames of earthly kings;
Slippery soules in smiling eyes:
But to poor shepheards' home-spun things;
Whose wealth's their flock; whose witt, to
be
Well-read in their simplicity.
Yet when young April's husband-showrs
Shall blesse the fruitfull Maja's bed,
We'l bring the first-born of her flowrs
To kisse Thy feet and crown Thy head.
To Thee, dread Lamb! Whose lœue must keep
The shepheards, more then they the sheep.
IN THE HOLY NATIVITY OF OUR LORD GOD.

To Thee, meek Majesty! soft King
Of simple Graces and sweet Loves:
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of sylver doves:
Till burnt at last in fire of Thy fair eyes,
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the Sancroft ms. the heading is simply 'A Hymne of the Nativitie sung by the Shepheards.' It furnishes these various readings, though it wants a good deal of our text (1652):

Lines 1 to 4,

' who have seen
Daie's King depos'd by night's Queene.
Come lift we up our lofty song.
'To wake the sun that sleeps too long.'

5 to 7,

' Hee (in this our general joy)
Slept . . . . . . . .
Yet . . . . . . . . the faire-ey'd boy.'

24, 'Winter chid the world . . . .'

32, 'Bright dawne . . . .'

58 to 63,

'I saw the officious angels bring
The downe that their soft breasts did strow:
For well they now can spare their wings,
Faire youth (said I) be not too rough,
Thy dowe (though soft)'s not soft enough.'

'Officious' = ready to do good offices; 'obsequious' = obedient, eager to serve.

Lines 65 to 68,

'The Babe noe sooner 'gan to seeke
Where to lay His lonely head;
But straight His eyes advis'd His cheekes
'Twixt's mother's breasts to goe to bed.'

79, 'Welcome to our wond'ring sight.'

83, 'glorious birth.'

85, 'not to gold' for 'nor to gold:' adopted.

96, 'points' = pupils (?).
Lines 101 to 103,

But to poore shepheard's simple things,
That vse not varnish; noe oyl'd arts,
But lift cleane hands full of cleare hearts,'

' 108, '.... while they feed the sheepe,'

' 114, 'Woe! burne ....'

These variations agree with the text of 1616. See our Essay for critical remarks. G.

NEW YEAR'S DAY. 1

Rise, thou best and brightest morning!
Rosy with a double red;
With thine own'blush thy checks adorning,
And the dear drops this day were shed.

All the purple pride, that laces
The crimson curtains of thy bed,
Guilds thee not with so sweet graces,
Nor setts thee in so rich a red.

Of all the fair-cheek't flowrs that fill thee,
None so fair thy bosom strowes,
As this modest maiden lilly
Our sins haue sham'd into a rose.

1 Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 94, 95), where it is headed 'An Himne for the Circumcision day of our Lord;' reprinted in edition of 1648 (pp. 47, 48) with 'A' for 'An' in heading, and in the 'Carmen &e,' of 1652 (pp. 17, 18), being there entitled simply 'New Year's Day,' and in the edition of 1670 (pp. 72-74). Our text is that of 1652, as before, but there are only slight differences besides the usual orthographical ones, in any. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.
NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Bid thy golden god, the sun,
Burnisht in his best beames rise,
Put all his red-ey'd rubies on;
These rubies shall putt out their eyes.

Let him make poor the purple East,
Search what the world's close cabinets keep,
Rob the rich births of each bright nest
That flaming in their fair beds sleep.

Let him embrue his own bright tresses
With a new morning made of gemmes;
And wear, in those his wealthy dresses,
Another day of diadems.

When he hath done all he may
To make himselfe rich in his rise,
All will be darknes to the day
That breakes from one of these bright eyes.

And soon this sweet truth shall appear,
Dear Babe, ere many dayes be done;

The Morn shall come to meet Thee here,
And leave her own neglected sun.

Here are beautyes shall bereaue him
Of all his eastern paramours.

His Persian louers all shall leave him,
And swear faith to Thy sweeter powres;
Nor while they leave him shall they lose the sun.
But in Thy fairest eyes find two for one.
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

St. ii. line 1,

'All the purple pride that laces;'

the reference is to the empurpled lighter and lace- (or gauze-) like clouds of the morning. The heavier clouds are the 'crimson curtains,' the 'purple laces' the fleecy, lace-like, and em-purpled streakings of the lighter and dissolving clouds, which the Poet likens to the lace that edged the coverlet, and possibly other parts of the bed and bedstead. Shakespeare describes a similar appearance with the same word, but uses it in the sense of inter or cross lacing, when he makes Juliet say (iii. 5),

'Took, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East.'

So too in stanza v. 'each sparkling nest,' the flame-coloured clouds are intended. 'Nest,' like 'bud,' is a favourite word with Crashaw, and he uses it freely. In 1648 edition, st. iii. line 2 reads 'showes;' stanza v. line 2, 'cabinets;' stanza viii. line 5, 'and meet;' stanza ix. 'paramours = lovers, wooers, not as now signifying loose love. G.
IN THE GLORIOUS EPIPHANIE OF OVR LORD GOD:

A HYMN SUNG AS BY THE THREE KINGS.¹

1 Kinge. Bright Babe! Whose awfull beautyes make
The morn incurr a sweet mistake;

2 Kinge. For Whom the officious Heauns devise
To disinheritt the sun’s rise:

3 Kinge. Delicately to displace
The day, and plant it fairer in Thy face.

1 Kinge. O Thou born King of Ioues!

2 Kinge. Of lights!

3 Kinge. Of Ioyes!

Chorus. Look vp, sweet Babe, look vp and see
For loue of Thee,
Thus farr from home
The East is eome
To seek her self in Thy sweet eyes.

¹ Appeared originally in the ‘Steps’ of 1648 (pp. 18-55), reprinted in ‘Carmen’ &c. of 1652 (pp. 19-28) and in 1670 (pp. 153-161). Our text is that of 1652, as before; but see close for Notes and Illustrations. In our illustrated quarto edition we reproduce the engraving here of 1652. G.
IN THE GLORIOUS EPIPHANIE OF OVR LORD GOD.

1 Kinge. We, who strangely went astray,

Lost in a bright

Meridian night.

2 Kinge. A darkness made of too much day.

3 Kinge. Becken'd from farr
By Thy fair starr,

Lo, at last have found our way.

Chorus. To Thee, Thou Day of Night! Thou East of West!

Lo, we at last have found the way
To Thee, the World's great universal East,
The generall and indifferent Day.

1 Kinge. All-circling point! all-centring sphere!
The World's one, round, eternal year:

2 Kinge. Whose full and all-unwrinkled face

Nor sinks nor swells with time or place;

3 Kinge. But everywhere and every while

Is one consistent, solid smile:

1 Kinge. Not vex't and tossed

2 Kinge. 'Twixt Spring and frost;

3 Kinge. Nor by alternate shreds of light,

Sordidly shifting hands with shades and Night.

Chorus. O little all! in Thy embrace

The World lies warm, and likes his place;

Nor does his full globe fail to be

Kist on both his cheeks by Thee.

Time is too narrow for Thy year,

Nor makes the whole World Thy half-sphere.
1 Kinge. To Thee, to Thee
From him we flee.

2 Kinge. From him, whom by a more illustrious ly,
The blindnes of the World did call the eye. 45

3 Kinge. To Him, Who by these mortall clouds hast made
Thyself our sun, though Thine Own shade.

1 Kinge. Farewell, the World's false light!
Farewell, the white
Ægypt; a long farewell to thee 50
Bright idol, black idolatry:
The dire face of inferior darknes, kis't
And courted in the pompus mask of a
more specious mist.

2 Kinge. Farewell, farewell
The proud and misplac't gates of Hell, 55
Pertch't in the Morning's way
And double-guilded as the doores of Day:
The deep hypocrisy of Death and Night
More desperately dark, because more bright.

3 Kinge. Welcome, the World's sure way! 60
Heavn's wholsom ray.

Chorus. Wellcome to vs; and we
(Sweet !) to our selues, in Thee.

1 Kinge. The deathles Heir of all Thy Father's day!

2 Kinge. Decently born!
Embosom'd in a much more rosy Morn:
The blushes of Thy all-vnblemisht mother.

VOL. 1.
3 Kinge. No more that other
Aurora shall sett ope
Her ruby casements, or hereafter hope
From mortall eyes
To meet religious welcomes at her rise.

Chorus. We (pretious ones') in you haue won
A gentler Morn, a iuster sun.

1 Kinge. His superficiel beames sun-burn't our
skin;

2 Kinge. But left within

3 Kinge. The Night and Winter still of Death and Sin.

Chorus. Thy softer yet more certaine darts
Spare our eyes, but peirce our harts:

1 Kinge. Therfore with his proud Persian spoiles

2 Kinge. We court Thy more concerning smiles.

3 Kinge. Therfore with his disgrace
We guild the humble cheek of this chast
place;

Chorus. And at Thy feet powr forth his face.

1 Kinge. The doating Nations now no more
Shall any day but Thine adore.

2 Kinge. Nor—much lesse—shall they leave these eyes
For cheap Egyptian deityes.

3 Kinge. In whatsoe're more sacred shape
Of ram, he-goat, or reverend ape;
Those beauteous rauishers opprest so sore
The too-hard-tempted nations.

1 Kinge. Neuer more
By wanton heyfer shall be worn

2 Kinge. A garland, or a gilded horn:
The altar-stall'd ox, fatt Osyris now
   With his fair sister cow
3 Kinge. Shall kick the clouds no more; but lean
         and tame,

Chorus. See His horn'd face, and dy for shame:
        And Mithra now shall be no name.
1 Kinge. No longer shall the immodest lust
        Of adulterous goddess dust
2 Kinge. Fly in the face of Heau'n; as if it were
        The poor world's fault that He is fair.
3 Kinge. Nor with peruerse love and religious rapes
        Revenge Thy bountyes in their beauteous
        shapes;
        And punish best things worst; because
        they stood
        Guilty of being much for them too good.
1 Kinge. Proud sons of Death! that durst compell
        Heau'n it self to find them Hell:
2 Kinge. And by strange witt of madness wrest
        From this world's East the other's West.
3 Kinge. All-idolizing wormes! that thus could crowd
         And urge their sun into Thy cloud;
        Forcing His sometimes eclips'd face to be
         A long deliquium to the light of Thee.

Chorus. Alas! with how much heauyer shade
        The shamefac't lamp hung down his head

Chorus.
For that one eclipse he made,
Then all those he suffered!

1 Kinge. For this he look't so bigg; and every morn
With a red face confess't his scorn.
Or hiding his vex't cheeks in a hir'd mist
Kept them from being so unkindly kis't.

2 Kinge. It was for this the Day did rise
So oft with blubber'd eyes:
For this the Evening wept; and we ne're knew
But call'd it deaw.

3 Kinge. This dayly wrong
Silenc't the morning-sons, and damp't their
song:

Chorus. Nor was't our deafnes, but our sins, that thus
Long made th' harmonious orbes all mute to vs.

1 Kinge. Time has a day in store
When this so proudly poor
And self-oppressed spark, that has so long
By the love-sick World bin made
Not so much their sun as shade:
Weary of this glorious wrong
From them and from himself shall flee
For shelter to the shadow of Thy tree:

Chorus. Proud to have gain'd this precious losse
And chang'd his false crown for Thy crosse.

2 Kinge. That dark Day's clear doom shall define
Whose is the master Fire, which sun should shine:
That sable judgment-seat shall by new lawes
Decide and settle the great cause
Of controuerted light:

Chorus. And Natur's wrongs rejoice to doe Thee right.

3 Kinge. That forfeiture of Noon to Night shall pay 150
All the idolatrous thefts done by this Night
of Day;
And the great Penitent presse his own pale lipps
With an elaborate lone-eclipse:
To which the low World's lawes
Shall lend no cause,

Chorus. Sane those domestick which He borrowes
From our sins and His Own sorrowes.

1 Kinge. Three sad hours' sackcloth then shall show
to vs
His penance, as our fault, conspicuous:

2 Kinge. And He more needfully and nobly proue 160
The Nations' terror now then erst their loute.

3 Kinge. Their hated loues changd into wholsom
fearas:

Chorus. The shutting of His eye shall open their's.

1 Kinge. As by a fair-ey'd fallacy of Day
Miss-ledde, before, they lost their way; 165
So shall they, by the seasonable fright
Of an unseasonable Night,
Loosing it once again, stumble on true Light:

2 Kinge. And as before His too-bright eye
Was their more blind idolatry; 170
IN THE GLORIOUS EPHANIE OF OVR LORD GOD.

So his officious blindnes now shall be
Their black, but faithfull perspectiue of Thee:

3 Kinge. His new prodigious Night,
Their new and admirable light,
The supernaturall dawn of Thy pure Day; 175
While wondering they
(The happy convuerts now of Him
Whom they compell'd before to be their sin)
Shall henceforth see
To kisse him only as their rod,
Whom they so long courted as God.

Chorus. And their best vse of him they worship't, be
To learn of him at last, to worship Thee.

1 Kinge. It was their weaknes woo'd his beauty;
But it shall be 185
Their wisdome now, as well as duty,
To injoy his blott; and as a large black letter
Vse it to spell Thy beautyes better;
And make the Night it self their torch to Thee.

2 Kinge. By the oblique ambush of this close night 190
Couch't in that conscience shade
The right-ey'd Areopagite
Shall with a vigorous guesse inuade
And eatch Thy quiek reflex; and sharply see
On this dark ground 195
To descant Thee.

3 Kinge. O prize of the rich Spirit! with what feirce chase
Of his strong soul, shall he
Leap at thy lofty face,
And seize the swift flash, in rebound
From this obsequious cloud,
Once call'd a sun,
Till dearly thus undone;

Chorus. Till thus triumphantly tam'd (O ye two
Twinne surnes!) and taught now to negotiate
you.

1 King. Thus shall that reverend child of Light,
2 King. By being scholler first of that new Night,
Come forth great master of the mystick Day;

3 King. And teach obscure mankind a more close way
By the frugall negatiue light
Of a most wise and well-abus'd Night
To read more legible Thine originall ray;

Chorus. And make our darknes serue Thy Day:
Maintaining 'twixt Thy World and oares
A commerce of contrary powres,
A mutuall trade
'Twixt sun and shade,
By confederat black and white
Borrowing Day and lending Night.

1 King. Thus we, who when with all the noble powres
That (at Thy cost) are call'd, not vainly, ours:
We vow to make braue way
Vpwards, and presse on for the pure intelli-
gentiall prey;
2 Kinge. At least to play
   The amorous spyes
   And peep and proffer at Thy sparkling throne;
3 Kinge. In stead of bringing in the blissfull prize
   And fastening on Thine eyes:
   Forfeit our own
   And nothing gain
   But more ambitious losse at last, of brain;
Chorus. Now by abased liddes shall learn to be
   Eagles; and shutt our eyes that we may see.

The Close.

[Chorus.] Therefore to Thee and Thine auspitious ray
   (Dread Sweet !) lo thus
   At last by vs,
   The delegated eye of Day
   Does first his scepter, then himself, in solemnne
   tribute pay.
   Thus he vndresses
   His sacred vnshorn tresses;
   At Thy adorèd feet, thus he layes down
1 Kinge. His gorgeous tire
   Of flame and fire,
2 Kinge. His glittering robe. 3 Kinge. His sparkling
   crown;
1 Kinge. His gold : 2 Kinge. His mirrh: 3 Kinge.
   His frankincense.
Chorus. To which he now has no pretence:
For being show'd by this Day's light, how far
He is from sun enough to make Thy starr,
His best ambition now is but to be
Something a brighter shadow, Sweet, of Thee.
Or on Heaven's azure forehead high to stand
Thy golden index; with a duteous hand
Pointing vs home to our own sun.
The World's and his Hyperion.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The title in 1648 edition is simply 'A Hymne for the Epiphanie. Sung as by the three Kings.' Except the usual slight changes of orthography, the following are all the variations between the two texts necessary to record: and I give with them certain corrective and explanatory notes:

Line 25, 'indifferent' is = impartial, not as now 'unconcerned.'

Line 52, 1648 edition misprints 'his't' for 'kis't.' In the 51st line the 'bright idol' is the sun.

Line 83, ib. reads 'thy' for 'this.'

Line 95, 'a guided horn.' Cf. Juvenal, Satire x.

Line 99, ib. is given to 3d King. Throughout we have corrected a number of slips of the Paris printer in his figures.

Line 108, ib. spells 'to' for 'too.'

Line 117, 'deliquium' = swoon, faint. In chemistry = melting.

Line 122, 1648 edition reads 'his' for 'this;' and I have adopted it.

Line 143, ib. reads 'deere;' a misprint.

Line 155, ib. reads 'domesticks.'

Line 180, ib. reads 'the' for 'their.'

Line 186, ib. drops 'it.'

Line 195, ib. reads 'what' for 'that,' and in next line 'his' for 'this,' of 1652: both adopted.

Line 212, 'legible' is = legibly.

Line 224 and onward, in 1648 is printed 'least,' in our text (1652) 'lest.' Except in line 224 it is plainly = last, and so I read it in 231st and 237th.
See our Essay for Miltonic parallels with lines in this remarkable composition. Line 46, 'these mortal clouds,' i.e. of infant flesh. Cf. Sosp. d'Herode, stanza xxiii.

'That He whom the sun serves should faintly peep Through clouds of infant flesh.'

Line 114, 'And urge their sun into Thy cloud,' i.e. into becoming Thy cloud, forcing him to become 'a long deliquium to the light of thee.' Line 189, our text (1652) misprints 'in self.' Line 190, 'By the oblique ambush,' &c. The Kings continuing in the spirit of prophecy, and with words not to be understood till their fulfilment, pass on from the dimming of the sun at the Crucifixion to a second dimming, but this time through the splendour of a brighter light, at the conversion of him who was taken to preach to the Gentiles in the court of the Areopagites. The speaker, or rather Crashaw, takes the view which at first sight may seem to be implied in the gospel narrative, that the light brighter than midday shone round about Saul and his companions but not on them, they being couched in the conscious shade of the daylight. Throughout, there is a double allusion to this second dimming of the sun as manifesting Christ to St. Paul and the Gentiles, and to the dimming of the eyes, and the walking in darkness for a time of him who as a light on Earth was to manifest the True Light to the world. Throughout, too, there is a kind of parallelism indicated between the two lesser lights. Both rebellions were to be dimmed and brought into subjection, and then to shine forth 'right-eyed' in renewed and purified splendour as evidences of the Sun of Righteousness. Hence at the close, the chorus calls them 'ye twin-suns,'—and the words, 'Till thus triumphantly tamed' refer equally to both. The punctuation to make this clear should be '.... sun, .... mndone; ....' 'To negotiate you' (both word and metaphor being rather unhappily chosen) means, to pass you current as the true-stamped image of the Deity. 'O price of the rich Spirit' (line 197) may be made to refer to 'thee 'O Christ!', price of the rich spirit' of Paul, but 'may be' is almost too strong to apply to such an interpretation. It is far more consonant to the structure and tenor of the whole passage, to read it as an epithet applied to St. Paul: 'O prize of the rich Spirit of grace.' I have also without hesitation changed 'of this strong soul' into 'of his strong soul.' 'Oblique ambush' may refer to the oblique rays of the sun now rays of darkness, but the primary
reference is to the indirect manner and 'vigorous guess,' by
which St. Paul, mentally glancing from one to the other light,
learned through the dimming of the sun to believe in the Deity
of Him who spake from out the dimming brightness. The
same thought, though with a strained and less successful effort
of expression, appears in the song of the third King, 'with that
fierce chase,' &c.

Line 251. 'Something a brighter shadow (Sweet) of Thee.' Ap-
parently a remembrance of a passage which THOMAS HEYWOOD,
in his 'Hierarchie of the Angels,' gives from a Latin trans-
lation of PLATO, 'Lumen est umbra Dei et Deus est Lumen
Luminis.' On which see our Essay. Perhaps the same gave
rise to the thought that the sun eclipsed God, or shut Him out
as a cloud or shade, or made night, e.g.

'And urge their sun . . . .
... eclipse he made?' (lines 115- 20).
'Not so much their sun as shade
... by this night of day?' (lines 138-139), G.

TO THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY.

MADAME,

'Mongst those long rows of crownes that guild your race,
These royall sages sue for decent place:
The day-break of the Nations ; their first ray,
When the dark World dawn'd into Christian Day,
And smil'd i' th' Babe's bright face; the purpling bud
And rosy dawn of the right royall blood;
Fair first-fruits of the Lamb! sure kings in this,
They took a kingdom while they gane a kisse.
But the World's homage, scarce in these well blown, 10
We read in you (rare queen) ripe and full-grown.

1 Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 55, 56); reprinted
in editions of 1652 (pp. 29, 30) and 1670 (pp. 161, 162). Our text is
that of 1652, as before; but see Notes at close of the poem. G.
TO THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY.

For from this day's rich seed of diadems
Does rise a radiant croppe of royalle stemms,
A golden harvest of crown'd heads, that meet
And crowd for kisses from the Lamb's white feet:

In this illustrious throng, your lofty loyde
Swells high, fair confluence of all high-born bloud:
With your bright head, whole groves of scepters bend
Their wealthy tops, and for these feet contend.

So swore the Lamb's dread Sire: and so we see't,

Crownes, and the heads they kisse, must court these feet.

Fix here, fair majesty! May your heart ne're misse
To reap new crownes and kingdoms from that kisse;

Nor may we misse the joy to meet in you
The aged honors of this day still new.

May the great time, in you, still greater be,
While all the year is your epiphany;

While your each day's devotion duly brings
Three kingdomes to supply this day's three kings.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In 1648 the title is 'To the Queene's Majestie upon his dedicating to her the foregoing Hymne, viz. "A Hymne for the Epiphanie,"' which there precedes, but in 1652 follows, the dedicatory lines to the Queen. 1648 furnishes these variations: line 7 misprints 'down' for 'dawn': line 11 reads 'deare' for 'rare': line 14 'royall' for 'golden': line 18 corrects our text's misprint of 'whose' for 'whole,' which I have accepted: line 20 reads 'great' for 'dread.'

In line 3 we read

'Those royall sages sue for decent place.'
We know that the King on Twelfth-day presented gold, frankincense and myrrh, and so perhaps did the Queen. But these gifts were not presented to the magi-kings, and Chas.aw seems to sue on behalf of 'these royall sages.' The explanation doubtless is that this was a verse-letter to the Queen, enclosing as a gift his Epiphany Hymn 'sung as by the three Kings.'

In line 5 'the purpling bud,' &c. requires study. Led by the (erroneous) punctuation (face,) I supposed this clause to refer to the 'Babe.' But would our Poet have said that the 'dawn of the world smiled on the Babe's face,' and in the same breath have called the face a 'rosy dawn'? Looking to this, and his rather profuse employment of 'bud,' I now believe the clause to be another description of the kings, and punctuate (face:). The rhythm of the passage is certainly improved thereby and made more like that of Chas.aw, and the words 'right royall blood,' which may be thought to become difficult, can be thus explained. The races of the heathen kings were not 'royal,' their authority being usurped and falsely derived from false gods, and the kingly blood first became truly royal when the kings recognised the supreme sovereignty of the King of kings and the derivation of their authority from Him, and when they were in turn recognised by Him. Hence the use of the epithet 'purpling,' the Christian or Christ-accepting kings being the first who were truly 'born in the purple,' or 'right royall blood.'

In lines 15-18, as punctuated in preceding editions, the Poet is made to arrange his words after a fashion hardly to be called English, and to jumble his metaphors like a poetaster or 4th of July orator in America. But both sense and poetry are restored by taking the (!) after 'blood' as at least equal to (:) and by replacing 'whose' by 'whole,' as in 1648. This seems to us restoration, not change. Even thus read, however, the passage is somewhat cloudy; but the construction is—the groves of sceptres of your high-born ancestors bend with you their wealthy tops, when you bow down your head. Our Poet is fond of inversions, and they are sometimes more obscure than they ought to be. Line 20—Psalm 1., and cf. Philip. ii. 11. G.
Rise heire of fresh Eternity
   From thy virgin tombe!
Rise mighty Man of wonders, and Thy World with Thee!
   Thy tombe the universall East,
   Nature's new wombe,
Thy tombe, fair Immortalitie's perfumed nest.

Of all the glories make Noone gay,
   This is the Morne;
This Rock buds forth the fountaine of the streames
   of Day;
   In Joye's white annalls live this howre
   When Life was borne;
No cloud scoule on His radiant lids, no tempest lower.

Life, by this Light's nativity
   All creatures have;
Death onely by this Daye's just doome is forc't to dye,
   Nor is Death forc't; for may he ly
   Thron'd in Thy grave,
Death will on this condition be content to dye.

1 Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 22, 23): reprinted in 1648 (pp. 56, 57) and in 1670 (pp. 23, 24). Our text is that of 1648, with the exception of reading in line 10, 'live' for 'lives,' from 1646 (and so in 1670). Other slight differences are simply in orthography, and not noted. In the SANCROFT MS. the heading is 'Upon Christ's Resurrection.' G.
SOSPETTO D' HERODE.

LIBRO PRIMO.¹

ARGOMENTO.

Casting the times with their strong signs,
Death's master his own death divines:
Struggling for help, his best hope is
Herod's suspicion may heal his.
Therefore he sends a fiend to wake
The sleeping tyrant's fond mistake:
Who fears (in vain) that He Whose birth
Meanes Heav'n, should meddle with his Earth.

Muse, now the servant of soft loves no more,
Hate is thy theme, and Herod, whose unblest
Hand (O what dares not jealous greatness?) tore
A thousand sweet babes from their mothers' brest:

¹ For critical remarks on the present very striking expansion and interpretation rather than translation of Marino, the Reader is referred to our Essay. The SANCROFT MS. must have contained this poem, for it is inserted in the index; but unfortunately the pages of the MS. containing it have disappeared. It was first published in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 51-73), and was reprinted in the editions of 1648 and 1670: and separately, with a brief introduction, a few years since. Our text is that of 1648 (pp. 57-74); but it differs from the edition of 1646 only in slight changes of spelling, e.g. 'hee' for 'he,' 'guild' for 'gild,' and the like—not calling for record. The edition
The bloomes of martyrdom. O be a dore
Of language to my infant lips, yee best
Of confessours: whose throates answering his swords,
Gave forth your blood for breath, spoke soules for words.

II.
Great Anthony! Spain’s well-beseeming pride,
Thou mighty branch of emperours and kings;
The beauties of whose dawne what eye may bide?
Which with the sun himselfe weigh’s equall wings;
Mappe of heroick worth! whom farre and wide
To the beleewing world, Fame boldly sings:
Deignethou to weare this humble wreath, that bowes
To be the sacred honour of thy browes.

III.
Nor needs my Muse a blush, or these bright flowers
Other than what their owne blest beauties bring:

of 1670, in st. i. line 3, misprints ‘so what’ for ‘O what,’ and Turnbull repeats the error, and of himself misreads in st. xxii. ‘Who thunders on a throne of stars above’ for ‘Who in a throne of stars thunders above,’ and in like manner in st. xxiv. line 8 substitutes ‘getting’ for ‘finding,’ and in st. xxvi. line 3 ‘serve’ for ‘serves.’
Again in st. li. first line of which is left partially blank, from (probably) the illegibility of Crashaw’s ms., Turnbull tacitly fills in, ‘By proud usurping Herod now was borne.’ So too, besides lesser orthographic alterations, in st. xxxvi. line 2 he does not detect the stupid misprint ‘whose’ for ‘my,’ nor that of ‘fight’ for ‘sight’ in st. xlvi. line 8, while in st. lxi. he drops ‘all,’ which even the 1670 edition does not do, any more than is it responsible for a tithe of Turnbull’s mistakes here and throughout, G.
They were the smiling sons of those sweet bowers
That drink the deaw of life, whose deathlesse spring,
Nor Sirian flame nor Borean frost deflowers:
From whenee heav'n-labouring bees with busie wing,
   Suck hidden sweets, which well-digested proves
Immortall hony for the hive of loves.

IV.
Thou, whose strong hand with so transeendent worth,
Holds high the reine of faire Parthenope,
That neither Rome nor Athenus can bring forth
A name in noble deeds rivall to thee!
Thy fame's full noise, makes proud the patient Earth,
Farre more then, matter for my Muse and mee.
   The Tyrrhene Seas and shores sound all the same
   And in their murmurs keepe thy mighty name.

V.
Below the bottome of the great Abysse,
There where one center reconcileth all things:
The World's profound heart pants; there placed is
Mischeife's old master. Close about him elings
A earl'd knot of embracing snakes, that kisse
His correspondent cheekes: these loathsome strings
   Hold the perverse prince in eternall ties
   Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies.

VI.
The judge of torments and the king of teares,
He fills a burnisht throne of quenchlesse fire:
And for his old faire roabes of light, he weares
A gloomy mantle of darke flames; the tire
That crownes his hated head on high appeares:
Where seav'n tall hornes (his empire's pride) aspire.
          And to make up Hell's majesty, each horne
          Seav'n crested Hydras, horribly adorne.

VII.
His eyes, the sullen dens of Death and Night,
Startle the dull ayre with a dismall red:
Such his fell glances, as the fatall light
Of staring comets, that looke kingdoms dead.
From his black nostrills, and blew lips, in spight
Of Hell's owne stinke, a worser stench is spread.
          His breath Hell's lightning is: and each deepe
groane
          Disdaines to think that Heav'n thunders alone.

VIII.
His flaming eyes' dire exhalation,
Vnto a dreadfull pile gives fiery breath;
Whose unconsum'd consumption preys upon
The never-dying life of a long death.
In this sad house of slow destruction,
          (His shop of flames) hee fries himself, beneath
          A masse of woes; his teeth for torment gnash,
          While his steele sides sound with his tayle's strong
lash.
IX.
Three rigorous virgins waiting still behind,
Assist the throne of th' iron-sceptred king.
With whips of thornes and knotty vipers twin'd
They rouse him, when his ranke thoughts need a sting.
Their lockes are beds of uncomb'd snakes that wind
About their shady browes in wanton rings.
    Thus reignesthe wrathfull king, and while he reignes,
    His scepter and himselfe both he disdaines.

X.
Disdainefull wretch! how hath one bold sinne cost
Thee all the beauties of thy once bright eyes!
How hath one black eclipse canell'd, and erost
The glories that did gild thee in thy rise!
Proud morning of a perverse day! how lost
Art thou unto thy selfe, thou too selfe-wise
    Narcissus! foolish Phaeton! who for all
    Thy high-aym'd hopes, gain'dst but a flaming fall.

