**Classic Poetry Series**

# Katherine. Philips

## - poems -

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**6th April 1651 L'Amitie: To Mrs. M. Awbrey**

Soule of my soule! my Joy, my crown, my friend!
A name which all the rest doth comprehend;
How happy are we now, whose sols are grown,
By an incomparable mixture, One:
Whose well acquainted minds are not as neare
As Love, or vows, or secrets can endeare.
I have no thought but what's to thee reveal'd,
Nor thou desire that is from me conceal'd.
Thy heart locks up my secrets richly set,
And my breast is thy private cabinet.
Thou shedst no teare but what but what my moisture lent,
And if I sigh, it is thy breath is spent.
United thus, what horrour can appeare
Worthy our sorrow, anger, or our feare?
Let the dull world alone to talk and fight
And with their vast ambitions nature fright;
Let them despise so innocent a flame,
While Envy, pride, and faction play their game:
But we by Love sublim'd so high shall rise,
To pitty Kings, and Conquerours despise,
Since we that sacred union have engrost,
Which they and all the sullen world have lost.

Katherine. Philips

**A Retir'd Friendship**

Come, my Ardelia, to this bowre,
Where kindly mingling Souls a while,
Let's innocently spend an houre,
And at all serious follys smile

Here is no quarrelling for Crowns,
Nor fear of changes in our fate;
No trembling at the Great ones frowns
Nor any slavery of state.

Here's no disguise, nor treachery
Nor any deep conceal'd design;
From blood and plots this place is free,
And calm as are those looks of thine.

Here let us sit and bless our Starres
Who did such happy quiet give,
As that remov'd from noise of warres.
In one another's hearts we live.

We should we entertain a feare?
Love cares not how the world is turn'd.
If crouds of dangers should appeare,
Yet friendship can be unconcern'd.

We weare about us such a charme,
No horrour can be our offence;
For misheif's self can doe no harme
To friendship and to innocence.

Let's mark how soone Apollo's beams
Command the flocks to quit their meat,
And not intreat the neighbour -- streams
To quench their thirst, but coole their heat.

In such a scorching Age as this,
Whoever would not seek a shade
Deserve their happiness to misse,
As having their own peace betray'd.

But we (of one another's mind
Assur'd,) the boistrous world disdain;
With quiet souls, and unconfin'd,
Enjoy what princes wish in vain.

Katherine. Philips

**Against Love**

*

Hence Cupid! with your cheating toys,
    Your real griefs, and painted joys,
    Your pleasure which itself destroys.
Lovers like men in fevers burn and rave,
And only what will injure them do crave.
    Men's weakness makes love so severe,
    They give him power by their fear,
    And make the shackles which they wear.
Who to another does his heart submit,
Makes his own idol, and then worships it.
    Him whose heart is all his own,
    Peace and liberty does crown,
    He apprehends no killing frown.
He feels no raptures which are joys diseased,
And is not much transported, but still pleased.

*

Katherine. Philips

**Arion to a Dolphin, On His Majesty's passage into England.**

Whom does this stately Navy bring?
O! ‘tis Great Britain's Glorious King,
Convey him then, ye Winds and Seas,
Swift as Desire and calm as Peace.
In your Respect let him survey
What all his other Subjects pay;
And prophesie to them again
The splendid smoothness of his Reign.
Charles and his mighty hopes you bear:
A greater now then Cæsar's here;
Whose Veins a richer Purple boast
Then ever Hero's yet engrost;
Sprung from a Father so august,
He triumphs in his very dust.
In him two Miracles we view,
His Vertue and his Safety too:
For when compell'd by Traitors crimes
To breathe and bow in forein Climes,
Expos'd to all the rigid fate
That does on wither'd Greatness wait,
Had plots for Life and Conscience laid,
By Foes pursu'd, by Friends betray'd;
Then Heaven, his secret potent friend,
Did him from Drugs and Stabs defend;
And, what's more yet, kept him upright
‘Midst flattering Hope and bloudy Fight.
Cromwell his whole Right never gain'd,
Defender of the Faith remain'd,
For which his Predecessors fought
And writ, but none so dearly bought.
Never was Prince so much beseiged,
At home provok'd, abroad obliged;
Nor ever Man resisted thus,
No not great Athanasius.
No help of Friends could, or Foes spight,
To fierce Invasion him invite.
Revenge to him no pleasure is,
He spar'd their bloud who gap'd for his;
Blush'd any hands the English Crown
Should fasten on him but their own.
As Peace and Freedom with him went,
With him they came from Banishment.
That he might his Dominions win,
He with himself did first begin:
And that best victory obtain'd,
His Kingdom quickly he regain'd.
Th' illustrious suff'rings of this Prince
Did all reduce and all convince.
He onely liv'd with such success,
That the whole world would fight with less.
Assistant Kings could but subdue
Those Foes which he can pardon too.

He thinks no Slaughter-trophees good,
Nor Laurels dipt in Subjects blood;
But with a sweet resistless art
Disarms the hand, and wins the heart;
And like a God doth rescue those
Who did themselves and him oppose.
Go, wondrous Prince, adorn that Throne
Which Birth and Merit make your own;
And in your Mercy brighter shine
Then in the Glories of your Line:
Find Love at home, and abroad Fear,
And Veneration every where.
Th' united world will you allow
Their Chief, to whom the English bow:
And Monarchs shall to yours resort,
As Sheba's Queen to Judah's Court;
Returning thence constrained more
To wonder, envy, and adore.
Disgusted Rome will hate your Crown,
But she shall tremble at your Frown.
    For England shall (rul'd and restor'd by You)
    The suppliant world protect, or else subdue.

Katherine. Philips

**Content, To My Dearest Lucasia**

Content, the false World's best disguise,
The search and faction of the Wise,
Is so abstruse and hid in night,
That, like that Fairy Red-cross Knight,
Who trech'rous Falshood for clear Truth had got,
Men think they have it when they have it not.

For Courts Content would gladly own,
But she ne're dwelt about a Throne:
And to be flatter'd, rich, and great,
Are things which do Mens senses cheat.
But grave Experience long since this did see,
Ambition and Content would ne're agree.

Some vainer would Content expect
From what their bright Out-sides reflect:
But sure Content is more Divine
Then to be digg'd from Rock or Mine:
And they that know her beauties will confess,
She needs no lustre from a glittering dress.

In Mirth some place her, but she scorns
Th'assistance of such crackling thorns,
Nor owes her self to such thin sport,
That is so sharp and yet so short:
And Painters tell us, they the same strokes place
To make a laughing and a weeping face.

