

Classic Poetry Series

**Richard Lovelace**  
**- poems -**

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## Richard Lovelace(1618-1657)

English poet, born at Woolwich (southeast London) in 1618. He was a scion of a Kentish family, and inherited a tradition of military distinction, maintained by successive generations from the time of King Edward III. His father, Sir William Lovelace, had served in the Low Countries, received the honor of knighthood from King James I, and was killed at Grolle in 1628. His brother, Francis Lovelace, the "Colonel Francis" of Lucasta, served on the side of King Charles I, and defended Caermarthen in 1644. His mother's family was legal; her grandfather had been chief baron of the exchequer. Richard was educated at the Charterhouse and at Gloucester Hall, Oxford, where he matriculated in 1634. Through the request of one of the queen's ladies on the royal visit to Oxford he was made M.A., though only in his second year at the university.

Lovelace's fame has been kept alive by a few songs and the romance of his career, and his poems are commonly spoken of as careless improvisations, and merely the amusements of an active soldier. But the unhappy course of his life gave him more leisure for verse-making than opportunity of soldiering. Before the outbreak of the civil war in 1642 his only active service was in the bloodless expedition which ended in the Pacification of Berwick in 1640. On the conclusion of peace he entered into possession of the family estates at Bethersden, Canterbury, Chart and Halden in Kent. By that time he was one of the most distinguished of the company of courtly poets gathered around Queen Henrietta, who were influenced as a school by contemporary French writers of *vers de société*. He wrote a comedy, *The Scholar*, when he was sixteen, and a tragedy, *The Soldier*, when he was twenty-one. From what he says of Fletcher, it would seem that this dramatist was his model, but only the prologue and epilogue to his comedy have been preserved. When the rupture between king and parliament took place, Lovelace was committed to the Gatehouse at Westminster for presenting to the Commons in 1642 a petition from Kentish royalists in the king's favor. It was then that he wrote his most famous song, "To Althea from Prison." He was liberated, says Wood, on bail of £40,000 (more probably £4000), and throughout the civil war was a prisoner on parole, with this security in the hands of his enemies. He contrived, however, to render considerable service to the king's cause. He provided his two brothers with money to raise men for the Royalist army, and befriended many of the king's adherents.

He was especially generous to scholars and musicians, and among his associates in London were Henry Lawes and John Gamble, the Cottons, Sir Peter Lely, Andrew Marvell and probably Sir John Suckling. He joined the king at Oxford in 1645, and after the surrender of the city in 1646 he raised a regiment for the

service of the French king. He was wounded at the siege of Dunkirk, and with his brother Dudley, who had acted as captain in his brother's command, returned to England in 1648. It is not known whether the brothers took any part in the disturbances in Kent of that year, but both were imprisoned at Petre House in Aldersgate. During this second imprisonment he collected and revised for the press a volume of occasional poems, many if not most of which had previously appeared in various publications. The volume was published in 1649 under the title of *Lucasta*, his poetical name -- contracted from *Lux Casta* -- for a lady rashly identified by Wood as Lucy Sacheverell, who, it is said, married another during his absence in France, on a report that he had died of his wounds at Dunkirk. The last ten years of Lovelace's life were passed in obscurity. His fortune had been exhausted in the king's interest, and he is said to have been supported by the generosity of friends. He died in 1658 "in a cellar in Longacre", according to Aubrey, who, however, possibly exaggerates his poverty. A volume of Lovelace's *Posthume Poems* was published in 1659 by his brother Dudley. They are of inferior merit to his own collection.

The world has done no injustice to Lovelace in neglecting all but a few of his modest offerings to literature. But critics often do him injustice in dismissing him as a gay cavalier, who dashed off his verses hastily and cared little what became of them. It is a mistake to class him with Suckling; he has neither Suckling's easy grace nor his reckless spontaneity. We have only to compare the version of any of his poems in *Lucasta* with the form in which it originally appeared to see how fastidious was his revision. In many places it takes time to decipher his meaning. The expression is often elliptical, the syntax inverted and tortuous, the train of thought intricate and discontinuous. These faults -- they are not of course to be found in his two or three popular lyrics, "Going to the Wars", "To Althea from Prison", "The Scrutiny" -- are, however, as in the case of his poetical master, John Donne, the faults not of haste but of over-elaboration. His thoughts are not the first thoughts of an improvisatore, but thoughts ten or twenty stages removed from the first, and they are generally as closely packed as they are far-fetched.

# o aAarantha; Tat sSe wWuld dDshevell hHr hHire

TO AMARANTHA; THAT SHE WOULD DISHEVELL HER HAIRE.

## I.

Amarantha sweet and faire,  
Ah brade no more that shining haire!  
As my curious hand or eye,  
Hovering round thee, let it flye.

## II.

Let it flye as unconfin'd  
As it's calme ravisher, the winde,  
Who hath left his darling, th' East,  
To wanton o're that spicie neast.

## III.

Ev'ry tresse must be confest:  
But neatly tangled at the best;  
Like a clue of golden thread,  
Most excellently ravelled.

## IV.

Doe not then winde up that light  
In ribands, and o'er-cloud in night,  
Like the sun in's early ray;  
But shake your head, and scatter day.

## V.

See, 'tis broke! within this grove,  
The bower and the walkes of love,  
Weary lye we downe and rest,  
And fanne each other's panting breast.

## VI.

Heere wee'll strippe and coole our fire,  
In creame below, in milk-baths higher:  
And when all wells are drawne dry,  
I'll drink a teare out of thine eye.

## VII.

Which our very joys shall leave,  
That sorrowes thus we can deceive;  
Or our very sorrowes weepe,  
That joyes so ripe so little keepe.

Richard Lovelace

## " To His Fairest Valentine Mrs. A. L.

"Come, pretty birds, present your lays,  
And learn to chaunt a goddess praise;  
Ye wood-nymphs, let your voices be  
Employ'd to serve her deity:  
And warble forth, ye virgins nine,  
Some music to my Valentine.

"Her bosom is love's paradise,  
There is no heav'n but in her eyes;  
She's chaster than the turtle-dove,  
And fairer than the queen of love:  
Yet all perfections do combine  
To beautifie my Valentine.

"She's Nature's choicest cabinet,  
Where honour, beauty, worth and wit  
Are all united in her breast.  
The graces claim an interest:  
All virtues that are most divine  
Shine clearest in my Valentine."  
And learn to chaunt a goddess praise;  
Ye wood-nymphs, let your voices be  
Employ'd to serve her deity:  
And warble forth, ye virgins nine,  
Some music to my Valentine.

"Her bosom is love's paradise,  
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Richard Lovelace

# A Apostacy Of One, And But One Lady

I.

That frantick errour I adore,  
And am confirm'd the earth turns round;  
Now satisfied o're and o're,  
As rowling waves, so flowes the ground,  
And as her neighbour reels the shore:  
Finde such a woman says she loves;  
She's that fixt heav'n, which never moves.

II.

In marble, steele, or porphyrie,  
Who carves or stampes his armes or face,  
Lookes it by rust or storme must dye:  
This womans love no time can raze,  
Hardned like ice in the sun's eye,  
Or your reflection in a glasse,  
Which keepes possession, though you passe.

III.

We not behold a watches hand  
To stir, nor plants or flowers to grow;  
Must we infer that this doth stand,  
And therefore, that those do not blow?  
This she acts calmer, like Heav'ns brand,  
The stedfast lightning, slow loves dart,  
She kills, but ere we feele the smart.

IV.

Oh, she is constant as the winde,  
That revels in an ev'nings aire!  
Certaine as wayes unto the blinde,  
More reall then her flatt'ries are;  
Gentle as chaines that honour binde,  
More faithfull then an Hebrew Jew,  
But as the divel not halfe so true.

Richard Lovelace



# A Black Patch On Lucasta's Face

Dull as I was, to think that a court fly  
Presum'd so neer her eye;  
When 'twas th' industrious bee  
Mistook her glorious face for paradise,  
To summe up all his chymistry of spice;  
With a brave pride and honour led,  
Neer both her suns he makes his bed,  
And, though a spark, struggles to rise as red.  
Then aemulates the gay  
Daughter of day;  
Acts the romantick phoenix' fate,  
When now, with all his sweets lay'd out in state,  
LUCASTA scatters but one heat,  
And all the aromatick pills do sweat,  
And gums calcin'd themselves to powder beat,  
Which a fresh gale of air  
Conveys into her hair;  
Then chaft, he's set on fire,  
And in these holy flames doth glad expire;  
And that black marble tablet there  
So neer her either sphere  
Was plac'd; nor foyl, nor ornament,  
But the sweet little bee's large monument.

Richard Lovelace

# A Dialogue Betwixt Cordanus And Amoret, On A Lost Heart

Cord. Distressed pilgrim, whose dark clouded eyes  
Speak thee a martyr to love's cruelties,  
Whither away?

Amor. What pitying voice I hear,  
Calls back my flying steps?

Cord. Pr'ythee, draw near.

Amor. I shall but say, kind swain, what doth become  
Of a lost heart, ere to Elysium  
It wounded walks?

Cord. First, it does freely flye  
Into the pleasures of a lover's eye;  
But, once condemn'd to scorn, it fetter'd lies,  
An ever-bowing slave to tyrannies.

Amor. I pity its sad fate, since its offence  
Was but for love. Can tears recall it thence?

Cord. O no, such tears, as do for pity call,  
She proudly scorns, and glories at their fall.

Amor. Since neither sighs nor tears, kind shepherd, tell,  
Will not a kiss prevail?

Cord. Thou may'st as well  
Court Eccho with a kiss.

Amor. Can no art move  
A sacred violence to make her love?

Cord. O no! 'tis only Destiny or Fate  
Fashions our wills either to love or hate.

Amor. Then, captive heart, since that no humane spell  
Hath power to graspe thee his, farewell.

Cord. Farewell.

Cho. Lost hearts, like lambs drove from their folds by fears,  
May back return by chance, but not by tears.]

Richard Lovelace

## A Dialogue. Lute And Voice

- L. Sing, Laura, sing, whilst silent are the sphears,  
And all the eyes of Heaven are turn'd to ears.
- V. Touch thy dead wood, and make each living tree  
Unchain its feet, take arms, and follow thee.

### CHORUS.

L. Sing. V. Touch. O Touch. L. O Sing.  
BOTH. It is the souls, souls sole offering.

- V. Touch the divinity of thy chords, and make  
Each heart string tremble, and each sinew shake.
- L. Whilst with your voyce you rarifie the air,  
None but an host of angels hover here.

### CHORUS. SING, TOUCH, &c.

- V. Touch thy soft lute, and in each gentle thread  
The lyon and the panther captive lead.
- L. Sing, and in heav'n inthrone deposed love,  
Whilst angels dance, and fiends in order move.

### DOUBLE CHORUS.

What sacred charm may this then be  
In harmonie,  
That thus can make the angels wild,  
The devils mild,  
And teach low hell to heav'n to swell,  
And the high heav'n to stoop to hell?

Richard Lovelace

# A Fly About A Glasse Of Burnt Claret.

I.

Forbear this liquid fire, Fly,  
It is more fatal then the dry,  
That singly, but embracing, wounds;  
And this at once both burns and drowns.

II.

The salamander, that in heat  
And flames doth cool his monstrous sweat,  
Whose fan a glowing cake is said,  
Of this red furnace is afraid.

III.

Viewing the ruby-christal shine,  
Thou tak'st it for heaven-christalline;  
Anon thou wilt be taught to groan:  
'Tis an ascended Acheron.

IV.

A snow-ball heart in it let fall,  
And take it out a fire-ball;  
Ali icy breast in it betray'd  
Breaks a destructive wild granade.

V.

'Tis this makes Venus altars shine,  
This kindles frosty Hymen's pine;  
When the boy grows old in his desires,  
This flambeau doth new light his fires.

VI.

Though the cold hermit over wail,  
Whose sighs do freeze, and tears drop hail,  
Once having pass'd this, will ne'r  
Another flaming purging fear.

VII.

The vestal drinking this doth burn  
Now more than in her fun'ral urn;

Her fires, that with the sun kept race,  
Are now extinguish'd by her face.

VIII.

The chymist, that himself doth still,  
Let him but tast this limbeck's bill,  
And prove this sublimated bowl,  
He'll swear it will calcine a soul.

IX.

Noble, and brave! now thou dost know  
The false prepared decks below,  
Dost thou the fatal liquor sup,  
One drop, alas! thy barque blowes up.

X.

What airy country hast to save,  
Whose plagues thou'lt bury in thy grave?  
For even now thou seem'st to us  
On this gulphs brink a Curtius.

XI.

And now th' art faln (magnanimous Fly)  
In, where thine Ocean doth fry,  
Like the Sun's son, who blush'd the flood  
To a complexion of blood.

XII.

Yet, see! my glad auricular  
Redeems thee (though dissolv'd) a star,  
Flaggy thy wings, and scorch'd thy thighs,  
Thou ly'st a double sacrifice.

XIII.

And now my warming, cooling breath  
Shall a new life afford in death;  
See! in the hospital of my hand  
Already cur'd, thou fierce do'st stand.

XIV.

Burnt insect! dost thou reaspire  
The moist-hot-glasse and liquid fire?

I see 'tis such a pleasing pain,  
Thou would'st be scorch'd and drown'd again.

Richard Lovelace

# A Fly Caught In A Cobweb

Small type of great ones, that do hum  
Within this whole world's narrow room,  
That with a busie hollow noise  
Catch at the people's vainer voice,  
And with spread sails play with their breath,  
Whose very hails new christen death.  
Poor Fly, caught in an airy net,  
Thy wings have fetter'd now thy feet;  
Where, like a Lyon in a toyl,  
Howere thou keep'st a noble coyl,  
And beat'st thy gen'rous breast, that o're  
The plains thy fatal buzzes rore,  
Till thy all-bellyd foe (round elf)  
Hath quarter'd thee within himself.

Was it not better once to play  
I' th' light of a majestick ray,  
Where, though too neer and bold, the fire  
Might sindge thy upper down attire,  
And thou i' th' storm to loose an eye.  
A wing, or a self-trapping thigh:  
Yet hadst thou fal'n like him, whose coil  
Made fishes in the sea to broyl,  
When now th'ast scap'd the noble flame;  
Trapp'd basely in a slimy frame,  
And free of air, thou art become  
Slave to the spawn of mud and lome?

Nor is't enough thy self do's dresse  
To thy swoln lord a num'rous messe,  
And by degrees thy thin veins bleed,  
And piecemeal dost his poyson feed;  
But now devour'd, art like to be  
A net spun for thy familie,  
And, straight expanded in the air,  
Hang'st for thy issue too a snare.  
Strange witty death and cruel ill  
That, killing thee, thou thine dost kill!  
Like pies, in whose entombed ark

All fowl crowd downward to a lark,  
Thou art thine en'mies' sepulcher,  
And in thee buriest, too, thine heir.

Yet Fates a glory have reserv'd  
For one so highly hath deserv'd.  
As the rhinoceros doth dy  
Under his castle-enemy,  
As through the cranes trunk throat doth speed,  
The aspe doth on his feeder feed;  
Fall yet triumphant in thy woe,  
Bound with the entrails of thy foe.

Richard Lovelace



# A Forsaken Lady To Her False Servant That Is Disdained By His New Mistriss

Were it that you so shun me, 'cause you wish  
(Cruels't) a fellow in your wretchednesse,  
Or that you take some small ease in your owne  
Torments, to heare another sadly groane,  
I were most happy in my paines, to be  
So truely blest, to be so curst by thee:  
But oh! my cries to that doe rather adde,  
Of which too much already thou hast had,  
And thou art gladly sad to heare my moane;  
Yet sadly hearst me with derision.

Thou most unjust, that really dust know,  
And feelst thyselfe the flames I burne in. Oh!  
How can you beg to be set loose from that  
Consuming stake you binde another at?

Uncharitablest both wayes, to denie  
That pity me, for which yourself must dye,  
To love not her loves you, yet know the pain  
What 'tis to love, and not be lov'd againe.

Flye on, flye on, swift Racer, untill she  
Whom thou of all ador'st shall learne of thee  
The pace t'outfly thee, and shall teach thee groan,  
What terrour 'tis t'outgo and be outgon.

Nor yet looke back, nor yet must we  
Run then like spoakes in wheeles eternally,  
And never overtake? Be dragg'd on still  
By the weake cordage of your untwin'd will  
Round without hope of rest? No, I will turne,  
And with my goodnes boldly meete your scorne;  
My goodnesse which Heav'n pardon, and that fate  
MADE YOU HATE LOVE, AND FALL IN LOVE WITH HATE.

But I am chang'd! Bright reason, that did give  
My soule a noble quicknes, made me live

One breath yet longer, and to will, and see  
Hath reacht me pow'r to scorne as well as thee:  
That thou, which proudly tramplest on my grave,  
Thyselfe mightst fall, conquer'd my double slave:  
That thou mightst, sinking in thy triumphs, moan,  
And I triumph in my destruction.

Hayle, holy cold! chaste temper, hayle! the fire  
Rav'd o're my purer thoughts I feel t' expire,  
And I am candied ice. Yee pow'rs! if e're  
I shall be forc't unto my sepulcher,  
Or violently hurl'd into my urne,  
Oh make me choose rather to freeze than burne.

Richard Lovelace

# A Guiltlesse Lady Imprisoned: After Penanced. Song

I.

Heark, faire one, how what e're here is  
Doth laugh and sing at thy distresse;  
Not out of hate to thy reliefe,  
But joy t' enjoy thee, though in grieve.

II.

See! that which chaynes you, you chaine here;  
The prison is thy prisoner;  
How much thy jaylor's keeper art!  
He bindes your hands, but you his heart.

III.

The gyves to rase so smooth a skin,  
Are so unto themselves within;  
But, blest to kisse so fayre an arme,  
Haste to be happy with that harme;

IV.

And play about thy wanton wrist,  
As if in them thou so wert drest;  
But if too rough, too hard they presse,  
Oh, they but closely, closely kisse.

V.

And as thy bare feet blesse the way,  
The people doe not mock, but pray,  
And call thee, as amas'd they run  
Instead of prostitute, a nun.

VI.

The merry torch burnes with desire  
To kindle the eternall fire,  
And lightly daunces in thine eyes  
To tunes of epithalamies.

VII.

The sheet's ty'd ever to thy wast,  
How thankfull to be so imbrac't!

And see! thy very very bonds  
Are bound to thee, to binde such hands.

Richard Lovelace

# A La Bourbon. Done Moy Plus De Pitie Ou Plus De Creaulte, Car Sans Ci Ie Ne Puis Pas Viure, Ne Morir

I.

Divine Destroyer, pittty me no more,  
Or else more pittty me;  
Give me more love, ah, quickly give me more,  
Or else more cruelty!  
For left thus as I am,  
My heart is ice and flame;  
And languishing thus, I  
Can neither live nor dye!

II.

Your glories are eclipst, and hidden in the grave  
Of this indifferency;  
And, Caelia, you can neither altars have,  
Nor I, a Diety:  
They are aspects divine,  
That still or smile, or shine,  
Or, like th' offended sky,  
Frowne death immediately.

Richard Lovelace

# A La Chabot

A LA CHABOT.

Object adorable et charmant!  
Mes soupirs et mes pleurs tesmoignent mon torment;  
Mais mon respect m'empêche de parler.  
Ah! que peine dissimuler!  
Et que je souffre de martyre,  
D'aimer et de n'oser le dire!

TO THE SAME AYRE IN ENGLISH, THUS,

Object adorable of charms!  
My sighs and tears may testify my harms;  
But my respect forbids me to reveal.  
Ah, what a pain 'tis to conceal!  
And how I suffer worse than hell,  
To love, and not to dare to tell!

Richard Lovelace

# A Lady With A Falcon On Her Fist. To The Honourable My Cousin A[nne] L[ovelace]

I.

This Queen of Prey (now prey to you),  
Fast to that pirsch of ivory  
In silver chaines and silken clue,  
Hath now made full thy victory:

II.

The swelling admirall of the dread  
Cold deepe, burnt in thy flames, oh faire!  
Wast not enough, but thou must lead  
Bound, too, the Princesse of the aire?

III.

Unarm'd of wings and scaly oare,  
Unhappy crawler on the land,  
To what heav'n fly'st? div'st to what shoare,  
That her brave eyes do not command?

IV.

Ascend the chariot of the Sun  
From her bright pow'r to shelter thee:  
Her captive (foole) outgases him;  
Ah, what lost wretches then are we!

V.

Now, proud usurpers on the right  
Of sacred beauty, heare your dombe;  
Recant your sex, your mastery, might;  
Lower you cannot be or'ecome:

VI.

Repent, ye er'e nam'd he or head,  
For y' are in falcon's monarchy,  
And in that just dominion bred,  
In which the nobler is the shee.





# A Loose Saraband

I.

Ah me! the little tyrant theefe!  
As once my heart was playing,  
He snatcht it up and flew away,  
Laughing at all my praying.

II.

Proud of his purchase, he surveys  
And curiously sounds it,  
And though he sees it full of wounds,  
Cruel one, still he wounds it.

III.

And now this heart is all his sport,  
Which as a ball he boundeth  
From hand to breast, from breast to lip,  
And all its rest confoundeth.

IV.

Then as a top he sets it up,  
And pitifully whips it;  
Sometimes he cloathes it gay and fine,  
Then straight againe he strips it.

V.

He cover'd it with false reliefe,  
Which gloriously show'd it;  
And for a morning-cushionet  
On's mother he bestow'd it.

VI.

Each day, with her small brazen stings,  
A thousand times she rac'd it;  
But then at night, bright with her gemmes,  
Once neere her breast she plac'd it.

VII.

There warme it gan to throb and bleed;  
She knew that smart, and grieved;

At length this poore condemned heart  
With these rich drugges repreeved.

VIII.

She washt the wound with a fresh teare,  
Which my LUCASTA dropped,  
And in the sleave-silke of her haire  
'Twas hard bound up and wrapped.

IX.

She proab'd it with her constancie,  
And found no rancor nigh it;  
Only the anger of her eye  
Had wrought some proud flesh by it.

X.

Then prest she narde in ev'ry veine,  
Which from her kisses trilled;  
And with the balme heald all its paine,  
That from her hand distilled.

XI.

But yet this heart avoyds me still,  
Will not by me be owned;  
But's fled to its physitian's breast;  
There proudly sits inthroned.

Richard Lovelace

# A Mock Charon. Dialogue

CHA. W.

W. Charon! thou slave! thou fool! thou cavaleer!

CHA. A slave! a fool! what traitor's voice I hear?

W. Come bring thy boat. CH. No, sir. W. No! sirrah, why?

CHA. The blest will disagree, and fiends will mutiny  
At thy, at thy [un]numbred treachery.

W. Villain, I have a pass which who disdains,  
I will sequester the Elizian plains.

CHA. Woes me, ye gentle shades! where shall I dwell?  
He's come! It is not safe to be in hell.

## CHORUS.

Thus man, his honor lost, falls on these shelves;  
Furies and fiends are still true to themselves.

CHA. You must, lost fool, come in. W. Oh, let me in!  
But now I fear thy boat will sink with my ore-weighty sin.  
Where, courteous Charon, am I now? CHA. Vile rant!  
At the gates of thy supreme Judge Rhadamant.

## DOUBLE CHORUS OF DIVELS.

Welcome to rape, to theft, to perjurie,  
To all the ills thou wert, we canot hope to be;  
Oh, pittty us condemned! Oh, cease to woe,  
And softly, softly breath, least you infect us too.

Richard Lovelace

# A Mock Song

I.

Now Whitehall's in the grave,  
And our head is our slave,  
The bright pearl in his close shell of oyster;  
Now the miter is lost,  
The proud Praelates, too, crost,  
And all Rome's confin'd to a cloister.  
He, that Tarquin was styl'd,  
Our white land's exil'd,  
Yea, undefil'd;  
Not a court ape's left to confute us;  
Then let your voyces rise high,  
As your colours did flye,  
And flour'shing cry:  
Long live the brave Oliver-Brutus.

II.

Now the sun is unarm'd,  
And the moon by us charm'd,  
All the stars dissolv'd to a jelly;  
Now the thighs of the Crown  
And the arms are lopp'd down,  
And the body is all but a belly.  
Let the Commons go on,  
The town is our own,  
We'll rule alone:  
For the Knights have yielded their spent-gorge;  
And an order is tane  
With HONY SOIT profane,  
Shout forth amain:  
For our Dragon hath vanquish'd the St. George.

Richard Lovelace

# A Paradox

I.

Tis true the beauteous Starre  
To which I first did bow  
Burnt quicker, brighter far,  
Than that which leads me now;  
Which shines with more delight,  
For gazing on that light  
So long, neere lost my sight.

II.

Through foul we follow faire,  
For had the world one face,  
And earth been bright as ayre,  
We had knowne neither place.  
Indians smell not their neast;  
A Swisse or Finne tastes best  
The spices of the East.

III.

So from the glorious Sunne  
Who to his height hath got,  
With what delight we runne  
To some black cave or grot!  
And, heav'nly Sydney you  
Twice read, had rather view  
Some odde romance so new.

IV.

The god, that constant keeps  
Unto his deities,  
Is poore in joyes, and sleepes  
Imprison'd in the skies.  
This knew the wisest, who  
From Juno stole, below  
To love a bear or cow.

Richard Lovelace

# A Prologue To The Scholars. A Comaedy Presented At The Whit

A gentleman, to give us somewhat new,  
Hath brought up OXFORD with him to show you;  
Pray be not frighted--Tho the scaene and gown's  
The Universities, the wit's the town's;  
The lines each honest Englishman may speake:  
Yet not mistake his mother-tongue for Greeke,  
For stil 'twas part of his vow'd liturgie:--  
From learned comedies deliver me!  
Wishing all those that lov'd 'em here asleepe,  
Promising SCHOLARS, but no SCHOLARSHIP.

You'd smile to see, how he do's vex and shake,  
Speakes naught; but, if the PROLOGUE do's but take,  
Or the first act were past the pikes once, then--  
Then hopes and joys, then frowns and fears agen,  
Then blushes like a virgin, now to be  
Rob'd of his comicall virginity  
In presence of you all. In short, you'd say  
More hopes of mirth are in his looks then play.

These feares are for the noble and the wise;  
But if 'mongst you there are such fowle dead eyes,  
As can damne unaraign'd, cal law their pow'rs,  
Judging it sin enough that it is ours,  
And with the house shift their decreed desires,  
FAIRE still to th' BLACKE, BLACKE still to the WHITE-FRYERS;  
He do's protest he wil sit down and weep  
Castles and pyramids . . . .  
. . . . . No, he wil on,  
Proud to be rais'd by such destruction,  
So far from quarr'lling with himselfe and wit,  
That he wil thank them for the benefit,  
Since finding nothing worthy of their hate,  
They reach him that themselves must envy at:

Richard Lovelace

# A Prologue To The Scholars. A Comaedy Presented At The White Fryers

A gentleman, to give us somewhat new,  
Hath brought up OXFORD with him to show you;  
Pray be not frighted--Tho the scaene and gown's  
The Universities, the wit's the town's;  
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Richard Lovelace

## Ad Fabullium. Catul. Lib. I. Ep. 13.

AD FABULLUM. CATUL. LIB. I. EP. 13.

Caenabis bene, mi Fabulle, apud me  
Paucis, si dii tibi favent, diebus;  
Si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam  
Caenam, non sine candida puella,  
Et vino, et sale, et omnibus cachinnis.  
Haec si, inquam, attuleris, Fabulle noster,  
Caenabis bene: nam tui Catulli  
Plenus sacculus est aranearum.  
Sed, contra, accipies meros amores,  
Seu quod suavius elegantiusve est:  
Nam unguentum dabo, quod meae puellae  
Donarunt Veneres Cupidinesque;  
Quod tu cum olfacies, deos rogabis,  
Totum te faciant, Fabulle, nasum.

ENGLISHED.

Fabullus, I will treat you handsomely  
Shortly, if the kind gods will favour thee.  
If thou dost bring with thee a del'cate messe,  
An olio or so, a pretty lass,  
Brisk wine, sharp tales, all sorts of drollery,  
These if thou bringst (I say) along with thee,  
You shall feed highly, friend: for, know, the ebbs  
Of my lank purse are full of spiders webs;  
But then again you shall receive clear love,  
Or what more grateful or more sweet may prove:  
For with an ointment I will favour thee  
My Venus's and Cupids gave to me,  
Of which once smelt, the gods thou wilt implore,  
Fabullus, that they'd make thee nose all ore.

