

Classic Poetry Series

Anne Bradstreet
- poems -

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Anne Bradstreet(1612 – 16 September 1672)

Bradstreet was born Anne Dudley in Northampton, England, 1612. She was the daughter of Thomas Dudley, a steward of the Earl of Lincoln, and Dorothy Yorke. Due to her family's position she grew up in cultured circumstances and was a well-educated woman for her time, being tutored in history, several languages and literature. At the age of sixteen she married Simon Bradstreet. Both Anne's father and husband were later to serve as governors of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Anne and Simon, along with Anne's parents, immigrated to America aboard the *Arbella* as part of the Winthrop Fleet of Puritan emigrants in 1630.

Anne Bradstreet first touched American soil on June 14, 1630 at what is now Pioneer Village (Salem, Massachusetts) with Simon, her parents and other voyagers, part of the Migration to New England (1620-1640). Their stay was very brief due to the illness and starvation of Gov. John Endecott and other residents of the village. Most moved immediately south along the coast to Charlestown, Massachusetts for another short stay before moving south along the Charles River to found "the City on the Hill," Boston, Massachusetts.

The Bradstreet family soon moved again, this time to what is now Cambridge, Massachusetts. In 1632, Anne had her first child, Samuel, in *Newe Towne*, as it was then called.

Both Anne's father and her husband were instrumental in the founding of Harvard in 1636. Two of her sons were graduates, Samuel (Class of 1653) and Simon (Class of 1660). In October 1997, the Harvard community dedicated a gate in memory of her as America's first published poet (see last paragraph below). The Bradstreet Gate is located next to Canaday Hall, the newest dormitory in Harvard Yard.

Despite poor health, she had eight children and achieved a comfortable social standing. Having previously been afflicted with smallpox, Anne would once again fall prey to illness as paralysis overtook her joints in later years.

In the early 1640s, Simon once again pressed his wife, pregnant with her sixth child, to move for the sixth time, from Ipswich to Andover Parish. North Andover is that original town founded in 1646 by the Stevens, Osgood, Johnson, Farnum, Barker and Bradstreet families among others. Anne and her family resided in the Old Center of North Andover. They never lived in what is now known as "Andover" to the south.

In 1650, Rev. John Woodbridge had *The Tenth Muse Lately Sprung Up in America* composed by "A Gentlewoman from Those Parts" published in London, making Anne the first female poet ever published in both England and the New World.

On July 10, 1666, their North Andover family home burned (see "Works" below) in a fire that left the Bradstreets homeless and with few personal belongings. By then, Anne's health was slowly failing. She suffered from tuberculosis and had to deal with the loss of cherished relatives. But her will remained strong and as a reflection of her religious devotion and knowledge of Biblical scriptures, she found peace in the firm belief that her daughter-in-law Mercy and her grandchildren were in heaven.

Anne Bradstreet died on September 16, 1672 in North Andover, Massachusetts at the age of 60. The precise location of her grave is uncertain but many historians believe her body is in the Old Burying Ground at Academy Road and Osgood Street in North Andover.

This area of the Merrimack Valley is now described as the Valley of the Poets.

A marker in the North Andover cemetery commemorates the 350th anniversary (2000) of the publishing of "The Tenth Muse" in London in 1650. That site and the Bradstreet Gate at Harvard may be the only two places in America honoring her memory.

Works

Bradstreet's education gave her advantages to write with authority about politics, history, medicine, and theology. Her personal library of books was said to have numbered over 800, before many were destroyed when her home burned down. This event itself inspired a poem entitled "Upon the Burning of Our House July 10th, 1666". She rejects the anger and grief that this worldly tragedy has caused her and instead looks toward God and the assurance of heaven as consolation, saying:

*"And when I could no longer look,
I blest His grace that gave and took,
That laid my goods now in the dust.
Yea, so it was, and so 'twas just.
It was his own; it was not mine.
Far be it that I should repine."*

As a younger poet Bradstreet wrote five quaternions, epic poems of four parts

each that explore the diverse yet complementary natures of their subject. Much of Bradstreet's poetry is based on observation of the world around her, focusing heavily on domestic and religious themes, and was considered by Cotton Mather a monument to her memory beyond the stateliest marble. Long considered primarily of historical interest, she won critical acceptance in the 20th century as a writer of enduring verse, particularly for her sequence of religious poems "Contemplations", which was written for her family and not published until the mid-19th century. Bradstreet's work was deeply influenced by the poet <a href="

Nearly a century later, Martha Wadsworth Brewster, a notable 18th-century American poet and writer, in her principal work, *Poems on Diverse Subjects*, was influenced and pays homage to Bradstreet's verse.

Despite the traditional attitude toward women of the time, she clearly valued knowledge and intellect; she was a free thinker and some consider her an early feminist; unlike the more radical Anne Hutchinson, however, Bradstreet's feminism does not reflect heterodox, antinomian views.

In 1647 Bradstreet's brother-in-law, Rev. John Woodbridge, sailed to England, carrying her manuscript of poetry. Although Anne later said that she did not know Woodbridge was going to publish her manuscript, in her self-deprecatory poem, "The Author to Her Book", she wrote Woodbridge a letter while he was in London, indicating her knowledge of the publication plan. Anne had little choice, however— as a woman poet, it was important for her to downplay her ambitions as an author. Otherwise, she would have faced criticism for being "unwomanly." Anne's first work was published in London as "The Tenth Muse Lately Sprung Up in America, by a Gentlewoman of those Parts"

The purpose of the publication appears to have been an attempt by devout Puritan men (i.e. Thomas Dudley, Simon Bradstreet, John Woodbridge) to show that a godly and educated woman could elevate the position held by a wife and mother, without necessarily placing her in competition with men. Very few men of that time agreed with that belief. Mistress Bradstreet endured and ignored much gender bias during her life in the New World.

Romantic Poetry

Bradstreet's poems are associated mostly with Romanticism. She tends to present Romanticism in the form of idealism, individualism, and the discussion of an exotic place. In Bradstreet's poem "To My Dear and Loving Husband" a very passionate love is portrayed throughout this poetic work, where she introduces a love poem that is lyrical but also has a religious element of prayer. She presents

individualism in her poetic works due to her choice of material rather than just her style. Also in Bradstreet's poem "To My Dear and Loving Husband" the individualistic notion it implies is in which the way she compares herself to others. Her poetry pictures her Puritan way of thinking and is greatly known to be elegant and romantic. Anne Bradstreet expresses Romanticism in her poetry not necessarily in the sense of her own choice of subject but in the way of her own feelings.

Use of Metaphors

Anne Bradstreet uses a variety of metaphors throughout her poetic works. For instance, in Bradstreet's poem "To My Dear and Loving Husband" she uses several poetic features and one being the use of metaphors. In the middle quatrain of "To My Dear and Loving Husband" Bradstreet states:

"I prize thy love more than whole Mines of gold,
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.
My love is such that Rivers cannot quench,
Nor ought but love from thee, give recompence."

This part of the poem above lets out the logical argument and starts to become truly heartfelt with the use of religious imagery and metaphors. The subject of this poem is her claimed love for her husband as she praises him and asks the heavens to repay him for his love. Bradstreet wrote this poem as a response to her husband's absence.

"A Letter to Her Husband, Absent Upon Public Employment" is another one of Anne Bradstreet's poems written with several poetic devices, one being her use of metaphors. In this poem she addresses her husband by an arrangement of metaphors, and the main one being the sun. She states "I, like the earth this season, mourn in black." She likens herself to the earth in winter, as she expresses a death "in black" the receding light and feeling "chilled" without him to warm her when she states "My chilled limbs now numbed lie forlorn." She goes on to talk about her children as reminders and she quotes "those fruits which through thy heat I bore." With her husband "southward gone" she discovers the short winter days to be long and tedious. Bradstreet continues to express her sun metaphor into the future as to when he returns, the season will be summer as she quotes "I wish my Sun may never set, but burn/ Within the Cancer of my glowing breast."

Themes

The role of women is a common theme found in Bradstreet's poems. Living in a Puritan society, Bradstreet did not approve of the stereotypical idea that women were inferior to men during the 1600's. Women were expected to spend all their time cooking, cleaning, taking care of their children, and attending to their husband's every need. In her poem *In Honour of that High and Mighty Princess Queen Elizabeth of Happy Memory*, Bradstreet questions this belief.

"Now say, have women worth? or have they none? Or had they some, but with our queen is't gone? Nay Masculines, you have thus taxt us long, But she, though dead, will vindicate our wrong, Let such as say our Sex is void of Reason, Know tis a Slander now, but once was Treason."

A reoccurring theme in Bradstreet's work is mortality. In many of her works, she talks about her own death and how it will affect her children and her wife. The reoccurrence of this mortality theme can be viewed as autobiographical. Because her work was not intended for the public, she was referring to her own medical problems and her belief that she would die. On top of her medical history of smallpox and partial paralysis, Bradstreet and her family dealt with a major house fire that left them homeless and devoid of all personal belongings . Therefore, the reader can actually understand Bradstreet's personal feelings and fears about death. She hoped her children would think of her fondly and honor her memory in her poem, *"Before the Birth of One of Her Children."* "If any worth or virtue were in me, Let that live freshly in thy memory."

In *The Prologue*, Bradstreet demonstrates how society criticized women's accomplishments and that she should be doing other things such as sewing rather than writing poetry.

"I am obnoxious to each carping tongue Who says my hand a needle better fits, A poet's pen all scorn I should thus wrong. For such despite they cast on female wits: If what I do prove well, it won't advance, They'll say it's stol'n, or else it was by chance." Bradstreet also challenged Puritan beliefs by announcing her complete infatuation with her husband, Simon Bradstreet.

In *To My Dear and Loving Husband*, Bradstreet confesses her undying love for Simon saying "Thy love is such I can no way repay, The heavens reward thee manifold, I pray." She also proves her obsession in *A Letter to Her Husband, Absent upon Public Employment*. This was dangerous during her time because Puritans believed that this kind of love would only stray someone further from God.

Nature is also a recurring theme throughout Bradstreet's works. She is constantly

displaying the close relationship between nature and God. Her belief that nature is a gift from the Divine shines through in most of her poems. In *Contemplations*, Bradstreet is captivated by the beauty of nature. The fourth stanza describes her amazement with the sun and how she understands why previous cultures celebrated a sun god. In the ninth stanza, Bradstreet illustrates an image of grasshoppers and crickets singing God's praises.

Anne Bradstreet wrote in a different format than other writers of her time. This mainly is due to the fact that she wrote her feelings in a book not knowing someone would read them. This makes for more real literature, and the total truth. In her poem "A Letter to My Husband" she speaks about the loss of her husband when he is gone. The pain she feels she writes with vivid examples such as nature. She doesn't hold anything back. "I like the earth this season morn in black, my sun is gone". Here Anne is expressing her feelings of missing her husband when he is away. She compares the feeling to that of mourning. A very serious tone for the poem.

"To my faults that well you know I have let be interred in my oblivious grave; if any worth of virtue were in me, let that live freshly in thy memory". Anne expresses the feeling she has of wanting her children to remember her in a good light not in a bad light.

Tone

Bradstreet often uses a sarcastic tone in her poetry. In the first stanza of *The Prologue*, she claims "for my mean pen are too superior things" referring to society's belief that she is unfit to write about wars and the founding of cities because she is a woman. In stanza five Bradstreet continues to display irony by stating "who says my hand a needle better fits". This is another example of her sarcastic voice because society during this time expected women to perform household chores rather than write poetry.

Although Anne Bradstreet endured many hardships in her life, her poems were usually written in a hopeful and positive tone. Throughout her poem *In Memory of My Dear Grandchild Anne Bradstreet*, she mentions that even though she has lost her grand daughter in this world, she will one day be reunited with her in Heaven. In *Upon the Burning of Our House*, Bradstreet describes her house in flames but selflessly declares "there's wealth enough, I need no more." Although Bradstreet lost many of her material items she kept a positive attitude and remained strong through God.

Audience

Much like people make use of a diary, Anne Bradstreet used her poems for recording her feelings and important life events. She never intended for her work to be published. She wrote many letters to her husband which included *To My Dear and Loving Husband* and *A Letter to Her Husband, Absent upon Public Employment*. These letters revealed her unconditional love for Simon Bradstreet and how much she missed him while he was away. It is obvious that Bradstreet only meant for her husband to see.

Bradstreet also wrote a poem for her unborn child. In *Before the Birth of One of Her Children*, she warns her child of her own possible death and instructs him or her to watch over her other children if she does die. Bradstreet also wrote poems addressed to her children including *To My Dear Children* and letters to her deceased grandchildren Elizabeth, Anne, and Simon.

A Dialogue Between Old England And New

New England.

1 Alas, dear Mother, fairest Queen and best,
2 With honour, wealth, and peace happy and blest,
3 What ails thee hang thy head, and cross thine arms,
4 And sit i' the dust to sigh these sad alarms?
5 What deluge of new woes thus over-whelm
6 The glories of thy ever famous Realm?
7 What means this wailing tone, this mournful guise?
8 Ah, tell thy Daughter; she may sympathize.

Old England.

9 Art ignorant indeed of these my woes,
10 Or must my forced tongue these griefs disclose,
11 And must my self dissect my tatter'd state,
12 Which Amazed Christendom stands wondering at?
13 And thou a child, a Limb, and dost not feel
14 My weak'ned fainting body now to reel?
15 This physic-purging-potion I have taken
16 Will bring Consumption or an Ague quaking,
17 Unless some Cordial thou fetch from high,
18 Which present help may ease my malady.
19 If I decease, dost think thou shalt survive?
20 Or by my wasting state dost think to thrive?
21 Then weigh our case, if 't be not justly sad.
22 Let me lament alone, while thou art glad.

New England.

23 And thus, alas, your state you much deplore
24 In general terms, but will not say wherefore.
25 What Medicine shall I seek to cure this woe,
26 If th' wound's so dangerous, I may not know?
27 But you, perhaps, would have me guess it out.
28 What, hath some Hengist like that Saxon stout
29 By fraud and force usurp'd thy flow'ring crown,
30 Or by tempestuous Wars thy fields trod down?
31 Or hath Canutus, that brave valiant Dane,

32 The regal peaceful Sceptre from thee ta'en?
33 Or is 't a Norman whose victorious hand
34 With English blood bedews thy conquered Land?
35 Or is 't intestine Wars that thus offend?
36 Do Maud and Stephen for the Crown contend?
37 Do Barons rise and side against their King,
38 And call in Foreign aid to help the thing?
39 Must Edward be depos'd? Or is 't the hour
40 That second Richard must be clapp'd i' th' Tower?
41 Or is it the fatal jar, again begun,
42 That from the red, white pricking Roses sprung?
43 Must Richmond's aid the Nobles now implore
44 To come and break the tushes of the Boar?
45 If none of these, dear Mother, what's your woe?
46 Pray, do not fear Spain's bragging Armado.
47 Doth your Ally, fair France, conspire your wrack,
48 Or doth the Scots play false behind your back?
49 Doth Holland quit you ill for all your love?
50 Whence is this storm, from Earth or Heaven above?
51 Is 't drought, is 't Famine, or is 't Pestilence?
52 Dost feel the smart, or fear the consequence?
53 Your humble Child entreats you shew your grief.
54 Though Arms nor Purse she hath for your relief--
55 Such is her poverty,--yet shall be found
56 A suppliant for your help, as she is bound.

Old England.

57 I must confess some of those Sores you name
58 My beauteous Body at this present maim,
59 But foreign Foe nor feigned friend I fear,
60 For they have work enough, thou knowest, elsewhere.
61 Nor is it Alcic's son and Henry's Daughter
62 Whose proud contention cause this slaughter;
63 Nor Nobles siding to make John no King,
64 French Louis unjustly to the Crown to bring;
65 No Edward, Richard, to lose rule and life,
66 Nor no Lancastrians to renew old strife;
67 No Crook-backt Tyrant now usurps the Seat, 68 Whose tearing tusks did
wound, and kill, and threat. 69 No Duke of
York nor Earl of March to soil
70 Their hands in Kindred's blood whom they did foil;

71 No need of Tudor Roses to unite:
72 None knows which is the Red or which the White.
73 Spain's braving Fleet a second time is sunk.
74 France knows how of my fury she hath drunk
75 By Edward third and Henry fifth of fame;
76 Her Lilies in my Arms avouch the same.
77 My Sister Scotland hurts me now no more,
78 Though she hath been injurious heretofore.
79 What Holland is, I am in some suspense,
80 But trust not much unto his Excellence.
81 For wants, sure some I feel, but more I fear;
82 And for the Pestilence, who knows how near?
83 Famine and Plague, two sisters of the Sword,
84 Destruction to a Land doth soon afford.
85 They're for my punishments ordain'd on high,
86 Unless thy tears prevent it speedily.
87 But yet I answer not what you demand
88 To shew the grievance of my troubled Land.
89 Before I tell the effect I'll shew the cause,
90 Which are my sins--the breach of sacred Laws:
91 Idolatry, supplanter of a Nation,
92 With foolish superstitious adoration,
93 Are lik'd and countenanc'd by men of might,
94 The Gospel is trod down and hath no right.
95 Church Offices are sold and bought for gain
96 That Pope had hope to find Rome here again.
97 For Oaths and Blasphemies did ever ear
98 From Beelzebub himself such language hear?
99 What scorning of the Saints of the most high!
100 What injuries did daily on them lie!
101 What false reports, what nick-names did they take,
102 Not for their own, but for their Master's sake!
103 And thou, poor soul, wast jeer'd among the rest;
104 Thy flying for the Truth I made a jest.
105 For Sabbath-breaking and for Drunkenness
106 Did ever Land profaneness more express?
107 From crying bloods yet cleansed am not I,
108 Martyrs and others dying causelessly.
109 How many Princely heads on blocks laid down
110 For nought but title to a fading Crown!
111 'Mongst all the cruelties which I have done,
112 Oh, Edward's Babes, and Clarence's hapless Son,

113 O Jane, why didst thou die in flow'ring prime?--
114 Because of Royal Stem, that was thy crime.
115 For Bribery, Adultery, for Thefts, and Lies
116 Where is the Nation I can't paralyze?
117 With Usury, Extortion, and Oppression,
118 These be the Hydras of my stout transgression;
119 These be the bitter fountains, heads, and roots
120 Whence flow'd the source, the sprigs, the boughs, and fruits.
121 Of more than thou canst hear or I relate,
122 That with high hand I still did perpetrate,
123 For these were threat'ned the woeful day
124 I mocked the Preachers, put it fair away.
125 The Sermons yet upon record do stand
126 That cried destruction to my wicked Land.
127 These Prophets' mouths (all the while) was stopt,
128 Unworthily, some backs whipt, and ears crept;
129 Their reverent cheeks bear the glorious marks
130 Of stinking, stigmatizing Romish Clerks;
131 Some lost their livings, some in prison pent,
132 Some grossly fined, from friends to exile went:
133 Their silent tongues to heaven did vengeance cry,
134 Who heard their cause, and wrongs judg'd righteously,
135 And will repay it sevenfold in my lap.
136 This is fore-runner of my after-clap.
137 Nor took I warning by my neighbors' falls.
138 I saw sad Germany's dismantled walls,
139 I saw her people famish'd, Nobles slain,
140 Her fruitful land a barren heath remain.
141 I saw (unmov'd) her Armies foil'd and fled,
142 Wives forc'd, babes toss'd, her houses calcined.
143 I saw strong Rochelle yield'd to her foe,
144 Thousands of starved Christians there also.
145 I saw poor Ireland bleeding out her last,
146 Such cruelty as all reports have past.
147 Mine heart obdurate stood not yet aghast.
148 Now sip I of that cup, and just 't may be
149 The bottom dregs reserved are for me.

New England.

150 To all you've said, sad mother, I assent.
151 Your fearful sins great cause there 's to lament.

152 My guilty hands (in part) hold up with you,
153 A sharer in your punishment's my due.
154 But all you say amounts to this effect,
155 Not what you feel, but what you do expect.
156 Pray, in plain terms, what is your present grief?
157 Then let's join heads and hands for your relief.