XI.
From Death's sad shades to the life-breathing ayre,
This mortall enemy to mankind's good,
Lifts his malignant eyes, wasted with care,
To become beautifull in humane blood.
Where Iordan melts his chrystall, to make faire
The fields of Palestine, with so pure a flood,
    There does he fixe his eyes: and there detect
    New matter, to make good his great suspect.
XII.
He calls to mind th' old quarrell, and what sparke
Set the contending sons of Heav'n on fire:
Oft in his deepe thought he revolvs the darke
Sibill's divining leaves: he does enquire
Into th' old prophesies, trembling to marke
How many present prodigies conspire,
    To crowne their past predictions, both he layes
    Togeth'er, in his pondrous mind both weighs.

XIII.
Heaven's golden-wingèd herald, late he saw
To a poore Galilean virgin sent:
How low the bright youth bow'd, and with what awe
Immortal flowers to her faire hand present.
He saw th' old Hebrewe's wombe, neglect the law
Of age and barrennesse, and her babe prevent *anticipate*
    His birth by his devotion, who began
    Betimes to be a saint, before a man.

XIV.
He saw rich nectar-thawes, release the rigour
Of th' icy North; from frost-bound Atlas hands,
His adamantine fetters fall: green vigour
Gladding the Scythian rocks and Libian sands.
He saw a vernall smile, sweetly disfigure
Winter's sad face, and through the flowry lands
    Of faire Engaddi, hony-sweating fountaines
    With manna, milk, and balm, new-broach the
    mountaines.
He saw how in that blest Day-bearing Night,
The Heav'n-rebuk'd shades made hast away;
How bright a dawne of angels with new light
Amaz'd the midnight world, and made a Day
Of which the Morning knew not. Mad with spight
He markt how the poore shepheards ran to pay
Their simple tribute to the Babe, Whose birth
Was the great businesse both of Heav'n and Earth.

He saw a threefold Sun, with rich encrease
Make proud the ruby portalls of the East.
He saw the Temple sacred to sweet Peace,
Adore her Prince's birth, flat on her brest.
He saw the falling idolls, all confesse
A comming Deity: He saw the nest
Of pois'nous and unnaturall loves, Earth-nurst,
Toucht with the World's true antidote, to burst.

He saw Heav'n blossome with a new-born light,
On which, as on a glorious stranger gaz'd
The golden eyes of Night: whose beame made bright
The way to Beth'lem, and as boldly blaz'd,
(Nor askt leave of the sun) by day as night.
By whom (as Heav'n's illustrious hand-maid) rais'd,
Three kings (or what is more) three wise men went
Westward to find the World's true orient.
XVIII.
Strucke with these great concurrences of things,
Symptomes so deadly unto Death and him;
Faine would he have forgot what fatall strings
Eternally bind each rebellious limbe.
He shooke himselfe, and spread his spatiouse wings:
Which like two bosom'd sailes, embrace the dimme
Aire, with a dismall shade; but all in vaine:
Of sturdy adamant is his strong chaine.

XIX.
While thus Heav'n's highest counsails, by the low
Footsteps of their effects, he trac'd too well,
He tost his troubled eyes: embers that glow
Now with new rage, and wax too hot for Hell:
With his foule clawes he fenc'd his furrowed brow,
And gave a gasly shreeke, whose horrid yell
Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of Night,
The while his twisted tayle he gnaw'd for spight.

XX.
Yet on the other side, faine would he start
Above his feares, and thinke it cannot be.
He studies Scripture, strives to sound the heart
And feele the pulse of every prophecy;
He knows (but knowes not how, or by what art)
The Heav'n-expecting ages hope to see
A mighty Babe, Whose pure, unspotted birth
From a chast virgin wombe, should blesse the Earth.
XXI.
But these vast mysteries his senses smother,
And reason (for what's faith to him?) devour.
How she that is a maid should prove a mother,
Yet keepes inviolate her virgin flower;
How God's eternall Sonne should be Man's brother,
Poseth his proudest intellectuall power.
   How a pure Spirit should incarnate bee,
   And Life it selfe weare Death's fraile livery.

XXII.
That the great angell-blinding Light should shrinke
His blaze, to shine in a poore shepherd's eye:
That the unmeasur'd God so low should sinke,
As pris'ner in a few poore rags to lye:
That from His mother's brest He milke should drinke,
Who feeds with neeter Heav'n's faire family:
   That a vile manger His low bed should prove,
   Who in a throne of stars thunders above.

XXIII.
That He Whom the sun serves, should faintly peep
Through clouds of infant flesh: that He the old
Eternall Word should be a child, and weepe:
That He Who made the fire, should feare the cold:
That Heav'n's high Majesty His court should keepe
In a clay-cottage, by each blast control'd:
   That Glorie's Self should serve our griefs and feares,
   And free Eternity, submit to yeares.
XXIV.
And further, that the Lawe's eternall Giver
Should bleed in His Owne Lawe's obedience :
And to the circumcising knife deliver
Himselfe, the forfet of His slave's offence :
That the unblemisht Lambe, blessèd for ever,
Should take the marke of sin, and paine of sence.
    These are the knotty riddles, whose darke doubt
    Intangles his lost thoughts, past getting out.

XXV.
While new thoughts boyl'd in his enraged brest,
His gloomy bosome's darkest character
Was in his shady forehead seen exprest :
The forehead's shade in Griefe's expression there,
Is what in signe of joy among the blest
The face's lightning, or a smile is here.
    Those stings of care that his strong heart opprest,
    A desperate, Oh mee! drew from his deepe brest.

XXVI.
Oh mee! (thus bellow'd he) Oh mee! what great
Portents before mine eyes their powers advance?
And serves my purer sight, onely to beat
Downe my proud thought, and leave it in a trance?
Frowne I: and can great Nature keep her seat?
And the gay starrs lead on their golden dance?
    Can His attempts above still prosp'rous be,
    Auspicious still, in spight of Hell and me?
Hee has my Heaven (what would He more?) whose bright
And radiant scepter this bold hand should beare:
And for the never-fading fields of light,
My faire inheritance, He confines me here
To this darke house of shades, horrour and night,
To draw a long-liv'd death, where all my cheere

Is the solemnity my sorrow weares,
That mankind's torment waits upon my teares.

Darke, dusky Man, He needs would single forth,
To make the partner of His Owne pure ray:
And should we powers of Heav'n, spirits of worth,
Bow our bright heads before a king of clay?
It shall not be, said I, and clombe the North,
Where never wing of angell yet made way:

What though I mist my blow? yet I strooke high,
And to dare something, is some victory.

Is He not satisfied? means He to wrest
Hell from me too, and sack my territories?
Vile humane nature means He not t' invest
(O my despight!) with His divinest glories?
And rising with rich spoiles upon His brest
With His faire triumphs fill all future stories?

Must the bright armes of Heav'n, rebuke these eyes?
Mocke me, and dazle my darke mysteries?
xxx.
Art thou not Lucifer? he to whom the droves
Of stars that gild the Morne, in charge were given?
The nimblest of the lightning-wing'd loves,
The fairest, and the first-borne smile of Heav'n?
Looke in what pompe the mistress planet moves
Rev'rently circled by the lesser seaven:
    Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes,
    Opprest the common-people of the skyes.

xxxi.
Ah wretch! what bootes thee to cast back thy eyes,
Where dawning hope no beame of comfort showes?
While the reflection of thy forepast joyes,
Renders thee double to thy present woes:
Rather make up to thy new miseries,
And meet the mischiefe that upon thee growes.
    If Hell must mourn, Heav'n sure shall sympathize,
    What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

xxxii.
And yet whose force feare I? have I so lost
My selfe? my strength too with my innocence?
Come try who dares, Heav'n, Earth, what ere doth boast
A borrowed being, make thy bold defence.
Come thy Creator too: What though it cost
Me yet a second fall? wee'd try our strengths:
    Heav'n saw us struggle once; as brave a fight
    Earth now should see, and tremble at the sight.
xxxiii.
Thus spoke th' impatient prince, and made a pause:
His foule hags rais'd their heads, and clapt their hands,
And all the powers of Hell in full applause
Flourisht their snakes, and tost their flaming brands.
We (said the horrid sisters) wait thy lawes,
Th' obsequious handmaids of thy high commands:
   Be it thy part, Hell's mighty lord, to lay
   On us thy dread command, our's to obey.

xxxiv.
What thy Alecto, what these hands can doe,
Thou mad'st bold proofe upon the brow of Heav'n.
Nor should'st thou bate in pride, because that now
To these thy sooty kingdomes thou art driven.
Let Heav'n's Lord chide above lowder than thou
In language of His thunder, thou art even
   With Him below : here thou art lord alone,
   Boundlesse and absolute : Hell is thine owne.

xxxv.
If usuall wit, and strength will doe no good,
Vertues of stones, nor herbes: use stronger charmes,
Anger and love, best hookes of humane blood.
If all faile, wee'l put on our proudest armes,
And pouring on Heav'n's face the Sea's huge flood
Quench His curl'd fires: wee'l wake with our alarne's
   Ruine, where e're she sleepes at Nature's feet:
   And crush the World till His wide corners meet.
xxxvi.
Reply'd the proud king, O my crowne's defence,
Stay of my strong hopes, you of whose brave worth,
The frighted stars tooke faint experience,
When 'gainst the Thunder's mouth we marchèd forth:
Still you are prodigall of your Love's expence
In our great projects, both 'gainst Heav'n and Earth:
I thanke you all, but one must single out:
Cruelty, she alone shall cure my doubt.

xxxvii.
Fourth of the cursèd knot of hags is shee,
Or rather all the other three in one;
Hell's shop of slaughter shee do's oversee,
And still assist the execution.
But chiefly there do's she delight to be,
Where Hell's capacious cauldron is set on:
And while the black soules boile in their own gore,
To hold them down, and looke that none seeth o're.

xxxviii.
Thrice howl'd the caves of Night, and thrice the sound,
Thundring upon the bankes of those black lakes,
Rung through the hollow vaults of Hell profound:
At last her listening eares the noise o're takes,
She lifts her sooty lampes, and looking round,
A gen'rall hisse from the whole tire of snakes
Rebounding, through Hell's inmost cavernes came,
In answer to her formidable name.
'Mongst all the palaces in Hell's command,
No one so merciless as this of her's.
The adamantine doors, for ever stand
Impenetrable, both to prayer's and tears;
The walls inexorable steel, no hand
Of Time, or teeth of hungry Ruine fears.
Their ugly ornaments are the bloody stains
Of ragged limbs, torse sculls, and dash-out brains.

There has the purple Vengeance a proud seat
Whose ever-brandisht sword is sheath'd in blood:
About her Hate, Wrath, Warre and Slaughter sweat;
Bathing their hot limbs in life's precious flood:
There rude impetuous Rage do's storme and fret,
And there as master of this murd'ring brood,
Swinging a huge sith stands impartiall Death: scythe
With endlessse businesse almost out of breath.

For hangings and for curtaines, all along
The walls (abominable ornaments!)
Are tooles of wrath, anvills of torments hung;
Fell executioners of foule intents,
Nailes, hammers, hatchets sharpe, and halters strong,
Swords, speares, with all the fatal instruments
Of Sin and Death, twice dipt in the dire stains
Of brothers' mutuall blood, and fathers' brains.

XLII.
The tables furnish'd with a cursed feast
Which Harpyes, with leane Famine feed upon,
Unfill'd for ever. Here among the rest,
Inhumane Erisicthon too makes one;
Tantalus, Atreus, Progne, here are guests:
Wolvish Lycaon here a place hath won.
    The cup they drink in is Medusa's skull,
    Which mixt with gall and blood they quaffe brim-full.

XLIII.
The foule queen's most abhorred maids of honour,
Medea, Jezabell, many a meager witch,
With Circe, Scylla, stand to wait upon her:
But her best huswife's are the Parce, which
Still worke for her, and have their wages from her:
They prick a bleeding heart at every stitch.
    Her cruell cloathes of costly threds they weave,
    Which short-cut lives of murdred infants leave.

XLIV.
The house is hers'd about with a black wood, *hearsed*
Which nods with many a heavy-headed tree:
Each flowers a pregnant poysen, try'd and good,
Each herbe a plague. The wind's sighes timèd bee
By a black fount, which weeps into a flood.
Through the thick shades obscurely might you see
    Minotaures, Cyclopses, with a darke drove
    Of Dragons, Hydraes, Sphinxes, fill the grove.
XLV.
Here Diomed's horses, Pherens' dogs appeare,
With the fierce lyons of TheroDamas.
Busiris has his bloody altar here:
Here Sylla his severest prison has:
The Lestrigonians here their table reare:
Here strong Procrustes plants his bed of brasse:
  Here cruell Scyron boasts his bloody rockes
    And hatefull Schinis his so feare'd oakes.

XLVI.
What ever schemes of blood, fantastick Frames
Of death, Mezentius or Geryon drew;
Phalaris, Ochus, Ezelinus: names
Mighty in mischiefe; with dread Nero too;
Here are they all, here all the swords or flames
Assyrian tyrants or Egyptian knew.
  Such was the house, so furnisht was the hall,
  Whence the fourth Fury answer'd Pluto's call.

XLVII.
Scarce to this monster could the shady king
The horrid summe of his intentions tell;
But shee (swift as the momentary wing
Of lightning, or the words he spoke) left Hell.
She rose, and with her to our World did bring
Pale proofe of her fell presence; th' aire too well
  With a chang'd countenance witnessthe sight,
  And poore fowles intercepted in their flight.
XLVIII.
Heav'n saw her rise, and saw Hell in the sight:
The fields' faire eyes saw her, and saw no more,
But shut their flowry lids for ever: Night
And Winter strow her way: yea, such a sore
Is she to Nature, that a generall fright,
An universal palsie spreading o're
The face of things, from her dire eyes had run,
Had not her thick snakes hid them from the sun.

XLIX.
Now had the Night's companion from her dew,
Where all the busie day she close doth ly,
With her soft wing wipt from the browes of men
Day's sweat; and by a gentle tyranny
And sweet oppression, kindly cheating them
Of all their cares, tam'd the rebellious eye
Of Sorrow, with a soft and downy hand,
Sealing all brests in a Lethean band.

L.
When the Erinmys her black pineons spread,
And came to Bethlem, where the ernell king
Had now retyr'd himselfe, and borrowed
His brest a while from Care's unquiet sting;
Such as at Thebes' dire feast she shew'd her head,
Her sulphur-breathèd torches brandishing:
Such to the frighted palace now she comes,
And with soft feet searches the silent roomes.
By Herod now was borne
The scepter, which of old great David swaid;
Whose right by David's lineage so long worn,
Himself a stranger to, his owne had made;
And from the head of Judah's house quite torn
The crowne, for which upon their necks he laid
A sad yoke, under which they sigh'd in vaine,
And looking on their lost state sigh'd again.

Vp, through the spatiest pallace pass'd she,
To where the king's proudly-repos'd head
(If any can be soft to Tyranny
And selfe-tormenting sin) had a soft bed.
She thinkes not fit, such, he her face should see,
As it is scene in Hell, and seen with dread.
To change her face's stile she doth devise,
And in a pale ghost's shape to spare his eyes.

Her selfe a while she layes aside, and makes
Ready to personate a mortall part.
Ioseph, the king's dead brother's shape, she takes:
What he by nature was, is she by art.
She comes to th' king, and with her cold hand slakes
His spirits (the sparkes of life) and chills his heart,
Life's forge; fain'd is her voice, and false too, be
Her words: 'sleep'st thou, fond man? sleep'st thou?'
said she.
So sleeps a pilot, whose poore barke is prest
With many a mercylesse o're-mastring wave;
For whom (as dead) the wrathfull winds contest
Which of them deep'st shall digge her watry grave.
Why dost thou let thy brave soule lye supprest
In death-like slumbers, while thy dangers crave
   A waking eye and hand? looke vp and see
   The Fates ripe, in their great conspiracy.

Know'st thou not how of th' Hebrewes' royall stemme
(That old dry stocke) a despair'd branch is sprung:
A most strange Babe! Who here conceal'd by them
In a neglected stable lies, among
Beasts and base straw: Already is the streame
Quite turn'd: th' ingratefull rebells, this their young
   Master (with voyce free as the trumpe of Fame)
   Their new King, and thy Successour proclame.

What busy motions, what wild engines stand
On tiptoe in their giddy braynes! th' have fire
Already in their bosomes, and their hand
Already reaches at a sword; they hire
Poysons to speed thee; yet through all the Land
What one comes to reveale what they conspire?
   Goe now, make much of these; wage still their wars
   And bring home on thy brest, more thanklesse scarrs.
LVII.
Why did I spend my life, and spill my blood,
That thy firme hand for ever might sustaine
A well-poised scepter? does it now seeme good
Thy brother's blood be spilt, life spent in vaine?
'Gainst thy owne sons and brothers thou hast stood
In armes, when lesser cause was to complaine:
And now erosse Fates a watch about thee kepe,
Can'st thou be carelesse now? now can'st thou sleep?

LVIII.
Where art thou man? what cowardly mistake
Of thy great selfe, hath stolne king Herod from thee?
O call thy selfe home to thy self, wake, wake,
And fence the hanging sword Heav'n throws upon thee.
Redeeme a worthy wrath, rouse thee, and shake
Thy selfe into a shape that may become thee.
Be Herod, and thou shalt not misse from mee
Immortall stings to thy great thoughts, and thee.

LIX.
So said, her richest snake, which to her wrist
For a becomming bracelet she had ty'd
(A speciall worme it was as ever kist
The foamy lips of Cerberus) she apply'd
To the king's heart: the snake no sooner hist,
But Vertue heard it, and away she hy'd:
Dire flames diffuse themselves through every veine:
This done, home to her Hell she hy'd amaine.
He wakes, and with him (ne're to sleepe) new feares:
His sweat-bedewed bed hath now betraid him
To a vast field of thornes; ten thousand speares
All pointed in his heart seem'd to invade him:
So mighty were th' amazing characters
With which his feeling dreame had thus dismay'd him,
He his owne fancy-framèd foes defies:
In rage, My armes, give me my armes, he cryes.

As when a pile of food-preparing fire,
The breath of artificiall lungs embraves,
The caldron-prison'd waters streight conspire
And beat the hot brasse with rebellious waves;
He murmurs, and rebukes their bold desire;
Th' impatient liquor frets, and foames, and raves,
Till his o're-flowing pride supprese the flame
Whence all his high spirits and hot courage came.

So boyles the fired Herod's blood-swolne brest,
Not to be slak't but by a sea of blood:
His faithlesse crowne he feeses loose on his crest,
Which a false tyrant's head ne're firmely stood.
The worne of jealous envy and unrest
To which his gnaw'd heart is the growing food,
Makes him, impatient of the lingering light,
Hate the sweet peace of all-composing Night.
A thousand prophecies that talke strange things
Had sowne of old these doubts in his deepe brest.
And now of late came tributary kings,
Bringing him nothing but new feares from th’ East,
More deepe suspicions, and more deadly stings,
With which his feav’rous cares their cold increast.

And now his dream (Hel’s fireband) still more bright,
Shew’d him his feares, and kill’d him with the sight.

No sooner therefore shall the Morning see
(Night hangs yet heavy on the lids of Day)
But all the connsellours must summon’d bee,
To meet their troubled lord: without delay
Heralds and messengers immediately
Are sent about, who peasting every way
To th’ heads and officers of every band,
Declare who sends, and what is his command.

Why art thou troubled, Herod? what vaine feare
Thy blood-revolving brest to rage doth move?
Heaven’s King, Who doth Himselfe weak flesh to weare,
Comes not to rule in wrath, but serve in love.
Nor would He this thy fear’d crown from thee teare,
But give thee a better with Himselfe above.

Poor jealousie! why should He wish to prey
Upon thy crowne, Who gives His owne away?
LXVI.

Make to thy reason, man, and mock thy doubts,
Looke how below thy feares their causes are;
Thou art a souldier, Herod; send thy scouts,
See how Hee's furnish't for so fear'd a warre?

What armoure does He weare? A few thin clouts.
His trumpets tender cries; His men to dare
So much? rude shepheards: what His steeds? alas
Poore beasts! a slow oxe and a simple ass.

Il fine del primo Libro.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

See our Essay for critical remarks on the original and Cra-
shaw's interpretation. These things may be recorded:

St. viii. line 6. ' (His shop of flames) He fries himself.'
This verb 'fries,' like 'stick' and some others, had not in Eliza-
bethan times and later, that colloquial, and therefore in such a
context ludicrous, sound that it has to us. In Marlowe's
or Jonson's translation of Ovid's fifteenth elegy (book i.) the
two lines which originally ran thus,

' Lofty Lucretius shall live that hour
That Nature shall dissolve this earthy bower;'

were afterwards altered by Jonson himself to,

' Then shall Lucretius' lofty numbers die,
When earth and seas in fire and flame shall frie.'

In another way one of our most ludicrous-serious experiences
of printers' errors was in a paper contributed by us to an Ame-
rican religious periodical. The subject was Affliction, and we
remarked that God still, as of old with the 'three children' (so-
called) permits His people to be put into the furnace of 'fiery
trials,' wherein He tries them whether they be ore or dross.
To our horror we found the t changed into f, and so read sensa-
tionally 'fries'—all the worse that some might think it the
author's own word.

St. xxviii. and xxx. The star Lucifer or Phosporos, to whom
'the droves of stars that guild the morn, in charge were given,'
can never climb the North or reach the zenith, being conquered by the effulgence of the sun of day. When did the fable of the angel Lucifer, founded on an astronomical appearance, mingle itself as it has done here, and grandly in Milton, and in the popular mind generally, with the biblical history of Satan?

St. xxxvi. line 2. Turnbull perpetuates the misprint of 'whose' for 'my' from 1670.

St. li. line 3, 'linage'—'lineage.' For once 1670 is correct in reading 'lineage' for the misprint 'image' of 1646 and 1648. The original is literally as follows:

'Herod the siege of Augustus, a man now aged.
Then ruled over the royal courts of David:
Not of the royal line . . . ')

St. lix. line 3, 'a special worm': so Shakespeare (Ant. and Cleopatra, v. 2), 'the pretty worm' and 'the worm.'

St. lx. Every one will be reminded of the tent-scene in Richard III.

At end of this translation Peregrine Phillips adds 'cetera desunt—heu! heu!'

Marino and Crashaw have left proper names in the poem unannotated. They are mostly trite; but these may be noticed: st. xlii. 1. 4, Erisichton (see Ovid, Met. viii. 814 &c.); he offended Ceres, and was by her punished with continual hunger, so that he devoured his own limbs: line 5, Tantalus the fabled son of Zeus and Pluto, whose doom in the 'lower world,' has been celebrated from Homer (Od. xi. 582) onward: ib. Atreus, grandson of Tantalus, immorlalised in infamy with his brother Thyestes: ib. Progne—Procne, wife of Tereus, who was metamorphosed into a swallow (Apollod. iii. 14, 8): 1. 6, Lycaon, like Tantalus, with his sons changed by Zeus into wolves (Ovid; Paus. viii. 3, § 1): st. xliii. line 2, Medea, most famous of the mythical sorcerers: ib. Jezebel, 2 Kings ix. 10, 36: line 3, Ciree, another mythical sorceress: Scylla, daughter of Typhon and rival of Circe, who transformed her (Ovid, Met. xiv. 1-74); cf. Paradise Lost: line 4, the Parece—the Fates, ever spinning: st. xlv. lines 7-8, all classic monsters: st. xiv. line 1, 'Dionysus' horses'—the fabled 'mares' fed on human flesh (Apollod. ii. 5, § 8): 'Phe- rens' dogs,' or 'Perseus' mythical celebrity: line 2, Theromedon, king of Scythia, who fed lions with human blood (Ovid, Ibis 385, Pont. i. 2, 121): line 3, Bunsiris, associated with Osiris of Egypt; but Herodotus denies that the Egyp-
tians ever offered human sacrifices: line 4, Sylla = Sulla: line 5, Lestrigonians, ancient inhabitants of Sicily who fed on human flesh (Ovid, *Met.* xiv. 233, &c.): line 6, Procrustes, *i.e.* the Stretcher, being a surname of the famous robber Damastes (Ovid, *Met.* vii. 438): line 7, Scyron, or Sciron (Ovid, *Met.* vii. 444-447), who threw his captives from the rocks: line 8, Schinis, more accurately Sinis or Sinnis, a celebrated robber, his name being connected with σίσωμαι, expressing the manner in which he tore his victims to pieces by tying them to branches of two trees, which he bent together and then let go (Ovid, *Met.* vii. 440); according to some he was surnamed Procrustes, but Marino and Crashaw distinguish the two: st. xlvi. line 2, Mezentius, a mythical king of the Etruscans (Virgil, *Eneid* viii. 480, &c.); he put men to death by tying them to a corpse: ib. Geryon, a fabulous king of Hesperia (Apollod. ii. 5, § 10); under this name the very reverend Dr. J. H. Newman has composed one of his most remarkable poems: line 3, Phalaris, *the* tyrant of Sicily, whose 'brazen bull' of torture gave point to Cicero's words concerning him, as 'crudelissimus omnium tyrannorum' (in *Verr.* iv. 33): ib. Oechus = Artaxerxes III, a merciless king of Persia: ib. Ezelinus or Ezzelinus, another wicked tyrant.
THE HYMN OF SAINTE THOMAS,
IN ADORATION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.¹

Ecce panis Angelorum,  
Adoro te.

With all the powres my poor heart hath  
Of humble loue and loyall faith,  
Thus lowe (my hidden life!) I bow to Thee  
Whom too much loue hath bow'd more low for me.  
Down, down, proud Sense! discourses dy!  
Keep close, my soul's inquiring ey!  
Nor touch, nor tast, must look for more  
But each sitt still in his own dore.

Your ports are all superfluous here,  
Saue that which lets in Faith, the care.  
Faith is my skill: Faith can beleuie  
As fast as Loue new lawes can giue.  
Faith is my force: Faith strength affords  
To keep pace with those powrfull words.  
And words more sure, more sweet then they,  
Loue could not think, Truth could not say.

O let Thy wretch find that releife  
Thou didst afford the faithful theife.

¹ Appeared first in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 74-73); was reprinted in 1652 (pp. 66-69) and 1670 (pp. 185-187). Our text is that of 1652: but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem, and our Essay for critical remarks. The engraving of 1652 is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. G.
Plead for me, Loue! allege and show
That Faith has farther here to goe
And lesse to lean on: because than
Though hidd as God, wounds with Thee man:
Thomas might touch, none but might see
At least the suffering side of Thee;
And that too was Thy self which Thee did cover,
But here e'n that's hid too which hides the other.

Sweet, consider then, that I
Though allow'd nor hand nor eye
To reach at Thy loud face; nor can
Tast Thee God, or touch Thee man,
Both yet beleue; and witnesse Thee
My Lord too and my God, as lowd as he.

Help, Lord, my faith, my hope increase,
And fill my portion in Thy peace:
Give love for life; nor let my days
Grow, but in new powres to Thy name and praise.

O dear memoriall of that Death
Which liues still, and allowes vs breath!
Rich, royall food! Bountyfull bread!
Whose vse denyes vs to the dead;
Whose vitall gust alone can giue
The same leave both to eat and live;
Line euer bread of loues, and be
My life, my soul, my surer-selfe to mee.

O soft self-wounding Pelican!
Whose brest weepes balm for wounded man:
Ah! this way bend Thy benign flood
To a bleeding heart that gasps for blood.
That blood, whose least drops soueraign be
To wash my worlds of sins from me.

Come Love! come Lord! and that long day
For which I languish, come away.
When this dry soul those eyes shall see,
And drink the vnsca1'd sourse of Thee:
When Glory's sun, Faith's shades shall chase,
And for Thy veil giue me Thy face. Amen.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The original title is 'A Hymne to our Saviour by the Faithfull Receiver of the Sacrament.' As before in the title of 'The Weeper' 'Sainte' is misspelled 'Sanite.'

Line 1 in 1648 reads 'power.'

'8, 'sitt still in his own dore.'

'9, 'ports' = openings or gates. So in Edinburgh the 'West-port' = a gate of the city in the old west wall.

Line 21, 'than' = 'then.' See our Phineas Fletcher, as before.

Line 29, Turnbull leaves undetected the 1670 misprint of 'teach' for 'reach.'

Line 33, 1648 supplies 'my faith,' which in our text is inadvertently dropped; 1670 continues the error, which of course Turnbull repeated.

Line 36, 1670 edition reads 'Grow, but in new pow'rs to name thy Praise.'

Lines 37-38 are inadvertently omitted in 1648 edition.

Our text, as will be seen, is arranged in stanzas of irregular form. In 1648 edition it is one continuous poem thus printed:

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G.
LAVDA SION SALVATOREM:
THE HYMN FOR THE BL. SACRAMENT.¹

I.
Rise, royall Sion! rise and sing
Thy soul's kind shepheard, thy hart's King.
Stretch all thy powres; call if you can
Harpes of heau'n to hands of man.
This soueraign subject sitts aboue
The best ambition of thy loue.

II.
Lo, the Bread of Life, this day's
Triumphant text, prouokes thy prayse:  incites
The liuing and life-giuing bread
To the great twelue distributed;
When Life, Himself, at point to dy
Of loue, was His Own legacy.

III.
Come, Loue! and let vs work a song
Lowd and pleasant, sweet and long;
Let lippes and hearts lift high the noise
Of so iust and solemn ioyes,
Which on His white browes this bright day
Shall hence for euer bear away.

¹ Appeared originally in ‘Steps’ of 1648 (pp. 76-78), where the title is ‘A Hymne on the B. Sacrament’; reprinted in 1652 (pp. 70-73) and 1670 (pp. 187-190). Our text is that of 1652; but see Notes at close of the poem. G.
LAVDA SION SALVATOREM.

IV.

Lo, the new law of a new Lord,
With a new Lamb blesses the board:
The aged Pascha pleads not yeares
But spyes Loue's dawn, and disappeares.
Types yield to truths; shades shrink away;
And their Night dyes into our Day.

V.

But lest that dy too, we are bid
Euer to doe what He once did:
And by a mindfull, mystick breath
That we may liue, reuieue His death;
With a well-bles't bread and wine,
Transsum'd and taught to turn divine.

VI.

The Heauin-instructed house of Faith
Here a holy dictate hath,
That they but lend their form and face;—
Themselves with reverence leaue their place,
Nature, and name, to be made good,
By a nobler bread, more needfull blood.

VII.

Where Nature's lawes no leaue will giue,
Bold Faith takes heart, and dares beleive
In different species: name not things,
Himself to me my Saviour brings;
As meat in that, as drink in this,  
But still in both one Christ He is.

VIII.  
The receiuing mouth here makes  
Nor wound nor breach in what he takes.  
Let one, or one thousands be  
Here diuiders, single he  
Beares home no lesse, all they no more,  
Nor leaue they both lesse then before.

IX.  
Though in it self this soverain Feast  
Be all the same to euery guest,  
Yet on the same (life-meaning) Bread  
The child of death eates himself dead:  
Nor is't Loue's fault, but Sin's dire skill  
That thus from Life can death distill.