Richard Lovelace



## Ad Juvencium. Cat. Ep. 49.

AD JUVENCIUM. CAT. EP. 49.

Mellitos oculos tuos, Juvenci,  
Si quis me sinat usque basiare,  
Usque ad millia basiem trecenta;  
Nec unquam videat satur futurus:  
Non si densior aridis aristas,  
Sit nostrae seges osculationis.

TO JUVENCIUS.

Juvencius, thy fair sweet eyes  
If to my fill that I may kisse,  
Three hundred thousand times I'de kisse,  
Nor future age should cloy this blisse;  
No, not if thicker than ripe ears  
The harvest of our kisses bears.

Richard Lovelace

# Ad Lesbiam, Cat. Ep. 73

AD LESBIAM, CAT. EP. 73.

Dicebas quondam, solum te nosse Catullum,  
Lesbia, nec prae me velle tenere Jovem;  
Dilexi tum te, non tantum ut vulgus amicam,  
Sed pater ut gnatos diligit et generos.  
Nunc te cognovi, quare et impensius uror,  
Multo mi tamen es vilior et levior.  
Qui potis est inquis, quod amantem injuria talis  
Cogat amare magis, sed bene velle minus?  
Odi et amo; quare id faciam, fortasse requiris;  
Nescio; sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.

ENGLISHED.

That me alone you lov'd, you once did say,  
Nor should I to the king of gods give way.  
Then I lov'd thee not as a common dear,  
But as a father doth his children chear.  
Now thee I know, more bitterly I smart;  
Yet thou to me more light and cheaper art.  
What pow'r is this? that such a wrong should press  
Me to love more, yet wish thee well much lesse.  
I hate and love; would'st thou the reason know?  
I know not; but I burn, and feel it so.

Richard Lovelace

# Ad M. T. Ciceronem. Catul Ep. 50.

AD M. T. CICERONEM.  
CATUL EP. 50.

Disertissime Romuli nepotum,  
Quot sunt, quotque fuere, Marce Tulli,  
Quotque post alios erunt in annos,  
Gratias tibi maximas Catullus  
Agit, pessimus omnium poeta:  
Tanto pessimus omnium poeta,  
Quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.

TO MARCUS T. CICERO.  
IN AN ENGLISH PENTASTICK.

Tully to thee, Rome's eloquent sole heir,  
The best of all that are, shall be, and were,  
I the worst poet send my best thanks and pray'r:  
Ev'n by how much the worst of poets I,  
By so much you the best of patrones be.

Richard Lovelace

## Ad Quintium. Cat. Ep. 83

AD QUINTIUM. CAT. EP. 83.

Quinti, si tibi vis oculos debere Catullum,  
Aut aliud si quid carius est oculis,  
Eripere ei noli, multo quod carius illi  
Est oculis, seu quid carius est oculis.

TO QUINTIUS.

Quintius, if you'll endear Catullus eyes,  
Or what he dearer then his eyes doth prize,  
Ravish not what is dearer then his eyes,  
Or what he dearer then his eyes doth prize.

Richard Lovelace

# Ad Sylonem. Ep. 104.

AD SYLONEM. EP. 104.

Aut sodes mihi redde decem sestertia, Sylo,  
Deindo esto quam vis saevus et indomitus;  
Aut si te nummi delectant, desine, quaeso,  
Leno esse, atque idem saevus et indomitus.

ENGLISHED.

Sylo, pray pay me my ten sesterces,  
Then rant and roar as much as you shall please;  
Or if that mony takes [you,] pray, give ore  
To be a pimp, or else to rant and roar.

Richard Lovelace

## Advice To My Best Brother, Coll: Francis Lovelace.

Frank, wilt live unhandsomely? trust not too far  
Thy self to waving seas: for what thy star,  
Calculated by sure event, must be,  
Look in the glassy-epithete, and see.

Yet settle here your rest, and take your state,  
And in calm halcyon's nest ev'n build your fate;  
Prethee lye down securely, Frank, and keep  
With as much no noyse the inconstant deep  
As its inhabitants; nay, stedfast stand,  
As if discover'd were a New-found-land,  
Fit for plantation here. Dream, dream still,  
Lull'd in Dione's cradle; dream, untill  
Horror awake your sense, and you now find  
Your self a bubbled pastime for the wind;  
And in loose Thetis blankets torn and tost.  
Frank, to undo thy self why art at cost?

Nor be too confident, fix'd on the shore:  
For even that too borrows from the store  
Of her rich neighbour, since now wisest know  
(And this to Galileo's judgement ow),  
The palsie earth it self is every jot  
As frail, inconstant, waveing, as that blot  
We lay upon the deep, that sometimes lies  
Chang'd, you would think, with 's botoms properties;  
But this eternal, strange Ixion's wheel  
Of giddy earth ne'er whirling leaves to reel,  
Till all things are inverted, till they are  
Turn'd to that antick confus'd state they were.

Who loves the golden mean, doth safely want  
A cobwebb'd cot and wrongs entail'd upon't;  
He richly needs a pallace for to breed  
Vipers and moths, that on their feeder feed;  
The toy that we (too true) a mistress call,  
Whose looking-glass and feather weighs up all;  
And cloaths which larks would play with in the sun,  
That mock him in the night, when 's course is run.

To rear an edifice by art so high,  
That envy should not reach it with her eye,  
Nay, with a thought come neer it. Wouldst thou know,  
How such a structure should be raisd, build low.  
The blust'ring winds invisible rough stroak  
More often shakes the stubborn'st, prop'rest oak;  
And in proud turrets we behold withal,  
'Tis the imperial top declines to fall:  
Nor does Heav'n's lightning strike the humble vales,  
But high-aspiring mounts batters and scales.

A breast of proof defies all shocks of Fate,  
Fears in the best, hopes in worsen state;  
Heaven forbid that, as of old, time ever  
Flourish'd in spring so contrary, now never.  
That mighty breath, which blew foul Winter hither,  
Can eas'ly puffe it to a fairer weather.  
Why dost despair then, Frank? Aeolus has  
A Zephyrus as well as Boreas.

'Tis a false sequel, soloecisme 'gainst those  
Precepts by fortune giv'n us, to suppose  
That, 'cause it is now ill, 't will ere be so;  
Apollo doth not always bend his bow;  
But oft, uncrowned of his beams divine,  
With his soft harp awakes the sleeping Nine.

In strictest things magnanimous appear,  
Greater in hope, howere thy fate, then fear:  
Draw all your sails in quickly, though no storm  
Threaten your ruine with a sad alarm;  
For tell me how they differ, tell me, pray,  
A cloudy tempest and a too fair day?

Richard Lovelace

## Against The Love Of Great Ones.

Vnhappy youth, betrayd by Fate  
To such a love hath sainted hate,  
And damned those celestiall bands  
Are onely knit with equal hands;  
The love of great ones is a love,  
Gods are incapable to prove:  
For where there is a joy uneven,  
There never, never can be Heav'n:  
'Tis such a love as is not sent  
To fiends as yet for punishment;  
IXION willingly doth feele  
The gyre of his eternal wheele,  
Nor would he now exchange his paine  
For cloudes and goddesses againe.

Wouldst thou with tempests lye? Then bow  
To th' rougher furrows of her brow,  
Or make a thunder-bolt thy choyce?  
Then catch at her more fatal voyce;  
Or 'gender with the lightning? trye  
The subtler flashes of her eye:  
Poore SEMELE wel knew the same,  
Who both imbrac't her God and flame;  
And not alone in soule did burne,  
But in this love did ashes turne.

How il doth majesty injoy  
The bow and gaitie oth' boy,  
As if the purple-roabe should sit,  
And sentence give ith' chayr of wit.

Say, ever-dying wretch, to whom  
Each answer is a certaine doom,  
What is it that you would possesse,  
The Countes, or the naked Besse?  
Would you her gowne or title do?  
Her box or gem, the thing or show?  
If you meane HER, the very HER,  
Abstracted from her character,



Unhappy boy! you may as soone  
With fawning wanton with the Moone,  
Or with an amorous complaint  
Get prostitute your very saint;  
Not that we are not mortal, or  
Fly VENUS altars, and abhor  
The selfesame knack, for which you pine;  
But we (defend us!) are divine,  
[Not] female, but madam born, and come  
From a right-honourable wombe.  
Shal we then mingle with the base,  
And bring a silver-tinsell race?  
Whilst th' issue noble wil not passe  
The gold alloyd (almost halfe brasse),  
And th' blood in each veine doth appeare,  
Part thick Booreinn, part Lady Cleare;  
Like to the sordid insects sprung  
From Father Sun and Mother Dung:  
Yet lose we not the hold we have,  
But faster graspe the trembling slave;  
Play at baloon with's heart, and winde  
The strings like scaines, steale into his minde  
Ten thousand false and feigned joyes  
Far worse then they; whilst, like whipt boys,  
After this scourge hee's hush with toys.

This heard, Sir, play stil in her eyes,  
And be a dying, live like flyes  
Caught by their angle-legs, and whom  
The torch laughs peece-meale to consume.

Richard Lovelace

# Amarantha. A Pastorall

Up with the jolly bird of light  
Who sounds his third retreat to night;  
Faire Amarantha from her bed  
Ashamed starts, and rises red  
As the carnation-mantled morne,  
Who now the blushing robe doth spurne,  
And puts on angry gray, whilst she,  
The envy of a deity,  
Arayes her limbcs, too rich indeed  
To be inshrin'd in such a weed;  
Yet lovely 'twas and strait, but fit;  
Not made for her, but she to it:  
By nature it sate close and free,  
As the just bark unto the tree:  
Unlike Love's martyrs of the towne,  
All day imprison'd in a gown,  
Who, rackt in silke 'stead of a dresse,  
Are cloathed in a frame or presse,  
And with that liberty and room,  
The dead expatiate in a tombe.  
No cabinets with curious washes,  
Bladders and perfumed plashes;  
No venome-temper'd water's here,  
Mercury is banished this sphere:  
Her payle's all this, in which wet glasse  
She both doth cleanse and view her face.  
Far hence, all Iberian smells,  
Hot amulets, Pomander spells,  
Fragrant gales, cool ay'r, the fresh  
And naturall odour of her flesh,  
Proclaim her sweet from th' wombe as morne.  
Those colour'd things were made, not borne.  
Which, fixt within their narrow straits,  
Do looke like their own counterfeyts.  
So like the Provance rose she walkt,  
Flowerd with blush, with verdure stalkt;  
Th' officious wind her loose hayre curles,  
The dewe her happy linnen purles,  
But wets a tresse, which instantly

Sol with a crisping beame doth dry.  
 Into the garden is she come,  
 Love and delight's Elisium;  
 If ever earth show'd all her store,  
 View her discolour'd budding floore;  
 Here her glad eye she largely feedes,  
 And stands 'mongst them, as they 'mong weeds;  
 The flowers in their best aray  
 As to their queen their tribute pay,  
 And freely to her lap proscribe  
 A daughter out of ev'ry tribe.  
 Thus as she moves, they all bequeath  
 At once the incense of their breath.  
 The noble Heliotropian  
 Now turnes to her, and knowes no sun.  
 And as her glorious face doth vary,  
 So opens loyall golden Mary  
 Who, if but glanced from her sight,  
 Straight shuts again, as it were night.  
 The violet (else lost ith' heap)  
 Doth spread fresh purple for each step,  
 With whose humility possest,  
 Sh' inthrones the Poore Girle in her breast:  
 The July-flow'r that hereto thriv'd,  
 Knowing her self no longer-liv'd,  
 But for one look of her upheaves,  
 Then 'stead of teares straight sheds her leaves.  
 Now the rich robed Tulip who,  
 Clad all in tissue close, doth woe  
 Her (sweet to th' eye but smelling sower),  
 She gathers to adorn her bower.  
 But the proud Hony-suckle spreads  
 Like a pavilion her heads,  
 Contemnes the wanting commonalty,  
 That but to two ends usefull be,  
 And to her lips thus aptly plac't,  
 With smell and hue presents her tast.  
 So all their due obedience pay,  
 Each thronging to be in her way:  
 Faire Amarantha with her eye  
 Thanks those that live, which else would dye:  
 The rest, in silken fetters bound,

By crowning her are crown and crown'd.

And now the sun doth higher rise,  
Our Flora to the meadow hies:  
The poore distressed heifers low,  
And as sh' approacheth gently bow,  
Begging her charitable leasure  
To strip them of their milkie treasure.

Out of the yeomanry oth' heard,  
With grave aspect, and feet prepar'd,  
A rev'rend lady-cow drawes neare,  
Bids Amarantha welcome here;  
And from her privy purse lets fall  
A pearle or two, which seeme[s] to call  
This adorn'd adored fayry  
To the banquet of her dayry.

Soft Amarantha weeps to see  
'Mongst men such inhumanitie,  
That those, who do receive in hay,  
And pay in silver twice a day,  
Should by their cruell barb'rous theft  
Be both of that and life bereft.

But 'tis decreed, when ere this dies,  
That she shall fall a sacrifice  
Unto the gods, since those, that trace  
Her stemme, show 'tis a god-like race,  
Descending in an even line  
From heifers and from steeres divine,  
Making the honour'd extract full  
In Io and Europa's bull.

She was the largest goodliest beast,  
That ever mead or altar blest;  
Round [w]as her udder, and more white  
Then is the Milkie Way in night;  
Her full broad eye did sparkle fire;  
Her breath was sweet as kind desire,  
And in her beauteous crescent shone,  
Bright as the argent-horned moone.

But see! this whiteness is obscure,  
Cynthia spotted, she impure;  
Her body writheld, and her eyes  
Departing lights at obsequies:  
Her lowing hot to the fresh gale,

Her breath perfumes the field withall;  
To those two suns that ever shine,  
To those plump parts she doth inshrine,  
To th' hovering snow of either hand,  
That love and cruelty command.

After the breakfast on her teat,  
She takes her leave oth' mournfull neat  
Who, by her toucht, now prizeth her life,  
Worthy alone the hollowed knife.

Into the neighbring wood she's gone,  
Whose rooffe defies the tell-tale Sunne,  
And locks out ev'ry prying beame;  
Close by the lips of a cleare streame,  
She sits and entertaines her eye  
With the moist chrystall and the frye  
With burnisht-silver mal'd, whose oares  
Amazed still make to the shoares;  
What need she other bait or charm,  
What hook or angle, but her arm?  
The happy captive, gladly ta'n,  
Sues ever to be slave in vaine,  
Who instantly (confirm'd in's feares)  
Hasts to his element of teares.

From hence her various windings roave  
To a well-orderd stately grove;  
This is the pallace of the wood  
And court oth' Royall Oake, where stood  
The whole nobility: the Pine,  
Strait Ash, tall Firre, and wanton Vine;  
The proper Cedar, and the rest.  
Here she her deeper senses blest;  
Admires great Nature in this pile,  
Floor'd with greene-velvet Camomile,  
Garnisht with gems of unset fruit,  
Supply'd still with a self recruit;  
Her bosom wrought with pretty eyes  
Of never-planted Strawberries;  
Where th' winged musick of the ayre  
Do richly feast, and for their fare,  
Each evening in a silent shade,  
Bestow a gratefull serenade.

Thus ev'n tyerd with delight,

Sated in soul and appetite;  
 Full of the purple Plumme and Peare,  
 The golden Apple, with the faire  
 Grape that mirth fain would have taught her,  
 And nuts, which squirrells cracking brought her;  
 She softly layes her weary limbs,  
 Whilst gentle slumber now beginnes  
 To draw the curtaines of her eye;  
 When straight awakend with a crie  
 And bitter groan, again reposes,  
 Again a deep sigh interposes.  
 And now she heares a trembling voyce:  
 Ah! can there ought on earth rejoyce!  
 Why weares she this gay livery,  
 Not black as her dark entrails be?  
 Can trees be green, and to the ay'r  
 Thus prostitute their flowing hayr?  
 Why do they sprout, not witherd dy?  
 Must each thing live, save wretched I?  
 Can dayes triumph in blew and red,  
 When both their light and life is fled?  
 Fly Joy on wings of Popinjayes  
 To courts of fools, where as your playes  
 Dye laught at and forgot; whilst all  
 That's good mourns at this funerall.  
 Weep, all ye Graces, and you sweet  
 Quire, that at the hill inspir'd meet:  
 Love, put thy tapers out, that we  
 And th' world may seem as blind as thee;  
 And be, since she is lost (ah wound!)  
 Not Heav'n it self by any found.  
 Now as a prisoner new cast,  
 Who sleepes in chaines that night, his last,  
 Next morn is wak't with a repreeve,  
 And from his trance, not dream bid live,  
 Wonders (his sence not having scope)  
 Who speaks, his friend or his false hope.  
 So Amarantha heard, but feare  
 Dares not yet trust her tempting care;  
 And as againe her arms oth' ground  
 Spread pillows for her head, a sound  
 More dismall makes a swift divorce,

And starts her thus:----Rage, rapine, force!  
Ye blew-flam'd daughters oth' abysse,  
Bring all your snakes, here let them hisse;  
Let not a leaf its freshnesse keep;  
Blast all their roots, and as you creepe,  
And leave behind your deadly slime,  
Poyson the budding branch in's prime:  
Wast the proud bowers of this grove,  
That fiends may dwell in it, and move  
As in their proper hell, whilst she  
Above laments this tragedy:  
Yet pities not our fate; oh faire  
Vow-breaker, now betroth'd to th' ay'r!  
Why by those lawes did we not die,  
As live but one, Lucasta! why----  
As he Lucasta nam'd, a groan  
Strangles the fainting passing tone;  
But as she heard, Lucasta smiles,  
Posses her round; she's slipt mean whiles  
Behind the blind of a thick bush,  
When, each word temp'ring with a blush,  
She gently thus bespake; Sad swaine,  
If mates in woe do ease our pain,  
Here's one full of that antick grief,  
Which stifled would for ever live,  
But told, expires; pray then, reveale  
(To show our wound is half to heale),  
What mortall nymph or deity  
Bewail you thus? Who ere you be,  
The shepheard sigh't, my woes I crave  
Smotherd in me, me in my grave;  
Yet be in show or truth a saint,  
Or fiend, breath anthemes, heare my plaint,  
For her and thy breath's symphony,  
Which now makes full the harmony  
Above, and to whose voice the spheres  
Listen, and call her musick theirs;  
This was I blest on earth with, so  
As Druids amorous did grow,  
Jealous of both: for as one day  
This star, as yet but set in clay,  
By an imbracing river lay,

They steept her in the hollowed brooke,  
Which from her humane nature tooke,  
And straight to heaven with winged feare,  
Thus, ravisht with her, ravish her.

The nymph reply'd: This holy rape  
Became the gods, whose obscure shape  
They cloth'd with light, whilst ill you grieve  
Your better life should ever live,  
And weep that she, to whom you wish  
What heav'n could give, has all its blisse.

Calling her angell here, yet be  
Sad at this true divinity:  
She's for the altar, not the skies,  
Whom first you crowne, then sacrifice.

Fond man thus to a precipice  
Aspires, till at the top his eyes  
Have lost the safety of the plain,  
Then begs of Fate the vales againe.

The now confounded shepheard cries:  
Ye all-confounding destines!  
How did you make that voice so sweet  
Without that glorious form to it?  
Thou sacred spirit of my deare,  
Where e're thou hoverst o're us, hear!  
Imbark thee in the lawrell tree,  
And a new Phebus follows thee,  
Who, 'stead of all his burning rayes,  
Will strive to catch thee with his layes;  
Or, if within the Orient Vine,  
Thou art both deity and wine;  
But if thou takest the mirtle grove,  
That Paphos is, thou, Queene of Love,  
And I, thy swain who (else) must die,  
By no beasts, but thy cruelty:  
But you are rougher than the winde.  
Are souls on earth then heav'n more kind?  
Imprisoned in mortality  
Lucasta would have answered me.  
Lucasta, Amarantha said,  
Is she that virgin-star? a maid,  
Except her prouder livery,  
In beauty poore, and cheap as I;



Whose glory like a meteor shone,  
 Or aery apparition,  
 Admir'd a while, but slighted known.  
 Fierce, as the chafed lyon hies,  
 He rowses him, and to her flies,  
 Thinking to answer with his speare----  
 Now, as in warre intestine where,  
 Ith' mist of a black battell, each  
 Laves at his next, then makes a breach  
 Through th' entrayles of another, whom  
 He sees nor knows whence he did come,  
 Guided alone by rage and th' drumme,  
 But stripping and impatient wild,  
 He finds too soon his onely child.  
 So our expiring desp'rate lover  
 Far'd when, amaz'd, he did discover  
 Lucasta in this nymph; his sinne  
 Darts the accursed javelin  
 'Gainst his own breast, which she puts by  
 With a soft lip and gentle eye,  
 Then closes with him on the ground  
 And now her smiles have heal'd his wound.  
 Alexis too again is found;  
 But not untill those heavy crimes  
 She hath kis'd off a thousand times,  
 Who not contented with this pain,  
 Doth threaten to offend again.  
 And now they gaze, and sigh, and weep,  
 Whilst each cheek doth the other's steep,  
 Whilst tongues, as exorcis'd, are calm;  
 Onely the rhet'rick of the palm  
 Prevailing pleads, untill at last  
 They[re] chain'd in one another fast.  
 Lucasta to him doth relate  
 Her various chance and differing fate:  
 How chac'd by Hydraphil, and tract  
 The num'rous foe to Philanact,  
 Who whilst they for the same things fight,  
 As Bards decrees and Druids rite,  
 For safeguard of their proper joyes  
 And shepherds freedome, each destroyes  
 The glory of this Sicilie;

Since seeking thus the remedie,  
They fancy (building on false ground)  
The means must them and it confound,  
Yet are resolved to stand or fall,  
And win a little, or lose all.

From this sad storm of fire and blood  
She fled to this yet living wood;  
Where she 'mongst savage beasts doth find  
Her self more safe then humane kind.

Then she relates, how Caelia--  
The lady--here strippes her array,  
And girdles her in home-spunne bayes  
Then makes her conversant in layes  
Of birds, and swaines more innocent,  
That kenne not guile [n]or courtship ment.

Now walks she to her bow'r to dine  
Under a shade of Eglantine,  
Upon a dish of Natures cheere  
Which both grew, drest and serv'd up there:  
That done, she feasts her smell with po'ses  
Pluckt from the damask cloath of Roses.

Which there continually doth stay,  
And onely frost can take away;  
Then wagers which hath most content  
Her eye, eare, hand, her gust or sent.

Intranc't Alexis sees and heares,  
As walking above all the spheres:  
Knows and adores this, and is wilde,  
Untill with her he live thus milde.  
So that, which to his thoughts he meant  
For losse of her a punishment,  
His armes hung up and his sword broke,  
His ensignes folded, he betook  
Himself unto the humble crook.

And for a full reward of all,  
She now doth him her shepheard call,  
And in a see of flow'rs install:  
Then gives her faith immediately,  
Which he returns religiously;  
Both vowing in her peacefull cave  
To make their bridall-bed and grave.

But the true joy this pair conceiv'd,

Each from the other first bereav'd,  
And then found, after such alarmes,  
Fast-pinion'd in each other's armes,  
Ye panting virgins, that do meet  
Your loves within their winding sheet,  
Breathing and constant still ev'n there;  
Or souls their bodies in yon' sphere,  
Or angels, men return'd from hell  
And separated mindes--can tell.

Richard Lovelace

# Amyntor From Beyond The Sea To Alexis. A Dialogue

Amyntor.

Alexis! ah Alexis! can it be,  
Though so much wet and drie  
Doth drowne our eye,  
Thou keep'st thy winged voice from me?

Alexis.

Amyntor, a profounder sea, I feare,  
Hath swallow'd me, where now  
My armes do row,  
I floate i'th' ocean of a teare.

Lucasta weepes, lest I look back and tread  
Your Watry land againe.

Amyntor. I'd through the raine;  
Such showrs are quickly over-spread.

Conceive how joy, after this short divorce,  
Will circle her with beames,  
When, like your streames,  
You shall rowle back with kinder force,

And call the helping winds to vent your thought.

Alexis. Amyntor! Chloris! where  
Or in what sphere  
Say, may that glorious fair be sought?

Amyntor. She's now the center of these armes e're blest,  
Whence may she never move,  
Till Time and Love  
Haste to their everlasting rest.

Alexis. Ah subtile swaine! doth not my flame rise high  
As yours, and burne as hot?  
Am not I shot  
With the selfe same artillery?

And can I breath without her air?--Amyntor.  
Why, then,

From thy tempestuous earth,  
Where blood and dearth  
Raigne 'stead of kings, agen

Wafte thy selfe over, and lest storms from far  
Arise, bring in our sight  
The seas delight,  
Lucasta, that bright northerne star.

Alex. But as we cut the rugged deepe, I feare  
The green god stops his fell  
Chariot of shell,  
And smooths the maine to ravish her.

Amyntor. Oh no, the prince of waters' fires are done;  
He as his empire's old,  
And rivers, cold;  
His queen now runs abed to th' sun;

But all his treasure he shall ope' that day:  
Tritons shall sound: his fleete  
In silver meete,  
And to her their rich offrings pay.

Alex. We flye, Amyntor, not amaz'd how sent  
By water, earth, or aire:  
Or if with her  
By fire: ev'n there  
I move in mine owne element.

Richard Lovelace

# Amyntor's Grove, His Chloris, Arigo, And Gratiana. An Elogie

It was Amyntor's Grove, that Chloris  
For ever ecchoes, and her glories;  
Chloris, the gentlest sheapherdesse,  
That ever lawnes and lambes did blesse;  
Her breath, like to the whispering winde,  
Was calme as thought, sweet as her minde;  
Her lips like coral gates kept in  
The perfume and the pearle within;  
Her eyes a double-flaming torch  
That alwayes shine, and never scorch;  
Her selfe the Heav'n in which did meet  
The all of bright, of faire and sweet.  
Here was I brought with that delight  
That seperated soules take flight;  
And when my reason call'd my sence  
Back somewhat from this excellence,  
That I could see, I did begin  
T' observe the curious ordering  
Of every roome, where 'ts hard to know,  
Which most excels in sent or show.  
Arabian gummes do breathe here forth,  
And th' East's come over to the North;  
The windes have brought their hyre of sweet  
To see Amyntor Chloris greet;  
Balme and nard, and each perfume,  
To blesse this payre, chafe and consume;  
And th' Phoenix, see! already fries!  
Her neast a fire in Chloris eyes!  
Next the great and powerful hand  
Beckens my thoughts unto a stand  
Of Titian, Raphael, Georgone  
Whose art even Nature hath out-done;  
For if weake Nature only can  
Intend, not perfect, what is man,  
These certainly we must prefer,  
Who mended what she wrought, and her;  
And sure the shadowes of those rare

And kind incomparable fayre  
Are livelier, nobler company,  
Then if they could or speake, or see:  
For these I aske without a tush,  
Can kisse or touch without a blush,  
And we are taught that substance is,  
If uninjoy'd, but th' shade of blisse.

Now every saint cleerly divine,  
Is clos'd so in her severall shrine;  
The gems so rarely, richly set,  
For them wee love the cabinet;  
So intricately plac't withall,  
As if th' imbordered the wall,  
So that the pictures seem'd to be  
But one continued tapistrie.

After this travell of mine eyes  
We sate, and pitied Dieties;  
Wee bound our loose hayre with the vine,  
The poppy, and the eglantine;  
One swell'd an oriental bowle  
Full, as a grateful, loyal soule  
To Chloris! Chloris! Heare, oh, heare!  
'Tis pledg'd above in ev'ry sphere.

Now streight the Indians richest prize  
Is kindled in glad sacrifice;  
Cloudes are sent up on wings of thyme,  
Amber, pomgranates, jessemine,  
And through our earthen conduicts sore  
Higher then altars fum'd before.

