# **Classic Poetry Series**

# **Richard Crashaw**

- poems -

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#### **Richard Crashaw (1612 - 1649)**

Richard was the only son of William Crashaw, a puritan preacher in London who had officiated at the burning of Mary, Queen of Scots. In defiance of his father's views on religion, Crashaw went to a High Church college at Cambridge, Pembroke. He later became a fellow of Peterhouse College but was forced to resign because of his Roman Catholic leanings.

Victory for Oliver Cromwell's Puritans in the Civil War made England a dangerous place for Catholic sympathisers like Crashaw, and in 1644 he fled to France. He became a Catholic sometime around 1645. His friend Abraham Cowley found him living in poverty in Paris, and introduced him to Charles I's Queen, Henrietta Maria. She sent Crashaw to Rome with a recommendation to the Pope. On his arrival in Italy however, Crashaw was simply allotted a position in a cardinal's household. Four months before he died, he was made a sub-canon of the Cathedral of Santa Casa in Loreto.

Crashaw was much influenced by the Italian poet Marino, as well as his reading of the Italian and Spanish mystics. Though his verse is somewhat uneven in quality, at its best it is characterised by brilliant use of extravagant baroque imagery.

#### A Hymn to the Name and Honour of the Admirable Saint Teresa

LOVE, thou are absolute, sole Lord Of life and death. To prove the word, We'll now appeal to none of all Those thy old soldiers, great and tall, Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down With strong arms their triumphant crown: Such as could with lusty breath Speak loud, unto the face of death, Their great Lord's glorious name; to none Of those whose spacious bosoms spread a throne For love at large to fill. Spare blood and sweat: We'll see Him take a private seat, And make His mansion in the mild And milky soul of a soft child. Scarce has she learnt to lisp a name Of martyr, yet she thinks it shame Life should so long play with that breath Which spent can buy so brave a death. She never undertook to know What death with love should have to do. Nor has she e'er yet understood Why, to show love, she should shed blood; Yet, though she cannot tell you why, She can love, and she can die. Scarce has she blood enough to make A quilty sword blush for her sake; Yet has a heart dares hope to prove How much less strong is death than love....

Since 'tis not to be had at home,
She'll travel for a martyrdom.
No home for her, confesses she,
But where she may a martyr be.
She'll to the Moors, and trade with them
For this unvalued diadem;
She offers them her dearest breath,
With Christ's name in 't, in charge for death:
She'll bargain with them, and will give
Them God, and teach them how to live
In Him; or, if they this deny,
For Him she'll teach them how to die.
So shall she leave amongst them sown
Her Lord's blood, or at least her own.

Farewell then, all the world, adieu! Teresa is no more for you. Farewell all pleasures, sports, and joys, Never till now esteemed toys!

Farewell whatever dear may be--Mother's arms, or father's knee! Farewell house, and farewell home! She 's for the Moors and Martyrdom.

Sweet, not so fast; lo! thy fair spouse, Whom thou seek'st with so swift vows, Calls thee back, and bids thee come T' embrace a milder martyrdom....

O how oft shalt thou complain Of a sweet and subtle pain! Of intolerable joys! Of a death, in which who dies Loves his death, and dies again, And would for ever so be slain; And lives and dies, and knows not why To live, but that he still may die! How kindly will thy gentle heart Kiss the sweetly-killing dart! And close in his embraces keep Those delicious wounds, that weep Balsam, to heal themselves with thus, When these thy deaths, so numerous, Shall all at once die into one, And melt thy soul's sweet mansion; Like a soft lump of incense, hasted By too hot a fire, and wasted Into perfuming clouds, so fast Shalt thou exhale to heaven at last In a resolving sigh, and then,--O what? Ask not the tongues of men.

Angels cannot tell; suffice, Thyself shalt feel thine own full joys, And hold them fast for ever there. So soon as thou shalt first appear, The moon of maiden stars, thy white Mistress, attended by such bright Souls as thy shining self, shall come, And in her first ranks make thee room; Where, 'mongst her snowy family, Immortal welcomes wait for thee. O what delight, when she shall stand And teach thy lips heaven, with her hand, On which thou now may'st to thy wishes Heap up thy consecrated kisses! What joy shall seize thy soul, when she, Bending her blessed eyes on thee, Those second smiles of heaven, shall dart Her mild rays through thy melting heart!

Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee, Glad at their own home now to meet thee. All thy good works which went before,

And waited for thee at the door,
Shall own thee there; and all in one
Weave a constellation
Of crowns, with which the King, thy spouse,
Shall build up thy triumphant brows.
All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
And thy pains sit bright upon thee:
All thy sorrows here shall shine,
And thy sufferings be divine.
Tears shall take comfort, and turn gems,
And wrongs repent to diadems.
Even thy deaths shall live, and new
Dress the soul which late they slew.
Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scars
As keep account of the Lamb's wars.

Those rare works, where thou shalt leave writ Love's noble history, with wit Taught thee by none but Him, while here They feed our souls, shall clothe thine there. Each heavenly word by whose hid flame Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same Shall flourish on thy brows, and be Both fire to us and flame to thee; Whose light shall live bright in thy face By glory, in our hearts by grace. Thou shalt look round about, and see Thousands of crown'd souls throng to be Themselves thy crown, sons of thy vows, The virgin-births with which thy spouse Made fruitful thy fair soul; go now, And with them all about thee bow To Him; put on, He'll say, put on, My rosy Love, that thy rich zone, Sparkling with the sacred flames Of thousand souls, whose happy names Heaven keeps upon thy score: thy bright Life brought them first to kiss the light That kindled them to stars; and so Thou with the Lamb, thy Lord, shalt go. And, wheresoe'er He sets His white Steps, walk with Him those ways of light, Which who in death would live to see, Must learn in life to die like thee.

#### A Song

Lord, when the sense of thy sweet grace Sends up my soul to seek thy face. Thy blessed eyes breed such desire, I dy in love's delicious Fire. O love, I am thy Sacrifice. Be still triumphant, blessed eyes. Still shine on me, fair suns! that I Still may behold, though still I dy.

Though still I dy, I live again; Still longing so to be still slain, So gainfull is such losse of breath. I dy even in desire of death. Still live in me this loving strife Of living Death and dying Life. For while thou sweetly slayest me Dead to my selfe, I live in Thee.

#### An Epitaph upon Husband and Wife

TO these whom death again did wed This grave 's the second marriage-bed. For though the hand of Fate could force 'Twixt soul and body a divorce, It could not sever man and wife, Because they both lived but one life. Peace, good reader, do not weep; Peace, the lovers are asleep. They, sweet turtles, folded lie In the last knot that love could tie. Let them sleep, let them sleep on, Till the stormy night be gone, And the eternal morrow dawn; Then the curtains will be drawn, And they wake into a light Whose day shall never die in night.

#### An Epitaph upon Husband and Wife Who died and were buried together

TO these whom death again did wed This grave 's the second marriage-bed. For though the hand of Fate could force 'Twixt soul and body a divorce, It could not sever man and wife, Because they both lived but one life. Peace, good reader, do not weep; Peace, the lovers are asleep. They, sweet turtles, folded lie In the last knot that love could tie. Let them sleep, let them sleep on, Till the stormy night be gone, And the eternal morrow dawn; Then the curtains will be drawn, And they wake into a light Whose day shall never die in night.

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 thou too shalt adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

## **But Men Loved Darkness rather than Light**

The world's light shines, shine as it will, The world will love its darkness still. I doubt though when the world's in hell, It will not love its darkness half so well.

#### **Christ Crucified**

THY restless feet now cannot go
For us and our eternal good,
As they were ever wont. What though
They swim, alas! in their own flood?

Thy hands to give Thou canst not lift, Yet will Thy hand still giving be; It gives, but O, itself's the gift! It gives tho' bound, tho' bound 'tis free!

#### **Divine Epigrams: On the Baptized Ethiopian**

Let it no longer be a forlorn hope To wash an Ethiope;

He's wash'd, his gloomy skin a peaceful shade, For his white soul is made;

And now, I doubt not, the Eternal Dove

A black-fac'd house will love. Credits and Copyright Together with the editors, the Department of English (University of Toronto), and the University of Toronto Press, the following individuals share copyright for the work that wentinto this edition: Screen Design (Electronic Edition): Sian Meikle (University of Toronto Library) Scanning: Sharine Leung (Centre for Computing in the Humanities)

## **Divine Epigrams: On the Miracle of the Multiplied Loaves**

See here an easy feast that knows no wound, That under hunger's teeth will needs be sound; A subtle harvest of unbounded bread, What would ye more? Here food itself is fed.