Others there are that place Content
In Liberty from Government:
But who his Passions do deprave,
Though free from shackles is a slave.
Content and Bondage differ onely then,
When we are chain'd by Vices, not by Men.

Some think the Camp Content does know,
And that she fits o'th' Victor's brow:
But in his Laurel there is seen
Often a Cypress-bow between.
Nor will Content herself in that place give,
Where Noise and Tumult and Destruction live.

But yet the most Discreet believe,
The Schools this Jewel do receive,
And thus far's true without dispute,
Knowledge is still the sweetest fruit.
But whil'st men seek for Truth they lose their Peace;
And who heaps Knowledge, Sorrow doth increase.

But now some sullen Hermite smiles,
And thinks he all the World beguiles,
And that his Cell and Dish contain

What all mankind wish for in vain.
But yet his Pleasure's follow'd with a Groan,
For man was never born to be alone.

Content her self best comprehends
Betwixt two souls, and they two friends,
Whose either joyes in both are fixed,
And multiply'd by being mixed:
Whose minds and interests are still the same;
Their Griefs, when once imparted, lose their name.

These far remov'd from all bold noise,
And (what is worse) all hollow joyes,
Who never had a mean design,
Whose flame is serious and divine,
And calm, and even, must contented be,
For they've both Union and Society.

Then, my Lucasia, we have
Whatever Love can give or crave;
With scorn or pity can survey
The Trifles which the most betray;
With innocence and perfect friendship fired,
By Vertue joyn'd, and by our Choice retired.

Whose Mirrours are the crystal Brooks,
Or else each others Hearts and Looks;
Who cannot wish for other things
Then Privacy and Friendship brings:
Whose thoughts and persons chang'd and mixt are one,
Enjoy Content, or else the World hath none.

Anonymous Submission

Katherine. Philips

**Epitaph on her Son H. P.**

WHat on Earth deserves our trust ?
Youth and Beauty both are dust.
Long we gathering are with pain,
What one moment calls again.
Seven years childless, marriage past,
A Son, a son is born at last :
So exactly lim'd and fair.
Full of good Spirits, Meen, and Air,
As a long life promised,
Yet, in less than six weeks dead.
Too promising, too great a mind
In so small room to be confin'd :
Therefore, as fit in Heav'n to dwell,
He quickly broke the Prison shell.
So the subtle Alchimist,
Can't with Hermes Seal resist
The powerful spirit's subtler flight,
But t'will bid him long good night.
And so the Sun if it arise
Half so glorious as his Eyes,
Like this Infant, takes a shrowd,
Buried in a morning Cloud.

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Katherine. Philips

**Friendships Mystery, To My Dearest Lucasia**

Come, my Lucasia, since we see
That miracles Men's Faith do move,
By wonder and by prodigy
To the dull angry World let's prove
There's a Religion in our Love.

For Though we were design'd t'agree,
That Fate no liberty destroys,
But our Election is as free
As Angels, who with greedy choice
Are yet determin'd to their joys.

Our hearts are doubled by the loss,
Here Mixture is Addition grown;
We both diffuse, and both ingross:
And we whose minds are so much one,
Never, yet ever are alone.

We court our own Captivity
Than Thrones more great and innocent:
`Twere banishment to be set free,
Since we wear fetters whose intent
Not Bondage is but Ornament

Divided joys are tedious found,
And griefs united easier grow:
We are our selves but by rebound,
And all our Titles shuffled so,
Both Princes, and both Subjects too.

Our Hearts are mutual Victims laid,
While they (such power in Friendship lies)
Are Altars, Priests, and Off'rings made:
And each Heart which thus kindly dies,
Grows deathless by the Sacrifice.

Katherine. Philips

**Friendship's Mystery, To my Dearest Lucasia**

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That Miracles Mens faith do move,
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Katherine. Philips

**In Memory of F.P.**

If I could ever write a lasting verse,
It should be laid, deare Sainte, upon thy herse.
But Sorrow is no muse, and doth confesse
That it least can what most it would expresse.
Yet, that I may some bounds to griefe allow,
I'le try if I can weepe in numbers now.
Ah beauteous blossom! too untimely dead!
Whither, ah whither is thy sweetness fled?
Where are the charmes that allwayes did arise
From the prevailing languadge [sic] of thine eyes?
Where is thy modest aire and lovely meen,
And all the wonders that in these were seen?
Alas! in vaine! In vaine on three I rave;
There is no pitty in the stupid grave . . .
Never, ah never let glad parents guesse
At one remove of future happinesse,
But reckon children 'mong those passing joys,
Which one hour gives, and the next hour destroyes.
Alas! we were secure of our content,
But find too late that it was onely lent,
To be a mirrour wherein we might see
How fraile we are, how innocent should be.
But if to thy blest soule my griefe appeares,
Forgive and pitty these injurious teares;
Impute them to affection's sad excesse,
Which will not yeild to nature's tendernesse,
Since 'twas through dearest tyes and highest trust
Continu'd from thy cradle to thy dust;
And so rewarded and confirm'd by thine,
(wo is me!) I thought thee too much mine.
But I'le resigne, and follow thee as fast
As my unhappy minutes will make hast.
Till when, the fresh remembrances of thee
Shall be my emblem of mortalitie.
For such a loss as thine, bright soule, is not
Ever to be repaired, or forgot.

Katherine. Philips

**In memory of that excellent person Mrs. Mary Lloyd of Bodidrist in Denbigh-shire,**

I CANNOT hold, for though to write were rude,
Yet to be silent were Ingratitude,
And Folly too; for if Posterity
Should never hear of such a one as thee,
And onely know this Age's brutish fame,
They would think Vertue nothing but a Name.
And though far abler Pens must her define,
Yet her Adoption hath engaged mine:
And I must own where Merit shines so clear,
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
Sprung from an ancient and an honour'd Stem,
Who lent her lustre, and she paid it them;
Who still in great and noble things appeared,
Whom all their Country lov'd, and yet they feared.
Match'd to another good and great as they,
Who did their Country both oblige and sway.
Behold herself, who had without dispute
More then both Families could contribute.
What early Beauty Grief and Age had broke,
Her lovely Reliques and her Off-spring spoke.
She was by nature and her Parents care
A Woman long before most others are.
But yet that antedated2 season she
Improv'd to Vertue, not to Liberty.
For she was still in either state of life
Meek as a Virgin, Prudent as a Wife
And she well knew, although so young and fair,
Justly to mix Obedience Love and Care;
Whil'st to her Children she did still appear
So wisely kind, so tenderly severe,
That they from her Rule and Example brought
A native Honour, which she stampt and taught.
Nor can a single Pen enough commend
So kind a Sister and so clear a Friend.
A Wisdom from above did her secure,
Which as 'twas peaceable, was ever pure.
And if well-order'd Commonwealths must be
Patterns for every private Family,
Her House, rul'd by her hand and by her eye,
Might be a Pattern for a Monarchy.
Solomon's wisest Woman less could do;
She built her house, but this preserv'd hers too.
She was so pious that when she did die,
She scarce chang'd Place, I'm sure not Company.
Her Zeal was primitive and practick too;
She did believe, and pray, and read, and do.
A firm and equal Soul she had engrost,
Just ev'n to those that disoblig'd her most.
She grew to love those wrongs she did receive
For giving her the power to Forgive.
Her Alms I may admire, but not relate;
But her own works shall praise her in the gate.