So drencht we our oppressing cares,  
And choakt the wide jawes of our feares.  
Whilst ravisht thus we did devise,  
If this were not a Paradiçe  
In all, except these harmlesse sins:  
Behold! flew in two cherubins,  
Cleare as the skye from whence they came,  
And brighter than the sacred flame;  
The boy adorn'd with modesty,  
Yet armed so with majesty,  
That if the Thunderer againe  
His eagle sends, she stoops in vaine.  
Besides his innocence he tooke

A sword and casket, and did looke  
Like Love in armes; he wrote but five,  
Yet spake eighteene; each grace did strive,  
And twenty Cupids thronged forth,  
Who first should shew his prettier worth.  
But oh, the Nymph! Did you ere know  
Carnation mingled with snow?  
Or have you seene the lightning shrowd,  
And straight breake through th' opposing cloud?  
So ran her blood; such was its hue;  
So through her vayle her bright haire flew,  
And yet its glory did appeare  
But thinne, because her eyes were neere.  
Blooming boy, and blossoming mayd,  
May your faire sprigges be neere betray'd  
To eating worme or fouler storme;  
No serpent lurke to do them harme;  
No sharpe frost cut, no North-winde teare,  
The verdure of that fragrant hayre;  
But may the sun and gentle weather,  
When you are both growne ripe together,  
Load you with fruit, such as your Father  
From you with all the joyes doth gather:  
And may you, when one branch is dead,  
Graft such another in its stead,  
Lasting thus ever in your prime,  
'Till th' sithe is snatcht away from Time.

Richard Lovelace



# An Anniversary On The Hymeneals Of My Noble Kinsman, Tho. S

## I.

The day is curl'd about agen  
To view the splendor she was in;  
    When first with hallow'd hands  
The holy man knit the mysterious bands  
When you two your contracted souls did move  
    Like cherubims above,  
    And did make love,  
As your un-understanding issue now,  
In a glad sigh, a smile, a tear, a vow.

## II.

Tell me, O self-reviving Sun,  
In thy perigrination  
    Hast thou beheld a pair  
Twist their soft beams like these in their chaste air?  
As from bright numberlesse embracing rayes  
    Are sprung th' industrious dayes,  
    So when they gaze,  
And change their fertile eyes with the new morn,  
A beauteous offspring is shot forth, not born.

## III.

Be witness then, all-seeing Sun,  
Old spy, thou that thy race hast run  
    In full five thousand rings;  
To thee were ever purer offerings  
Sent on the wings of Faith? and thou, O Night,  
    Curtain of their delight,  
    By these made bright,  
Have you not mark'd their coelestial play,  
And no more peek'd the gayeties of day?

## IV.

Come then, pale virgins, roses strow,  
Mingled with Ios as you go.  
    The snowy ox is kill'd,

The fane with pros'lyte lads and lasses fill'd,  
You too may hope the same seraphic joy,  
    Old time cannot destroy,  
    Nor fulnesse cloy;  
When, like these, you shall stamp by sympathies  
Thousands of new-born-loves with your chaste eyes.

Richard Lovelace

# An Elegie. On The Death Of Mrs. Cassandra Cotton, Only Sist

Hither with hallowed steps as is the ground,  
That must enshrine this saint with lookes profound,  
And sad aspects as the dark vails you weare,  
Virgins opprest, draw gently, gently neare;  
Enter the dismall chancell of this roome,  
Where each pale guest stands fixt a living tombe;  
With trembling hands helpe to remove this earth  
To its last death and first victorious birth:  
Let gums and incense fume, who are at strife  
To enter th' hearse and breath in it new life;  
Mingle your steppes with flowers as you goe,  
Which, as they haste to fade, will speake your woe.

And when y' have plac't your tapers on her urn,  
How poor a tribute 'tis to weep and mourn!  
That flood the channell of your eye-lids fils,  
When you lose trifles, or what's lesse, your wills.  
If you'll be worthy of these obsequies,  
Be blind unto the world, and drop your eyes;  
Waste and consume, burn downward as this fire  
That's fed no more: so willingly expire;  
Passe through the cold and obscure narrow way,  
Then light your torches at the spring of day,  
There with her triumph in your victory.  
Such joy alone and such solemnity  
Becomes this funerall of virginity.

Or, if you faint to be so blest, oh heare!  
If not to dye, dare but to live like her:  
Dare to live virgins, till the honour'd age  
Of thrice fifteen cal's matrons on the stage,  
Whilst not a blemish or least staine is scene  
On your white roabe 'twixt fifty and fifteene;  
But as it in your swathing-bands was given,  
Bring't in your winding sheet unsoyl'd to Heav'n.  
Daere to do purely, without compact good,  
Or herald, by no one understood

But him, who now in thanks bows either knee  
For th' early benefit and secresie.

Dare to affect a serious holy sorrow,  
To which delights of pallaces are narrow,  
And, lasting as their smiles, dig you a roome,  
Where practise the probation of your tombe  
With ever-bended knees and piercing pray'r,  
Smooth the rough passe through craggy earth to ay'r;  
Flame there as lights that shipwrackt mariners  
May put in safely, and secure their feares,  
Who, adding to your joyes, now owe you theirs.

Virgins, if thus you dare but courage take  
To follow her in life, else through this lake  
Of Nature wade, and breake her earthly bars,  
Y' are fixt with her upon a throne of stars,  
Arched with a pure Heav'n chrystaline,  
Where round you love and joy for ever shine.

But you are dumbe, as what you do lament  
More senseles then her very monument,  
Which at your weaknes weeps. Spare that vaine teare,  
Enough to burst the rev'rend sepulcher.  
Rise and walk home; there groaning prostrate fall,  
And celebrate your owne sad funerall:  
For howsoe're you move, may heare, or see,  
YOU ARE MORE DEAD AND BURIED THEN SHEE.

Richard Lovelace

# An Elegie. On The Death Of Mrs. Cassandra Cotton, Only Sister To Mr. C. Cotton.

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That must enshrine this saint with lookes profound,  
And sad aspects as the dark vails you weare,  
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Richard Lovelace

# An Elegie. Princesse Katherine Borne, Christened, Buried, I

You, that can haply mixe your joyes with cries,  
And weave white Ios with black Elegies,  
Can caroll out a dirge, and in one breath  
Sing to the tune either of life, or death;  
You, that can weepe the gladnesse of the spheres,  
And pen a hymne, in stead of inke, with teares;  
Here, here your unproportion'd wit let fall,  
To celebrate this new-borne funerall,  
And greeete that little greatnesse, which from th' wombe  
Dropt both a load to th' cradle and the tombe.

Bright soule! teach us, to warble with what feet  
Thy swathing linnen and thy winding sheet,  
Weepe, or shout forth that fonts solemnitie,  
Which at once christn'd and buried thee,  
And change our shriller passions with that sound,  
First told thee into th' ayre, then to the ground.

Ah, wert thou borne for this? only to call  
The King and Queen guests to your buriall!  
To bid good night, your day not yet begun,  
And shew a setting, ere a rising sun!

Or wouldst thou have thy life a martyrdom?  
Dye in the act of thy religion,  
Fit, excellently, innocently good,  
First sealing it with water, then thy blood?  
As when on blazing wings a blest man sores,  
And having past to God through fiery dores,  
Straight 's roab'd with flames, when the same element,  
Which was his shame, proves now his ornament;  
Oh, how he hast'ned death, burn't to be fryed,  
Kill'd twice with each delay, till deified.  
So swift hath been thy race, so full of flight,  
Like him condemn'd, ev'n aged with a night,  
Cutting all lets with clouds, as if th' hadst been  
Like angels plum'd, and borne a Cherubin.

Or, in your journey towards heav'n, say,  
Tooke you the world a little in your way?  
Saw'st and dislik'st its vaine pompe, then didst flye  
Up for eternall glories to the skye?  
Like a religious ambitious one,  
Aspiredst for the everlasting crowne?

Ah! holy traytour to your brother prince,  
Rob'd of his birth-right and preheminance!  
Could you ascend yon' chaire of state e're him,  
And snatch from th' heire the starry diadem?  
Making your honours now as much uneven,  
As gods on earth are lesse then saints in heav'n.

Triumph! sing triumphs, then! Oh, put on all  
Your richest lookes, drest for this festivall!  
Thoughts full of ravisht reverence, with eyes  
So fixt, as when a saint we canonize;  
Clap wings with Seraphins before the throne  
At this eternall coronation,  
And teach your soules new mirth, such as may be  
Worthy this birth-day to divinity.

But ah! these blast your feasts, the jubilies  
We send you up are sad, as were our cries,  
And of true joy we can expresse no more  
Thus crown'd, then when we buried thee before.

Princesse in heav'n, forgivenes! whilst we  
Resigne our office to the HIERARCHY.

Richard Lovelace



# An Elegie. Princesse Katherine Borne, Christened, Buried, In One Day

You, that can haply mixe your joyes with cries,  
And weave white Ios with black Elegies,  
Can caroll out a dirge, and in one breath  
Sing to the tune either of life, or death;  
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Princesse in heav'n, forgivenes! whilst we  
Resigne our office to the HIERARCHY.

Richard Lovelace

# Another

I.

As I beheld a winter's evening air,  
Curl'd in her court-false-locks of living hair,  
Butter'd with jessamine the sun left there.

II.

Galliard and clinquant she appear'd to give,  
A serenade or ball to us that grieve,  
And teach us A LA MODE more gently live.

III.

But as a Moor, who to her cheeks prefers  
White spots, t' allure her black idolaters,  
Me thought she look'd all ore-bepatch'd with stars.

IV.

Like the dark front of some Ethiopian queen,  
Vailed all ore with gems of red, blew, green,  
Whose ugly night seem'd masked with days skreen.

V.

Whilst the fond people offer'd sacrifice  
To saphyrs, 'stead of veins and arteries,  
And bow'd unto the diamonds, not her eyes.

VI.

Behold LUCASTA'S face, how't glows like noon!  
A sun intire is her complexion,  
And form'd of one whole constellation.

VII.

So gently shining, so serene, so cleer,  
Her look doth universal Nature cheer;  
Only a cloud or two hangs here and there.

Richard Lovelace

# Auson[ius]

AUSON[IUS].

Toxica zelotypo dedit uxor maecha marito,  
Nec satis ad mortem credidit esse datum;  
Miscuit argenti lethalia pondera vivi,  
Ut celeret certam vis geminata necem.  
Ergo, inter sese dum noxia pocula certant,  
Cessit lethalis noxa saltuiferi.  
Protinus in vacuos alvi petiere recessus,  
Lubrica dejectis quae via nota cibis.  
Quam pia cura Deum! prodest crudelior uxor.  
Sic, cum fata volunt, bina venena juvant.

IN ENGLISH.

Her jealous husband an adultresse gave  
Cold poysons, to[o] weak she thought for's grave;  
A fatal dose of quicksilver then she  
Mingles to hast his double destinie;  
Now whilst within themselves they are at strife,  
The deadly potion yields to that of life,  
And straight from th' hollow stomack both retreat  
To th' slippery pipes known to digested meat.  
Strange care o' th' gods the murth'resse doth avail!  
So, when fates please, ev'n double poysons heal.

Richard Lovelace

# Ausonius

AUSONIUS.

Vane, quid affectas faciem mihi ponere, pictor,  
Ignotamque oculis sollicitare manu?  
Aeris et venti sum filia, mater inanis  
Indicii, vocemque sine mente gero.  
Auribus in vestris habito penetrabilis echo;  
Si mihi vis similem pingere, pinge sonos.

IN ENGLISH.

Vain painter, why dost strive my face to draw  
With busy hands? a goddess eyes nere saw.  
Daughter of air and wind, I do rejoyce  
In empty shouts; (without a mind) a voice.  
Within your ears shrill echo I rebound,  
And, if you'll paint me like, then paint a sound.

Richard Lovelace

# Ausonius Epig

AUSONIUS EPIG.

Emptis quod libris tibi bibliotheca referta est,  
Doctum et grammaticum te, philomuse, putas.  
Quinetiam cytharas, chordas et barbita conde:  
Mercator hodie, cras citharoedus, eris.

IN ENGLISH.

Because with bought books, sir, your study's fraught,  
A learned grammarian you would fain be thought;  
Nay then, buy lutes and strings; so you may play  
The merchant now, the fidler, the next day.

Richard Lovelace

# Ausonius Lib. Epig.

AUSONIUS LIB. EPIG.

Trinarii quodam currentem in littoris ora  
Ante canes leporem caeruleus rapuit;  
At lepus: in me omnis terrae pelagique rapina est,  
Forsitan et coeli, si canis astra tenet.

ENGLISHED.

On the Sicilian strand a hare well wrought  
Before the hounds was by a dog-fish caught;  
Quoth she: all rape of sea and earth's on me,  
Perhaps of heav'n, if there a dog-star be.

Richard Lovelace

# Ausonius Lib. I. Epig.

AUSONIUS LIB. I. EPIG.

Thesauro invento qui limina mortis inibat,  
Liquit ovans laqueum, quo periturus erat;  
At qui, quod terrae abdiderat, non repperit aurum,  
Quem laqueum invenit nexuit, et periit.

ENGLISHED.

A treasure found one, entring at death's gate,  
Triumphing leaves that cord, was meant his fate;  
But he the gold missing, which he did hide,  
The halter which he found he knit: so dy'd.

Richard Lovelace



# Avieni V. C. Ad Amicos

AVIENI V. C. AD AMICOS.

Rure morans, quid agam, respondi, pauca rogatus:  
Mane, deum exoro famulos, post arvaque viso,  
Partitusque meis justos indico labores;  
Inde lego, Phoebumque cio, Musamque lacesso;  
Tunc oleo corpus fingo, mollique palaestra  
Stringo libens animo, gaudensque ac foenore liber  
Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lavo, caeno, quiesco.

ENGLISHED.

Ask'd in the country what I did, I said:  
I view my men and meads, first having pray'd;  
Then each of mine hath his just task outlay'd;  
I read, Apollo court, I rouse my Muse;  
Then I anoynt me, and stript willing loose  
My self on a soft plat, from us'ry blest;  
I dine, drink, sing, play, bath, I sup, I rest.

Richard Lovelace

## Being Treated. To Ellinda

For cherries plenty, and for corans  
Enough for fifty, were there more on's;  
For elles of beere, flutes of canary,  
That well did wash downe pasties-Mary;  
For peason, chickens, sawces high,  
Pig, and the widdow-venson-pye;  
With certaine promise (to your brother)  
Of the virginity of another,  
Where it is thought I too may peepe in  
With knuckles far as any deepe in;  
For glasses, heads, hands, bellies full  
Of wine, and loyne right-worshipfull;  
Whether all of, or more behind--a  
Thankes freest, freshest, faire Ellinda.  
Thankes for my visit not disdainig,  
Or at the least thankes for your feignig;  
For if your mercy doore were lockt-well,  
I should be justly soundly knockt-well;  
Cause that in dogrell I did mutter  
Not one rhyme to you from dam-Rotter.

Next beg I to present my duty  
To pregnant sister in prime beauty,  
Whom well I deeme (e're few months elder)  
Will take out Hans from pretty Kelder,  
And to the sweetly fayre Mabella,  
A match that vies with Arabella;  
In each respect but the misfortune,  
Fortune, Fate, I thee importune.

Nor must I passe the lovely Alice,  
Whose health I'd quaffe in golden chalice;  
But since that Fate hath made me neuter,  
I only can in beaker pewter:  
But who'd forget, or yet left un-sung  
The doughty acts of George the yong-son?  
Who yesterday to save his sister  
Had slaine the snake, had he not mist her:  
But I shall leave him, 'till a nag on

He gets to prosecute the dragon;  
And then with helpe of sun and taper,  
Fill with his deeds twelve reames of paper,  
That Amadis, Sir Guy, and Topaz  
With his fleet neigher shall keep no-pace.  
But now to close all I must switch-hard,  
[Your] servant ever;

LOVELACE RICHARD.

Richard Lovelace

# Calling Lucasta From Her Retirement. Ode

I.

From the dire monument of thy black roome,  
Wher now that vestal flame thou dost intombe,  
As in the inmost cell of all earths wombe.

II.

Sacred Lucasta, like the pow'rfull ray  
Of heavenly truth, passe this Cimmerian way,  
Whilst all the standards of your beames display.

III.

Arise and climbe our whitest, highest hill;  
There your sad thoughts with joy and wonder fill,  
And see seas calme as earth, earth as your will.

IV.

Behold! how lightning like a taper flyes,  
And guilds your chari't, but ashamed dyes,  
Seeing it selfe out-gloried by your eyes.

V.

Threatning and boystrous tempests gently bow,  
And to your steps part in soft paths, when now  
There no where hangs a cloud, but on your brow.

VI.

No showrs but 'twixt your lids, nor gelid snow,  
But what your whiter, chaster brest doth ow,  
Whilst winds in chains colder for sorrow blow.

VII.

Shrill trumpets doe only sound to eate,  
Artillery hath loaden ev'ry dish with meate,  
And drums at ev'ry health alarmes beate.

VIII.

All things Lucasta, but Lucasta, call,  
Trees borrow tongues, waters in accents fall,  
The aire doth sing, and fire is musically.

IX.

Awake from the dead vault in which you dwell,  
All's loyall here, except your thoughts rebell  
Which, so let loose, often their gen'rall quell.

X.

See! she obeys! By all obeyed thus,  
No storms, heats, colds, no soules contentious,  
Nor civill war is found; I meane, to us.

XI.

Lovers and angels, though in heav'n they show,  
And see the woes and discords here below,  
What they not feele, must not be said to know.

Richard Lovelace

# Clitophon And Lucippe Translated. To The Ladies

Pray, ladies, breath, awhile lay by  
Caelestial Sydney's ARCADY;  
Heere's a story that doth claime  
A little respite from his flame:  
Then with a quick dissolving looke  
Unfold the smoothnes of this book,  
To which no art (except your sight)  
Can reach a worthy epithite;  
'Tis an abstract of all volumes,  
A pillaster of all columnes  
Fancy e're rear'd to wit, to be  
The smallest gods epitome,  
And so compactedly expresse  
All lovers pleasing wretchednes.

Gallant Pamela's majesty  
And her sweet sisters modesty  
Are fixt in each of you; you are,  
Distinct, what these together were;  
Divinest, that are really  
What Cariclea's feign'd to be;  
That are ev'ry one the Nine,  
And brighter here Astreas shine;  
View our Lucippe, and remaine  
In her, these beauties o're againe.

Amazement! Noble Clitophon  
Ev'n now lookt somewhat colder on  
His cooler mistresse, and she too  
Smil'd not as she us'd to do.  
See! the individuall payre  
Are at sad oddes, and parted are;  
They quarrell, aemulate, and stand  
At strife, who first shal kisse your hand.

A new dispute there lately rose  
Betwixt the Greekes and Latines, whose  
Temples should be bound with glory,  
In best languaging this story;

Yee heyres of love, that with one SMILE  
A ten-yeeres war can reconcile;  
Peacefull Hellens! Vertuous! See:  
The jarring languages agree!  
And here, all armes layd by, they doe  
In English meet to wayt on you.

Richard Lovelace

# Courante Monsieur

That frown, Aminta, now hath drown'd  
Thy bright front's pow'r, and crown'd  
Me that was bound.  
No, no, deceived cruel, no!  
Love's fiery darts,  
Till tipt with kisses, never kindle hearts.

Adieu, weak beauteous tyrant, see!  
Thy angry flames meant me,  
Retort on thee:  
For know, it is decreed, proud fair,  
I ne'r must dye  
By any scorching, but a melting, eye.

Richard Lovelace



# Cupid Far Gone

I.

What, so beyond all madnesse is the elf,  
Now he hath got out of himself!  
His fatal enemy the Bee,  
Nor his deceiv'd artillerie,  
His shackles, nor the roses bough  
Ne'r half so netled him, as he is now.

II.

See! at's own mother he is offering;  
His finger now fits any ring;  
Old Cybele he would enjoy,  
And now the girl, and now the boy.  
He proffers Jove a back caresse,  
And all his love in the antipodes.

III.

Jealous of his chaste Psyche, raging he  
Quarrels with student Mercurie,  
And with a proud submissive breath  
Offers to change his darts with Death.  
He strikes at the bright eye of day,  
And Juno tumbles in her milky way.

IV.

The dear sweet secrets of the gods he tells,  
And with loath'd hate lov'd heaven he swells;  
Now, like a fury, he belies  
Myriads of pure virginities,  
And swears, with this false frenzy hurl'd,  
There's not a vertuous she in all the world.

V.

Olympus he renownces, then descends,  
And makes a friendship with the fiends;  
Bids Charon be no more a slave,  
He Argos rigg'd with stars shall have,  
And triple Cerberus from below  
Must leash'd t' himself with him a hunting go.

Richard Lovelace

# De Asino Qui Dentibus Aeneidem Consumpsit.

DE ASINO QUI DENTIBUS AENEIDEM CONSUMPSIT.

Carminis iliaci libros consumpsit asellus;  
Hoc fatum Troiae est: aut equus, aut asinus.

THE ASSE EATING THE AENEIDS.

A wretched asse the Aeneids did destroy:  
A horse or asse is still the fate of Troy.

Richard Lovelace

# De Catone

DE CATONE.

Invictus victis in partibus omnia Caesar  
Vincere qui potuit, te, Cato, non potuit.

OF CATO.

The world overcome, victorious Caesar, he  
That conquer'd all, great Cato, could not thee.

Richard Lovelace

# De Inconstantia Foeminei Amoris

CATUL. EP. 71.

DE INCONSTANTIA FOEMINEI AMORIS.

Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere velle,  
Quam mihi: non, si Jupiter ipse petat;  
Dicit; sed mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,  
In vento et rapida scribere oportet aqua.

FEMALE INCONSTANCY.

My mistresse sayes she'll marry none but me;  
No, not if Jove himself a suitor be.  
She sayes so; but what women say to kind  
Lovers, we write in rapid streams and wind.

Richard Lovelace

# De Puero Et Praecone. Catul.

DE PUERO ET PRAECONE. CATUL.

Cum puero bello praeconem qui videt esse,  
Quid credat, nisi se vendere discupere?

CATUL.

With a fair boy a cryer we behold,  
What should we think, but he would not be sold?

Richard Lovelace

## De Quintia Et Sesbia. Ep. 87

DE QUINTIA ET LESBIA. EP. 87.

Quintia formosa est multis, mihi candida, longa,  
Recta est; haec ego sic singula confiteor:  
Tota illud formosa nego: nam multa venustas;  
Nulla in tam magno est corpore mica salis.  
Lesbia formosa est quae, cum pulcherrima tota est,  
Tum omnibus una omneis surripuit veneres.

ENGLISHED.

Quintia is handsome, fair, tall, straight: all these  
Very particulars I grant with ease:  
But she all ore 's not handsome; here's her fault:  
In all that bulk there's not one corne of salt,  
Whilst Lesbia, fair and handsome too all ore,  
All graces and all wit from all hath bore.

Richard Lovelace

# De Scaevola.

DE SCAEVOLA.

Lictorem pro rege necans nunc mutius ultro  
Sacrifico propriam concremat igne manum:  
Miratur Porsenna virum, paenamque relaxans  
Maxima cum obscessis faedera a victor init,  
Plus flammis patriae confert quam fortibus armis,  
Una domans bellum funere dextra sua.

ENGLISHED.

The hand, by which no king but serjeant dies,  
Mutius in fire doth freely sacrifice;  
The prince admires the Hero, quits his pains,  
And Victor from the seige peace entertains;  
Rome's more oblig'd to flames than arms or pow'r,  
When one burnt hand shall the whole war devour.

Richard Lovelace



## De Suo In Lesbiam Amore Ep. 88.

DE SUO IN LESBIAM AMORE. EP. 88.

Nulla potest mulier tantum se dicere amatam  
Vere, quantum a me Lesbia amata mea est;  
Nulla fides ullo fuit unquam faedere tanta,  
Quanta in amore suo ex parte reperta mea est.

ENGLISHED.

No one can boast her self so much belov'd,  
Truely as Lesbia my affections prov'd;  
No faith was ere with such a firm knot bound,  
As in my love on my part I have found.

Richard Lovelace

# Depose Your Finger Of That Ring

I.

Depose your finger of that ring,  
And crowne mine with't awhile;  
Now I restor't. Pray, dos it bring  
Back with it more of soile?  
Or shines it not as innocent,  
As honest, as before 'twas lent?

II.

So then inrich me with that treasure,  
'Twill but increase your store,  
And please me (faire one) with that pleasure  
Must please you still the more.  
Not to save others is a curse  
The blackest, when y'are ne're the worse.

Richard Lovelace

# Dialogue Lucasta, Alexis

I.

Lucasta.

TELL me, ALEXIS, what this parting is,  
That so like dying is, but is not it?

Alexis.

It is a swounding for a while from blisse,  
'Till kind HOW DOE YOU call's us from the fit.

Chorus.

If then the spirits only stray, let mine  
Fly to thy bosome, and my soule to thine:  
Thus in our native seate we gladly give  
Our right for one, where we can better live.

II.

Lu. But ah, this ling'ring, murdring farewell!  
Death quickly wounds, and wounding cures the ill.

Alex. It is the glory of a valiant lover,  
Still to be dying, still for to recover.

Cho. Soldiers suspected of their courage goe,  
That ensignes and their breasts untorne show:  
Love nee're his standard, when his hoste he sets,  
Creates alone fresh-bleeding bannerets.

III.

Alex. But part we, when thy figure I retaine  
Still in my heart, still strongly in mine eye?

Lu. Shadowes no longer than the sun remaine,  
But <whee> his beams, that made 'em, fly, they fly.

Cho. Vaine dreames of love! that only so much blisse  
Allow us, as to know our wretchednesse;  
And deale a larger measure in our paine  
By showing joy, then hiding it againe.

IV.

Alex. No, whilst light raings, LUCASTA still rules here,  
And all the night shines wholly in this sphere.

Lu. I know no morne but my ALEXIS ray,  
To my dark thoughts the breaking of the day.

Chorus.

Alex. So in each other if the pitying sun  
Thus keep us fixt, nere may his course be run!

Lu. And oh! if night us undivided make;  
Let us sleepe still, and sleeping never wake!

The close.

Cruel ADIEUS may well adjourne awhile  
The sessions of a looke, a kisse, or smile,  
And leave behinde an angry grieving blush;  
But time nor fate can part us joynd thus.

Richard Lovelace

# Ellinda's Glove. Sonnet

I.

Thou snowy farme with thy five tenements!  
Tell thy white mistris here was one,  
That call'd to pay his dayly rents;  
But she a-gathering flowr's and hearts is gone,  
And thou left voyd to rude possession.

II.

But grieve not, pretty Ermin cabinet,  
Thy alabaster lady will come home;  
If not, what tenant can there fit  
The slender turnings of thy narrow roome,  
But must ejected be by his owne dombe?

III.

Then give me leave to leave my rent with thee:  
Five kisses, one unto a place:  
For though the lute's too high for me,  
Yet servants, knowing minikin nor base,  
Are still allow'd to fiddle with the case.

Richard Lovelace

# Female Glory

Mongst the worlds wonders, there doth yet remain  
One greater than the rest, that's all those o're again,  
And her own self beside: A Lady, whose soft breast  
Is with vast honours soul and virtues life possest.  
Fair as original light first from the chaos shot,  
When day in virgin-beams triumph'd, and night was not,  
And as that breath infus'd in the new-breather good,  
When ill unknown was dumb, and bad not understood;  
Chearful, as that aspect at this world's finishing,  
When cherubims clapp'd wings, and th' sons of Heaven did sing;  
Chast as th' Arabian bird, who all the ayr denyes,  
And ev'n in flames expires, when with her selfe she lyes.  
Oh! she's as kind as drops of new faln April showers,  
That on each gentle breast spring fresh perfuming flowers;  
She's constant, gen'rous, fixt; she's calm, she is the all  
We can of vertue, honour, faith, or glory call,  
And she is (whom I thus transmit to endless fame)  
Mistresse oth' world and me, and LAURA is her name.

Richard Lovelace

# Floridi. De Ebrioso

FLORIDI. DE EBRIOSO.

Phoebus me in somnis vetuit potare Lyaeum,  
Pareo praeceptis: tunc bibo cum vigilo.

OF A DRUNKARD.

Phoebus asleep forbad me wine to take:  
I yield; and now am only drunk awake.

Richard Lovelace





# Gratiana Dancing And Singing

I.

See! with what constant motion  
Even and glorious, as the sunne,  
Gratiana steeres that noble frame,  
Soft as her breast, sweet as her voyce,  
That gave each winding law and poyze,  
And swifter then the wings of Fame.

II.