X.  
When the blest signes thou broke shalt see  
Hold but thy faith intire as He  
Who, howsoe're clad, cannot come  
Lesse then whole Christ in euery crumme.  
In broken formes a stable Faith  
Vntouch't her precious totall hath.

XI.  
So the life-food of angells then  
Bow'd to the lowly mouths of men.
The children’s Bread, the Bridegroom’s Wine;
Not to be cast to dogges, or swine.

XII.
Lo, the full, finall Sacrifice
On which all figures fix’t their eyes:
The ransom’d Isack, and his ramme;
The manna, and the paschal lamb.

XIII.
Jesv Master, just and true!
Our food, and faithfull Shephard too!
O by Thy self vouchsafe to keep,
As with Thy selfe Thou feed’st Thy sheep.

XIV.
O let that loun which thus makes Thee
Mix with our low mortality,
Lift our lean soules, and sett vs vp
Con-victors of Thine Own full cup,
Coheirs of saints. That so all may
Drink the same wine; and the same way:
Nor change the pastvre, but the place,
To feed of Thee, in Thine Own face. Amen.

NOTES.
In 1648, line 3 has ‘thou’ for ‘you’; line 4 ‘and’ for ‘to’;
line 6, ‘ambitions;’ line 19, ‘Lord’ is misprinted ‘Law;’ line
39, ‘names;’ line 42 spells ‘one’ as ‘on;’ line 55, our text
(1652) misprints ‘shall;’ line 75, 1648 reads ‘mean’ for ‘lean.’
G.
PRAYER:

AN ODE WHICH WAS PREFIXED TO A LITTLE PRAYER-BOOK
GIVEN TO A YOUNG GENTLE-WOMAN.¹

Lo here a little volume, but great book!

(Feare it not, sweet,
It is no hipocrit)

Much larger in itselfe then in its looke.

A nest of new-born sweets;

Whose native fires disdaining
To lye thus folded, and complaining
Of these ignoble sheets,

Affect more comly bands

(Fair one) from thy kind hands;

And confidently look
To find the rest

Of a rich binding in your brest.

It is, in one choise handfull, Heauvn; and all

Heau'n's royall host; incampt thus small

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 74-78), where it is headed 'On a prayer booke sent to Mrs. M. R.'; was reprinted in 1648 (pp. 78-82), where the title differs from that of 1652 (pp. 108-112) in leaving out 'Prayer' and 'little,' and in 1670 as in 1646. Our text is that of 1652; but see Notes and Illustrations at close and on M. R. in our Essay. G.
To prove that true, Schooles vse to tell,
Ten thousand angels in one point can dwell.
It is Loue's great artillery
Which here contracts it self, and comes to ly
Close-couch't in your white bosom; and from thence
As from a snowy fortresse of defence,
Against the ghostly foes to take your part,
And fortify the hold of your chast heart.
It is an armory of light;
Let constant vse but keep it bright,
You'll find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts
More swords and sheilds
Then sin hath snares, or Hell hath darts.
Only be sure
The hands be pure
That hold these weapons; and the eyes
Those of turtles, chast and true;
Wakefull and wise:
Here is a freind shall fight for you;
Hold but this book before your heart,
Let prayer alone to play his part;
But O the heart
That studyes this high art
Must be a sure house-keeper:
And yet no sleeper.
Dear soul, be strong!
Mercy will come e're long.
And bring his bosom fraught with blessings,  
Flowers of never-fading graces  
To make immortal dressings  
For worthy souls, whose wise embraces  
Store vp themselues for Him, Who is alone  
The Spouse of virgins and the virgin's Son.  
But if the noble Bridegroom, when He come,  
Shall find the loytering heart from home;  
Leauing her chast aboad  
To gadde abroad  
Among the gay mates of the god of flyes;  
To take her pleasure, and to play  
And keep the devill's holyday;  
To dance in th' sunshine of some smiling  
But beguiling  
Spheare of sweet and sugred lyes;  
Some slippery pair  
Of false, perhaps, as fair,  
Flattering but forswearing, eyes;  
Doubtlesse some other heart  
Will gett the start  
Meanwhile, and stepping in before  
Will take possession of that sacred store  
Of hidden sweets and holy ioyes;  
Words which are not heard with cares  
(Those tumultuous shops of noise)  
Effectuall whispers, whose still voice  
The soul it selfe more feelest then heares;
Amorous languishments; luminous trances;
Sights which are not seen with eyes;
Spiritual and soul-peircing glances
Whose pure and subtil lightning flyes
Home to the heart, and setts the house on fire,
And melts it down in sweet desire
Yet doth not stay
To ask the windows' leave, to passe that way;
Delicious deaths; soft exalations
Of soul; dear and divine annihilations;
A thousand unknown rites
Of ioyes and rarefy'd delights;
A hundred thousand goods, glories, and graces:
And many a mystick thing
Which the divine embracees
Of the deare Spouse of spirits, with them will bring,
For which it is no shame
That dull mortality must not know a name.
Of all this hidden store
Of blessings, and ten thousand more
(If when He come
He find the heart from home)
Doubtlesse He will vnoad
Himself some other where,
And poure abroad
His prexiety sweets
On the fair soul whom first He meets.
O fair, O fortunate! O riche! O dear!
O happy and thrice-happy she  
Deare silver-breasted dove  
Who ere she be,  
Whose early loue  
With winged vowes  
Makes hast to meet her morning Spouse,  
And close with His immortall kisses.  
Happy indeed, who neuer misses  
To improuve that pretious hour,  
And euery day  
Seize her sweet prey,  
All fresh and fragrant as He rises,  
Dropping with a baulmy showr,  
A delicious dew of spices;  
O let the blissfull heart hold it fast  
Her heav'ny arm-full; she shall tast  
At once ten thousand paradises;  
She shall haue power  
To rifle and deflour  
The rich and roseall spring of those rare sweets  
Which with a swelling bosome there she meets:  
Boundles and infinite  
--- Bottomles treasures  
Of pure inebriating pleasures.  
Happy proof! she shal discover  
What joy, what blisse,  
How many heav'ns at once it is  
To haue her God become her Lover.
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The text of 1648 corresponds pretty closely, except in the usual changes of orthography, with our text (1652): and 1670, in like manner, follows that of 1646. 1646 edition furnishes some noticeable variations:

Line 1, 'large' for 'great.'

2-4 restored to their place here. Turnbull gives them in a foot-note with this remark: 'So in the Paris edition of 1652. In all the others,

Fear it not, sweet,
It is no hypocrite,
Much larger in itself, than in its book.'

This is a mistake. The only edition that omits the lines (5-13) besides the first (1646) and substitutes these three is that of 1670.


14, 'choise' for 'rich.'
15, 'hoasts' for 'host.'
17, 'Ten thousand.'

20. Our text (1652) here and elsewhere misreads 'their:' silently corrected.

Line 22. Our text (1652) misprints 'their' for 'the:' as 'the' is the reading of 1648 and 1670, I have adopted it.

Line 24, 'the' for 'an.'
27, 'hand' for 'hands.'
37, 1648 edition has 'its' for 'his.'
44. Our text (1652) oddly misprints 'besom' for 'bosome': the latter reading in 1646, 1648 and 1670 vindicates itself. 1646 reads 'her' and 1648 'its' for 'his.'

Line 50, 'comes' for 'come.'
51, 'wandering' for 'loytering.'
54. The allusion is to one of the names of Satan, viz. Baal-zebub = fly-god, dunghill-god.

Line 55, 'pleasures.'
57. Our text (1652) inadvertently drops 'in.' 1648 has 'i th.'

Line 59. Our text misprints 'spheares:' 1648 adopts 'spheare' from 1646 edition. 1670 misprints 'spear.'

Line 62, 'forswearing:' a classic word.
64, 'git' is the spelling.

65. All the editions save our text (1652) omit 'meanwhile.'
TO THE SAME PARTY.

Line 66, 'the' for 'that.'
,, 69, 'These' for 'Those,' by mistake.
,, 78, 'doth' for 'does' I have adopted here.
,, 83, 1648, by misprint, has 'O' for 'Of.'
,, 84, 'An hundred thousand loves and graces.'
,, 90. I have accepted 'hidden' before 'store' from 1646 edition.

Line 101. I have also adopted this characteristic line from 1646 edition. In all the others (except 1670) it is 'Selected dore.'

Line 107, 'soule' for 'indeed.'
,, 114, 'that' for 'they.'
,, 121-122. In 1648 printed as supra, the lines probably indicating a blank where the ms. was illegible. In our text (1652) we have two lines, but no blank indicated.

Line 124, 'soul' for 'proof.'
,, 127, 'a' for 'her.' G.

TO THE SAME PARTY:
COUNCIL CONCERNING HER CHOISE.¹

DEAR, Hean-designèd sov'l!

Amongst the rest
Of suters that besiege your maiden brest,

Why may not I

My fortune try

And venture to speak one good word,

Not for my self, alas! but for my dearer Lord?

You have seen allready, in this lower sphear

Of froth and bubbles, what to look for here:

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 82-84), and was reprinted in 1670 (pp. 198-200). Our text is that of 1648; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem, G.
TO THE SAME PARTY.

Say, gentle soul, what can you find
But painted shapes,
Peacocks and apes;
Illustrious flyes,
Guильded dunghills, glorious yses;
Goodly surmises
And deep disguises,
Oathes of water, words of wind?
Tryth biddes me say 'tis time you cease to trust
Your soul to any son of dust.
'Tis time you listen to a brauer loue,
Which from aboue
Calls you vp higher
And biddes you come
And choose your roome
Among His owu fair sonnes of fire;
Where you among
The golden throng
That watches at His palace doores
May passe along,
And follow those fair starres of your's;
Starres much too fair and pure to wait vpon
The false smiles of a sublunary sun.
Sweet, let me prophesy that at last t'will proue
Your wary loue
Layes vp his purer and more pretiuous vowes,
And meanes them for a farre more worthy Spovse
Then this World of lyes can give ye:
Eu'n for Him with Whom nor cost,
Nor love, nor labour can be lost;
Him Who neuer will deceive ye.
Let not my Lord, the mighty Louer
Of soules, disdain that I discover
The hidden art
Of His high stratagem to win your heart:
   It was His heaunly art
   Kindly to cross you
   In your mistaken love;
   That, at the next remove
   Thence, He might tosse you
   And strike your troubled heart
Home to Himself; to hide it in His brest:
   The bright ambrosiall nest
Of Loue, of life, and euerlasting rest.
   Happy mystake!
   That thus shall wake
Your wise soul, neuer to be wonne
Now with a loue below the sun.
Your first choyce failes; O when you choose agen
May it not be amongst the sonnes of men.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.
The first line, 'To Mistress M. R.
   Dear, Heav'n-designed soul,'
as in 1670, is not to be considered as an unrhymed line, but as
DESCRIPTION OF A RELIGIOUS HOUSE.

the address or superscription, though so contrived as not to interfere with the metre, but to make a five-foot line with the two feet of the true first line of the poem. So Parolles prefaced his verse with

"Dian, the count's a fool and full of gold,"

(All's Well that ends Well, iv. 3.)

and Longaville (Love's Labour Lost) prefixes to his sonnet,

"O sweet Maria, empress of my love."

In fact, it is the 'Madam' of a poetical epistle brought into metrical harmony with the verse. G.

DESCRIPTION OF A RELIGIOUS HOUSE AND CONDITION OF LIFE.

(OVT OF BARCLAY.)

No roofes of gold o're riotous tables shining
Whole dayes and suns, deuour'd with endlesse dining.
No sailes of Tyrian sylk, proud pauements sweeping,
Nor ivory couches costlyer slumber keeping;
False lights of flaiming gemmes; tumultuous ioyes;
Halls full of flattering men and frisking boyes;
What'ere false showes of short and slippery good
Mix the mad sons of men in mutuall blood.
But walkes, and vnshorn woods; and soules, iust so
Vnforc't and genuine; but not shady tho.
Our lodgings hard and homely as our fare,
That chast and cheap, as the few clothes we weare.

1 Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 81-5): reprinted in 1652 (pp. 121-2) and 1670 (pp. 204-5). Our text is that of 1652, as before; but see Notes at close of the poem. G.
Those, course and negligent, as the naturall lockes
Of these loose groues; rough as th' unpolish't rockes.
A hasty portion of prescribed sleep;
Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep,
And sing, and sigh, and work, and sleep again;
Still rowling a round spear of still-returning pain.
Hands full of harty labours; pains that pay
And prize themselves: doe much, that more they may,
And work for work, not wages; let tomorrow's
New drops, wash off the sweat of this daye's sorrows.
A long and dayly-dying life, which breaths
A respiration of renewing deaths.
But neither are there those ignoble stings
That nip the blossom of the World's best things,
And lash Earth-labouring souls.
No cruel guard of diligent cares, that keep
Crown'd woes awake, as things too wise for sleep:
But reverent discipline, and religious fear,
And soft obedience, find sweet biding here;
Silence, and sacred rest; peace, and pure joys;
Kind loues keep house, ly close, make no noise;
And room enough for monarchs, while none swells
Beyond the kingdoms of contentfull cells.
The self-remembring soul sweetly recouers
Her kindred with the starrs; not basely houers
Below: but meditates her immortall way
Home to the originall source of Light and intellectuall
day.
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In 1648 the heading is simply 'Description of a religious house.' The original occurs in Barclay's Argenis, book v. These variations include one important correction of a long-standing blunder:

Line 3. 1648 misprints 'weeping' for 'sweeping.'
,, 4. 'costy' for 'costlyer.'
,, 6. 'flatt'ring' for 'flattering.'
,, 19-20. Our text (1652), followed by 1670, strangely confuses this couplet by printing,
'Hands full of harty labours; doe much, that more they may.'

Turnbull, as usual, unintelligently repeats the blunder. Even in using the text of 1652 exceptionally, if only he found it confirmed by 1670, there was no vigilance. The reading of 1648 puts all right.

Line 23. Our text misspells 'ding.'
,, 26. Misprinted 'bosome' in all the editions, and perpetuated by Turnbull. Line 27 that follows is a break (unrhymed).

Line 33. 1648 misreads 'keep no noise.' G.

ON MR. GEORGE HERBERT'S BOOKE INTITUL-ED THE TEMPLE OF SACRED POEMS.

SENT TO A GENTLE-WOMAN.¹

Know you, faire, on what you looke?
Divinest love lyes in this booke:
Expecting fier from your faire eyes,
To kindle this his sacrifice.

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (p. 78): reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 88-9) and 1670 (p. 69). Our text is that of 1648, with a few adopted readings as noted onward. See our Essay on Crashaw's relation to Herbert. In the Sanchoff Ms, the heading...
When your hands untie these strings,
Think, yo' have an angell by the wings;
One that gladly would be nigh,
To waite upon each morning sigh;
To flutter in the balmy aire
Of your well-perfumèd praier;
These white plumes of his hee'l lend you,
Which every day to Heaven will send you:
To take acquaintance of each sphære,
And all your smooth-fac'd kindred there.
And though Herbert's name doe owe
These devotions; fairest, know
While I thus lay them on the shrine
Of your white hand, they are mine.

is 'Vpon Herbert's Temple, sent to a Gentlewoman. R. Cr.' Line 3 in the ms. spells 'fire,' and has 'faire' before 'eyes;' adopted: line 5th, books were used to be tied with strings: line 6th, 1646, 'you have ... th': line 7th, ms. reads 'would' for 'will;' adopted: line 8th, 'to waite on your chast,' G.
Le vrai portrait de St. Teresa Euthymios des Récoltes et religieuses de l'ordre de St. Dame du mont-Carmel, Décéder le 2 Octobre 1592. Canonisée le 13 Mars 1622.
A HYMN TO THE NAME AND HONOR OF
THE ADMIRABLE SAINTE TERESA:

Fevndresse of the Reformation of the discalced Carmelites,
both men and women; a Woman for angelicall heigth of
speculation, for masculine courage of performance more
then a woman: who yet a child, out-ran maturity, and
durst plott a Martyrdome;
Misericordias Domini in Eternvm cantabo.
Le Vray portraict de Ste Terese, Fondatrice des Religieuses et
Relieux reformez de l'ordre de N. Dame du mont Carmel:
Decedee le 4e Octo. 1582. Canonisee le 12e Mars. 1622.

The Hymne.

Loue, thou art absolute sole lord
Of life and death. To proue the word
Wee'l now appeal to none of all
Those thy old souldiers, great and tall,
Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down
With strong armes, their triumphant crown;
Such as could with lusty breath
Speak loud into the face of death,

1 Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1616 (pp. 79-84); reprinted in
editions of 1618 (pp. 89-94), 1652 (pp. 93-100), and 1670 (pp. 61-67).
Our text is that of 1652, as before, and its engraving of the Saint's
portrait, and French lines here, are reproduced in our illustrated
quarto edition. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem, and
our Essay on Teresa and Crashaw. G.
Their great Lord's glorious name, to none
Of those whose spatious bosomes spread a throne 10
For Love at large to fill; spare blood and sweat:
And see him take a private seat,
Making his mansion in the mild
And milky soul of a soft child.

Scarse has she learn't to lip the name 15
Of martyr; yet she thinks it shame
Life should so long play with that breath
Which spent can buy so braue a death.
She never ventured to know
What Death with Love should have to doe;
Nor has she e're yet understood
Why to show love, she should shed blood,
Yet though she cannot tell you why
She can love, and she can dy.

Scarse has she blood enough to make 20
A guilty sword blush for her sake;
Yet has she a heart dares hope to prove
How much lesse strong is Death then Love.

Be Love but there; let poor six yeares 25
Be pos'd with the maturest feares
Man trembles at, you straight shall find
Love knowes no nonage, nor the mind;
'Tis love, not yeares or limbs that can
Make the martyr, or the man.

Love touch't her heart, and lo it beats 30
High, and burns with such braue heats;
Such thirsts to dy, as dares drink vp
A thousand cold deaths in one cup.
Good reason: for she breathes all fire;
Her white brest heaves with strong desire
Of what she may with fruitles wishes
Seek for amongst her mother's kisses.

Since 'tis not to be had at home
She'll travaile to a martyrdom.
No home for hers confesses she
But where she may a martyr be.

She'll to the Moores; and trade with them Moors
For this vnvalued diadem:
She'll offer them her dearest breath,
With Christ's name in't, in change for death:
She'll bargain with them; and will giue
Them God; teach them how to liue
In Him: or, if they this deny,
For Him she'll teach them how to dy:
So shall she leave amongst them sown
Her Lord's blood; or at lest her own.

Farewel then, all the World! adieu!
Teresa is no more for you.
Farewell, all pleasures, sports, and ioyes
(Never till now esteem'd toyes)
Farewell, what ever deare may bee,
Mother's armes or father's knee:
Farewell house, and farewell home!
She's for the Moores, and martyrdom.
Sweet, not so fast! lo thy fair Spouse
Whom thou seekst with so swift vowes;
Calls thee back, and bidds thee come
T'embrace a milder martyrdom.

Blest powres forbid, thy tender life
Should bleed vpon a barbarous knife:
Or some base hand haue power to raze
Thy brest's chast cabinet, and vncase
A soul kept there so sweet: O no,
Wise Heaun will neuer have it so.
Thou art Love's victime; and must dy
A death more mysticall and high:
Into Loue's armes thou shalt let fall
A still-suruiuing funerall.

His is the dart must make the death
Whose stroke shall tast thy hallow'd breath;
A dart thrice dip't in that rich flame
Which writes thy Spouse's radiant name
Vpon the roof of Heau'n, where ay
It shines; and with a soueraign ray
Beates bright vpon the burning faces
Of soules which in that Name's sweet graces
Find euerlasting smiles: so rare,
So spirituall, pure, and fair
Must be th' immortall instrument
Vpon whose choice point shall be sent
A life so lou'd: and that there be
Fitt executioners for thee,
A HYMN TO THE ADMIRABLE SAINTE TERESA.

The fair'st and first-born sons of fire
Blest seraphim, shall leave their quire,
And turn Love's soldiers, upon thee
To exercise their archerie.

O how oft shalt thou complain
Of a sweet and subtle pain:
Of intolerable joys:
Of a death, in which who dyes
Love his death, and dyes again
And would for ever so be slain.
And liues, and dyes; and knowes not why
To liue, but that he thus may never leave to dy.

How kindly will thy gentle heart
Kisse the sweetly-killing dart!
And close in his embraces keep
Those delicious wounds, that weep
Balsom to heal themselves with: thus
When these thy deaths, so numerous
Shall all at last dy into one,
And melt thy soul's sweet mansion;
Like a soft lump of incense, hasted
By too hatt a fire, and wasted
Into perfuming clouds, so fast
Shalt thou exhale to Heaven at last
In a resolving sigh, and then
O what? Ask not the tongues of men;
Angells cannot tell; suffice
Thy selfe shall feel thine own full joys,
And hold them fast for euer there.
So soon as thou shalt first appear,
The moon of maiden starrs, thy white
Mistresse, attended by such bright
Soules as thy shining self, shall come
And in her first rankes make thee room;
Where 'mongst her snowy family
Immortal welcomes wait for thee.

O what delight, when reuclald Life shall stand,
And teach thy lipps Heau'n with His hand;
On which thou now maist to thy wishes
Heap vp thy consecrated kisses.
What joyes shall seize thy soul, when she,
Bending her blessed eyes on Thee,
(Those second smiles of Heau'n,) shall dart
Her mild rayes through Thy melting heart.

Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee
Glad at their own home now to meet thee.

All thy good workes which went before
And waited for thee, at the door,
Shall own thee there; and all in one
Weave a constellation
Of crowns, with which the King thy Spouse
Shall build vp thy triumphant browes.

All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
And thy paines sitt bright vpon thee,
All thy sorrows here shall shine,
All thy sufferings be divine:
Teares shall take comfort, and turn gemms
And wrongs repent to diademms.
En'n thy death shall liue ; and new-
Dresse the soul that erst he slew.
Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scarres
As keep account of the Lamb's warres.

Those rare workes where thou shalt leave writt
Lone's noble history, with witt
Taught thee by none but Him, while here
They feed our soules, shall clothe thine there.
Each heavenly word, by whose hid flame
Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
Shall flourish on thy browes, and be
Both fire to vs and flame to thee ;
Whose light shall liue bright in thy face
By glory, in our hearts by grace.

Thou shalt look round about, and see
Thousands of crown'd soules throng to be
Themselves thy crown : sons of thy vowes
The virgin-births with which thy soueraign Spouse
Made fruitfull thy fair soul. Goe now
And with them all about thee, bow
To Him ; put on (Hee'l say) put on
(My rosy loue) that thy rich zone
Sparkling with the sacred flames
Of thousand soules, whose happy names
Heau'n keep upon thy score : (Thy bright
Life brought them first to kisse the light,
That kindled them to starrs,) and so
Thou with the Lamb, thy Lord, shalt goe,
And whereso'ere He setts His white
Stepps, walk with Him those wayes of light,
Which who in death would line to see,
Must learn in life to dy like thee.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The original edition (1646) has this title, 'In memory of the Vertuous and Learned Lady Madre de Teresa, that sought an early Martyrdom;' and so also in 1648. 1670 agrees with 1652; only the Latin line above the portrait and the French verses are omitted.

The text of 1646 furnishes a number of variations corrective in part of all the subsequent editions. These are recorded below. 1648 agrees substantially with 1652: but a few unimportant readings peculiar to it are also given in these Notes.

Various readings from 1646 edition.

Line 3, 'Wee need to goe to none of all.'

'4, 'stout' for 'great.'

'5, 'ripe and full growne.'

'8, 'unto' for 'into;' the latter preferable.

'10, 'Of those whose large breasts built a throne.'

'11-13,

'For Love their Lord, glorious and great
Weel see Him take a private seat,
And make...''

I have hesitated whether this ought not to have been adopted as our text; but it is a characteristic of Crashaw to introduce abruptly long and short lines as in our text, and to carry a thought or metaphor through a number of lines.

Line 15, 'had' for 'has,' and 'a' for 'the.'

'21, 'hath,' and so in 1648 edition.

'23, our text (1652) misprints 'enough;' I correct from 1648.

'25, 'had,' 1648 'hath.'

'27, 1648, 'hath.'

'31, 'wee' for 'you.'
Line 37, 'thirst' for 'thirsts,' and 'dare' for 'dares.'
" 38 spells 'coled.'
" 40, 'weake' for 'white;' the latter a favourite epithet with Crashaw: 1648 'weake.'
Line 43, 1648 drops 'at' inadvertently.
" 44 spells 'travell'; 1648 has 'for' instead of 'to.'
" 45, 'her,' by misprint for 'her's.'
" 47, 1648 has 'try' for 'trade.'
" 49, 'Shee offers.' 57 spells 'aden.'
" 61, this line is by oversight dropped from our text (1652).
Line 70, spelled 'barborons' in our text, but I have adopted 'n' from 1646 and 1648.
Line 71, 'race' for 'raze;' a common contemporary spelling.
" 77, 'hand' for 'armes.'
" 93, 'The fairest, and the first borne Loves of fire.'
" 94, 'Seraphims,' the usual misspelling of the plural of seraph in our English Bible.
Line 104, 'To live, but that he still may dy.'
" 106, our text (1652) misreads 'sweetly-kissing.' I have adopted 'sweetly-killing' from 1646, 1648 and 1670.
Line 108, 1648 has 'thine' for 'his.'
" 118, 'disolving.'
" 123, our text (1652) inadvertently drops 'shal't,' and misreads 'you' for 'thou.' I accept the text of 1646, 1648 and 1670.
Line 129, 'on.'
" 130, 'shee' for 'reueal'd Life;' and in next line 'her' for 'His.' Our text (1652) is preferable, as pointing to Christ the Life, our Life. See under lines 11-13.
Line 133, 'joy.'
" 146, 'set;' a common contemporary spelling.
" 147, this line, dropped inadvertently from our text (1652), is restored from 1646, 1648 and 1670.
Line 148, 'And' for 'All.'
" 151, 'Even thy deaths,'
" 152, 'Dresse the soul that late they slew.'
" 167 misprints 'nowes;' corrected in 1648, but not in 1670.
" 168 drops 'soveraign.' See under lines 11-13.
" 175, 'keeps.'
" 178, 'shall.' Cf. Rev. xiv. 5, as before. G.
AN APOLOGIE FOR THE FOREGOING HYMN.

AS HAVING BEEN WRITT WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS YET AMONG THE PROTESTANTS.

Thus have I back again to thy bright name
(Fair floud of holy fires!) transfus'd the flame
I took from reading thee: 'tis to thy wrong
I know, that in my weak and worthlesse song
Thou here art sett to shine where thy full day
Scarse dawnes. O pardon, if I dare to say
Thine own dear booke are guilty. For from thence
I learned to know that Loue is eloquence.
That hopefull maxime gaue me hart to try
If, what to other tongues is tun'd so high,
Thy praise might not speak English too: forbid
(By all thy mysteryes that here ly hidde)
Forbid it, mighty Loue! let no fond hate
Of names and wordes, so farr prejudice.
Souls are not Spaniards too: one freindly floud
Of baptism blends them all into a blood.
Christ's faith makes but one body of all soules,
And Loue's that body's soul; no law controwlls

1 Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1616 (pp. 85-6): reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 97-8) and 1670 (pp. 67-8). Our text is that of 1648. See our Essay for the biographic interest of this poem, and also Notes at its close.
Our free traffic for Heau'n; we may maintaine
Peace, sure, with piety, though it come from Spain. 20
What soul so e're, in any language, can
Speak Heau'n like her's, is my soul's country-man.
O 'tis not Spanish, but 'tis Heau'n she speaks!
'Tis Heau'n that lyes in ambush there, and breaks
From thence into the wondring reader's brest;
Who feels his warm heart hatcht into a nest
Of little eagles and young loues, whose high
Flights scorn the lazy dust, and things that dy.
There are enow whose draughts (as deep as Hell)
Drink vp all Spain in sack. Let my soul swell
With the strong wine of Loue: let others swimme
In puddles; we will pledge this seraphim
Bowles full of richer blood then blush of grape
Was euer guilty of. Change we our shape
(My soul) some drink from men to beasts, O then
Drink we till we proue more, not lesse, then men,
And turn not beasts but angels. Let the King
Me euer into these His cellars bring,
Where flowes such wine as we can haue of none
But Him Who trod the wine-presse all alone:
Wine of youth, life, and the sweet deaths of Loue;
Wine of immortall mixture; which can proue
Its tincture from the rosy nectar: wine
That can exalt weak earth; and so refine
Our dust, that at one draught, Mortality
May drink it self vp, and forget to dy.
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The title in 1646 'Steps' is 'An Apologie for the precedent Hymne:' in 1648 the 'Flaming Heart' also precedes the 'Apologie,' and its title, 'Hymnes on Teresa,' is added. 1670 has 'was yet a Protestant.'

Various readings from 1646.

Line 2, 'sea.'
- 9, 'heavenly.'
- 12, 'there' for 'here.'
- 14, 'prejudicate.'
- 16, 'one' for 'a.' 1670 has 'one.'
- 18, 1648 spells 'comptrolls.'
- 20, 'dwell in' for 'come from.'
- 21, 'sower.'
- 26, 'finds' for 'feels.' our text (1652) drops 'hatcht,' which we have restored after 1646 and 1648; 1670 reads 'hatch,' and Turnbull follows blindly.

Line 29, our text (1652) misreads 'now:' we restore 'enow,' after the editions as in No. 9.

Line 34, our text misreads 'too' after 'we:' I omit it, as in 1646 and 1670. 1648 has 'to.'

Line 41, 'Wine of youth's Life.'
- 45, 'in' for 'at.' As the 'Apologie' refers only to the Hymn preceding, and not to what follows, I have placed it after the former, not (as in 1648) the latter, which would make it refer to both. G.

THE FLAMING HEART:

Upon the book and picture of the Seraphical Saint Teresa,
As she is usually expressed with a Seraphim beside her.1

Well-meaning readers! you that come as freinds
And catch the precious name this peice pretends;

1 Appeared originally in 1648 'Steps' (pp. 91-6): reprinted in editions of 1652 (pp. 103-107) and 1670 (pp. 194-7). Our text is that of 1652, as before. G.
THE FLAMING HEART.

Make not too much hast to admire
That fair-check't fallacy of fire.
That is a seraphim, they say
And this the great Teresa.
Readers, be rul'd by me; and make
Here a well-plact and wise mistake:
You must transpose the picture quite,
And spell it wrong to read it right;
Read him for her, and her for him,
And call the saint the seraphim.

Painter, what didst thou understand
To put her dart into his hand?
See, even the yeares and size of him
Showes this the mother seraphim.
This is the mistresse flame; and duteous he
Her happy fire-works here, comes down to see.
O most poor-spirited of men!
Had thy cold pencil kist her pen,
Thou couldst not so vnduely err
To show vs this faint shade for her.
Why, man, this speakes pure mortall frame;
And mockes with female frost Loue's manly flame.
One would suspect thou meant'st to paint
Some weak, inferiour, woman-saint.
But had thy pale-fac't purple took
Fire from the burning cheeks of that bright booke,
Thou wouldst on her haue heap't vp all
That could be found seraphicall;
What e're this youth of fire, weares fair,
Rosy fingers, radiant hair,
Glowing check, and glistening wings,
All those fair and fragrant things
But before all, that fiery dart
Had fill'd the hand of this great heart.