Old England.

158 Well, to the matter, then. There's grown of late
159 'Twixt King and Peers a question of state:
160 Which is the chief, the law, or else the King?
161 One saith, it's he; the other, no such thing.
162 My better part in Court of Parliament
163 To ease my groaning land shew their intent
164 To crush the proud, and right to each man deal,
165 To help the Church, and stay the Common-Weal.
166 So many obstacles comes in their way
167 As puts me to a stand what I should say.
168 Old customs, new Prerogatives stood on.
169 Had they not held law fast, all had been gone,
170 Which by their prudence stood them in such stead
171 They took high Strafford lower by the head,
172 And to their Laud be 't spoke they held 'n th' Tower
173 All England's metropolitan that hour.
174 This done, an Act they would have passed fain
175 No prelate should his Bishopric retain.
176 Here tugg'd they hard indeed, for all men saw
177 This must be done by Gospel, not by law.
178 Next the Militia they urged sore.
179 This was denied, I need not say wherefore.
180 The King, displeas'd, at York himself absents.
181 They humbly beg return, shew their intents.
182 The writing, printing, posting to and fro,
183 Shews all was done; I'll therefore let it go.
184 But now I come to speak of my disaster.
185 Contentions grown 'twixt Subjects and their Master,
186 They worded it so long they fell to blows,
187 That thousands lay on heaps. Here bleeds my woes.
188 I that no wars so many years have known
189 Am now destroy'd and slaughter'd by mine own.
190 But could the field alone this strife decide,

191 One battle, two, or three I might abide,
192 But these may be beginnings of more woe--
193 Who knows, the worst, the best may overthrow!
194 Religion, Gospel, here lies at the stake,
195 Pray now, dear child, for sacred Zion's sake,
196 Oh, pity me in this sad perturbation,
197 My plundered Towns, my houses' devastation,
198 My ravisht virgins, and my young men slain,
199 My wealthy trading fallen, my dearth of grain.
200 The seedtime's come, but Ploughman hath no hope
201 Because he knows not who shall inn his crop.
202 The poor they want their pay, their children bread,
203 Their woful mothers' tears unpitied.
204 If any pity in thy heart remain,
205 Or any child-like love thou dost retain,
206 For my relief now use thy utmost skill,
207 And recompense me good for all my ill.

New England.

208 Dear mother, cease complaints, and wipe your eyes,
209 Shake off your dust, cheer up, and now arise.
210 You are my mother, nurse, I once your flesh,
211 Your sunken bowels gladly would refresh.
212 Your griefs I pity much but should do wrong,
213 To weep for that we both have pray'd for long,
214 To see these latter days of hop'd-for good,
215 That Right may have its right, though 't be with blood.
216 After dark Popery the day did clear;
217 But now the Sun in's brightness shall appear.
218 Blest be the Nobles of thy Noble Land
219 With (ventur'd lives) for truth's defence that stand.
220 Blest be thy Commons, who for Common good
221 And thy infringed Laws have boldly stood.
222 Blest be thy Counties, who do aid thee still
223 With hearts and states to testify their will.
224 Blest be thy Preachers, who do cheer thee on.
225 Oh, cry: the sword of God and Gideon!
226 And shall I not on them wish Mero's curse
227 That help thee not with prayers, arms, and purse?
228 And for my self, let miseries abound
229 If mindless of thy state I e'er be found.

230 These are the days the Church's foes to crush,
231 To root out Prelates, head, tail, branch, and rush.
232 Let's bring Baal's vestments out, to make a fire,
233 Their Mitres, Surplices, and all their tire,
234 Copes, Rochets, Croziers, and such trash,
235 And let their names consume, but let the flash
236 Light Christendom, and all the world to see
237 We hate Rome's Whore, with all her trumpery.
238 Go on, brave Essex, shew whose son thou art,
239 Not false to King, nor Country in thy heart,
240 But those that hurt his people and his Crown,
241 By force expel, destroy, and tread them down.
242 Let Gaols be fill'd with th' remnant of that pack,
243 And sturdy Tyburn loaded till it crack.
244 And ye brave Nobles, chase away all fear,
245 And to this blessed Cause closely adhere.
246 O mother, can you weep and have such Peers?
247 When they are gone, then drown your self in tears,
248 If now you weep so much, that then no more
249 The briny Ocean will o'erflow your shore.
250 These, these are they (I trust) with Charles our king,
251 Out of all mists such glorious days will bring
252 That dazzled eyes, beholding, much shall wonder
253 At that thy settled Peace, thy wealth, and splendour,
254 Thy Church and Weal establish'd in such manner
255 That all shall joy that thou display'dst thy banner,
256 And discipline erected so, I trust,
257 That nursing Kings shall come and lick thy dust.
258 Then Justice shall in all thy Courts take place
259 Without respect of persons or of case.
260 Then bribes shall cease, and suits shall not stick long,
261 Patience and purse of Clients for to wrong.
262 Then High Commissions shall fall to decay,
263 And Pursuivants and Catchpoles want their pay.
264 So shall thy happy Nation ever flourish,
265 When truth and righteousness they thus shall nourish.
266 When thus in Peace, thine Armies brave send out
267 To sack proud Rome, and all her vassals rout.
268 There let thy name, thy fame, and valour shine,
269 As did thine Ancestors' in Palestine,
270 And let her spoils full pay with int'rest be
271 Of what unjustly once she poll'd from thee.

272 Of all the woes thou canst let her be sped,
273 Execute to th' full the vengeance threatened.
274 Bring forth the beast that rul'd the world with's beck,
275 And tear his flesh, and set your feet on's neck,
276 And make his filthy den so desolate
277 To th' 'stonishment of all that knew his state.
278 This done, with brandish'd swords to Turkey go,--
279 (For then what is it but English blades dare do?)
280 And lay her waste, for so's the sacred doom,
281 And do to Gog as thou hast done to Rome.
282 Oh Abraham's seed, lift up your heads on high,
283 For sure the day of your redemption's nigh.
284 The scales shall fall from your long blinded eyes,
285 And him you shall adore who now despise.
286 Then fullness of the Nations in shall flow,
287 And Jew and Gentile to one worship go.
288 Then follows days of happiness and rest.
289 Whose lot doth fall to live therein is blest.
290 No Canaanite shall then be found 'n th' land,
291 And holiness on horses' bells shall stand.
292 If this make way thereto, then sigh no more,
293 But if at all thou didst not see 't before.
294 Farewell, dear mother; Parliament, prevail,
295 And in a while you'll tell another tale.

Anne Bradstreet

A Letter To Her Husband

Absent upon Public Employment

My head, my heart, mine eyes, my life, nay more,
My joy, my magazine, of earthly store,
If two be one, as surely thou and I,
How stayest thou there, whilst I at Ipswich lie?
So many steps, head from the heart to sever,
If but a neck, soon should we be together.
I, like the Earth this season, mourn in black,
My Sun is gone so far in's zodiac,
Whom whilst I 'joyed, nor storms, nor frost I felt,
His warmth such fridged colds did cause to melt.
My chilled limbs now numbed lie forlorn;
Return; return, sweet Sol, from Capricorn;
In this dead time, alas, what can I more
Than view those fruits which through thy heart I bore?
Which sweet contentment yield me for a space,
True living pictures of their father's face.
O strange effect! now thou art southward gone,
I weary grow the tedious day so long;
But when thou northward to me shalt return,
I wish my Sun may never set, but burn
Within the Cancer of my glowing breast,
The welcome house of him my dearest guest.
Where ever, ever stay, and go not thence,
Till nature's sad decree shall call thee hence;
Flesh of thy flesh, bone of thy bone,
I here, thou there, yet both but one.

Anne Bradstreet

A Love Letter To Her Husband

Phoebus make haste, the day's too long, begone,
The silent night's the fittest time for moan;
But stay this once, unto my suit give ear,
And tell my griefs in either Hemisphere:
(And if the whirling of thy wheels do n't drown'd
The woful accents of my doleful sound),
If in thy swift career thou canst make stay,
I crave this boon, this errand by the way:
Commend me to the man more lov'd than life,
Show him the sorrows of his widow'd wife,
My dumpish thoughts, my groans, my brackish tears,
My sobs, my longing hopes, my doubting fears,
And, if he love, how can he there abide?
My interest's more than all the world beside.
He that can tell the stars or Ocean sand,
Or all the grass that in the meads do stand,
The leaves in th' woods, the hail or drops of rain,
Or in a cornfield number every grain,
Or every mote that in the sunshine hops,
May court my sighs and number all my drops.
Tell him, the countless steps that thou dost trace,
That once a day thy spouse thou mayst embrace;
And when thou canst not treat by loving mouth,
Thy rays afar, salute her from the south.
But for one month I see no day (poor soul)
Like those far situate under the pole,
Which day by day long wait for thy arise,
O how they joy when thou dost light the skies.
O Phoebus, hadst thou but thus long from thine
Restrain'd the beams of thy beloved shine,
At thy return, if so thou couldst or durst,
Behold a Chaos blacker than the first.
Tell him here's worse than a confused matter,
His little world's a fathom under water,
Naught but the fervor of his ardent beams
Hath power to dry the torrent of these streams.
Tell him I would say more, but cannot well,
Opressed minds abrupted tales do tell.
Now post with double speed, mark what I say,

By all our loves conjure him not to stay.

Anne Bradstreet

An Apology

To finish what's begun, was my intent,
My thoughts and my endeavours thereto bent;
Essays I many made but still gave out,
The more I mus'd, the more I was in doubt:
The subject large my mind and body weak,
With many moe discouragements did speak.
All thoughts of further progress laid aside,
Though oft perswaded, I as oft deny'd,
At length resolv'd, when many years had past,
To prosecute my story to the last;
And for the same, I hours not few did spend,
And weary lines (though lanke) I many pen'd:
But 'fore I could accomplish my desire,
My papers fell a prey to th'raging fire.
And thus my pains (with better things) I lost,
Which none had cause to wail, nor I to boast.
No more I'll do sith I have suffer'd wrack,
Although my Monarchies their legs do lack:
Nor matter is't this last, the world now sees,
Hath many Ages been upon his knees.

Anne Bradstreet

An Epitaph On My Dear And Ever Honoured Mother Mrs. Dorothy Dudley, Who Deceased Decemb. 27. 1643. A

A worthy Matron of unspotted life,
A loving Mother and obedient wife,
A friendly Neighbor, pitiful to poor,
Whom oft she fed, and clothed with her store;
To Servants wisely awful, but yet kind,
And as they did, so they reward did find:
A true Instructor of her Family,
The which she ordered with dexterity.
The publick meetings ever did frequent,
And in her Closet constant hours she spent;
Religious in all her words and wayes,
Preparing still for death, till end of dayes:
Of all her Children, Children, liv'd to see,
Then dying, left a blessed memory.

Anne Bradstreet

Another

Phoebus make haste, the day's too long, be gone,
The silent night's the fittest time for moan;
But stay this once, unto my suit give ear,
And tell my griefs in either hemisphere.
(And if the whirling of thy wheels don't drown'd)
The woeful accents of my doleful sound,
If in thy swift carrier thou canst make stay,
I crave this boon, this errand by the way,
Commend me to the man more loved than life,
Show him the sorrows of his widowed wife;
My dumpish thoughts, my groans, my brakish tears
My sobs, my longing hopes, my doubting fears,
And if he love, how can he there abide?
My interest's more than all the world beside.
He that can tell the stars or ocean sand,
Or all the grass that in the meads do stand,
The leaves in th' woods, the hail, or drops of rain,
Or in a corn-field number every grain,
Or every mote that in the sunshine hops,
May count my sighs, and number all my drops.
Tell him the countless steps that thou dost trace,
That once a day thy spouse thou may'st embrace;
And when thou canst not treat by loving mouth,
Thy rays afar salute her from the south.
But for one month I see no day (poor soul)
Like those far situate under the pole,
Which day by day long wait for thy arise,
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O Phoebus, hadst thou but thus long from thine
Restrained the beams of thy beloved shine,
At thy return, if so thou could'st or durst,
Behold a Chaos blacker than the first.
Tell him here's worse than a confused matter,
His little world's a fathom under water.
Nought but the fervor of his ardent beams
Hath power to dry the torrent of these streams.
Tell him I would say more, but cannot well,
Oppressed minds abruptest tales do tell.
Now post with double speed, mark what I say,

By all our loves conjure him not to stay

Anne Bradstreet

Another (Ii)

As loving hind that (hartless) wants her deer,
Scuds through the woods and fern with hark'ning ear,
Perplext, in every bush and nook doth pry,
Her dearest deer, might answer ear or eye;
So doth my anxious soul, which now doth miss
A dearer dear (far dearer heart) than this.
Still wait with doubts, and hopes, and failing eye,
His voice to hear or person to descry.
Or as the pensive dove doth all alone
(On withered bough) most uncouthly bemoan
The absence of her love and loving mate,
Whose loss hath made her so unfortunate,
Ev'n thus do I, with many a deep sad groan,
Bewail my turtle true, who now is gone,
His presence and his safe return still woos,
With thousand doleful sighs and mournful coos.
Or as the loving mullet, that true fish,
Her fellow lost, nor joy nor life do wish,
But launches on that shore, there for to die,
Where she her captive husband doth espy.
Mine being gone, I lead a joyless life,
I have a loving peer, yet seem no wife;
But worst of all, to him can't steer my course,
I here, he there, alas, both kept by force.
Return my dear, my joy, my only love,
Unto thy hind, thy mullet, and thy dove,
Who neither joys in pasture, house, nor streams,
The substance gone, O me, these are but dreams.
Together at one tree, oh let us browse,
And like two turtles roost within one house,
And like the mullets in one river glide,
Let's still remain but one, till death divide.
 Thy loving love and dearest dear,
 At home, abroad, and everywhere

Anne Bradstreet

As Spring The Winter Doth Succeed

May 13, 1657.

As spring the winter doth succeed,
And leaues the naked Trees doe dresse,
The earth all black is cloth'd in green;
At svn-shine each their joy expresse.
My Svns returned with healing wings.
My Soul and Body doth rejoyce;
My heart exvlt, and praises sings
To him that heard my wailing Voice.
My winters past, my stormes are gone,
And former clowdes seem now all fled;
But, if they mvst eclipse again,
I'le rvn where I was succoured.
I haue a shelter from the storm,
A shadow from the fainting heat;
I haue accesse vnto his Throne,
Who is a God so wondrous great.
O hast thou made my Pilgrimage
Thvs pleasant, fair, and good;
Bless'd me in Youth and elder Age,
My Baca made a springing flood?
I studios am what I shall doe,
To show my Duty with delight;
All I can giue is but thine own,
And at the most a simple mite.

Anne Bradstreet

As Weary Pilgrim, Now At Rest

As weary pilgrim, now at rest,
Hugs with delight his silent nest
His wasted limbes, now lye full soft
That myrie steps, haue troden oft
Blesses himself, to think vpon
his dangers past, and travailes done
The burning sun no more shall heat
Nor stormy raines, on him shall beat.
The bryars and thornes no more shall scratch
nor hungry wolues at him shall catch
He erring pathes no more shall tread
nor wild fruits eate, in stead of bread,
for waters cold he doth not long
for thirst no more shall parch his tongue
No rugged stones his feet shall gaule
nor stumps nor rocks cause him to fall
All cares and feares, he bids farwell
and meanes in safity now to dwell.
A pilgrim I, on earth, perplext
wth sinns wth cares and sorrows vext
By age and paines brought to decay
and my Clay house mouldring away
Oh how I long to be at rest
and soare on high among the blest.
This body shall in silence sleep
Mine eyes no more shall ever weep
No fainting fits shall me assaile
nor grinding paines my body fraile
Wth cares and fears ne'r cumbred be
Nor losses know, nor sorrowes see
What tho my flesh shall there consume
it is the bed Christ did perfume
And when a few yeares shall be gone
this mortall shall be cloth'd vpon
A Corrupt Carcasse downe it lyes
a glorious body it shall rise
In weaknes and dishonour sowne
in power 'tis rais'd by Christ alone
Then soule and body shall vnite

and of their maker haue the sight
Such lasting ioyes shall there behold
as eare ne'r heard nor tongue e'er told
Lord make me ready for that day
then Come deare bridgrome Come away.

Anne Bradstreet

Author To Her Book, The

Thou ill-form'd offspring of my feeble brain,
Who after birth did'st by my side remain,
Till snatcht from thence by friends, less wise than true,
Who thee abroad expos'd to public view,
Made thee in rags, halting to th' press to trudge,
Where errors were not lessened (all may judge).
At thy return my blushing was not small,
My rambling brat (in print) should mother call.
I cast thee by as one unfit for light,
Thy Visage was so irksome in my sight,
Yet being mine own, at length affection would
Thy blemishes amend, if so I could.
I wash'd thy face, but more defects I saw,
And rubbing off a spot, still made a flaw.
I stretcht thy joints to make thee even feet,
Yet still thou run'st more hobbling than is meet.
In better dress to trim thee was my mind,
But nought save home-spun Cloth, i' th' house I find.
In this array, 'mongst Vulgars mayst thou roam.
In Critics' hands, beware thou dost not come,
And take thy way where yet thou art not known.
If for thy Father askt, say, thou hadst none;
And for thy Mother, she alas is poor,
Which caus'd her thus to send thee out of door.

Anne Bradstreet

Before The Birth Of One Of Her Children

All things within this fading world hath end,
Adversity doth still our joys attend;
No ties so strong, no friends so dear and sweet,
But with death's parting blow are sure to meet.
The sentence past is most irrevocable,
A common thing, yet oh, inevitable.
How soon, my Dear, death may my steps attend,
How soon't may be thy lot to lose thy friend,
We both are ignorant, yet love bids me
These farewell lines to recommend to thee,
That when the knot's untied that made us one,
I may seem thine, who in effect am none.
And if I see not half my days that's due,
What nature would, God grant to yours and you;
The many faults that well you know I have
Let be interred in my oblivious grave;
If any worth or virtue were in me,
Let that live freshly in thy memory
And when thou feel'st no grief, as I no harmes,
Yet love thy dead, who long lay in thine arms,
And when thy loss shall be repaid with gains
Look to my little babes, my dear remains.
And if thou love thyself, or loved'st me,
These O protect from stepdame's injury.
And if chance to thine eyes shall bring this verse,
With some sad sighs honor my absent hearse;
And kiss this paper for thy dear love's sake,
Who with salt tears this last farewell did take.

Anne Bradstreet

By Night When Others Soundly Slept

- . By night when others soundly slept
And hath at once both ease and Rest,
My waking eyes were open kept
And so to lie I found it best.

- .
I sought him whom my Soul did Love,
With tears I sought him earnestly.
He bow'd his ear down from Above.
In vain I did not seek or cry.

- .
My hungry Soul he fill'd with Good;
He in his Bottle put my tears,
My smarting wounds washt in his blood,
And banisht thence my Doubts and fears.

- .
What to my Saviour shall I give
Who freely hath done this for me?
I'll serve him here whilst I shall live
And Loue him to Eternity

Anne Bradstreet

Childhood

Ah me! conceiv'd in sin, and born in sorrow,
A nothing, here to day, but gone to morrow,
Whose mean beginning, blushing can't reveal,
But night and darkness must with shame conceal.
My mother's breeding sickness, I will spare,
Her nine months' weary burden not declare.
To shew her bearing pangs, I should do wrong,
To tell that pain, which can't be told by tongue.
With tears into this world I did arrive;
My mother still did waste, as I did thrive,
Who yet with love and all alacrity,
Spending was willing to be spent for me.
With wayward cries, I did disturb her rest,
Who sought still to appease me with her breast;
With weary arms, she danc'd, and By, By, sung,
When wretched I (ungrate) had done the wrong.
When Infancy was past, my Childishness
Did act all folly that it could express.
My silliness did only take delight
In that which riper age did scorn and slight,
In Rattles, Bables, and such toyish stuff.
My then ambitious thoughts were low enough.
My high-born soul so straitly was confin'd
That its own worth it did not know nor mind.
This little house of flesh did spacious count,
Through ignorance, all troubles did surmount,
Yet this advantage had mine ignorance,
Freedom from Envy and from Arrogance.
How to be rich, or great, I did not cark,
A Baron or a Duke ne'r made my mark,
Nor studious was, Kings favours how to buy,
With costly presents, or base flattery;
No office coveted, wherein I might
Make strong my self and turn aside weak right.
No malice bare to this or that great Peer,
Nor unto buzzing whisperers gave ear.
I gave no hand, nor vote, for death, or life.
I'd nought to do, 'twixt Prince, and peoples' strife.
No Statist I: nor Marti'llist i' th' field.