# **Divine Epigrams: Samson to his Delilah**

Could not once blinding me, cruel, suffice? When first I look'd on thee, I lost mine eyes.

# Divine Epigrams: To our Lord, upon the Water Made Wine

Thou water turn'st to wine, fair friend of life,
Thy foe, to cross the sweet arts of thy reign,
Distills from thence the tears of wrath and strife,
And so turns wine to water back again.

#### In the Holy Nativity of our Lord

#### **CHORUS**

Come we shepherds whose blest sight Hath met love's noon in nature's night; Come lift we up our loftier song And wake the sun that lies too long.

To all our world of well-stol'n joy
He slept, and dreamt of no such thing,
While we found out heav'n's fairer eye,
And kiss'd the cradle of our King.
Tell him he rises now too late
To show us aught worth looking at.

Tell him we now can show him more
Than he e'er show'd to mortal sight,
Than he himself e'er saw before,
Which to be seen needs not his light.
Tell him, Tityrus, where th' hast been;
Tell him, Thyrsis, what th' hast seen.
TITYRUS

Gloomy night embrac'd the place
Where the Noble Infant lay;
The Babe look'd up and show'd his face,
In spite of darkness, it was day.
It was thy day, Sweet! and did rise
Not from the east, but from thine eyes.
CHORUS

It was thy day, Sweet! and did rise Not from the east, but from thine eyes. THYRSIS

Winter chid aloud, and sent
The angry North to wage his wars;
The North forgot his fierce intent,
And left perfumes instead of scars.
By those sweet eyes' persuasive pow'rs,
Where he meant frost, he scatter'd flow'rs.
CHORUS

By those sweet eyes' persuasive pow'rs, Where he meant frost, he scatter'd flow'rs. BOTH

We saw thee in thy balmy nest,
Young dawn of our eternal day!
We saw thine eyes break from their east
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw thee, and we bless'd the sight,
We saw thee by thine own sweet light.
TITYRUS

Poor World, said I, what wilt thou do
To entertain this starry stranger?
Is this the best thou canst bestow,
A cold, and not too cleanly, manger?
Contend, ye powers of heav'n and earth,
To fit a bed for this huge birth.
CHORUS

Contend, ye powers of heav'n and earth, To fit a bed for this huge birth. THYRSIS

Proud World, said I, cease your contest,
And let the Mighty Babe alone;
The ph{oe}nix builds the ph{oe}nix' nest,
Love's architecture is his own;
The Babe whose birth embraves this morn,
Made his own bed ere he was born.
CHORUS

The Babe whose birth embraves this morn, Made his own bed ere he was born. TITYRUS

I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow,
Come hovering o'er the place's head,
Off'ring their whitest sheets of snow
To furnish the fair Infant's bed.
Forbear, said I, be not too bold;
Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.
CHORUS

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

I saw the obsequious Seraphims
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow;
For well they now can spare their wings,
Since Heav'n itself lies here below.
Well done, said I, but are you sure
Your down so warm will pass for pure?
CHORUS

Well done, said I, but are you sure Your down so warm will pass for pure? TITYRUS

No no, your King's not yet to seek Where to repose his royal head; See see, how soon his new-bloom'd cheek 'Twixt's mother's breasts is gone to bed. Sweet choice, said we! no way but so, Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow. CHORUS

Sweet choice, said we! no way but so, Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow. BOTH

We saw thee in thy balmy nest,
Bright dawn of our eternal day!
We saw thine eyes break from their east,
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw thee, and we bless'd the sight,
We saw thee, by thine own sweet light.
CHORUS

We saw thee, and we bless'd the sight, We saw thee, by thine own sweet light. FULL CHORUS

Welcome, all wonders in one sight!
Eternity shut in a span;
Summer in winter; day in night;
Heaven in earth, and God in man.
Great little one, whose all-embracing birth
Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heav'n to earth.

Welcome; though nor to gold nor silk,
To more than C{ae}sar's birthright is;
Two sister seas of virgin-milk,
With many a rarely temper'd kiss,
That breathes at once both maid and mother,
Warms in the one, cools in the other.

Welcome, though not to those gay flies Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings, Slippery souls in smiling eyes; But to poor shepherds, homespun things, Whose wealth's their flock, whose wit, to be Well read in their simplicity.

Yet when young April's husband-show'rs
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
We'll bring the first-born of her flow'rs
To kiss thy feet and crown thy head.
To thee, dread Lamb! whose love must keep
The shepherds more than they the sheep.