She beat the happy pavement  
By such a starre-made firmament,  
Which now no more the rooffe envies;  
But swells up high with Atlas ev'n,  
Bearing the brighter, nobler Heav'n,  
And in her, all the Dieties.

III.

Each step trod out a lovers thought  
And the ambitious hopes he brought,  
Chain'd to her brave feet with such arts,  
Such sweet command and gentle awe,  
As when she ceas'd, we sighing saw  
The floore lay pav'd with broken hearts.

IV.

So did she move: so did she sing:  
Like the harmonious spheres that bring  
Unto their rounds their musick's ayd;  
Which she performed such a way,  
As all th' inamour'd world will say:  
The Graces daunced, and Apollo play'd.

Richard Lovelace

# Her Muffe

I.

Tw'as not for some calm blessing to deceive,  
Thou didst thy polish'd hands in shagg'd furs weave;  
It were no blessing thus obtain'd;  
Thou rather would'st a curse have gain'd,  
Then let thy warm driven snow be ever stain'd.

II.

Not that you feared the discolo'ring cold  
Might alchymize their silver into gold;  
Nor could your ten white nuns so sin,  
That you should thus pennance them in,  
Each in her coarse hair smock of discipline.

III.

Nor, Hero-like who, on their crest still wore  
A lyon, panther, leopard, or a bore,  
To looke their enemies in their herse,  
Thou would'st thy hand should deeper pierce,  
And, in its softness rough, appear more fierce.

IV.

No, no, LUCASTA, destiny decreed,  
That beasts to thee a sacrifice should bleed,  
And strip themselves to make you gay:  
For ne'r yet herald did display  
A coat, where SABLES upon ERMIN lay.

V.

This for lay-lovers, that must stand at dore,  
Salute the threshold, and admire no more;  
But I, in my invention tough,  
Rate not this outward bliss enough,  
But still contemplate must the hidden muffe.

Richard Lovelace

# In Allusion To The French Song. N'Entendez Vous Pas Ce Language

CHORUS.

THEN UNDERSTAND YOU NOT (FAIR CHOICE)  
THIS LANGUAGE WITHOUT TONGUE OR VOICE?

I.

How often have my tears  
Invaded your soft ears,  
And dropp'd their silent chimes  
A thousand thousand times?  
Whilst echo did your eyes,  
And sweetly sympathize;  
But that the wary lid  
Their sluces did forbid.

Cho. THEN UNDERSTAND YOU NOT (FAIR CHOICE)  
THIS LANGUAGE WITHOUT TONGUE OR VOICE?

II.

My arms did plead my wound,  
Each in the other bound;  
Volleys of sighs did crowd,  
And ring my griefs aloud;  
Grones, like a canon-ball,  
Batter'd the marble wall,  
That the kind neighb'ring grove  
Did mutiny for love.

Cho. THEN UNDERSTAND YOU NOT (FAIR CHOICE)  
THIS LANGUAGE WITHOUT TONGUE OR VOICE?

III.

The rheth'rick of my hand  
Woo'd you to understand;  
Nay, in our silent walk  
My very feet would talk;  
My knees were eloquent,  
And spake the love I meant;

But deaf unto that ayr,  
They, bent, would fall in prayer.

Cho. YET UNDERSTAND YOU NOT (FAIR CHOICE)  
THIS LANGUAGE WITHOUT TONGUE OR VOICE?

IV.

No? Know, then, I would melt  
On every limb I felt,  
And on each naked part  
Spread my expanded heart,  
That not a vein of thee  
But should be fill'd with mee.  
Whilst on thine own down, I  
Would tumble, pant, and dye.

Cho. YOU UNDERSTAND NOT THIS (FAIR CHOICE);  
THIS LANGUAGE WANTS BOTH TONGUE AND VOICE.

Richard Lovelace

## In Lesbiam Cat. Ep. 76.

IN LESBIAM CAT. EP. 76.

Huc est mens deducta tua, mea Lesbia, culpa,  
Atque ita se officio perdidit ipsa suo.  
Ut jam nec bene velle queam tibi, si optima sias:  
Nec desistere amare, omnia si facias.

ENGLISHED.

By thy fault is my mind brought to that pass,  
That it its office quite forgotten has:  
For be'est thou best, I cannot wish thee well,  
And be'est thou worst, then I must love thee still.

Richard Lovelace

# In Mine One Monument I Lye

I.

In mine one monument I lye,  
And in my self am buried;  
Sure, the quick lightning of her eye  
Melted my soul ith' scabberd dead;  
And now like some pale ghost I walk,  
And with another's spirit talk.

II.

Nor can her beams a heat convey,  
That may my frozen bosome warm,  
Unless her smiles have pow'r, as they,  
That a cross charm can countercharm.  
But this is such a pleasing pain,  
I'm loth to be alive again.

Richard Lovelace

## In Rufum. Catul. Ep. 64

IN RUFUM. CATUL. EP. 64.

Noli admirari, quare tibi foemina nulla,  
Rufe, velit tenerum supposuisse femur;  
Non ullam rarae labefactes munere vestis,  
Aut pellucidulis deliciis lapidis.  
Laedit te quaedam mala fabula, qua tibi fertur  
Valle sub alarum trux habitare caper.  
Hunc metuunt omnes, neque mirum: nam mala valde est  
Bestia, nec quicum bela puella cubet.  
Quare aut crudelem nasorum interfice pestem,  
Aut admirari desine, cur fugiant.

TO RUFUS.

That no fair woman will, wonder not why,  
Clap (Rufus) under thine her tender thigh;  
Not a silk gown shall once melt one of them,  
Nor the delights of a transparent gemme.  
A scurvy story kills thee, which doth tell,  
That in thine armpits a fierce goat doth dwell.  
Him they all fear full of an ugly stench:  
Nor 's 't fit he should lye with a handsome wench;  
Wherefore this noses cursed plague first crush,  
Or cease to wonder, why they fly you thus.

Richard Lovelace

## In Virgilium. Pentadii.

IN VIRGILIUM. PENTADII.

Pastor, arator, eques; pavi, colui, superavi;  
Capras, rus, hostes; fronde, ligone, manu.

IN ENGLISH.

A swain, hind, knight: I fed, till'd, did command:  
Goats, fields, my foes: with leaves, a spade, my hand.

Richard Lovelace



# Item

ITEM.

Ictu non potuit primo Cato solvere vitam;  
Defecit tanto vulnere victa manus:  
Altius inseruit digitos, qua spiritus ingens  
Exiret, magnum dextera fecit iter.  
Opposuit fortuna moram, involvitque, Catonis  
Scires ut ferro plus valuisse manum.

ANOTHER.

One stabbe could not fierce Cato's life unty;  
Onely his hand of all that wound did dy.  
Deeper his fingers tear to make a way  
Open, through which his mighty soul might stray.  
Fortune made this delay to let us know,  
That Cato's hand more then his sword could do.

Richard Lovelace

# La Bella Bona Roba. To My Lady H. Ode

I.

Tell me, ye subtill judges in loves treasury,  
Inform me, which hath most inricht mine eye,  
This diamonds greatnes, or its clarity?

II.

Ye cloudy spark lights, whose vast multitude  
Of fires are harder to be found then view'd,  
Waite on this star in her first magnitude.

III.

Calmely or roughly! Ah, she shines too much;  
That now I lye (her influence is such),  
Chrusht with too strong a hand, or soft a touch.

IV.

Lovers, beware! a certaine, double harme  
Waits your proud hopes, her looks al-killing charm  
Guarded by her as true victorious arme.

V.

Thus with her eyes brave Tamyris spake dread,  
Which when the kings dull breast not entered,  
Finding she could not looke, she strook him dead.

Richard Lovelace

# Love Conquer'D

I.

The childish god of love did swear  
Thus: By my awfull bow and quiver,  
Yon' weeping, kissing, smiling pair,  
I'le scatter all their vowes i' th' ayr,  
And their knit imbraces shiver.

II.

Up then to th' head with his best art  
Full of spite and envy blowne,  
At her constant marble heart,  
He drawes his swiftest surest dart,  
Which bounded back, and hit his owne.

III.

Now the prince of fires burnes;  
Flames in the luster of her eyes;  
Triumphant she, refuses, scornes;  
He submits, adores and mournes,  
And is his votresse sacrifice.

IV.

Foolish boy! resolve me now  
What 'tis to sigh and not be heard?  
He weeping kneel'd, and made a vow:  
The world shall love as yon' fast two;  
So on his sing'd wings up he steer'd.

Richard Lovelace

# Love Inthron'D

I.

Introth, I do my self perswade,  
That the wilde boy is grown a man,  
And all his childishnesse off laid,  
E're since Lucasta did his fires fan;  
H' has left his apish jigs,  
And whipping hearts like gigs:  
For t' other day I heard him swear,  
That beauty should be crown'd in honours chair.

II.

With what a true and heavenly state  
He doth his glorious darts dispence,  
Now cleans'd from falsehood, blood and hate,  
And newly tipt with innocence!  
Love Justice is become,  
And doth the cruel doome;  
Reversed is the old decree;  
Behold! he sits inthron'd with majestie.

III.

Inthroned in Lucasta's eye,  
He doth our faith and hearts survey;  
Then measures them by sympathy,  
And each to th' others breast convey;  
Whilst to his altars now  
The frozen vestals bow,  
And strickt Diana too doth go  
A-hunting with his fear'd, exchanged bow.

IV.

Th' imbracing seas and ambient air  
Now in his holy fires burn;  
Fish couple, birds and beasts in pair  
Do their own sacrifices turn.

This is a miracle,  
That might religion swell;  
But she, that these and their god awes,  
Her crowned self submits to her own laws.

Richard Lovelace

# Love Inthron'D. Ode

I.

Introth, I do my self perswade,  
That the wilde boy is grown a man,  
And all his childishnesse off laid,  
E're since LUCASTA did his fires fan;  
H' has left his apish jigs,  
And whipping hearts like gigs:  
For t' other day I heard him swear,  
That beauty should be crown'd in honours chair.

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And each to th' others breast convey;  
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Fish couple, birds and beasts in pair  
Do their own sacrifices turn.  
This is a miracle,  
That might religion swell;  
But she, that these and their god awes,  
Her crowned self submits to her own laws.

Richard Lovelace

# Love Made In The First Age. To Chloris.

I.

In the nativity of time,  
Chloris! it was not thought a crime  
In direct Hebrew for to woe.  
Now wee make love, as all on fire,  
Ring retrograde our lowd desire,  
And court in English backward too.

II.

Thrice happy was that golden age,  
When complement was constru'd rage,  
And fine words in the center hid;  
When cursed NO stain'd no maid's blisse,  
And all discourse was summ'd in YES,  
And nought forbad, but to forbid.

III.

Love then unstinted love did sip,  
And cherries pluck'd fresh from the lip,  
On cheeks and roses free he fed;  
Lasses, like Autumne plums, did drop,  
And lads indifferently did drop  
A flower and a maiden-head.

IV.

Then unconfined each did tipple  
Wine from the bunch, milk from the nipple;  
Paps tractable as udders were.  
Then equally the wholesome jellies  
Were squeez'd from olive-trees and bellies:  
Nor suits of trespasse did they fear.

V.

A fragrant bank of strawberries,  
Diaper'd with violets' eyes,  
Was table, table-cloth and fare;  
No palace to the clouds did swell,  
Each humble princesse then did dwell  
In the Piazza of her hair.



VI.

Both broken faith and th' cause of it,  
All-damning gold, was damn'd to th' pit;  
Their troth seal'd with a clasp and kisse,  
Lasted until that extreem day,  
In which they smil'd their souls away,  
And in each other breath'd new blisse.

VII.

Because no fault, there was no tear;  
No grone did grate the granting ear,  
No false foul breath, their del'cat smell.  
No serpent kiss poyson'd the tast,  
Each touch was naturally chast,  
And their mere Sense a Miracle.

VIII.

Naked as their own innocence,  
And unembroyder'd from offence,  
They went, above poor riches, gay;  
On softer than the cignet's down,  
In beds they tumbled off their own:  
For each within the other lay.

IX.

Thus did they live: thus did they love,  
Repeating only joyes above,  
And angels were but with cloaths on,  
Which they would put off cheerfully,  
To bathe them in the Galaxie,  
Then gird them with the heavenly zone.

X.

Now, Chloris! miserably crave  
The offer'd blisse you would not have,  
Which evermore I must deny:  
Whilst ravish'd with these noble dreams,  
And crowned with mine own soft beams,  
Injoying of my self I lye.



# Lucasta At The Bath.

I.

I' th' autumn of a summer's day,  
When all the winds got leave to play,  
LUCASTA, that fair ship, is lanch'd,  
And from its crust this almond blanch'd.

II.

Blow then, unruly northwind, blow,  
'Till in their holds your eyes you stow;  
And swell your cheeks, bequeath chill death;  
See! she hath smil'd thee out of breath.

III.

Court, gentle zephyr, court and fan  
Her softer breast's carnation wan;  
Your charming rhethorick of down  
Flyes scatter'd from before her frown.

IV.

Say, my white water-lilly, say,  
How is't those warm streams break away,  
Cut by thy chaste cold breast, which dwells  
Amidst them arm'd in isicles?

V.

And the hot floods, more raging grown,  
In flames of thee then in their own,  
In their distempers wildly glow,  
And kisse thy pillar of fix'd snow.

VI.

No sulphur, through whose each blew vein  
The thick and lazy currents strein,  
Can cure the smarting nor the fell  
Blisters of love, wherewith they swell.

VII.

These great physicians of the blind,  
The lame, and fatal blains of Inde

In every drop themselves now see  
Speckled with a new leprosie.

VIII.

As sick drinks are with old wine dash'd,  
Foul waters too with spirits wash'd,  
Thou greiv'd, perchance, one tear let'st fall,  
Which straight did purifie them all.

IX.

And now is cleans'd enough the flood,  
Which since runs cleare as doth thy blood;  
Of the wet pearls uncrown thy hair,  
And mantle thee with ermin air.

X.

Lucasta, hail! fair conqueresse  
Of fire, air, earth and seas!  
Thou whom all kneel to, yet even thou  
Wilt unto love, thy captive, bow.

Richard Lovelace

# Lucasta Laughing

Heark, how she laughs aloud,  
Although the world put on its shroud:  
Wept at by the fantastic crowd,  
Who cry: one drop, let fall  
From her, might save the universal ball.  
She laughs again  
At our ridiculous pain;  
And at our merry misery  
She laughs, until she cry.  
Sages, forbear  
That ill-contrived tear,  
Although your fear  
Doth barricado hope from your soft ear.  
That which still makes her mirth to flow,  
Is our sinister-handed woe,  
Which downwards on its head doth go,  
And, ere that it is sown, doth grow.  
This makes her spleen contract,  
And her just pleasure feast:  
For the unjustest act  
Is still the pleasant'st jest.

Richard Lovelace

# Lucasta Paying Her Obsequies To The Chast Memory Of My Dearest Cosin Mrs. Bowes Barne[s]

I.

See! what an undisturbed teare  
She weepes for her last sleepe;  
But, viewing her, straight wak'd a Star,  
She weepes that she did weepe.

II.

Griefe ne're before did tyranize  
On th' honour of that brow,  
And at the wheeles of her brave eyes  
Was captive led til now.

III.

Thus, for a saints apostacy  
The unimagin'd woes  
And sorrowes of the Hierarchy  
None but an angel knowes.

IV.

Thus, for lost soules recovery  
The clapping of all wings  
And triumphs of this victory  
None but an angel sings.

V.

So none but she knows to bemone  
This equal virgins fate,  
None but LUCASTA can her crowne  
Of glory celebrate.

VI.

Then dart on me (CHAST LIGHT) one ray,  
By which I may discry  
Thy joy cleare through this cloudy day  
To dresse my sorrow by.



# Lucasta Weeping

I.

Lucasta wept, and still the bright  
Inamour'd god of day,  
With his soft handkercher of light,  
Kist the wet pearles away.

II.

But when her teares his heate or'ecame,  
In cloudes he quensht his beames,  
And griev'd, wept out his eye of flame,  
So drowned her sad streames.

III.

At this she smiled, when straight the sun  
Cleer'd by her kinde desires;  
And by her eyes reflexion  
Fast kindl'd there his fires.

Richard Lovelace



# Lucasta, Taking The Waters At Tunbridge.

I.

Yee happy floods! that now must passe  
The sacred conduits of her wombe,  
Smooth and transparent as your face,  
When you are deafe, and windes are dumbe.

II.

Be proud! and if your waters be  
Foul'd with a counterfeyted teare,  
Or some false sigh hath stained yee,  
Haste, and be purified there.

III.

And when her rosie gates y'have trac'd,  
Continue yet some Orient wet,  
'Till, turn'd into a gemme, y'are plac'd  
Like diamonds with rubies set.

IV.

Yee drops, that dew th' Arabian bowers,  
Tell me, did you e're smell or view  
On any leafe of all your flowers  
Soe sweet a sent, so rich a hiew?

V.

But as through th' Organs of her breath  
You trickle wantonly, beware:  
Ambitious Seas in their just death  
As well as Lovers, must have share.

VI.

And see! you boyle as well as I;  
You, that to coole her did aspire,  
Now troubled and neglected lye,  
Nor can your selves quench your owne fire.

VII.

Yet still be happy in the thought,  
That in so small a time as this,

Through all the Heavens you were brought  
Of Vertue, Honour, Love and Blisse.

Richard Lovelace

# Lucasta's Fanne, With A Looking- Glasse In It

I.

Eastrich! thou featherd foole, and easie prey,  
That larger sailes to thy broad vessell needst;  
Snakes through thy guttur-neck hisse all the day,  
Then on thy iron messe at supper feedst.

II.

O what a glorious transmigration  
From this to so divine an edifice  
Hast thou straight made! heere from a winged stone  
Transform'd into a bird of paradise!

III.

Now doe thy plumes for hiew and luster vie  
With th' arch of heav'n that triumphs or'e past wet,  
And in a rich enamel'd pinion lye  
With saphyres, amethysts and opalls set.

IV.

Sometime they wing her side, <thee> strive to drown  
The day's eyes piercing beames, whose am'rous heat  
Sollicites still, 'till with this shield of downe  
From her brave face his glowing fires are beat.

V.

But whilst a plummy curtaine she doth draw,  
A chrystall mirror sparkles in thy breast,  
In which her fresh aspect when as she saw,  
And then her foe retired to the west.

VI.

Deare engine, that oth' sun got'st me the day,  
'Spite of his hot assaults mad'st him retreat!  
No wind (said she) dare with thee henceforth play  
But mine own breath to coole the tyrants heat.

VII.

My lively shade thou ever shalt retaine  
In thy inclosed feather-framed glasse,

And but unto our selves to all remaine  
Invisible, thou feature of this face!

VIII.

So said, her sad swaine over-heard and cried:  
Yee Gods! for faith unstaind this a reward!  
Feathers and glasse t'outweigh my vertue tryed!  
Ah! show their empty strength! the gods accord.

IX.

Now fall'n the brittle favourite lyes and burst!  
Amas'd LUCASTA weepes, repents and flies  
To her ALEXIS, vowes her selfe acurst,  
If hence she dresse her selfe but in his eyes.

Richard Lovelace

# Lucasta's World

I.

Cold as the breath of winds that blow  
To silver shot descending snow,  
Lucasta sigh't; when she did close  
The world in frosty chaines!  
And then a frowne to rubies frose  
The blood boyl'd in our veines:  
Yet cooled not the heat her sphere  
Of beauties first had kindled there.

II.

Then mov'd, and with a suddaine flame  
Impatient to melt all againe,  
Straight from her eyes she lightning hurl'd,  
And earth in ashes mournes;  
The sun his blaze denies the world,  
And in her luster burnes:  
Yet warmed not the hearts, her nice  
Disdaine had first congeal'd to ice.

III.

And now her teares nor griev'd desire  
Can quench this raging, pleasing fire;  
Fate but one way allowes; behold  
Her smiles' divinity!  
They fann'd this heat, and thaw'd that cold,  
So fram'd up a new sky.  
Thus earth, from flames and ice repreev'd,  
E're since hath in her sun-shine liv'd.

Richard Lovelace

# Lucasta's World Epode

I.

Cold as the breath of winds that blow  
To silver shot descending snow,  
Lucasta sigh't; when she did close  
The world in frosty chaines!  
And then a frowne to rubies frose  
The blood boyl'd in our veines:  
Yet cooled not the heat her sphere  
Of beauties first had kindled there.

II.

Then mov'd, and with a suddaine flame  
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So fram'd up a new sky.  
Thus earth, from flames and ice repreev'd,  
E're since hath in her sun-shine liv'd.

Richard Lovelace

## Mar. Lib. Iv. Ep. 33.

MAR. LIB. IV. EP. 33.

Et latet et lucet, Phaetontide condita gutta  
Ut videatur apis nectare clausa suo.  
Sic modo, quae fuerat vita contempta manente,  
Funeribus facta est jam preciosa suis.

IN ENGLISH.

Both lurks and shines, hid in an amber tear,  
The bee, in her own nectar prisoner;  
So she, who in her life time was contemn'd,  
Ev'n in her very funerals is gemm'd.

Richard Lovelace

## Mart. Ep. Xv. Lib. 6.

MART. EP. XV. LIB. 6.

Dum Phaetontea formica vagatur in umbra,  
Implicuit tenuem succina gutta feram,  
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit illa laborum:  
Credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mori.

ENGLISHED.

Whilst in an amber-shade the ant doth feast,  
A gummy drop ensnares the small wild-beast,  
A full reward of all her toyls hath she;  
'Tis to be thought she would her self so die.

Richard Lovelace



## Mart. Epi. Xliii. Lib. I.

MART. EPI. XLIII. LIB. I.

Conjugis audisset fatum cum Portia Bruti,  
Et substracta sibi quaereret arma dolor,  
Nondum scitis, ait, mortem non posse negari,  
Credideram satis hoc vos docuisse patrem.  
Dixit, et ardentem avido bibit ore favillas.  
I nunc, et ferrum turba molesta nega.

IN ENGLISH.

When Portia her dear lord's sad fate did hear,  
And noble grief sought arms were hid from her:  
Know you not yet no hinderance of death is,  
Cato, I thought, enough had taught you this,  
So said, her thirsty lips drink flaming coals:  
Go now, deny me steel, officious fools!

Richard Lovelace

## Mart. Lib. I. Epi. 14.

MART. LIB. I. EPI. 14.

Casta suo gladium cum traderet Arria Paeto,  
Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis;  
Si qua fides, vulnus quod feci non dolet, inquit:  
Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Paete, dolet.

ENGLISHED.

When brave chaste Arria to her Poetus gave  
The sword from her own breast did bleeding wave:  
If there be faith, this wound smarts not, said she;  
But what you'll make, ah, that will murder me.

Richard Lovelace

## Missing Title : Skey: La Bella Bona

I.

I cannot tell, who loves the skeleton  
Of a poor marmoset; nought but boan, boan;  
Give me a nakednesse, with her cloath's on.

II.

Such, whose white-sattin upper coat of skin,  
Cut upon velvet rich incarnadin,  
Has yet a body (and of flesh) within.

III.

Sure, it is meant good husbandry in men,  
Who do incorporate with aery leane,  
T' repair their sides, and get their ribb agen.

IV.

Hard hap unto that huntsman, that decrees  
Fat joys for all his swet, when as he sees,  
After his 'say, nought but his keepers fees.

V.

Then, Love, I beg, when next thou tak'st thy bow,  
Thy angry shafts, and dost heart-chasing go,  
Passe RASCALL DEARE, strike me the largest doe.

Richard Lovelace

# Night. To Lucasta

Night! loathed jaylor of the lock'd up sun,  
And tyrant-turnkey on committed day,  
Bright eyes lye fettered in thy dungeon,  
And Heaven it self doth thy dark wards obey.  
Thou dost arise our living hell;  
With thee grones, terrors, furies dwell;  
Until LUCASTA doth awake,  
And with her beams these heavy chaines off shake.

Behold! with opening her almighty lid,  
Bright eyes break rowling, and with lustre spread,  
And captive day his chariot mounted is;  
Night to her proper hell is beat,  
And screwed to her ebon seat;  
Till th' Earth with play oppressed lies,  
And drawes again the curtains of her eyes.

But, bondslave, I know neither day nor night;  
Whether she murth'ring sleep, or saving wake;  
Now broyl'd ith' zone of her reflected light,  
Then frose, my isicles, not sinews shake.  
Smile then, new Nature, your soft blast  
Doth melt our ice, and fires waste;  
Whil'st the scorch'd shiv'ring world new born  
Now feels it all the day one rising morn.

Richard Lovelace

# Ode

I.

You are deceiv'd; I sooner may, dull fair,  
Seat a dark Moor in Cassiopea's chair,  
Or on the glow-worm's uselesse light  
Bestow the watching flames of night,  
Or give the rose's breath  
To executed death,  
Ere the bright hiew  
Of verse to you;  
It is just Heaven on beauty stamps a fame,  
And we, alas! its triumphs but proclaim.

II.

What chains but are too light for me, should I  
Say that Lucasta in strange arms could lie?  
Or that Castara were impure;  
Or Saccharisa's faith unsure?  
That Chloris' love, as hair,  
Embrac'd each en'mies air;  
That all their good  
Ran in their blood?  
'Tis the same wrong th' unworthy to inthroned,  
As from her proper sphere t' have vertue thrown.

III.

That strange force on the ignoble hath renown;  
As AURUM FULMINANS, it blows vice down.  
'Twere better (heavy one) to crawl  
Forgot, then raised, trod on [to] fall.  
All your defections now  
Are not writ on your brow;  
Odes to faults give  
A shame must live.  
When a fat mist we view, we coughing run;  
But, that once meteor drawn, all cry: undone.

IV.

How bright the fair Paulina did appear,  
When hid in jewels she did seem a star!

But who could soberly behold  
A wicked owl in cloath of gold,  
Or the ridiculous Ape  
In sacred Vesta's shape?  
So doth agree  
Just praise with thee:  
For since thy birth gave thee no beauty, know,  
No poets pencil must or can do so.

Richard Lovelace

# On The Best, Last, And Only Remaning Comedy Of Mr. Fletcher

I'm un-ore-crowded, too! free from the mist!  
The blind and late Heaven's-eyes great Occulist,  
Obscured with the false fires of his sceme,  
Not half those souls are lightned by this theme.

Unhappy murmurers, that still repine  
(After th' Eclipse our Sun doth brighter shine),  
Recant your false grief, and your true joys know;  
Your blisse is endlesse, as you fear'd your woe!  
What fort'nate flood is this! what storm of wit!  
Oh, who would live, and not ore-whelm'd in it?  
No more a fatal Deluge shall be hurl'd:  
This inundation hath sav'd the world.  
Once more the mighty Fletcher doth arise,  
Roab'd in a vest studded with stars and eyes  
Of all his former glories; his last worth  
Imbroiderd with what yet light ere brought forth.  
See! in this glad farewell he doth appear  
Stuck with the Constellations of his Sphere,  
Fearing we numb'd fear'd no flagration,  
Hath curl'd all his fires in this one ONE:  
Which (as they guard his hallowed chast urn)  
The dull aproaching hereticks do burn.

Fletcher at his adieu carouses thus  
To the luxurious ingenious,  
As Cleopatra did of old out-vie,  
Th' un-numb'red dishes of her Anthony,  
When (he at th' empty board a wonderer)  
Smiling she calls for pearl and vinegar,  
First pledges him in's BREATH, then at one draught  
Swallows THREE KINGDOMS of To HIS BEST THOUGHT.

Hear, oh ye valiant writers, and subscribe;  
(His force set by) y'are conquer'd by this bribe.  
Though you hold out your selves, he doth commit  
In this a sacred treason in your wit;

Although in poems desperately stout,  
Give up: this overture must buy you out.

Thus with some prodigal us'rer 't doth fare,  
That keeps his gold still vayl'd, his steel-breast bare;  
That doth exceed his coffers all but's eye,  
And his eyes' idol the wing'd Deity:  
That cannot lock his mines with half the art  
As some rich beauty doth his wretched heart;  
Wild at his real poverty, and so wise  
To win her, turns himself into a prise.  
First startles her with th' emerald Mad-Lover  
The ruby Arcas, least she should recover  
Her dazled thought, a Diamond he throws,  
Splendid in all the bright Aspatia's woes;  
Then to sum up the abstract of his store,  
He flings a rope of Pearl of forty more.  
Ah, see! the stagg'ring virtue faints! which he  
Beholding, darts his Wealths Epitome;  
And now, to consummate her wished fall,  
Shows this one Carbuncle, that darkens all.