Her Life was checquer'd with afflictive years,
And even her Comfort season'd in her Tears.
Scarce for a Husband's loss her eyes were dried,
And that loss by her Children half supplied,
When Heav'n was pleas'd not these dear Propes' afford,
But tore most off by sickness or by sword.
She, who in them could still their Father boast,
Was a fresh Widow every Son she lost.
Litigious hands did her of Right deprive,
That after all 'twas Penance to survive.
She still these Griefs hath nobly undergone,
Which few support at all, but better none.
Such a submissive Greatness who can find?
A tender Heart with so resolv'd a Mind?
But she, though sensible, was still the same,
Of a resigned Soul, untainted Fame,
Nor were her Vertues coarsly set, for she
Out-did Example in Civility.
To bestow blessings, to oblige, relieve,
Was all for which she could endure to live.
She had a joy higher in doing good,
Than they to whom the benefit accru'd.
Though none of Honour had a quicker sense,
Never had Woman more of complacence;
Yet lost it not in empty forms, but still
Her Nature noble was, her Soul gentile.
And as in Youth she did attract, (for she
The Verdure had without the Vanity)
So she in Age was mild and grave to all,
Was not morose, but was majestical.
Thus from all other Women she had skill
To draw their good, but nothing of their ill.
And since she knew the mad tumultuous World,
Saw Crowns revers'd, Temples to ruine hurl'd;
She in Retirement chose to shine and burn,
As a bright Lamp shut in some Roman Urn.
At last, when spent with sickness, grief and age,
Her Guardian Angel did her death presage:
(So that by strong impulse she chearfully
Dispensed blessings, and went home to die;
That so she might, when to that place removed,
Marry his Ashes whom she ever loved)
She dy'd, gain'd a reward, and paid a debt.
The Sun himself did never brighter set.
Happy were they that knew her and her end,
More happy they that did from her descend:
A double blessing they may hope to have,
One she convey'd to them, and one she gave.
All that are hers are therefore sure to be
Blest by Inheritance and Legacy.
A Royal Birth had less advantage been.
'Tis more to die a Saint than live a Queen.

Katherine. Philips

**La Solitude de St. Amant**

1

O! Solitude, my sweetest choice
Places devoted to the night,
Remote from tumult, and from noise,
How you my restless thoughts delight!
O Heavens! what content is mine,
To see those trees which have appear'd
From the nativity of Time,
And which hall ages have rever'd,
To look to-day as fresh and green,
As when their beauties first were seen!

2

A cheerful wind does court them so,
And with such amorous breath enfold,
That we by nothing else can know,
But by their hieght that they are old.
Hither the demi-gods did fly
To seek the sanctuary, when
Displeased Jove once pierc'd the sky,
To pour a deluge upon men,
And on these boughs themselves did save,
When they could hardly see a wave.

3

Sad Philomel upon this thorn,
So curiously by Flora dress'd,
In melting notes, her case forlorn,
To entertain me, hath confess'd.
O! how agreeable a sight
These hanging mountains do appear,
Which the unhappy would invite
To finish all their sorrows here,
When their hard fate makes them endure
Such woes, as only death can cure.

4

What pretty desolations make
These torrents vagabond and fierce,
Who in vast leaps their springs forsake,
This solitary Vale to pierce.
Then sliding just as serpents do
Under the foot of every tree,
Themselves are changed to rivers too,
Wherein some stately Nayade,

As in her native bed, is grown
A queen upon a crystal throne.

5

This fen beset with river-plants,
O! how it does my sense charm!
Nor elders, reeds, nor willows want,
Which the sharp steel did never harm.
Here Nymphs which come to take the air,
May with such distaffs furnish'd be,
As flags and rushes can prepare,
Where we the nimble frogs may see,
Who frighted to retreat do fly
If an approaching man they spy.

6

Here water-flowl repose enjoy,
Without the interrupting care,
Lest Fortune should their bliss destroy
By the malicious fowler's snare.
Some ravish'd with so bright a day,
Their feathers finely prune and deck;
Others their amorous heats allay,
Which yet the waters could not check:
All take their innocent content
In this their lovely element.

7

Summer's, nor Winter's bold approach,
This stream did never entertain;
Nor ever felt a boat or coach,
Whilst either season did remain.
No thirsty traveller came near,
And rudely made his hand his cup;
Nor any hunted hind hath here
Her hopeless life resigned up;
Nor ever did the treacherous hook
Intrude to empty any brook.

8

What beauty is there in the sight
Of these old ruin'd castle-walls
Of which the utmost rage and spight
Of Time's worst insurrection falls?

The witches keep their Sabbath here,
And wanton devils make retreat.
Who in malicious sport appear,
Our sense both to afflict and cheat;
And here within a thousand holes
Are nest of adders and of owls.

9

The raven with his dismal cries,
That mortal augury of Fate,
Those ghastly goblins ratifies,
Which in these gloomy places wait.
On a curs'd tree the wind does move
A carcase which did once belong
To one that hang'd himself for love
Of a fair Nymph that did him wrong,
Who thought she saw his love and truth,
With one look would not save the youth.

10

But Heaven which judges equally,
And its own laws will still maintain,
Rewarded soon her cruelty
With a deserv'd and mighty pain:
About this squalid heap of bones,
Her wand'ring and condemned shade,
Laments in long and piercing groans
The destiny her rigour made,
And the more to augment her right,
Her crime is ever in her sight.

11

There upon antique marbles trac'd,
Devices of past times we see,
Here age ath almost quite defac'd,
What lovers carv'd on every tree.
The cellar, here, the highest room
Receives when its old rafters fail,
Soil'd with the venom and the foam
Of the spider and the snail:
And th'ivy in the chimney we
Find shaded by a walnut tree.

12

Below there does a cave extend,
Wherein there is so dark a grot,
That should the Sun himself descend,
I think he could not see a jot.
Here sleep within a heavy lid
In quiet sadness locks up sense,
And every care he does forbid,
Whilst in arms of negligence,
Lazily on his back he's spread,
And sheaves of poppy are his bed.