Where e're I went, mine innocence was shield.
My quarrels, not for Diadems, did rise,
But for an Apple, Plumb, or some such prize.
My strokes did cause no death, nor wounds, nor scars.
My little wrath did cease soon as my wars.
My duel was no challenge, nor did seek.
My foe should weltering, with his bowels reek.
I had no Suits at law, neighbours to vex,
Nor evidence for land did me perplex.
I fear'd no storms, nor all the winds that blows.
I had no ships at Sea, no fraughts to loose.
I fear'd no drought, nor wet; I had no crop,
Nor yet on future things did place my hope.
This was mine innocence, but oh the seeds
Lay raked up of all the cursed weeds,
Which sprouted forth in my insuing age,
As he can tell, that next comes on the stage.
But let me yet relate, before I go,
The sins and dangers I am subject to:
From birth stained, with Adam's sinful fact,
From thence I 'gan to sin, as soon as act;
A perverse will, a love to what's forbid;
A serpent's sting in pleasing face lay hid;
A lying tongue as soon as it could speak
And fifth Commandment do daily break;
Oft stubborn, peevish, sullen, pout, and cry;
Then nought can please, and yet I know not why.
As many was my sins, so dangers too,
For sin brings sorrow, sickness, death, and woe,
And though I miss the tossings of the mind,
Yet griefs in my frail flesh I still do find.
What gripes of wind, mine infancy did pain?
What tortures I, in breeding teeth sustain?
What crudities my cold stomach hath bred?
Whence vomits, worms, and flux have issued?
What breaches, knocks, and falls I daily have?
And some perhaps, I carry to my grave.
Sometimes in fire, sometimes in water fall:
Strangely preserv'd, yet mind it not at all.
At home, abroad, my danger's manifold
That wonder 'tis, my glass till now doth hold.
I've done: unto my elders I give way,

For 'tis but little that a child can say.

Anne Bradstreet

Contemplations

1 Sometime now past in the Autumnal Tide,
2 When Phoebus wanted but one hour to bed,
3 The trees all richly clad, yet void of pride,
4 Were gilded o're by his rich golden head.
5 Their leaves and fruits seem'd painted but was true
6 Of green, of red, of yellow, mixed hew,
7 Rapt were my senses at this delectable view.

2

8 I wist not what to wish, yet sure thought I,
9 If so much excellence abide below,
10 How excellent is he that dwells on high?
11 Whose power and beauty by his works we know.
12 Sure he is goodness, wisdom, glory, light,
13 That hath this under world so richly dight.
14 More Heaven than Earth was here, no winter and no night.

3

15 Then on a stately Oak I cast mine Eye,
16 Whose ruffling top the Clouds seem'd to aspire.
17 How long since thou wast in thine Infancy?
18 Thy strength and stature, more thy years admire,
19 Hath hundred winters past since thou wast born?
20 Or thousand since thou brakest thy shell of horn?
21 If so, all these as nought, Eternity doth scorn.

4

22 Then higher on the glistering Sun I gaz'd,
23 Whose beams was shaded by the leafy Tree.
24 The more I look'd, the more I grew amaz'd
25 And softly said, what glory's like to thee?
26 Soul of this world, this Universe's Eye,
27 No wonder some made thee a Deity.
28 Had I not better known (alas) the same had I.

5

29 Thou as a Bridegroom from thy Chamber rushes
30 And as a strong man joys to run a race.
31 The morn doth usher thee with smiles and blushes.
32 The Earth reflects her glances in thy face.
33 Birds, insects, Animals with Vegative,
34 Thy heat from death and dullness doth revive
35 And in the darksome womb of fruitful nature dive.

6

36 Thy swift Annual and diurnal Course,
37 Thy daily straight and yearly oblique path,
38 Thy pleasing fervour, and thy scorching force,
39 All mortals here the feeling knowledge hath.
40 Thy presence makes it day, thy absence night,
41 Quaternal seasons caused by thy might.
42 Hail Creature, full of sweetness, beauty, and delight!

7

43 Art thou so full of glory that no Eye
44 Hath strength thy shining Rays once to behold?
45 And is thy splendid Throne erect so high
46 As, to approach it, can no earthly mould?
47 How full of glory then must thy Creator be!
48 Who gave this bright light luster unto thee.
49 Admir'd, ador'd for ever be that Majesty!

8

50 Silent alone where none or saw or heard,
51 In pathless paths I lead my wand'ring feet.
52 My humble Eyes to lofty Skies I rear'd
53 To sing some Song my mazed Muse thought meet.
54 My great Creator I would magnify
55 That nature had thus decked liberally,
56 But Ah and Ah again, my imbecility!

9

57 I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,

58 The black clad Cricket bear a second part.
59 They kept one tune and played on the same string,
60 Seeming to glory in their little Art.
61 Shall creatures abject thus their voices raise
62 And in their kind resound their maker's praise
63 Whilst I, as mute, can warble forth no higher lays?

10

64 When present times look back to Ages past
65 And men in being fancy those are dead,
66 It makes things gone perpetually to last
67 And calls back months and years that long since fled.
68 It makes a man more aged in conceit
69 Than was Methuselah or's grand-sire great,
70 While of their persons and their acts his mind doth treat.

11

71 Sometimes in Eden fair he seems to be,
72 See glorious Adam there made Lord of all,
73 Fancies the Apple dangle on the Tree
74 That turn'd his Sovereign to a naked thrall,
75 Who like a miscreant's driven from that place
76 To get his bread with pain and sweat of face.
77 A penalty impos'd on his backsliding Race.

12

78 Here sits our Grand-dame in retired place
79 And in her lap her bloody Cain new born.
80 The weeping Imp oft looks her in the face,
81 Bemoans his unknown hap and fate forlorn.
82 His Mother sighs to think of Paradise
83 And how she lost her bliss to be more wise,
84 Believing him that was and is Father of lies.

13

85 Here Cain and Abel come to sacrifice,
86 Fruits of the Earth and Fatlings each do bring.
87 On Abel's gift the fire descends from Skies,

88 But no such sign on false Cain's offering.
89 With sullen hateful looks he goes his ways,
90 Hath thousand thoughts to end his brother's days,
91 Upon whose blood his future good he hopes to raise.

14

92 There Abel keeps his sheep, no ill he thinks,
93 His brother comes, then acts his fratricide.
94 The Virgin Earth of blood her first draught drinks,
95 But since that time she often hath been cloy'd.
96 The wretch with ghastly face and dreadful mind
97 Thinks each he sees will serve him in his kind,
98 Though none on Earth but kindred near then could he find.

15

99 Who fancies not his looks now at the Bar,
100 His face like death, his heart with horror fraught.
101 Nor Male-factor ever felt like war,
102 When deep despair with wish of life hath fought,
103 Branded with guilt, and crusht with treble woes,
104 A Vagabond to Land of Nod he goes,
105 A City builds that walls might him secure from foes.

16

106 Who thinks not oft upon the Father's ages?
107 Their long descent, how nephews' sons they saw,
108 The starry observations of those Sages,
109 And how their precepts to their sons were law,
110 How Adam sigh'd to see his Progeny
111 Cloth'd all in his black, sinful Livery,
112 Who neither guilt not yet the punishment could fly.

17

113 Our life compare we with their length of days.
114 Who to the tenth of theirs doth now arrive?
115 And though thus short, we shorten many ways,
116 Living so little while we are alive.
117 In eating, drinking, sleeping, vain delight

118 So unawares comes on perpetual night
119 And puts all pleasures vain unto eternal flight.

18

120 When I behold the heavens as in their prime
121 And then the earth (though old) still clad in green,
122 The stones and trees, insensible of time,
123 Nor age nor wrinkle on their front are seen.
124 If winter come and greenness then do fade,
125 A Spring returns, and they more youthful made,
126 But Man grows old, lies down, remains where once he's laid.

19

127 By birth more noble than those creatures all,
128 Yet seems by nature and by custom curs'd,
129 No sooner born but grief and care makes fall
130 That state obliterate he had at first:
131 Nor youth, nor strength, nor wisdom spring again,
132 Nor habitations long their names retain
133 But in oblivion to the final day remain.

20

134 Shall I then praise the heavens, the trees, the earth,
135 Because their beauty and their strength last longer?
136 Shall I wish there, or never to had birth,
137 Because they're bigger and their bodies stronger?
138 Nay, they shall darken, perish, fade and die,
139 And when unmade, so ever shall they lie.
140 But man was made for endless immortality.

21

141 Under the cooling shadow of a stately Elm
142 Close sate I by a goodly River's side,
143 Where gliding streams the Rocks did overwhelm.
144 A lonely place, with pleasures dignifi'd.
145 I once that lov'd the shady woods so well,
146 Now thought the rivers did the trees excel,
147 And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

22

148 While on the stealing stream I fixt mine eye,
149 Which to the long'd-for Ocean held its course,
150 I markt nor crooks, nor rubs that there did lie
151 Could hinder ought but still augment its force.
152 O happy Flood, quoth I, that holds thy race
153 Till thou arrive at thy beloved place,
154 Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct thy pace.

23

155 Nor is't enough that thou alone may'st slide,
156 But hundred brooks in thy clear waves do meet,
157 So hand in hand along with thee they glide
158 To Thetis' house, where all imbrace and greet.
159 Thou Emblem true of what I count the best,
160 O could I lead my Rivolets to rest,
161 So may we press to that vast mansion, ever blest.

24

162 Ye Fish which in this liquid Region 'bide
163 That for each season have your habitation,
164 Now salt, now fresh where you think best to glide
165 To unknown coasts to give a visitation,
166 In Lakes and ponds, you leave your numerous fry.
167 So Nature taught, and yet you know not why,
168 You watry folk that know not your felicity.

25

169 Look how the wantons frisk to task the air,
170 Then to the colder bottom straight they dive;
171 Eftsoon to Neptune's glassy Hall repair
172 To see what trade they, great ones, there do drive,
173 Who forrage o're the spacious sea-green field
174 And take the trembling prey before it yield,
175 Whose armour is their scales, their spreading fins their shield.

26

176 While musing thus with contemplation fed,
177 And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
178 The sweet-tongu'd Philomel perch'd o'er my head
179 And chanted forth a most melodious strain
180 Which rapt me so with wonder and delight
181 I judge my hearing better than my sight
182 And wish me wings with her a while to take my flight.

27

183 O merry Bird (said I) that fears no snares,
184 That neither toils nor hoards up in thy barn,
185 Feels no sad thoughts nor cruciating cares
186 To gain more good or shun what might thee harm--
187 Thy clothes ne'er wear, thy meat is everywhere,
188 Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water clear--
189 Reminds not what is past, nor what's to come dost fear.

28

190 The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,
191 Sets hundred notes unto thy feathered crew,
192 So each one tunes his pretty instrument
193 And warbling out the old, begin anew,
194 And thus they pass their youth in summer season,
195 Then follow thee into a better Region,
196 Where winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion.

29

197 Man at the best a creature frail and vain,
198 In knowledge ignorant, in strength but weak,
199 Subject to sorrows, losses, sickness, pain,
200 Each storm his state, his mind, his body break--
201 From some of these he never finds cessation
202 But day or night, within, without, vexation,
203 Troubles from foes, from friends, from dearest, near'st Relation.

30

204 And yet this sinful creature, frail and vain,

205 This lump of wretchedness, of sin and sorrow,
206 This weather-beaten vessel wrackt with pain,
207 Joys not in hope of an eternal morrow.
208 Nor all his losses, crosses, and vexation,
209 In weight, in frequency and long duration
210 Can make him deeply groan for that divine Translation.

31

211 The Mariner that on smooth waves doth glide
212 Sings merrily and steers his Barque with ease
213 As if he had command of wind and tide
214 And now becomes great Master of the seas,
215 But suddenly a storm spoils all the sport
216 And makes him long for a more quiet port,
217 Which 'gainst all adverse winds may serve for fort.

32

218 So he that faileth in this world of pleasure,
219 Feeding on sweets that never bit of th' sour,
220 That's full of friends, of honour, and of treasure,
221 Fond fool, he takes this earth ev'n for heav'ns bower,
222 But sad affliction comes and makes him see
223 Here's neither honour, wealth, or safety.
224 Only above is found all with security.

33

225 O Time the fatal wrack of mortal things
226 That draws oblivion's curtains over kings,
227 Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not;
228 Their names with a Record are forgot,
229 Their parts, their ports, their pomp's all laid in th' dust.
230 Nor wit, nor gold, nor buildings scape time's rust,
231 But he whose name is grav'd in the white stone
232 Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.

Anne Bradstreet

Dauids Lamentation For Saul And Jonathan.

2. Sam. 1. slain is the Head of Israel,
Illustrious Saul whose beauty did excell,
Upon thy places mountainous and high,
How did the Mighty fall, and falling dye?
In Gath let not this things be spoken on,
Nor published in streets of Askalon,
Lest daughters of the Philistines rejoyce,
Lest the uncircumcis'd lift up their voice.
O Gilbo Mounts, let never pearled dew,
Nor fruitfull showres your barren tops bestrew,
Nor fields of offrings ever on you grow,
Nor any pleasant thing e're may you show;
For there the Mighty Ones did soon decay,
The shield of Saul was vilely cast away,
There had his dignity so sore a foyle,
As if his head ne're felt the sacred oyle.
Sometimes from crimson, blood of gastly slain,
The bow of Jonathan ne're turn'd in vain:
Nor from the fat, and spoils of Mighty men
With bloodless sword did Saul turn back agen.
Pleasant and lovely, were they both in life,
And in their death was found no parting strife.
Swifter then swiftest Eagles so were they,
Stronger then Lions ramping for their prey.
O Israels Dames, o'reflow your beauteous eyes
For valiant Saul who on Mount Gilbo lyes,
Who cloathed you in Cloath of richest Dye,
And choice delights, full of variety,
On your array put ornaments of gold,
Which made you yet more beauteous to behold.
O! how in Battle did the mighty fall
In midst of strength not succoured at all.
O lovely Jonathan! how wast thou slain?
In places high, full low thou didst remain.
Distrest for thee I am, dear Jonathan,
Thy love was wonderfull, surpassing man,
Exceeding all the love that's Feminine,
So pleasant hast thou been, dear brother mine,
How are the mighty fall'n into decay?

And warlike weapons perished away?

Anne Bradstreet

Deliverance From A Fit Of Fainting

Worthy art Thou, O Lord, of praise,
But ah! It's not in me.
My sinking heart I pray Thee raise
So shall I give it Thee.

My life as spider's webb's cut off,
Thus fainting have I said,
And living man no more shall see
But be in silence laid.

My feeble spirit Thou didst revive,
My doubting Thou didst chide,
And though as dead mad'st me alive,
I here a while might 'bide.

Why should I live but to Thy praise?
My life is hid with Thee.
O Lord, no longer be my days
Than I may fruitful be.

Anne Bradstreet

Deliverance From Another Sore Fit

In my distress I sought the Lord
When naught on earth could comfort give,
And when my soul these things abhorred,
Then, Lord, Thou said'st unto me, "Live."

Thou knowest the sorrows that I felt;
My plaints and groans were heard of Thee,
And how in sweat I seemed to melt
Thou help'st and Thou regardest me.

My wasted flesh Thou didst restore,
My feeble loins didst gird with strength,
Yea, when I was most low and poor,
I said I shall praise Thee at length.

What shall I render to my God
For all His bounty showed to me?
Even for His mercies in His rod,
Where pity most of all I see.

My heart I wholly give to Thee;
O make it fruitful, faithful Lord.
My life shall dedicated be
To praise in thought, in deed, in word.

Thou know'st no life I did require
Longer than still Thy name to praise,
Nor ought on earth worthy desire,
In drawing out these wretched days.

Thy name and praise to celebrate,
O Lord, for aye is my request.
O grant I do it in this state,
And then with Thee, which is the best.

Anne Bradstreet

Epitaphs

Her Mother's Epitaph

Here lies

A worthy matron of unspotted life,
A loving mother and obedient wife,
A friendly neighbor, pitiful to poor,
Whom oft she fed, and clothed with her store;
To servants wisely awful, but yet kind,
And as they did, so they reward did find:
A true instructor of her family,
The which she ordered with dexterity,
The public meetings ever did frequent,
And in her closest constant hours she spent;
Religious in all her words and ways,
Preparing still for death, till end of days:
Of all her children, children lived to see,
Then dying, left a blessed memory.

Her Father's Epitaph

Within this tomb a patriot lies
That was both pious, just and wise,
To truth a shield, to right a wall,
To sectaries a whip and maul,
A magazine of history,
A prizer of good company
In manners pleasant and severe
The good him loved, the bad did fear,
And when his time with years was spent
In some rejoiced, more did lament.
1653, age 77

Anne Bradstreet

Flesh And The Spirit, The

In secret place where once I stood
Close by the Banks of Lacrim flood,
I heard two sisters reason on
Things that are past and things to come.
One Flesh was call'd, who had her eye
On worldly wealth and vanity;
The other Spirit, who did rear
Her thoughts unto a higher sphere.
"Sister," quoth Flesh, "what liv'st thou on
Nothing but Meditation?
Doth Contemplation feed thee so
Regardlessly to let earth go?
Can Speculation satisfy
Notion without Reality?
Dost dream of things beyond the Moon
And dost thou hope to dwell there soon?
Hast treasures there laid up in store
That all in th' world thou count'st but poor?
Art fancy-sick or turn'd a Sot
To catch at shadows which are not?
Come, come. I'll show unto thy sense,
Industry hath its recompence.
What canst desire, but thou maist see
True substance in variety?
Dost honour like? Acquire the same,
As some to their immortal fame;
And trophies to thy name erect
Which wearing time shall ne'er deject.
For riches dost thou long full sore?
Behold enough of precious store.
Earth hath more silver, pearls, and gold
Than eyes can see or hands can hold.
Affects thou pleasure? Take thy fill.
Earth hath enough of what you will.
Then let not go what thou maist find
For things unknown only in mind."

Anne Bradstreet

For Deliverance From A Feaver.

When Sorrowes had begyrt me rovnd,
And Paines within and out,
When in my flesh no part was sovnd,
Then didst thou rid me out.
My burning flesh in sweat did boyle,
My aking head did break;
From side to side for ease I toyle,
So faint I could not speak.
Beclouded was my Soul with fear
Of thy Displeasure sore,
Nor could I read my Evidence
Which oft I read before.
Hide not thy face from me, I cry'd,
From Burnings keep my soul;
Thov know'st my heart, and hast me try'd;
I on thy Mercyes Rowl.
O, heal my Soul, thov know'st I said,
Tho' flesh consume to novght;
What tho' in dust it shall bee lay'd,
To Glory't shall bee brovght.
Thou heardst, thy rod thou didst remove,
And spar'd my Body frail,
Thou shew'st to me thy tender Love,
My heart no more might quail.
O, Praises to my mighty God,
Praise to my Lord, I say,
Who hath redeem'd my Soul from pitt:
Praises to him for Aye!

Anne Bradstreet

For The Restoration Of My Dear Husband From A Burning Ague, June, 1661.

When feares and sorrowes me besett,
Then did'st thou rid me out;
When heart did faint and spirits quail,
Thou comforts me about.
Thou rais'st him vp I feard to loose,
Regau'st me him again:
Distempers thou didst chase away;
With strenght didst him sustain.
My thankfull heart, with Pen record
The Goodnes of thy God;
Let thy obedience testefye
He taught thee by his rod.
And with his staffe did thee support,
That thou by both may'st learn;
And 'twixt the good and evill way,
At last, thou mig'st discern.
Praises to him who hath not left
My Soul as destitute;
Nor turnd his ear away from me,
But graunted hath my Suit.