Richard Lovelace



# On The Best, Last, And Only Remaning Comedy Of Mr. Fletcher. The Wild Goose Chase

I'm un-ore-clowded, too! free from the mist!  
The blind and late Heaven's-eyes great Occulist,  
Obscured with the false fires of his sceme,  
Not half those souls are lightned by this theme.

Unhappy murmurers, that still repine  
(After th' Eclipse our Sun doth brighter shine),  
Recant your false grief, and your true joys know;  
Your blisse is endlesse, as you fear'd your woe!  
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Smiling she calls for pearl and vinegar,  
First pledges him in's BREATH, then at one draught  
Swallows THREE KINGDOMS of To HIS BEST THOUGHT.

Hear, oh ye valiant writers, and subscribe;  
(His force set by) y'are conquer'd by this bribe.  
Though you hold out your selves, he doth commit  
In this a sacred treason in your wit;

Although in poems desperately stout,  
Give up: this overture must buy you out.

Thus with some prodigal us'rer 't doth fare,  
That keeps his gold still vayl'd, his steel-breast bare;  
That doth exceed his coffers all but's eye,  
And his eyes' idol the wing'd Deity:  
That cannot lock his mines with half the art  
As some rich beauty doth his wretched heart;  
Wild at his real poverty, and so wise  
To win her, turns himself into a prise.  
First startles her with th' emerald Mad-Lover  
The ruby Arcas, least she should recover  
Her dazled thought, a Diamond he throws,  
Splendid in all the bright Aspatia's woes;  
Then to sum up the abstract of his store,  
He flings a rope of Pearl of forty more.  
Ah, see! the stagg'ring virtue faints! which he  
Beholding, darts his Wealths Epitome;  
And now, to consummate her wished fall,  
Shows this one Carbuncle, that darkens all.

Richard Lovelace

# On The Death Of Mrs. Elizabeth Filmer. An Elegiacall Epitaph

You that shall live awhile, before  
Old time tyrs, and is no more:  
When that this ambitious stone  
Stoopes low as what it tramples on:  
Know that in that age, when sinne  
Gave the world law, and governd Queene,  
A virgin liv'd, that still put on  
White thoughts, though out of fashion:  
That trac't the stars, 'spite of report,  
And durst be good, though chidden for't:  
Of such a soule that infant Heav'n  
Repented what it thus had giv'n:  
For finding equall happy man,  
Th' impatient pow'rs snatch it agen.  
Thus, chaste as th' ayre whither shee's fled,  
She, making her celestiall bed  
In her warme alablaster, lay  
As cold is in this house of clay:  
Nor were the rooms unfit to feast  
Or circumscribe this angel-guest;  
The radiant gemme was brightly set  
In as divine a carkanet;  
Of which the clearer was not knowne,  
Her minde or her complexion.  
Such an everlasting grace,  
Such a beatifick face,  
Incloysters here this narrow floore,  
That possest all hearts before.

Blest and bewayl'd in death and birth!  
The smiles and teares of heav'n and earth!  
Virgins at each step are afeard,  
Filmer is shot by which they steer'd,  
Their star extinct, their beauty dead,  
That the yong world to honour led;  
But see! the rapid spheres stand still,  
And tune themselves unto her will.

Thus, although this marble must,  
As all things, crumble into dust,  
And though you finde this faire-built tombe  
Ashes, as what lyes in its wombe:  
Yet her saint-like name shall shine  
A living glory to this shrine,  
And her eternall fame be read,  
When all but VERY VERTUE'S DEAD.

Richard Lovelace

# Oreheus To Beasts

I.

Here, here, oh here! EURIDICE,  
Here was she slaine;  
Her soule 'still'd through a veine:  
The gods knew lesse  
That time divinitie,  
Then ev'n, ev'n these  
Of brutishnesse.

II.

Oh! could you view the melodie  
Of ev'ry grace,  
And musick of her face,  
You'd drop a teare,  
Seeing more harmonie  
In her bright eye,  
Then now you heare.

Richard Lovelace

## Oreheus To Woods

Heark! Oh heark! you guilty trees,  
In whose gloomy galleries  
Was the cruell'st murder done,  
That e're yet eclipst the sunne.  
Be then henceforth in your twigges  
Blasted, e're you sprout to sprigges;  
Feele no season of the yeere,  
But what shaves off all your haire,  
Nor carve any from your wombes  
Ought but coffins and their tombes.

Richard Lovelace

# Out Of The Anthologie

OUT OF THE ANTHOLOGIE.

<<Esbese ton lychnon moros phyllon apo pollon  
Daknomenos, lexas ouk eti me blepete.>>

IN AN ENGLISH DISTICK.

A fool, much bit by fleas, put out the light;  
You shall not see me now (quoth he); good night.

Richard Lovelace

# Paris's Second Judgement, Upon The Three Daughters Of My De

Behold! three sister-wonders, in whom met,  
Distinct and chaste, the splendrous counterfeit  
Of Juno, Venus and the warlike Maid,  
Each in their three divinities array'd;  
The majesty and state of Heav'ns great Queen,  
And when she treats the gods, her noble meen;  
The sweet victorious beauties and desires  
O' th' sea-born princess, empress too of fires;  
The sacred arts and glorious lawrels torn  
From the fair brow o' th' goddesses father-born;  
All these were quarter'd in each snowy coat,  
With canton'd honours of their own, to boot.  
Paris, by fate new-wak'd from his dead cell,  
Is charg'd to give his doom impossible.  
He views in each the brav'ry of all Ide;  
Whilst one, as once three, doth his soul divide.  
Then sighs so equally they're glorious all:  
WHAT PITY THE WHOLE WORLD IS BUT ONE BALL!

Richard Lovelace



## Paris's Second Judgement, Upon The Three Daughters Of My Dear Brother Mr. R. Caesar.

Behold! three sister-wonders, in whom met,  
Distinct and chast, the splendrous counterfeit  
Of Juno, Venus and the warlike Maid,  
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Richard Lovelace

# Peinture. A Panegyrick To The Best Picture Of Friendship, M

If Pliny, Lord High Treasurer of al  
Natures exchequer shuffled in this our ball,  
Peinture her richer rival did admire,  
And cry'd she wrought with more almighty fire,  
That judg'd the unnumber'd issue of her scrawl,  
Infinite and various as her mother soul,  
That contemplation into matter brought,  
Body'd Ideas, and could form a thought.  
Why do I pause to couch the cataract,  
And the grosse pearls from our dull eyes abstract,  
That, pow'rful Lilly, now awaken'd we  
This new creation may behold by thee?

To thy victorious pencil all, that eyes  
And minds call reach, do bow. The deities  
Bold Poets first but feign'd, you do and make,  
And from your awe they our devotion take.  
Your beauteous pallet first defin'd Love's Queen,  
And made her in her heav'nly colours seen;  
You strung the bow of the Bandite her son,  
And tipp'd his arrowes with religion.  
Neptune as unknown as his fish might dwell,  
But that you seat him in his throne of shell.  
The thunderers artillery and brand,  
You fancied Rome in his fantastick hand;  
And the pale frights, the pains, and fears of hell  
First from your sullen melancholy fell.  
Who cleft th' infernal dog's loath'd head in three,  
And spun out Hydra's fifty necks? by thee  
As prepossess'd w' enjoy th' Elizian plain,  
Which but before was flatter'd in our brain.  
Who ere yet view'd airs child invisible,  
A hollow voice, but in thy subtile skill?  
Faint stamm'ring Eccho you so draw, that we  
The very repercussion do see.  
Cheat-HOCUS-POCUS-Nature an assay  
O' th' spring affords us: praesto, and away!

You all the year do chain her and her fruits,  
Roots to their beds, and flowers to their roots.  
Have not mine eyes feasted i' th' frozen Zone  
Upon a fresh new-grown collation  
Of apples, unknown sweets, that seem'd to me  
Hanging to tempt as on the fatal tree,  
So delicately limn'd I vow'd to try  
My appetite impos'd upon my eye?  
You, sir, alone, fame, and all-conqu'ring rime,  
File the set teeth of all-devouring time.  
When beauty once thy vertuous paint hath on,  
Age needs not call her to vermilion;  
Her beams nere shed or change like th' hair of day,  
She scatters fresh her everlasting ray.  
Nay, from her ashes her fair virgin fire  
Ascends, that doth new massacres conspire,  
Whilst we wipe off the num'rous score of years,  
And do behold our grandsire[s] as our peers;  
With the first father of our house compare  
We do the features of our new-born heir:  
For though each coppied a son, they all  
Meet in thy first and true original.

Sacred! luxurious! what princesse not  
But comes to you to have her self begot?  
As, when first man was kneaded, from his side  
Is born to's hand a ready-made-up bride.  
He husband to his issue then doth play,  
And for more wives remove the obstructed way:  
So by your art you spring up in two noons  
What could not else be form'd by fifteen suns;  
Thy skill doth an'mate the prolifick flood,  
And thy red oyl assimilates to blood.

Where then, when all the world pays its respect,  
Lies our transalpine barbarous neglect?  
When the chast hands of pow'rful Titian  
Had drawn the scourges of our God and man,  
And now the top of th' altar did ascend  
To crown the heav'nly piece with a bright end;  
Whilst he, who in seven languages gave law,  
And always, like the Sun, his subjects saw,  
Did, in his robes imperial and gold,  
The basis of the doubtful ladder hold.

O Charls! a nobler monument than that,  
Which thou thine own executor wert at!  
When to our huffling Henry there complain'd  
A grieved earl, that thought his honor stain'd:  
Away (frown'd he), for your own safeties, hast!  
In one cheap hour ten coronets I'll cast;  
But Holbeens noble and prodigious worth  
Onely the pangs of an whole age brings forth.  
Henry! a word so princely saving said,  
It might new raise the ruines thou hast made.

O sacred Peincture! that dost fairly draw,  
What but in mists deep inward Poets saw;  
'Twixt thee and an Intelligence no odds,  
That art of privy council to the gods!  
By thee unto our eyes they do prefer  
A stamp of their abstracted character;  
Thou, that in frames eternity dost bind,  
And art a written and a body'd mind;  
To thee is ope the Juncto o' th' abyse,  
And its conspiracy detected is;  
Whilest their cabal thou to our sense dost show,  
And in thy square paint'st what they threat below.

Now, my best Lilly, let's walk hand in hand,  
And smile at this un-understanding land;  
Let them their own dull counterfeits adore,  
Their rainbow-cloaths admire, and no more.  
Within one shade of thine more substance is,  
Than all their varnish'd idol-mistresses:  
Whilst great Vasari and Vermander shall  
Interpret the deep mystery of all,  
And I unto our modern Picts shall show,  
What due renown to thy fair art they owe  
In the delineated lives of those,  
By whom this everlasting lawrel grows.  
Then, if they will not gently apprehend,  
Let one great blot give to their fame an end;  
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Richard Lovelace

# Pentadii

PENTADII.

Non est, fulleris, haec beata non est  
Quod vos creditis esse, vita non est:  
Fulgentes manibus videre gemmas  
Et testudineo jacere lecto,  
Aut pluma latus abdidisse molli,  
Aut auro bibere, aut cubare cocco;  
Regales dapibus gravare mensas,  
Et quicquid Lybico secatur arvo;  
Non una positum tenere cella:  
Sed nullos trepidum timere casus,  
Nec vano populi favore tangi,  
Et stricto nihil aestuare ferro:  
Hoc quisquis poterit, licebit illi  
Fortunam moveat loco superbus.

ENGLISHED.

It is not, y' are deceav'd, it is not blisse  
What you conceive a happy living is:  
To have your hands with rubies bright to glow,  
Then on your tortoise-bed your body throw,  
And sink your self in down, to drink in gold,  
And have your looser self in purple roll'd;  
With royal fare to make the tables groan,  
Or else with what from Lybick fields is mown,  
Nor in one vault hoard all your magazine,  
But at no cowards fate t' have frighted bin;  
Nor with the peoples breath to be swol'n great,  
Nor at a drawn stiletto basely swear.  
He that dares this, nothing to him's unfit,  
But proud o' th' top of fortunes wheel may sit.

Richard Lovelace



## Portii Licinii

PORTII LICINII.

Si Phoebi soror es, mando tibi, Delia, causam,  
Scilicet, ut fratri quae peto verba feras:  
Marmore Sicanio struxi tibi, Delphice, templum,  
Et levibus calamis candida verba dedi.  
Nunc, si nos audis, atque es divinus Apollo,  
Dic mihi, qui nummos non habet unde petat.

ENGLISHED.

If you are Phoebus sister, Delia, pray,  
This my request unto the Sun convay:  
O Delphick god, I built thy marble fane,  
And sung thy praises with a gentle cane,  
Now, if thou art divine Apollo, tell,  
Where he, whose purse is empty, may go fill.

Richard Lovelace

# Princesse Loysa Drawing

I saw a little Diety,  
MINERVA in epitomy,  
Whom VENUS, at first blush, surpris'd,  
Tooke for her winged wagge disguis'd.  
But viewing then, whereas she made  
Not a distrest, but lively shade  
Of ECCHO whom he had betrayd,  
Now wanton, and ith' coole oth' Sunne  
With her delight a hunting gone,  
And thousands more, whom he had slaine;  
To live and love, belov'd againe:  
Ah! this is true divinity!  
I will un-God that toye! cri'd she;  
Then markt she SYRINX running fast  
To Pan's imbraces, with the haste  
Shee fled him once, whose reede-pipe rent  
He finds now a new Instrument.  
THESEUS return'd invokes the Ayre  
And windes, then wafts his faire;  
Whilst ARIADNE ravish't stood  
Half in his armes, halfe in the flood.  
Proud ANAXERETE doth fall  
At IPHIS feete, who smiles at all:  
And he (whilst she his curles doth deck)  
Hangs no where now, but on her neck.  
Here PHOEBUS with a beame untombes  
Long-hid LEUCOTHOE, and doomes  
Her father there; DAPHNE the faire  
Knowes now no bayes but round her haire;  
And to APOLLO and his Sons,  
Who pay him their due Orisons,  
Bequeaths her lawrell-robe, that flame  
Contemnes, Thunder and evill Fame.  
There kneel'd ADONIS fresh as spring,  
Gay as his youth, now offering  
Herself those joyes with voice and hand,  
Which first he could not understand.  
Transfixed VENUS stood amas'd,  
Full of the Boy and Love, she gaz'd,

And in imbraces seemed more  
Senseless and colder than he before.  
Useless Child! In vain (said she)  
You bear that fond artillery;  
See here a power above the slow  
Weak execution of thy bow.  
So said, she riv'd the wood in two,  
Unedged all his arrows too,  
And with the string their feathers bound  
To that part, whence we have our wound.  
See, see! the darts by which we burn'd  
Are bright Loysa's pencils turn'd,  
With which she now enlivens more  
Beauties, than they destroy'd before.

Richard Lovelace

## Quinti Catuli.

QUINTI CATULI.

Constiteram exorientem Auroram forte salutans,  
Cum subito a laeva Roscius exoritur.  
Pace mihi liceat, coelestes, dicere vestra.  
Mortalis visu pulchrior esse deo.  
Blanditur puero satyrus vultuque manuque;  
Nolenti similis retrahit ora puer:  
Quem non commoveat, quamvis de marmore? fundit  
Pene preces satyrus, pene puer lachrymas.

ENGLISHED.

As once I had good morning to the day,  
O' th' sudden Roscius breaks in a bright ray:  
Gods with your favour, I've presum'd to see  
A mortal fairer than a deitie.  
With looks and hands a satyre courts the boy,  
Who draws back his unwilling cheek as coy.  
Although of marble hewn, whom move not they?  
The boy ev'n seems to weep, the satyre, pray.

Richard Lovelace

# Sanazari Hexasticon

## SANAZARI HEXASTICON.

Viderat Adriacis quondam Neptunus in undis  
Stare urbem et toto ponere Jura mari:  
Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantumvis, Jupiter, Arces  
Objice et illa mihi moenia Martis, ait,  
Seu pelago Tibrim praefers, urbem aspice utramque,  
Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse deos.

## SANAZAR'S HEXASTICK.

In Adriatick waves when Neptune saw,  
The city stand, and give the seas a law:  
Now i' th' Tarpeian tow'rs Jove rival me,  
And Mars his walls impregnable, said he;  
Let seas to Tyber yield; view both their ods!  
You'l grant that built by men, but this by gods.

Richard Lovelace

# Senecae Ex Cleanthe

SENECAE EX CLEANTHE.

Duc me, Parens celsique Dominator poli,  
Quocunque placuit, nulla parendi mora est;  
Adsum impiger; fac nolle, comitabor gemens,  
Malusque patiar facere, quod licuit bono.  
Ducunt volentem Fata, nolentem trahunt.

ENGLISHED.

Parent and Prince of Heav'n, O lead, I pray,  
Where ere you please, I follow and obey.  
Active I go, sighing, if you gainsay,  
And suffer bad what to the good was law.  
Fates lead the willing, but unwilling draw.

Richard Lovelace

# Sir Thomas Wortley's Sonnet Answered

[THE SONNET.

I.

No more

Thou little winged archer, now no more

As heretofore,

Thou maist pretend within my breast to bide,

No more,

Since cruell Death of dearest LYNDAMORE

Hath me depriv'd,

I bid adieu to love, and all the world beside.

II.

Go, go;

Lay by thy quiver and unbend thy bow

Poore sillie foe,

Thou spend'st thy shafts but at my breast in vain,

Since Death

My heart hath with a fatall icie deart

Already slain,

Thou canst not ever hope to warme her wound,

Or wound it o're againe.]

THE ANSWER.

I.

Againe,

Thou witty cruell wanton, now againe,

Through ev'ry veine,

Hurle all your lightning, and strike ev'ry dart,

Againe,

Before I feele this pleasing, pleasing paine.

I have no heart,

Nor can I live but sweetly murder'd with

So deare, so deare a smart.

II.

Then flye,

And kindle all your torches at her eye,  
    To make me dye  
Her martyr, and put on my roabe of flame:  
    So I,  
Advanced on my blazing wings on high,  
    In death became  
Inthroan'd a starre, and ornament unto  
    Her glorious, glorious name.

Richard Lovelace



# Song

I.

Strive not, vain lover, to be fine;  
Thy silk's the silk-worm's, and not thine:  
You lessen to a fly your mistriss' thought,  
To think it may be in a cobweb caught.  
What, though her thin transparent lawn  
Thy heart in a strong net hath drawn:  
Not all the arms the god of fire ere made  
Can the soft bulwarks of nak'd love invade.

II.

Be truly fine, then, and yourself dress  
In her fair soul's immac'late glass.  
Then by reflection you may have the bliss  
Perhaps to see what a true fineness is;  
When all your gawderies will fit  
Those only that are poor in wit.  
She that a clinquant outside doth adore,  
Dotes on a gilded statue and no more.

Richard Lovelace

# Song To Amarantha, That She Would Dishevel Her Hair

Amarantha sweet and fair  
Ah braid no more that shining hair!  
As my curious hand or eye  
Hovering round thee let it fly.

Let it fly as unconfin'd  
As its calm ravisher, the wind,  
Who hath left his darling th'East,  
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.

Ev'ry tress must be confest  
But neatly tangled at the best;  
Like a clue of golden thread,  
Most excellently ravelled.

Do not then wind up that light  
In ribands, and o'er-cloud in night;  
Like the sun in's early ray,  
But shake your head and scatter day.

See 'tis broke! Within this grove  
The bower, and the walks of love,  
Weary lie we down and rest,  
And fan each other's panting breast.

Here we'll strip and cool our fire  
In cream below, in milk-baths higher:  
And when all wells are drawn dry,  
I'll drink a tear out of thine eye,

Which our very joys shall leave  
That sorrows thus we can deceive;  
Or our very sorrows weep,  
That joys so ripe, so little keep.

Richard Lovelace

# Song.

I.

In mine one monument I lye,  
And in my self am buried;  
Sure, the quick lightning of her eye  
Melted my soul ith' scabberd dead;  
And now like some pale ghost I walk,  
And with another's spirit talk.

II.

Nor can her beams a heat convey,  
That may my frozen bosome warm,  
Unless her smiles have pow'r, as they,  
That a cross charm can countercharm.  
But this is such a pleasing pain,  
I'm loth to be alive again.

ANOTHER.

I did believe I was in heav'n,  
When first the heav'n her self was giv'n,  
That in my heart her beams did passe  
As some the sun keep in a glasse,  
So that her beauties thorow me  
Did hurt my rival-enemy.  
But fate, alas! decreed it so,  
That I was engine to my woe:  
For, as a corner'd christal spot,  
My heart diaphanous was not;  
But solid stufte, where her eye flings  
Quick fire upon the catching strings:  
Yet, as at triumphs in the night,  
You see the Prince's Arms in light,  
So, when I once was set on flame,  
I burnt all ore the letters of her name.

Richard Lovelace

# Sonnet

I.

When I by thy faire shape did sweare,  
And mingled with each vowe a teare,  
    I lov'd, I lov'd thee best,  
    I swore as I profest.  
For all the while you lasted warme and pure,  
    My oathes too did endure.  
But once turn'd faithlesse to thy selfe and old,  
They then with thee incessantly grew cold.

II.

I swore my selfe thy sacrifice  
By th' ebon bowes that guard thine eyes,  
    Which now are alter'd white,  
    And by the glorious light  
Of both those stars, which of their spheres bereft,  
    Only the gellie's left.  
Then changed thus, no more I'm bound to you,  
Then swearing to a saint that proves untrue.

Richard Lovelace

# Sonnet. To Generall Goring, After The Pacification At Berwi

## I.

Now the peace is made at the foes rate,  
Whilst men of armes to kettles their old helmes translate,  
And drinke in caskes of honourable plate.  
In ev'ry hand [let] a cup be found,  
That from all hearts a health may sound  
To GORING! to GORING! see 't goe round.

## II.

He whose glories shine so brave and high,  
That captive they in triumph leade each care and eye,  
Claiming uncombated the victorie,  
And from the earth to heav'n rebound,  
Fixt there eternall as this round:  
To GORING! to GORING! see him crown'd.

## III.

To his lovely bride, in love with scars,  
Whose eyes wound deepe in peace, as doth his sword in wars;  
They shortly must depose the Queen of Stars:  
Her cheekes the morning blushes give,  
And the benighted world repreeve;  
To LETTICE! to LETTICE! let her live.

## IV.

Give me scorching heat, thy heat, dry Sun,  
That to this payre I may drinke off an ocean:  
Yet leave my grateful thirst unquensht, undone;  
Or a full bowle of heav'nly wine,  
In which dissolved stars should shine,  
To the couple! to the couple! th' are divine.

Richard Lovelace

# Sonnet. To Generall Goring, After The Pacification At Berwicke. A La Chabot.

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Richard Lovelace

# Strive Not, Vain Lover

I.

Strive not, vain lover, to be fine;  
Thy silk's the silk-worm's, and not thine:  
You lessen to a fly your mistriss' thought,  
To think it may be in a cobweb caught.  
What, though her thin transparent lawn  
Thy heart in a strong net hath drawn:  
Not all the arms the god of fire ere made  
Can the soft bulwarks of nak'd love invade.

II.

Be truly fine, then, and yourself dress  
In her fair soul's immac'late glass.  
Then by reflection you may have the bliss  
Perhaps to see what a true fineness is;  
When all your gawderies will fit  
Those only that are poor in wit.  
She that a clinquant outside doth adore,  
Dotes on a gilded statue and no more.

Richard Lovelace

# The Ant

I.

Forbear, thou great good husband, little ant;  
A little respite from thy flood of sweat!  
Thou, thine own horse and cart under this plant,  
Thy spacious tent, fan thy prodigious heat;  
Down with thy double load of that one grain!  
It is a granarie for all thy train.

II.

Cease, large example of wise thrift, awhile  
(For thy example is become our law),  
And teach thy frowns a seasonable smile:  
So Cato sometimes the nak'd Florals saw.  
And thou, almighty foe, lay by thy sting,  
Whilst thy unpay'd musicians, crickets, sing.

III.

Lucasta, she that holy makes the day,  
And 'stills new life in fields of fueillemort,  
Hath back restor'd their verdure with one ray,  
And with her eye bid all to play and sport,  
Ant, to work still! age will thee truant call;  
And to save now, th'art worse than prodigal.

IV.

Austere and cynick! not one hour t' allow,  
To lose with pleasure, what thou gotst with pain;  
But drive on sacred festivals thy plow,  
Tearing high-ways with thy ore-charged wain.  
Not all thy life-time one poor minute live,  
And thy ore-labour'd bulk with mirth relieve?

V.

Look up then, miserable ant, and spie



Thy fatal foes, for breaking of their law,  
Hov'ring above thee: Madam Margaret Pie:  
And her fierce servant, meagre Sir John Daw:  
Thy self and storehouse now they do store up,  
And thy whole harvest too within their crop.

VI.

Thus we unthrifty thrive within earth's tomb  
For some more rav'nous and ambitious jaw:  
The grain in th' ant's, the ant in the pie's womb,  
The pie in th' hawk's, the hawk ith' eagle's maw.  
So scattering to hord 'gainst a long day,  
Thinking to save all, we cast all away.

Richard Lovelace

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Richard Lovelace

# The Duell

Love drunk, the other day, knockt at my brest,  
But I, alas! was not within.  
My man, my ear, told me he came t' attest,  
That without cause h'd boxed him,  
And battered the windows of mine eyes,  
And took my heart for one of's nunneries.

## II.

I wondred at the outrage safe return'd,  
And storm'd at the base affront;  
And by a friend of mine, bold faith, that burn'd,  
I called him to a strict accompt.  
He said that, by the law, the challeng'd might  
Take the advantage both of arms and fight.

## III.

Two darts of equal length and points he sent,  
And nobly gave the choyce to me,  
Which I not weigh'd, young and indifferent,  
Now full of nought but victorie.  
So we both met in one of's mother's groves,  
The time, at the first murm'ring of her doves.

## IV.

I stript myself naked all o're, as he:  
For so I was best arm'd, when bare.  
His first pass did my liver rase: yet I  
Made home a falsify too neer:  
For when my arm to its true distance came,  
I nothing touch'd but a fantastick flame.

## V.

This, this is love we daily quarrel so,  
An idle Don-Quichoterie:  
We whip our selves with our own twisted wo,  
And wound the ayre for a fly.  
The only way t' undo this enemy  
Is to laugh at the boy, and he will cry.



# The Epilogue

The stubborne author of the trifle crime,  
That just now cheated you of two hours' time,  
Presumptuous it lik't him, began to grow  
Carelesse, whether it pleased you or no.

But we who ground th' excellence of a play  
On what the women at the doores wil say,  
Who judge it by the benches, and afford  
To take your money, ere his oath or word  
His SCHOLLARS school'd, sayd if he had been wise  
He should have wove in one two COMEDIES;  
The first for th' gallery, in which the throne  
To their amazement should descend alone,  
The rosin-lightning flash, and monster spire  
Squibs, and words hotter then his fire.

Th' other for the gentlemen oth' pit,  
Like to themselves, all spirit, fancy, wit,  
In which plots should be subtile as a flame,  
Disguises would make PROTEUS stil the same:  
Humours so rarely humour'd and exprest,  
That ev'n they should thinke 'em so, not drest;  
Vices acted and applauded too, times  
Tickled, and th' actors acted, not their crimes,  
So he might equally applause have gain'd  
Of th' hardned, sooty, and the snowy hand.

Where now one SO SO spatters, t'other: no!  
Tis his first play; twere solecisme 'tshould goe;  
The next 't show'd pritily, but searcht within  
It appeares bare and bald, as is his chin;  
The towne-wit sentences: A SCHOLARS PLAY!  
Pish! I know not why, but th'ave not the way.

We, whose gaine is all our pleasure, ev'n these  
Are bound by justice and religion to please;  
Which he, whose pleasure's all his gaine, goes by  
As slightly, as they doe his comaedy.

Culls out the few, the worthy, at whose feet  
He sacrifices both himselfe and it,  
His fancies first fruits: profit he knowes none,  
Unles that of your approbation,  
Which if your thoughts at going out will pay,  
Hee'l not looke farther for a second day.