13

Within this cool and hollow cave,
Where Love itself might turn to ice,
Poor Echo ceases not to rave
On her Narcissus wild and nice:
Hither I softly steal a thought,
And by the softer music made
With a sweet lute in charms well taught,
Sometimes I flatter her sad shade,
Whilst of my chords I make such choice,
They serve as body to her voice.

14

When from these ruins I retire,
This horrid rock I do invade,
Whose lofty brow seems to inquire
Of what materials mists are made:
From thence descending leisurely
Under the brow of this steep hill
It with great pleasure I descry
By waters undermin'd, until
They to Palaemon's seat did climb,
Compos'd of sponges and of slime.

15

How highly is the fancy pleas'd
To be upon the Ocean's shore,
When she begins to be appeas'd
And her fierce billows cease to roar!
And when the hairy Tritons are
Riding upon the shaken wave,
With what strange sounds they strike the air
Of their trumpets hoarse and brave,
Whose shrill reports does every wind
Unto his due submission bind!

16

Sometimes the sea dispels the sand,
Trembling and murmuring in the bay,
And rolls itself upon the shells
Which it both brings and takes away.
Sometimes exposed on the strand,
Th'effect of Neptune's rage and scorn,
Drown'd men, dead monsters cast on land,
And ships that were in tempests torn,
With diamonds and ambergreece,
And many more such things as these.

17

Sometimes so sweetly she does smile,
A floating mirror she might be,
And you would fancy all that while
New Heavens in her face to see:
The Sun himself is drawn so well,
When there he would his picture view,
That our eye can hardly tell
Which is the false Sun, which the true;
And lest we give our sense the lie,
We think he's fallen from the sky.

18

Bernieres! for whose beloved sake
My thoughts are at a noble strife,
This my fantastic landskip take,
Which I have copied from the life.
I only seek the deserts rough,
Where all alone I love to walk,
And with discourse refin'd enough,
My Genius and the Muses talk;
But the converse most truly mine,
Is the dear memory of thine.

19

Thou mayst in this Poem find,
So full of liberty and heat,
What illustrious rays have shin'd
To enlighten my conceit:
Sometimes pensive, sometimes gay,
Just as that fury does control,

And as the object I survey
The notions grow up in my soul,
And are as unconcern'd and free
As the flame which transported me.

20

O! how I Solitude adore,
That element of noblest wit,
Where I have learnt Apollo's lore,
Without the pains to study it:
For thy sake I in love am grown
With what thy fancy does pursue;
But when I think upon my own,
I hate it for that reason too.
Because it needs must hinder me
From seeing, and from serving thee.

Katherine. Philips

**La Solitude de St. Amant /La Solitude A Alcidon /**

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Wherein some stately Nayade,
As in her native bed, is grown
A queen upon a crystal throne.

5
This fen beset with river-plants,
O! how it does my sense charm!
Nor elders, reeds, nor willows want,

Which the sharp steel did never harm.
Here Nymphs which come to take the air,
May with such distaffs furnish'd be,
As flags and rushes can prepare,
Where we the nimble frogs may see,
Who frighted to retreat do fly
If an approaching man they spy.

6
Here water-flowl repose enjoy,
Without the interrupting care,
Lest Fortune should their bliss destroy
By the malicious fowler's snare.
Some ravish'd with so bright a day,
Their feathers finely prune and deck;
Others their amorous heats allay,
Which yet the waters could not check:
All take their innocent content
In this their lovely element.

7
Summer's, nor Winter's bold approach,
This stream did never entertain;
Nor ever felt a boat or coach,
Whilst either season did remain.
No thirsty traveller came near,
And rudely made his hand his cup;
Nor any hunted hind hath here
Her hopeless life resigned up;
Nor ever did the treacherous hook
Intrude to empty any brook.

8
What beauty is there in the sight
Of these old ruin'd castle-walls
Of which the utmost rage and spight
Of Time's worst insurrection falls?
The witches keep their Sabbath here,
And wanton devils make retreat.
Who in malicious sport appear,
Our sense both to afflict and cheat;
And here within a thousand holes
Are nest of adders and of owls.

9
The raven with his dismal cries,
That mortal augury of Fate,
Those ghastly goblins ratifies,
Which in these gloomy places wait.
On a curs'd tree the wind does move
A carcase which did once belong
To one that hang'd himself for love

Of a fair Nymph that did him wrong,
Who thought she saw his love and truth,
With one look would not save the youth.

10
But Heaven which judges equally,
And its own laws will still maintain,
Rewarded soon her cruelty
With a deserv'd and mighty pain:
About this squalid heap of bones,
Her wand'ring and condemned shade,
Laments in long and piercing groans
The destiny her rigour made,
And the more to augment her right,
Her crime is ever in her sight.

11
There upon antique marbles trac'd,
Devices of past times we see,
Here age ath almost quite defac'd,
What lovers carv'd on every tree.
The cellar, here, the highest room
Receives when its old rafters fail,
Soil'd with the venom and the foam
Of the spider and the snail:
And th'ivy in the chimney we
Find shaded by a walnut tree.

12
Below there does a cave extend,
Wherein there is so dark a grot,
That should the Sun himself descend,
I think he could not see a jot.
Here sleep within a heavy lid
In quiet sadness locks up sense,
And every care he does forbid,
Whilst in arms of negligence,
Lazily on his back he's spread,
And sheaves of poppy are his bed.

13
Within this cool and hollow cave,
Where Love itself might turn to ice,
Poor Echo ceases not to rave
On her Narcissus wild and nice:
Hither I softly steal a thought,
And by the softer music made
With a sweet lute in charms well taught,
Sometimes I flatter her sad shade,
Whilst of my chords I make such choice,
They serve as body to her voice.

14
When from these ruins I retire,
This horrid rock I do invade,
Whose lofty brow seems to inquire
Of what materials mists are made:
From thence descending leisurely
Under the brow of this steep hill
It with great pleasure I descry
By waters undermin'd, until
They to Palaemon's seat did climb,
Compos'd of sponges and of slime.

15
How highly is the fancy pleas'd
To be upon the Ocean's shore,
When she begins to be appeas'd
And her fierce billows cease to roar!
And when the hairy Tritons are
Riding upon the shaken wave,
With what strange sounds they strike the air
Of their trumpets hoarse and brave,
Whose shrill reports does every wind
Unto his due submission bind!