Doe then, as equall right requires,
Since his the blushes be, and her's the fires,
Resume and rectify thy rude design,
Undresse thy seraphim into mine;
Redeem this injury of thy art,
Give him the vail, give her the dart.
Give him the vail; that he may cover
The red cheeks of a riuall'd louer.
Asham'd that our world now can show
Nests of new seraphims here below.

Give her the dart, for it is she
(Fair youth) shootes both thy shaft, and thee;
Say, all ye wise and well-peirc't hearts
That liue and dy amidst her darts,
What is't your tastfull spirits doe proue
In that rare life of her, and Loue?
Say, and bear witnes. Sends she not
A seraphim at euery shott?
What magazins of immortall armes there shine!
Heau'n's great artillery in each loue-spun line.
Give then the dart to her who giues the flame;
Give him the veil, who giues the shame.
THE FLAMING HEART.

But if it be the frequent fate
Of worst faults to be fortunate;
If all's prescription; and proud wrong
Hearkens not to an humble song;
For all the gallantry of him,
Give me the suffering seraphim.
His be the brauery of all those bright things,
The glowing cheekes, the glistering wings;
The rosy hand, the radiant dart;
Leave her alone the flaming heart.

Leave her that; and thou shalt leave her
Not one loose shaft but Love's whole quiver.
For in Love's feild was never found
A nobler weapon then a wound.
Love's passiues are his actiu'st part,
The wounded is the wounding heart.

O heart! the æquall poise of Love's both parts
Bigge alike with wound and darts.
Lieue in these conquering leaues; liue all the same,
And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame.
Lieue here, great heart; and lone and dy and kill;
And bleed and wound; and yeild and conquer still.

Let this immortall life where the it comes
Walk in a crowd of lounes and martyrdomes.
Let mystick deaths wait on't; and wise soules be
The love-slaine witnessees of this life of thee.

O sweet incendiary! shew here thy art,
Upon this carcasse of a hard, cold hart;
Let all thy scatter'd shafts of light, that play  
Among the leaves of thy large books of day.  
Combin'd against this breast at once break in  
And take away from me my self and sin;  
This gratious robbery shall thy bounty be,  
And my best fortunes such fair spoiles of me.  
O thou undanted daughter of desires!  
By all thy dower of lights and fires;  
By all the eagle in thee, all the doue;  
By all thy lines and deaths of love;  
By thy large draughts of intellectuall day,  
And by thy thirsts of love more large then they;  
By all thy brim-fill'd bowles of fierce desire,  
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;  
By the full kingdom of that final kiss  
That seiz'd thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His;  
By all the Heau'n thou hast in Him  
(Fair sister of the seraphim!)  
By all of Him we have in thee;  
Leave nothing of my self in me.  
Let me so read thy life, that I  
Unto all life of mine may dy.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The title in 1648 omits the words 'the seraphical saint,' and the text there lacks the last twenty-four lines.

Various readings from 1618.

Line 3, 'so' for 'too.'
.. 11, 'And' for 'read.'
.. 18, 'happier.'
A SONG OF DIVINE LOVE.

Line 31 misreads 'But e're,' and ' were' for ' weares.'
'' 33, ' cheekes.'
'' 34 flagrantly misreads ' flagrant' for ' fragrant,' which TURNBELL as usual blindly repeats.
Line 48, ' shafts.'
'' 58 reads ' ... kindly tells the shame.' It is a characteristic of Crashaw to vary his measures, else I should have adopted this reading from 1648. The line is somewhat obscure through the conceitful repetition of ' gives.' The sense is, who, being pictured red, shows the blushing shamefacedness of being outdone in his own seraphic nature by an earthly saint. G.

A SONG OF DIVINE LOVE.1

Lord, when the sense of Thy sweet grace sends vp my soul to seek Thy face,
Thy blessed eyes breed such desire,
I dy in Love's delicious fire.

O Love, I am thy sacrifice!
Be still triumphant, blessed eyes!
Still shine on me, fair suns! that I
Still may behold, though still I dy.

SECOND PART.

Though still I dy, I live again;
Still longing so to be still slain;

1 Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (p. 98): reprinted in 1652 (p. 107) and 1670 (pp. 197-8). Our text is that of 1652, as before; but the only difference in the others is (except the usual slight changes in orthography), that in 1648, 2d part, line 5 reads 'longing' for 'loosing,' which I have adopted, as pointing back to the 'loosing' of the 1st part, line 2. The title I take from 1648, as in 1652 it is simply 'A Song.' G.
So gainfull is such losse of breath,
I dy even in desire of death.
Still liue in me this longing strife
Of liuing death and dying life;
For while Thou sweetly slayest me
Dead to my selfe, I liue in Thee.

IN THE GLORIOUS ASSVMPTION OF OVR BLESSED LADY.¹

The Hymn.

Hark! she is call'd, the parting houre is come;  
Take thy farewell, poor World! Heau'n must go home.
A piece of heau'nly earth; purer and brighter [her,
Then the chast starres, whose choise lamps come to light
Whilst through the crystal orb's, clearer then they 5
She climbs; and makes a farre more Milkey Way.
She's call'd! Hark, how the dear immortall Doue
Sighes to His syluer mate, 'Rise vp, my loue'!
Rise vp, my fair, my spotlesse one!
The Winter's past, the rain is gone; 10
The Spring is come, the flowrs appear,
No sweets, (save thou,) are wanting here.

¹ Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 90-1): reprinted in 1648 (pp. 99-101), 1652 (pp. 81-3), 1670 (pp. 70-2). Our text is that of 1652, as before; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.
Come away, my loue!
Come away, my doue!
  Cast off delay;
The court of Heau'n is come
To wait upon thee home;
  Come, come away!
The flowers appear,
Or quickly would, wert thou once here.
The Spring is come, or if it stay
'Tis to keep time with thy delay.
The rain is gone, except so much as we
Detain in needfull teares to weep the want of thee.
The Winter's past,
  Or if he make lesse hast,
His answer is, why she does so,
If Sommer come not, how can Winter goe?
  Come away, come away!
The shrill winds chide, the waters weep thy stay;
The fountains murmur, and each loftyest tree
Bowes low'ست his leaue top, to look for thee.
  Come away, my loue!
  Come away, my doue &c.
She's call'd again. And will she goe?
When Heau'n bidds come, who can say no?
Heau'n calls her, and she must away,
Heau'n will not, and she cannot stay.
Goe then; goe, gloriovs on the golden wings
Of the bright youth of Heau'n, that sings
Vnder so sweet a burthen. Goe,
Since thy dread Son will haue it so.
And while thou goest, our song and we
Will, as we may, reach after thee.
Hail, holy queen of humble hearts!
We in thy prayse will haue our parts.
And though thy dearest lookes must now give light
To none but the blest heavens, whose bright
Beholders, lost in sweet delight,
Feed for ever their faire sight
With those divinest eyes, which we
And our darke world noe more shall see;
Though our poore eyes are parted soe,
Yet shall our lipps never lett goe
Thy gracious name, but to the last
Our loving song shall hold it fast.
Thy pretious name shall be
Thy self to vs; and we
With holy care will keep it by vs.
We to the last
Will hold it fast,
And no Assumption shall deny vs.
All the sweetest showres
Of our fairest flowres
Will we strow upon it.
Though our sweets cannot make
It sweeter, they can take
Themselves new sweetness from it.
Maria, men and angels sing,
Maria, mother of our King.
Live, rosy princesse, live! and may the bright
Crown of a most incomparable light
Embrace thy radiant browes. O may the best
Of everlasting ioyes bath thy white brest.
Live, our chast loue, the holy mirth
Of Heau'n; the humble pride of Earth.
Live, crown of woemen; queen of men;
Live, mistresse of our song. And when
Our weak desires haue done their best,
Sweet angels come, and sing the rest.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The heading in the Sancroft ms. is 'On the Assumption of the Virgin Marie.' In line 5 it reads 'whilst,' and so in line 43: line 7, 'againe th'immortal Dove:' line 12, our text (1652) reads 'but;' we prefer 'sane' of 1648 and the ms.: line 30, our text (1652) misprints 'heavy' for 'leavy' of 1648: line 42, the ms. reads 'great:' line 47, 'give' for 'be;' adopted: line 53, 'eyes' for 'ioyes;' adopted: line 57, 'sacred:' line 76, 'bragg:' line 77, 'praise of women, pride of men.'

By an unaccountable inadvertence, our text (1652) omits lines 47-56. They are restored from 1648: they also appear in 1670. Line 18 in 1648 reads 'Come, come away:' in 1670 it is 'Come away, come away;' but this edition strangely, but characteristically, omits lines 19-34; and Turnbull, following it, though pronounced by himself the most inaccurate of all (Preliminary Observations, p. xi. of his edition), has overlooked them. Confer, for a quaint parallel with these lines (19-34), our Joseph Fletcher. It may also be noted here that Turnbull betrays his habitual use of his self-condemned text of 1670 by misreading in line 12, 'No sweets since thou art wanting here;' so converting the fine compliment into ungram-
mational nonsense. Earlier also (line 3) he similarly reads, after the same text, 'light' for 'earth.' So too in line 7 he reads 'She's call'd again; hark! how th' immortall dove:' and line 42, for the favourite 'dread' of our Poet the weaker 'great,' as supra: and the following line 63 omits ' the:' line 64, 'our:' line 65 reads 'We'll:' line 76, 'and' for 'the.' On lines 9-10, cf. Song of Solomon, ii. 10-13. G.

UPON FIVE PIOVS AND LEARNED DISCOURSES:

BY ROBERT SHELFORD.

Rise, then, immortall maid! Religion, rise!
Put on thy self in thine own looks: t' our eyes
Be what thy beauties, not our blots, have made thee;
Such as (ere our dark sinnes to dust betray'd thee)
Heav'n set thee down new drest; when thy bright birth
Shot thee like lightning to th' astonisht Earth.

1 From 'Five Piovs and Learned Discourses:
1. A Sermon shewing how we ought to behave our selves in
    God's house.
2. A Sermon preferring holy Charity before Faith, Hope and
    Knowledge.
3. A Treatise shewing that God's Law now qualified by the
    Gospel of Christ, is possible, and ought to be fulfilled of
    us in this life.
5. A Treatise shewing the Antichrist not to be yet come.

By Robert Shelford, of Ringsfield in Suffolk Priest. Printed by
the printers to the Universitie of Cambridge, 1635 [quarto].' See
Note at close of the poem, and our Essay, for more on Shelford. G.
From th' dawn of thy fair eyelids wipe away
Dull mists and melancholy clouds: take Day
And thine own beams about thee: bring the best
Of whatso'ere perfum'd thy Eastern nest.
Girt all thy glories to thee: then sit down,
Open this book, fair Queen, and take thy crown.
These learned leaves shall vindicate to thee
Thy holyest, humblest, handmaid, Charitie;
She'll dresse thee like thy self, set thee on high
Where thou shalt reach all hearts, command each eye.
Lo! where I see thy altars wake, and rise
From the pale dust of that strange sacrifice
Which they themselves were; each one putting on
A majestic that may becom thy throne.
The holy youth of Heav'n, whose golden rings
Girt round thy awfull altars; with bright wings
Fanning thy fair locks, (which the World beleevses
As much as sees) shall with these sacred leaves
Trick their tall plumes, and in that garb shall go
If not more glorious, more conspicuous tho.

Be it enacted then,

By the fair laws of thy firm-pointed pen,
God's services no longer shall put on
Pure sluttishnesse for pure religion:
No longer shall our Churches' frightened stones
Lie scatter'd like the burnt and martyr'd bones
Of dead Devotion; nor faint marbles weep
In their sad ruines; nor Religion keep
A melancholy mansion in those cold
Urns: Like God's sanctuaries they lookt of old;
Now seem they Temples consecrate to none,
Or to a new god, Desolation.
No more the hypocrite shall th' upright be
Because he's stiffe, and will confesse no knee:
While others bend their knee, no more shalt thou,
(Disdainfull dust and ashes!) bend thy brow;
Nor on God's altar cast two scorching eyes,
Bak't in hot scorn, for a burnt sacrifice:
But (for a lambe) thy tame and tender heart,
New struck by Love, still trembling on his dart;
Or (for two turtle-doves) it shall suffice
To bring a pair of meek and humble eyes.
This shall from henceforth be the masculine theme
Pulpits and penes shall sweat in; to redeem
Vertue to action, that life-feeding flame
That keeps Religion warm: not swell a name
Of Faith; a mountain-word, made up of aire,
With those deare spoils that wont to dresse the fair
And fruitfull Charitie's full breasts (of old),
Turning her out to tremble in the cold.
What can the poore hope from us, when we be
Uncharitable ev'n to Charitie?
Nor shall our zealous ones still have a fling
At that most horrible and hornèd thing,
Forsooth the Pope: by which black name they call
The Turk, the devil, Furies, Hell and all,
And something more. O he is Antichrist:
Doubt this, and doubt (say they) that Christ is Christ:
Why, 'tis a point of Faith. What e're it be, 65
I'm sure it is no point of Charitie.
In summe, no longer shall our people hope,
To be a true Protestant's but to hate the Pope.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

I have taken the text of this poem as it originally appeared, because in all the editions of the Poems wherein it is given the last ten lines are omitted. Turnbull discovered this after his text of the Poems was printed off, and so had to insert them in a Postscript, wherein his genius for blundering describes Shelford's volume as 'Five . . . Poems.' These slight variations may be recorded:

The title in all is 'On a Treatise of Charity.'
Line 12, 1648 has 'thy' for 'this.'
" 16, ib. 'shall' for 'shalt.'
" 17, all the editions 'off'rings' for 'altars.'
" 30, ib. 'A' for the first 'pure.'
" 36, our text misprints 'look' for 'look'd.'

The poem is signed in Shelford's volume 'RICH. CRASHAW, Ami Pemb. A.B.' It appeared in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 86-8), 1648 (pp. 101-2), 1670 (pp. 68-70). G.
DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA:

THE HYMN OF THE CHURCH, IN MEDITATION OF THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.¹

I.

HEAR'ST thou, my soul, what serious things
Both the Psalm and sybyll sings
Of a sure Judge, from Whose sharp ray
The World in flames shall fly away.

II.

O that fire! before whose face
Hean and Earth shall find no place.
O those eyes! Whose angry light
Must be the day of that dread night.

III.

O that trump! whose blast shall run
An euen round with the circling sun,
And urge the murmuring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 106-7), where it is headed 'A Hymne in Meditation of the Day of Judgement;' reprinted 1652 (pp. 74-78), 1670 (pp. 191-4). Our text is that of 1652, and its engraving here is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. See our Essay for critical remarks on this great version of a supreme hymn, G.
IV.

Horror of Nature, Hell, and Death!
When a deep groan from beneath
Shall cry, We come, we come, and all
The caues of Night answer one call.

V.

O that Book! whose leaves so bright
Will set the World in severe light.
O that Judge! Whose hand, Whose eye
None can endure; yet none can fly.

VI.

Ah then, poor soul, what wilt thou say?
And to what patron chuse to pray?
When stars themselves shall stagger; and
The most firm foot no more then stand.

VII.

But Thou giust leave (dread Lord!) that we
Take shelter from Thy self, in Thee;
And with the wings of Thine own do
Fly to Thy scepter of soft love.

VIII.

Dear, remember in that Day
Who was the cause Thou camest this way.
Thy sheep was stray'd; and Thou wouldst be
Euen lost Thyself in seeking me.
IX.

Shall all that labour, all that cost
Of loue, and cu'n that losse, be lost?
And this lou'd soul, indg'd worth no lesse
Then all that way, and wearyness.

X.

Just mercy then, Thy reckning be
With my Price, and not with me;
'Twas pay'd at first with too much pain,
To be pay'd twice; or once, in vain.

XI.

Mercy (my Judge), mercy I cry
With blushing cheek and bleeding ey:
The conscious colors of my sin
Are red without and pale within.

XII.

O let Thine Own soft bowells pay
Thy self; and so discharge that day.
If Sin can sigh, Loue can forgive:
O say the word, my soul shall liue.

XIII.

Those mercyes which Thy Mary found,
Or who Thy crosse confes't and crown'd;
Hope tells my heart, the same loues be
Still aline, and still for me.
XIV.

Though both my prayres and teares combine,
Both worthlesse are; for they are mine.
But Thou Thy bounteous Self still be;
And show Thou art, by sauing me.

XV.

O, when Thy last frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goates to folds of flame,
And all Thy lost sheep found shall be;
Let ‘Come ye blessed,’ then call me.

XVI.

When the dread ‘Ite’ shall diuide
Those limbs of death, from Thy left side;
Let those life-speaking lipps command
That I inherit Thy right hand.

XVII.

O hear a suppliant heart, all crush’t
And crumbled into contrite dust.
My hope, my fear! my Judge, my Friend!
Take charge of me, and of my end.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In st. vi. line 4, ‘then’ is = than, on which cf. our Phineas Fletcher, as before: in st. xvi. line 1, ‘Ite’ = ‘go ye’ of the Vulgate. 1670, st. ii. line 3, misprints ‘these’ for ‘those’; st. viii. line 3, ‘And Thou wouldst be,’ i.e. didst will to be,—not merely wished to be, but carried out Thy intent. G.
CHARITAS NIMIA, OR THE DEAR BARGAIN. 1

Lord, what is man? why should he coste Thee
So dear? what had his ruin lost Thee?
Lord, what is man? that thou hast ouerbought
So much a thing of nought?

Love is too kind, I see; and can
Make but a simple merchant-man.
'Twas for such sorry merchandise,
Bold painters have put out his eyes.

Alas, sweet Lord, what wer't to Thee
If there were no such wormes as we?
Heau'n ne're the lesse still Heau'n would be,
Should mankind dwell
In the deep Hell:
What have his woes to doe with Thee?

Let him goe weep
O're his own wounds;
Seraphims will not sleep
Nor sphæres let fall their faithfull rounds.

1 Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 107-9): reprinted 1652 (pp. 52-54) and 1670 (pp. 176-8). Our text is that of 1652, as before. In 1648 lines 1 and 2 read 'you' for 'thee;' and line 33 'Thou' for 'you,' the latter adopted. G.
Still would the youthfull spirits sing;
And still Thy spacious palace ring;
Still would those beauteous ministers of light
Burn all as bright.

And bow their flaming heads before Thee:
Still thrones and dominations would adore Thee;
Still would those euer-wakefull sons of fire
Keep warm Thy prayse
Both nights and dayes,
And teach Thy lou'd name to their noble lyre.

Let froward dust then doe it's kind;
And give it self for sport to the proud wind.
Why should a peice of peeuish clay plead shares
In the eternity of Thy old cares?
Why shouldst Thou bow Thy awfull brest to see
What mine own madnesses haue done with me?

Should not the king still keepe his throne
Because some desperate fool's vndone?
Or will the World's illustrious eyes
Weep for every worm that dyes.

Will the gallant sun
E're the lesse glorious run?
Will he hang down his golden head
Or e're the sooner seek his Western bed,
Because some foolish fly
Growes wanton, and will dy?
If I were lost in misery,
What was it to Thy Heauen and Thee?
What was it to Thy pretious blood
If my foule heart call'd for a floud?

What if my faithlesse soul and I
Would needs fall in
With guilt and sin;
What did the Lamb, that He should dy?
What did the Lamb, that He should need,
When the wolf sins, Himself to bleed?

If my base lust,
Bargain'd with Death and well-beseeming dust:
Why should the white
Lamb's bosom write
The purple name
Of my sin's shame?

Why should His vnstaind brest make good
My blushes with His Own heart-blood?

O my Saviour, make me see
How dearly Thou hast payd for me,
That lost again my life may proue,
As then in death, so now in loue.
Hail, most high, most humble one!
Above the world, below thy Son;
Whose blush the moon beauteously marres
And staines the timerous light of staires.
He that made all things, had not done
Till He had made Himself thy Son:
The whole World's host would be thy guest
And board Himself at thy rich brest.
O boundles hospitality!
The Feast of all things feeds on thee.
The first Eve, mother of our Fall,
E're she bore any one, slew all.
Of her vnkind gift might we have
Th' inheritance of a hasty grave:
Quick-bury'd in the wanton tomb
Of one forbidden bitt;
Had not a better frvit forbidden it.
Had not thy healthfull womb

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1 Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 109-110); reprinted 1652 (pp. 79-80) and 1670 (pp. 194-5). Our text is that of 1652, as before, and its engraving here is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition in two forms (one hitherto unknown) from the Bodleian copy. G.
The World's new eastern window bin,
And giuen vs heau'n again, in giuing Him.
Thine was the rosy dawn, that spring the Day
Which renders all the starres she stole away.
Let then the aged World be wise, and all
Proue nobly here unnaturall;
'Tis gratitude to forgett that other
And call the maiden Eue their mother.
Yee redeem'd nations Farr and near,
Applaud your happy selues in her;
(All you to whom this loue belongs)
And keep't alioe with lasting songs.

Let hearts and lippes speak loud; and say
Hail, door of life: and sourse of Day!
The door was shut, the fountain seal'd;
Yet Light was seen and Life reuel'd.
The door was shut, yet let in day,
The fountain seal'd, yet life found way.
Glory to Thee, great virgin's Son
In bosom of Thy Father's blisse.
The same to Thee, sweet Spirit be done;
As euer shall be, was, and is. Amen.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.
The heading in 1648 is simply 'The Virgin-Mother:' in 1670 it is 'The Hymn, O Gloriosa Domina.'
Line 2, 1648 reads 'the Son.'
,, 10, our text (1652) misprints 'the' for 'thee.'
HOPE.

Line 21, I follow here the text of 1648. 1652 reads

'Thine was the rosy dawn that sprung the day.'

and this is repeated in 1670 and, of course, by Turnbull.

Line 26, 1648 has 'your' for 'their.'

,, 35 is inadvertently dropped in our text (1652), though the succeeding line (with which it rhymes) appears. I restore it. 1670 also drops it; and so again Turnbull!

Lines 43-44, 'Because some foolish fly.' This metaphorical allusion to the Fall and its results (as described by Milton and others) is founded on the dying of various insects after begetting their kind. G.

HOPE.¹

Hope, whose weak beeing ruin'd is
Alike if it succeed or if it misse!
Whom ill and good doth equally confound,
And both the hornes of Fate's dilemma wound.

Vain shadow; that dost vanish quite
Both at full noon and perfect night!
The starres haue not a possibility
Of blessing thee.

If thinges then from their end we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the most hopelesse thing of all.

Hope, thou bold taster of delight!
Who in stead of doing so, deuourst it quite.

¹ Appeared first in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 96-9); reprinted in 1648 (pp. 111-113), 1652 (pp. 128-131), and 1670 (pp. 74-77). Our text is that of 1652, as before; with the exception of better readings from 1646, as noted below. See our Memorial Introduction and Essay for notices of the friendship of Cowley and Crashaw. G.
Thou bringst vs an estate, yet leau'st vs poor
By clogging it with legacyes before.
   The ioyes which we intire should wed
   Come deflour'd-virgins to our bed.
Good fortunes without gain imported be
   Such mighty custom's paid to thee
For ioy, like wine kep't close, doth better tast;
If it take air before, his spirits wast.

   Hope, Fortun's cheating lottery,
Where for one prize, an hundred blankes there be.
Fond anchor, Hope! who tak'st thine aime so farr
That still or short or wide thine arrows are;
   Thinne empty cloud which th' ey deceiues
   With shapes that our own fancy giues.
A cloud which gilt and painted now appeares
   But must drop presently in teares:
When thy false beames o're reason's light preuail,
By *ignes futri* for North starres'we sail.

Brother of Fear, more gaily clad,
The merryer fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad.
Sire of Repentance, child of fond desire
That blow'st the chymick's and the louer's fire.
   Still leading them insensibly on
   With the strong witchcraft of 'anon.'
By thee the one does changing nature, through
   Her endlesse labyrinths pursue;
And th' other chases woman; while she goes
More ways and turns then hunted Nature knowes. 40

M. Cowley.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In all the editions save that of 1652 the respective portions of Cowley and Crashaw are alternated as Question and Answer, after a fashion of the day exemplified by Pembroke and Rudyard and others. The heading in 1646, 1648 and 1670 accordingly is 'On Hope, by way of Question and Answer, between A. Cowley and R. Crashaw.'

Various readings from 1646 edition.

Line 3, 'and' for 'or,' and 'doth' for 'does.'
,, 7, 'Fates' for 'starres:' but as Fate occurs in line 4, 'starres' seems preferable.
Line 9, 'ends' for 'end.'
,, 18, 'so' for 'such.'
,, 19, 'doth' for 'does;' adopted.
,, 20, 'its' for 'his;' the personification warrants 'his.'
,, 25. All the other editions misread
'Thine empty cloud, the eye it selfe deceives.'
There can be no question that 'thinne' not 'thine' was the poet's word. Cf. Crashaw's reference in his Answer. Turnbull perpetuates the error.
Line 30, 'not' for 'for.'
,, 33, 'shield' in all the editions save 1652 by mistake.
,, 34, 'blows' and 'chymicks' for 'chymick;' the latter adopted.
Line 37, as in line 19.
,, 38, spelled 'laborinths.'
In our Essay see critical remarks showing that Cowley and Crashaw revised their respective portions. It seems to have escaped notice that Cowley himself wrote another poem 'For Hope,' as his former was 'Against Hope.' See it in our Study of Crashaw's Life and Poetry. G.

Vol. 1.
M. CRASHAW'S ANSWER FOR HOPE.¹

Dear Hope! Earth's dowry, and Heau'n's debt:
The entity of things that are not yet.
Subtlest, but surest being! thou by whom
Our nothing has a definition!
    Substantial shade! whose sweet allay
    Blends both the noones of Night and Day:
Fates cannot find out a capacity
    Of hurting thee.
From thee their lean dilemma, with blunt horn,
Shrinkes, as the sick moon from the wholesome morn.

Rich hope! Loue's legacy, vnnder lock
Of Faith! still spending, and still growing stock!
Our crown-land lyes aboue, yet each meal brings
A seemly portion for the sonnes of kings.
    Nor will the virgin ioyes we wed
    Come lesse vnbroken to our bed,
Because that from the bridall cheek of Blisse
    Thou steal'st vs down a distant kisse.
Hope's chast stealth harms no more Ioye's maidenhead
Then spousal rites preiudge the marriage bed.

¹ As with Cowley's lines: see foot-note ante. G.
Fair hope! Our earlyer Heau'n! by thee
Young Time is taster to Eternity:
Thy generous wine with age growes strong, not sowre,
Nor does it kill thy fruit, to smell thy flore.
Thy golden, growing head never hangs down 25
Till in the lappe of Loue's full noone
It falls; and dyes! O no, it melts away
As doth the dawn into the Day:
As lumpes of sugar loose themselves, and twine
Their subtile essence with the soul of wine.

Fortune? alas, above the World's low warres [starres.
Hope walks; and kickes the curld heads of conspiring
Her keel cutts not the waues where these winds stirr,
Fortune's whole lottery is one blank to her.
Her shafts and shee, fly farre above, 35
And forage in the fields of light and love.
Sweet Hope! kind cheat! fair fallacy! by thee
We are not where nor what we be,
But what and where we would be. Thus art thou
Our absent presence, and our future now.

Faith's sister! nurse of fair desire!
Fear's antidote! a wise and well-stay'd fire!
Temper 'twixt chill Despair, and torrid Joy!
Queen regent in yonge Loue's minority!
Though the vext chymick vainly chases 45
His fugitive gold through all her faces;
Though Louc's more feuere, more fruitlesse, fires assay:
One face more fugiue then all they;
True Hope's a glorious huntresse, and her chase,
The God of Nature in the feilds of grace.
dent meaning intended. Alas is—exclamation simply, not in our present limitation of it to sorrow. See Epitaph of Herry

onward, lines 49-52.

Line 33, 'our' for 'these'; the latter necessary in its relation to 'law' not 'law,' the 'winds' being those of the 'warres'
of our world.

Line 34, 'And Fate's' for 'Fortune's.'

.. 35-36 dropped by our text (1652) inadvertently.

.. 36, 'or' for 'nor.'

.. 45, 'And' for 'Though.'

.. 47, 'huntresse' for 'hunter;' adopted.

.. 48, 'field' for 'fields.'

.. 49. I prefer 'huntresse' of 1646, 1648 and 1670, to 'hunter' of our text (1652). G.
Sacred Poetry.

II.

AIRELLES

FROM UNPUBLISHED MSS.
NOTE.

See our Preface for explanation of the title 'Airelles' to these and other hitherto unprinted and unpublished Poems from the Tanner mss. of Archbishop Sancroft: and our Essay for the biographic interest of the poems on the Gunpowder-Plot. I adhere strictly throughout to the orthography of the ms. G.
MARY SEEKING JESUS WHEN LOST.
St. Luke ii. 41-52: Quærit Jesum suum Maria, &c. (v. 44.)

And is He gone, Whom these arms held but now!
Their hope, their vow!
Did euer greife and joy in one poore heart
Sooe soone change part?
Hee's gone! The fair'lst flower that e're bosome drest;
My soule's sweet rest.
My wombe's chast pride is gone, my heauen-born boy;
And where is joy?
Hee's gone! and His lou'd steppes to wait vpon,
My joy, is gone.
My joyes, and Hee are gone; my greife, and I
Alone must ly.
Hee's gone! not leaving with me, till He come,
One smile at home.
Oh come then, bring Thy mother her lost joy:
Oh come, sweet boy!
Make hast, and come, or e're my greife and I
Make hast, and dy.
Peace, heart! The heauens are angry, all their spheres
Rivall thy teares.
I was mistaken, some faire sphere or other
Was Thy blest mother.
What but the fairest heauen, could owne the birth
Of soe faire earth?
Yet sure Thou didst lodge heere: this wombe of mine
Was once call'd Thine!
Oft haue these armes Thy eradle envied,
Beguil'd Thy bed.
Oft to Thy easy eares hath this shrill tongue
Trembled, and sung.
Oft haue I wrapt Thy slumbers in soft aires,
And stroak't Thy eares.
Oft hath this hand those silken easements kept,
While their sunnes slept.
Oft haue my hungry kisses made Thine eyes
Too early rise.
Oft haue I spoild my kisses' daintiest diet,
To spare Thy quiet.
Oft from this breast to Thine, my loue-tost heart
Hath leapt, to part.
Oft my lost soule haue I bin glad to seeke
On Thy soft cheeke.
Oft haue these armes—alas!—show'd to these eyes
Their now lost joyes.
Dawne then to me, Thou morne of mine owne day,
And lett heauen stay.
Oh, would'lst Thou heere still fixe Thy faire abode,
My bosome God:
What hinders, but my bosome still might be
Thy heauen to Thee?
THE WOUNDS OF THE LORD JESUS.