To thee, meek Majesty! soft King Of simple graces and sweet loves, Each of us his lamb will bring, Each his pair of silver doves; Till burnt at last in fire of thy fair eyes, Ourselves become our own best sacrifice.

#### On Mr. G. Herbert's Book, Entitled the Temple of Sacred Poe

Know you fair, on what you look; Divinest love lies in this book, Expecting fire from your eyes, To kindle this his sacrifice. When your hands until these strings, Think you'have an angel by th' wings. One that gladly will be nigh, To wait upon each morning sigh. To flutter in the balmy air Of your well-perfumed prayer. These white plumes of his he'll lend you, Which every day to heaven will send you, To take acquaintance of the sphere, And all the smooth-fac'd kindred there. And though Herbert's name do owe These devotions, fairest, know That while I lay them on the shrine

Of your white hand, they are mine. Credits and Copyright Together with the editors, the Department of English (University of Toronto), and the University of Toronto Press, the following individuals share copyright for the work that wentinto this edition: Screen Design (Electronic Edition): Sian Meikle (University of Toronto Library) Scanning: Sharine Leung (Centre for Computing in the Humanities)

#### **Prayer**

LO here a little volume, but great Book A nest of new-born sweets; Whose native fires disdaining To ly thus folded, and complaining Of these ignoble sheets, Affect more comly bands (Fair one) from the kind hands And confidently look To find the rest Of a rich binding in your Brest. It is, in one choise handfull, heavenn; and all Heavn's Royall host; incamp't thus small To prove that true schooles use to tell, Ten thousand Angels in one point can dwell. It is love's great artillery Which here contracts itself, and comes to ly Close couch't in their white bosom: and from thence As from a snowy fortresse of defence, Against their ghostly foes to take their part, And fortify the hold of their chast heart. It is an armory of light Let constant use but keep it bright, You'l find it yeilds To holy hands and humble hearts More swords and sheilds Then sin hath snares, or Hell hath darts. Only be sure The hands be pure That hold these weapons; and the eyes Those of turtles, chast and true; Wakefull and wise; Here is a freind shall fight for you, Hold but this book before their heart; Let prayer alone to play his part, But ô the heart That studyes this high Art Must be a sure house-keeper And yet no sleeper. Dear soul, be strong. Mercy will come e're long And bring his bosom fraught with blessings, Flowers of never fading graces To make immortall dressings For worthy soules, whose wise embraces Store up themselves for Him, who is alone The Spouse of Virgins and the Virgin's son. But if the noble Bridegroom, when he come Shall find the loytering Heart from home; Leaving her chast aboad To gadde abroad Among the gay mates of the god of flyes; To take her pleasure and to play

And keep the devill's holyday; To dance th'sunshine of some smiling But beguiling Spheares of sweet and sugred Lyes, Some slippery Pair Of false, perhaps as fair, Flattering but forswearing eyes; Doubtlesse some other heart Will gett the start Mean while, and stepping in before Will take possession of that sacred store Of hidden sweets and holy loyes. Words which are not heard with Eares (Those tumultuous shops of noise) Effectuall wispers, whose still voice The soul it selfe more feeles then heares; Amorous languishments; luminous trances; Sights which are not seen with eyes; Spirituall and soul-peircing glances Whose pure and subtil lightning flyes Home to the heart, and setts the house on fire And melts it down in sweet desire Yet does not stay To ask the windows leave to passe that way; Delicious Deaths; soft exalations Of soul; dear and divine annihilations; A thousand unknown rites Of ioyes and rarefy'd delights; A hundred thousand goods, glories, and graces, And many a mystick thing Which the divine embraces Of the deare spouse of spirits with them will bring For which it is no shame That dull mortality must not know a name. Of all this store Of blessings and ten thousand more (If when he come He find the Heart from home) Doubtlesse he will unload Himself some other where, And poure abroad His pretious sweets On the fair soul whom first he meets. O fair, ô fortunate! O riche, ô dear! O happy and thrice happy she Selected dove Who ere she be, Whose early love With winged vowes Makes hast to meet her morning spouse And close with his immortall kisses. Happy indeed, who never misses

To improve that pretious hour, And every day Seize her sweet prey All fresh and fragrant as he rises Dropping with a baulmy Showr A delicious dew of spicés; O let the blissfull heart hold fast Her heavnly arm-full, she shall tast At once ten thousand paradises; She shall have power To rifle and deflour The rich and roseall spring of those rare sweets Which with a swelling bosome there she meets Boundles and infinite Bottomles treasures Of pure inebriating pleasures Happy proof! she shal discover What ioy, what blisse, How many Heav'ns at once it is To have her God become her Lover.