Anne Bradstreet

Here Follow Several Occasional Meditations

By night when others soundly slept,
And had at once both ease and rest,
My waking eyes were open kept
And so to lie I found it best.

I sought Him whom my soul did love,
With tears I sought Him earnestly;
He bowed His ear down from above.
In vain I did not seek or cry.

My hungry soul He filled with good,
He in His bottle put my tears,
My smarting wounds washed in His blood,
And banished thence my doubts and fears.

What to my Savior shall I give,
Who freely hath done this for me?
I'll serve Him here whilst I shall live
And love Him to eternity.

Anne Bradstreet

Here Follows Some Verses Upon The Burning Of Our House

In silent night when rest I took
For sorrow near I did not look
I waked was with thund'ring noise
And piteous shrieks of dreadful voice.
That fearful sound of "Fire!" and "Fire!"
Let no man know is my desire.
I, starting up, the light did spy,
And to my God my heart did cry
To strengthen me in my distress
And not to leave me succorless.
Then, coming out, beheld a space
The flame consume my dwelling place.
And when I could no longer look,
I blest His name that gave and took,
That laid my goods now in the dust.
Yea, so it was, and so 'twas just.
It was His own, it was not mine,
Far be it that I should repine;
He might of all justly bereft
But yet sufficient for us left.
When by the ruins oft I past
My sorrowing eyes aside did cast,
And here and there the places spy
Where oft I sat and long did lie:
Here stood that trunk, and there that chest,
There lay that store I counted best.
My pleasant things in ashes lie,
And them behold no more shall I.
Under thy roof no guest shall sit,
Nor at thy table eat a bit.
No pleasant tale shall e'er be told,
Nor things recounted done of old.
No candle e'er shall shine in thee,
Nor bridegroom's voice e'er heard shall be.
In silence ever shall thou lie,
Adieu, Adieu, all's vanity.
Then straight I 'gin my heart to chide,

And did thy wealth on earth abide?
Didst fix thy hope on mold'ring dust?
The arm of flesh didst make thy trust?
Raise up thy thoughts above the sky
That dunghill mists away may fly.
Thou hast an house on high erect,
Framed by that mighty Architect,
With glory richly furnished,
Stands permanent though this be fled.
It's purchased and paid for too
By Him who hath enough to do.
A price so vast as is unknown
Yet by His gift is made thine own;
There's wealth enough, I need no more,
Farewell, my pelf, farewell my store.
The world no longer let me love,
My hope and treasure lies above.

Anne Bradstreet

In Honour Of That High And Mighty Princess, Queen Elizabeth

Proem.

- 1.1 Although great Queen, thou now in silence lie,
- 1.2 Yet thy loud Herald Fame, doth to the sky
- 1.3 Thy wondrous worth proclaim, in every clime,
- 1.4 And so has vow'd, whilst there is world or time.
- 1.5 So great's thy glory, and thine excellence,
- 1.6 The sound thereof raps every human sense
- 1.7 That men account it no impiety
- 1.8 To say thou wert a fleshly Deity.
- 1.9 Thousands bring off'rings (though out of date)
- 1.10 Thy world of honours to accumulate.
- 1.11 'Mongst hundred Hecatombs of roaring Verse,
- 1.12 'Mine bleating stands before thy royal Hearse.
- 1.13 Thou never didst, nor canst thou now disdain,
- 1.14 T' accept the tribute of a loyal Brain.
- 1.15 Thy clemency did yerst esteem as much
- 1.16 The acclamations of the poor, as rich,
- 1.17 Which makes me deem, my rudeness is no wrong,
- 1.18 Though I resound thy greatness 'mongst the throng.

The Poem.

- 2.1 No Ph{o}enix Pen, nor Spenser's Poetry,
- 2.2 No Speed's, nor Camden's learned History;
- 2.3 Eliza's works, wars, praise, can e're compact,
- 2.4 The World's the Theater where she did act.
- 2.5 No memories, nor volumes can contain,
- 2.6 The nine Olymp'ades of her happy reign,
- 2.7 Who was so good, so just, so learn'd, so wise,
- 2.8 From all the Kings on earth she won the prize.
- 2.9 Nor say I more than truly is her due.
- 2.10 Millions will testify that this is true.
- 2.11 She hath wip'd off th' aspersion of her Sex,
- 2.12 That women wisdom lack to play the Rex.
- 2.13 Spain's Monarch sa's not so, not yet his Host:
- 2.14 She taught them better manners to their cost.

2.15 The Salic Law had not in force now been,
2.16 If France had ever hop'd for such a Queen.
2.17 But can you Doctors now this point dispute,
2.18 She's argument enough to make you mute,
2.19 Since first the Sun did run, his ne'er runn'd race,
2.20 And earth had twice a year, a new old face;
2.21 Since time was time, and man unmanly man,
2.22 Come shew me such a Phoenix if you can.
2.23 Was ever people better rul'd than hers?
2.24 Was ever Land more happy, freed from stirs?
2.25 Did ever wealth in England so abound?
2.26 Her Victories in foreign Coasts resound?
2.27 Ships more invincible than Spain's, her foe
2.28 She rack't, she sack'd, she sunk his Armadoe.
2.29 Her stately Troops advanc'd to Lisbon's wall,
2.30 Don Anthony in's right for to install.
2.31 She frankly help'd Franks' (brave) distressed King,
2.32 The States united now her fame do sing.
2.33 She their Protectrix was, they well do know,
2.34 Unto our dread Virago, what they owe.
2.35 Her Nobles sacrific'd their noble blood,
2.36 Nor men, nor coin she shap'd, to do them good.
2.37 The rude untamed Irish she did quell,
2.38 And Tiron bound, before her picture fell.
2.39 Had ever Prince such Counsellors as she?
2.40 Her self Minerva caus'd them so to be.
2.41 Such Soldiers, and such Captains never seen,
2.42 As were the subjects of our (Pallas) Queen:
2.43 Her Sea-men through all straits the world did round,
2.44 Terra incognitæ might know her sound.
2.45 Her Drake came laded home with Spanish gold,
2.46 Her Essex took Cadiz, their Herculean hold.
2.47 But time would fail me, so my wit would too,
2.48 To tell of half she did, or she could do.
2.49 Semiramis to her is but obscure;
2.50 More infamy than fame she did procure.
2.51 She plac'd her glory but on Babel's walls,
2.52 World's wonder for a time, but yet it falls.
2.53 Fierce Tomris (Cirus' Heads-man, Sythians' Queen)
2.54 Had put her Harness off, had she but seen
2.55 Our Amazon i' th' Camp at Tilbury,
2.56 (Judging all valour, and all Majesty)

2.57 Within that Princess to have residence,
2.58 And prostrate yielded to her Excellence.
2.59 Dido first Foundress of proud Carthage walls
2.60 (Who living consummates her Funerals),
2.61 A great Eliza, but compar'd with ours,
2.62 How vanisheth her glory, wealth, and powers.
2.63 Proud profuse Cleopatra, whose wrong name,
2.64 Instead of glory, prov'd her Country's shame:
2.65 Of her what worth in Story's to be seen,
2.66 But that she was a rich Ægyptian Queen.
2.67 Zenobia, potent Empress of the East,
2.68 And of all these without compare the best
2.69 (Whom none but great Aurelius could quell)
2.70 Yet for our Queen is no fit parallel:
2.71 She was a Phoenix Queen, so shall she be,
2.72 Her ashes not reviv'd more Phoenix she.
2.73 Her personal perfections, who would tell,
2.74 Must dip his Pen i' th' Heliconian Well,
2.75 Which I may not, my pride doth but aspire
2.76 To read what others write and then admire.
2.77 Now say, have women worth, or have they none?
2.78 Or had they some, but with our Queen is't gone?
2.79 Nay Masculines, you have thus tax'd us long,
2.80 But she, though dead, will vindicate our wrong.
2.81 Let such as say our sex is void of reason
2.82 Know 'tis a slander now, but once was treason.
2.83 But happy England, which had such a Queen,
2.84 O happy, happy, had those days still been,
2.85 But happiness lies in a higher sphere.
2.86 Then wonder not, Eliza moves not here.
2.87 Full fraught with honour, riches, and with days,
2.88 She set, she set, like Titan in his rays.
2.89 No more shall rise or set such glorious Sun,
2.90 Until the heaven's great revolution:
2.91 If then new things, their old form must retain,
2.92 Eliza shall rule Albion once again.

Her Epitaph.

3.1 Here sleeps T H E Queen, this is the royal bed
3.2 O' th' Damask Rose, sprung from the white and red,
3.3 Whose sweet perfume fills the all-filling air,

- 3.4 This Rose is withered, once so lovely fair:
3.5 On neither tree did grow such Rose before,
3.6 The greater was our gain, our loss the more.

Another.

- 4.1 Here lies the pride of Queens, pattern of Kings:
4.2 So blaze it fame, here's feathers for thy wings.
4.3 Here lies the envy'd, yet unparallel'd Prince,
4.4 Whose living virtues speak (though dead long since).
4.5 If many worlds, as that fantastic framed,
4.6 In every one, be her great glory famed

Anne Bradstreet

In Memory of My Dear Grandchild Elizabeth Bradstreet

Farewell dear babe, my heart's too much content,
Farewell sweet babe, the pleasure of mine eye,
Farewell fair flower that for a space was lent,
Then ta'en away unto eternity.
Blest babe why should I once bewail thy fate,
Or sigh the days so soon were terminate;
Sith* thou art settled in an everlasting state. *Since
By nature trees do rot when they are grown.
And plums and apples thoroughly ripe do fall,
And corn and grass are in their season mown,
And time brings down what is both strong and tall.
But plants new set to be eradicate,
And buds new blown, to have so short a date,
Is by His hand alone that guides nature and fate.

Anne Bradstreet

In My Solitary Hours In My Dear Husband His Absence

O Lord, Thou hear'st my daily moan
And see'st my dropping tears.
My troubles all are Thee before,
My longings and my fears.

Thou hitherto hast been my God;
Thy help my soul hath found.
Though loss and sickness me assailed,
Through Thee I've kept my ground.

And Thy abode Thou'st made with me;
With Thee my soul can talk;
In secret places Thee I find
Where I do kneel or walk.

Though husband dear be from me gone,
Whom I do love so well,
I have a more beloved one
Whose comforts far excel.

O stay my heart on Thee. my God,
Uphold my fainting soul.
And when I know not what to do,
I'll on Thy mercies roll.

My weakness. Thou dost know full well
Of body and of mind;
I in this world no comfort have,
But what from Thee I find.

Though children Thou has given me,
And friends I have also,
Yet if I see Thee not through them
They are no joy, but woe.

O shine upon me, blessed Lord,
Ev'n for my Saviour's sake;
In Thee alone is more than all,
And there content I'll take.

O hear me, Lord, in this request
As Thou before hast done,
Bring back my husband, I beseech,
As Thou didst once my son.

So shall I celebrate Thy praise
Ev'n while my days shall last
And talk to my beloved one
Of all Thy goodness past.

So both of us Thy kindness, Lord,
With praises shall recount
And serve Thee better than before
Whose blessings thus surmount.

But give me, Lord, a better heart,
Then better shall I be,
To pay the vows which I do owe
Forever unto Thee.

Unless Thou help, what can I do
But still my frailty show?
If Thou assist me, Lord,
I shall Return Thee what I owe.

Anne Bradstreet

In Reference To Her Children

I had eight birds hatched in one nest,
Four cocks there were, and hens the rest.
I nursed them up with pain and care,
Nor cost, nor labour did I spare,
Till at the last they felt their wing,
Mounted the trees, and learned to sing;
Chief of the brood then took his flight
To regions far and left me quite.
My mournful chirps I after send,
Till he return, or I do end:
Leave not thy nest, thy dam and sire,
Fly back and sing amidst this choir.
My second bird did take her flight,
And with her mate flew out of sight;
Southward they both their course did bend,
And seasons twain they there did spend,
Till after blown by southern gales,
They norward steered with filled sails.
A prettier bird was no where seen,
Along the beach among the treen.
I have a third of colour white,
On whom I placed no small delight;
Coupled with mate loving and true,
Hath also bid her dam adieu;
And where Aurora first appears,
She now hath perched to spend her years.
One to the academy flew
To chat among that learned crew;
Ambition moves still in his breast
That he might chant above the rest
Striving for more than to do well,
That nightingales he might excel.
My fifth, whose down is yet scarce gone,
Is 'mongst the shrubs and bushes flown,
And as his wings increase in strength,
On higher boughs he'll perch at length.
My other three still with me nest,
Until they're grown, then as the rest,
Or here or there they'll take their flight,

As is ordained, so shall they light.
If birds could weep, then would my tears
Let others know what are my fears
Lest this my brood some harm should catch,
And be surprised for want of watch,
Whilst pecking corn and void of care,
They fall un'wares in fowler's snare,
Or whilst on trees they sit and sing,
Some untoward boy at them do fling,
Or whilst allured with bell and glass,
The net be spread, and caught, alas.
Or lest by lime-twigs they be foiled,
Or by some greedy hawks be spoiled.
O would my young, ye saw my breast,
And knew what thoughts there sadly rest,
Great was my pain when I you fed,
Long did I keep you soft and warm,
And with my wings kept off all harm,
My cares are more and fears than ever,
My throbs such now as 'fore were never.
Alas, my birds, you wisdom want,
Of perils you are ignorant;
Oft times in grass, on trees, in flight,
Sore accidents on you may light.
O to your safety have an eye,
So happy may you live and die.
Meanwhile my days in tunes I'll spend,
Till my weak lays with me shall end.
In shady woods I'll sit and sing,
And things that past to mind I'll bring.
Once young and pleasant, as are you,
But former toys (no joys) adieu.
My age I will not once lament,
But sing, my time so near is spent.
And from the top bough take my flight
Into a country beyond sight,
Where old ones instantly grow young,
And there with seraphims set song;
No seasons cold, nor storms they see;
But spring lasts to eternity.
When each of you shall in your nest
Among your young ones take your rest,

In chirping language, oft them tell,
You had a dam that loved you well,
That did what could be done for young,
And nursed you up till you were strong,
And 'fore she once would let you fly,
She showed you joy and misery;
Taught what was good, and what was ill,
What would save life, and what would kill.
Thus gone, amongst you I may live,
And dead, yet speak, and counsel give:
Farewell, my birds, farewell adieu,
I happy am, if well with you.

Anne Bradstreet

In Thankful Remembrance

What shall I render to Thy name
Or how Thy praises speak?
My thanks how shall I testify?
O Lord, Thou know'st I'm weak.

I owe so much, so little can
Return unto Thy name,
Confusion seizes on my soul,
And I am filled with shame.

O Thou that hearest prayers, Lord,
To Thee shall come all flesh
Thou hast me heard and answered,
My plaints have had access.

What did I ask for but Thou gav'st?
What could I more desire?
But thankfulness even all my days
I humbly this require.

Thy mercies, Lord, have been so great
In number numberless,
Impossible for to recount
Or any way express.

O help Thy saints that sought Thy face
T' return unto Thee praise
And walk before Thee as they ought,
In strict and upright ways.

Anne Bradstreet

Meditations Divine And Moral

A ship that bears much sail, and little ballast, is easily
overset; and that man, whose head hath great abilities, and his
heart little or no grace, is in danger of foundering.

The finest bread has the least bran; the purest honey, the
least wax; and the sincerest Christian, the least self-love.
Sweet words are like honey; a little may refresh, but too much
gluts the stomach.

Divers children have their different natures: some are like
flesh which nothing but salt will keep from putrefaction; some
again like tender fruits that are best preserved with sugar. Those
parents are wise that can fit their nurture according to their
nature.

Authority without wisdom is like a heavy axe without an edge,
fitter to bruise than polish.

The reason why Christians are so loath to exchange this world
for a better, is because they have more sense than faith: they see
what they enjoy, they do but hope for that which is to come.

Dim eyes are the concomitants of old age; and short-
sightedness, in those that are the eyes of a Republic, foretells a
declining State.

Wickedness comes to its height by degrees. He that dares say
of a less sin, Is it not a little one? will ere long say of a
greater, Tush, God regards it not.

Fire hath its force abated by water, not by wind; and anger
must be allayed by cold words and not by blustering threats.

The gifts that God bestows on the sons of men, are not only
abused, but most commonly employed for a clean contrary end than
that which they were given for; as health, wealth, and honor, which
might be so many steps to draw men to God in consideration of his
bounty towards them, but have driven them the further from him,
that they are ready to say, We are lords, we will come no more at
thee. If outward blessings be not as wings to help us mount
upwards, they will certainly prove clogs and weights that will pull
us lower downward.

Anne Bradstreet

My Thankfull Heart With Glorying Tongue

My thankfull heart with glorying Tongue
Shall celebrate thy Name,
Who hath restor'd, redeem'd, recur'd
From sicknes, death, and Pain.
I cry'd thov seem'st to make some stay,
I sovght more earnestly;
And in due time thou succour'st me,
And sent'st me help from High.
Lord, whilst my fleeting time shall last,
Thy Goodnes let me Tell.
And new Experience I haue gain'd,
My future Doubts repell.
An humble, faitefull life, O Lord,
For ever let me walk;
Let my obedience testefye,
My Praise lyes not in Talk.
Accept, O Lord, my simple mite,
For more I cannot giue;
What thou bestow'st I shall restore,
For of thine Almes I liue.

Anne Bradstreet

Of The Four Ages Of Man

Lo, now four other act upon the stage,
Childhood and Youth, the Many and Old age:
The first son unto phlegm, grandchild to water,
Unstable, supple, cold and moist's his nature
The second, frolic, claims his pedigree
From blood and air, for hot and moist is he.
The third of fire and choler is compos'd,
Vindicative and quarrelsome dispos'd.
The last of earth and heavy melancholy,
Solid, hating all lightness and all folly.
Childhood was cloth'd in white and green to show
His spring was intermixed with some snow:
Upon his head nature a garland set
Of Primrose, Daisy and the Violet.
Such cold mean flowers the spring puts forth betime,
Before the sun hath thoroughly heat the clime.
His hobby striding did not ride but run,
And in his hand an hour-glass new begun,
In danger every moment of a fall,
And when 't is broke then ends his life and all:
But if he hold till it have run its last,
Then may he live out threescore years or past.
Next Youth came up in gorgeous attire
(As that fond age doth most of all desire),
His suit of crimson and his scarf of green,
His pride in's countenance was quickly seen;
Garland of roses, pinks and gillyflowers
Seemed on's head to grow bedew'd with showers.
His face as fresh as is Aurora fair,
When blushing she first 'gins to light the air.
No wooden horse, but one of mettle tried,
He seems to fly or swim, and not to ride.
Then prancing on the stage, about he wheels,
But as he went death waited at his heels,
The next came up in a much graver sort,
As one that cared for a good report,
His sword by's side, and choler in his eyes,
But neither us'd as yet, for he was wise;
Of Autumn's fruits a basket on his arm,

His golden god in's purse, which was his charm.
And last of all to act upon this stage
Leaning upon his staff came up Old Age,
Under his arm a sheaf of wheat he bore,
An harvest of the best, what needs he more?
In's other hand a glass ev'n almost run,
Thus writ about: "This out, then am I done."

Anne Bradstreet

Of The Four Humours In Mans Constitution.