IN CICATRICES DOMINI JESU.

Come braue soldjers, come and see
Mighty Loue's artillery.
This was the conquering dart; and loe
There shines His quiker, there His bow.
These the passinge weapons are,
That made great Loue, a man of warre.
The quiver that He bore, did bide
Soe ncar, it prov'd His very side:
In it there sate but one sole dart,
A peircing one—His peirced heart.
His weapons were nor steele, nor brasse,
The weapon that He wore, He was.
For bow His vnbet hand did serue,
Well strung with many a broken nerue.
Strange the quiver, bow and dart!
A bloody side, and hand, and heart!
But now the feild is wonne; and they
(The dust of Warre cleane wip'd away)
The weapons now of triumph be,
That were before of Victorie.
ON YE GUNPOWDER-TREASON.¹

I sing Impiety beyond a name:
Who stiles it any thinge, knowes not the same.
Dull, sluggish Ile! what more than lethargy
Gripes thy cold limbes soe fast, thou canst not fly,
And start from off thy center? hath Heauen's love
Stuft thee soe full with blisse, thou can'st not moue?
If soe, oh Neptune, may she farre be throwne
By thy kind armes to a kind world vnknowne:
Lett her survive this day, once mock her fate,
And shee's an island truely fortunate.
Lett not my suppliant breath raise a rude storme
To wrack my suite: O keepe Pitty warne
In thy cold breast, and yearely on this day
Mine eyes a tributary streame shall pay.
Dos't thou not see an exhalation
Belch'd from the sulph'ry lungs of Phlegeton?
A living comet, whose pestiferous breath
Adulterates the virgin aire? with death
It laboures: stif'led Nature's in a swound,
Ready to dropp into a chaos, round
About horror's displai'd; It doth portend,
That earth a shoure of stones to heauen shall send.

¹ See our Essay for critical remarks on this and related poems. G.
And crack the christall globe; the milkly streame
Shall in a siluer raine runne out, whose creame
Shall choake the gaping earth, wth then shall fry
In flames, & of a burning feuer dy.
That wonders may in fashion be, not rare,
A Winter's thunder with a groane shall scare,
And rouze the sleepy ashes of the dead,
Making them skip out of their dusty bed.
Those twinkling eyes of heauen, wth eu'n now shind,
Shall with one flash of lightning be struck blind.
The sea shall change his youthfull greene, & slide
Along the shore in a grave purple tide.
It does presage, that a great Prince shall climbe,
And gett a starry throne before his time.
To vshe in this shoale of prodigies,
Thy infants, Eolus, will not suffice.
Noe, noe, a giant wind, that will not spare
To tosse poore men like dust into the aire;
Justle downe mountaines: Kings courts shall be sent,
Like bandied balles, into the firmament.
Atlas shall be tript vpp, Ioue's gate shall feel
The weighty rudenes of his boysterous heele.
All this it threats, & more: Horro', that flies
To th' empyreum of all miseries.
Most tall hyperbole's cannot descry it;
Mischeife, that scornes expression should come nigh it.
All this it only threats: the meteor ly'd;
It was exhal'd, a while it hung, & dy'd.
Heauen kickt the monster downe: downe it was throwne,
The fall of all things it presag'd, its ounce
It quite forgott: the fearfull earth gaue way,
And durst not touch it, heere it made noe stay.
At last it stopt at Pluto's gloomy porch;
He streightway lighted vpp his pitchy torch.
Now to those toiling soules it giues its light,
W'ch had the happines to worke ith' night.
They banne the blaze, & curse its curtesy,
For lighting them vnto their misery.
Till now Hell was imperfect; it did need
Some rare choice torture; now 'tis Hell indeed.
Then glutt thy dire lampe with the warmest blood,
That runnes in violett pipes: none other food
It can digest, then watch the wildfire well,
Least it breake forth, & burne thy sooty cell.

Upon the Gunpowder-Treason.
Reach me a quill, pleckt from the flaming wing
Of Pluto's Mercury, that I may sing
Death to the life. My inke shall be the blood
Of Cerberus, or Alecto's viperous brood.
Vnvnated malice! Oh vnpeer'd despight!
Such as the sable pinions of the night
Neuer durst hatch before: extracted see
The very quintessence of villanie:
I feare to name it; least that he, w'ch heares,
Should haue his soule frighted beyond the spheers.
Heauen was ashamed, to see our mother Earth
Engender with the Night, & teeme a birth
Soe foule, one minute's light had it but scene,
The fresh face of the morne had blasted beene.
Her rosy cheekes you should have seen noe more
Dy'd in vermilion blushes, as before:
But in a vaile of clouds muffling her head
A solitary life she would have led.
Affrighted Phoebus would have lost his way,
Giving his wanton palfreys leave to play
Olympick games in the' Olympian plaines,
His trembling hands loosing the golden raines.
The Queen of night got the greene sicknes then,
Sitting soe long at ease in her darke denne,
Not daring to peep forth, least that a stone
Should beate her headlong from her jetty throne.
Ioue's twinckling tapers, that doe light the world,
Had beene put out, and from their stations hurl'd:
Æol kept in his wrangling sonnes, least they
With this grand blast should have bin blowne away.
Amaz'ed Triton, with his shrill alarmes
Bad sporting Neptune to pluck in his armes,
And leave embracing of the Isles, least hee
Might be an actor in this Tragedy.
Nor should wee need thy crispèd waues, for wee
An Ocean could have made t' haue drown'd thee.
Torrents of salt teares from our eyes should runne,
And raise a deluge, where the flaming sunne
Should coole his fiery wheeles, & neuer sinke
Soe low to give his thirsty stallions drinke;
Each soule in sighes had spent its dearest breath,
As glad to waite vpon their King in death.
Each wingèd chorister would swan-like sing
A mournfull dirge to their deceased king.
The painted meddowes would haue laught no more
For ioye of their neate coates; but would haue tore
Their shaggy locks, their flowry mantles turn'd
Into dire sable weeds, & sate, & mourn'd.
Each stone had streight a Niobe become,
And wept amain; then rear'd a costly tombe,
To entombe the lab'ring earth. For surely shee
Had died just in her deliuerie.
But when Loue's wingèd heralds this espied,
Vpp to th' Almighty thunderer they hied,
Relating this sad story. Streight way hee
The monster crusht, maugre their midwiferie.
And may such Pythons never line to see
The Light's faire face, but still abortive bee.

Upon the Gunpowder-Treason.
Grow plumpe, leane Death; his Holinesse a feast
Hath now prepar'd, & you maist be his guest.
Come grimme Destruction, & in purple gore
Dye seu'n times deeper than they were before
Thy scarlet robes: for heere you must not share
A coñon banquett: noe, heere's princely fare.
And least thy blood-shott eyes should lead aside
This masse of cruelty, to be thy guide
Three coleblack sisters, (whose long sutty haire,
And greisly visages doe fright the aire ;
When Night beheld them, shame did almost turne
Her sable cheekes into a blushing morn,
To see some fowler than herselfe) these stand,
Each holding forth to light the aery brand,
Whose purer flames tremble to be soe nigh,
And in fell hatred burning, angry dy.
Sly, lurking treason is his bosome freind,
Whom faint, & palefac't Feare doth still attend.
These need noe invitation, onely thou
Black dismall Horro', come ; make perfect now
Th' epitome of Hell : oh lett thy pinions
Be a gloomy canopy to Pluto's minions.
In this infernall Majesty close shrowd
Your selues, you Stygian states ; a pitchy clowd
Shall hang the roome, & for your tapers bright,
Sulphureous flames, snatch'd from eternall night.
But rest, affrighted Muse ; thy siluer wings
May not row neerer to these dusky rings.\(^1\)
Cast back some amorous glances on the cates,
That heere are dressing by the hasty Fates,
Nay stopp thy clowdy eyes, it is not good,
To drowne thy selfe in this pure pearly flood.

\(^1\) May be 'kings'; but the ms. doubtful. G.
UPON THE GUNPOWDER TREASON.

But since they are for fire-workes, rather prove
A phenix, & in chastest flames of love
Offer thy selfe a virgin sacrifice
To quench the rage of hellish deities.

But dares Destruction eate these candid breasts,
The Muses, & the Graces sugred neasts?
Dares hungry Death snatch of one cherry lipp?
Or thirsty Treason offer once to sippe
One dropp of this pure nectar, wth doth flow
In azure channells warme through mounts of snow?
The roses fresh, conserv'd from the rage,
And cruel ravishing of frosty age,
Feare is afraid to tast of: only this,
He humbly cru'd to banquett on a kisse.
Poor meagre horro' straightwaies was amaz'd,
And in the stead of feeding stood, & gaz'd.
Their appetites were gone at th' uery sight;
But yet their eyes surfett with sweet delight.
Only the Pope a stomack still could find;
But yett they were not powder'd to his mind.
Forth-with each god stept from his starry throne,
And snatch'd away the banquett; euery one
Convey'd his sweet delicious treasury
To the close closet of aeternity:
Where they will safely keepe it, from the rude,
And rugged touch of Pluto's multitude.
Secular Poetry.

1.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

(1646).
NOTE.

For the title-page of 'The Delights of the Muses' see Note immediately before the original Preface, and our Preface on the classification of the several poems. G.
MUSICK'S DUELL.¹

Now Westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of Noon's high glory, when hard by the streams
Of Tiber, on the seeane of a greene plat,
Vnder protection of an oake, there sate
A sweet Lute's-master; in whose gentle aires
He lost the daye's heat, and his owne hot cares.

Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A Nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood:
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
Their Muse, their Syren—harmlesse Syren she!)
There stood she listning, and did entertaine
The musick's soft report, and mold the same
In her owne murmures, that what ever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voyce made good:

¹ Appeared originally in 'Delights' of 1616 (pp. 103-7); was re-printed in 1648 (pp. 1-5), and 1670 (pp. 81-6). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but all agree. See Notes and Illustrations at close of this poem for other two earlier translations, and our Essay for the original Latin, with critical remarks. In our illustrated quarto edition will be found a pathetic and daintily-rendered illustration, done expressly for us by Mrs. Blackburn of Glasgow, and engraved by W. J. Linton, Esq. G.
The man perceiv'd his rivall, and her art; Dispos'd to give the light-foot lady sport, Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come Informes it in a sweet praeludium Of closer straines, and ere the warre begin, He light' skirmishes on every string, Charg'd with a flying touch: and streightway she Carves out her dainty voyce as readily, Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones, And reckons up in soft divisions, Quicke volumes of wild notes; to let him know By that shrill taste, she could do something too.

His nimble hands' instinct then taught each string A capring cheerfullnesse; and made them sing To their owne dance; now negligently rush He throwes his arme, and with a long drawne dash Blends all together; then distinetly tripps From this to that; then quicke returning skipps And snatches this again, and pauses there. Shee measures every measure, every where Meets art with art; sometimes as if in doubt Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out, Trayles her plaine ditty in one long-spun note, Through the sleeke passage of her open throat, A cleare unwrinckled song; then doth shee point it With tender accents, and severely joynt it By short diminutives, that being rear'd In controverting warbles evenly shar'd,
With her sweet selfe shee wrangles. Hee amazed
That from so small a channell should be rais'd
The torrent of a voyce, whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety,
Straines higher yet; that tickled with rare art
The tatling strings (each breathing in his part)
Most kindly doe fall out; the grumbling base
In surly groans disdaines the treble's grace;
The high-perch't treble chirps at this, and elides,
Vntill his finger (Moderatour) hides
And closes the sweet quarrell, rowsing all,
Hoare, shrill at once; as when the trumpets call
Hot Mars to th' harvest of Death's field, and woo
Men's hearts into their hands: this lesson too
Shee gives him back; her supple brest thrills out
Sharpe aires, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetnesse, hovers o're her skill,
And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill
The plyant series of her slippery song;
Then starts shee suddenly into a throng
Of short, thicke sobs, whose thundring volleys float
And roule themselves over her lubrick throat
In panting murmurs, 'still'd out of her breast,
That ever-bubling spring; the sugred nest
Of her delicious soule, that there does lye
Bathing in streams of liquid melodie;
Musick's best seed-plot, whence in ripen'd aires
A golden-headed harvest fairly reares
His honey-dropping tops, plow'd by her breath,
Which there reciprocally laboureth
In that sweet soyle; it seems a holy quire
Founded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre,
Whose silver-roofe rings with the sprightly notes
Of sweet-lipp'd angel-imps, that swill their threats
In creame of morning Helicon, and then
Preferre soft-anthems to the cares of men,
To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
That men can sleepe while they their mattens sing:
(Most divine service) whose so early lay,
Prevents the eye-lidds of the blushing Day!
There you might heare her kindle her soft voyce,
In the close murmur of a sparkling noyse,
And lay the ground-worke of her hopeful song,
Still keeping in the forward streame, so long,
Till a sweet whirle-wind (striving to get out)
Heaves her soft bosome, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
Till the fledg'd notes at length forsake their nest,
Fluttering in wanton shoales, and to the sky
Wing'd with their owne wild eechos, pratling fly.
Shee opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetnesse, which in state doth ride
On the wav'd backe of every swelling straine,
Rising and falling in a pompous traine.
And while she thus discharges a shrill peale
Of flashing aires; she qualifies their zeale
With the coole epode of a graver neat,
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voyce of War's hoarse bird;
Her little soule is ravish'd: and so pour'd
Into loose extasies, that she is plac't
Above her selfe, Musick's Enthusiast.

Shame now and anger mixt a double staine
In the Musitian's face; yet once againe
(Mistresse) I come; now reach a straine my lute
Above her mocke, or be for ever mute;
Or tune a song of victory to me,
Or to thy selfe, sing thine own obsequie:
So said, his hands sprightly as fire, he flings
And with a quavering coynesse tastes the strings.
The sweet-lip't sisters, musically frighted,
Singing their feares, are fearefully delighted,
Trembling as when Appolo's golden haire
Are fan'd and frizled, in the wanton ayres
Of his own breath: which married to his lyre
Doth tune the spheres, and make Heaven's selfe looke
From this to that, from that to this he flyes. [higher.
Feeles Musick's pulse in all her arteryes;
Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads.
Following those little rills, he sinkes into
A sea of Helicon; his hand does goe
Those pathes of sweetnesse which with nectar drop,
Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup.
The humourous strings expound his learnèd touch,
By various glosses; now they seem to grutch,
And murmur in a buzzing dinne, then gingle
In shrill-tongu'd accents: striving to be single.

Every smooth turne, every delicious stroake
Gives life to some new grace; thus doth h' invoke
Sweetnesse by all her names; thus, bravely thus
(Fraught with a fury so harmonious)
The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
Heav'd on the surges of swolne rapsodyes,
Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curl the aire
With flash of high-borne fancyes: here and there
Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone;
Whose trembling murmurs melting in wild aires
Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares,
Because those'pretious mysteryes that dwell
In Musick's ravish't soule, he dares not tell,
But whisper to the world: thus doe they vary
Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
Their Master's blest soule (snatcht out at his cares
By a strong extasy) through all the sph'ears
Of Musick's heaven; and seat it there on high
In th' empyræum of pure harmony.

At length (after so long, so loud a strife
Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
Of blest variety, attending on
His fingers fairest revolution
In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall) 155
A full-mouth'd diapason swallowes all.
This done, he lists what she would say to this,
And she, (although her breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throte,)
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a noate.
Alas! in vaine! for while (sweet soule!) she tryes
To measure all those wild diversities
Of chattering strings, by the small size of one
Poore simple voyce, rais'd in a naturall tone;
She failes, and failing grieves, and grieving dyes.
She dyes: and leaves her life the Victor's prise,
Falling upon his lute: O, fit to have
(That liv'd so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave!

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.
In our Essay we give the original Latin of this very remarkable poem, that the student may see how Crashaw has ennobled and transfigured Strada. Still further to show how much we owe to our Poet, I print here (a) An anonymous translation, which I discovered at the British Museum in Additional mss. 19, 268; never before printed. (b) Sir Francis Wortley's translation from his 'Characters and Elegies' (1646). In the former I have been obliged to leave one or two words un filled in as illegible in the ms.

(a) The Musicke Warre between ye Fidler and the Nightingale.
Nowe had greate Sol ye middle orbe forsooke
When as a fidler by a slidinge brooke
With shadie bowers was guarded from ye aire
And on his fidle plaid away his care.
A nightingale hid in the leaues there stood
The muse and harmless Syren of the wood;
Shoo snatcht ye soundes and with an echo prates:
What his hand playde her voice reiterates.
Perceavinge how ye listninge bird did sit
Ye fiddler faine would make some sport with it,
And neatly stroke ye lute; then she began
And through those notes ran glib division;
Then with quicke hand he strikes ye tremblinge strings,
Now with a skifull negligence he flings
His carelessse armes, then softly playes his part:
Then shee begins and answers art with art,
And now as if vncertaine how to singe
Lengthens her notes and choisest art doth bringe,
And interminglinge softer notes with shrill
Daintily quavers through her trembling bill.
Ye fiddler wonders such melodious notes
Shold haue proceedinges from soe slender throats;
Tryes her againe, then loudly spoke ye .
Sometimes grave were ye tones, sometimes .
Then high, then lowe againe, ye sweetly iars
Just like a trumpet cailinge men to warrs.
Thus did ye dainty Philomela doe
And with hoarse voice sange an alarme too,
The fiddler blusht, and al in ragg [i.e. rage] he went
About to breake his conqueréd instrument,
But yet suspeetinge lest ambitious shee
Shold to the woods warble her Victory;
Strikes with inimitable blowes
And flies through all the strings, now these, now those,
Then tryes the notes, labours in each strayne
And then expects if shee replied agayne.
The poore harmonious bird now almost dome,
But impatient, to be overome
Calls her sweet strength together all in vayne,
For while shee thinkes to imitate each strayne
In pure and native language, in this strife
And dayntie musick-warre shee left her life,
And yeldinge to the gladsome conquerour
Falls in his fidle: a fit sepulchere.
When past the middle orb the parching sun
Had downward nearer our horizon run
A Lutenist near Tiber's streams had found
Where the echo did resound.
Under a holme a shady howe he made
To ease his cares, his several phantees play'd;
The philomell no sooner did the musicke hear
But straight-ways she drew neare.
The harmless Syren, musicke of the wood,
Hid in a heavy-bush, she hearking stood,
She ruminates upon the ayers he plaide,
And to him answers made.
With her shrill voice doth all his paines requite
Lost not one note, but to his play sung right;
Well pleased to heare her skil, and envy, he
Tryes his variety.
And dares her with his several notes, runs throw
Even all the strains his skill could reach unto:
A thousand ways he tryes: she answers all,
And for new strange dares call.
He could not touch a string in such a straine,
To which she warbled and not sung it plaine;
His fingers could not reach to greater choice,
Then she did with her voyce.
The Lutenist admired her narrow throat
Could reach so high or fall to any note:
But that which he did think in her most strange,
She instantly could change.
Or sharpe or flat, or meane, or quicke, or slow,
What e're he plaide, she the like skill would show:
And if he inward did his notes recall,
She answer made to all.
Th' enraged Lutenist, he blusht for shame
That he could not this weake corriuall tame:
If thou canst answer this I'll break my lute,
And yield in the dispute.
He said no more, but aimes at such a height
Of skill, he thought she could not imitate:
He shows the utmost cunning of his hand
And all he could command.
He tryes his strength, his active fingers flye
To every string and stop, now low, now high,
And higher yet he multiplyes his skill,
Then doth his chorus fill.
Then he expecting stands to try if she
His envy late would yeeld the victory:
She would not yeeld, but summons all her force
Though tyred out and hoarse.
She strives with various strings the lute's bast chest
The spirit of man, one narrow throat and chest:
Unequal matches, yet she's pleased that she
Concludes victoriously.
Her spirit was such she would not live to heare
The Lutenist bestow on her a jeere,
But broken-hearted fall upon the tombe
She choose the sweet lute's wombe.
The warbling lutes doe yet their triumphs tell
(With mournfull accents) of the philomell,
And have usurpt the title ever since,
Of harmony the prince.
The morall this, by emulation wee
May much improve both art and industry.
Though she deserve the name of Philomell
Yet men must her excell.'

A third (anonymous) translation, with the Latin on the opposite pages, I came on in Landsdowne mss. 3910, Pl. lxvi. from which extracts will be found in our Essay.

In the Sancoft ms. the heading is 'Fidicinis et Philomelae Bellum Musicum. R. Cr.' It reads in line 79 'whence' for 'where;' adopted: line 125, 'pathes' for 'parts;' adopted: other variations only orthographic, as is the case with the different editions. I note these: in 1670, line 83 reads 'might you:' line 99, 1646 misprints 'grave:' line 156, our text misprints 'full-mouth,' and so 1646; I adopt 'full-mouth'd' from 1670 and Sancoft ms. G.
IN THE PRAISE OF THE SPRING:

out of Virgil.

All trees, all leavy groves confess the Spring
Their gentlest friend; then, then the lands begin
To swell with forward pride, and feed desire
To generation; Heaven's Almighty Sire
Melts on the bosome of His love, and powres
Himselfe into her lap in fruitfull showers.
And by a soft insinuation, mixt
With Earth's large masse, doth cherish and assist
Her weake conceptions. No lone shade but rings
With chatring birds' delicious murmurings;
Then Venus' mild instinct (at set times) yields
The herds to kindly meetings, then the fields
(Quick with warme Zephyre's lively breath) lay forth
Their pregnant bosomes in a fragrant birth.
Each body's plump and juicy, all things full
Of supple moisture: no coy twig but will

1 Appeared originally in the 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 110-1), and was reprinted in editions 1648 (pp. 7-8) and 1670 (pp. 106-7). Our text is that of 1648, as before, with the exception of 'gentlest' for 'gentle' from 1646 edition (line 2d), which is confirmed by the Sandcroft MS. The MS. in line 10 reads 'chatting;' line 16, I have corrected the usual reading of 'bosome' by 'blosome,' from the Sandcroft MS. The heading of the MS. is 'E Virg. Georg. particula. In laudem Veris. R.Cr.' i.e. Georg. ii. 323-345. G.
Trust his beloved blossom to the sun
(Growne lusty now): no vine so weake and young
That feares the foule-mouth'd Auster or those stormes
That the Southwest-wind hurries in his armes,
But hast his forward blossoms, and layes out
Freely layes out her leaves: nor doe I doubt
But when the world first out of chaos sprang
So smil'd the dayes, and so the tenor ran
Of their felicity. A Spring was there,
An everlasting Spring, the jolly yeare
Led round in his great circle; no wind's breath
As then did smell of Winter or of Death.
When Life's sweet light first shone on beasts, and when
From their hard mother Earth, sprang hardy men,
When beasts tooke up their lodging in the Wood,
Starres in their higher chambers: never eou'd
The tender growth of things endure the sence
Of such a change, but that the Heav'ns indulgence
Kindly supplyes sick Nature, and doth mold
A sweetly-temper'd meane, nor hot nor cold.

WITH A PICTURE SENT TO A FRIEND.¹

I paint so ill, my piece had need to be
Painted againe by some good poesie.

¹ Appeared originally in the 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 111); was reprinted in 1648 (p. 8) and 1670 (p. 107). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but all agree. G.
IN PRAISE OF LESSIUS’S RULE OF HEALTH.

I write so ill, my slender line is scarce
So much as th’ picture of a well-lim’d verse:
Yet may the love I send be true, though I
Send not true picture, nor true poesie.
Both which away, I should not need to feare,
My love, or feign’d or painted should appeare.

IN PRAISE OF LESSIUS’S RULE OF HEALTH.\(^1\)

Goe now, with some dareing drugg,
Baite thy disease, and while they tugg,
Thou, to maintaine their cruel strife
Spend the deare treasure of thy life:
Goe take physicke, doat upon
Some big-nam’d composition,—
The oraculous doctors’ mistick bills,
Certain hard words made into pills;
And what at length shalt get by these?
Onely a costlyer disease.

\(^1\) Our text is from the ‘Hygiasticom’ of Lessius in the English translation of 1636, the title-page of which is as follows: ‘Hygiasticom: or the right course of preserving Life and Health unto extreme old Age: Together with soundnesse and integritie of the Senses, Judgement, and Memorie. Written in Latine by Leonard Lessius, and now done into English. The third Edition. Cambridge, 1636.’ [42mo.] It is there entitled ‘To the Reader, upon the Book’s intent,’ and begins at line 15; these opening lines being taken from the ‘Delights’ of 1646 (pp. 112-3). See our Essay for remarks on this poem, and at close Notes and various readings. G.
Goe poore man, thinke what shall bee
Remedy 'gainst thy remedie.
That which makes us have no need
Of phisick, that's phisick indeed.

Heark hither, Reader: would'st thou see
Nature her own physician be?
Would'st see a man all his own wealth,
His own musick, his own health?
A man, whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well?
Her garments, that upon her sit,
(As garments should do) close and fit?
A well-clothed soul, that's not opprest
Nor choked with what she should be drest?
Whose soul's sheath'd in a crystall shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine?
As when a piece of wanton lawn,
A thin aerial vail is drawn,
O're Beauty's face; seeming to hide,
More sweetly shows the blushing bride:
A soul, whose intellectuall beams
No mists do mask, no lazie steams?
A happie soul, that all the way
To Heav'n, hath a Summer's day?
Would'st see a man whose well-warm'd bloud
Bathes him in a genuine floud?
A man, whose tunèd humours be
'A set of rarest harmonie?
Would'st see blithe looks, fresh cheeks beguile
Age? Would'st see December smile?
Would'st see a nest of roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?
Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering
Winter's self into a Spring?
In summe, would'st see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?
Whose latest, and most leaden houres,
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowres;
And when Life's sweet fable ends,
His soul and bodie part like friends:
No quarrels, murmures, no delay:
A kisse, a sigh, and so away?
This rare one, Reader, would'st thou see,
Hearth hither: and thyself be he.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Besides the reprint of 1646 as supra, this poem appeared in 1648 (pp. 8, 9), 1652 (pp. 126-8), where it is entitled 'Temperance. Of the Cheap Physitian, vpon the Translation of Lessivs (pp. 126-8):' and 1670 (pp. 108-9 and pp. 207-8, being inadvertently printed twice). These variations are noticeable:

Line 1, in 1648 and 1652, 'Goe now and with . . . .'
,, 2, in 1670, 'the' for 'thy;' and Turnbull, as usual, repeats the error.
Line 3, in 1648 'pretious' for 'cruel:' so 1670 in 2d copy.
,, 9, ib. 'last' for 'length,' and 1670 'gaine' for 'get' in 2d copy.
Lines 11, 12, this couplet is inadvertently dropped in 1648.
I adopt 'gainst' for 'against' from Sancroft ms. in line 12.
Line 15, ib. 'wilt' for 'wouldst.'
,, 18, 'physick' in 1646, 1648 and 1670 (1st copy); but
'musick' is assuredly the finer reading, as in Hygiasticon and 1670 (in 2d copy). Cf. lines 19, 20, onward, which show that 'music' was intended.

Line 25, in all the three editions 'a' for 'whose:' in 1670 (2d copy) 'A soul sheath'd . . . .'

Line 34, in 1646 'hath' for 'rides in,' and so in 1670 (1st copy): 'hath' seems the simpler and better.

Line 35, 1646 and 1670 misinsert 'thou' before 'see.'

,, 38, 'set' for 'seat' in the three editions (1670, 1st copy); adopted.

Line 41, in 1648 'Would'st see nests of new roses grow:' so 1670 (2d copy).

Line 46, 1646 and 1670 end here.

Leonard Lessius was a learned Jesuit, born 1st October 1554, and died 15th January 1623-4. He was professor of theology in the University of Louvaine. His 'Hygiasticon, seu vera ratio valutudinis bone et vitae' is still readable and quick. G.

THE BEGINNING OF HELIODORUS.

The smiling Morne had newly wak't the Day,
And tipt the mountaines with a tender ray:
When on a hill (whose high imperious brow
Lookes downe, and sees the humble Nile below

1 Appeared originally in 'Delights' of 1646 (p. 114): was reprinted in 1648 (p. 10) and 1670 (pp. 109-110). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree. Our Poet has turned the prose of the original into verse (Ethiopica, lib. i. cap. 1). There was an early English translation of the whole, as follows: 'Heliodorus, his Ethiopian History: Done out of Greekke, and compared with other Translations. 1622' [quarto]. In line 2, 1646 and 1670 read 'in' for 'with:' line 7, 1646 misprints 'thy' for 'they.' The heading in the SANCROFT MS. is 'The faire Ethiopian, R. CR.' TURNBULL perpetuates 1670's misprint of 'in' for 'with' in line 2, and adds one of his own in line 26, by misprinting 'guest' for 'guests.' G.
Licke his prond feet, and haste into the seas
Through the great mouth that's nam'd from Hercules)
A band of men, rough as the armes they wore
Look't round, first to the sea, then to the shore.
The shore that shewed them, what the sea deny'd,
Hope of a prey. There to the maine-land ty'd
A ship they saw; no men she had, yet prest
Appear'd with other lading, for her brest
Deep in the groaning waters wallowed
Vp to the third ring: o're the shore was spread
Death's purple triumph; on the blushing ground
Life's late forsaken houses all lay drown'd
In their owne blood's deare deluge: some new dead;
Some panting in their yet warme ruines bled,
While their affrighted soules, now wing'd for flight
Lent them the last flash of her glimmering light.
Those yet fresh streames which crawled every where
Shew'd that sterne Warre had newly bath'd him there.
Nor did the face of this disaster show
Markes of a fight alone, but feasting too:
A miserable and a monstruous feast,
Where hungry Warre had made himself a guest:
And comming late had eat up guests and all,
Who prov'd the feast to their owne funerall &c.
CUPID'S CRYER:

Out of the Greek.¹

Love is lost, nor can his mother
Her little fugitive discover:
She seekes, she sighes, but no where spyes him;
Love is lost: and thus shee cryes him.

  O yes! if any happy eye,
This roaming wanton shall descry;
Let the finder surely know
Mine is the wagge; 'tis I that owe
The winged wand'rer; and that none
May think his labour vainely gone,
The glad descryer shall not misse,
To tast the nectar of a kisse
From Venus lips. But as for him
That brings him to me, he shall swim
In riper joyes: more shall be his
(Venus assures him) than a kisse.
But lest your eye discerning slide,
These markes may be your judgement's guide;

¹ Appeared originally in the 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 115-117); was reprinted 1648 (pp. 11-13) and 1670 (pp. 110-112). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree, save as follows: 1646 misprints 'ceaze' for 'ceaze' = seize, in line 17 from end: and 1670, line 8 from beginning, misprints 'own' for 'owe'; the latter perpetuated by Turnbull. The poem is an interpretation of the first Idyll of Moschus.