#### The Flaming Heart

.

O heart, the equal poise of love's both parts, Big alike with wounds and darts, Live in these conquering leaves; live all the same, And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame; Live here, great heart, and love and die and kill, And bleed and wound, and yield and conquer still. Let this immortal life, where'er it comes, Walk in a crowd of loves and martyrdoms; Let mystic deaths wait on 't, and wise souls be The love-slain witnesses of this life of thee. O sweet incendiary! show here thy art, Upon this carcass of a hard cold heart, Let all thy scatter'd shafts of light, that play Among the leaves of thy large books of day, Combin'd against this breast, at once break in And take away from me my self and sin; This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be, And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me. O thou undaunted daughter of desires! By all thy dow'r of lights and fires, By all the eagle in thee, all the dove, By all thy lives and deaths of love, By thy large draughts of intellectual day, And by thy thirsts of love more large than they, By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire, By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire, By the full kingdom of that final kiss That seiz'd thy parting soul and seal'd thee his, By all the heav'ns thou hast in him, Fair sister of the seraphim! By all of him we have in thee, Leave nothing of my self in me: Let me so read thy life that I Unto all life of mine may die.

#### The Recommendation

These houres, and that which hovers o're my End, Into thy hands, and hart, lord, I commend.

Take Both to Thine Account, that I and mine In that Hour, and in these, may be all thine.

That as I dedicate my devoutest Breath To make a kind of Life for my lord's Death,

So from his living, and life-giving Death, My dying Life may draw a new, and never fleeting Breath.

#### The Weeper

HAIL, sister springs,
Parents of silver-footed rills!
Ever bubbling things,
Thawing crystal, snowy hills!
Still spending, never spent; I mean
Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene.

Heavens thy fair eyes be;
Heavens of ever-falling stars;
'Tis seed-time still with thee,
And stars thou sow'st whose harvest dares
Promise the earth to countershine
Whatever makes Heaven's forehead fine.

Every morn from hence
A brisk cherub something sips
Whose soft influence
Adds sweetness to his sweetest lips;
Then to his music: and his song
Tastes of this breakfast all day long.

When some new bright guest
Takes up among the stars a room,
And Heaven will make a feast,
Angels with their bottles come,
And draw from these full eyes of thine
Their Master's water, their own wine.

The dew no more will weep
The primrose's pale cheek to deck;
The dew no more will sleep
Nuzzled in the lily's neck:
Much rather would it tremble here,
And leave them both to be thy tear.

When sorrow would be seen
In her brightest majesty,
--For she is a Queen-Then is she drest by none but thee:
Then and only then she wears
Her richest pearls--I mean thy tears.

Not in the evening's eyes,
When they red with weeping are
For the Sun that dies,
Sits Sorrow with a face so fair.
Nowhere but here did ever meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

Does the night arise?
Still thy tears do fall and fall.
Does night lose her eyes?

Still the fountain weeps for all. Let day and night do what they will, Thou hast thy task, thou weepest still.

Not So long she lived
Will thy tomb report of thee;
But So long she grieved:
Thus must we date thy memory.
Others by days, by months, by years,
Measure their ages, thou by tears.

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

Whither away so fast
For sure the sordid earth
Your sweetness cannot taste,
Nor does the dust deserve your birth.
Sweet, whither haste you then? O say,
Why you trip so fast away?

We go not to seek
The darlings of Aurora's bed,
The rose's modest cheek,
Nor the violet's humble head.
No such thing: we go to meet
A worthier object--our Lord's feet.