16
Sometimes the sea dispels the sand,
Trembling and murmuring in the bay,
And rolls itself upon the shells
Which it both brings and takes away.
Sometimes exposed on the strand,
Th'effect of Neptune's rage and scorn,
Drown'd men, dead monsters cast on land,
And ships that were in tempests torn,
With diamonds and ambergreece,
And many more such things as these.

17
Sometimes so sweetly she does smile,
A floating mirror she might be,
And you would fancy all that while
New Heavens in her face to see:
The Sun himself is drawn so well,
When there he would his picture view,
That our eye can hardly tell
Which is the false Sun, which the true;
And lest we give our sense the lie,
We think he's fallen from the sky.

18
Bernieres! for whose beloved sake
My thoughts are at a noble strife,
This my fantastic landskip take,

Which I have copied from the life.
I only seek the deserts rough,
Where all alone I love to walk,
And with discourse refin'd enough,
My Genius and the Muses talk;
But the converse most truly mine,
Is the dear memory of thine.

19
Thou mayst in this Poem find,
So full of liberty and heat,
What illustrious rays have shin'd
To enlighten my conceit:
Sometimes pensive, sometimes gay,
Just as that fury does control,
And as the object I survey
The notions grow up in my soul,
And are as unconcern'd and free
As the flame which transported me.

20
O! how I Solitude adore,
That element of noblest wit,
Where I have learnt Apollo's lore,
Without the pains to study it:
For thy sake I in love am grown
With what thy fancy does pursue;
But when I think upon my own,
I hate it for that reason too.
Because it needs must hinder me
From seeing, and from serving thee.

---

O que j'ayme la solitude!
Que ces lieux sacrez à la nuit, Esloignez du monde e du bruit,
Plaisent à mon inquietude!
Mon Dieu! que mes yeux sont contens
De voir ces bois, qui se trouverent
A la nativité du temps,
Et que tous les siècles everent,
Estre encore aussi beaux et vers,
Qu'aux premiers jours de l'univers!

Un gay zephire les caresse
D'un mouvement doux et flatteur.
Rien que leur extresme hauteur
Ne fait remarquer leur vieillesse.
Jadis Pan et ses demi-dieux

Y vinrent chercher du refuge,
Quand Jupiter ouvrit les cieux
Pour nous enoyer le deluge,
Et, se sauvans sur leurs rameaux,
A peine virent-ils les eaux.

Que sur cette espine fleurie
Dont le printemps est amoureux,
Philomele, au chant langoureux,
Entretient bein ma resverie!
Que je prens de plaisir à voir
Ces monts pendans en precipices,
Qui, puor les coups du desespoir,
Sont aux malheureux si propices,
Quand la cruauté de leur sort,
Les froce a rechercher la mort!

Que je trouve doux le ravage
De ces fiers torrens vagabonds,
Que se precipitent par bonds
Dans ce valon vert et sauvage!
Puis, glissant sour les arbrisseaux,
Ainsi que des serpens sur l'herbe,
Se changent en plaisans ruisseaux,
Où quelque Naïade superbe
Regne comme en son lict natal,
Dessus un throsne de christal!

Que j'ayme ce marets paisible!
Il est tout bordé d'aliziers,
D'aulnes, de saules et d'oziers,
Q qui le fer n'est point nuisible.
Les nymphes, y cherchans le frais,
S'y viennet fournir de quenouilles,
De pipeaux, de joncs et de glais;
Où l'on voit sauter les grenouilles,
Qui de frayeur s'y vont cacher
Si tost qu'on veut s'en approcher.

Là, cent mille oyseaux aquatiques
□ Vivent, sand craindre, en leur repos,
Le giboyeur fin et dispos,
Avec ses mortelles pratiques.
L'un tout joyeux d'un si beau jour,
S'amuse à becqueter sa plume;
L'autre allentit le feu d'amour
Qui dans l'eau mesme se consume,
Et prennent tous innocemment

Leur plaisir en cet élement.

Jamais l'esté ny la froidure
N'ont veu passer dessus cette eau
Nulle charrette ny batteau,
Depuis que l'un et l'autre dure;
Jamais voyageur alteré
N'y fit servir sa main de tasse;
Jamais chevreuil desesperé
N'y finit sa vie à la chasse;
Et jamais le traistre hameçon
N'en fit sortir aucun poisson.

Que j'ayme à voir la décadence
De ces vieux chasteaux ruinez,
Contre qui les ans mutinez
Ont deployé leur insolence!
Les sorciers y font leur savat;
Les demons follets y retirent,
Qui d'un malicieux ébat
Trompent nos sens et nous martirent;
Là se nichent en mille troux
Les couleuvres et les hyboux.

L'orfraye, avec ses cris funebres,
Mortels augures des testins,
Fait rire et dancer les lutins
Dans ces lieux remplis de tenebres.
Sous un chevron de bois maudit
Y branle le squelette horrible
D'un pauvre amant qui se pendit
Pour une bergère insensible,
Qui d'un seul regard de pitié
Ne daigna voir son amitié.

Aussi le Ciel, juge équitable,
Qui maintient les loix en vigueur,
Prononça contre sa rigueur
Une sentence epouvantable:
Autour de ces vieux ossemens
Son ombre, aux peines condamnée,
Lamente en logs gemissemens
Sa malheureuse destinée,
Ayant, pour croistre son effroy,
Tousjours son crime devant soy.

Là se trouvent sur quelques marbres

Des devises du temps passé;
Icy l'âge a presque effacé
Des chiffres taillex sur les arbres;
Le plancher du lieu le plus haut
Est tombé jusques dans la cave,
Que la limace et le crapaud
Souillent de venin et de bave;
Le lierre y croist au foyer,
A l'ombrage d'un grand noyer.

Là dessous s'estend une voûte
Si sombre en un certain endroit,
Que, quand Phebus y descendroit,
Je pense qu'il n'y verrroit goutte;
Le Sommeil aux pesans sourcis,
Enchanté d'un morne silence,
Y dort, bien loing de tous soucis,
Dans les bras de la Nonchalence,
Laschement couché sur le dos
Dessus des gerbes de pavots.

Au creux de cette grotte fresche,
Où l'Amour se pourroit geler,
Echo ne cesse de brusler
Pour son amant froid et revesche,
Je m'y coule sans aire bruit,
Et par la celeste harmonie
D'un doux lut, aux charmes instruit,
Je flatte sa triste manie
Faisant, repeter mes accords
A la voix qui luy sert de corps.

Tantost, sortant de ces ruines,
Je monte au haut de ce rocher,
Dont le sommet semble chercher
En quel lieu se font les bruïnes;
Puis je descends tout à loisir,
Sous une falaise escarpée,
D'où je regarde avec plaisir
L'onde qui l'a presque sappée
Jusqu'au siege de Palemon,
Fait d'esponges et de limon.