Line 5, 'O yes' = the legal oyez: line 8, 'owe' = own. G.
His skin as with a fiery blushing
High-colour'd is; his eyes still flushing
With nimble flames; and though his mind
Be ne're so curst, his tongue is kind:
For never were his words in ough
Found the pure issue of his thought.
The working bees' soft melting gold,
That which their waxen mines enfold,
Flow not so sweet as doe the tones
Of his tun'd accents; but if once
His anger kindle, presently
It Boyle's out into cruelty,
And fraud: he makes poor mortals' hurts
The objects of his cruel sports.
With dainty curles his froward face
Is crown'd about: But O what place,
What farthest nooke of lowest Hell
Feeles not the strength, the reaching spell
Of his small hand? Yet not so small
As 'tis powerfull therewithall.
Though bare his skin, his mind he covers,
And like a saucy bird he hovers
With wanton wing, now here, now there,
'Bout men and women, nor will spare
Till at length he perching rest,
In the closet of their brest.
His weapon is a little bow,
Yet such a one as—Jove knows how—
Ne're suffred, yet his little arrow,
Of Heaven's high'ſt arches to fall narrow.
The gold that on his quiver smiles,
Deceives men's feares with flattering wiles.
But O—too well my wounds can tell—
With bitter shafts 'tis sauc't too well.
He is all cruel, cruel all,
His torch imperious though but small
Makes the sunne—of flames the sire—
Worse than sun-burnt in his fire.
Where'soe're you chance to find him
Ceaze him, bring him—but first bind him—
Pitty not him, but feare thy selfe
Though thou see the crafty elfe,
Tell down his silver-drops unto thee:
They'r counterfeit, and will undo thee.
With baited smiles if he display
His fawning cheeks, looke not that way.
If he offer sugred kisses,
Start, and say, the serpent hisses.
Draw him, drag him, though he pray
Wooe, intreat, and crying say
Prethee, sweet, now let me go,
Here's my quiver, shafts and bow,
I'le give thee all, take all; take heed
Lest his kindnesse make thee bleed.

What e're it be Love offers, still presume
That though it shines, 'tis fire and will consume.
This reverend shadow cast that setting sun,  
Whose glorious course through our horizon run,  
Left the dimme face of this dull hemisphare,  
All one great eye, all drown'd in one great teare.  
Whose faire, illustrious soule, led his free thought  
Through Learning's universe, and (vainly) sought  
Room for her spatious selfe, untill at length  
Shee found the way home, with an holy strength;  
Snatch't her self hence to Heaven: fill'd a bright place,  
'Mongst those immortall fires, and on the face  
Of her great Maker fixt her flaming eye,  
There still to read true, pure divinity.

1 The first edition of Bishop Andrewes' Sermons was published in 1629. Its title was 'XCVI Sermons by the Right Honourable and Reverend Father in God, Launcelot Andrewes, late Lord Bishop of Winchester.' It is dedicated to the King by Laud and Buckeridge, Bishop of Ely, the latter adding a funeral sermon. It has no frontispiece. Lowndes, as other bibliographers, does not seem to have known the edition of 1629. He calls that of 1631 the first, while it was the second; and he says it had a frontispiece, which is incorrect, if I may judge from a number of copies personally examined. The third edition (1635) I have not seen; but in the quarto (1641) appears a frontispiece-portrait, having the lines above, but no name or initials. Line 8 Turnbull misprints 'and, with holy.' G.
And now that grave aspect hath deign'd to shrinke 
Into this lesse appearance: If you thinke 
'Tis but a dead face, Art doth here bequeath: 
Looke on the following leaves, and see him breath.

Vpon the Death of a Gentleman.

Faithlesse and fond Mortality! 
Who will ever eredit thee?
Fond, and faithlesse thing! that thus,
In our best hopes beguilest us.
What a reckoning hast thou made,
Of the hopes in him we laid!
For life by volumes lengthened,
A line or two to speake him dead.
For the laurrell in his verse,
The sullen cypresse o're his herc. 
For soe many hoped yeares
Of fruit, soe many fruitles teares:

1 Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 31-2): was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (pp. 18-19) and 1670 (pp. 86-7). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree. The SANCROFT ms. gives us the name of the 'gentleman' celebrated, being thus headed, 'In obitum desideratissimi 
Mr. Chambers, Coll. Reginal. Soc. R. Cn.' and in the margin in the 
archbishop's hand, 'The title and Name not in ye print.' The same 
ms. supplies us with lines 11-12 and 21-22, never before printed. 
This ms. in line 23 reads 'If yet at least he' . . . . and in line 32, 
'are' for 'be.' Only other slight orthographic differences. G.
For a silver-crownd head
A duty pillow in Death's bed.
For so deare, so deep a trust,
Sad requitall, thus much dust!
Now though the blow that snatch him hence,
Stopt the mouth of Eloquence:
Though shee be dumbe e're since his death,
Not us'd to speake but in his breath;
Leaving his death ungarnish'd
Therefore, because hee is dead
Yet if at least shee not denyes,
The sad language of our eyes,
Wee are contented: for then this
Language none more fluent is.
Nothing speakes our griefe so well
As to speak nothing. Come then tell
Thy mind in teares who e're thou be,
That ow'st a name to misery.
Eyes are vocal, teares have tongues,
And there be words not made with lungs;
Sententious showres: O let them fall,
Their cadence is rhetorical.
Here's a theame will drinke th' expence,
Of all thy watry eloquence.
Weepe then! onely be exprest
Thus much, 'he's dead:' and weep the rest.
Upon the Death of Mr. Herrys.

A plant of noble stemme, forward and faire,
As ever whisper'd to the morning aire,
Thriv'd in these happy grounds; the Earth's just pride;
Whose rising glories made such haste to hide
His head in clouds, as if in him alone
Impatient Nature had taught motion
To start from Time, and cheerfully to fly
Before, and seize upon Maturity.
Thus grew this gratious tree, in whose sweet shade
The sunne himselfe oft wisht to sit, and made
The morning Muses perch like birds, and sing
Among his branches: yea, and vow'd to bring
His owne delicious phoenix from the blest
Arabia, there to build her virgin nest,
To hatch her selfe in; 'mongst his leaves, the Day
Fresh from the rosie East, rejoyce't to play;

1 Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 32-3); was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (pp. 19-20) and 1679 (pp. 87-9). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree. See our Essay, as before, for notice of Herrys or Harris. In the Sancroft ms. the heading is 'In ejusdem praeatur. obit. Allogoricum. R. Cr.: and line 9 reads 'tree' for 'plant;' adopted. For a short Latin poem added here, see our vol. ii. G.
To them shee gave the first and fairest beame
That waited on her birth: she gave to them
The purest pearles, that wept her evening death;
The balmy Zephyrus got so sweet a breath
By often kissing them. And now begun
Glad Time to ripen Expectation:
The timorous maiden-blossomes on each bough
Peept forth from their first blushes; so that now
A thousand ruddy hopes smil'd in each bud,
And flatter'd every greedy eye that stood
Fixt in delight, as if already there
Those rare fruits dangled, whence the golden Yeare
His crowne expected: when, (O Fate! O Time!
That seldom lett'st a blushing youthfull prime
Hide his hot beames in shade of silver age,
So rare is hoary Vertue) the dire rage
Of a mad storme these bloomy joyes all tore,
Ravisht the maiden blossoms, and downe bore
The trunke. Yet in this ground his pretious root
Still lives, which when weake Time shall be pour'd out
Into Eternity, and circular joyes
Dance in an endlesse round, again shall rise
The faire son of an ever-youthfull Spring,
To be a shade for angels while they sing;
Meane while who e're thou art that passest here,
O doe thou water it with one kind teare.
Vpon the Death of the Most Desired
Mr. Herryg. 1

Death, what dost? O, hold thy blow,
What thou dost thou dost not know.
Death, thou must not here be cruel,
This is Nature's choicest iewell:
This is hee, in whose rare frame
Nature labour'd for a name:
And meant to leave his precious feature
The pattern of a perfect creature.
Joy of Goodnesse, love of Art,
Vertue weares him next her heart.
Him the Muses love to follow,
Him they call their vice-Apollo.
Apollo, golden though thou be,
Th'art not fairer than is hee,
Nor more lovely lift'st thy head
(Blushing) from thine Easterne bed.
The glories of thy youth ne're knew
Brighter hopes than his can shew.

1 Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 33-5); was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (pp. 29-32) and 1670 (pp. 83-91). Our text is that of 1646, as before; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.
Why then should it e're be seen
That his should fade, while thine is green?
And wilt thou (O, cruel boast!)
Put poor Nature to such cost?
O, twill undo our common mother,
To be at charge of such another.
What? thinke me to no other end
Gracious heavens do use to send
Earth her best perfection,
But to vanish, and be gone?
Therefore onely given to day
To-morrow to be snatch't away?
I've seen indeed the hopefull bud
Of a ruddy rose that stood
Blushing, to behold the ray
Of the new-saluted Day:
(His tender toppe not fully spread)
The sweet dash of a shower new shed,
Invited him, no more to hide
Within himselfe the purple pride
Of his forward flower; when lo,
While he sweetly 'gan to show
His swelling gloryes, Auster spide him,
Cruell Auster thither hy'd him,
And with the rush of one rude blast,
Sham'd not, spitefully to wast
All his leaves, so fresh, so sweet,
And lay them trembling at his feet.
I've seen the Morning's lovely ray
Hover o're the new-borne Day,
With rosie wings so richly bright,
As if she scorn'd to thinke of Night;
When a rugged storme, whose scowle
Made heaven's radiant face looke foule
Call'd for an untimely night,
To blot the newly-blossom'd light.
But were the rose's blush so rare,
Were the Morning's smile so faire,
As is he, nor cloud, nor wind,
But would be courteous, would be kind.

Spare him Death, ah! spare him then,
Spare the sweetest among men:
And let not Pitty, with her teares
Keepe such distance from thine cares.
But O, thou wilt not, can'st not spare,
Haste hath never time to heare.
Therefore if he needs must go,
And the Fates will have it so;
Softly may he be posset
Of his monumentall rest.
Safe, thou darke home of the dead,
Safe, O hide his lov'd head:
Keepe him close, close in thine armes,
Seal'd vpp with a thousand charmes.
For Pittie's sake, O, hide him quite
From his mother Nature's sight;
ANOTHER.

Lest for griefe his losse may move
All her births abortive prone.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

See our Essay for notice of 'Mr. Herrys.' In the SANCROFT
ms. the heading is 'An Elegie on Mr. Herris. R. Cr.' It offers
these variations: lines 1 and 2, 'doest;' line 18, 'his' for 'he,'
adopted: line 29, 'given' for 'gives;' adopted: line 36, 'now' for
'now;' adopted from 1648: line 50, the ms. reads 'rugged' for
'ruddy;' adopted: line 58, 'ah' for 'O;' adopted: line 60,
'And let:' lines 70-71 added from the ms., where in the margin
is written 'not printed.' G.

ANOTHER.1

If ever Pitty were acquainted
With sterner Death; if e're he fainted,
Or forgot the ernell vigour
Of an adamantine rigour;
Here, O, here we should have knowne it,
Here, or no where, he'd have showne it.
For hee, whose pretious memory
Bathes in teares of every eye;
Hee, to whom our Sorrow brings
All the streames of all her springs;
Was so rich in grace, and nature,
In all the gifts that blesse a creature;

1 Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1616 (pp. 36-7): was reprinted
in 1618 'Delights' (pp. 23-4) and 1670 (pp. 91-3). Our text is that
of 1618; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G

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The fresh hopes of his lovely youth
Flourish't in so faire a growth;
So sweet the temple was, that shrin'd
The sacred sweetnesse of his mind;
That could the Fates know to relent,
Could they know what mercy meant,
Or had ever learnt to beare
The soft tincture of a teare;
Teares would now have flow'd so deepe,
As might have taught Griefe how to weepe.
Now all their steely operation
Would quite have lost the cruell fashion.
Sicknesse would have gladly been
Sick himselfe to have sav'd him;
And his feaver wish'd to prove,
Burning onely in his love.
Him when Wrath it selfe had seen,
Wrath it selfe had lost his spleen.
Grim Destruction here amaz'd,
In stead of striking, would have gaz'd
Even the iron-pointed pen,
That notes the tragick doomes of men,
Wet with teares, 'still'd from the eyes
Of the flinty Destinies,
Would have learnt a softer style,
And have been asham'd to spoyle
His live's sweet story, by the hast
Of a cruell stop, ill plac't.
In the darke volume of our fate,  
Whence each lease of life hath date,  
Where in sad particulars  
The totall summe of man appeares,  
And the short clause of mortall breath,  
Bound in the period of Death:  
In all the booke if any where  
Such a tearme as this, 'Spare here,'  
Could been found, 'twould have been read,  
Writ in white letters o're his head:  
Or close unto his name annext,  
The faire glosse of a fairer text.  
In briefe, if any one were free  
Hee was that one, and onely hee.  
But hee, alas! even hee is dead,  
And our hope's faire harvest spread  
In the dust.  Pitty, now spend  
All the teares that Griefe can lend.  
Sad Mortality may hide  
In his ashes all her pride;  
With this inscription o're his head,  
'All hope of never dying here is dead.'

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Sancroft ms. furnishes these variations: line 1, 'was:' line 26, 't' have:' line 34, 'quotes' for 'notes:' l. 42, 'lease' for 'leafe;' adopted: line 49 omits rightly the first 'have' and spells 'bin;' the former adopted: line 50, 'wrote:' line 62, 'is' for 'lyes;' adopted: line 23, 'steely'—hard as steel, or, as we say, iron-hearted. The Sancroft ms. writes the two poems as one. G.
HIS EPITAPH.1

Passenger, who e're thou art
Stay a while, and let thy heart
Take acquaintance of this stone,
Before thou passest further on.
This stone will tell thee, that beneath,
Is entomb'd the crime of Death;
The ripe endowments of whose mind
Left his yeares so much behind,
That numbring of his vertues' praise,
Death lost the reekoning of his dayes;
And believing what they told,
Imagin'd him exceeding old.
In him Perfection did set forth
The strength of her united worth.
Him his wisdome's pregnant growth
Made so reverend, even in youth,
That in the center of his brest
(Sweet as is the phomix' nest)

1 Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 38-9); was reprinted in 1618 'Delights' (pp. 24-6) and 1670 (98-1). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree. The SANCROFT MS. is headed 'Epitaphium in eundem R. Ch.' Line 31, TURNBULL misprints 'breast' for 'breath.' G.
His Epitaph.

Every reconciled Grace
Had their general meeting-place.
In him Goodnesse joy'd to see
Learning learne Humility.
The splendor of his birth and blood
Was but the glosse of his owne good.
The flourish of his sober youth
Was the pride of naked truth.
In composure of his face,
Liv'd a faire, but manly grace.
His mouth was Rhetorick's best mold,
His tongue the touchstone of her gold.
What word so e're his breath kept warme,
Was no word now but a charme:
For all persuasive Graces thence
Suck't their sweetest influence.
His vertue that within had root,
Could not chuse but shine without.
And th' heart-bred lustre of his worth,
At each corner peeping forth,
Pointed him out in all his wayes,
Circled round in his owne rayes:
That to his sweetnesse, all men's eyes
Were vow'd Love's flaming sacrifice.

Him while fresh and fragrant Time
Cherisht in his golden prime;
E're Hebe's hand had overlaid
His smooth cheekes with a downy shade;
The rush of Death's unruly wave,
Swept him off into his grave.

Enough, now (if thou canst) passe on,
For now (alas!) not in this stone
(Passenger who e're thou art)
Is he entomb'd, but in thy heart.

AN EPITAPH UPON A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE

DEAD AND BURYED TOGETHER.

To these, whom Death again did wed,
This grave's their second marriage-bed;
For though the hand of Fate could force
'Twixt soul and body, a divorce,
It could not sunder man and wife,
'Cause they both liued but one life.
Peace, good Reader, Doe not weep.
Peace, the lovers are asleep.
They, sweet turtles, folded ly
In the last knott that Love could ty.
And though they ly as they were dead,
Their pillow stone, their sheetes of lead;

1 Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1616 (pp. 39-40), where it is headed 'An Epitaph uppon Husband and Wife, which died and were buried together.'
(Pillow hard, and sheetes not warm)
Loure made the bed; they'll take no harm;
Let them sleep: let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
And the eternall morrow dawn;
Then the curtailnes will be drawn
And they wake into a light,
Whose Day shall never sleepe in Night.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the Sanctroft ms. the heading is 'Epitaphium Conjugiiu
vni mortuor, et sepultor. R. Cr.' It was reprinted in 1648
'Delights' (p. 26), where it is entitiled as supra, and 1670 (p.95).
Our text is that of 1648, which yields the five lines (11-14), and
which Ellis in his 'Specimens' (iii. 208, 1845) introduced from
a ms. copy, but as doubtful from not having appeared in any of
the editions; a mistake on his part, as the lines appear in 1648
and 1652. His note is, nevertheless, 'The lines included in
brackets are in no printed edition: they were found in a ms.
copy, and are perhaps not Crashaw's.' As usual, Turnbull
overlooked them. I add a few slight various readings from
1646.

Line 2, 'the.'
`` 5, 'sever.'
`` 6, 'Because they both liv'd but one life.'
`` 10, I accept 'that' in 1646 and Sanctroft ms. as it is
confirmed by Harleian ms. 6917-18, as before.

Line 17, I adopt 'And' for 'Till' from 1648.
`` 19, 'waken with that Light,' and so Sanctroft ms.: 1648 reads 'And they wake into that Light:' Harleian ms. as
before, 'And they waken with.'

Line 20, 'sleep' for 'dy,' which I adopt as agreeing with the
'wake,' and as being confirmed by Harleian ms. as before. G.
DEATH'S LECTURE AND THE FUNERAL OF
A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Dear relices of a dislodg'd sovl, whose lack
Makes many a mourning paper put on black!
O stay a while, ere thou draw in thy head
And wind thy self vp close in thy cold bed.
Stay but a little while, vntill I call
A summon's worthy of thy funerall.

Come then, Youth, Beavty, Blood! all ye soft powres,
Whose sylken flatteryes swell a few fond howres
Into a false æternity. Come man;
Hyperbolized nothing! know thy span;
Take thine own measure here, down, down, and bow
Before thy self in thine ideea; thou
Huge empty:nes! contract thy bulke; and shrinke
All thy wild circle to a point. O sink
Lower and lower yet; till thy lean size

Call Heau'n to look on thee with narrow eyes.

1 Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 40-1), where it is
headed 'Upon Mr. Staninough's Death;' was reprinted in the 'De-
lights' of 1648 (p. 27), with the simple inscription, 'At the Funerall
of a young Gentleman,' and in 1652 (pp. 21-5), as 'Death's Lecture
and the Funerall of a young Gentleman,' and in 1670 (bis), viz. p. 96
and pp. 296-7. Our text is that of 1652, as before; but see Notes
at close of the poem. G.
Lesser and lesser yet; till thou begin
To show a face, fitt to confesse thy kin,
Thy neighbourhood to Nothing!
Proud lookes, and lofty eyelids, here putt on
Your selues in your vnfeign'd reflexion;
Here, gallant ladiyes! this vnpartiall glasse
(Through all your painting) showes you your true face.
These death-seal'd lippes are they dare glie the ly.
To the lowd boasts of poor Mortality;
These curtain'd windows, this retir'd eye
Outstares the liddes of larg-look't Tyranny.
This posture is the braue one, this that lyes
Thus low, stands vp (me thinkes) thus and defies
The World. All-daring dust and ashes! only you
Of all interpreters read Nature true.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

These various readings are worthy of record:

Line 7 in our text (1652) is misprinted as two lines, the first ending with 'blood,' a repeated blunder of the Paris printer. It reads also 'the' for 'ye' of 1646. I adopt the latter. I have also cancelled 'and' before 'blood' as a misprint.

Line 8 in 1652 is misprinted 'sylken' for 'sylken.'

,, 12, ib. 'thy self,' and so in 1648 and 1670: 'bulke' from 1646 is preferable, and so adopted.

Line 15, 1646 has 'small' for 'lean,' which is inferior.

,, 16, our text (1652) misspells 'narrow.'

,, 19, in 1646 the readings here are,

'Thy neighbourhood to nothing! here put on
Thy selfe in this unfeign'd refelction.'

1648 and our text as given. 'Nothing' is intended to rhyme with 'kin' and 'begin,' and so to form a triplet.

Line 23, our text (1652), 1648 and 1670 read 'Though ye
be painted,' 1646 reads 'Through all your painting,' which is
much more powerful, and therefore adopted by us. It reminds
us (from line 22, 'gallant ladies') of Hamlet's apostrophe to
the skull of poor Yorick.
Line 25, 1646 reads poorly,
'To the proud hopes of poor Mortality.'
,, 26, in 1646 reads curiously, 'this selfe-prison'd eye.' G.

AN EPITAPHS ON DOCTOR BROOKE.1

A Brooke, whose streame so great, so good, 1
Was lov'd, was honour'd, as a flood:
Whose bankes the Muses dwelt upon,
More than their owne Helicon;
Here at length, hath gladly found
A quiet passage under ground;
Meane while his lov'd bankes, now dry
The Muses with their teares supply.

1 Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (p. 40); was reprinted
in 1648 'Delights' (p. 28) and 1670 (p. 95). Our text is that of
1648; but all agree. In the SANCROFT MS, the heading is 'In ebitum
Dr's Brooke. R. Cr.' It reads 'banck' for 'bankes' in line 7. See
our Essay for notice of Dr. Brooke. G.
ON A FOULE MORNING, BEING THEN TO TAKE A JOURNEY.\textsuperscript{1}

Where art thou Sol, while thus the blind-fold Day
Staggers out of the East, loses her way
Stumbling on Night? Rouze thee illustrious youth,
And let no dull mists choake thy Light's faire growth.
Point here thy beames: O glance on yonder flocks,
And make their fleeces golden as thy locks.
Unfold thy faire front, and there shall appeare
Full glory, flaming in her owne free sphære.
Gladnesse shall cloathe the Earth, we will instile
The face of things, an universall smile.

Say to the sullen Morne, thou com'st to court her;
And wilt command proud Zephirus to sport her
With wanton gales: his balny breath shall licke
The tender drops which tremble on her cheeke;
Which rarified, and in a gentle raine

On those delicious bankes distill'd againe,
Shall rise in a sweet Harvest, which discloses
Two ever-blushing bed[s] of new-borne roses.

\textsuperscript{1} Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 45-6): was reprinted in 'Delights' of 1648 (pp. 28-9) and 1679 (pp. 101-2). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem, 6.
Hee'll fan her bright locks, teaching them to flow,
And friske in curl'd meanders: hee will throw 20
A fragrant breath suckt from the spicy nest
O' th' pretious phcenix, warme upon her breast.
Hee with a dainty and soft hand will trim
And brush her azure mantle, which shall swim
In silken volumes; wheresoe're shee'l tread,
Bright clouds like golden fleeces shall be spread.

Rise then (faire blew-ey'd maid!) rise and discover -
Thy silver brow, and meet thy golden lover.
See how hee runs, with what a hasty flight,
Into thy bosome, bath'd with liquid light. 30
Fly, fly prophane fogs, farre hence fly away,
Taint not the pure streames of the springing Day,
With your dull influence; it is for you
To sit and scoule upon Night's heavy brow,
Not on the fresh cheekes of the virgin Morne, 35
Where nought but smiles, and ruddy joyes are worn.
Fly then, and doe not thinke with her to stay;
Let it suffice, shee'l weare no maske to day.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the SANCROFT ms. this is headed 'An Invitation to faire weather. In itinere adurgertur matutinum coelum tali Carmine invitabatur serenitas. R. Cr.' In line 12 the ms. reads `smooth' for `proud' (TURNBULL here, after 1670, as usual misreads `demand' for `command'); line 18 corrects the mis-reading of all the editions, which is `To every blushing . . . .'; line 23 reads `soft and dainty'; line 36, `is' for `are'; other orthographic differences only.
The opening lines of this poem seem to be adapted from remembrance of the Friar's in \textit{Romeo and Juliet}:

\begin{quote}
'The grey-eyed Morn smiles on the frowning Night
And decked Darkness like a drunkard reeds
From forth Day's path and Titan's burning wheels.' (II. 3.)
\end{quote}

Line 4, in \textit{Harleian MS.} 6917-18 reads, as I have adopted, 'th' for 'the.'

Line 5, ib. 'on yond faire.'

'' 7, ib. 'Unfold thy front and then . . . .'

'' 9, instile is—instill, used in Latinate sense of drop into or upon: \textit{Harleian MS.}, as before, is 'enstile.'

Line 14, \textit{Harleian MS.}, as before, 'thy' for 'her.'

'' 16, ib. 'these.'

'' 17-18, ib. 'and disclose the new-born rose.'

See our Essay for critical remarks. G.

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\begin{center}
\textbf{TO THE MORNING: SATISFACTION FOR SLEEPE.}¹
\end{center}

\textbf{TO THE MORNING:}

\textit{Satisfaction for Sleepe.}¹

What succour can I hope my Muse shall send
Whose drowsinesse hath wrong'd the Muses' friend?
What hope, Aurora, to propitiate thee,
Vnlesse the Muse sing my apologie?

O in that morning of my shame! when I
Lay folded up in Sleepe's captivity,
How at the sight did'st thou draw back thine eyes,
Into thy modest veyle? how diest thou rise

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 47-8): was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (pp. 30-1) and 1650 (pp. 102-1). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem, G.
Twice dy'd in thine owne blushes! and did'st run
To draw the curtaines, and awake the sun!
Who, rowzing his illustrious tresses, came,
And seeing the loath'd object, hid for shame
His head in thy faire bosome, and still hides
Mee from his patronage; I pray, he chides:
And pointing to dull Morpheus, bids me take
My owne Apollo, try if I can make
His Lethe be my Helicon: and see
If Morpheus have a Muse to wait on mee.
Hence 'tis, my humble fancie finds no wings,
No nimble rapture starts to Heaven, and brings
Enthusiasticke flames, such as can give
Marrow to my plume genius, make it live
Drest in the glorious madnesse of a Muse,
Whose feet can walke the milky way, and chuse
Her starry throne; whose holy heats can warme
The grave, and hold up an exalted arme
To lift me from my lazy vrn, to climbe
Vpon the stooped shoulders of old Time,
And trace Eternity—But all is dead,
All these delicious hopes are buried
In the deepe wrinckles of his angry brow,
Where Mercy cannot find them: but O thou
Bright lady of the Morne! pity doth lye
So warme in thy soft brest, it cannot dye.
Have mercy then, and when he next shall rise
O meet the angry God, invade his eyes,
And stroake his radiant checkes; one timely kisse
Will kill his anger, and revive my blisse.
So to the treasure of thy pearly dew,
Thrice will I pay three teares, to show how true
My griefe is; so my wakefull lay shall knocke
At th' orientall gates, and duly mocke
The early larkes' shrill orizons, to be
An anthem at the Daye's nativitie.
And the same rosie-finger'd hand of thine,
That shuts Night's dying eyes, shall open mine.
But thou, faint God of Sleepe, forget that I
Was ever known to be thy votary.
No more my pillow shall thine altar be,
Nor will I offer any more to thee
My selfe a melting sacrifice; I'me borne
Againe a fresh child of the buxome Morne,
Heire of the sun's first beames. Why threat'st thou so?
Why dost thou shake thy leaden seetp' goe,
Bestow thy poppy upon wakefull Woe,
Sicknesse, and Sorrow, whose pale lids ne're know
Thy downie finger; dwell upon their eyes,
Shut in their teares: shut out their miseries.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.
In 1646, line 1, for 'shall' reads 'will:' ib. in Harleian ms. as before, 'my' for 'the Muse;' which I adopt here, but not in next line: line 9, ib. 'thy:' line 11, illustrious is — lustrous, radiant: Harleian ms. as before, line 19, 'this my humble:' line 20, 1646 misprints 'raptures:' line 27, 1670 has 'and
climb; line 28, 1646 has 'stooped' for 'stooping' of 1648; infinitely superior, and therefore adopted: 1670 misprints 'stopped:' the SANCROFT MS. has 'stooping:' line 45, HARLEIAN MS. as before, 'thy altar.' Further: in the SANCROFT MS. this poem is headed 'Ad Auroram Somnolentiæ expiatio. R. Cr.,' and it supplies these various readings: line 1, 'will:' line 7, 'call back:' line 16, 'my' for 'mine:' line 20-21, 'winge' and 'bringe:' line 40, 'treasures:' other orthographic differences only. See Essay, as in last poem. G.

LOVE'S HOROSCOPE.¹

Love, brave Vertue's younger brother,
Erst hath made my heart a mother;
Shee consults the conscious sphæres
To calculate her young son's yeares.
Shee asks, if sad, or saving powers,
Gave omen to his infant howers;
Shee asks each starre that then stood by,
If poore Love shall live or dy.

Ah, my heart, is that the way?
Are these the beames that rule thy day?
Thou know'st a face in whose each looke,
Beauty layes ope Love's fortune-booke;
On whose faire revolutions wait
The obsequious motions of man's fate:

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 49-50); was reprinted in 'Delights' of 1648 (pp. 32-3) and 1670 (pp. 194-6). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.
LOVE'S HOROSCOPE.

Ah, my heart, her eyes, and shee, 15
Have taught thee new astrologic.
How e're Love's native houres were set,
What ever starry synod met,
'Tis in the mercy of her eye,
If poore Love shall live or dye.

If those sharpe rayes putting on
Points of death, bid Love be gon:
(Though the Heavens in counsell sate
To crowne an uncontroled fate,
Though their best aspects twin'd upon
The kindest constellation,
Cast amorous glances on his birth,
And whisper'd the confederate Earth
To pave his pathes with all the good,
That warmes the bed of youth and blood)
Love hath no plea against her eye:
Beauty frownes, and Love must dye.

But if her milder influence move,
And gild the hopes of humble Love:
(Though Heaven's inauspicious eye
Lay blacke on Love's nativitie;
Though every diamond in Love's crowne
Fixt his forehead to a frowne:)
Her eye, a strong appeale can giue,
Beauty smiles, and Love shall live.
O, if Love shall live, O, where
But in her eye, or in her care,
In her breast, or in her breath,
Shall I hide poore Love from Death?
For in the life ought else can give,
Love shall dye, although he live.

Or, if Love shall dye, O, where
But in her eye, or in her care,
In her breath, or in her breast,
Shall I build his funerall nest?
While Love shall thus entombèd lyce,
Love shall live, although he dye.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In line 16 the heavens are the planets. To 'crown' his fate is to invest it with regal power, and so place it beyond control. It is doubtful whether 'uncontro'ed' expresses that state or result of crowning, or whether the clause is hyperbolical, and means to put further beyond control an already uncontroled fate. 'Twin'd' seems a strange word to use, but refers, I presume, to the apparently irregular and winding-like motions of the planets through the constellations until they result in the favourable aspects mentioned. According to astrology, the beneficence or maleficence of the planetary aspects varies with the nature of the constellation in which they occur. HENRY VAUGHAN, Silurist, uses 'wind' very much as CRASHAW uses 'twin'd;' see s.v. in our edition.