#### To the Name above every Name, the Name of Jesus

I sing the Name which None can say But touch't with An interiour Ray: The Name of our New Peace; our Good: Our Blisse: and Supernaturall Blood: The Name of All our Lives and Loves. Hearken, And Help, ye holy Doves! The high-born Brood of Day; you bright Candidates of blissefull Light, The Heirs Elect of Love; whose Names belong Unto The everlasting life of Song; All ye wise Soules, who in the wealthy Brest Of This unbounded Name build your warm Nest. Awake, My glory. Soul, (if such thou be, And That fair Word at all referr to Thee) Awake and sing And be All Wing; Bring hither thy whole Self; and let me see What of thy Parent Heaven yet speakes in thee, O thou art Poore Of noble Powres, I see, And full of nothing else but empty Me, Narrow, and low, and infinitely lesse Then this Great mornings mighty Busynes. One little World or two (Alas) will never doe. We must have store. Goe, Soul, out of thy Self, and seek for More. Goe and request Great Nature for the Key of her huge Chest Of Heavns, the self involving Sett of Sphears (Which dull mortality more Feeles then heares) Then rouse the nest Of nimble, Art, and traverse round The Aiery Shop of soul-appeasing Sound: And beat a summons in the Same All-soveraign Name To warn each severall kind And shape of sweetnes, Be they such As sigh with supple wind Or answer Artfull Touch, That they convene and come away To wait at the love-crowned Doores of This Illustrious Day. Shall we dare This, my Soul? we'l doe't and bring No Other note for't, but the Name we sing. Wake Lute and Harp And every sweet-lipp't Thing That talkes with tunefull string; Start into life, And leap with me Into a hasty Fitt-tun'd Harmony. Nor must you think it much T'obey my bolder touch;

I have Authority in Love's name to take you And to the worke of Love this morning wake you; Wake; In the Name Of Him who never sleeps, All Things that Are, Or, what's the same, Are Musicall; Answer my Call And come along; Help me to meditate mine Immortall Song. Come, ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth, Bring All your houshold stuffe of Heavn on earth; O you, my Soul's most certain Wings, Complaining Pipes, and prattling Strings, Bring All the store Of Sweets you have; And murmur that you have no more. Come, né to part, Nature and Art! Come; and come strong, To the conspiracy of our Spatious song. Bring All the Powres of Praise Your Provinces of well-united Worlds can raise; Bring All your Lutes and Harps of Heaven and Earth; What ere cooperates to The common mirthe Vessells of vocall Ioyes, Or You, more noble Architects of Intellectual Noise, Cymballs of Heav'n, or Humane sphears, Solliciters of Soules or Eares; And when you'are come, with All That you can bring or we can call; O may you fix For ever here, and mix Your selves into the long And everlasting series of a deathlesse Song; Mix All your many Worlds, Above, And loose them into One of Love. Chear thee my Heart! For Thou too hast thy Part And Place in the Great Throng Of This unbounded All-imbracing Song. Powres of my Soul, be Proud! And speake lowd To All the dear-bought Nations This Redeeming Name, And in the wealth of one Rich Word proclaim New Similes to Nature. May it be no wrong Blest Heavns, to you, and your Superiour song, That we, dark Sons of Dust and Sorrow, A while Dare borrow The Name of Your Dilights and our Desires, And fitt it to so farr inferior Lyres. Our Murmurs have their Musick too, Ye mighty Orbes, as well as you,

Nor yeilds the noblest Nest Of warbling Seraphim to the eares of Love, A choicer Lesson then the joyfull Brest Of a poor panting Turtle-Dove. And we, low Wormes have leave to doe The Same bright Busynes (ye Third Heavens) with you. Gentle Spirits, doe not complain. We will have care To keep it fair, And send it back to you again. Come, lovely Name! Appeare from forth the Bright Regions of peacefull Light, Look from thine own Illustrious Home, Fair King of Names, and come. Leave All thy native Glories in their Georgeous Nest, And give thy Self a while The gracious Guest Of humble Soules, that seek to find The hidden Sweets Which man's heart meets When Thou art Master of the Mind. Come, lovely Name; life of our hope! Lo we hold our Hearts wide ope! Unlock thy Cabinet of Day Dearest Sweet, and come away. Lo how the thirsty Lands Gasp for thy Golden Showres! with longstretch't Hands. Lo how the laboring Earth That hopes to be All Heaven by Thee, Leapes at thy Birth. The' attending World, to wait thy Rise, First turn'd to eyes; And then, not knowing what to doe; Turn'd Them to Teares, and spent Them too. Come Royall Name, and pay the expence Of all this Pretious Patience. O come away And kill the Death of This Delay. O see, so many Worlds of barren yeares Melted and measur'd out is Seas of Teares. O see, The Weary liddes of wakefull Hope (Love's Eastern windowes) All wide ope With Curtains drawn, To catch The Day-break of Thy Dawn. O dawn, at last, long look't for Day! Take thine own wings, and come away. Lo, where Aloft it comes! It comes, Among The Conduct of Adoring Spirits, that throng Like diligent Bees, And swarm about it. O they are wise; And know what Sweetes are suck't from out it. It is the Hive,

By which they thrive,

Where All their Hoard of Hony lyes.