Que c'est une chose agreable
D'estre sur le borde de la mer,
Quand elle vient à se calmer
Après quelque orage effroyable!
Et que les chevelus Tritons,

Hauts, sur les vagues secouées,
Frapent les airs d'estranges tons
Avec leurs trompes enrouées,
Dont l'eclat rend respectueux
Les ventes les plus impetueux.

Tantost l'onde brouillant l'arène,
Murmure et fremit de courroux
Se roullant dessus les cailloux
Qu'elle apporte et qu'elle r'entraine.
Tantost, elle estale en ses bords,
Que l'ire de neptune outrage,
Des gens noyex, des monstres morts,
Des vaisseaux brisez du naufrage,
Des diamans, de l'ambre gris,
Et mille autres choses de pris.

Tantost, la lus claire du monde,
Elle semble un miroir flottant,
Et nous represente à l'instant
Encore d'autres cieux sous l'onde.
Le soleil s'y fait si bien voir,
Y contemplant son beau visage,
Qu'on est quelque temps à savoir
Si c'est loy-mesme, ou son image,
Et d'abord il semble à nos yeux
Qu'il s'est laissé tomber des cieux.

Bernières, pour qui je me vante
De ne rien faire que de beau,
Reçoy ce fantasque tableau
Fait d'une peinture vivante,
Je ne cherche che les deserts,
Où, resvant tout seul, je m'amuse
A des discours assez diserts
De mon genie avec la muse;
Mais mon plus aymable entretien
C'est le ressouvenir du tien.

Tu vois dans cette poesie
Pleine de licence et d'ardeur
Les beaux rayons de la splendeur
Qui m'esclaire la fantaisie:
Tantost chagrin, tantost joyeux
Selon que la futeur m'enflame,
Et que l'objet s'offre à mes yeux,
Les propose me naissent en l'ame,
Sans contraindre la liberté

Du demon qui m'a transporté.

O que j'ayme la solitude!
C'est l'element des cons esprits,
C'est par elle que j'ay compris
L'art d'Apollon sans nulle estude.
Je l'ayme pour l'amour de toy,
Connaissant que ton humeur l'ayme
Mais quand je pense bien à moy,
Je la hay pour la rasion mesme
Car elle pourroit me ravir
L'heur de te voir et te servir.

Katherine. Philips

**L'Amitie: To Mrs. M. Awbrey.**

Soule of my soule! my Joy, my crown, my friend!
A name which all the rest doth comprehend;
How happy are we now, whose sols are grown,
By an incomparable mixture, One:
Whose well acquainted minds are not as neare
As Love, or vows, or secrets can endeare.
I have no thought but what's to thee reveal'd,
Nor thou desire that is from me conceal'd.
Thy heart locks up my secrets richly set,
And my breast is thy private cabinet.
Thou shedst no teare but what but what my moisture lent,
And if I sigh, it is thy breath is spent.
United thus, what horrour can appeare
Worthy our sorrow, anger, or our feare?
Let the dull world alone to talk and fight
And with their vast ambitions nature fright;
Let them despise so innocent a flame,
While Envy, pride, and faction play their game:
But we by Love sublim'd so high shall rise,
To pitty Kings, and Conquerours despise,
Since we that sacred union have engrost,
Which they and all the sullen world have lost.

Katherine. Philips

## Orinda to Lucasia

ADIEU dear object of my Love's excess,
And with thee all my hopes of happiness,
With the same fervent and unchanged heart
Which did it's whole self once to thee impart,
(And which though fortune has so sorely bruis'd,
Would suffer more, to be from this excus'd)
I to resign thy dear Converse submit,
Since I can neither keep, nor merit it.
Thou hast too long to me confined been,
Who ruine am without, passion within.
My mind is sunk below thy tenderness,
And my condition does deserve it less;
I'm so entangl'd and so lost a thing
By all the shocks my daily sorrow bring,
That would'st thou for thy old Orinda call
Thou hardly could'st unravel her at all.
And should I thy clear fortunes interline
With the incessant miseries of mine?
No, no, I never lov'd at such a rate
To tye thee to the rigours of my fate,
As from my obligations thou art free,
Sure thou shalt be so from my Injury,
Though every other worthiness I miss,
Yet I'le at least be generous in this.
I'd rather perish without sigh or groan,
Then thou shoul'dst be condemn'd to give me one;
Nay in my soul I rather could allow
Friendship should be a sufferer, then thou;
Go then, since my sad heart has set thee free,
Let all the loads and chains remain on me.
Though I be left the prey of sea and wind,
Thou being happy wilt in that be kind;
Nor shall I my undoing much deplore,
Since thou art safe, whom I must value more.
Oh! mayst thou ever be so, and as free
From all ills else, as from my company,
And may the torments thou hast had from it
Be all that heaven will to thy life permit.
And that they may thy vertue service do,
Mayest thou be able to forgive them too:
But though I must this sharp submission learn,
I cannot yet unwish thy dear concern.
Not one new comfort I expect to see,
I quit my Joy, hope, life, and all but thee;
Nor seek I thence ought that may discompose
That mind where so serene a goodness grows.
I ask no inconvenient kindness now,
To move thy passion, or to cloud thy brow;
And thou wilt satisfie my boldest plea
By some few soft remembrances of me,
Which may present thee with this candid thought,
I meant not all the troubles that I brought.

Own not what Passion rules, and Fate does crush,
But wish thou couldst have don't without a blush,
And that I had been, ere it was too late,
Either more worthy, or more fortunate.
Ah who can love the thing they cannot prize?
But thou mayst pity though thou dost despise.
Yet I should think that pity bought too dear,
If it should cost those precious Eyes a tear.
Oh may no minutes trouble, thee possess,
But to endear the next hours happiness;
And maist thou when thou art from me remov'd,
Be better pleas'd, but never worse belov'd:
Oh pardon me for pow'ring out my woes
In Rhime now, that I dare not do't in Prose.
For I must lose whatever is call'd dear,
And thy assistance all that loss to bear,
And have more cause than ere I had before,
To fear that I shall never see thee more

Katherine. Philips

## Orinda To Lucasia Parting October 1661 At London

Adieu dear object of my Love's excess,
And with thee all my hopes of happiness,
With the same fervent and unchanged heart
Which did it's whole self once to thee impart,
(And which though fortune has so sorely bruis'd,
Would suffer more, to be from this excus'd)
I to resign thy dear Converse submit,
Since I can neither keep, nor merit it.
Thou hast too long to me confined been,
Who ruine am without, passion within.
My mind is sunk below thy tenderness,
And my condition does deserve it less;
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Thou being happy wilt in that be kind;
Nor shall I my undoing much deplore,
Since thou art safe, whom I must value more.
Oh! mayst thou ever be so, and as free
From all ills else, as from my company,
And may the torments thou hast had from it
Be all that heaven will to thy life permit.
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Mayest thou be able to forgive them too:
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That mind where so serene a goodness grows.
I ask no inconvenient kindness now,
To move thy passion, or to cloud thy brow;
And thou wilt satisfie my boldest plea
By some few soft remembrances of me, [50]
Which may present thee with this candid thought,
I meant not all the troubles that I brought.