Richard Lovelace

# The Faire Begger

I.

Comanding asker, if it be  
Pity that you faine would have,  
Then I turne begger unto thee,  
And aske the thing that thou dost crave.  
I will suffice thy hungry need,  
So thou wilt but my fancy feed.

II.

In all ill yeares, was ever knowne  
On so much beauty such a dearth?  
Which, in that thrice-bequeathed gowne,  
Lookes like the Sun eclipst with Earth,  
Like gold in canvas, or with dirt  
Unsoyled Ermins close begirt.

III.

Yet happy he, that can but tast  
This whiter skin, who thirsty is!  
Fooles dote on sattin motions lac'd:  
The gods go naked in their blisse.  
At th' barrell's head there shines the vine,  
There only relishes the wine.

IV.

There quench my heat, and thou shalt sup  
Worthy the lips that it must touch,  
Nectar from out the starry cup:  
I beg thy breath not halfe so much.  
So both our wants supplied shall be,  
You'l give for love, I, charity.

V.

Cheape then are pearle-imbroderies,  
That not adorne, but cloud thy wast;  
Thou shalt be cloath'd above all prise,  
If thou wilt promise me imbrac't.  
Wee'l ransack neither chest nor shelve:  
Ill cover thee with mine owne selfe.



VI.

But, cruel, if thou dost deny  
This necessary almes to me,  
What soft-soul'd man but with his eye  
And hand will hence be shut to thee?  
Since all must judge you more unkinde:  
I starve your body, you, my minde.

Richard Lovelace

# The Falcon

Fair Princesse of the spacious air,  
That hast vouchsaf'd acquaintance here,  
With us are quarter'd below stairs,  
That can reach heav'n with nought but pray'rs;  
Who, when our activ'st wings we try,  
Advance a foot into the sky.

Bright heir t' th' bird imperial,  
From whose avenging penons fall  
Thunder and lightning twisted spun!  
Brave cousin-german to the Sun!  
That didst forsake thy throne and sphere,  
To be an humble pris'ner here;  
And for a pirch of her soft hand,  
Resign the royal woods' command.

How often would'st thou shoot heav'ns ark,  
Then mount thy self into a lark;  
And after our short faint eyes call,  
When now a fly, now nought at all!  
Then stoop so swift unto our sence,  
As thou wert sent intelligence!

Free beauteous slave, thy happy feet  
In silver fetters vervails meet,  
And trample on that noble wrist,  
The gods have kneel'd in vain t' have kist.  
But gaze not, bold deceived spye,  
Too much oth' lustre of her eye;  
The Sun thou dost out stare, alas!  
Winks at the glory of her face.

Be safe then in thy velvet helm,  
Her looks are calms that do orewhelm,  
Then the Arabian bird more blest,  
Chafe in the spicery of her breast,  
And loose you in her breath a wind  
Sow'rs the delicious gales of Inde.

But now a quill from thine own wing  
I pluck, thy lofty fate to sing;  
Whilst we behold the various fight  
With mingled pleasure and affright;  
The humbler hinds do fall to pray'r,  
As when an army's seen i' th' air,  
And the prophetick spannels run,  
And howle thy epicedium.

The heron mounted doth appear  
On his own Peg'sus a lanceer,  
And seems, on earth when he doth hut,  
A proper halberdier on foot;  
Secure i' th' moore, about to sup,  
The dogs have beat his quarters up.

And now he takes the open air,  
Drawes up his wings with tactick care;  
Whilst th' expert falcon swift doth climbe  
In subtle mazes serpentine;  
And to advantage closely twin'd  
She gets the upper sky and wind,  
Where she dissembles to invade,  
And lies a pol'tick ambuscade.

The hedg'd-in heron, whom the foe  
Awaits above, and dogs below,  
In his fortification lies,  
And makes him ready for surprize;  
When roused with a shrill alarm,  
Was shouted from beneath: they arm.

The falcon charges at first view  
With her brigade of talons, through  
Whose shoots, the wary heron beat  
With a well counterwheel'd retreat.  
But the bold gen'ral, never lost,  
Hath won again her airy post;  
Who, wild in this affront, now fryes,  
Then gives a volley of her eyes.

The desp'rate heron now contracts

In one design all former facts;  
Noble, he is resolv'd to fall,  
His and his en'mies funerall,  
And (to be rid of her) to dy,  
A publick martyr of the sky.

When now he turns his last to wreak  
The palizadoes of his beak,  
The raging foe impatient,  
Wrack'd with revenge, and fury rent,  
Swift as the thunderbolt he strikes  
Too sure upon the stand of pikes;  
There she his naked breast doth hit,  
And on the case of rapiers's split.

But ev'n in her expiring pangs  
The heron's pounc'd within her phangs,  
And so above she stoops to rise,  
A trophee and a sacrifice;  
Whilst her own bells in the sad fall  
Ring out the double funerall.

Ah, victory, unhap'ly wonne!  
Weeping and red is set the Sun;  
Whilst the whole field floats in one tear,  
And all the air doth mourning wear.  
Close-hooded all thy kindred come  
To pay their vows upon thy tombe;  
The hobby and the musket too  
Do march to take their last adieu.

The lanner and the lanneret  
Thy colours bear as banneret;  
The GOSHAWK and her TERCEL rows'd  
With tears attend thee as new bows'd,  
All these are in their dark array,  
Led by the various herald-jay.

But thy eternal name shall live  
Whilst quills from ashes fame reprieve,  
Whilst open stands renown's wide dore,  
And wings are left on which to soar;

Doctor robbin, the prelate pye,  
And the poetick swan, shall dye,  
Only to sing thy elegie.

Richard Lovelace

# The Grasse-Hopper

<i>To My Noble Friend, Mr Charles Cotton</i>

O thou that swing'st upon the waving ear  
Of some well-filled oaten beard,  
Drunk ev'ry night with a delicious tear  
Dropped thee from heav'n, where now th' art reared,

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,  
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;  
And, when the poppy works, thou dost retire  
To thy carved acorn-bed to lie.

Up with the day, the sun thou welcom'st then,  
Sport'st in the gilt plats of his beams,  
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,  
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

But ah the sickle! -golden ears are cropped;  
Ceres and Bacchus bid good-night;  
Sharp frosty fingers all your flow'rs have topped,  
And what schythes spared, winds shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool! and now green ice! -thy joys,  
Large and as lasting as thy perch of grass,  
Bid us lay in 'gainst winter rain, and poise  
Their floods with an o'erflowing glass.

Thou best of men and friends! we will create  
A genuine summer in each other's breast;  
And spite of this cold time and frozen fate,  
Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Our sacred hearths shall burn eternally  
As vestal flames; the North-wind, he  
Shall strike his frost-stretched wings, dissolve, and fly  
This Etna in epitome.

Dropping December shall come weeping in,  
Bewail th' usurping of his reign;

But when in show'rs of old Greek we begin,  
Shall cry he hath his crown again!

Night as clear Hesper shall our tapers whip  
From the light casements where we play,  
And the dark hag from her black mantle strip,  
And stick there everlasting day.

Thus richer than untempted kings are we,  
That asking nothing, nothing need:  
Though lord of all that seas embrace, yet he  
That wants himself is poor indeed.

Richard Lovelace

# The Lady A. L. My Asylum In A Great Exteremity.

With that delight the Royal captiv's brought  
Before the throne, to breath his farewell thought,  
To tel his last tale, and so end with it,  
Which gladly he esteemes a benefit;  
When the brave victor, at his great soule dumbe,  
Findes something there fate cannot overcome,  
Cals the chain'd prince, and by his glory led,  
First reaches him his crowne, and then his head;  
Who ne're 'til now thinks himself slave and poor;  
For though nought else, he had himselfe before.  
He weepes at this faire chance, nor wil allow,  
But that the diadem doth brand his brow,  
And under-rates himselfe below mankinde,  
Who first had lost his body, now his minde,

With such a joy came I to heare my dombe,  
And haste the preparation of my tombe,  
When, like good angels who have heav'nly charge  
To steere and guide mans sudden giddy barge,  
She snatcht me from the rock I was upon,  
And landed me at life's pavillion:  
Where I, thus wound out of th' immense abysse,  
Was straight set on a pinnacle of blisse.

Let me leape in againe! and by that fall  
Bring me to my first woe, so cancel all:  
Ah! 's this a quitting of the debt you owe,  
To crush her and her goodnesse at one blowe?  
Defend me from so foule impiety,  
Would make friends grieve, and furies weep to see.

Now, ye sage spirits, which infuse in men  
That are oblidg'd twice to oblige agen,  
Informe my tongue in labour what to say,  
And in what coyne or language to repay.  
But you are silent as the ev'nings ayre,  
When windes unto their hollow grots repaire.  
Oh, then accept the all that left me is,  
Devout oblations of a sacred wish!



When she walks forth, ye perfum'd wings oth' East,  
Fan her, 'til with the Sun she hastes to th' West,  
And when her heav'nly course calles up the day,  
And breakes as bright, descend, some glistering ray,  
To circle her, and her as glistering haire,  
That all may say a living saint shines there.  
Slow Time, with woollen feet make thy soft pace,  
And leave no tracks ith' snow of her pure face;  
But when this vertue must needs fall, to rise  
The brightest constellation in the skies;  
When we in characters of fire shall reade,  
How cleere she was alive, how spotless, dead.  
All you that are a kinne to piety:  
For onely you can her close mourners be,  
Draw neer, and make of hallowed teares a dearth:  
Goodnes and justice both are fled the earth.

If this be to be thankful, I'v a heart  
Broaken with vowes, eaten with grateful smart,  
And beside this, the vild world nothing hath  
Worth anything but her provoked wrath;  
So then, who thinkes to satisfie in time,  
Must give a satisfaction for that crime:  
Since she alone knowes the gifts value, she  
Can onely to her selfe requitall be,  
And worthyly to th' life paynt her owne story  
In its true colours and full native glory;  
Which when perhaps she shal be heard to tell,  
Buffoones and theeves, ceasing to do ill,  
Shal blush into a virgin-innocence,  
And then woo others from the same offence;  
The robber and the murderer, in 'spite  
Of his red spots, shal startle into white:  
All good (rewards layd by) shal stil increase  
For love of her, and villany decease;  
Naught be ignote, not so much out of feare  
Of being punisht, as offending her.

So that, when as my future daring bayes  
Shall bow it selfe in lawrels to her praise,  
To crown her conqu'ring goodnes, and proclaime

The due renowne and glories of her name:  
My wit shal be so wretched and so poore  
That, 'stead of praying, I shal scandal her,  
And leave, when with my purest art I've done,  
Scarce the designe of what she is begunne:  
Yet men shal send me home, admir'd, exact;  
Proud, that I could from her so wel detract.

Where, then, thou bold instinct, shal I begin  
My endlesse taske? To thanke her were a sin  
Great as not speake, and not to speake, a blame  
Beyond what's worst, such as doth want a name;  
So thou my all, poore gratitude, ev'n thou  
In this wilt an unthankful office do:  
Or wilt I fling all at her feet I have:  
My life, my love, my very soule, a slave?  
Tye my free spirit onely unto her,  
And yeeld up my affection prisoner?  
Fond thought, in this thou teachest me to give  
What first was hers, since by her breath I live;  
And hast but show'd me, how I may resigne  
Possession of those thing are none of mine.

Richard Lovelace

# The Rose

I.

Sweet serene skye-like Flower,  
Haste to adorn her Bower :  
From thy long cloudy bed,  
Shoot forth thy damaske head.

II.

New-startled blush of Flora !  
The grieve of pale Aurora,  
Who will contest no more ;  
Haste, haste, to stowe her floore.

III.

Vermilion Ball that's given  
From lip to lip in Heaven ;  
Love's Couches cover-led :  
Haste, haste, to make her bed.

IV.

Dear Offspring of pleas'd Venus,  
And Jollie, plumpe Silenus ;  
Haste, haste, to decke the Haire  
Of th' only, sweetly Faire.

V.

See ! Rosie is her Bower,  
Her floore is all this Flower ;  
Her Bed a Rosie nest  
By a Bed of Roses prest.

VI.

But early as she dresses,  
Why fly you her bright Tresses ?

Ah ! I have found I feare ;  
Because her Cheekes are neere.

Richard Lovelace

# The Scrutinie

I.

Why shouldst thou sweare I am forsworn,  
Since thine I vow'd to be?  
Lady, it is already Morn,  
And 'twas last night I swore to thee  
That fond impossibility.

II.

Have I not lov'd thee much and long,  
A tedious twelve moneths space?  
I should all other beauties wrong,  
And rob thee of a new imbrace;  
Should I still dote upon thy face.

III.

Not but all joy in thy browne haire  
In others may be found;  
But I must search the black and faire,  
Like skilfulle minerallists that sound  
For treasure in un-plow'd-up ground.

IV.

Then if, when I have lov'd my round,  
Thou prov'st the pleasant she;  
With spoyles of meaner beauties crown'd,  
I laden will returne to thee,  
Ev'n sated with varietie.

Richard Lovelace

# The Scrutinie. Song

I.

Why shouldst thou sweare I am forsworn,  
Since thine I vow'd to be?  
Lady, it is already Morn,  
And 'twas last night I swore to thee  
That fond impossibility.

II.

Have I not lov'd thee much and long,  
A tedious twelve moneths space?  
I should all other beauties wrong,  
And rob thee of a new imbrace;  
Should I still dote upon thy face.

III.

Not but all joy in thy browne haire  
In others may be found;  
But I must search the black and faire,  
Like skilfulle minerallists that sound  
For treasure in un-plow'd-up ground.

IV.

Then if, when I have lov'd my round,  
Thou prov'st the pleasant she;  
With spoyles of meaner beauties crown'd,  
I laden will returne to thee,  
Ev'n sated with varietie.

Richard Lovelace

# The Scrutiny

Why should you swear I am forsworn,  
Since thine I vowed to be?  
Lady, it is already morn,  
And 'twas last night I swore to thee  
That fond impossibility.

Have I not loved thee much and long,  
A tedious twelve hours' space?  
I must all other beauties wrong,  
And rob thee of a new embrace,  
Could I still dote upon thy face.

Not but all joy in thy brown hair  
By others may be found;—  
But I must search the black and fair,  
Like skilful mineralists that sound  
For treasure in unploughed-up ground.

Then if, when I have loved my round,  
Thou prov'st the pleasant she,  
With spoils of meaner beauties crowned  
I laden will return to thee,  
Ev'n sated with variety.

Richard Lovelace

# The Snail

Wise emblem of our politic world,  
Sage snail, within thine own self curl'd;  
Instruct me softly to make haste,  
Whilst these my feet go slowly fast.

Compendious snail! thou seem'st to me,  
Large Euclid's strict epitome;  
And in each diagram dost fling  
Thee from the point unto the ring;  
A figure now triangular,  
An oval now, and now a square;  
And then a serpentine dost crawl,  
Now a straight line, now crook'd, now all.

Preventing rival of the day,  
Th'art up and openest thy ray,  
And ere the morn cradles the moon  
Th'art broke into a beauteous noon.  
Then when the sun sups in the deep,  
Thy silver horns ere Cynthia's peep;  
And thou from thine own liquid bed  
New Phoebus heav'st thy pleasant head.

Who shall a name for thee create,  
Deep riddle of mysterious state?  
Bold Nature that gives common birth  
To all products of seas and earth,  
Of thee, as earthquakes, is afraid,  
Nor will thy dire deliv'ry aid.

Thou thine own daughter then, and sire,  
That son and mother art entire,  
That big still with thy self dost go,  
And liv'st an aged embryo;  
That like the cubs of India,  
Thou from thyself a while dost play;  
But frighted with a dog or gun,  
In thine own belly thou dost run,  
And as thy house was thine own womb,



So thine own womb concludes thy tomb.

But now I must (analyz'd king)  
Thy economic virtues sing;  
Thou great stay'd husband still within,  
Thou, thee, that's thine dost discipline;  
And when thou art to progress bent,  
Thou mov'st thy self and tenement,  
As warlike Scythians travell'd, you  
Remove your men and city too;  
Then after a sad dearth and rain,  
Thou scatterest thy silver train;  
And when the trees grow nak'd and old,  
Thou clothest them with cloth of gold,  
Which from thy bowels thou dost spin,  
And draw from the rich mines within.

Now hast thou chang'd thee saint; and made  
Thy self a fane that's cupola'd;  
And in thy wreathed cloister thou  
Walkest thine own grey friar too;  
Strict, and lock'd up, th'art hood all o'er,  
And ne'er eliminat'st thy door.  
On salads thou dost feed severe,  
And 'stead of beads thou dropp'st a tear;  
And when to rest, each calls the bell,  
Thou sleep'st within thy marble cell,  
Where in dark contemplation plac'd,  
The sweets of nature thou dost taste;  
Who now with time thy days resolve,  
And in a jelly thee dissolve,  
Like a shot star, which doth repair  
Upward, and rarify the air.

Richard Lovelace

# The Snayl

Wise emblem of our politick world,  
Sage Snayl, within thine own self curl'd,  
Instruct me softly to make hast,  
Whilst these my feet go slowly fast.

Compendious Snayl! thou seem'st to me  
Large Euclid's strict epitome;  
And in each diagram dost fling  
Thee from the point unto the ring.  
A figure now trianglare,  
An oval now, and now a square,  
And then a serpentine, dost crawl,  
Now a straight line, now crook'd, now all.

Preventing rival of the day,  
Th' art up and openest thy ray;  
And ere the morn cradles the moon,  
Th' art broke into a beauteous noon.  
Then, when the Sun sups in the deep,  
Thy silver horns e're Cinthia's peep;  
And thou, from thine own liquid bed,  
New Phoebus, heav'st thy pleasant head.

Who shall a name for thee create,  
Deep riddle of mysterious state?  
Bold Nature, that gives common birth  
To all products of seas and earth,  
Of thee, as earth-quakes, is afraid,  
Nor will thy dire deliv'ry aid.

Thou, thine own daughter, then, and sire,  
That son and mother art intire,  
That big still with thy self dost go,  
And liv'st an aged embrio;  
That like the cubbs of India,  
Thou from thy self a while dost play;  
But frighted with a dog or gun,  
In thine own belly thou dost run,  
And as thy house was thine own womb,

So thine own womb concludes thy tomb.

But now I must (analys'd king)  
Thy oeconomick virtues sing;  
Thou great stay'd husband still within,  
Thou thee that's thine dost discipline;  
And when thou art to progress bent,  
Thou mov'st thy self and tenement,  
As warlike Scythians travayl'd, you  
Remove your men and city too;  
Then, after a sad dearth and rain,  
Thou scatterest thy silver train;  
And when the trees grow nak'd and old,  
Thou cloathest them with cloth of gold,  
Which from thy bowels thou dost spin,  
And draw from the rich mines within.

Now hast thou chang'd thee, saint, and made  
Thy self a fane that's cupula'd;  
And in thy wreathed cloister thou  
Walkest thine own gray fryer too;  
Strickt and lock'd up, th'art hood all ore,  
And ne'r eliminat'st thy dore.  
On sallads thou dost feed severe,  
And 'stead of beads thou drop'st a tear,  
And when to rest each calls the bell,  
Thou sleep'st within thy marble cell,  
Where, in dark contemplation plac'd,  
The sweets of Nature thou dost tast,  
Who now with time thy days resolve,  
And in a jelly thee dissolve,  
Like a shot star, which doth repair  
Upward, and rarifie the air.

Richard Lovelace

# The Toad And Spyder. A Duell

Upon a day, when the Dog-star  
Unto the world proclaim'd a war,  
And poyson bark'd from black throat,  
And from his jaws infection shot,  
Under a deadly hen-bane shade  
With slime infernal mists are made,  
Met the two dreaded enemies,  
Having their weapons in their eyes.

First from his den rolls forth that load  
Of spite and hate, the speckl'd toad,  
And from his chaps a foam doth spawn,  
Such as the loathed three heads yawn;  
Defies his foe with a fell spit,  
To wade through death to meet with it;  
Then in his self the lymbeck turns,  
And his elixir'd poyson urns.  
Arachne, once the fear oth' maid  
Coelestial, thus unto her pray'd:  
Heaven's blew-ey'd daughter, thine own mother!  
The Python-killing Sun's thy brother.  
Oh! thou, from gods that didst descend,  
With a poor virgin to contend,  
Shall seed of earth and hell ere be  
A rival in thy victorie?  
Pallas assents: for now long time  
And pity had clean rins'd her crime;  
When straight she doth with active fire  
Her many legged foe inspire.  
Have you not seen a charact lie  
A great cathedral in the sea,  
Under whose Babylonian walls  
A small thin frigot almshouse stalls?  
So in his slime the toad doth float  
And th' spyder by, but seems his boat.  
And now the naumachie begins;  
Close to the surface her self spins:  
Arachne, when her foe lets flye  
A broad-side of his breath too high,

That's over-shot, the wisely-stout,  
Advised maid doth tack about;  
And now her pitchy barque doth sweat,  
Chaf'd in her own black fury wet;  
Lasie and cold before, she brings  
New fires to her contracted stings,  
And with discolour'd spumes doth blast  
The herbs that to their center hast.  
Now to the neighb'ring henbane top  
Arachne hath her self wound up,  
And thence, from its dilated leaves,  
By her own cordage downwards weaves,  
And doth her town of foe attack,  
And storms the rampiers of his back;  
Which taken in her colours spread,  
March to th' citadel of's head.  
Now as in witty torturing Spain,  
The brain is vext to vex the brain,  
Where hereticks bare heads are arm'd  
In a close helm, and in it charm'd  
An overgrown and meagre rat,  
That peece-meal nibbles himself fat;  
So on the toads blew-hecker'd scull  
The spider gluttons her self full.  
And vomiting her Stygian seeds,  
Her poyson on his poyson feeds.  
Thus the invenom'd toad, now grown  
Big with more poyson than his own,  
Doth gather all his pow'rs, and shakes  
His stormer in's disgorged lakes;  
And wounded now, apace crawls on  
To his next plantane surgeon,  
With whose rich balm no sooner drest,  
But purged is his sick swoln breast;  
And as a glorious combatant,  
That only rests awhile to pant,  
Then with repeated strength and scars,  
That smarting fire him new to wars,  
Deals blows that thicke themselves prevent,  
As they would gain the time he spent.

So the disdainng angry toad,

That calls but a thin useless load,  
His fatal feared self comes back  
With unknown venome fill'd to crack.  
Th' amased spider, now untwin'd,  
Hath crept up, and her self new lin'd  
With fresh salt foams and mists, that blast  
The ambient air as they past.  
And now me thinks a Sphynx's wing  
I pluck, and do not write, but sting;  
With their black blood my pale inks blent,  
Gall's but a faint ingredient.  
The pol'tick toad doth now withdraw,  
Warn'd, higher in CAMPANIA.  
There wisely doth, intrenched deep,  
His body in a body keep,  
And leaves a wide and open pass  
T' invite the foe up to his jaws,  
Which there within a foggy blind  
With fourscore fire-arms were lin'd.  
The gen'rous active spider doubts  
More ambuscadoes than redoubts;  
So within shot she doth pickear,  
Now gall's the flank, and now the rear;  
As that the toad in's own dispite  
Must change the manner of his fight,  
Who, like a glorious general,  
With one home-charge lets fly at all.  
Chaf'd with a fourfold ven'mous foam  
Of scorn, revenge, his foes and 's own,  
He seats him in his loathed chair,  
New-made him by each mornings air,  
With glowing eyes he doth survey  
Th' undaunted hoast he calls his prey;  
Then his dark spume he gred'ly laps,  
And shows the foe his grave, his chaps.

Whilst the quick wary Amazon  
Of 'vantage takes occasion,  
And with her troop of leggs carreers  
In a full speed with all her speers.  
Down (as some mountain on a mouse)  
On her small cot he flings his house;

Without the poyson of the elf,  
The toad had like t' have burst himself:  
For sage Arachne with good heed  
Had stopt herself upon full speed,  
And, 's body now disorder'd, on  
She falls to execution.  
The passive toad now only can  
Contemn and suffer. Here began  
The wronged maids ingenious rage,  
Which his heart venome must asswage.  
One eye she hath spet out, strange smother,  
When one flame doth put out another,  
And one eye wittily spar'd, that he  
Might but behold his miserie.  
She on each spot a wound doth print,  
And each speck hath a sting within't;  
Till he but one new blister is,  
And swells his own periphrasis.  
Then fainting, sick, and yellow-pale,  
She baths him with her sulph'rous stale;  
Thus slacked is her Stygian fire,  
And she vouchsafes now to retire.  
Anon the toad begins to pant,  
Bethinks him of th' almighty plant,  
And lest he peece-meal should be sped,  
Wisely doth finish himself dead.  
Whilst the gay girl, as was her fate,  
Doth wanton and luxuriate,  
And crowns her conqu'ring head all or  
With fatal leaves of hellebore.  
Not guessing at the pretious aid  
Was lent her by the heavenly maid.  
The neer expiring toad now rowls  
Himself in lazy bloody scrowls,  
To th' sov'raign salve of all his illls,  
That only life and health distills.  
But loe! a terror above all,  
That ever yet did him befall!

Pallas, still mindful of her foe,  
(Whilst they did with each fires glow)  
Had to the place the spiders lar

Dispath'd before the ev'nings star.  
He learned was in Natures laws,  
Of all her foliage knew the cause,  
And 'mongst the rest in his choice want  
Unplanted had this plantane plant.

The all-confounded toad doth see  
His life fled with his remedie,  
And in a glorious despair  
First burst himself, and next the air;  
Then with a dismal horred yell  
Beats down his loathsome breath to hell.

But what inestimable bliss  
This to the sated virgin is,  
Who, as before of her fiend foe,  
Now full is of her goddess too!  
She from her fertile womb hath spun  
Her stateliest pavillion,  
Whilst all her silken flags display,  
And her triumphant banners play;  
Where Pallas she ith' midst doth praise,  
And counterfeits her brothers rayes,  
Nor will she her dear lar forget,  
Victorious by his benefit,  
Whose roof enchanted she doth free  
From haunting gnat and goblin bee,  
Who, trapp'd in her prepared toyle,  
To their destruction keep a coyle.

Then she unlocks the toad's dire head,  
Within whose cell is treasured  
That pretious stone, which she doth call  
A noble recompence for all,  
And to her lar doth it present,  
Of his fair aid a monument.

Richard Lovelace



# The Triumphs Of Philamore And Amoret. To The Noblest Of Our

Sir, your sad absence I complain, as earth  
Her long-hid spring, that gave her verdures birth,  
Who now her cheerful aromatick head  
Shrinks in her cold and dismal widow'd bed;  
Whilst the false sun her lover doth him move  
Below, and to th' antipodes make love.

What fate was mine, when in mine obscure cave  
(Shut up almost close prisoner in a grave)  
Your beams could reach me through this vault of night,  
And canton the dark dungeon with light!  
Whence me (as gen'rous Spahys) you unbound,  
Whilst I now know my self both free and crown'd.

But as at Meccha's tombe, the devout blind  
Pilgrim (great husband of his sight and mind)  
Pays to no other object this chaste prise,  
Then with hot earth anoynts out both his eyes:  
So having seen your dazzling glories store,  
It is enough, and sin for to see more.

Or, do you thus those pretious rayes withdraw  
To whet my dull beams, keep my bold in aw?  
Or, are you gentle and compassionate,  
You will not reach me Regulus his fate?  
Brave prince! who, eagle-ey'd of eagle kind,  
Wert blindly damn'd to look thine own self blind!

But oh, return those fires, too cruel-nice!  
For whilst you fear me cindars, see, I'm ice!  
A nummed speaking clod and mine own show,  
My self congeal'd, a man cut out in snow:  
Return those living fires. Thou, who that vast  
Double advantage from one-ey'd Heav'n hast,  
Look with one sun, though 't but obliquely be,  
And if not shine, vouchsafe to wink on me.

Perceive you not a gentle, gliding heat,  
And quick'ning warmth, that makes the statua sweat;  
As rev'rend Ducaleon's black-flung stone,  
Whose rough outside softens to skin, anon  
Each crusty vein with wet red is suppli'd,  
Whilst nought of stone but in its heart doth 'bide.