The former four now ending their discourse,
Ceasing to vaunt their good, or threat their force.
Lo other four step up, crave leave to show
The native qualities that from them flow:
But first they wisely shew'd their high descent,
Each eldest daughter to each Element.
Choler was own'd by fire, and Blood by air,
Earth knew her black swarth child, water her fair:
All having made obeysance to each Mother,
Had leave to speak, succeeding one the other:
But 'mongst themselves they were at variance,
Which of the four should have predominance.
Choler first hotly claim'd right by her mother,
Who had precedency of all the other:
But Sanguine did disdain what she requir'd,
Pleading her self was most of all desir'd.
Proud Melancholy more envious then the rest,
The second, third or last could not digest.
She was the silentest of all the four,
Her wisdom spake not much, but thought the more
Mild Flegme did not contest for chiefest place,
Only she crav'd to have a vacant space.
Well, thus they parle and chide; but to be brief,
Or will they, nill they, Choler will be chief.
They seing her impetuosity
At present yielded to necessity.
Choler.
To shew my high descent and pedegree,
Your selves would judge but vain prolixity;
It is acknowledged from whence I came,
It shall suffice to shew you what I am,
My self and mother one, as you shall see,
But shee in greater, I in less degree.
We both once Masculines, the world doth know,
Now Feminines awhile, for love we owe
Unto your Sisterhood, which makes us render
Our noble selves in a less noble gender.
Though under Fire we comprehend all heat,
Yet man for Choler is the proper seat:

I in his heart erect my regal throne,
Where Monarch like I play and sway alone.
Yet many times unto my great disgrace
One of your selves are my Compeers in place,
Where if your rule prove once predominant,
The man proves boyish, sottish, ignorant:
But if you yield subservience unto me,
I make a man, a man in th'high'st degree:
Be he a souldier, I more fence his heart
Then iron Corslet 'gainst a sword or dart.
What makes him face his foe without appal,
To storm a breach, or scale a city wall,
In dangers to account himself more sure
Then timerous Hares whom Castles do immure?
Have you not heard of worthyes, Demi-Gods?
Twixt them and others what is't makes the odds
But valour? whence comes that? from none of you,
Nay milksops at such brunts you look but blew.
Here's sister ruddy, worth the other two,
Who much will talk, but little dares she do,
Unless to Court and claw, to dice and drink,
And there she will out-bid us all, I think,
She loves a fiddle better then a drum,
A Chamber well, in field she dares not come,
She'll ride a horse as bravely as the best,
And break a staff, provided 'be in jest;
But shuns to look on wounds, & blood that's spilt,
She loves her sword only because its gilt.
Then here's our sad black Sister, worse then you.
She'll neither say she will, nor will she doe;
But peevish Malecontent, musing sits,
And by misprissions like to loose her witts:
If great perswasions cause her meet her foe,
In her dull resolution she's so slow,
To march her pace to some is greater pain
Then by a quick encounter to be slain.
But be she beaten, she'll not run away,
She'll first advise if't be not best to stay.
Now let's give cold white sister flegme her right,
So loving unto all she scorns to fight:
If any threaten her, she'll in a trice
Convert from water to congealed ice:

Her teeth will chatter, dead and wan's her face,
And 'fore she be assaulted, quits the place.
She dares not challeng, if I speak amiss,
Nor hath she wit or heat to blush at this.
Here's three of you all see now what you are,
Then yield to me preheminance in war.
Again who fits for learning, science, arts?
Who rarifies the intellectual parts:
From whence fine spirits flow and witty notions:
But tis not from our dull, slow sisters motions:
Nor sister sanguine, from thy moderate heat,
Poor spirits the Liver breeds, which is thy seat.
What comes from thence, my heat refines the same
And through the arteries sends it o're the frame:
The vital spirits they're call'd, and well they may
For when they fail, man turns unto his clay.
The animal I claim as well as these,
The nerves, should I not warm, soon would they freeze
But flegme her self is now provok'd at this
She thinks I never shot so far amiss.
The brain she challengeth, the head's her seat;
But know'ts a foolish brain that wanteth heat.
My absence proves it plain, her wit then flies
Out at her nose, or melteth at her eyes.
Oh who would miss this influence of thine
To be distill'd, a drop on every Line?
Alas, thou hast no Spirits; thy Company
Will feed a dropsy, or a Tympany,
The Palsy, Gout, or Cramp, or some such dolour:
Thou wast not made, for Souldier or for Scholar;
Of greazy paunch, and bloated cheeks go vaunt,
But a good head from these are dissonant.
But Melancholy, wouldst have this glory thine,
Thou sayst thy wits are staid, subtil and fine;
'Tis true, when I am Midwife to thy birth
Thy self's as dull, as is thy mother Earth:
Thou canst not claim the liver, head nor heart
Yet hast the Seat assign'd, a goodly part
The sinke of all us three, the hateful Spleen
Of that black Region, nature made thee Queen;
Where pain and sore obstruction thou dost work,
Where envy, malice, thy Companions lurk.

If once thou'rt great, what follows thereupon
But bodies wasting, and destruction?
So base thou art, that baser cannot be,
Th'excrement adustion of me.
But I am weary to dilate your shame,
Nor is't my pleasure thus to blur your name,
Only to raise my honour to the Skies,
As objects best appear by contraries.
But Arms, and Arts I claim, and higher things,
The princely qualities befitting Kings,
Whose profound heads I line with policies,
They'r held for Oracles, they are so wise,
Their wrathful looks are death their words are laws
Their Courage it foe, friend, and Subject awes;
But one of you, would make a worthy King
Like our sixth Henry (that same virtuous thing)
That when a Varlet struck him o're the side,
Forsooth you are to blame, he grave reply'd.
Take Choler from a Prince, what is he more
Then a dead Lion, by Beasts triumph'd o're.
Again you know, how I act every part
By th'influence, I still send from the heart:
It's nor your Muscles, nerves, nor this nor that
Do's ought without my lively heat, that's flat:
Nay th'stomack magazine to all the rest
Without my boyling heat cannot digest:
And yet to make my greatness, still more great
What differences, the Sex? but only heat.
And one thing more, to close up my narration
Of all that lives, I cause the propagation.
I have been sparings what I might have said
I love no boasting, that's but Childrens trade.
To what you now shall say I will attend,
And to your weakness gently condescend.
Blood.
Good Sisters, give me leave, as is my place
To vent my grief, and wipe off my disgrace:
Your selves may plead your wrongs are no whit less
Your patience more then mine, I must confess
Did ever sober tongue such language speak,
Or honesty such tyes unfriendly break?
Dost know thy self so well us so amiss?

Is't arrogance or folly causeth this?
 Ile only shew the wrong thou'st done to me,
 Then let my sisters right their injury.
 To pay with railings is not mine intent,
 But to evince the truth by Argument:
 I will analyse this thy proud relation
 So full of boasting and prevarication,
 Thy foolish incongruities Ile show,
 So walk thee till thou'rt cold, then let thee go.
 There is no Souldier but thy self (thou sayest,)
 No valour upon Earth, but what thou hast
 Thy silly provocations I despise,
 And leave't to all to judge, where valour lies
 No pattern, nor no pattron will I bring
 But David, Judah's most heroick King,
 Whose glorious deeds in Arms the world can tell,
 A rosie cheek Musitian thou know'st well;
 He knew well how to handle Sword and Harp,
 And how to strike full sweet, as well as sharp,
 Thou laugh'st at me for loving merriment,
 And scorn'st all Knightly sports at Turnament.
 Thou sayst I love my Sword, because it's gilt,
 But know, I love the Blade, more then the Hill,
 Yet do abhor such temerarious deeds,
 As thy unbridled, barbarous Choler breeds:
 Thy rudeness counts good manners vanity,
 And real Complements base flattery.
 For drink, which of us twain like it the best,
 Ile go no further then thy nose for test:
 Thy other scoffs, not worthy of reply
 Shall vanish as of no validity:
 Of thy black Calumnies this is but part,
 But now Ile shew what souldier thou art.
 And though thou'st us'd me with opprobrious spight
 My ingenuity must give thee right.
 Thy choler is but rage when tis most pure,
 But usefull when a mixture can endure;
 As with thy mother fire, so tis with thee,
 The best of all the four when they agree:
 But let her leave the rest, then I presume
 Both them and all things else she would consume.
 VVhilst us for thine associates thou tak'st,

A Souldier most compleat in all points mak'st:
 But when thou scorn'st to take the help we lend,
 Thou art a Fury or infernal Fiend.
 Witness the execrable deeds thou'st done,
 Nor sparing Sex nor Age, nor Sire nor Son;
 To satisfie thy pride and cruelty,
 Thou oft hast broke bounds of Humanity,
 Nay should I tell, thou would'st count me no blab,
 How often for the lye, thou'st given the stab.
 To take the wall's a sin of so high rate,
 That nought but death the same may expiate,
 To cross thy will, a challenge doth deserve
 So shed'st that blood, thou'rt bounden to preserve
 Wilt thou this valour, Courage, Manhood call:
 No, know 'tis pride most diabolibal.
 If murthers be thy glory, tis no less,
 Ile not envy thy feats, nor happiness:
 But if in fitting time and place 'gainst foes
 For countreys good thy life thou dar'st expose,
 Be dangers n'er so high, and courage great,
 Ile praise that prowess, fury, Choler, heat:
 But such thou never art when all alone,
 Yet such when we all four are joyn'd in one.
 And when such thou art, even such are we,
 The friendly Coadjutors still of thee.
 Nextly the Spirits thou dost wholly claim,
 Which nat'ral, vital, animal we name:
 To play Philosopher I have no list,
 Nor yet Physitian, nor Anatomist,
 For acting these, I have no will nor Art,
 Yet shall with Equity, give thee thy part
 For natural, thou dost not much contest;
 For there is none (thou sayst) if some not best;
 That there are some, and best, I dare averre
 Of greatest use, if reason do not erre:
 What is there living, which do'nt first derive
 His Life now Animal, from vegetive:
 If thou giv'st life, I give the nourishment,
 Thine without mine, is not, 'tis evident:
 But I without thy help, can give a growth
 As plants trees, and small Embryon know'th
 And if vital Spirits, do flow from thee

I am as sure, the natural, from me:
Be thine the nobler, which I grant, yet mine
Shall justly claim priority of thine.
I am the fountain which thy Cistern fills
Through warm blew Conduits of my venial rills:
What hath the heart, but what's sent from the liver
If thou'rt the taker, I must be the giver.
Then never boast of what thou dost receive:
For of such glory I shall thee bereave.
But why the heart should be usurp'd by thee,
I must confess seems something strange to me:
The spirits through thy heat made perfect are,
But the Materials none of thine, that's clear:
Their wondrous mixture is of blood and air,
The first my self, second my mother fair.
But Ile not force retorts, nor do thee wrong,
Thy fi'ry yellow froth is mixt among,
Challeng not all, 'cause part we do allow;
Thou know'st I've there to do as well as thou:
But thou wilt say I deal unequally,
Their lives the irascible faculty,
Which without all dispute, is Cholers own;
Besides the vehement heat, only there known
Can be imputed, unto none but Fire
Which is thy self, thy Mother and thy Sire
That this is true, I easily can assent
If still you take along my Aliment;
And let me be your partner which is due,
So shall I give the dignity to you:
Again, Stomacks Concoction thou dost claim,
But by what right, nor do'st, nor canst thou name
Unless as heat, it be thy faculty,
And so thou challengest her property.
The help she needs, the loving liver lends,
Who th'benefit o'th' whole ever intends
To meddle further I shall be but shent,
Th'rest to our Sisters is more pertinent;
Your slanders thus refuted takes no place,
Nor what you've said, doth argue my disgrace,
Now through your leaves, some little time I'll spend
My worth in humble manner to commend
This, hot, moist nutritive humour of mine

When 'tis untaint, pure, and most genuine
Shall chiefly take the place, as is my due
Without the least indignity to you.
Of all your qualities I do partake,
And what you single are, the whole I make
Your hot, moist, cold, dry natures are but four,
I moderately am all, what need I more;
As thus, if hot then dry, if moist, then cold,
If this you can't disprove, then all I hold
My virtues hid, I've let you dimly see
My sweet Complexion proves the verity.
This Scarlet die's a badge of what's within
One touch thereof, so beautifies the skin:
Nay, could I be, from all your tings but pure
Mans life to boundless Time might still endure.
But here one thrusts her heat, wher'ts not requir'd
So suddenly, the body all is fired,
And of the calme sweet temper quite bereft,
Which makes the Mansion, by the Soul soon left.
So Melancholy seizes on a man,
With her uncheerful visage, swarth and wan,
The body dries, the mind sublime doth smother,
And turns him to the womb of's earthy mother:
And flegm likewise can shew her cruel art,
With cold distempers to pain every part:
The lungs she rots, the body wears away,
As if she'd leave no flesh to turn to clay,
Her languishing diseases, though not quick
At length demolishes the Faberick,
All to prevent, this curious care I take,
In th'last concoction segregation make
Of all the perverse humours from mine own,
The bitter choler most malignant known
I turn into his Cell close by my side
The Melancholy to the Spleen t'abide:
Likewise the whey, some use I in the veins,
The overplus I send unto the reins:
But yet for all my toil, my care and skill,
Its doom'd by an irrevocable will
That my intents should meet with interruption,
That mortal man might turn to his corruption.
I might here shew the nobleness of mind

Of such as to the sanguine are inclin'd,
 They're liberal, pleasant, kind and courteous,
 And like the Liver all benighious.
 For arts and sciences they are the fittest;
 And maugre Choler still they are the wittiest:
 With an ingenious working Phantasie,
 A most voluminous large Memory,
 And nothing wanting but Solidity.
 But why alas, thus tedious should I be,
 Thousand examples you may daily see.
 If time I have transgrest, and been too long,
 Yet could not be more brief without much wrong;
 I've scarce wip'd off the spots proud choler cast,
 Such venome lies in words, though but a blast:
 No braggs i've us'd, to you I dare appeal,
 If modesty my worth do not conceal.
 I've us'd no bittererss nor taxt your name,
 As I to you, to me do ye the same.
 Melancholy.
 He that with two Assailants hath to do,
 Had need be armed well and active too.
 Especially when friendship is pretended,
 That blow's most deadly where it is intended.
 Though choler rage and rail, I'le not do so,
 The tongue's no weapon to assault a foe:
 But sith we fight with words, we might be kind
 To spare our selves and beat the whistling wind,
 Fair rosie sister, so might'st thou scape free;
 I'le flatter for a time as thou didst me:
 But when the first offender I have laid,
 Thy soothing girds shall fully be repaid.
 But Choler be thou cool'd or chaf'd, I'le venter,
 And in contentions lists now justly enter.
 What mov'd thee thus to vilifie my name,
 Not past all reason, but in truth all shame:
 Thy fiery spirit shall bear away this prize,
 To play such furious pranks I am too wise:
 If in a Souldier rashness be so precious,
 Know in a General tis most pernicious.
 Nature doth teach to shield the head from harm,
 The blow that's aim'd thereat is latcht by th'arm.
 When in Batalia my foes I face

I then command proud Choler stand thy place,
 To use thy sword, thy courage and thy art
 There to defend my self, thy better part.
 This wariness count not for cowardize,
 He is not truly valiant that's not wise.
 It's no less glory to defend a town,
 Then by assault to gain one not our own;
 And if Marcellus bold be call'd Romes sword,
 Wise Fabius is her buckler all accord:
 And if thy hast my slowness should not temper,
 'Twere but a mad irregular distemper;
 Enough of that by our sisters heretofore,
 Ile come to that which wounds me somewhat more
 Of learning, policy thou wouldst bereave me,
 But's not thine ignorance shall thus deceive me:
 What greater Clark or Politician lives,
 Then he whose brain a touch my humour gives?
 What is too hot my coldness doth abate,
 What's diffluent I do consolidate.
 If I be partial judg'd or thought to erre,
 The melancholy snake shall it aver,
 Whose cold dry head more subtilty doth yield,
 Then all the huge beasts of the fertile field.
 Again thou dost confine me to the spleen,
 As of that only part I were the Queen,
 Let me as well make thy precincts the Gall,
 So prison thee within that bladder small:
 Reduce the man to's principles, then see
 If I have not more part then all you three:
 What is within, without, of theirs or thine,
 Yet time and age shall soon declare it mine.
 When death doth seize the man your stock is lost,
 When you poor bankrupts prove then have I most.
 You'll say here none shall e're disturb my right,
 You high born from that lump then take your flight.
 Then who's mans friend, when life & all forsakes?
 His Mother mine, him to her womb retakes:
 Thus he is ours, his portion is the grave,
 But while he lives, I'll shew what part I have:
 And first the firm dry bones I justly claim,
 The strong foundation of the stately frame:
 Likewise the usefull Spleen, though not the best,

Yet is a bowel call'd well as the rest:
The Liver, Stomack, owe their thanks of right,
The first it drains, of th'last quicks appetite.
Laughter (thô thou say malice) flows from hence,
These two in one cannot have residence.
But thou most grosly dost mistake to think
The Spleen for all you three was made a sink,
Of all the rest thou'st nothing there to do,
But if thou hast, that malice is from you.
Again you often touch my swarthy hue,
That black is black, and I am black tis true;
But yet more comely far I dare avow,
Then is thy torrid nose or brazen brow.
But that which shews how high your spight is bent
Is charging me to be thy excrement:
Thy loathsome imputation I defie,
So plain a slander needeth no reply.
When by thy heat thou'st bak'd thy self to crust,
And so art call'd black Cholera or adust,
Thou witless think'st that I am thy excretion,
So mean thou art in Art as in discretion:
But by your leave I'll let your greatness see
What Officer thou art to us all three,
The Kitchen Drudge, the cleanser of the sinks
That casts out all that man e're eats or drinks:
If any doubt the truth whence this should come,
Shew them thy passage to th'Duodenum;
Thy biting quality still irritates,
Till filth and thee nature exonerates:
If there thou'rt stopt, to th'Liver thou turn'st in,
And thence with jaundies saffrons all the skin.
No further time Ile spend in confutation,
I trust I've clear'd your slanderous imputation.
I now speak unto all, no more to one,
Pray hear, admire and learn instruction.
My virtues yours surpass without compare,
The first my constancy that jewel rare:
Cholera's too rash this golden gift to hold,
And Sanguine is more fickle manifold,
Here, there her restless thoughts do ever fly,
Constant in nothing but unconstancy.
And what Flegme is, we know, like to her mother,

Unstable is the one, and so the other;
With me is noble patience also found,
Impatient Choler loveth not the sound,
What sanguine is, she doth not heed nor care,
Now up, now down, transported like the Air:
Flegme's patient because her nature's tame;
But I, by virtue do acquire the same.
My Temperance, Chastity is eminent,
But these with you, are seldome resident;
Now could I stain my ruddy Sisters face
With deeper red, to shew you her dsgrace,
But rather I with silence vaile her shame
Then cause her blush, while I relate the same.
Nor are ye free from this inormity,
Although she bear the greatest obloquie,
My prudence, judgement, I might now reveal
But wisdom 'tis my wisdom to conceal.
Unto diseases not inclin'd as you,
Nor cold, nor hot, Ague nor Plurisie,
Nor Cough, nor Quinsey, nor the burning Feaver,
I rarely feel to act his fierce endeavour;
My sickness in conceit chiefly doth lye,
What I imagine that's my malady.
Chymeraes strange are in my phantasy,
And things that never were, nor shall I see
I love not talk, Reason lies not in length,
Nor multitude of words argues our strength;
I've done pray sister Flegme proceed in Course,
We shall expect much sound, but little force.
Flegme.
Patient I am, patient i'd need to be,
To bear with the injurious taunts of three,
Though wit I want, and anger I have less,
Enough of both, my wrongs now to express
I've not forgot, how bitter Choler spake
Nor how her gaul on me she causeless brake;
Nor wonder 'twas for hatred there's not small,
Where opposition is Diametrical.
To what is Truth I freely will assent,
Although my Name do suffer detriment,
What's slanderous repell, doubtful dispute,
And when I've nothing left to say be mute.