Lo where it comes, upon The snowy Dove's

Soft Back; And brings a Bosom big with Loves.

Welcome to our dark world, Thou

Womb of Day!

Unfold thy fair Conceptions; And display

The Birth of our Bright Ioyes.

O thou compacted

Body of Blessings: spirit of Soules extracted!

O dissipate thy spicy Powres

(Clowd of condensed sweets) and break upon us

In balmy showrs;

O fill our senses, And take from us

All force of so Prophane a Fallacy

To think ought sweet but that which smells of Thee.

Fair, flowry Name; In none but Thee

And Thy Nectareall Fragrancy,

Hourly there meetes

An universall Synod of All sweets;

By whom it is defined Thus

That no Perfume

For ever shall presume

To passe for Odoriferous,

But such alone whose sacred Pedigree

Can prove it Self some kin (sweet name) to Thee.

Sweet Name, in Thy each Syllable

A Thousand Blest Arabias dwell;

A Thousand Hills of Frankincense;

Mountains of myrrh, and Beds of species,

And ten Thousand Paradises,

The soul that tasts thee takes from thence.

How many unknown Worlds there are

Of Comforts, which Thou hast in keeping!

How many Thousand Mercyes there

In Pitty's soft lap ly a sleeping!

Happy he who has the art

To awake them,

And to take them

Home, and lodge them in his Heart.

O that it were as it was wont to be!

When thy old Freinds of Fire, All full of Thee,

Fought against Frowns with smiles; gave Glorious chase

To Persecutions; And against the Face

Of Death and feircest Dangers, durst with Brave

And sober pace march on to meet A Grave.

On their Bold Brests about the world they bore thee

And to the Teeth of Hell stood up to teach thee,

In Center of their inmost Soules they wore thee,

Where Rackes and Torments striv'd, in vain, to reach thee.

Little, alas, thought They

Who tore the Fair Brests of thy Freinds,

Their Fury but made way For Thee; And serv'd them in Thy glorious ends. What did Their weapons but with wider pores Inlarge thy flaming-brested Lovers More freely to transpire That impatient Fire The Heart that hides Thee hardly covers. What did their Weapons but sett wide the Doores For Thee: Fair, purple Doores, of love's devising; The Ruby windowes which inrich't the East Of Thy so oft repeated Rising. Each wound of Theirs was Thy new Morning; And reinthron'd thee in thy Rosy Nest, With blush of thine own Blood thy day adorning, It was the witt of love oreflowd the Bounds Of Wrath, and made thee way through All Those wounds. Wellcome dear, All-Adored Name! For sure there is no Knee That knowes not Thee. Or if there be such sonns of shame, Alas what will they doe When stubborn Rocks shall bow And Hills hang down their Heavn-saluting Heads To seek for humble Beds Of Dust, where in the Bashfull shades of night Next to their own low Nothing they may ly, And couch before the dazeling light of thy dread majesty. They that by Love's mild Dictate now Will not adore thee, Shall Then with Just Confusion, bow And break before thee.

### Two Went up into the Temple to Pray

Two went to pray? O rather say One went to brag, th' other to pray:

One stands up close and treads on high, Where th' other dares not send his eye.

One nearer to God's altar trod, The other to the altar's God.

#### **Upon the Book and Picture of the Seraphical Saint Teresa**

O THOU undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy lives and deaths of love;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;
By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His;
By all the Heav'n thou hast in Him
(Fair sister of the seraphim!);
By all of Him we have in thee;
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die!

#### Verses from the Shepherds' Hymn

WE saw Thee in Thy balmy nest, Young dawn of our eternal day; We saw Thine eyes break from the East, And chase the trembling shades away: We saw Thee, and we blest the sight, We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

Poor world, said I, what wilt thou do
To entertain this starry stranger?
Is this the best thou canst bestow-A cold and not too cleanly manger?
Contend, the powers of heaven and earth,
To fit a bed for this huge birth.