So from the rugged north, where your soft stay  
Hath stamp't them a meridian and kind day;  
Where now each A LA MODE inhabitant  
Himself and 's manners both do pay you rent,  
And 'bout your house (your pallace) doth resort,  
And 'spite of fate and war creates a court.

So from the taught north, when you shall return,  
To glad those looks that ever since did mourn,  
When men uncloathed of themselves you'll see,  
Then start new made, fit, what they ought to be;  
Hast! hast! you, that your eyes on rare sights feed:  
For thus the golden triumph is decreed.

The twice-born god, still gay and ever young,  
With ivie crown'd, first leads the glorious throng:  
He Ariadne's starry coronet  
Designs for th' brighter beams of Amoret;  
Then doth he broach his throne, and singing quaff  
Unto her health his pipe of god-head off.

Him follow the recanting, vexing Nine  
Who, wise, now sing thy lasting fame in wine;  
Whilst Phoebus, not from th' east, your feast t' adorn,  
But from th' inspir'd Canaries, rose this morn.

Now you are come, winds in their caverns sit,  
And nothing breaths, but new-inlarged wit.  
Hark! One proclaims it piacle to be sad,  
And th' people call 't religion to be mad.

But now, as at a coronation,  
When noyse, the guard, and trumpets are oreblown,  
The silent commons mark their princes way,  
And with still reverence both look and pray;

So they amaz'd expecting do adore,  
And count the rest but pageantry before.

Behold! an hoast of virgins, pure as th' air  
In her first face, ere mists durst vayl her hair:  
Their snowy vests, white as their whiter skin,  
Or their far chaster whiter thoughts within:  
Roses they breath'd and strew'd, as if the fine  
Heaven did to earth his wreath of swets resign;  
They sang aloud: "THRICE, OH THRICE HAPPY, THEY  
THAT CAN, LIKE THESE, IN LOVE BOTH YIELD AND SWAY."

Next herald Fame (a purple clowd her bears),  
In an imbroider'd coat of eyes and ears,  
Proclaims the triumph, and these lovers glory,  
Then in a book of steel records the story.

And now a youth of more than god-like form  
Did th' inward minds of the dumb throng alarm;  
All nak'd, each part betray'd unto the eye,  
Chastly: for neither sex ow'd he or she.  
And this was heav'nly love. By his bright hand,  
A boy of worse than earthly stuff did stand;  
His bow broke, his fires out, and his wings clipt,  
And the black slave from all his false flames stript;  
Whose eyes were new-restor'd but to confesse  
This day's bright blisse, and his own wretchednesse;  
Who, swell'd with envy, bursting with disdain,  
Did cry to cry, and weep them out again.

And now what heav'n must I invade, what sphere  
Rifle of all her stars, t' inthroner there?  
No! Phoebus, by thy boys fate we beware  
Th' unruly flames o'th' firebrand, thy carr;  
Although, she there once plac'd, thou, Sun, shouldst see  
Thy day both nobler governed and thee.  
Drive on, Bootes, thy cold heavy wayn,  
Then grease thy wheels with amber in the main,  
And Neptune, thou to thy false Thetis gallop,  
Appollo's set within thy bed of scallop:  
Whilst Amoret, on the reconciled winds  
Mounted, and drawn by six caelestial minds,

She armed was with innocence and fire,  
That did not burn; for it was chaste desire;  
Whilst a new light doth gild the standers by.  
Behold! it was a day shot from her eye;  
Chafing perfumes oth' East did throng and sweat,  
But by her breath they melting back were beat.  
A crown of yet-nere-lighted stars she wore,  
In her soft hand a bleeding heart she bore,  
And round her lay of broken millions more;  
Then a wing'd crier thrice aloud did call:  
LET FAME PROCLAIM THIS ONE GREAT PRISE FOR ALL.

By her a lady that might be call'd fair,  
And justly, but that Amoret was there,  
Was pris'ner led; th' unvaiewed robe she wore  
Made infinite lay lovers to adore,  
Who vainly tempt her rescue (madly bold)  
Chained in sixteen thousand links of gold;  
Chrysetta thus (loaden with treasures) slave  
Did strow the pass with pearls, and her way pave.

But loe! the glorious cause of all this high  
True heav'nly state, brave Philamore, draws nigh,  
Who, not himself, more seems himself to be,  
And with a sacred extasie doth see!  
Fix'd and unmov'd on 's pillars he doth stay,  
And joy transforms him his own statua;  
Nor hath he pow'r to breath [n]or strength to greet  
The gentle offers of his Amoret,  
Who now amaz'd at 's noble breast doth knock,  
And with a kiss his gen'rous heart unlock;  
Whilst she and the whole pomp doth enter there,  
Whence her nor Time nor Fate shall ever tear.  
But whether am I hurl'd? ho! back! awake  
From thy glad trance: to thine old sorrow take!  
Thus, after view of all the Indies store,  
The slave returns unto his chain and oar;  
Thus poets, who all night in blest heav'ns dwell,  
Are call'd next morn to their true living hell;  
So I unthrifty, to myself untrue,  
Rise cloath'd with real wants, 'cause wanting you,  
And what substantial riches I possesse,

I must to these unvalued dreams confesse.

But all our clouds shall be oreblown, when thee  
In our horizon bright once more we see;  
When thy dear presence shall our souls new-dress,  
And spring an universal cheerfulness;  
When we shall be orewhelm'd in joy, like they  
That change their night for a vast half-year's day.

Then shall the wretched few, that do repine,  
See and recant their blasphemies in wine;  
Then shall they grieve, that thought I've sung too free,  
High and aloud of thy true worth and thee,  
And their fowl heresies and lips submit  
To th' all-forgiving breath of Amoret;  
And me alone their angers object call,  
That from my height so miserably did fall;  
And crie out my invention thin and poor,  
Who have said nought, since I could say no more.

Richard Lovelace

# The Triumphs Of Philamore And Amoret. To The Noblest Of Our Youth And Best Of Friends, Charles Cotton, Esquire. Being At Berisford, At His House In Straffordshire. From London. A Poem

Sir, your sad absence I complain, as earth  
Her long-hid spring, that gave her verdures birth,  
Who now her cheerful aromatick head  
Shrinks in her cold and dismal widow'd bed;  
Whilst the false sun her lover doth him move  
Below, and to th' antipodes make love.

What fate was mine, when in mine obscure cave  
(Shut up almost close prisoner in a grave)  
Your beams could reach me through this vault of night,  
And canton the dark dungeon with light!  
Whence me (as gen'rous Spahys) you unbound,  
Whilst I now know my self both free and crown'd.

But as at Meccha's tombe, the devout blind  
Pilgrim (great husband of his sight and mind)  
Pays to no other object this chaste prise,  
Then with hot earth anoynts out both his eyes:  
So having seen your dazling glories store,  
It is enough, and sin for to see more.

Or, do you thus those pretious rayes withdraw  
To whet my dull beams, keep my bold in aw?  
Or, are you gentle and compassionate,  
You will not reach me Regulus his fate?  
Brave prince! who, eagle-ey'd of eagle kind,  
Wert blindly damn'd to look thine own self blind!

But oh, return those fires, too cruel-nice!  
For whilst you fear me cindars, see, I'm ice!  
A nummed speaking clod and mine own show,  
My self congeal'd, a man cut out in snow:  
Return those living fires. Thou, who that vast  
Double advantage from one-ey'd Heav'n hast,

Look with one sun, though 't but obliquely be,  
And if not shine, vouchsafe to wink on me.

Perceive you not a gentle, gliding heat,  
And quick'ning warmth, that makes the statua sweat;  
As rev'rend Ducaleon's black-flung stone,  
Whose rough outside softens to skin, anon  
Each crusty vein with wet red is suppli'd,  
Whilst nought of stone but in its heart doth 'bide.

So from the rugged north, where your soft stay  
Hath stamp't them a meridian and kind day;  
Where now each A LA MODE inhabitant  
Himself and 's manners both do pay you rent,  
And 'bout your house (your pallace) doth resort,  
And 'spite of fate and war creates a court.

So from the taught north, when you shall return,  
To glad those looks that ever since did mourn,  
When men uncloathed of themselves you'll see,  
Then start new made, fit, what they ought to be;  
Hast! hast! you, that your eyes on rare sights feed:  
For thus the golden triumph is decreed.

The twice-born god, still gay and ever young,  
With ivie crown'd, first leads the glorious throng:  
He Ariadne's starry coronet  
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Then doth he broach his throne, and singing quaff  
Unto her health his pipe of god-head off.

Him follow the recanting, vexing Nine  
Who, wise, now sing thy lasting fame in wine;  
Whilst Phoebus, not from th' east, your feast t' adorn,  
But from th' inspir'd Canaries, rose this morn.

Now you are come, winds in their caverns sit,  
And nothing breaths, but new-inlarged wit.  
Hark! One proclaims it piacle to be sad,  
And th' people call 't religion to be mad.

But now, as at a coronation,

When noyse, the guard, and trumpets are oreblown,  
The silent commons mark their princes way,  
And with still reverence both look and pray;  
So they amaz'd expecting do adore,  
And count the rest but pageantry before.

Behold! an hoast of virgins, pure as th' air  
In her first face, ere mists durst vayl her hair:  
Their snowy vests, white as their whiter skin,  
Or their far chaster whiter thoughts within:  
Roses they breath'd and strew'd, as if the fine  
Heaven did to earth his wreath of swets resign;  
They sang aloud: "THRICE, OH THRICE HAPPY, THEY  
THAT CAN, LIKE THESE, IN LOVE BOTH YIELD AND SWAY."

Next herald Fame (a purple clowd her bears),  
In an imbroider'd coat of eyes and ears,  
Proclaims the triumph, and these lovers glory,  
Then in a book of steel records the story.

And now a youth of more than god-like form  
Did th' inward minds of the dumb throng alarm;  
All nak'd, each part betray'd unto the eye,  
Chastly: for neither sex ow'd he or she.  
And this was heav'nly love. By his bright hand,  
A boy of worse than earthly stuff did stand;  
His bow broke, his fires out, and his wings clipt,  
And the black slave from all his false flames stript;  
Whose eyes were new-restor'd but to confesse  
This day's bright blisse, and his own wretchednesse;  
Who, swell'd with envy, bursting with disdain,  
Did cry to cry, and weep them out again.

And now what heav'n must I invade, what sphere  
Rifle of all her stars, t' inthroner there?  
No! Phoebus, by thy boys fate we beware  
Th' unruly flames o'th' firebrand, thy carr;  
Although, she there once plac'd, thou, Sun, shouldst see  
Thy day both nobler governed and thee.  
Drive on, Bootes, thy cold heavy wayn,  
Then grease thy wheels with amber in the main,  
And Neptune, thou to thy false Thetis gallop,



Appollo's set within thy bed of scallop:  
Whilst Amoret, on the reconciled winds  
Mounted, and drawn by six caelestial minds,  
She armed was with innocence and fire,  
That did not burn; for it was chaste desire;  
Whilst a new light doth gild the standers by.  
Behold! it was a day shot from her eye;  
Chafing perfumes oth' East did throng and sweat,  
But by her breath they melting back were beat.  
A crown of yet-nere-lighted stars she wore,  
In her soft hand a bleeding heart she bore,  
And round her lay of broken millions more;  
Then a wing'd crier thrice aloud did call:  
LET FAME PROCLAIM THIS ONE GREAT PRIZE FOR ALL.

By her a lady that might be call'd fair,  
And justly, but that Amoret was there,  
Was pris'ner led; th' unvaleted robe she wore  
Made infinite lay lovers to adore,  
Who vainly tempt her rescue (madly bold)  
Chained in sixteen thousand links of gold;  
Chrysetta thus (loaden with treasures) slave  
Did strow the pass with pearls, and her way pave.

But loe! the glorious cause of all this high  
True heav'nly state, brave Philamore, draws nigh,  
Who, not himself, more seems himself to be,  
And with a sacred extasie doth see!  
Fix'd and unmov'd on 's pillars he doth stay,  
And joy transforms him his own statua;  
Nor hath he pow'r to breath [n]or strength to greet  
The gentle offers of his Amoret,  
Who now amaz'd at 's noble breast doth knock,  
And with a kiss his gen'rous heart unlock;  
Whilst she and the whole pomp doth enter there,  
Whence her nor Time nor Fate shall ever tear.  
But whether am I hurl'd? ho! back! awake  
From thy glad trance: to thine old sorrow take!  
Thus, after view of all the Indies store,  
The slave returns unto his chain and oar;  
Thus poets, who all night in blest heav'ns dwell,  
Are call'd next morn to their true living hell;

So I unthrifty, to myself untrue,  
Rise cloath'd with real wants, 'cause wanting you,  
And what substantial riches I possesse,  
I must to these unvalued dreams confesse.

But all our clouds shall be oreblown, when thee  
In our horizon bright once more we see;  
When thy dear presence shall our souls new-dress,  
And spring an universal cheerfulness;  
When we shall be orewhelm'd in joy, like they  
That change their night for a vast half-year's day.

Then shall the wretched few, that do repine,  
See and recant their blasphemies in wine;  
Then shall they grieve, that thought I've sung too free,  
High and aloud of thy true worth and thee,  
And their fowl heresies and lips submit  
To th' all-forgiving breath of Amoret;  
And me alone their angers object call,  
That from my height so miserably did fall;  
And crie out my invention thin and poor,  
Who have said nought, since I could say no more.

Richard Lovelace

# The Vintage To The Dungeon

I.

Sing out, pent soules, sing cheerefully!  
Care shackles you in liberty:  
Mirth frees you in captivity.  
Would you double fetters adde?  
Else why so sadde?

Besides your pinion'd armes youl finde  
Griefe too can manakell the minde.

II.

Live then, pris'ners, uncontrol'd;  
Drink oth' strong, the rich, the old,  
Till wine too hath your wits in hold;  
Then if still your jollitie  
And throats are free--

Tryumph in your bonds and paines,  
And daunce to the music of your chaines.

Richard Lovelace

# The Vintage To The Dungeon. A Song

I.

Sing out, pent soules, sing cheerefully!  
Care shackles you in liberty:  
Mirth frees you in captivity.  
Would you double fetters adde?  
Else why so sadde?

Chorus.

Besides your pinion'd armes youl finde  
Griefe too can manakell the minde.

II.

Live then, pris'ners, uncontrol'd;  
Drink oth' strong, the rich, the old,  
Till wine too hath your wits in hold;  
Then if still your jollitie  
And throats are free--

Chorus.

Tryumph in your bonds and paines,  
And daunce to the music of your chaines.

Richard Lovelace

# Theophile Being Deny'D His Addresses To King James, Turned

THEOPHILE BEING DENY'D HIS ADDRESSES TO KING JAMES,  
TURNED THE AFFRONT TO HIS OWN GLORY IN THIS EPIGRAM.

Si Jaques, le Roy du scavior,  
Ne trouue bon de me voir,  
Voila la cause infallible!  
Car, ravy de mon escrit,  
Il creut, que j'estois tout esprit  
Et par consequent invisible.

LINEALLY TRANSLATED OUT OF THE FRENCH.

If James, the king of wit,  
To see me thought not fit,  
Sure this the cause hath been,  
That, ravish'd with my merit,  
He thought I was all spirit,  
And so not to be seen.

Richard Lovelace

# Theophile Being Deny'D His Addresses To King James, Turned The Affront To His Own Glory In This Epigram

THEOPHILE BEING DENY'D HIS ADDRESSES TO KING JAMES,  
TURNED THE AFFRONT TO HIS OWN GLORY IN THIS EPIGRAM.

Si Jaques, le Roy du scavior,  
Ne trouue bon de me voir,  
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That, ravish'd with my merit,  
He thought I was all spirit,  
And so not to be seen.

Richard Lovelace

# To A Lady That Desired Me I Would Beare My Part With Her In A Song Madam A. L.

This is the prittiest motion:

Madam, th' alarums of a drumme  
That cals your lord, set to your cries,  
To mine are sacred symphonies.

What, though 'tis said I have a voice;  
I know 'tis but that hollow noise  
Which (as it through my pipe doth speed)  
Bitterns do carol through a reed;  
In the same key with monkeys jiggs,  
Or dirges of proscribed piggs,  
Or the soft Serenades above  
In calme of night, when cats make love.

Was ever such a consort seen!  
Fourscore and fourteen with fourteen?  
Yet sooner they'l agree, one paire,  
Then we in our spring-winter aire;  
They may imbrace, sigh, kiss, the rest:  
Our breath knows nought but east and west.  
Thus have I heard to childrens cries  
The faire nurse still such lullabies,  
That, well all sayd (for what there lay),  
The pleasure did the sorrow pay.

Sure ther's another way to save  
Your phansie, madam; that's to have  
( 'Tis but a petitioning kinde fate)  
The organs sent to Bilingsgate,  
Where they to that soft murm'ring quire  
Shall teach you all you can admire!  
Or do but heare, how love-bang Kate  
In pantry darke for freage of mate,  
With edge of steele the square wood shapes,  
And DIDO to it chaunts or scrapes.  
The merry Phaeton oth' carre  
You'l vow makes a melodious jarre;

Sweeter and sweeter whisleth He  
To un-anointed axel-tree;  
Such swift notes he and 's wheels do run;  
For me, I yeeld him Phaebus son.

Say, faire Comandres, can it be  
You should ordaine a mutinie?  
For where I howle, all accents fall,  
As kings harangues, to one and all.

Ulisses art is now withstood:  
You ravish both with sweet and good;  
Saint Syren, sing, for I dare heare,  
But when I ope', oh, stop your eare.

Far lesse be't aemulation  
To passe me, or in trill or tone,  
Like the thin throat of Philomel,  
And the smart lute who should excell,  
As if her soft cords should begin,  
And strive for sweetnes with the pin.

Yet can I musick too; but such  
As is beyond all voice or touch;  
My minde can in faire order chime,  
Whilst my true heart still beats the time;  
My soule['s] so full of harmonie,  
That it with all parts can agree;  
If you winde up to the highest fret,  
It shall descend an eight from it,  
And when you shall vouchsafe to fall,  
Sixteene above you it shall call,  
And yet, so dis-assenting one,  
They both shall meet in unison.

Come then, bright cherubin, begin!  
My loudest musick is within.  
Take all notes with your skillfull eyes;  
Hearke, if mine do not sympathise!  
Sound all my thoughts, and see exprest  
The tablature of my large brest;  
Then you'l admit, that I too can  
Musick above dead sounds of man;



Such as alone doth blesse the spheres,  
Not to be reacht with humane eares.

Richard Lovelace

## To A Lady With Child That Ask'D An Old Shirt.

And why an honour'd ragged shirt, that shows,  
Like tatter'd ensigns, all its bodie's blows?  
Should it be swathed in a vest so dire,  
It were enough to set the child on fire;  
Dishevell'd queen[s] should strip them of their hair,  
And in it mantle the new rising heir:  
Nor do I know ought worth to wrap it in,  
Except my parchment upper-coat of skin;  
And then expect no end of its chast tears,  
That first was rowl'd in down, now furs of bears.

But since to ladies 't hath a custome been  
Linnen to send, that travail and lye in;  
To the nine sempstresses, my former friends,  
I su'd; but they had nought but shreds and ends.  
At last, the jolli'st of the three times three  
Rent th' apron from her smock, and gave it me;  
'Twas soft and gentle, subt'ly spun, no doubt;  
Pardon my boldnese, madam; HERE'S THE CLOUT.

Richard Lovelace

# To Althea From Prison.

I.

When love with unconfined wings  
Hovers within my gates;  
And my divine ALTHEA brings  
To whisper at the grates;  
When I lye tangled in her haire,  
And fetterd to her eye,  
The birds, that wanton in the aire,  
Know no such liberty.

II.

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
With no allaying THAMES,  
Our carelesse heads with roses bound,  
Our hearts with loyal flames;  
When thirsty grieffe in wine we steepe,  
When healths and draughts go free,  
Fishes, that tipple in the deepe,  
Know no such libertie.

III.

When (like committed linnets) I  
With shriller throat shall sing  
The sweetnes, mercy, majesty,  
And glories of my King.  
When I shall voyce aloud, how good  
He is, how great should be,  
Inlarged winds, that curle the flood,  
Know no such liberty.

IV.

Stone walls doe not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Mindes innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage;  
If I have freedome in my love,  
And in my soule am free,  
Angels alone that sore above  
Enjoy such liberty.

Richard Lovelace

# To Amarantha, That She Would Dishevel Her Hair

AMARANTHA sweet and fair,  
Ah, braid no more that shining hair!  
As my curious hand or eye  
Hovering round thee, let it fly!

Let it fly as unconfined  
As its calm ravisher the wind,  
Who hath left his darling, th' East,  
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.

Every tress must be confest,  
But neatly tangled at the best;  
Like a clew of golden thread  
Most excellently ravelled.

Do not then wind up that light  
In ribbands, and o'ercloud in night,  
Like the Sun in 's early ray;  
But shake your head, and scatter day!

Richard Lovelace

# To Amarantha; That She Would Dishevell Her Haire

I.

Amarantha sweet and faire,  
Ah brade no more that shining haire!  
As my curious hand or eye,  
Hovering round thee, let it flye.

II.

Let it flye as unconfin'd  
As it's calme ravisher, the winde,  
Who hath left his darling, th' East,  
To wanton o're that spicie neast.

III.

Ev'ry tresse must be confest:  
But neatly tangled at the best;  
Like a clue of golden thread,  
Most excellently ravelled.

IV.

Doe not then winde up that light  
In ribands, and o'er-cloud in night,  
Like the sun in's early ray;  
But shake your head, and scatter day.

V.

See, 'tis broke! within this grove,  
The bower and the walkes of love,  
Weary lye we downe and rest,  
And fanne each other's panting breast.

VI.

Heere wee'll strippe and coole our fire,  
In creame below, in milk-baths higher:  
And when all wells are drawne dry,  
I'll drink a teare out of thine eye.

VII.

Which our very joys shall leave,  
That sorrowes thus we can deceive;

Or our very sorrowes weepe,  
That joyes so ripe so little keepe.

Richard Lovelace

# To Aramantha, That She Would Dishevel Her Hair

I.

Amarantha sweet and faire,  
Ah brade no more that shining haire!  
As my curious hand or eye,  
Hovering round thee, let it flye.

II.

Let it flye as unconfin'd  
As it's calme ravisher, the winde,  
Who hath left his darling, th' East,  
To wanton o're that spicie neast.

III.

Ev'ry tresse must be confest:  
But neatly tangled at the best;  
Like a clue of golden thread,  
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Richard Lovelace

# To Chloe, Courting Her For His Friend

I.

Chloe, behold! againe I bowe:  
Againe possest, againe I woe;  
From my heat hath taken fire  
Damas, noble youth, and fries,  
Gazing with one of mine eyes,  
Damas, halfe of me expires:  
Chloe, behold! Our fate's the same.  
Or make me cinders too, or quench his flame

II.

I'd not be King, unlesse there sate  
Lesse lords that shar'd with me in state  
Who, by their cheaper coronets, know,  
What glories from my diadem flow:  
Its use and rate values the gem:  
Pearles in their shells have no esteem;  
And, I being sun within thy sphere,  
'Tis my chiefe beauty thinner lights shine there.

III.

The Us'rer heaps unto his store  
By seeing others praise it more;  
Who not for gaine or want doth covet,  
But, 'cause another loves, doth love it:  
Thus gluttons cloy'd afresh invite  
Their gusts from some new appetite;  
And after cloth remov'd, and meate,  
Fall too againe by seeing others eate.

Richard Lovelace

## To Dr. F. B[eale]; On His Book Of Chesse.

Sir, how unravell'd is the golden fleece:  
Men, that could only fool at FOX AND GEESE,  
Are new-made polititians by thy book,  
And both can judge and conquer with a look.  
The hidden fate of princes you unfold;  
Court, clergy, commons, by your law control'd.  
Strange, serious wantoning all that they  
Bluster'd and clutter'd for, you PLAY.

Richard Lovelace

# To Ellinda Upon His Late Recovery. A Paradox

I.

How I grieve that I am well!  
All my health was in my sicknes,  
Go then, Destiny, and tell,  
Very death is in this quicknes.

II.

Such a fate rules over me,  
That I glory when I languish,  
And do blesse the remedy,  
That doth feed, not quench my anguish.

III.

'Twas a gentle warmth that ceas'd  
In the vizard of a feavor;  
But I feare now I am eas'd  
All the flames, since I must leave her.

IV.

Joyes, though witherd, circled me,  
When unto her voice inured  
Like those who, by harmony,  
Only can be throughly cured.

V.

Sweet, sure, was that malady,  
Whilst the pleasant angel hover'd,  
Which ceasing they are all, as I,  
Angry that they are recover'd.

VI.

And as men in hospitals,  
That are maim'd, are lodg'd and dined;  
But when once their danger fals,  
Ah th' are healed to be pined!

VII.

Fainting so, I might before  
Sometime have the leave to hand her,

But lusty, am beat out of dore,  
And for Love compell'd to wander.

Richard Lovelace

# To Ellinda, That Lately I Have Not Written

I.

If in me anger, or disdain  
In you, or both, made me refrain  
From th' noble intercourse of verse,  
That only vertuous thoughts rehearse;  
Then, chaste Ellinda, might you feare  
The sacred vowes that I did sweare.

II.

But if alone some pious thought  
Me to an inward sadnesse brought,  
Thinking to breath your soule too welle,  
My tongue was charmed with that spell;  
And left it (since there was no roome  
To voyce your worth enough) strooke dumbe.

III.

So then this silence doth reveal  
No thought of negligence, but zeal:  
For, as in adoration,  
This is love's true devotion;  
Children and fools the words repeat,  
But anch'rites pray in tears and sweat.

Richard Lovelace

## To Fletcher Reviv'D

How have I bin religious? what strange good  
Has scap't me, that I never understood?  
Have I hel-guarded Haeresie o'rthrowne?  
Heald wounded states? made kings and kingdoms one?  
That FATE should be so merciful to me,  
To let me live t' have said I have read thee.

Faire star, ascend! the joy! the life! the light  
Of this tempestuous age, this darke worlds sight!  
Oh, from thy crowne of glory dart one flame  
May strike a sacred reverence, whilst thy name  
(Like holy flamens to their god of day)  
We bowing, sing; and whilst we praise, we pray.

Bright spirit! whose aeternal motion  
Of wit, like Time, stil in it selfe did run,  
Binding all others in it, and did give  
Commission, how far this or that shal live;  
Like DESTINY of poems who, as she  
Signes death to all, her selfe cam never dye.

And now thy purple-robed Traegy,  
In her imbroider'd buskins, cal's mine eye,  
Where the brave Aetius we see betray'd,  
T' obey his death, whom thousand lives obey'd;  
Whilst that the mighty foole his scepter breakes,  
And through his gen'ral's wounds his own doome speakes,  
Weaving thus richly VALENTINIAN,  
The costliest monarch with the cheapest man.

Souldiers may here to their old glories adde,  
The LOVER love, and be with reason MAD:  
Not, as of old, Alcides furious,  
Who wilder then his bull did teare the house  
(Hurling his language with the canvas stone):  
Twas thought the monster ror'd the sob'rer tone.

But ah! when thou thy sorrow didst inspire  
With passions, blacke as is her darke attire,

Virgins as sufferers have wept to see  
So white a soule, so red a crueltie;  
That thou hast griev'd, and with unthought redresse  
Dri'd their wet eyes who now thy mercy blesse;  
Yet, loth to lose thy watry jewell, when  
Joy wip't it off, laughter straight sprung't agen.

Now ruddy checked Mirth with rosie wings  
Fans ev'ry brow with gladnesse, whilst she sings  
Delight to all, and the whole theatre  
A festivall in heaven doth appeare:  
Nothing but pleasure, love; and (like the morne)  
Each face a gen'ral smiling doth adorne.

Heare ye, foul speakers, that pronounce the aire  
Of stewes and shores, I will informe you where  
And how to cloath aright your wanton wit,  
Without her nasty bawd attending it:  
View here a loose thought sayd with such a grace,  
Minerva might have spoke in Venus face;  
So well disguis'd, that 'twas conceiv'd by none  
But Cupid had Diana's linnen on;  
And all his naked parts so vail'd, th' expresse  
The shape with clowding the uncomlinesse;  
That if this Reformation, which we  
Receiv'd, had not been buried with thee,  
The stage (as this worke) might have liv'd and lov'd  
Her lines, the austere Skarlet had approv'd;  
And th' actors wisely been from that offence  
As cleare, as they are now from audience.