Valour I want, no Souldier am 'tis true,
I'le leave that manly Property to you;
I love no thundring guns, nor bloody wars,
My polish'd Skin was not ordain'd for Skarrs:
But though the pitched field I've ever fled,
At home the Conquerours have conquered.
Nay, I could tell you what's more true then meet,
That Kings have laid their Scepters at my feet;
When Sister sanguine paints my Ivory face:
The Monarchs bend and sue, but for my grace
My lilly white when joyned with her red,
Princes hath slav'd, and Captains captived,
Country with Country, Greece with Asia fights
Sixty nine Princes, all stout Hero Knights.
Under Troys walls ten years will wear away,
Rather then loose one beauteous Helena.
But 'twere as vain, to prove this truth of mine
As at noon day, to tell the Sun doth shine.
Next difference that 'twixt us twain doth lye
Who doth possess the brain, or thou or I?
Shame forc'd the say, the matter that was mine,
But the Spirits by which it acts are thine:
Thou speakest Truth, and I can say no less,
Thy heat doth much, I candidly confess;
Yet without ostentation I may say,
I do as much for thee another way:
And though I grant, thou art my helper here,
No debtor I because it's paid else where.
With all your flourishes, now Sisters three
Who is't that dare, or can, compare with me,
My excellencies are so great, so many,
I am confounded; fore I speak of any:
The brain's the noblest member all allow,
Its form and Scituation will avow,
Its Ventricles, Membranes and wondrous net,
Galen, Hippocrates drive to a set;
That Divine Ofspring the immortal Soul
Though it in all, and every part be whole,
Within this stately place of eminence,
Doth doubtless keep its mighty residence.
And surely, the Soul sensitive here lives,
Which life and motion to each creature gives,

The Conjugation of the parts, to th'braine
 Doth shew, hence flow the pow'rs which they retain
 Within this high Built Cittadel, doth lye
 The Reason, fancy, and the memory;
 The faculty of speech doth here abide,
 The Spirits animal, from hence do slide:
 The five most noble Senses here do dwell;
 Of three it's hard to say, which doth excell.
 This point now to discuss, 'longs not to me,
 I'le touch the sight, great'st wonder of the three;
 The optick Nerve, Coats, humours all are mine,
 The watry, glassie, and the Chrystaline;
 O mixture strange! O colour colourless,
 Thy perfect temperament who can express:
 He was no fool who thought the soul lay there,
 Whence her affections passions speak so clear.
 O good, O bad, O true, O traiterous eyes
 What wonderments within your Balls there lyes,
 Of all the Senses sight shall be the Queen;
 Yet some may wish, O had mine eyes ne're seen.
 Mine, likewise is the marrow, of the back,
 Which runs through all the Spondles of the rack,
 It is the substitute o'th royal brain,
 All Nerves, except seven pair, to it retain.
 And the strong Ligaments from hence arise,
 Which joynt to joynt, the intire body tyes.
 Some other parts there issue from the Brain,
 Whose worth and use to tell, I must refrain:
 Some curious learned Crooke, may these reveal
 But modesty, hath charg'd me to conceal
 Here's my Epitome of excellence:
 For what's the Brains is mine by Consequence.
 A foolish brain (quoth Choler) wanting heat
 But a mad one say I, where 'tis too great,
 Phrensie's worse then folly, one would more glad
 With a tame fool converse then with a mad;
 For learning then my brain is not the fittest,
 Nor will I yield that Choler is the wittiest.
 Thy judgement is unsafe, thy fancy little,
 For memory the sand is not more brittle;
 Again, none's fit for Kingly state but thou,
 If Tyrants be the best, I le it allow:

But if love be as requisite as fear,
Then thou and I must make a mixture here.
Well to be brief, I hope now Cholers laid,
And I'll pass by what Sister sanguine said.
To Melancholy I'll make no reply,
The worst she said was instability,
And too much talk, both which I here confess
A warning good, hereafter I'll say less.
Let's now be friends; its time our spight were spent,
Lest we too late this rashness do repent,
Such premises will force a sad conclusion,
Unless we agree, all falls into confusion.
Let Sanguine with her hot hand Cholers hold,
To take her moist my moisture will be bold:
My cold, cold melancholy hand shall clasp;
Her dry, dry Cholers other hand shall grasp.
Two hot, two moist, two cold, two dry here be,
A golden Ring, the Posey VNITY.
Nor jars nor scoffs, let none hereafter see,
But all admire our perfect Amity
Nor be discern'd, here's water, earth, air, fire,
But here a compact body, whole intire.
This loving counsel pleas'd them all so well
That flegm was judg'd for kindness to excell.

Anne Bradstreet

On My Dear Grand-Child Simon Bradstreet, Who Dyed On 16. Novemb. 1669. Being But A Moneth, And One D

No sooner come, but gone, and fal'n asleep,
Acquaintance short, yet parting caus'd us weep,
Three flours, two searcely blown, the last i'th' bud,
Cropt by th'Almighties hand; yet is he good,
With dreadful awe before him let's be mute,
Such was his will, but why, let's not dispute,
With humble hearts and mouths put in the dust,
Let's say he's merciful as well as just.
He will return, and make up all our losses,
And smile again, after our bitter crosses.
Go pretty babe, go rest with Sisters twain
Among the blest in endless joyes remain.

Anne Bradstreet

On My Son's Return Out Of England, July 17, 1661.

All Praise to him who hath now turn'd
My feares to Joyes, my sighes to song,
My Teares to smiles, my sad to glad:
He's come for whom I waited long.
Thou di'st preserve him as he went;
In raging stormes did'st safely keep:
Did'st that ship bring to quiet Port.
The other sank low in the Deep.
From Dangers great thou did'st him free
Of Pyrates who were neer at hand;
And order'st so the adverse wind,
That he before them gott to Land.
In covntry strange thou did'st provide,
And freinds rais'd him in euery Place;
And courtesies of svndry sorts
From such as 'fore nere saw his face.
In sicknes when he lay full sore,
His help and his Physitian wer't;
When royall ones that Time did dye,
Thou heal'dst his flesh, and cheer'd his heart.
From troubles and Incúbers Thov,
Without (all fraud), did'st sett him free,
That, without scandall, he might come
To th'Land of his Nativity.
On Eagles wings him hether brovght
Thro: Want and Dangers manifold;
And thvs hath gravnted my Reqvest,
That I thy Mercyes might behold.
O help me pay my Vowes, O Lord!
That ever I may thankfull bee,
And may putt him in mind of what
Tho'st done for him, and so for me.
In both our hearts erect a frame
Of Duty and of Thankfullnes,
That all thy favours great receiv'd,
Oure vpright walking may expresse.
O Lord, gravnt that I may never forgett thy Loving kindnes in this Particular, and
how gratiovsly thov hast answered my Desires.

Spirit

Be still, thou unregenerate part,
Disturb no more my settled heart,
For I have vow'd (and so will do)
Thee as a foe still to pursue,
And combat with thee will and must
Until I see thee laid in th' dust.
Sister we are, yea twins we be,
Yet deadly feud 'twixt thee and me,
For from one father are we not.
Thou by old Adam wast begot,
But my arise is from above,
Whence my dear father I do love.
Thou speak'st me fair but hat'st me sore.
Thy flatt'ring shews I'll trust no more.
How oft thy slave hast thou me made
When I believ'd what thou hast said
And never had more cause of woe
Than when I did what thou bad'st do.
I'll stop mine ears at these thy charms
And count them for my deadly harms.
Thy sinful pleasures I do hate,
Thy riches are to me no bait.
Thine honours do, nor will I love,
For my ambition lies above.
My greatest honour it shall be
When I am victor over thee,
And Triumph shall, with laurel head,
When thou my Captive shalt be led.
How I do live, thou need'st not scoff,
For I have meat thou know'st not of.
The hidden Manna I do eat;
The word of life, it is my meat.
My thoughts do yield me more content
Than can thy hours in pleasure spent.
Nor are they shadows which I catch,
Nor fancies vain at which I snatch
But reach at things that are so high,
Beyond thy dull Capacity.
Eternal substance I do see

With which enriched I would be.
Mine eye doth pierce the heav'ns and see
What is Invisible to thee.
My garments are not silk nor gold,
Nor such like trash which Earth doth hold,
But Royal Robes I shall have on,
More glorious than the glist'ring Sun.
My Crown not Diamonds, Pearls, and gold,
But such as Angels' heads infold.
The City where I hope to dwell,
There's none on Earth can parallel.
The stately Walls both high and trong
Are made of precious Jasper stone,
The Gates of Pearl, both rich and clear,
And Angels are for Porters there.
The Streets thereof transparent gold
Such as no Eye did e're behold.
A Crystal River there doth run
Which doth proceed from the Lamb's Throne.
Of Life, there are the waters sure
Which shall remain forever pure.
Nor Sun nor Moon they have no need
For glory doth from God proceed.
No Candle there, nor yet Torch light,
For there shall be no darksome night.
From sickness and infirmity
Forevermore they shall be free.
Nor withering age shall e're come there,
But beauty shall be bright and clear.
This City pure is not for thee,
For things unclean there shall not be.
If I of Heav'n may have my fill,
Take thou the world, and all that will."

Anne Bradstreet

The Author To Her Book

Thou ill-form'd offspring of my feeble brain,
Who after birth did'st by my side remain,
Till snatcht from thence by friends, less wise than true,
Who thee abroad expos'd to public view,
Made thee in rags, halting to th' press to trudge,
Where errors were not lessened (all may judge).
At thy return my blushing was not small,
My rambling brat (in print) should mother call.
I cast thee by as one unfit for light,
Thy Visage was so irksome in my sight,
Yet being mine own, at length affection would
Thy blemishes amend, if so I could.
I wash'd thy face, but more defects I saw,
And rubbing off a spot, still made a flaw.
I stretcht thy joints to make thee even feet,
Yet still thou run'st more hobbling than is meet.
In better dress to trim thee was my mind,
But nought save home-spun Cloth, i' th' house I find.
In this array, 'mongst Vulgars mayst thou roam.
In Critics' hands, beware thou dost not come,
And take thy way where yet thou art not known.
If for thy Father askt, say, thou hadst none;
And for thy Mother, she alas is poor,
Which caus'd her thus to send thee out of door.

Anne Bradstreet

The Flesh And The Spirit

In secret place where once I stood
Close by the Banks of Lacrim flood,
I heard two sisters reason on
Things that are past and things to come.
One Flesh was call'd, who had her eye
On worldly wealth and vanity;
The other Spirit, who did rear
Her thoughts unto a higher sphere.
'Sister,' quoth Flesh, 'what liv'st thou on
Nothing but Meditation?
Doth Contemplation feed thee so
Regardlessly to let earth go?
Can Speculation satisfy
Notion without Reality?
Dost dream of things beyond the Moon
And dost thou hope to dwell there soon?
Hast treasures there laid up in store
That all in th' world thou count'st but poor?
Art fancy-sick or turn'd a Sot
To catch at shadows which are not?
Come, come. I'll show unto thy sense,
Industry hath its recompence.
What canst desire, but thou maist see
True substance in variety?
Dost honour like? Acquire the same,
As some to their immortal fame;
And trophies to thy name erect
Which wearing time shall ne'er deject.
For riches dost thou long full sore?
Behold enough of precious store.
Earth hath more silver, pearls, and gold
Than eyes can see or hands can hold.
Affects thou pleasure? Take thy fill.
Earth hath enough of what you will.
Then let not go what thou maist find
For things unknown only in mind.'

pirit.
'Be still, thou unregenerate part,
Disturb no more my settled heart,

For I have vow'd (and so will do)
Thee as a foe still to pursue,
And combat with thee will and must
Until I see thee laid in th' dust.
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Anne Bradstreet

The Four Ages Of Man: 03 - Youth

My goodly clothing and beauteous skin
Declare some greater riches are within,
But what is best I'll first present to view,
And then the worst, in a more ugly hue,
For thus to do we on this Stage assemble,
Then let not him, which hath most craft dissemble.
Mine education, and my learning's such,
As might my self, and others, profit much:
With nurture trained up in virtue's Schools;
Of Science, Arts, and Tongues, I know the rules;
The manners of the Court, I likewise know,
Nor ignorant what they in Country do.
The brave attempts of valiant Knights I prize
That dare climb Battlements, rear'd to the skies.
The snorting Horse, the Trumpet, Drum I like,
The glist'ring Sword, and well advanced Pike.
I cannot lie in trench before a Town,
Nor wait til good advice our hopes do crown.
I scorn the heavy Corslet, Musket-proof;
I fly to catch the Bullet that's aloof.
Though thus in field, at home, to all most kind,
So affable that I do suit each mind,
I can insinuate into the breast
And by my mirth can raise the heart deprest.
Sweet Music rapteth my harmonious Soul,
And elevates my thoughts above the Pole.
My wit, my bounty, and my courtesy
Makes all to place their future hopes on me.
This is my best, but youth (is known) alas,
To be as wild as is the snuffing Ass,
As vain as froth, as vanity can be,
That who would see vain man may look on me:
My gifts abus'd, my education lost,
My woful Parents' longing hopes all crost;
My wit evaporates in merriment;
My valour in some beastly quarrel's spent;
Martial deeds I love not, 'cause they're virtuous,
But doing so, might seem magnanimous.
My Lust doth hurry me to all that's ill,

I know no Law, nor reason, but my will;
Sometimes lay wait to take a wealthy purse
Or stab the man in's own defence, that's worse.
Sometimes I cheat (unkind) a female Heir
Of all at once, who not so wise, as fair,
Trusteth my loving looks and glozing tongue
Until her friends, treasure, and honour's gone.
Sometimes I sit carousing others' health
Until mine own be gone, my wit, and wealth.
From pipe to pot, from pot to words and blows,
For he that loveth Wine wanteth no woes.
Days, nights, with Ruffins, Roarers, Fiddlers spend,
To all obscenity my ears I bend,
All counsel hate which tends to make me wise,
And dearest friends count for mine enemies.
If any care I take, 'tis to be fine,
For sure my suit more than my virtues shine.
If any time from company I spare,
'Tis spent in curling, frisling up my hair,
Some young Adonais I do strive to be.
Sardana Pallas now survives in me.
Cards, Dice, and Oaths, concomitant, I love;
To Masques, to Plays, to Taverns still I move;
And in a word, if what I am you'd hear,
Seek out a British, bruitish Cavalier.
Such wretch, such monster am I; but yet more
I want a heart all this for to deplore.
Thus, thus alas! I have mispent my time,
My youth, my best, my strength, my bud, and prime,
Remembring not the dreadful day of Doom,
Nor yet the heavy reckoning for to come,
Though dangers do attend me every hour
And ghastly death oft threats me with her power:
Sometimes by wounds in idle combats taken,
Sometimes by Agues all my body shaken;
Sometimes by Fevers, all my moisture drinking,
My heart lies frying, and my eyes are sinking.
Sometimes the Cough, Stitch, painful Pleurisy,
With sad affrights of death, do menace me.
Sometimes the loathsome Pox my face be-mars
With ugly marks of his eternal scars.
Sometimes the Frenzy strangely mads my Brain

That oft for it in Bedlam I remain.
Too many's my Diseases to recite,
That wonder 'tis I yet behold the light,
That yet my bed in darkness is not made,
And I in black oblivion's den long laid.
Of Marrow full my bones, of Milk my breasts,
Ceas'd by the gripes of Serjeant Death's Arrests:
Thus I have said, and what I've said you see,
Childhood and youth is vain, yea vanity.

Anne Bradstreet

The Four Ages Of Man: 04 - Middle Age

Childhood and youth forgot, sometimes I've seen,
And now am grown more staid that have been green,
What they have done, the same was done by me:
As was their praise, or shame, so mine must be.
Now age is more, more good ye do expect;
But more my age, the more is my defect.
But what's of worth, your eyes shall first behold,
And then a world of dross among my gold.
When my Wild Oats were sown, and ripe, and mown,
I then receiv'd a harvest of mine own.
My reason, then bad judge, how little hope
Such empty seed should yield a better crop.
I then with both hands graspt the world together,
Thus out of one extreme into another,
But yet laid hold on virtue seemingly:
Who climbs without hold, climbs dangerously.
Be my condition mean, I then take pains
My family to keep, but not for gains.
If rich, I'm urged then to gather more
To bear me out i' th' world and feed the poor;
If a father, then for children must provide,
But if none, then for kindred near ally'd;
If Noble, then mine honour to maintain;
If not, yet wealth, Nobility can gain.
For time, for place, likewise for each relation,
I wanted not my ready allegation.
Yet all my powers for self-ends are not spent,
For hundreds bless me for my bounty sent,
Whose loins I've cloth'd, and bellies I have fed,
With mine own fleece, and with my household bread.
Yea, justice I have done, was I in place,
To cheer the good and wicked to deface.
The proud I crush'd, th'oppressed I set free,
The liars curb'd but nourisht verity.
Was I a pastor, I my flock did feed
And gently lead the lambs, as they had need.
A Captain I, with skill I train'd my band
And shew'd them how in face of foes to stand.
If a Soldier, with speed I did obey

As readily as could my Leader say.
Was I a laborer, I wrought all day
As cheerfully as ere I took my pay.
Thus hath mine age (in all) sometimes done well;
Sometimes mine age (in all) been worse than hell.
In meanness, greatness, riches, poverty
Did toil, did broil; oppress'd, did steal and lie.
Was I as poor as poverty could be,
Then baseness was companion unto me.
Such scum as Hedges and High-ways do yield,
As neither sow, nor reap, nor plant, nor build.
If to Agriculture I was ordain'd,
Great labours, sorrows, crosses I sustain'd.
The early Cock did summon, but in vain,
My wakeful thoughts up to my painful gain.
For restless day and night, I'm robb'd of sleep
By cankered care, who sentinel doth keep.
My weary breast rest from his toil can find,
But if I rest, the more distrest my mind.
If happiness my sordidness hath found,
'Twas in the crop of my manured ground:
My fatted Ox, and my exuberous Cow,
My fleeced Ewe, and ever farrowing Sow.
To greater things I never did aspire,
My dunghill thoughts or hopes could reach no higher.
If to be rich, or great, it was my fate.
How was I broil'd with envy, and with hate?
Greater than was the great'st was my desire,
And greater still, did set my heart on fire.
If honour was the point to which I steer'd,
To run my hull upon disgrace I fear'd,
But by ambitious sails I was so carried
That over flats, and sands, and rocks I hurried,
Opprest, and sunk, and sack'd, all in my way
That did oppose me to my longed bay.
My thirst was higher than Nobility
And oft long'd sore to taste on Royalty,
Whence poison, Pistols, and dread instruments
Have been curst furtherers of mine intents.
Nor Brothers, Nephews, Sons, nor Sires I've spar'd.
When to a Monarchy my way they barr'd,
There set, I rid my self straight out of hand

Of such as might my son, or his withstand,
Then heapt up gold and riches as the clay,
Which others scatter like the dew in May.
Sometimes vain-glory is the only bait
Whereby my empty school is lur'd and caught.
Be I of worth, of learning, or of parts,
I judge I should have room in all men's hearts;
And envy gnaws if any do surmount.
I hate for to be had in small account.
If Bias like, I'm stript unto my skin;
I glory in my wealth I have within.
Thus good, and bad, and what I am, you see,
Now in a word, what my diseases be:
The vexing Stone, in bladder and in reins,
Torments me with intolerable pains;
The windy cholic oft my bowels rend,
To break the darksome prison, where it's penn'd;
The knotty Gout doth sadly torture me,
And the restraining lame Sciatica;
The Quinsy and the Fevers often distaste me,
And the Consumption to the bones doth waste me,
Subject to all Diseases, that's the truth,
Though some more incident to age, or youth;
And to conclude, I may not tedious be,
Man at his best estate is vanity.