In line 14 we have accepted the reading 'man's' for 'Loves' from the SAINCROFT MS.
A SONG:
out of the Italian.

To thy lover
Deere, discover
That sweet blush of thine that shameth
—When those roses
It discloses—
All the flowers that Nature nameth.

In free ayre,
Flow thy hair;
That no more Summer's best dresses,
Bee beholden
For their golden
Locks, to Phoebus' flaming tresses.

O deliver
Love his quiver;
From thy eyes he shoots his arrowes:
Where Apollo
Cannot follow:
Feathered with his mother's sparrows.

1 *Appeared originally in the 'Delights' of 1616 (pp. 123-4), along with the other two (pp. 125-6): reprinted in 1648 (pp. 35-7) and 1670 (pp. 117-19). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree. G.
O envy not
— That we dye not—
Those decoré lips whose doore encloses
All the Graces
In their places,
Brother pearles, and sister roses.

From these treasures
Of ripe pleasures
One bright smile to clear the weather.
Earth and Heaven
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together.

The aire does wooe thee,
Winds cling to thee;
Might a word once fly from out thee,
Storme and thunder
Would sit under,
And keepe silence round about thee.

But if Nature's
Common creatures,
So deare glories dare not borrow:
Yet thy beauty
Owes a duty,
To my loving, lyingring sorrow,

When to end mee
Death shall send mee
All his terrors to affright mee:
    Thine eyes' Graces
    Gild their faces,
And those terrors shall delight mee.
    When my dying
    Life is flying,
Those sweet aires that often slew mee
    Shall revive mee,
    Or reprise mee,
And to many deaths renew mee.

Love now no fire hath left him,
    We two betwixt us have divided it.
Your eyes the light hath reft him,
    The heat commanding in my heart doth sit.\(^1\)
O that poore Love be not for ever spoyled,
    Let my heat to your light be reconeiled.

So shall these flames, whose worth
    Now all obseur'd Iyes:
—Drest in those beames—start forth
    And dance before your eyes.

\(^1\) Turnbull glaringly misprints 'The heart commanding in my heart,' and in line 15, 'O love;' the latter after 1670 as usual, the former his own. G.
Or else partake my flames  
(I care not whither)  
And so in mutual names  
Of Love, burne both together.

OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

Would any one the true cause find  
How Love came nak't, a boy, and blind?  
'Tis this: listning one day too long,  
So th' Syrens in my mistris' song,  
The extasie of a delight  
So much o're-mastring all his might,  
To that one sense, made all else thrall,  
And so he lost his clothes, eyes, heart and all.

Upon the Frontispeece of Mr. Isaackson's Chronologie.¹

Let hoary Time's vast bowels be the grave  
To what his bowels' birth and being gave;  

¹ Appeared originally, without signature, in the work celebrated, which is a great folio. It was preceded by another, which, having been inserted in the 'Steps' of 1646 and the other editions (1652 excepted), has been continued to be reprinted as Crashaw's. It really belonged to Dr. Edward Rainbow, Bishop of Carlisle, for whom, so late as 1688, it was first claimed by his biographer, Banks. This was pointed out in Notes and Queries by Rev. J. E. B. Mayor,
Upon Mr. Isaackson's Chronologie.

Let Nature die, (Phenix-like) from death
Reviv'd Nature takes a second breath;
If on Time's right hand, sit faire Historie,
If from the seed of emptie Ruine, she
Can raise so faire an harvest; let her be
Ne're so farre distant, yet Chronologie
(Sharp-sighted as the eagle's eye, that can
Out-stare the broad-beam'd daye's meridian)
Will have a perspicill to find her out,
And, through the night of error and dark doubt,
Discerne the dawne of Truth's eternall ray,
As when the rosie Morne budds into Day.

Now that Time's empire might be amply fill'd,
Babel's bold artists strive (below) to build
Ruine a temple; on whose fruitfull fall
History reares her pyramids, more tall
Than were th' Aegyptian (by the life these give,
Th' Egyptian pyramids themselves must live):

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M.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge (2d s. vol. iv. p. 286). One is thankful to have the claim confirmed by the non-presence of the poem in the Sanctroft Ms., where only the above shorter one appears as by Crashaw. Lines 5-8 of Rainbow's poem it was simply impossible for our singer to have written. I add the other at close of Crashaw's, as some may be curious to read it; but as the details of the grotesque 'Frontispiece' are celebrated by Rainbow, not Crashaw, I have departed from my intention of reproducing it in our illustrated quarto edition, the more readily in that I have much increased otherwise therein the reproductions announced. Rainbow contributed to the University Collections along with Crashaw, More, Beaumont, F. King, &c. &c. See our Essay on Life and Poetry. G
On these she lifts the world; and on their base
Showes the two termes, and limits of Time's race:
That, the creation is; the judgement, this;
That, the World's morning; this, her midnight is.

NOTE.
As explained in preceding Note, I add here the poem so long
misassigned to Crashaw.

ON THE FRONTISPIECES OF ISAACSON'S
CHRONOLOGIE EXPLAINED.
BY DR. EDWARD RAINBOW, BISHOP OF CARLISLE.
If with distinctive eye, and mind, you looke
Vpon the Front, you see more than one Booke.
Creation is God's Booke, wherein He writ
Each creature, as a letter filling it.
History is Creation's Booke; which showes
To what effects the Series of it goes.
Chronologie's the Booke of Historic, and beares
The just account of Dayes, Moneths, and Yeares.
But Resurrection, in a later Presse,
And New Edition, is the summe of these.
The Language of these Bookes had all been one,
Had not th' aspiring Tower of Babylon
Confus'd the tongues, and in a distance hurl'd
As farre the speech, as men, o' th' new fill'd world.
Set then your eyes in method, and behold
Time's embleme, Saturne; who, when store of gold
Coynd' the first age, devour'd that birth, he fear'd;
Till History, Time's eldest child appear'd;
And Phenix-like, in spight of Saturne's rage,
Fore'd from her ashes, heyres in every age.
From th' Rising Sunne, obtaining by just suit,
A Spring's ingender, and an Autumnne's fruit.
Who in those Volumes at her motion pend,
Vnto Creation's Alpha doth extend.
Againe ascend, and view Chronology,
By optick skill, pulling farre History
Neerer; whose Hand the piercing Eagle's eye
Strengthens, to bring remotest objects nigh.
Vnder whose feet, you see the Setting Sunne,
From the darke Gnomon, o're her volumes runne,
Drown'd in eternall night, never to rise,
Till Resurreetion show it to the eyes
Of Earth-worne men; and her shrill trumpet's sound
Affright the Bones of mortals from the ground.
The Columnes both are crown'd with either Sphere,
To show Chronology and History beare,
No other Culmen than the double Art,
Astronomy, Geography, impart.
AN EPITAPH UPON MR. ASHTON,
A CONFORMABLE CITIZEN.¹

The modest front of this small floore,
Believe me, Reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can;
Here lyes a truly honest man.
One whose conscience was a thing,
That troubled neither Church nor King.
One of those few that in this towne,
Honour all Preachers, heare their owne.
Sermons he heard, yet not so many
As left no time to practise any.
He heard them reverendly, and then
His practice preach'd them o're again.
His Parlour-Sermons rather were
Those to the eye, then to the eare.
His prayers took their price and strength,
Not from the lowdnesse, nor the length.
He was a Protestant at home,
Not onely in despight of Rome.
He lov'd his Father; yet his zeale
Tore not off his Mother's veile.

¹ Appeared originally in 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 130-1); was reprinted in 1648 (pp. 40-1) and 1670 (pp. 122-3). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but all agree. G.
To th' Church he did allow her dresse,
True Beauty, to true Holinesse.
Peace, which he lov'd in life, did lend
Her hand to bring him to his end.
When Age and Death call'd for the score, 25
No surfets were to reckon for.
Death tore not—therefore—but sans strife
Gently untwin'd his thread of life.
What remains then, but that thou
Write these lines, Reader, in thy brow, 30
And by his faire example's light,
Burne in thy imitation bright.
So while these lines can but bequeath
A life perhaps unto his death;
His better Epitaph shall bee, 35
His life still kept alive in thee.

OUT OF CATULLUS.1

Come and let us live my deare,
Let us love and never feare,
What the sowrest fathers say:
Brightest Sol that dyes to day

1 Appeared originally in 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 132-3), and was reprinted in 1648 (p. 42); but not in 1670. Our text is that of 1648; but all agree. The original is found in Carm. v.=2. The SANCROFT m.s. reads line 4 'Blithest:' line 9 'numerous:' line 12 'A:' line 17 'our.' G.
Lives againe as blith to morrow; 5
But if we darke sons of sorrow 10
Set: O then how long a Night 15
Shuts the eyes of our short light! 20
Then let amorous kisses dwell
On our lips, begin and tell
A thousand, and a hundred score,
An hundred and a thousand more,
Till another thousand smother
That, and that wipe off[f] another.
Thus at last when we have numbred
Many a thousand, many a hundred,
Wee'll confound the reckoning quite,
And lose our selves in wild delight:
While our joyes so multiply,
As shall mocke the envious eye.

WISHES.

TO HIS (SUPPOSED) MISTRESSE.¹

1. Who ere she be, 1
   That not impossible she
   That shall command my heart and me;

¹ Appeared originally in 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 134-8); was reprinted in 1648 (pp. 43-7) and 1670 (pp. 124-8). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem, G.
WISHES.

2. Where ere she lye,
   Lock't up from mortall eye,
   In shady leaves of Destiny;

3. Till that ripe birth
   Of studied Fate stand forth,
   And teach her faire steps tread our Earth;

4. Till that divine
   Ideæ, take a shrine
   Of chrystall flesh, through which to shine;

5. Meet you her, my wishes,
   Bespeake her to my blisses,
   And be ye call'd, my absent kisses.

6. I wish her, beauty
   That owes not all its duty
   To gaudy tire or glistring shoo-ty.

7. Something more than
   Taffata or tissew can,
   Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

8. More than the spoyle
   Of shop, or silkeworme's toyle,
   Or a bought blush, or a set smile.

9. A face that's best
   By its owne beauty drest,
   And can alone commend the rest.
10. A face made up,
   Out of no other shop
   Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

11. A cheeke where Youth,
    And blood, with pen of Truth
    Write, what their reader sweetly ru' th.

12. A cheeke where growes
    More than a morning rose :
    Which to no boxe his being owes.

13. Lipps, where all day
    A lover's kisse may play,
    Yet carry nothing thence away.

14. Lookes that oppresse
    Their richest tires, but dresse
    Themselves in simple nakednesse.

15. Eyes, that displace
    The neighbour diamond, and out-face
    That sunshine, by their own sweet grace.

16. Tresses, that weare
    Jewells, but to declare
    How much themselves more preetious are.

17. Whose native ray,
    Can tame the wanton day
    Of gems, that in their bright shades play.
18. Each ruby there,
   Or pearle that dares appeare,
   Be its own blush, be its own teare.

19. A well tam'd heart,
   For whose more noble smart,
   Love may be long chusing a dart.

20. Eyes, that bestow
   Full quivers on Love's bow;
   Yet pay lesse arrowes than they owe.

21. Smiles, that can warme
   The blood, yet teach a charmee,
   That Chastity shall take no harmee.

22. Blushes, that bin
   The burnish of no sin,
   Nor flames of ought too hot within.

23. Ioyes, that confesse,
   Vertue their mistresse,
   And have no other head to dresse.

24. Feares, fond, and flight,
   As the coy bride's, when Night
   First does the longing lover right.

25. Teares, quickly fled,
   And vaine, as those are shed
   For a dying maydenhead.
26. Dayes, that need borrow, 
   No part of their good morrow, 
   From a fore-spent night of sorrow.

27. Dayes, that in spight 
   Of darknesse, by the light 
   Of a cleere mind are day all night.

28. Nights, sweet as they, 
   Made short by lovers play, 
   Yet long by th' absence of the day.

29. Life, that dares send 
   A challenge to his end, 
   And when it comes say, Welcome friend!

30. Sydnaean showers 
   Of sweet discourse, whose powers 
   Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

31. Soft silken hours; 
   Open sunnes; shady bowers; 
   'bove all, nothing within that lowers.

32. What ere delight 
   Can make Daye's forehead bright, 
   Or give downe to the wings of Night.

33. In her whole frame, 
   Haue Nature all the name, 
   Art and ornament the shame.
34. Her flattery,
   Picture and Poesy,
   Her counsel her owne vertue be.

35. I wish her store
   Of worth may leave her poore
   Of wishes; and I wish——no more.

36. Now if Time knowes
   That her, whose radiant browes
   Weave them a garland of my vowes;

37. Her whose just bayes,
   My future hopes can raise,
   A trophie to her present praise;

38. Her that dares be,
   What these lines wish to see:
   I seeke no further: it is she.

39. 'Tis she, and here
   Lo I uncloath and cleare,
   My wishes cloudly character.

40. May she enjoy it,
   Whose merit dare apply it,
   But Modesty dares still deny it.

41. Such worth as this is
   Shall fixe my flying wishes,
   And determine them to kisses.
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WISHES.

42. Let her full glory,
My fancyes, fly before ye,
Be ye my fictions; but her story.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Harleian MS. 6917-18, as before, gives an admirable reading, corrective of all the editions in st. 3, line 3. Hitherto it has run, 'And teach her faire steps to our Earth': the MS. as given by us 'tread' for 'to': ib. st. 5, line 1, reads 'Meete her my wishes'; perhaps preferable: st. 6, I accept 'its' for 'his' from 1670 edition: st. 7, 'than'—then, and is spelled 'then' here and elsewhere in 1646 and 1670: st. 8, line 3, Harleian MS. reads 'Or a bowe, blush, or a set smile;' inferior: st. 9, ib. reads 'commend' for 'command;' adopted: st. 11, ib. 'their' for 'the;' adopted: st. 14, ib. spells 'tyers,' and line 3 reads as we print for 'And cloath their simplest nakednesse,' which is clumsy and poor: st. 15: Here, as in the poem, 'On the bleeding wounds of our erneifed Lord' (st. 6), where we read 'The thorns that Thy bestow encloses,' and elsewhere, we have an example of the Elizabethan use of 'that' as a singular (referring to and thus made a collective plural) taken as the governing nominative to the verb. So in this poem of 'Wishes' we have 'Eyes that bestow,' 'Joys that confess,' 'Tresses that wear.' But it must be stated that the Harleian MS., as before, reads not as in 1646 and 1648 'displaces,' 'out-faces' and 'graces,' but as printed by us on its authority; certainly the rhythm is improved thereby: st. 18, line 2, ib. 'dares' for 'dare;' adopted: st. 24, looking to 'tears quickly fled' of next stanza, I think 'flight' is correct, and not a misprint for 'slight.' Accordingly I have punctuated with a comma after fond, flight being—the shrinking-away of the bride, like the Horatian fair lady, a fugitive yet wishful of her lover's kiss: st. 31, Harleian MS. as before, 'Open sunn:' st. 42, line 3, 'be you my fictions, she my story.' G.
TO THE QUEEN:

AN APOLOGIE FOR THE LENGTH OF THE FOLLOWING PANEGYRIC.¹

When you are mistresse of the song,
Mighty queen, to thinke it long,
Were treason 'gainst that majesty
Your Vertue wears. Your modesty
Yet thinks it so. But ev'n that too
—Infinite, since part of you—
New matter for our Muse supplies,
And so allowes what it denies.
Say then dread queen, how may we doe
To mediate 'twixt your self and you?
That so our sweetly temper'd song
Nor be too sort, nor seeme to[o] long.

Needs must your noble prayses' strength
That made it long excuse the length.

¹ Appeared originally in 'Voceæ Votivæ ab Academicis Cantabrigiensiibus pro novissimo Carolo et Mariae princepe filio emisse. Cantabrigiæ: apud Rogerum Daniel. MDCXL.' This poem did not appear in the edition of 1646; but it did in that of 1648 (p. 48). Not having been reprinted in 1670, it was overlooked by TURNULL. Our text is from 1648; but the only variation from the original in 'Voceæ Votivæ' is in line 7, 'to' instead of 'for.' G.
TO THE QUEEN,

UPON HER NUMEROUS PROGENIE: A PANGYRICK. 1

Britain! the mighty Ocean's lovely bride!
Now stretch thy self, fair isle, and grow:
Thy bosome, and make roome. Thou art opprest
With thine own glories, and art strangely blest
Beyond thy self: for (lo!) the gods, the gods
Come fast upon thee; and those glorious ods
Swell thy full honours to a pitch so high
As sits above thy best capacitie.

Are they not ods? and glorious? that to thee
Those mighty genii throng, which well might be
Each one an Age's labour? that thy dayes
Are gilded with the union of those rayes
Whose each divided beam would be a sunne
To glad the sphere of any Nation?
Sure, if for these thou mean'est to find a seat,
Th' hast need, O Britain, to be truly Great.

And so thou art; their presence makes thee so:
They are thy greatnesse. Gods, where-e're they go,

1 Appeared as in last piece: 1648 (pp. 49-53), 1670 (pp. 97-100). Our text is that of 1648, as before, which corrects Turnbull in many places as well in errors of commission as of omission; the latter extending to no fewer than forty-nine entire lines, in addition to the 'Apologie' of fourteen lines. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.
Bring their Heav'n with them: their great footsteps place
An everlasting smile upon the face
Of the glad Earth they tread on: while with thee
Those beames that ampiate mortalitie,
And teach it to expatiate and swell
To majestic and fulnesse, deign to dwell,
Thou by thy self maist sit, (blest Isle) and see
How thy great mother Nature dotes on thee.
Thee therefore from the rest apart she hurl'd,
And seem'd to make an Isle, but made a World.

Time yet hath dropt few plumes since Hope turn'd Joy,
And took into his armes the pricely boy,
Whose birth last blest the bed of his sweet mother,
And bid us first salute our prince, a brother.

The Prince and Duke of York.

Bright Charles! thou sweet dawn of a glorious Day!
Centre of those thy grandsires (shall I say,
Henry and James? or, Mars and Phoebus rather?)
If this were Wisdome's god, that War's stern father;
'Tis but the same is said: Henry and James
Are Mars and Phoebus under diverse names):
O thou full mixture of those mighty souls
Whose vast intelligences tun'd the poles
Of Peace and War; thou, for whose manly brow
Both lawrels twine into one wreath, and woo
To be thy garland: see (sweet prince), O see,
Thou, and the lovely hopes that smile in thee,
Art ta'n out and transcrib'd by thy great mother: 45
See, see thy real shadow; see thy brother,
Thy little self in lesse: trace in these eyne
The beams that dance in those full stars of thine.
From the same snowy alabaster rock
Those hands and thine were hewn; those cherries 50
mock
The corall of thy lips: thou wert of all
This well-wrought copie the fair principall.

Lady Mary.
Iustly, great Nature, didst thou brag, and tell
How ev'n th' hadst drawn that faithfull parallel,
And matcht thy master-piece.  O then go on, 55
Make such another sweet comparison.
Seest thou that Marie there?  O teach her mother
To shew her to her self in such another.
Fellow this wonder too; nor let her shine
Alone; light such another star, and twine 60
Their rosie beams, that so the Morn for one
Venus, may have a constellation.

Lady Elizabeth.
These words scarce waken'd Heaven, when—
lo!—our vows
Sat crown'd upon the noble infant's brows.
TO THE QUEEN.

Th'art pair'd, sweet princesse: in this well-writ book Read o'ere thy self; peruse each line, each look.
And when th' hast summ'd up all those blooming blisses,
Close up the book, and clasp it with thy kisses.

So have I seen (to dresse their mistresse May)
Two silken sister-flowers consult, and lay
Their bashfull cheeks together: newly they
Peep't from their buds, show'd like the garden's eyes
Scarce wak't: like was the crimson of their joyes;
Like were the tears they wept, so like, that one
Seem'd but the other's kind reflexion.

The new-borne Prince.

And now 'twere time to say, sweet queen, no more.
Fair source of princes, is thy pretious store
Not yet exhaust? O no! Heavens have no bound,
But in their infinite and endlesse round
Embrace themselves. Our measure is not their's;
Nor may the pov'rtie of man's narrow prayers
Span their immensitie. More princes come:
Rebellion, stand thou by; Mischief, make room:
War, blood, and death—names all averse from joy—
Heare this, we have another bright-ey'd boy:
That word's a warrant, by whose vertue I
Have full authority to bid you dy.

Dy, dy, foul misbegotten monsters! dy:
Make haste away, or e'r the World's bright eye
Blush to a cloud of blood. O farre from men
Fly hence, and in your Hyperborean den
Hide you for evermore, and murmur there
Where none but Hell may heare, nor our soft aire
Shrink at the hatefull sound. Mean while we bear
High as the brow of Heaven, the noble noise
And name of these our just and righteous joyes,
Where Envie shall not reach them, nor those eares
Whose tune keeps time to ought below the spheres.

But thou, sweet supernumerary starre,
Shine forth; nor fear the threats of boyst'rous
Warre.

The face of things has therefore frown'd a while
On purpose, that to thee and thy pure smile
The World might ow an universall calm;
While thou, fair halcyon, on a sea of balm
Shalt flote; where while thou layst thy lovely head,
The angry billows shall but make thy bed:
Storms, when they look on thee, shall straight relent;
And tempests, when they tast thy breath, repent
To whispers, soft as thine own slumbers be,
Or souls of virgins which shall sigh for thee.

Shine then, sweet supernumerary starre,
Nor feare the boysterous names of blood and warre:
Thy birth-day is their death's nativitie;
They've here no other businesse but to die.
To the Queen.

But stay; what glimpse was that? why blusht
the Day?

Why ran the started aire trembling away?
Who's this that comes circled in rays that scorn
Acquaintance with the sun? what second morn
At midday opes a presence which Heaven's eye
Stands off and points at? Is't some deity
Stept from her throne of starres, deignes to be seen?
Is it some deity? or is't our queen?
'Tis she, 'tis she: her awfull beauties chase
The Day's abash'd glories, and in face
Of noon wear their own sunshine. O thou bright
Mistresse of wonders! Cynthia's is the Night;
But thou at noon dost shine, and art all day
(Nor does thy sun deny't) our Cynthia.

Illustrious sweetnesse! in thy faithfull wombe,
That nest of heroes, all our hopes find room.
Thou art the mother-phenix, and thy brest
Chast as that virgin honour of the East,
But much more fruitfull is; nor does, as she,
Deny to mighty Love, a deitie.
Then let the Eastern world brag and be proud
Of one coy phenix, while we have a brood,
A brood of phenixes: while we have brother
And sister-phenixes, and still the mother.
And may we long! Long may'st thou live t'increase
The house and family of phenixes.

VOL. I.
Nor may the life that gives their eye-lids light
E'er prove the dismall morning of thy night:
Ne're may a birth of thine be bought so dear
To make his costly cradle of thy beer.

O may'st thou thus make all the year thine own,
And see such names of joy sit white upon
The brow of every inonth! and when th' hast done,
Mayst in a son of his find every son
Repeated, and that son still in another,
And so in each child, often prove a mother.

Long may'st thou, laden with such clusters, lean
Upon thy royall elm (fair vine!) and when
The Heav'ns will stay no longer, may thy glory
And name dwell sweet in some eternall story!

Pardon (bright Excellence,) an untun'd string,
That in thy cares thus keeps a murmuring.
O speake a lowly Musc's pardon, speake
Her pardon, or her sentence; onely breake
Thy silence. Speake, and she shall take from thence
Numbers, and sweetnesse, and an influence
Confessing thee. Or (if too long I stay,)
O speake thou, and my pipe hath nought to say:
For see Apollo all this while stands mute,
Expecting by thy voice to tune his lute.

But gods are gracious; and their altars make
Pretious the offerings that their altars take.
Give then this rural wreath fire from thine eyes,
This rural wreath dares be thy sacrifice.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.
This poem was originally entitled (as supra) 'Upon the Duke of York’s Birth.' As new children were born additions were made to it and the title altered. Cf. the Latin poem in our vol. ii. ad Reginam.

The children celebrated were the following: Charles James, born May 13, 1628, died the same day; the Queen’s first child: Charles II., born May 29, 1630: James, who is placed before his sister Mary, who was older than he; born Oct. 14, 1633; afterwards James II.: Princess Mary, born Nov. 4, 1631, afterwards mother of William III.: Princess Elizabeth, born Dec. 28, 1635; died of grief at her father’s tragic end, Sept. 8, 1650; was buried in the church at Newport, Isle of Wight, where her remains were found in 1793. Vaughan the Silurist has a fine poem to her memory (our edition, vol. ii. pp. 115-17): Anne, born March 17, 1636-7; she died Dec. 8, 1640 (Crashaw from first to last keeps Death out of his poem): Henry, born July 8, 1640, afterwards Duke of Gloucester and Earl of Cambridge. Henrietta Anne, born June 16, 1644, is not named.

The title in 1646 is 'Upon the Duke of Yorke his Birth: a Panegyricke;' and so in 1670, which throughout agrees with that very imperfect text, except in one deplorable blunder of its own left uncorrected by Turnbull, as noted below. The heading in the Sancroft MS. is 'A Panegyric upon the birth of the Duke of Yorke. R. Cr.'

Line 7, in 1646 'glories' for 'honours.' In the Sancroft MS. line 8 reads 'As sitts alone . . . .
Line 15, ib. 'O' for 'Sure.'
'' 16, ib. 'Th' art.'
'' 29-32 restored from 1648. Not in Sancroft MS.
'' 33. These headings here and onward omitted hitherto.
'' 34, in 1646 'great' for 'bright.'
'' 43, our text (1648) misprints 'owne' for 'one' of Voces Votivæ.
Line 50, 1646 oddly misprints 'these Cherrimock.'
Line 52, 1646, 'art' for 'wert.'
" 54, ib. 'may'st' for 'did'st.'
" 55, ib. 'th'art' for 'th'hadst.'
" 64-70 restored from 1648. Not in Sancroft ms.
" 74, 1646, 'pearls' for 'tears.' So the Sancroft ms.
" 78-118, all these lines—most characteristic—restored from 1648. Turnbull overlooked them. Not in the Sancroft ms.

Line 140, 1670 drops a line here, and thus confuses.

'A brood of phenixes, and still the mother:
And may we long : long may'st thou live t' increase
The house,' &c.

Peregrine Phillips in his selections from Crashaw (1785), following the text of 1670, says in a foot-note, 'A line seems wanting, but is so in the original copy.' Turnbull follows suit and says, 'Here a line seems deficient.' If either had consulted the 'original' editions, which both professed to know, it would have saved them from this and numerous kindred blunders.

Line 145, 1646, 'light' for 'life.'
" 151, ib. 'that's.'
" 170, ib. 'their' for 'the offerings.'

In line 27 'Thee therefore &c.' is a thought not unfrequent with the panegyrist of James. Ben Jonson makes use of it at least twice. In the Masque of Blackness we have,

'With that great name Britannia, this blest Isle
Hath won her ancient dignity and style;
A world divided from a world, and tried
The abstract of it, in his general pride.'

Shakespeare used the same thought more nobly when he made it the theme of that glorious outburst of patriotism from the lips of the dying Gaunt. G.
Upon Two Greene Apricocks Sent to Cowley By Sir Crashaw.

Take these, Time's tardy truants, sent by me
To be chastis'd (sweet friend) and chide by thee.
Pale sons of our Pomona! whose wan cheekes
Have spent the patience of expecting weakes,
Yet are scarce ripe enough at best to show
The redd, but of the blush to thee they ow.
By thy comparisson they shall put on
More Summer in their shame's reflection,
Than ere the fruitfull Phoebus' flaming kisses
Kindled on their cold lips. O had my wishes
And the deare merits of your Muse, their due,
The yeare had found some fruit early as you;
Ripe as those rich composures Time computes
Blossoms, but our blest tast confesses fruits.
How does thy April-Autunme mocke these cold
Progressions 'twixt whose termes poor Time grows old!

1 Appeared originally in 1648 'Delights;' but is not given in
1670 edition. Line 14 is an exquisitely-turned allusion to Cowley's
title-page of his juvenile Poems, 'Poetical Blossoms,' 1633. 'Apricocks' = apricots. So Herrick in the 'Maiden Blush,'
'So cherries blush, and kathern pears,
And apricocks, in youthfull yeares.'
(Works, by Hazlitt, vol. ii. p. 287.) G.
With thee alone he weares no beard, thy braine
Gives him the morning World's fresh gold againe.
'Twas only Paradice, 'tis onely thou,
Whose fruit and blossoms both blesse the same bough.
Proud in the patterne of thy pretious youth,
Nature (methinks) might easily mend her growth.
Could she in all her births but coppie thee,
Into the publick yeares proficiencie,
No fruit should have the face to smile on thee
(Young master of the World's maturitie)
But such whose sun-borne beauties what they borrow
Of beames to day, pay back again to morrow,
Nor need be double-gilt. How then must these
Poor fruites looke pale at thy Hesperides!
Faine would I chide their slownesse, but in their
Defects I draw mine own dull character.
Take them, and me in them acknowledging,
How much my Summer waites upon thy Spring.
ALEXIAS:

THE COMPLAINT OF THE FORSKEN WIFE OF SAINTE ALEXIS.¹

The First Elegie.

I late the Roman youth's loud prayse and pride,
Whom long none could obtain, though thousands try'd;
Lo, here am left (alas!) For my lost mate
T' embrace my teares, and kisse an vnkind fate.
Sure in my early woes starres were at strife,
And try'd to make a widow ere a wife.
Nor can I tell (and this new teares doth breed)
In what strange path, my lord's fair footsteppes bleed.
O knew I where he wander'd, I should see
Some solace in my sorrow's certainty:
I'd send my woes in words should weep for me,
(Who knowes how powerfull well-writt praires would
Sending's too slow a word; myselfe would fly.
[be.]
Who knowes my own heart's woes so well as I?

¹ Appeared originally in the 'Delights' of 1648 (pp. 67-8); was reprinted in 1652 (pp. 115-120) and 1670 (pp. 200-1). Our text is that of 1652, as before; but see various readings at close of the poems. See also our Essay for critical remarks. Our poet translates from the Latin of Francis Remond. G.
But how shall I steal hence? Alexis thou, 15
Ah thou thy self, alas! hast taught me how.
Loue too that leads the way would lend the wings
To bear me harmlesse through the hardest things,
And where Loue lends the wing, and leads the way,
What dangers can there be dare say me nay? 20
If I be shipwrack't, Loue shall teach to swimme:
If drown'd, sweet is the death indur'd for him:
The noted sea shall change his name with me,
I 'mongst the blest starres, a new name shall be.
And sure where louers make their watry graues, 25
The weeping mariner will augment the waues.
For who so hard, but passing by that way
Will take acquaintance of my woes, and say
Here 'twas the Roman maid found a hard fate, 29
While through the World she sought her wandring mate
Here perish't she, poor heart; Heauns, be my vowes
As true to me, as she was to her spouse.
O liue, so rare a loue! liue! and in thee
The too frail life of femal constancy.
Farewell; and shine, fair soul, shine there above 35
Firm in thy crown, as here fast in thy lone.
There thy lost fugitiue th' hast found at last:
Be happy; and for euer hold him fast.