Own not what Passion rules, and Fate does crush,
But wish thou couldst have don't without a blush,
And that I had been, ere it was too late,
Either more worthy, or more fortunate.
Ah who can love the thing they cannot prize?
But thou mayst pity though thou dost despise.
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If it should cost those precious Eyes a tear.

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And thy assistance all that loss to bear,
And have more cause than ere I had before,
To fear that I shall never see thee more.

Anonymous Submission

Katherine. Philips

## Orinda to Lucasia, Parting

ADIEU dear object of my Love's excess,
And with thee all my hopes of happiness,
With the same fervent and unchanged heart
Which did it's whole self once to thee impart,
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And thy assistance all that loss to bear,
And have more cause than ere I had before,
To fear that I shall never see thee more.

Katherine. Philips

**Orinda upon Little Hector Philips**

.
Twice forty months of Wedlock did I stay,
Then had my vows crown'd with a Lovely boy,
And yet in forty days he dropt away,
O swift Visissitude of humane joy.

.
I did but see him and he dis-appear'd,
I did but pluck the Rose-bud and it fell,
A sorrow unforeseen and scarcely fear'd,
For ill can mortals their afflictions spell.

.
And now (sweet Babe) what can my trembling heart
Suggest to right my doleful fate or thee,
Tears are my Muse and sorrow all my Art,
So piercing groans must be thy Elogy.

.

Thus whilst no eye is witness of my mone,
I grieve thy loss ( Ah boy too dear to live)
And let the unconcerned World alone,
Who neither will, nor can refreshment give.

.

An Off'ring too for thy sad Tomb I have,
Too just a tribute to thy early Herse,
Receive these gasping numbers to thy grave,
The last of thy unhappy Mothers Verse.

Katherine. Philips

## The World

Wee falsely think it due unto our friends,
That we should grieve for their too early ends:
He that surveys the world with serious eys,
And stripps Her from her grosse and weak disguise,
Shall find 'tis injury to mourn their fate;
He only dy's untimely who dy's Late.
For if 'twere told to children in the womb,
To what a stage of mischief they must come
Could they foresee with how much toile and sweat
Men court that Guilded nothing, being Great;
What paines they take not to be what they seem,
Rating their blisse by others false esteem,
And sacrificing their content, to be
Guilty of grave and serious Vanity;
How each condition hath its proper Thorns,
And what one man admires, another Scorns;
How frequently their happiness they misse,
And so farre from agreeing what it is,
That the same Person we can hardly find,
Who is an houre together in a mind;
Sure they would beg a period of their breath,
And what we call their birth would count their Death.
Mankind is mad; for none can live alone
Because their joys stand by comparison:
And yet they quarrell at Society,
And strive to kill they know not whom, nor why,
We all live by mistake, delight in Dreames,
Lost to ourselves, and dwelling in extreames;
Rejecting what we have, though ne're so good,
And prizing what we never understood.
compar'd to our boystrous inconstancy
Tempests are calme, and discords harmony.
Hence we reverse the world, and yet do find
The God that made can hardly please our mind.
We live by chance, and slip into Events;
Have all of Beasts except their Innocence.
The soule, which no man's pow'r can reach, a thing
That makes each women Man, each man a King.
Doth so much loose, and from its height so fall,
That some content to have no Soule at all.
"Tis either not observ'd, or at the best
By passion fought withall, by sin deprest.
Freedome of will (god's image) is forgot;
And if we know it, we improve it not.
Our thoughts, thou nothing can be more our own,
Are still unguided, verry seldom known.
Time 'scapes our hands as water in a Sieve,
We come to dy ere we begin to Live.
Truth, the most suitable and noble Prize,
Food of our spirits, yet neglected ly's.
Errours and shaddows ar our choice, and we
Ow our perdition to our Own decree.

If we search Truth, we make it more obscure;
And when it shines, we can't the Light endure;
For most men who plod on, and eat, and drink,
Have nothing less their business then to think;
And those few that enquire, how small a share
Of Truth they fine! how dark their notions are!
That serious evenness that calmes the Brest,
And in a Tempest can bestow a rest,
We either not attempt, or elce [sic] decline,
By every triffle snatch'd from our design.
(Others he must in his deceits involve,
Who is not true unto his own resolve.)
We govern not our selves, but loose the reins,
Courting our bondage to a thousand chains;
And with as man slaverys content,
As there are Tyrants ready to Torment,
We live upon a Rack, extended still
To one extreme, or both, but always ill.
For since our fortune is not understood,
We suffer less from bad then from the good.
The sting is better drest and longer lasts,
As surfeits are more dangerous than fasts.
And to compleat the misery to us,
We see extreames are still contiguous.
And as we run so fast from what we hate,
Like Squibs on ropes, to know no middle state;
So (outward storms strengthen'd by us) we find
Our fortune as disordred as our mind.
But that's excus'd by this, it doth its part;
A treacherous world befits a treacherous heart.
All ill's our own; the outward storms we loath
Receive from us their birth, or sting, or both;
And that our Vanity be past a doubt,
'Tis one new vanity to find it out.
Happy are they to whom god gives a Grave,
And from themselves as from his wrath doeth save.
'Tis good not to be born; but if we must,
The next good is, soone to return to Dust:
When th'uncag'd soule, fled to Eternity,
Shall rest and live, and sing, and love, and See.
Here we but crawle and grope, and play and cry;
Are first our own, then others Enemy:
But there shall be defac'd both stain and score,
For time, and Death, and sin shall be no more.