Anne Bradstreet

The Four Ages Of Man: 05 - Old Age

What you have been, ev'n such have I before,
And all you say, say I, and something more.
Babe's innocence, Youth's wildness I have seen,
And in perplexed Middle-age have been,
Sickness, dangers, and anxieties have past,
And on this Stage am come to act my last.
I have been young, and strong, and wise as you
But now, *Bis pueri senes* is too true.
In every Age I've found much vanity.
An end of all perfection now I see.
It's not my valour, honour, nor my gold,
My ruin'd house, now falling can uphold;
It's not my Learning, Rhetoric, wit so large,
Now hath the power, Death's Warfare, to discharge.
It's not my goodly house, nor bed of down,
That can refresh, or ease, if Conscience frown;
Nor from alliance now can I have hope,
But what I have done well, that is my prop.
He that in youth is godly, wise, and sage
Provides a staff for to support his age.
Great mutations, some joyful, and some sad,
In this short Pilgrimage I oft have had.
Sometimes the Heavens with plenty smil'd on me,
Sometimes, again, rain'd all adversity;
Sometimes in honour, sometimes in disgrace,
Sometime an abject, then again in place:
Such private changes oft mine eyes have seen.
In various times of state I've also been.
I've seen a Kingdom flourish like a tree
When it was rul'd by that Celestial she,
And like a Cedar others so surmount
That but for shrubs they did themselves account.
Then saw I France, and Holland sav'd, Calais won,
And Philip and Albertus half undone.
I saw all peace at home, terror to foes,
But ah, I saw at last those eyes to close,
And then, me thought, the world at noon grew dark
When it had lost that radiant Sun-like spark.
In midst of griefs, I saw some hopes revive

(For 'twas our hopes then kept our hearts alive):
I saw hopes dash't, our forwardness was shent,
And silenc'd we, by Act of Parliament.
I've seen from Rome, an execrable thing,
A plot to blow up Nobles and their King.
I've seen designs at Ree and Cades cross't,
And poor Palatinate for every lost.
I've seen a Prince to live on others' lands,
A Royal one, by alms from Subjects' hands.
I've seen base men, advanc'd to great degree,
And worthy ones, put to extremity,
But not their Prince's love, nor state so high,
Could once reverse, their shameful destiny.
I've seen one stabb'd, another lose his head,
And others fly their Country through their dread.
I've seen, and so have ye, for 'tis but late,
The desolation of a goodly State.
Plotted and acted so that none can tell
Who gave the counsell, but the Prince of hell.
I've seen a land unmoulded with great pain,
But yet may live to see't made up again.
I've seen it shaken, rent, and soak'd in blood,
But out of troubles ye may see much good.
These are no old wives' tales, but this is truth.
We old men love to tell, what's done in youth.
But I return from whence I stept awry;
My memory is short and brain is dry.
My Almond-tree (gray hairs) doth flourish now,
And back, once straight, begins apace to bow.
My grinders now are few, my sight doth fail,
My skin is wrinkled, and my cheeks are pale.
No more rejoice, at music's pleasant noise,
But do awake at the cock's clanging voice.
I cannot scent savours of pleasant meat,
Nor sapers find in what I drink or eat.
My hands and arms, once strong, have lost their might.
I cannot labour, nor I cannot fight:
My comely legs, as nimble as the Roe,
Now stiff and numb, can hardly creep or go.
My heart sometimes as fierce, as Lion bold,
Now trembling, and fearful, sad, and cold.
My golden Bowl and silver Cord, e're long,

Shall both be broke, by wracking death so strong.
I then shall go whence I shall come no more.
Sons, Nephews, leave, my death for to deplore.
In pleasures, and in labours, I have found
That earth can give no consolation sound
To great, to rich, to poor, to young, or old,
To mean, to noble, fearful, or to bold.
From King to beggar, all degrees shall find
But vanity, vexation of the mind.
Yea, knowing much, the pleasant'st life of all
Hath yet amongst that sweet, some bitter gall.
Though reading others' Works doth much refresh,
Yet studying much brings weariness to th' flesh.
My studies, labours, readings all are done,
And my last period can e'en almost run.
Corruption, my Father, I do call,
Mother, and sisters both; the worms that crawl
In my dark house, such kindred I have store.
There I shall rest till heavens shall be no more;
And when this flesh shall rot and be consum'd,
This body, by this soul, shall be assum'd;
And I shall see with these same very eyes
My strong Redeemer coming in the skies.
Triumph I shall, o're Sin, o're Death, o're Hell,
And in that hope, I bid you all farewell.

Anne Bradstreet

The Four Elements.

The Fire, Air, Earth and water did contest
Which was the strongest, noblest and the best,
Who was of greatest use and might'est force;
In placide Terms they thought now to discourse,
That in due order each her turn should speak;
But enmity this amity did break
All would be chief, and all scorn'd to be under
Whence issu'd winds & rains, lightning & thunder
The quaking earth did groan, the Sky lookt black
The Fire, the forced Air, in sunder crack;
The sea did threat the heav'ns, the heavn's the earth,
All looked like a Chaos or new birth:
Fire broyled Earth, & scorched Earth it choaked
Both by their darings, water so provoked
That roaring in it came, and with its source
Soon made the Combatants abate their force
The rumbling hissing, puffing was so great
The worlds confusion, it did seem to threat
Till gentle Air, Contention so abated
That betwixt hot and cold, she arbitrated
The others difference, being less did cease
All storms now laid, and they in perfect peace
That Fire should first begin, the rest consent,
The noblest and most active Element.

Anne Bradstreet

The Four Monarchyes, The Assyrian Being The First, Beginning Under Nimrod, 131. Years After The Floo

When time was young, & World in Infancy,
Man did not proudly strive for Sovereignty:
But each one thought his petty Rule was high,
If of his house he held the Monarchy.
This was the golden Age, but after came
The boisterous son of Chus, Grand-Child to Ham,
That mighty Hunter, who in his strong toyles
Both Beasts and Men subjected to his spoyles:
The strong foundation of proud Babel laid,
Erech, Accad, and Culneh also made.
These were his first, all stood in Shinar land,
From thence he went Assyria to command,
And mighty Niniveh, he there begun,
Not finished till he his race had run.
Resen, Caleh, and Rehoboth likewise
By him to Cities eminent did rise.
Of Saturn, he was the Original,
Whom the succeeding times a God did call,
When thus with rule, he had been dignifi'd,
One hundred fourteen years he after dy'd.
Belus.
Great Nimrod dead, Belus the next his Son
Confirms the rule, his Father had begun;
Whose acts and power is not for certainty
Left to the world, by any History.
But yet this blot for ever on him lies,
He taught the people first to Idolize:
Titles Divine he to himself did take,
Alive and dead, a God they did him make.
This is that Bel the Chaldees worshiped,
Whose Priests in Stories oft are mentioned;
This is that Baal to whom the Israelites
So oft profanely offered sacred Rites:
This is Beelzebub God of Ekronites,
Likewise Baalpeor of the Mohabites,
His reign was short, for as I calculate,
At twenty five ended his Regal date.

Ninus.

His Father dead, Ninus begins his reign,
Transfers his seat to the Assyrian plain;
And mighty Nineveh more mighty made,
Whose Foundation was by his Grand-sire laid:
Four hundred forty Furlongs wall'd about,
On which stood fifteen hundred Towers stout.
The walls one hundred sixty foot upright,
So broad three Chariots run abreast there might.
Upon the pleasant banks of Tygris floud
This stately Seat of warlike Ninus stood:
This Ninus for a God his Father canonized,
To whom the sottish people sacrificed.
This Tyrant did his Neighbours all oppress,
Where e're he warr'd he had too good success.
Barzanes the great Armenian King
By force and fraud did under Tribute bring.
The Median Country he did also gain,
Thermus their King he caused to be slain;
An Army of three millions he led out
Against the Bactrians (but that I doubt)
Zoreaster their King he likewise slew,
And all the greater Asia did subdue.
Semiramis from Menon did he take
Then drown'd himself, did Menon for her sake.
Fifty two years he reign'd, (as we are told)
The world then was two thousand nineteen old.
Semiramis.
This great oppressing Ninus, dead and gone,
His wife Semiramis usurp'd the Throne;
She like a brave Virago played the Rex
And was both shame and glory of her Sex:
Her birth place was Philistines Ascolan,
Her mother Dorceta a Curtizan.
Others report she was a vestal Nun,
Adjudged to be drown'd for th'crime she'd done.
Transform'd into a Fish by Venus will,
Her beauteous face, (they feign) reteining still.
Sure from this Fiction Dagon first began,
Changing the womans face into a man:
But all agree that from no lawfull bed,
This great renowned Empress issued:

For which she was obscurely nourished,
Whence rose that Fable, she by birds was fed.
This gallant Dame unto the Bactrian warre,
Accompanying her husband Menon farr,
Taking a town, such valour she did show,
That Ninus amorous of her soon did grow,
And thought her fit to make a Monarchs wife,
Which was the cause poor Menon lost his life:
She flourishing with Ninus long did reign,
Till her Ambition caus'd him to be slain.
That having no Compeer, she might rule all,
Or else she sought revenge for Menon's fall.
Some think the Greeks this slander on her cast,
As on her life Licentious, and unchast,
That undeserv'd, they blur'd her name and fame
By their aspersions, cast upon the same:
But were her virtues more or less, or none,
She for her potency must go alone.
Her wealth she shew'd in building Babylon,
Admir'd of all, but equaliz'd of none;
The Walls so strong, and curiously was wrought,
That after Ages, Skill by them was taught:
With Towers and Bulwarks made of costly stone,
Quadrangle was the form it stood upon.
Each Square was fifteen thousand paces long,
An hundred gates it had of mettal strong:
Three hundred sixty foot the walls in height,
Almost incredible, they were in breadth
Some writers say, six Chariots might affront
With great facility, march safe upon't:
About the Wall a ditch so deep and wide,
That like a River long it did abide.
Three hundred thousand men here day by day
Bestow'd their labour, and receiv'd their pay.
And that which did all cost and Art excell,
The wondrous Temple was, she rear'd to Bell:
Which in the midst of this brave Town was plac'd,
Continuing till Xerxes it defac'd:
Whose stately top above the Clouds did rise,
From whence Astrologers oft view'd the Skies.
This to describe in each particular,
A structure rare I should but rudely marre.

Her Gardens, Bridges, Arches, mounts and spires
 All eyes that saw, or Ears that hear admires,
 In Shinar plain on the Euphratian flood
 This wonder of the world, this Babel stood.
 An expedition to the East she made
 Staurobates, his Country to invade:
 Her Army of four millions did consist,
 Each may believe it as his fancy list.
 Her Camels, Chariots, Gallyes in such number,
 As puzzles best Historians to remember;
 But this is wonderful, of all those men,
 They say, but twenty e're came back agen.
 The River Judas swept them half away,
 The rest Staurobates in fight did slay;
 This was last progress of this mighty Queen,
 Who in her Country never more was seen.
 The Poets feign'd her turn'd into a Dove,
 Leaving the world to Venus soar'd above:
 Which made the Assyrians many a day,
 A Dove within their Ensigns to display:
 Forty two years she reign'd, and then she di'd
 But by what means we are not certifi'd.
 Ninias or Zamies.
 His Mother dead, Ninias obtains his right,
 A Prince wedded to ease and to delight,
 Or else was his obedience very great,
 To sit thus long (obscure) rob'd of his Seat.
 Some write his Mother put his habit on,
 Which made the people think they serv'd her Son:
 But much it is, in more then forty years
 This fraud in war nor peace at all appears:
 More like it is his lust with pleasures fed,
 He sought no rule till she was gone and dead.
 VVhat then he did of worth can no man tell,
 But is suppos'd to be that Amraphel
 VVho warr'd with Sodoms and Gomorrahs King,
 'Gainst whom his trained bands Abram did bring,
 But this is farre unlike, he being Son
 Unto a Father, that all Countryes won
 So suddenly should loose so great a state,
 VVith petty Kings to joyne Confederate.
 Nor can those Reasons which wise Raileih finds,

VWell satisfie the most considerate minds:
 VVe may with learned Vsher better say,
 He many Ages liv'd after that day.
 And that Semiramis then flourished
 VWhen famous Troy was so beleaguere'd:
 VWhat e're he was, or did, or how it fell,
 VVe may suggest our thoughts but cannot tell.
 For Ninias and all his race are left
 In deep oblivion, of acts bereft:
 And many hundred years in silence sit,
 Save a few Names a new Berosus writ.
 And such as care not what befalls their fames,
 May feign as many acts as he did Names;
 It may suffice, if all be true that's past.
 T'Sardanapalas next, we will make haste.
 Sardanapalas
 Sardanapalas, Son to Ocrazapes,
 VWho wallowed in all voluptuousness,
 That palliardizing sot that out of dores,
 Ne're shew'd his face but revell'd with his whores
 Did wear their garbs, their gestures imitate,
 And in their kind, t'excel did emulate.
 His baseness knowing, and the peoples hate
 Kept close, fearing his well deserved fate;
 It chanc'd Arbaces brave unwarily,
 His Master like a Strumpet clad did spye.
 His manly heart disdain'd (in the least)
 Longer to serve this Metamorphos'd Beast;
 Unto Belosus then he brake his mind,
 Who sick of his disease, he soon did find
 These two, rul'd Media and Babilon
 Both for their King, held their Dominion;
 Belosus promised Arbaces aid,
 Arbaces him fully to be repayd.
 The last: The Medes and Persians do invite
 Against their monstrous King, to use their might.
 Belosus, the Chaldeans doth require
 And the Arabians, to further his desire:
 These all agree, and forty thousand make
 The Rule, from their unworthy Prince to take:
 These Forces mustered. and in array
 Sardanapalus leaves his Apish play.

And though of wars, he did abhor the sight;
Fear of his diadem did force him fight:
And either by his valour, or his fate,
Arbaces Courage he did so abate;
That in despair, he left the Field and fled,
But with fresh hopes Belosus succoured,
From Bactria, an Army was at hand
Prest for this Service by the Kings Command:
These with celerity Arbaces meet,
And with all Terms of amity them greet.
With promises their necks now to unyoke,
And their Taxations sore all to revoke;
T'infranchise them, to grant what they could crave,
No priviledge to want, Subjects should have,
Only intreats them, to joyn their Force with his,
And win the Crown, which was the way to bliss.
Won by his loving looks, more by his speech,
T'accept of what they could, they all beseech:
Both sides their hearts their hands, & bands unite,
And set upon their Princes Camp that night;
Who revelling in Cups, sung care away,
For victory obtain'd the other day:
And now surpris'd, by this unlookt for fright,
Bereft of wits, were slaughtered down right.
The King his brother leavs, all to sustain,
And speeds himself to Niniveh amain.
But Salmeneus slain, the Army falls;
The King's pursu'd unto the City Walls,
But he once in, pursuers came to late,
The Walls and Gates their hast did terminate,
There with all store he was so well provided:
That what Arbaces did, was but derided:
Who there incamp'd, two years for little end,
But in the third, the River prov'd his friend,
For by the rain, was Tygris so o'reflown,
Part of that stately Wall was overthrown.
Arbaces marches in the Town he takes,
For few or none (it seems) resistance makes:
And now they saw fulfil'd a Prophecy,
That when the River prov'd their Enemy,
Their strong wal'd Town should suddenly be taken
By this accomplishment, their hearts were shaken.

Sardanapalas did not seek to fly,
This his inevitable destiny;
But all his wealth and friends together gets,
Then on himself, and them a fire he sets.
This was last Monarch of great Ninus race
That for twelve hundred years had held the place;
Twenty he reign'd same time, as Stories tell,
That Amaziah was King of Israel.
His Father was then King (as we suppose)
When Jonah for their sins denounc'd those woes.
He did repent, the threatning was not done,
But now accomplish'd in his wicked Son.
Arbaces thus of all becoming Lord,
Ingeniously with all did keep his word.
Of Babylon Belosus he made King,
With overplus of all the wealth therein.
To Bactrians he gave their liberty,
Of Ninivites he caused none to dye.
But suffer'd with their goods, to go else where,
Not granting them now to inhabit there:
For he demolished that City great,
And unto Media transfer'd his Seat.
Such was his promise which he firmly made,
To Medes and Persians when he crav'd their aid:
A while he and his race aside must stand,
Not pertinent to what we have in hand;
And Belochus in's progeny pursue,
Who did this Monarchy begin anew.
Belosus or Belochus.
Belosus settled in his new old Seat,
Not so content but aiming to be great,
Incroaching still upon the bordering lands,
Till Mesopotamia he got in's hands.
And either by compound or else by strength,
Assyria he gain'd also at length;
Then did rebuild, destroyed Nineveh,
A costly work which none could do but he,
Who own'd the Treasures of proud Babylon,
And those that seem'd with Sardanapal's gone;
For though his Palace did in ashes lye,
The fire those Metals could not damnifie;
From these with diligence he rakes,

Arbaces suffers all, and all he takes,
 He thus enricheth by this new tryed gold.
 Raises a Phœnix new, from grave o'th' old;
 And from this heap did after Ages see
 As fair a Town, as the first Niniveh.
 When this was built, and matters all in peace
 Molests poor Israel, his wealth t'increase.
 A thousand Talents of Menahem had,
 (Who to be rid of such a guest was glad
 In sacred writ he's known by name of Pul,
 Which makes the world of difference so full.
 That he and Belochus could not one be,
 But Circumstance doth prove the verity;
 And times of both computed so fall out,
 That these two made but one, we need not doubt:
 What else he did, his Empire to advance,
 To rest content we must, in ignorance.
 Forty eight years he reign'd, his race then run,
 He left his new got Kingdome to his Son.
 Tiglath Pulassar.
 Belosus dead, Tiglath his warlike Son,
 Next treads those steps, by which his Father won;
 Damascus ancient Seat, of famous Kings
 Under subjection, by his Sword he brings.
 Resin their valiant King he also slew,
 And Syria t'obedience did subdue.
 Judas bad King occasioned this war,
 When Resins force his Borders sore did marre,
 And divers Cities by strong hand did seaze:
 To Tiglath then, doth Ahaz send for ease,
 The Temple robs, so to fulfil his ends,
 And to Assyria's King a present sends.
 I am thy Servant and thy Son, (quoth he)
 From Resin, and from Pekah set me free,
 Gladly doth Tiglath this advantage take,
 And succours Ahaz, yet for Tiglath's sake.
 Then Resin slain, his Army overthrown,
 He Syria makes a Province of his own.
 Unto Damascus then comes Judah's King,
 His humble thankfulness (in haste) to bring,
 Acknowledging th'Assyrians high desert,
 To whom he ought all loyalty of heart.

But Tiglath having gain'd his wished end,
Proves unto Ahaz but a feigned friend;
All Israels lands beyond Jordan he takes,
In Galilee he woful havock makes.
Through Syria now he march'd none stopt his way,
And Ahaz open at his mercy lay;
Who still implor'd his love, but was distrest;
This was that Ahaz, who so high trans grest:
Thus Tiglath reign'd, & warr'd twenty seven years
Then by his death releas'd was Israels fears.
Salmanassar or Nabanassar.
Tiglath deceas'd, Salmanassar was next,
He Israelites, more then his Father vext;
Hoshea their last King he did invade,
And him six years his Tributary made;
But weary of his servitude, he sought
To Egypts King, which did avail him nought;
For Salmanassar with a mighty Host,
Besieg'd his Regal Town, and spoyl'd his Coast,
And did the people, nobles, and their King,
Into perpetual thraldome that time bring;
Those that from Joshuah's time had been a state,
Did Justice now by him eradicate:
This was that strange, degenerated brood,
On whom, nor threats, nor mercies could do good;
Laden with honour, prisoners, and with spoyle,
Returns triumphant Victor to his soyle;
He placed Israel there, where he thought best,
Then sent his Colonies, theirs to invest;
Thus Jacobs Sons in Exile must remain,
And pleasant Canaan never saw agaiu:
Where now those ten Tribes are, can no man tell,
Or how they fare, rich, poor, or ill, or well;
Whether the Indians of the East, or West,
Or wild Tartarians, as yet ne're blest,
Or else those Chinoes rare, whose wealth & arts
Hath bred more wonder then belief in hearts:
But what, or where they are; yet know we this,
They shall return, and Zion see with bliss.
Senacherib.
Senacherib Salmanasser succeeds,
Whose haughty heart is showne in words & deeds

His wars, none better then himself can boast,
On Henah, Arpad, and on Juahs coast;
On Hevahs and on Shepharvaims gods,
'Twixt them and Israels he knew no odds,
Untill the thundring hand of heaven he felt,
Which made his Army into nothing melt:
With shame then turn'd to Ninive again,
And by his sons in's Idols house was slain.
Essarhadon.