The Second Elegie.
Though all the ioyes I had, fled hence with thee. 1
Unkind! yet are my teares still true to me:
I'm wedded o're again since thou art gone;
Nor couldst thou, cruell, leave me quite alone.
Alexis' widdow now is Sorrow's wife,
With him shall I weep out my weary life.
Welcome, my sad-sweet mate! Now haue I gott
At last a constant Loue, that leaues me not:
Firm he, as thou art false; nor need my cryes
Thus vex the Earth and teare the beauteous skyes.
For him, alas! n'ere shall I need to be
Troublesom to the world thus as for thee:
For thee I talk to trees; with silent groves
Expostulate my woes and much-wrong'd loues;
Hills and relentlesse rockes, or if there be
Things that in hardnesse more allude to thee,
To these I talk in teares, and tell my pain,
And answer too for them in teares again.
How oft haue I wept out the weary sun!
My watry hour-glasse hath old Time's outrunne.
O I am learnèd grown: poor Loue and I
Haue study'd ouer all Astrology;
I'm perfect in Heaun's state; with euery starr
My skillfull greife is grown familiar.
Rise, fairest of those fires; what'ere thou be
Whose rosy beam shall point my sun to me.
Such as the sacred light that e'rst did bring
The Eastern princes to their infant King,
O rise, pure lamp! and lend thy golden ray
That weary Loue at last may find his way.
THE THIRD ELEGIE.

Rich, churlish Land! that hid'st so long in thee
My treasures; rich, alas! by robbing mee.
Needs must my miseryes owe that man a spite
Who e're he be was the first wandring knight.
O had he nere been at that cruell cost
Nature's virginity had nere been lost;
Seas had not bin rebuk't by sawcy oares
But ly'n lockt vp safe in their sacred shores;
Men had not spurn'd at mountaines; nor made warrs
With rocks, nor bold hands struck the World's strong barres,
Nor lost in too larg bounds, our little Rome
Full sweetly with it selfe had dwell't at home.
My poor Alexis, then, in peacefull life
Had vnder some low roofe lou'd his plain wife;
But now, ah me! from where he has no foes
He flyes; and into willfull exile goes.
Cruell, return, O tell the reason why
Thy dearest parents have deseru'd to dy.
And I, what is my crime, I cannot tell,
Vnlesse it be a crime t' haue lou'd too well.
If heates of holyer loue and high desire,
Make bigge thy fair brest with immortall fire,
What needes my virgin lord fly thus from me,
Who only wish his virgin wife to be?
Witness, chast Heauns! no happyer vowes I know
Then to a virgin grave vntouch't to goe.
Loue's truest knott by Venus is not ty'd,
Nor doe embraces onely make a bride.
The queen of angels (and men chast as you)
Was maiden-wife and maiden-mother too.

Cecilia, glory of her name and blood,
With happy gain her maiden-vowes made good:
The lusty bridegroom made approach; young man
Take heed (said she) take heed, Valerian!

My bosome's guard, a spirit great and strong,
Stands arm'd, to sheild me from all wanton wrong;
My chastity is sacred; and my Sleep
Wakefull, her dear vowes vndeff'd to keep.

Pallas beares armes, forsooth; and should there be
No fortresse built for true Virginity?
No gaping Gorgon, this: none, like the rest
Of your learn'd lyes. Here you'll find no such iest.

I'm your's: O were my God, my Christ so too,
I'd know no name of Loue on Earth but you.
He yeilds, and straight baptis'd, obtains the grace
To gaze on the fair soul'dier's glorious face.
Both mixt at last their blood in one rich bed
Of rosy martyrdome, twice married.

O burn our Hymen bright in such high flame,
Thy torch, terrestriall Loue, haue here no name.

How sweet the mutuall yoke of man and wife,
When holy fires maintain Loue's heaunly life!
But I (so help me Heaun my hopes to see)
When thousands sought my loue, lou'd none but thee.
Still, as their vain tears my firm vows did try,  
Alexis, he alone is mine (said I).
Half true, alas! half false, proves that poor line,
Alexis is alone; but is not mine.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The heading in 1648 omits 'Sainte.' These variations from 1648 are interesting:
1st Elegy: Line 9, 'would' for 'should.'
   Line 17, our text (1652) drops 'way' inadvertently. Turnbull tinkers it by reading 'thee' for 'the,' instead of collating the texts.
   Line 23, 'its' for 'his.'
   " 25, 'when' for 'where.'
   " 37, I have adopted 'th' for 'thou' of our text (1652).
2d Elegy: Line 1, our text (1652) misspells 'fled.'
   Line 3, ib. misprints 'I' am.'
   " 10, ib. drops 'beauteous' inadvertently. Turnbull, for a wonder, wakes up here to notice a deficient word; but again, instead of collating his texts, inserts without authority 'lofty.' Had he turned to 1648 edition, he would have found 'beauteous.'
   Line 20, I have adopted 'Time's' for 'Time.'
   " 23, as in line 17 in 1st Elegy.
   " 30, a reference to the 'Love will find out the way,'
      in the old song 'Over the mountain.' 'Weary' is misprinted 'Wary' in 1670.
3d Elegy: Line 7, 'with' for 'by.'
   Line 17, our text (1652) misprints 'Or' for 'O.'
   " 20, I accept 't' for 'to.'
   " 29, 'The Blessed Virgin' for 'The queen of angels.'
   " 41, 'facing' for 'gaping.'
   " 43, as in line 17 in 1st Elegy.
   " 50, 'hath' for 'haue.'
   " 51, 'sweet's' for 'sweet.'
   " 54, our text (1652) misprints 'thousand.' G.
Secular Poetry.

II.

AIRELLES.
NOTE.

See Note on page 184 for reference on the title here and elsewhere of 'Airelles.' G.
UPON THE KING'S CORONATION.1

Sound forth, celestiall organs, let heauen's quire
Ravish the dancing orbes, make them mount higher
With nimble capers, & force Atlas tread
Vpon his tiptoes, c'ere his siluer head
Shall kisse his golden curthen. Thou glad Isle,
That swim'st as deepe in joy, as seas, now smile;
Lett not thy weighty glories, this full tide
Of blisse, debase thee; but with a just pride
Swell: swell to such an height, that thou maist vye
With heauen itselfe for stately majesty.
Doe not deceiue mee, eyes: doe I not see
In this bluest earthe heauen's bright epitome,
Circled with pure refinèd glory? heere
I view a rising sunne in this our sphere,
Whose blazing beames, maugre the blackest night,
And mists of greife, dare force a joyfull light.
The gold, in wch he flames, does well præsage
A precious season, & a golden age.
Doe I not see joy keepe his revels now,
And sitt triumphing in each cheerfull brow?

1 Charles I. See our Essay on this and kindred poems, and their relation to the Latin royal poems. G.
Vnmixt felicity with siluer wings
Broodeth this sacred place: hither Peace brings
The choicest of her oliue-crownes, & praies
To haue them guilded with his courteous raies.
Doe I not see a Cynthia, who may
Abash the purest beauties of the day?
To whom heauen's lampes often in silent night
Steale from their stations to repaire their light.
Doe I not see a constellation,
Each little beame of wch would make a sunne?
I meane those three great starres, who well may scorn
Acquaintance with the vslier of the morne.
To gaze vpon such starres each humble eye
Would be ambitions of astronomic.
Who would not be a phœnix, & aspire
To sacrifice himselfe in such sweet fire?
Shine forth, ye flaming sparkes of Deity,
Yee perfect emblemes of divinity.
Fixt in your spheres of glory, shed from thence,
The treasures of our liues, your influence,
For if you sett, who may not justly feare,
The world will be one ocean, one great teare.

UPON THE KING'S CORONATION.

Strange metamorphosis! It was but now
The sullen heauen had vail'd its mournfull brow
With a black maske: the clouds with child by Greife
Trauell'd th' Olympian plaines to find releife.
But at the last (having not soe much power
As to refraigne) brought forth a costly shower
Of pearly drops, & sent her numerous birth
(As tokens of her greife) vnto the Earth.
Alas, the Earth, quick drunke with teares, had reel'd
From of her center, had not Ione vpheild
The staggering lumpe: each eye spent all its store,
As if hereafter they would wepe noe more:
Straight from this sea of teares there does appeare
Full glory flaming in her owne free sphere.
Amaz'd Sol throwes of his mournfull weeds,
Speedily harnessing his fiery steeds,
Vp to Olympus' stately topp he hies,
From whence his glorious rivall hee espies.
Then wondering starts, & had the curteous night
Withheld her vaile, h' had forfeited his sight.
The joyfull sphæres with a delicious sound
Afright th' amazed aire, and dance a round
To their owne musick, nor (untill they see
This glorious Phoebus sett) will quiet bee.
Each aery Siren now hath gott her song,
To whom the merry lambes doe tripp along
The laughing meades, as joyfull to behold
Their winter coates couer'd with flaming gold.
Such was the brightnesse of this Northerne starre,
It made the virgin phœnix come from farre
To be repair'd: hither she did resort,
Thinking her father had remou'd his Court.
The lustre of his face did shine soe bright,
That Rome's bold egles now were blinded quite;
The radiant darts shott from his sparkling eyes,
Made every mortall gladly sacrifice
A heart burning in loue; all did adore
This rising sunne; their faces nothing wore,
But smiles, and ruddy joyes, and at this day
All melancholy clouds vanisht away.

---

Upon the Birth of the Princesse Elizabeth.

Bright starre of Majesty, oh shedd on mee,
A precious influence, as sweet as thee.
That with each word, my loaden pen letts fall,
The fragrant Spring may be perfum'd withall.
That Sol from them may suck an honied shower,
To glut the stomach of his darling flower.
With such a sugred livery made fine,
They shall proclaime to all, that they are thine.
Lett none dare speake of thee, but such as thence
Extracted haue a balmy eloquence.

1 See our Notes to Panegyric on the Queen's 'numerous progenie,' G.
But then, alas, my heart! oh how shall I
Cure thee of thy delightfull tympanie?
I cannot hold; such a spring-tide of joy
Must haue a passage, or 'twill force a way.
Yet shall my loyall tongue keepe this coimand:
But giue me leaue to ease it with my hand.
And though these humble lines soare not soe high,
As is thy birth; yet from thy flaming eye
Drop downe one sparke of glory, & they'll proue
A present worthy of Apollo's loue.
My quill to thee may not presume to sing:
Lett th' hallowed plume of a seraphick wing
Bee consecrated to this worke, while I
Chant to my selfe with rustick melodie.

Rich, liberall heauen, what hath yo' treasure store
Of such bright angells, that you giue vs more?
Had you, like our great sunne, stampèd but one
For earth, t' had beene an ample portion.
Had you but drawne one linely coppy forth,
That might interpret our faire Cynthia's worth,
Y' had done enough to make the lazy ground
Dance, like the nimble spheres, a joyfull round.
But such is the celestiall excellence,
That in the princely patterne shines, from whence
The rest pourtraicted are, that 'tis noe paine
To ravish heauen to limbe them o're againe.
Wittnesse this mapp of beauty; enery part
Of w'ch doth show the quintessence of art.
See! nothing's vulgar, every atom here
Speaks the great wisdom of th' artificer.
Poore Earth hath not enough perfection,
To shadow forth th' admired paragon.
Those sparkling twinnes of light should I now stile
Rich diamonds, sett in a pure siluer foyle;
Or call her cheeke a bed of new-blowne roses;
And say that ivory her front composes;
Or should I say, that with a scarlet waue
Those plumpe soft rubies had bin drest soe braue;
Or that the dying lilly did bestow
Vpon her neck the whitest of his snow;
Or that the purple violets did lace
That hand of milky downe; all these are base;
Her glories I should dimme with things soe grosse,
And foule the cleare text with a muddy glosse.
Goe on then, Heauen, & limbe forth such another,
Draw to this sister miracle a brother;
Compile a first glorious epitome
Of heauen, & Earth, & of all raritie;
And sett it forth in the same happy place,
And I'le not blurre it with my paraphrase.

VPON A GNATT BURN'T IN A CANDLE.

Little, buzzing, wanton elfe
Perish there, and thanke thy selfe.
Vpon a Gnatt burnt in a Candle.

Thou deseru'st thy life to loose,
For distracting such a Muse.
Was it thy ambitious aime
By thy death to purchase fame?
Didst thou hope he would in pitty
Haue bestow'd a funerall ditty
On thy ghoast? and thou in that
To haue outlinc'd Virgill's gnatt?
No! The treason thou hast wrought
Might forbid thee such a thought.
If that Night's worke doe miscarry,
Or a syllable but vary;
A greater foe thou shalt me find,
The destruction of thy kind.
Phoebus, to revenge thy fault,
In a fiery trapp thee caught;
That thy wing'd mates might know it,
And not dare disturbe a poet.
Deare and wretched was thy sport,
Since thyselfe was crushed for't;
Scarceley had that life a breath,
Yet it found a double death;
Playing in the golden flames,
Thou fell'st into an inky Thames;
Scorch'd and drown'd. That petty sunne
A pretty Icarus hath vndone.
FROM PETRONIUS.¹

Aes Phasicis petita Coehus, dc.

The bird that's fetch't from Phasis floud,
Or choicest hennes of Africk-brood;
These please our palates; and why these?
'Cause they can but seldom please.
Whil'st the goose soe goodly white,
And the drake; yeeld noe delight,
Though his wings' conceited hewe
Paint each feather, as if new.
These for vulgar stomachs be,
And rellish not of rarity.
But the dainty Scarus, sought
In farthest clime; what e're is bought
With shipwrack's toile, oh, that is sweet,
'Cause the quicksands hansell'd it.
The pretious barbill, now grownne rife,
Is cloying meat. How stale is wife?
Deare wife hath ne're a handsome letter,
Sweet mistris sounds a great deale better.
Rose quakes at name of cinnamon.
Unlesse't be rare, what's thought vpon?

¹ Petronius, Satyricon, cap. 93. G.
FROM HORACE.

Ille et ne fasto te posuit die, &c.

Shame of thy mother soyle! ill-nurtur'd tree!
Sett, to the mischeife of posteritie!
That hand (what e're it wer) that was thy nurse,
Was sacrilegious (sure) or somewhat worse.
Black, as the day was dismall, in whose sight
Thy rising topp first stain'd the bashfull light.
That man—I think—I wrested the feeble life
From his old father, that man's barbarous knife
Conspir'd with darknes 'gainst the strangers throate;
(Whereof the blushing walles tooke bloody note)
Huge high-floune poysons, cu'n of Colchos breed,
And whatsoe're wild sinnes black thoughts doe feed,
His hands haue padled in; his hands, that found
Thy traiterous root a dwelling in my ground.
Perfidious totterer! longing for the staines
Of thy kind Master's well-deseruing braines.
Man's daintiest care, & caution cannot spy
The subtile point of his coy destiny,
Wh'ch way it threats. With feare the merchant's mind
Is plough'd as deepe, as is the sea with wind,
(Rowz'd in an angry tempest), Oh the sea!
Oh! that's his feare; there flotes his destiny:
While from another ( vnseene) corner blowes
The storme of fate, to wth his life he owes ;
By Parthians bow the soldier lookes to die,
(Whose hands are fighting, while their feet doe flie.)
The Parthian starts at Rome's imperiall name,
Fledg'd with her eagle's wing; the very chaine
Of his captivity rings in his eares.
Thus, ô thus fondly doe wee pitch our feares
Farre distant from our fates, our fates, that mocke
Our giddy feares with an vnlook't for shocke.

A little more, & I had surely scene
Thy greisly Majesty, Hell's blackest Queene ;
And Æacus on his tribunall too,
Sifting the soules of guilt; & you, (oh you !)
You euer-blushing meads, where doe the blest
Farre from darke horrors home appeale to rest.
There amorous Sappho plaines vpon her lute
Her lone's crosse fortune, that the sad dispute
Runnes murmuring on the strings. Alcaeus there
In high-built numbers wakes his golden lyre
To tell the world, how hard the matter went,
How hard by sea, by warre, by banishment.
There these braue soules deale to each wonderfull care
Such words, soe precious, as they may not weare
Without religious silence; aboue all
Warre's ratling tumults, or some tyrant's fall.
The thronging clotted multitude doth feast :
What wonder? when the hundred-headed beast
Hangs his black lugges, stroakt with those heavenly lines;
The Furies' curl'd snakes meet in gentle twines,
And stretch their cold limbes in a pleasing fire.
Prometheus selfe, and Pelops sterv'd sire
Are cheated of their paines; Orion thinkes
Of lions now noe more, or spotted linx.

EX EUPHORMIONE.

Bright goddessse (whether Jove thy father be,
Or Jove a father will be made by thee)
Oh crowne these praiers (mov'd in a happy bower)
But with one cordiall smile for Cloe. That power
Of Love's all-daring hand, that makes me burne,
Makes me confess't. Oh, doe not thou with scorne,
Great nymph, o'relooke my lownesse. Heau'n you know
And all their fellow-deities will bow
Eu'n to the naked'st vowes. Thou art my fate;
To thee the Parcae haue given vp of late
My threads of life: if then I shall not live
By thee, by thee yet lett me die; this giue,
High Beautie's soveraigne, that my funerall flames
May draw their first breath from thy starry beames.
The phœnix' selfe shall not more proudly burne,
That fetcheth fresh life from her fruitfull vrne.
AN ELEGY UPON THE DEATH OF
MR. STANNINOW,
FELLOW OF QUEENE'S COLLEDGE.

Hath aged winter, fledg'd with feathered raine,
To frozen Caucasus his flight now tane?
Doth hee in downy snow there closely shrowd
His bedrid limmes, wrapt in a fleecy cloud?
Is th' Earth disrob'd of her apron white,
Kind Winter's guift, & in a greene one dight?
Doth she beginne to dandle in her lappe
Her painted infants, fedd with pleasant pappe,
Wth their bright father in a pretious showre
From heaven's sweet milky streame doth gently pour?
Doth blith Apollo cloath the heavens with joye,
And with a golden wane wash cleane away
Those durtie smutches, wth their faire fronts wore,
And make them laugh, wth frown'd, & wept before?
If heaven hath now forgot to wepe; ò then
What meane these shoures of teares amongst vs men?
These cataracts of griefe, that dare eu'n vie
With th'richest clowds their pearly treasurie?

1 See notice of Staninough in our Essay, as before. G.
If Winters gone, whence this vntimely cold,
That on these snowy limmes hath laid such hold ?
What more than winter hath that dire art found,
These purple currents hedg’d with violets round.
To corrollize, wth softly wont to slide
In crimson wameletts, & in scarlet tide ?
If Flora’s darlings now awake from sleepe,
And out of their greene mantletts dare to peepe
O tell me then, what rude outrageous blast
Forc’t this prime flowre of youth to make such hast ?
To hide his blooming glories, & bequeath
His balmy treasure to the bedd of death?
’Twas not the frozen zone; one sparke of fire,
Shott from his flaming eye, had thaw’d its ire,
And made it burne in loue: ’twas not the rage,
And too vngentle nippe of frosty age :
’Twas not the chast, & purer snow, whose nest
Was in the mòdest nunnery of his brest :
Noe, none of these ravish’t those virgin roses,
The Muses, & the Graces fragrant posies.
Wth, while they smiling sate vpon his face,
They often kist, & in the sugred place
Left many a starry teare, to thinke how soone
The golden harvest of our joyes, the noone
Of all our glorious hopes should fade,
And be eclipsèd with an envious shade.
Noe ’twas old doting Death, who stealing by,
Dragging his crooked burthen, look’t awry,
And straight his amorous syn (greedy of blisse)
Murdred the Earth's just pride with a rude kisse.
A wingèd herald, glad of soe sweet a prey,
Snatch't vpp the falling starre, soe richly gay,
And plants it in a precious perfum'd bedd,
Amongst those lillies, wth his bosome bredd.
Where round about hovers with siluer wing
A golden Summer, an eternall Spring.
Now that his root such fruit againe may beare,
Let each eye water't with a courteous teare.

UPON THE DEATH OF A FREIND.

Hee's dead! Oh what harsh musiek's there
Vnto a choyee, and curiuous care!
Wee must that Discord surely call,
Since sighs doe rise and teares doe fall.
Teares fall too low, sighes rise too high,
How then ean there be harmony?
But who is he? him may wee know
That jarres and spoiles sweet consort soe?
O Death, 'tis thou: you false time keepe,
And stretch'st thy dismall voice too deepe.
Long time to quavering Age you gine,
But to large Youth, short time to liue.
You take vpon you too too much,
In striking where you should not touch.
AN ELEGIE ON THE DEATH OF DR. PORTER.

How out of tune the world now lies,
Since youth must fall, when it should rise!
Gone be all consort, since alone
He that once bore the best part's gone.
Whose whole life, musick was; wherein
Each vertue for a part came in.
And though that musick of his life be still,
The musick of his name yett soundeth shrill.

AN ELEGIE ON THE DEATH OF DR. PORTER.¹

Stay, silver-footed Came, striue not to wed
Thy maiden streames soe soone to Neptune's bed;
Fixe heere thy wat'ry eyes upon these towers,
Vnto whose feet in reverence of the powers,
That there inhabite, thou on euery day
With trembling lippes an humble kisse do'st pay.
See all in mourning now; the walles are jett,
With pearly papers carelesly besett.
Whose snowy cheekes, least joy should be exprest,
The weeping pen with sable teares hath drest.
Their wronged beauties speake a tragedy,
Somewhat more horrid than an elegy.
Pure, & vnmixèd cruelty they tell,
Whch poseth Mischeife's selfe to parallel.
Justice hath lost her hand, the law her head;
Peace is an orphan now; her father's dead.

¹ See our Essay, as before, for notice of Porter. G.
Honestie's nurse, Vertue's blest guardian,
That heaenly mortall, that seraphick man.
Enough is said, now, if thou canst crowd on
Thy lazy crawling streames, pri'thee be gone,
And murmur forth thy woes to euery flower,
That on thy bankes sitts in a uerdant bower,
And is instructed by thy glassy waue
To paint its perfum'd face w' th colours braue.
In vailes of dust their silken heads they'le hide,
As if the oft-departing sunne had dy'd.
Goe learne that fatall quire, soc sprucely dight
In downy surprisses, & vestments white,
To sing their saddest dirges, such as may
Make their scar'd soules take wing, & fly away.
Lett thy swolne breast discharge thy strugling groanes
To th' churnish rocks; & teach the stubborne stoncs
To melt in gentle drops, lett them be heard
Of all proud Neptune's siluer-sheilded guard;
That greife may crack that string, & now vntie
Their shackle d tongues to chant an elegie.
Whisper thy plaints to th' Ocean's curteous cares,
Then weepe thyselfe into a sea of teares.
A thousand Helicons the Muses send
In a bright chrestall tide, to thee they send,
Leaving those mines of nectar, their sweet fountaines,
They force a lilly path through rosy mountaines.
Feare not to dy with greife; all bubling eyes
Are teeming now with store of fresh supplies.
VERSE-LETTER

to

THE COUNTESS OF DENBIGH

(1652).
NOTE.

To the volume of 1652 ('Carmen Deo Nostro' &c.) was prefixed a Verse-letter to the Countess of Denbigh, illustrated with an engraving of a 'locked heart,' as reproduced in our quarto edition. In 1653 ('Sept. 23, 1653'), as appears from a contemporary marking in the unique copy in the British Museum, the following was printed: 'A Letter from Mr. Crashaw to the Countess of Denbigh. Against Irresolution and Delay in matters of Religion. London, n.d.' (4to). Collation: title-page and 3 pages, page 1st on reverse of title-page (British Museum E. 220. 2.). The Paris copy is very imperfect from some unexplained reason (68 as against 90 lines), and it would seem that some friend of the deceased poet, dissatisfied with it, and having in his (or her) possession a fuller ms., printed, if not published it. We give the enlarged text—never before noticed, having been only named, without taking the trouble to consult and compare it, by Turnbull; and for the student add the abbreviated form from 1652 'Carmen,' as it, in turn, has lines and words not in the other. See our Essay for more on this most characteristic poem, and relative to the Countess of Denbigh. G.
AGAINST IRRESOLUTION AND DELAY IN
MATTERS OF RELIGION.

What Heav'n-besieg'd heart is this
Stands trembling at the Gate of Blisse:
Holds fast the door, yet dares not venture
Fairly to open and to enter?
Whose definition is, A Doubt
'Twixt life and death, 'twixt In and Out.
Ah! linger not, lov'd soul: a slow
And late consent was a long No.
Who grants at last, a great while try'd
And did his best, to have deny'd

What magick-bolts, what mystick barrs
Maintain the Will in these strange warrs?
What fatall, yet fantastick, bands
Keep the free heart from his own hands?
Say, lingering Fair, why comes the birth
Of your brave soul so slowly forth?
Plead your pretences (O you strong
In weaknesse!) why you chuse so long
In labour of your self to ly,
Not daring quite to live nor die.

VOL. I.
So when the Year takes cold we see
Poor waters their own prisoners be:
Fetter'd and lock'd up fast they lie
In a cold self-captivity. [plore,
Th' astonish'd Nymphs their Floud's strange fate de-
To find themselves their own severer shoar. 26

Love, that lends haste to heaviest things,
In you alone hath lost his wings.
Look round and reade the World's wide face,
The field of Nature or of Grace;
Where can you fix, to find excuse
Or pattern for the pace you use?
Mark with what faith fruits answer flowers,
And know the call of Heav'n's kind showers:
Each mindfull plant hast to make good
The hope and promise of his bud.
Seed-time's not all; there should be harvest too.
Alas! and has the Year no Spring for you?
Both winds and waters urge their way,
And murmur if they meet a stay.
Mark how the curl'd waves work and wind,
All hating to be left behind.
Each bigge with businesse thrusts the other,
And seems to say, Make haste, my brother.
The aiery nation of neat doves, pure
That draw the chariot of chast Loves,
Chide your delay: yea those dull things,
Whose wayes have least to doe with wings,
Make wings at least of their own weight,
And by their love controll their Fate.
So lumpish steel, untaught to move,
Learn'd first his lightnesse by his love.

What e're Love's matter be, he moves
By th' even wings of his own doves,
Lives by his own laws, and does hold
In grossest metalls his own gold.

All things swear friends to Fair and Good
Yea suitours; man alone is wo'ed,
Tediously wo'ed, and hardly woned: Only not slow to be undone.
As if the bargain had been driven
So hardly betwixt Earth and Heaven;
Our God would thrive too fast, and be Too much a gainer by't, should we
Our purchas'd selves too soon bestow
On Him, who has not lov'd us so.
When love of us call'd Him to see
If wee'd vouchsafe His company,
He left His Father's Court, and came
Lightly as a lambent flame,
Leaping upon the hills, to be
The humble king of you and me.
Nor can the cares of His whole crown
(When one poor sigh sends for Him down)
Detain Him, but He leaves behind
The late wings of the lazy wind,
Spurns the tame laws of Time and Place,
And breaks through all ten heav’ns to our embrace.
Yield to His siege, wise soul, and see
Your triumph in His victory.
Disband dull feares, give Faith the day:
To save your life, kill your Delay.
’Tis cowardise that keeps this field;
And want of courage not to yield.
Yield then, O yield, that Love may win
The Fort at last, and let Life in.
Yield quickly, lest perhaps you prove
Death’s prey, before the prize of Love.
This fort of your fair self if’t be not won,
He is repuls’d indeed, but you’re undone.

FINIS.
From 'Carmen Deo Nostro' (1652).

Non vi.

'Tis not the work of force but skill
To find the way into man's will;
'Tis love alone can hearts unlock;
Who knows the Word, he needs not knock.

To the noblest and best of Ladies, the Countesse of Denbigh,
perswading her to Resolution in Religion, and to render
her selfe without further delay into the Communion of the
Catholic Church.

What heau'n-intreated heart is this
Stands trembling at the gate of blisse?
Holds fast the door, yet dares not venture
Fairly to open it, and enter.
Whose definition is a doubt
'Twixt life and death, 'twixt in and out.
Say, lingering Fair! why comes the birth
Of your brave soul so slowly forth?
Plead your pretences (O you strong
In weakness!) why you choose so long
In labor of your selfe to ly,
Nor daring quite to live nor dye?
Ah! linger not, lou'd soul! a slow
And late consent was a long no;
Who grants at last, long time try'd
And did his best to have deny'd:
What magick bolts, what mystick barres
Maintain the will in these strange warres?
What fatall yet fantastick, bands
Keep the free heart from its own hands?
So when the year takes cold, we see
Poor waters their own prisoners be:
Fetter'd and lockt vp they ly
In a sad selfe-captivity.
The astonisht nymphs their flood's strange fate deplore,
To see themselves their own seueror shore.
Thou that alone canst thaw this cold,
And fetch the heart from its strong-hold;
Allmighty Love! end this long warr,
And of a meteor make a starr.
O fix this fair Indefinite!
And 'mongst Thy shafts of soueraign light
Choose out that sure decisiue dart
Which has the key of this close heart,
Knowes all the corners of 't, and can controul
The self-shutt eabinet of an vnsearcht soul.
O let it be at last, Loue's hour!
Raise this tall trophee of Thy powre;
Come once the conquering way; not to confute
But kill this rebell-word 'irresolute,'
That so, in spite of all this peeuish strength
Of weaknesses, she may write 'resolv'd' at length.
Vnfold at length, vnfold fair flowre
And vse the season of Loue's showre!
NON VI.

Meet His well-meaning wounds, wise heart, 45
And hast to drink the wholesome dart.
That healing shaft, which Heaun till now
Hath in Loue's quiner hid for you.
O dart of Loue! arrow of light!
O happy you, if it hitt right!
It must not fall in vain, it must
Not mark the dry, regardless dust.
Fair one, it is your fate; and brings
Eternal worlds upon its wings.
Meet it with wide-spread armes, and see
Its seat your soul's just center be.
Disband dull feares; giue faith the day;
To saue your life, kill your delay.
It is Loue's seege, and sure to be
Your triumph, though His victory.
'Tis cowardise that keeps this feild
And want of courage not to yeild.
Yeild then, O yeild, that Loue may win
The fort at last, and let life in.
Yeild quickly, lest perhaps you proue
Death's prey, before the prize of Loue.
This fort of your faire selfe, if't be not won,
He is repulst indeed; but you are vndone.

END OF VOL. I.

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