Thus with thy Genius did the scaene expire,  
Wanting thy active and correcting fire,  
That now (to spread a darknesse over all)  
Nothing remains but Poesie to fall:  
And though from these thy Embers we receive  
Some warmth, so much as may be said, we live;  
That we dare praise thee blushlesse, in the head  
Of the best piece Hermes to Love e're read;  
That we rejoyce and glory in thy wit,  
And feast each other with remembring it;  
That we dare speak thy thought, thy acts recite:



Yet all men henceforth be afraid to write.

Richard Lovelace

# To His Deare Brother Colonel F. L. Immoderately Mourning My Brothers Untimely Death At Carmarthen

I.

If teares could wash the ill away,  
A pearle for each wet bead I'd pay;  
But as dew'd corne the fuller growes,  
So water'd eyes but swell our woes.

II.

One drop another calcs, which still  
(Griefe adding fuell) doth distill;  
Too fruitfull of her selfe is anguish,  
We need no cherishing to languish.

III.

Coward fate degen'rate man  
Like little children uses, when  
He whips us first, untill we weepe,  
Then, 'cause we still a weeping keepe.

IV.

Then from thy firme selfe never swerve;  
Teares fat the griefe that they should sterve;  
Iron decrees of destinie  
Are ner'e wipe't out with a wet eye.

V.

But this way you may gaine the field,  
Oppose but sorrow, and 'twill yield;  
One gallant thorough-made resolve  
Doth starry influence dissolve.

Richard Lovelace

## To His Fairest Valentine, Mrs. A.L.

"Come, pretty birds, present your lays,  
And learn to chaunt a goddess praise;  
Ye wood-nymphs, let your voices be  
Employ'd to serve her deity:  
And warble forth, ye virgins nine,  
Some music to my Valentine.

"Her bosom is love's paradise,  
There is no heav'n but in her eyes;  
She's chaster than the turtle-dove,  
And fairer than the queen of love:  
Yet all perfections do combine  
To beautifie my Valentine.

"She's Nature's choicest cabinet,  
Where honour, beauty, worth and wit  
Are all united in her breast.  
The graces claim an interest:  
All virtues that are most divine  
Shine clearest in my Valentine."

Richard Lovelace

# To Lucasta

I.

I laugh and sing, but cannot tell  
Whether the folly on't sounds well;  
    But then I groan,  
    Methinks, in tune;  
Whilst grief, despair and fear dance to the air  
    Of my despised prayer.

II.

A pretty antick love does this,  
Then strikes a galliard with a kiss;  
    As in the end  
    The chords they rend;  
So you but with a touch from your fair hand  
    Turn all to saraband.

Richard Lovelace

# To Lucasta From Prison An Epode

I.

Long in thy shackels, liberty  
I ask not from these walls, but thee;  
Left for awhile anothers bride,  
To fancy all the world beside.

II.

Yet e're I doe begin to love,  
See, how I all my objects prove;  
Then my free soule to that confine,  
'Twere possible I might call mine.

III.

First I would be in love with PEACE,  
And her rich swelling breasts increase;  
But how, alas! how may that be,  
Despising earth, she will love me?

IV.

Faine would I be in love with WAR,  
As my deare just avenging star;  
But War is lov'd so ev'rywhere,  
Ev'n he disdaines a lodging here.

V.

Thee and thy wounds I would bemoane,  
Faire thorough-shot RELIGION;  
But he lives only that kills thee,  
And who so bindes thy hands, is free.

VI.

I would love a PARLIAMENT  
As a maine prop from Heav'n sent;  
But ah! who's he, that would be wedded  
To th' fairest body that's beheaded?

VII.

Next would I court my LIBERTY,  
And then my birth-right, PROPERTY;

But can that be, when it is knowne,  
There's nothing you can call your owne?

VIII.

A REFORMATION I would have,  
As for our griefes a SOV'RAIGNE salve;  
That is, a cleansing of each wheele  
Of state, that yet some rust doth feele.

IX.

But not a reformation so,  
As to reforme were to ore'throw,  
Like watches by unskilfull men  
Disjoynted, and set ill againe.

X.

The PUBLICK FAITH I would adore,  
But she is banke-rupt of her store:  
Nor how to trust her can I see,  
For she that couzens all, must me.

XI.

Since then none of these can be  
Fit objects for my love and me;  
What then remaines, but th' only spring  
Of all our loves and joyes, the King?

XII.

He who, being the whole ball  
Of day on earth, lends it to all;  
When seeking to ecclipse his right,  
Blinded we stand in our owne light.

XIII.

And now an universall mist  
Of error is spread or'e each breast,  
With such a fury edg'd as is  
Not found in th' inwards of th' abyse.

XIV.

Oh, from thy glorious starry waine  
Dispense on me one sacred beame,

To light me where I soone may see  
How to serve you, and you trust me!

Richard Lovelace

# To Lucasta Ode Lyrick

I.

Ah LUCASTA, why so bright?  
Spread with early streaked light!  
If still veiled from our sight,  
What is't but eternall night?

II.

Ah LUCASTA, why so chaste?  
With that vigour, ripenes grac't,  
Not to be by Man imbrac't  
Makes that Royall coyne imbrace't,  
And this golden Orchard waste!

III.

Ah LUCASTA, why so great,  
That thy crammed coffers sweat?  
Yet not owner of a seat  
May shelter you from Natures heat,  
And your earthly joyes compleat.

IV.

Ah Lucasta, why so good?  
Blest with an unstained flood  
Flowing both through soule and blood;  
If it be not understood,  
'Tis a Diamond in mud.

V.

LUCASTA! stay! why dost thou flye?  
Thou art not bright but to the eye,  
Nor chaste but in the mariage-tye,  
Nor great but in this treasure,  
Nor good but in that sanctitie.

VI.

Harder then the Orient stone,  
Like an apparition,  
Or as a pale shadow gone,  
Dumbe and deafe she hence is flowne.



VII.

Then receive this equallombe:  
Virgins, strow no teare or bloome,  
No one dig the Parian wombe;  
Raise her marble heart i'th' roome,  
And 'tis both her coarse and tombe.

Richard Lovelace

# To Lucasta, From Prison

I.

Long in thy shackels, liberty  
I ask not from these walls, but thee;  
Left for awhile anothers bride,  
To fancy all the world beside.

II.

Yet e're I doe begin to love,  
See, how I all my objects prove;  
Then my free soule to that confine,  
'Twere possible I might call mine.

III.

First I would be in love with peace,  
And her rich swelling breasts increase;  
But how, alas! how may that be,  
Despising earth, she will love me?

IV.

Faine would I be in love with war,  
As my deare just avenging star;  
But War is lov'd so ev'rywhere,  
Ev'n he disdaines a lodging here.

V.

Thee and thy wounds I would bemoane,  
Faire thorough-shot religion;  
But he lives only that kills thee,  
And who so bindes thy hands, is free.

VI.

I would love a parliment  
As a maine prop from Heav'n sent;

But ah! who's he, that would be wedded  
To th' fairest body that's beheaded?

VII.

Next would I court my liberty,  
And then my birth-right, property;  
But can that be, when it is knowne,  
There's nothing you can call your owne?

VIII.

A reformation I would have,  
As for our griefes a sov'raigne salve;  
That is, a cleansing of each wheele  
Of state, that yet some rust doth feele.

IX.

But not a reformation so,  
As to reforme were to ore'throw,  
Like watches by unskilfull men  
Disjoynted, and set ill againe.

X.

The publick faith I would adore,  
But she is banke-rupt of her store:  
Nor how to trust her can I see,  
For she that couzens all, must me.

XI.

Since then none of these can be  
Fit objects for my love and me;  
What then remaines, but th' only spring  
Of all our loves and joyes, the King?

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Of day on earth, lends it to all;

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Blinded we stand in our owne light.

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Of error is spread or'e each breast,  
With such a fury edg'd as is  
Not found in th' inwards of th' abyse.

XIV.

Oh, from thy glorious starry waine  
Dispense on me one sacred beame,  
To light me where I soone may see  
How to serve you, and you trust me!

Richard Lovelace

# To Lucasta, Going Beyond The Seas

If to be absent were to be  
Away from thee;  
Or that when I am gone,  
You or I were alone, -  
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave  
Pity from blust'ring wind or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale  
To swell my sail,  
Or pay a tear to 'suage  
The foaming blue god's rage;  
For whether he will let me pass  
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,  
Our faith and troth,  
Like separated souls,  
All time and space controls:  
Above the highest sphere we meet  
Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet.

So then we do anticipate  
Our after-fate,  
And are alive i'th' skies,  
If thus our lips and eyes  
Can speak like spirits unconfined  
In Heaven, their earthy bodies left behind.

Richard Lovelace

# To Lucasta, Going To The Wars

Tell me not (Sweet) I am unkind,  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind  
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,  
The first foe in the field;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you too shall adore;  
I could not love thee (Dear) so much,  
Lov'd I not Honour more.

Richard Lovelace

## To Lucasta, Her Reserved Looks

Lucasta, frown, and let me die,  
But smile, and see, I live;  
The sad indifference of your eye  
Both kills and doth reprieve.  
You hide our fate within its screen;  
We feel our judgment, ere we hear.  
So in one picture I have seen  
An angel here, the devil there.

Richard Lovelace

# To Lucasta, I Laugh And Sing

I.

I laugh and sing, but cannot tell  
Whether the folly on't sounds well;  
But then I groan,  
Methinks, in tune;  
Whilst grief, despair and fear dance to the air  
Of my despised prayer.

II.

A pretty antick love does this,  
Then strikes a galliard with a kiss;  
As in the end  
The chords they rend;  
So you but with a touch from your fair hand  
Turn all to saraband.

Richard Lovelace



# To Lucasta, Like The Sentinel Stars

I.

Like to the sent'nel stars, I watch all night;  
For still the grand round of your light  
And glorious breast  
Awake in me an east:  
Nor will my rolling eyes ere know a west.

II.

Now on my down I'm toss'd as on a wave,  
And my repose is made my grave;  
Fluttering I lye,  
Do beat my self and dye,  
But for a resurrection from your eye.

III.

Ah, my fair mardresse! dost thou cruelly heal  
With various pains to make me well?  
Then let me be  
Thy cut anatomie,  
And in each mangled part my heart you'l see.

Richard Lovelace

# To Lucasta, The Rose

I.

Sweet serene skye-like flower,  
Haste to adorn her bower;  
From thy long cloudy bed  
Shoot forth thy damaske head.

II.

New-startled blush of Flora!  
The grieffe of pale Aurora,  
Who will contest no more,  
Haste, haste, to strowe her floore.

III.

Vermilion ball, that's given  
From lip to lip in Heaven;  
Loves couches cover-led,  
Haste, haste, to make her bed.

IV.

Dear offspring of pleas'd Venus,  
And jollie plumpe Silenus;  
Haste, haste, to decke the haire,  
Of th' only sweetly faire.

V.

See! rosie is her bower,  
Her floore is all this flower;  
Her bed a rosie nest  
By a bed of roses prest.

VI.

But early as she dresses,  
Why fly you her bright tresses?

Ah! I have found, I feare;  
Because her cheekes are neere.

Richard Lovelace

# To Lucasta. Going Beyond The Seas.

I.

If to be absent were to be  
    Away from thee;  
Or that when I am gone,  
    You or I were alone;  
Then my LUCASTA might I crave  
Pity from blustering winde or swallowing wave.

II.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale  
    To swell my saile,  
Or pay a teare to swage  
    The foaming blew-gods rage;  
For whether he will let me passe  
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

III.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,  
    Our faith and troth,  
Like separated soules,  
    All time and space controules:  
Above the highest sphere wee meet,  
Unseene, unknowne, and greet as angels greet

IV.

So then we doe anticipate  
    Our after-fate,  
And are alive i'th' skies,  
    If thus our lips and eyes  
Can speake like spirits unconfi'd  
In Heav'n, their earthy bodies left behind.

Richard Lovelace

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I.

Tell me not, (sweet,) I am unkinde,  
That from the nunnerie  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde  
To warre and armes I flie.

II.

True: a new Mistresse now I chase,  
The first foe in the field;  
And with a stronger faith imbrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

III.

Yet this inconstancy is such,  
As you too shall adore;  
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Shoot forth thy damaske head.

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The grieffe of pale AURORA,  
Who will contest no more,  
Haste, haste, to strowe her floore.

III.

Vermilion ball, that's given  
From lip to lip in Heaven;  
Loves couches cover-led,  
Haste, haste, to make her bed.

IV.

Dear offspring of pleas'd VENUS,  
And jollie plumpe SILENUS;  
Haste, haste, to decke the haire,  
Of th' only sweetly faire.

V.

See! rosie is her bower,  
Her floore is all this flower;  
Her bed a rosie nest  
By a bed of roses prest.

VI.

But early as she dresses,  
Why fly you her bright tresses?  
Ah! I have found, I feare;  
Because her cheekes are neere.

Richard Lovelace

## To My Dear Friend Mr. E[ldred] R[evett]. On His Poems Moral

Cleft as the top of the inspired hill,  
Struggles the soul of my divided quill,  
Whilst this foot doth the watry mount aspire,  
That Sinai's living and enlivening fire,  
Behold my powers storm'd by a twisted light  
O' th' Sun and his, first kindled his sight,  
And my lost thoughts invoke the prince of day,  
My right to th' spring of it and him do pray.

Say, happy youth, crown'd with a heav'nly ray  
Of the first flame, and interwreathed bay,  
Inform my soul in labour to begin,  
Ios or Anthems, Poeans or a Hymne.  
Shall I a hecatombe on thy tripod slay,  
Or my devotions at thy altar pay?  
While which t' adore th' amaz'd world cannot tell,  
The sublime Urim or deep oracle.

Heark! how the moving chords temper our brain,  
As when Apollo serenades the main,  
Old Ocean smooths his sullen furrow'd front,  
And Nereids do glide soft measures on't;  
Whilst th' air puts on its sleekest, smoothest face,  
And each doth turn the others looking-glasse;  
So by the sinewy lyre now strook we see  
Into soft calms all storm of poesie,  
And former thundering and lightning lines,  
And verse now in its native lustre shines.

How wert thou hid within thyself! how shut!  
Thy pretious Iliads lock'd up in a nut!  
Not hearing of thee thou dost break out strong,  
Invading forty thousand men in song;  
And we, secure in our thin empty heat,  
Now find ourselves at once surprised and beat,  
Whilst the most valiant of our wits now sue,  
Fling down their arms, ask quarter too of you.



So cabin'd up in its disguis'd coarse rust,  
And scurf'd all ore with its unseemly crust,  
The diamond, from 'midst the humbler stones,  
Sparkling shoots forth the price of nations.  
Ye safe unriddlers of the stars, pray tell,  
By what name shall I stamp my miracle?  
Thou strange inverted Aeson, that leap'st ore  
From thy first infancy into fourscore,  
That to thine own self hast the midwife play'd,  
And from thy brain spring'st forth the heav'nly maid!  
Thou staffe of him bore him, that bore our sins,  
Which, but set down, to bloom and bear begins!  
Thou rod of Aaron, with one motion hurl'd,  
Bud'st a perfume of flowers through the world!  
You strange calcined seeds within a glass,  
Each species Idaea spring'st as 'twas!  
Bright vestal flame that, kindled but ev'n now,  
For ever dost thy sacred fires throw!

Thus the repeated acts of Nestor's age,  
That now had three times ore out-liv'd the stage,  
And all those beams contracted into one,  
Alcides in his cradle hath outdone.

But all these flour'shing hiews, with which I die  
Thy virgin paper, now are vain as I:  
For 'bove the poets Heav'n th' art taught to shine  
And move, as in thy proper crystalline;  
Whence that mole-hill Parnassus thou dost view,  
And us small ants there dabbling in its dew;  
Whence thy seraphic soul such hymns doth play,  
As those to which first danced the first day,  
Where with a thorn from the world-ransoming wreath  
Thou stung, dost antiphons and anthems breathe;  
Where with an Angels quill dip'd i' th' Lambs blood,  
Thou sing'st our Pelicans all-saving flood,  
And bath'st thy thoughts in ever-living streams,  
Rench'd from earth's tainted, fat and heavy steams.  
There move translated youth inroll'd i' th' quire,  
That only doth with wholly lays inspire;  
To whom his burning coach Eliah sent,

And th' royal prophet-priest his harp hath lent;  
Which thou dost tune in consort unto those  
Clap wings for ever at each hallow'd close:  
Whilst we, now weak and fainting in our praise,  
Sick echo ore thy Halleluiahs.

Richard Lovelace

## To My Dear Friend Mr. E[ldred] R[evett]. On His Poems Moral And Divine

Cleft as the top of the inspired hill,  
Struggles the soul of my divided quill,  
Whilst this foot doth the watry mount aspire,  
That Sinai's living and enlivening fire,  
Behold my powers storm'd by a twisted light  
O' th' Sun and his, first kindled his sight,  
And my lost thoughts invoke the prince of day,  
My right to th' spring of it and him do pray.

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There move translated youth inroll'd i' th' quire,  
That only doth with wholly lays inspire;  
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Which thou dost tune in consort unto those  
Clap wings for ever at each hallow'd close:  
Whilst we, now weak and fainting in our praise,  
Sick echo ore thy Halleluiahs.

Richard Lovelace

# To My Noble Kinsman Thomas Stanley, Esq. On His Lyrick Poem

## I.

What means this stately tablature,  
The ballance of thy streins,  
Which seems, in stead of sifting pure,  
T' extend and rack thy veins?  
Thy Odes first their own harmony did break:  
For singing, troth, is but in tune to speak.

## II.

Nor trus thy golden feet and wings.  
It may be thought false melody  
T' ascend to heav'n by silver strings;  
This is Urania's heraldry.  
Thy royal poem now we may extol,  
As truly Luna blazon'd upon Sol.

## III.

As when Amphion first did call  
Each listning stone from's den;  
And with his lute did form the wall,  
But with his words the men;  
So in your twisted numbers now you thus  
Not only stocks perswade, but ravish us.

## IV.

Thus do your ayrs eccho ore  
The notes and anthems of the sphaeres,  
And their whole consort back restore,  
As if earth too would blesse Heav'ns ears;  
But yet the spoaks, by which they scal'd so high,  
Gamble hath wisely laid of UT RE MI.

Richard Lovelace

# To My Noble Kinsman Thomas Stanley, Esq. On His Lyrick Poems Composed By Mr. John Gamble.

I.

What means this stately tablature,  
The ballance of thy streins,  
Which seems, in stead of sifting pure,  
T' extend and rack thy veins?  
Thy Odes first their own harmony did break:  
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Gamble hath wisely laid of UT RE MI.

Richard Lovelace

# To My Truly Valiant, Learned Friend; Who In His Brooke Resolv'D The Art Gladiatory Into The Mathematicks

I.

Hearke, reader! wilt be learn'd ith' warres?  
A gen'rall in a gowne?  
Strike a league with arts and scarres,  
And snatch from each a crowne?

II.

Wouldst be a wonder? Such a one,  
As should win with a looke?  
A bishop in a garison,  
And conquer by the booke?

III.

Take then this mathematick shield,  
And henceforth by its rules  
Be able to dispute ith' field,  
And combate in the schooles.

IV.

Whilst peaceful learning once againe  
And the souldier so concord,  
As that he fights now with her penne,  
And she writes with his sword.

TO THE READER.

Harke, reader, would'st be learn'd ith' warres,  
A CAPTAINE in a gowne?  
Strike a league with bookes and starres,  
And weave of both the crowne?

Would'st be a wonder? Such a one  
As would winne with a looke?  
A schollar in a garrison?  
And conquer by the booke?



Take then this mathematick shield,  
And henceforth by its rules,  
Be able to dispute ith' field,  
And combate in the schooles.

Whil'st peacefull learning once agen  
And th' souldier do concorde,  
As that he fights now with her penne,  
And she writes with his sword.

Rich. Lovelace, A. Glouces. Oxon.

Richard Lovelace

# To My Worthy Friend Mr. Peter Lilly: On That Excellent Pict

See! what a clouded majesty, and eyes  
Whose glory through their mist doth brighter rise!  
See! what an humble bravery doth shine,  
And griefe triumphant breaking through each line,  
How it commands the face! so sweet a scorne  
Never did HAPPY MISERY adorne!  
So sacred a contempt, that others show  
To this, (oth' height of all the wheele) below,  
That mightiest monarchs by this shaded booke  
May cobby out their proudest, richest looke.

Whilst the true eaglet this quick luster spies,  
And by his SUN'S enlightens his owne eyes;  
He cures his cares, his burthen feeles, then streight  
Joyes that so lightly he can beare such weight;  
Whilst either eithers passion doth borrow,  
And both doe grieve the same victorious sorrow.

These, my best LILLY, with so bold a spirit  
And soft a grace, as if thou didst inherit  
For that time all their greatnesse, and didst draw  
With those brave eyes your royal sitters saw.

Not as of old, when a rough hand did speake  
A strong aspect, and a faire face, a weake;  
When only a black beard cried villaine, and  
By hieroglyphicks we could understand;  
When chrystall typified in a white spot,  
And the bright ruby was but one red blot;  
Thou dost the things Orientally the same  
Not only paintst its colour, but its flame:  
Thou sorrow canst designe without a teare,  
And with the man his very hope or feare;  
So that th' amazed world shall henceforth finde  
None but my LILLY ever drew a MINDE.



# To My Worthy Friend Mr. Peter Lilly: On That Excellent Picture Of His Majesty And The Duke Of York, Drawne By Him At Hampton- Court

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Whose glory through their mist doth brighter rise!  
See! what an humble bravery doth shine,  
And grieffe triumphant breaking through each line,  
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And soft a grace, as if thou didst inherit  
For that time all their greatnesse, and didst draw  
With those brave eyes your royal sitters saw.

Not as of old, when a rough hand did speake  
A strong aspect, and a faire face, a weake;  
When only a black beard cried villaine, and  
By hieroglyphicks we could understand;  
When chrystall typified in a white spot,  
And the bright ruby was but one red blot;  
Thou dost the things Orientally the same  
Not only paintst its colour, but its flame:  
Thou sorrow canst designe without a teare,  
And with the man his very hope or feare;  
So that th' amazed world shall henceforth finde  
None but my LILLY ever drew a MINDE.



# To The Genius Of Mr. John Hall. On His Exact Translation Of

Tis not from cheap thanks thinly to repay  
Th' immortal grove of thy fair-order'd bay  
Thou planted'st round my humble fane, that I  
Stick on thy hearse this sprig of Elegie:  
Nor that your soul so fast was link'd in me,  
That now I've both, since't has forsaken thee:  
That thus I stand a Swisse before thy gate,  
And dare, for such another, time and fate.  
Alas! our faiths made different essays,  
Our Minds and Merits brake two several ways;  
Justice commands I wake thy learned dust,  
And truth, in whom all causes center must.

Behold! when but a youth, thou fierce didst whip  
Upright the crooked age, and gilt vice strip;  
A senator praetext, that knew'st to sway  
The fasces, yet under the ferula;  
Rank'd with the sage, ere blossome did thy chin,  
Sleeked without, and hair all ore within,  
Who in the school could'st argue as in schools:  
Thy lessons were ev'n academie rules.  
So that fair Cam saw thee matriculate,  
At once a tyro and a graduate.

At nineteen, what ESSAYES have we beheld!  
That well might have the book of Dogmas swell'd;  
Tough Paradoxes, such as Tully's, thou  
Didst heat thee with, when snowy was thy brow,  
When thy undown'd face mov'd the Nine to shake,  
And of the Muses did a decad make.  
What shall I say? by what allusion bold?  
NONE BUT THE SUN WAS ERE SO YOUNG AND OLD.

Young reverend shade, ascend awhile! whilst we  
Now celebrate this posthume victorie,  
This victory, that doth contract in death  
Ev'n all the pow'rs and labours of thy breath.

Like the Judean Hero, in thy fall  
Thou pull'st the house of learning on us all.  
And as that soldier conquest doubted not,  
Who but one splinter had of Castriot,  
But would assault ev'n death so strongly charmd,  
And naked oppose rocks, with his bone arm'd;  
So we, secure in this fair relique, stand  
The slings and darts shot by each profane hand.  
These sovereign leaves thou left'st us are become  
Sear clothes against all Times infection.

Sacred Hierocles, whose heav'nly thought  
First acted ore this comment, ere it wrote,  
Thou hast so spirited, elixir'd, we  
Conceive there is a noble alchymie,  
That's turning of this gold to something more  
Pretious than gold, we never knew before.  
Who now shall doubt the metempsychosis  
Of the great Author, that shall peruse this?  
Let others dream thy shadow wandering strays  
In th' Elizian mazes hid with bays;  
Or that, snatcht up in th' upper region,  
'Tis kindled there a constellation;  
I have inform'd me, and declare with ease  
THY SOUL IS FLED INTO HIEROCLES.

Richard Lovelace

# To The Genius Of Mr. John Hall. On His Exact Translation Of Hierocles His Comment Upon The Golden Verses Of Pythagoras.

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THY SOUL IS FLED INTO HIEROCLES.

Richard Lovelace

# To The Right Hon. My Lady Anne Lovelace

To the richest Treasury  
That e'er fill'd ambitious eye;  
To the faire bright Magazin  
Hath impoverisht Love's Queen;  
To th' Exchequer of all honour  
(All take pensions but from her);  
To the taper of the thore  
Which the god himselfe but bore;  
To the Sea of Chaste Delight;  
Let me cast the Drop I write.  
And as at Loretto's shrine  
Caesar shovels in his mine,  
Th' Empres spreads her carkanets,  
The lords submit their coronets,  
Knights their chased armes hang by,  
Maids diamond-ruby fancies tye;  
Whilst from the pilgrim she wears  
One poore false pearl, but ten true tears:  
So among the Orient prize,  
(Saphyr-onyx eulogies)  
Offer'd up unto your fame,  
Take my garnet-dublet name,  
And vouchsafe 'midst those rich joyes  
(With devotion) these toyes.

Richard Lovelace

# Upon The Curtain Of Lucasta's Picture, It Was Thus Wrought

Oh, stay that covetous hand; first turn all eye,  
All depth and minde; then mystically spye  
Her soul's faire picture, her faire soul's, in all  
So truely copied from th' originall,  
That you will sweare her body by this law  
Is but its shadow, as this, its;--now draw.

Richard Lovelace

# Valiant Love

I.

Now fie upon that everlasting life! I dye!  
She hates! Ah me! It makes me mad;  
As if love fir'd his torch at a moist eye,  
Or with his joyes e're crown'd the sad.  
Oh, let me live and shout, when I fall on;  
Let me ev'n triumph in the first attempt!  
Loves duellist from conquest 's not exempt,  
When his fair murdresse shall not gain one groan,  
And he expire ev'n in ovation.

II.

Let me make my approach, when I lye downe  
With counter-wrought and travers eyes;  
With peals of confidence batter the towne;  
Had ever beggar yet the keyes?  
No, I will vary stormes with sun and winde;  
Be rough, and offer calme condition;  
March in and pread, or starve the garrison.  
Let her make sallies hourelly: yet I'le find  
(Though all beat of) shee's to be undermin'd.

III.

Then may it please your little excellence  
Of hearts t' ordaine, by sound of lips,  
That henceforth none in tears dare love comence  
(Her thoughts ith' full, his, in th' eclipse);  
On paine of having 's launce broke on her bed,  
That he be branded all free beauties' slave,  
And his own hollow eyes be domb'd his grave:  
Since in your hoast that coward nere was fed,  
Who to his prostrate ere was prostrated.

Richard Lovelace

# When I By Thy Faire Shape Did Sweare

I.

When I by thy faire shape did sweare,  
And mingled with each vowe a teare,  
I lov'd, I lov'd thee best,  
I swore as I profest.  
For all the while you lasted warme and pure,  
My oathes too did endure.  
But once turn'd faithlesse to thy selfe and old,  
They then with thee incessantly grew cold.

II.

I swore my selfe thy sacrifice  
By th' ebon bowes that guard thine eyes,  
Which now are alter'd white,  
And by the glorious light  
Of both those stars, which of their spheres bereft,  
Only the gellie's left.  
Then changed thus, no more I'm bound to you,  
Then swearing to a saint that proves untrue.

Richard Lovelace