Katherine. Philips

**To Mr. Vaughan, Silurist on His Poems**

Had I ador'd the multitude, and thence
Got an antipathy to wit and sence,
And hug'd that fate, in hope the world would grant
'Twas good -- affection to be ignorant;
Yet the least ray of thy bright fancy seen
I had converted, or excuseless been:
For each birth of thy muse to after-times
Shall expatiate for all this age's crimes.
First shines the Armoret, twice crown'd by thee,
Once by they Love, next by Poetry;
Where thou the best of Unions dost dispence:
Truth cloth'd in wit, and Love in innocence.
So that the muddyest Lovers may learn here,
No fountains can be sweet that are not clear.
Then Juvenall reviv'd by thee declares
How flat man's Joys are, and how mean his cares;
And generously upbraids the world that they
Should such a value for their ruine pay.
But when thy sacred muse diverts her quill,
The Lantskip to design of Zion-Hill;32
As nothing else was worthy her or thee,
So we admire almost t'Idolatry.
What savage brest would not be rapt to find
Such Jewells insuch Cabinets enshrind'?
Thou (fill'd with joys too great to see or count)
Descend'st from thence like Moses from the Mount,
And with a candid, yet unquestioned aw,
Restorlst the Golden Age when Verse was Law.
Instructing us, thou so secur'st thy fame,
That nothing can distrub it but my name;
Nay I have hoped that standing so near thine
'Twill lose its drosse, and by degrees refine ...
"Live, till the disabused world consent
All truths of use, or strength, or ornament,
Are with such harmony by thee displaid,
As the whole world was first by number made
And from the charming rigour thy Muse brings
Learn there's no pleasure but in serious things.

Katherine. Philips

**To Mrs. M. A. at Parting**

.

I Have examin'd and do find,
Of all that favour me
There's none I grieve to leave behind
But only only thee.
To part with thee I needs must die,
Could parting sep'rate thee and I.

.

But neither Chance nor Complement
Did element our Love ;
'Twas sacred Sympathy was lent
Us from the Quire above.
That Friendship Fortune did create,
Still fears a wound from Time or Fate.

.

Our chang'd and mingled Souls are grown
To such acquaintance now,
That if each would resume their own,
Alas ! we know not how.
We have each other so engrost,
That each is in the Union lost.

.

And thus we can no Absence know,
Nor shall we be confin'd ;
Our active Souls will daily go
To learn each others mind.
Nay, should we never meet to Sense,
Our Souls would hold Intelligence.

.

Inspired with a Flame Divine
I scorn to court a stay ;
For from that noble Soul of thine
I ne're can be away.
But I shall weep when thou dost grieve ;
Nor can I die whil'st thou dost live.

.

By my own temper I shall guess
At thy felicity,
And only like my happiness
Because it pleaseth thee.
Our hearts at any time will tell
If thou, or I, be sick, or well.

.

All Honour sure I must pretend,
  All that is Good or Great ;
She that would be Rosania's Friend,
  Must be at least compleat.
If I have any bravery,
  'Tis cause I have so much of thee.

.

Thy Leiger Soul in me shall lie,
  And all thy thoughts reveal ;
Then back again with mine shall flie,
  And thence to me shall steal.
Thus still to one another tend ;
  Such is the sacred name of Friend.

.

Thus our twin-Souls in one shall grow,
  And teach the World new Love,
Redeem the Age and Sex, and shew
  A Flame Fate dares not move :
And courting Death to be our friend,
  Our Lives together too shall end.

.

A Dew shall dwell upon our Tomb
  Of such a quality,
That fighting Armies, thither come,
  Shall reconciled be.
We'll ask no Epitaph, but say
  ORINDA and ROSANIA.

Katherine. Philips

**To Mrs. M.A. at Parting**

Hi There! I see you're enjoying the site, and just wanted to extend an invitiation to register for our free site. The members of oldpoetry strive to make this a fun place to learn and share - hope you join us! - Kevin

Katherine. Philips

**To My Antenor**

My dear Antenor now give o're,
For my sake talk of Graves no more;
Death is not in our power to gain,
And is both wish'd and fear'd in vain
Let's be as angry as wee will,
Grief sooner may distract then kill,
And the unhappy often prove
Death is as coy a thing as Love.
Those whose own sword their death did give,
Afraid were or asham'd to Live;
And by an act so desperate,
Did poorly run away from fate;
'Tis braver much t'out-ride the storm,
Endure its rages and shun his harm;
Affliction nobly undergone,
More Greatness shews than having none.
But yet the Wheel in turning round,
At last may lift us from the ground,
And when our Fortune's most severe,
The less we have, the less we fear.
And why should we that grief permit,
Which can nor mend nor shorten it?
Let's wait for a succeeding good,
Woes have their Ebb as well as flood:
And since Parliament have rescu'd you,
Believe that Providence will do so too.

Katherine. Philips

**To my dear Sister, Mrs. C. P. on her Nuptial**

We will not like those men our offerings pay
Who crown the cup, then think they crown the day.
We make no garlands, nor an altar build,
Which help not Joy, but Ostentation yield.
Where mirth is justly grounded these wild toyes
Are but a troublesome, and empty noise.

2.
But these shall be my great Solemnities,
Orinda's wishes for Cassandra's bliss.
May her Content be as unmix'd and pure
As my Affection, and like that endure;
And that strong Happiness may she still find
Not owing to her Fortune, but her Mind.

3.
May her Content and Duty be the same,
And may she know no Grief but in the name.
May his and her Pleasure and Love be so
Involv'd and growing, that we may not know
Who most Affection or most Peace engrost;
Whose Love is strongest, or whose Bliss is most.

4.
May nothing accidental e're appear
But what shall with new bonds their Souls endear;
And may they count the hours as they pass,
By their own Joys, and not by Sun or Glass:
While every day like this may Sacred prove
To Friendship, Gratitude, and Strictest Love.

Katherine. Philips

**To My Excellent Lucasia, On Our Friendship**

I did not live until this time
Crown'd my felicity,
When I could say without a crime,
I am not thine, but thee.

This carcass breath'd, and walkt, and slept,
So that the world believe'd
There was a soul the motions kept;
But they were all deceiv'd.

For as a watch by art is wound
To motion, such was mine:
But never had Orinda found
A soul till she found thine;

Which now inspires, cures and supplies,
And guides my darkened breast:
For thou art all that I can prize,
My joy, my life, my rest.

No bridegroom's nor crown-conqueror's mirth
To mine compar'd can be:
They have but pieces of the earth,
I've all the world in thee.

Then let our flames still light and shine,
And no false fear controul,
As innocent as our design,
Immortal as our soul.

Katherine. Philips

**To One Persuading A Lady To Marriage**

Forbear, bold youth; all 's heaven here,
 And what you do aver
To others courtship may appear,
 'Tis sacrilege to her.
She is a public deity;
 And were 't not very odd
She should dispose herself to be
 A petty household god?

First make the sun in private shine
 And bid the world adieu,
That so he may his beams confine
 In compliment to you:
But if of that you do despair,
 Think how you did amiss
To strive to fix her beams which are
 More bright and large than his.

Katherine. Philips