Proud world, said I, cease your contest, And let the mighty babe alone; The phoenix builds the phoenix' nest, Love's architecture is His own. The babe, whose birth embraves this morn, Made His own bed ere He was born.

I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow, Come hovering o'er the place's head, Off'ring their whitest sheets of snow, To furnish the fair infant's bed. Forbear, said I, be not too bold; Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.

I saw th' obsequious seraphim
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,
For well they now can spare their wings,
Since Heaven itself lies here below.
Well done, said I; but are you sure
Your down, so warm, will pass for pure?

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

She sings Thy tears asleep, and dips
Her kisses in Thy weeping eye;
She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,
That in their buds yet blushing lie.
She 'gainst those mother diamonds tries
The points of her young eagle's eyes.

Welcome--tho' not to those gay flies, Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings, Slippery souls in smiling eyes-- But to poor shepherds, homespun things, Whose wealth 's their flocks, whose wit 's to be Well read in their simplicity.

Yet, when young April's husband show'rs Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed, We'll bring the first-born of her flowers, To kiss Thy feet and crown Thy head. To Thee, dread Lamb! whose love must keep The shepherds while they feed their sheep.

To Thee, meek Majesty, soft King
Of simple graces and sweet loves!
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves!
At last, in fire of Thy fair eyes,
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice!

#### Wishes To His (Supposed) Mistress

Whoe'er she be, That not impossible she That shall command my heart and me;

Where'er she lie, Locked up from mortal eye In shady leaves of destiny:

Till that ripe birth
Of studied fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps to our earth;

Till that divine Idea take a shrine Of crystal flesh, through which to shine:

Meet you her, my wishes, Bespeak her to my blisses, And be ye called my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty, That owes not all its duty To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie;

Something more than Taffata or tissue can, Or rampant feather, or rich fan;

More than the spoil Of shop, or silkworm's toil, Or a bought blush, or a set smile.

A face that's best By its own beauty drest, And can alone commend the rest:

A face made up Out of no other shop Than what nature's white hand sets ope.

A cheek where youth And blood with pen of truth Write what the reader sweetly ru'th.

A cheek where grows More than a morning rose, Which to no box his being owes.

Lips, where all day A lovers kiss may play, Yet carry nothing thence away. Looks that oppress Their richest tires, but dress And clothe their simplest nakedness.

Eyes, that displaces
The neighbour diamond, and outfaces
That sunshine by their own sweet graces.

Tresses, that wear Jewels, but to declare How much themselves more precious are;

Whose native ray
Can tame the wanton day
Of gems that in their bright shades play.

Each ruby there, Or pearl that dare appear, Be its own blush, be its own tear.

A well-tamed heart, For whose more noble smart Love may be long choosing a dart.

Eyes, that bestow Full quivers on Love's bow, Yet pay less arrows than they owe.

Smiles, that can warm The blood, yet teach a charm, That chastity shall take no harm.

Blushes, that bin The burnish of no sin, Nor flames of aught too hot within.

Joyes, that confess Virtue their mistress, And have no other head to dress.

Fears, fond and flight As the coy bride's when night First does the longing lover right.

Tears, quickly fled And vain as those are shed For a dying maidenhead.

Days, that need borrow No part of their good morrow From a forspent night of sorrow. Days, that, in spite Of darkness, by the light Of a clear mind are day all night.

Nights, sweet as they, Made short by lovers' play, Yet long by th' absence of the day.

Life, that dares send A challenge to its end, And when it comes say Welcome Friend.

Sydneian showers Of sweet discourse, whose powers Can crown old winter's head with flowers.

Soft silken hours, Open suns, shady bowers 'Bove all; nothing within that lours.

Whate'er delight Can make day's forehead bright, Or give down to the wings of night.

In her whole frame Have nature all the name, Art and ornament the shame.

Her flattery Picture and poesy, Her counsel her own virtue be.

I wish her store Of worth may leave her poor Of wishes; and I wish— no more.

Now, if Time knows That Her, whose radiant brows Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her, whose just bays My future hopes can raise, A trophy to her present praise;

Her, that dares be What these lines wish to see: I seek no further, it is she.

'Tis she, and here Lo! I unclothe and clear My wishes' cloudy character. May she enjoy it, Whose merit dare apply it, But modesty dares still deny it!

Such worth as this is Shall fix my flying wishes, And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory, My fancies, fly before ye; Be ye my fictions, but her story.

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