His Son, weak Essarhaddon reign'd in's place,
The fifth, and last of great Bellosus race.
Brave Merodach, the Son of Baladan,
In Babylon Lieftenant to this man
Of opportunity advantage takes,
And on his Masters ruines his house makes,
As Belosus his Sovereign did onthroned,
So he's now stil'd the King of Babilon.
After twelve years did Essarhaddon dye,
And Merodach assume the Monarchy.
Merodach Balladan.

All yield to him, but Niniveh kept free,
Untill his Grand-child made her bow the knee.
Ambassadors to Hezekiah sent,
His health congratulates with complement.
Ben Merodach.

Ben MERODACH Successor to this King,
Of whom is little said in any thing,
But by conjecture this, and none but he
Led King Manasseh to Captivity.
Nebulassar.

Brave Nebulassar to this King was son,
The famous Niniveh by him was won,
For fifty years, or more, it had been free,
Now yields her neck unto captivity:
A Vice-Roy from her foe she's glad to accept,
By whom in firm obedience she is kept.
This King's less fam'd for all the acts he's done,
Then being Father to so great a Son.
Nebuchadnezzar, or Nebopolassar.
The famous acts of this heroick King
Did neither Homer, Hesiod, Virgil sing:
Nor of his Wars have we the certainty

From some Thucidides grave history;
Nor's Metamorphosis from Ovids book,
Nor his restoriag from old Legends took:
But by the Prophets, Pen-men most divine,
This prince in's magnitude doth ever shine:
This was of Monarchyes that head of gold,
The richest and the dread fullest to behold:
This was that tree whose branches fill'd the earth,
Under whose shadow birds and beasts had birth:
This was that king of kings, did what he pleas'd,
Kil'd, sav'd, pul'd down, set up, or pain'd or eas'd;
And this was he, who when he fear'd the least
Was changed from a King into a beast.
This Prince the last year of his fathers reign
Against Jehojakim marcht with his train,
Judahs poor King besieg'd and succourless
Yields to his mercy, and the present 'stress;
His Vassal is, gives pledges for his truth,
Children of royal blood, unblemish'd youth:
Wise Daniel and his fellowes, mongst the rest,
By the victorious king to Babel's prest:
The Temple of rich ornaments defac'd,
And in his Idols house the vessels plac'd.
The next year he with unresisted hand
Quite vanguish'd Pharaoh Necho with his band:
By great Euphrates did his army fall,
Which was the loss of Syria withall.
Then into Egypt Necho did retire,
Which in few years proves the Assirians hire.
A mighty army next he doth prepare,
And unto wealthy Tyre in hast repair.
Such was the scituation of this place,
As might not him, but all the world out-face,
That in her pride she knew not which to boast
Whether her wealth, or yet her strength was most
How in all merchandize she did excel,
None but the true Ezekiel need to tell.
And for her strength, how hard she was to gain,
Can Babels tired souldiers tell with pain.
Within an Island had this city seat,
Divided from the Main by channel great:
Of costly ships and Gallyes she had store,

And Mariners to handle sail and oar:
But the Chaldeans had nor ships nor skill,
Their shoulders must their Masters mind fulfill,
Fetcht rubbish from the opposite old town,
And in the channel threw each burden down;
Where after many essayes, they made at last
The sea firm land, whereon the Army past,
And took the wealthy town; but all the gain,
Requited not the loss, the toyle and pain.
Full thirteen years in this strange work he spent
Before he could accomplish his intent:
And though a Victor home his Army leads,
With peeled shoulders, and with balded heads.
When in the Tyrian war this King was hot,
Jehojakim his oath had clean forgot,
Thinks this the fittest time to break his bands
Whilest Babels King thus deep engaged stands:
But he whose fortunes all were in the ebbe,
Had all his hopes like to a spiders web;
For this great King withdraws part of his force,
To Judah marches with a speedy course,
And unexpected finds the feeble Prince
Whom he chastis'd thus for his proud offence,
Fast bound, intends to Babel him to send,
But chang'd his mind, & caus'd his life there end,
Then cast him out like to a naked Ass,
For this is he for whom none said alas.
His son he suffered three months to reign,
Then from his throne he pluck'd him down again,
Whom with his mother he to Babel led,
And seven and thirty years in prison fed:
His Uncle he establish'd in his place
(Who was last King of holy Davids race)
But he as perjur'd as Jehojakim,
They lost more now then e're they lost by him.
Seven years he kept his faith, and safe he dwells;
But in the eighth against his Prince rebels:
The ninth came Nebuchadnezzar with power,
Besieg'd his city, temple, Zions tower,
And after eighteen months he took them all:
The Walls so strong, that stood so long, now fall.
The cursed King by flight could no wise fly

His well deserv'd and foretold misery:
But being caught to Babels wrathfull King
With children, wives and Nobles all they bring,
Where to the sword all but himself were put,
And with that wofull sight his eyes close shut.
Ah! hapless man, whose darksome contemplation
Was nothing but such gastly meditation.
In midst of Babel now till death he lyes;
Yet as was told ne're saw it with his eyes.
The Temple's burnt, the vessels had away.
The towres and palaces brought to decay:
Where late of harp and Lute were heard the noise
Now Zim & Jim lift up their screeching voice.
All now of worth are Captive led with tears,
And sit bewailing Zion seventy years.
With all these conquests, Babels King rests not,
No not when Moab, Edom he had got,
Kedar and Hazar, the Arabians too,
All Vassals at his hands for Grace must sue.
A total conquest of rich Egypt makes,
All rule he from the ancient Phraohes takes,
Who had for sixteen hundred years born sway,
To Babilons proud King now yields the day.
Then Put and Lud do at his mercy stand.
VWhere e're he goes, he conquers every land.
His sumptuous buildings passes all conceit,
Which wealth and strong ambition made so great.
His Image Judahs Captives worship not,
Although the Furnace be seven times more hot.
His dreams wise Daniel doth expound full well,
And his unhappy chang with grief foretell.
Strange melancholy humours on him lay,
Which for seven years his reason took away,
VWhich from no natural causes did proceed,
But for his pride, so had the heavens decreed.
The time expir'd, bruitish remains no more,
But Government resumes as heretofore:
In splendor, and in Majesty he sits,
Contemplating those times he lost his witts.
And if by words we may ghesse at the heart,
This king among the righteous had a part:
Fourty four years he reign'd, which being run,

He left his wealth and conquests to his son.

Evilmerodach

Babel's great Monarch now laid in the dust,

His son possesses wealth and rule as just:

And in the first year of his Royalty

Easeth Jehojakims Captivity:

Poor forlorn Prince, who had all state forgot

In seven and thirty years had seen no jot.

Among the conquer'd Kings that there did ly

Is Judah's King now lifted up on high:

But yet in Babel he must still remain,

And native Canaan never see again:

Unlike his Father Evilmerodach,

Prudence and magnanimity did lack;

Fair Egypt is by his remisness lost,

Arabia, and all the bordering coast.

Warrs with the Medes unhappily he wag'd

(Within which broyles rich Croesus was ingag'd)

His Army routed, and himself there slain:

His Kingdome to Belshazzar did remain.

Belshazzar.

Unworthy Belshazzar next wears the crown,

Whose acts profane a sacred Pen sets down,

His lust and cruelties in storyes find,

A royal State rul'd by a bruitish mind.

His life so base, and dissolute invites

The noble Persian to invade his rights.

Who with his own, and Uncles power anon,

Layes siedge to's Regal Seat, proud Babylon,

The coward King, whose strength lay in his walls,

To banquetting and revelling now falls,

To shew his little dread, but greater store,

To chear his friends, and scorn his foes the more.

The holy vessels thither brought long since,

They carrows'd in, and sacrilegious prince

Did praise his Gods of mettal, wood, and stone,

Protectors of his Crown, and Babylon,

But he above, his doings did deride,

And with a hand soon dashed all this pride.

The King upon the wall casting his eye,

The fingers of a hand writing did spy,

Which horrid sight, he fears must needs portend

Destruction to his Crown, to's Person end.
With quaking knees, and heart appall'd he cries,
For the Soothsayers, and Magicians wise;
This language strange to read, and to unfold;
With gifts of Scarlet robe, and Chain of gold,
And highest dignity, next to the King,
To him that could interpret, clear this thing:
But dumb the gazing Astrologers stand,
Amazed at the writing, and the hand.
None answers the affrighted Kings intent,
Who still expects some fearful sad event;
As dead, alive he sits, as one undone:
In comes the Queen, to chear her heartless Son.
Of Daniel tells, who in his grand-sires dayes
Was held in more account then now he was.
Daniel in haste is brought before the King,
Who doth not flatter, nor once cloak the thing;
Reminds him of his Grand-Sires height and fall,
And of his own notorious sins withall:
His Drunkenness, and his profaness high,
His pride and sottish gross Idolatry.
The guilty King with colour pale and dead
Then hears his Mene and his Tekel read.
And one thing did worthy a King (though late)
Perform'd his word to him that told his fate.
That night victorious Cyrus took the town,
Who soon did terminate his life and crown;
With him did end the race of Baladan:
And now the Persian Monarchy began.
The End of the Assyrian Monarchy.

Anne Bradstreet

The Four Seasons Of The Year.

Spring.

Another four I've left yet to bring on,
Of four times four the last Quaternion,
The Winter, Summer, Autumn & the Spring,
In season all these Seasons I shall bring:
Sweet Spring like man in his Minority,
At present claim'd, and had priority.
With smiling face and garments somewhat green,
She trim'd her locks, which late had frosted been,
Nor hot nor cold, she spake, but with a breath,
Fit to revive, the nummed earth from death.
Three months (quoth she) are 'lotted to my share
March, April, May of all the rest most fair.
Tenth of the first, Sol into Aries enters,
And bids defiance to all tedious winters,
Crosseth the Line, and equals night and day,
(Stil adds to th'last til after pleasant May)
And now makes glad the darkned northern wights
Who for some months have seen but starry lights.
Now goes the Plow-man to his merry toyle,
He might unloose his winter locked soyl:
The Seeds-man too, doth lavish out his grain,
In hope the more he casts, the more to gain:
The Gardner now superfluous branches lops,
And poles erects for his young clambring hops.
Now digs then sows his herbs, his flowers & roots
And carefully manures his trees of fruits.
The Pleiades their influence now give,
And all that seem'd as dead afresh doth live.
The croaking frogs, whom nipping winter kil'd
Like birds now chirp, and hop about the field,
The Nightingale, the black-bird and the Thrush
Now tune their layes, on spraves of every bush.
The wanton frisking Kid, and soft-fleec'd Lambs
Do jump and play before their feeding Dams,
The tender tops of budding grass they crop,
They joy in what they have, but more in hope:
For though the frost hath lost his binding power,
Yet many a fleece of snow and stormy shower

Doth darken Sol's bright eye, makes us remember
The pinching North-west wind of cold December.
My second moneth is April, green and fair,
Of longer dayes, and a more temperate Air:
The Sun in Taurus keeps his residence,
And with his warmer beams glanceth from thence
This is the month whose fruitful shows produces
All set and sown for all delights and uses:
The Pear, the Plum, and Apple-tree now flourish
The grass grows long the hungry beast to nourish.
The Primrose pale, and azure violet
Among the virduous grass hath nature set,
That when the Sun on's Love (the earth) doth shine
These might as lace set out her garment fine.
The fearfull bird his little house now builds
In trees and walls, in Cities and in fields.
The outside strong, the inside warm and neat;
A natural Artificer compleat.
The clocking hen her chirping chickins leads
With wings & beak defends them from the gleads
My next and last is fruitfull pleasant May,
Wherein the earth is clad in rich aray,
The Sun now enters loving Gemini,
And heats us with the glances of his eye,
Our thicker rayment makes us lay aside
Lest by his fervor we be torrifi'd.
All flowers the Sun now with his beams discloses,
Except the double pinks and matchless Roses.
Now swarms the busy, witty, honey-Bee,
Whose praise deserves a page from more then me
The cleanly Huswifes Dary's now in th'prime,
Her shelves and firkins fill'd for winter time.
The meads with Cowslips, Honey-suckles dight,
One hangs his head, the other stands upright:
But both rejoyce at th'heavens clear smiling face,
More at her showers, which water them a space.
For fruits my Season yields the early Cherry,
The hasty Peas, and wholsome cool Strawberry.
More solid fruits require a longer time,
Each Season hath his fruit, so hath each Clime:
Each man his own peculiar excellence,
But none in all that hath preheminance.

Sweet fragrant Spring, with thy short pittance fly
Let some describe thee better then can I.
Yet above all this priviledg is thine,
Thy dayes still lengthen without least decline:
Summer.

When Spring had done, the Summer did begin,
With melted tauny face, and garments thin,
Resembling Fire, Choler, and Middle age,
As Spring did Air, Blood, Youth in's equipage.
Wiping the sweat from of her face that ran,
With hair all wet she puffing thus began;
Bright June, July and August hot are mine,
In'th first Sol doth in crabbed Cancer shine.
His progress to the North now's fully done,
Then retrograde must be my burning Sun,
Who to his southward Tropick still is bent,
Yet doth his parching heat but more augment
Though he decline, because his flames so fair,
Have throughly dry'd the earth, and heat the air.
Like as an Oven that long time hath been heat,
Whose vehemency at length doth grow so great,
That if you do withdraw her burning store,
Tis for a time as fervent as before.

Now go those frolick Swains, the Shepherd Lads
To wash the thick cloth'd flocks with pipes full glad
In the cool streams they labour with delight
Rubbing their dirty coats till they look white:
Whose fleece when finely spun and deeply dy'd
With Robes thereof Kings have been dignifi'd.
Blest rustick Swains, your pleasant quiet life,
Hath envy bred in Kings that were at strife,
Careless of worldly wealth you sing and pipe,
Whilst they'r imbroyl'd in wars & troubles rise:
VWhich made great Bajazet cry out in's woes,
Oh happy shepherd which hath not to lose.
Orthobulus, nor yet Sebastia great,
But whist'leth to thy flock in cold and heat.
Viewing the Sun by day, the Moon by night
Endimions, Dianaes dear delight,
Upon the grass resting your healthy limbs,
By purling Brooks looking how fishes swims.
If pride within your lowly Cells ere haunt,

Of him that was Shepherd then King go vaunt.
This moneth the Roses are distil'd in glasses,
Whose fragrant smel all made perfumes surpasses
The Cherry, Gooseberry are now in th'prime,
And for all sorts of Pease, this is the time.
July my next, the hott'st in all the year,
The sun through Leo now takes his Career,
Whose flaming breath doth melt us from afar,
Increased by the star Canicular.
This Month from Julius Cæsar took its name,
By Romans celebrated to his fame.
Now go the Mowers to their slashing toyle,
The Meadowes of their riches to dispoyle,
With weary strokes, they take all in their way,
Bearing the burning heat of the long day.
The forks and Rakes do follow them amain,
Which makes the aged fields look young again.
The groaning Carts do bear away this prize.
To Stacks and Barns where it for Fodder lyes.
My next and last is August fiery hot
(For much, the Southward Sun abateth not)
This Moneth he keeps with Virgo for a space,
The dried Earth is parched with his face.
August of great Augustus took its name,
Romes second Emperour of lasting fame,
With sickles now the bending Reapers goe
The rusling tress of terra down to mowe;
And bundles up in sheaves, the weighty wheat,
Which after Manchet makes for Kings to eat:
The Barly, Rye and Pease should first had place,
Although their bread have not so white a face.
The Carter leads all home with whistling voyce,
He plow'd with pain, but reaping doth rejoyce;
His sweat, his toyle, his careful wakeful nights,
His fruitful Crop abundantly requites.
Now's ripe the Pear, Pear-plumb, and Apricock,
The prince of plumbs, whose stone's as hard as Rock
The Summer seems but short, the Autumn hasts
To shake his fruits, of most delicious tasts
Like good old Age, whose younger juicy Roots
Hath still ascended, to bear goodly fruits.
Until his head be gray, and strength be gone.

Yet then appears the worthy deeds he'th done:
To feed his boughs exhausted hath his sap,
Then drops his fruits into the eaters lap.

Autumn.

Of Autumn moneths September is the prime,
Now day and night are equal in each Clime,
The twelfth of this Sol riseth in the Line,
And doth in poizing Libra this month shine.
The vintage now is ripe, the grapes are prest,
Whose lively liquor oft is curs'd and blest:
For nought so good, but it may be abused,
But its a precious juice when well its used.
The raisins now in clusters dried be,
The Orange, Lemon dangle on the tree:
The Pomegranate, the Fig are ripe also,
And Apples now their yellow sides do show.
Of Almonds, Quinces, Wardens, and of Peach,
The season's now at hand of all and each.
Sure at this time, time first of all began,
And in this moneth was made apostate Man:
For then in Eden was not only seen,
Boughs full of leaves, or fruits unripe or green,
Or withered stocks, which were all dry and dead,
But trees with goodly fruits replenished;
Which shews nor Summer, Winter nor the Spring
Our Grand-Sire was of Paradiçe made King:
Nor could that temp'rate Clime such difference make,
If scited as the most Judicious take.
October is my next, we hear in this
The Northern winter-blasts begin to hiss.
In Scorpio resideth now the Sun,
And his declining heat is almost done.
The fruitless Trees all withered now do stand,
Whose sapless yellow leavs, by winds are fan'd,
Which notes when youth and strength have past their prime
Decrepit age must also have its time.
The Sap doth sily creep towards the Earth
There rests, until the Sun give it a birth.
So doth old Age still tend unto his grave,
Where also he his winter time must have;
But when the Sun of righteousness draws nigh,
His dead old stock, shall mount again on high.

November is my last, for Time doth haste,
We now of winters sharpness 'gins to tast.
This moneth the Sun's in Sagitarius,
So farre remote, his glances warm not us.
Almost at shortest is the shorten'd day,
The Northern pole beholdeth not one ray.
Now Greenland, Groanland, Finland, Lapland, see
No Sun, to lighten their obscurity:
Poor wretches that in total darkness lye,
With minds more dark then is the dark'ned Sky.
Beaf, Brawn, and Pork are now in great request,
And solid meats our stomacks can digest.
This time warm cloaths, full diet, and good fires,
Our pinched flesh, and hungry mawes requires:
Old, cold, dry Age and Earth Autumn resembles,
And Melancholy which most of all dissembles.
I must be short, and shorts, the short'ned day,
What winter hath to tell, now let him say.

Winter.

Cold, moist, young flegmy winter now doth lye
In swadling Clouts, like new born Infancy
Bound up with frosts, and furr'd with hail & snows,
And like an Infant, still it taller grows;
December is my first, and now the Sun
To th'Southward Tropick, his swift race doth run:
This moneth he's hous'd in horned Capricorn,
From thence he 'gins to length the shortned morn,
Through Christendome with great Feastivity,
Now's held, (but ghest) for blest Nativity.
Cold frozen January next comes in,
Chilling the blood and shrinking up the skin;
In Aquarius now keeps the long wisht Sun,
And Northward his unwearied Course doth run:
The day much longer then it was before,
The cold not lessened, but augmented more.
Now Toes and Ears, and Fingers often freeze,
And Travellers their noses sometimes leese.
Moist snowie February is my last,
I care not how the winter time doth haste.
In Pisces now the golden Sun doth shine,
And Northward still approaches to the Line,
The Rivers 'gin to ope, the snows to melt,

And some warm glances from his face are felt;
Which is increased by the lengthen'd day,
Until by's heat, he drive all cold away,
And thus the year in Circle runneth round:
Where first it did begin, in th'end its found.
My Subjects bare, my Brain is bad,
Or better Lines you should have had:
The first fell in so nat'rally,
I knew not how to pass it by;
The last, though bad I could not mend,
Accept therefore of what is pen'd,
And all the faults that you shall spy
Shall at your feet for pardon cry.

Anne Bradstreet

The Prologue

To sing of wars, of captains, and of kings,
Of cities founded, commonwealths begun,
For my mean pen are too superior things:
Or how they all, or each, their dates have run;
Let poets and historians set these forth,
My obscure lines shall not so dim their work.

But when my wondering eyes and envious heart
Great Bartas' sugared lines do but read o'er,
Fool I do grudge the Muses did not part
'Twixt him and me that overfluent store;--
A Bartas can do what a Bartas will,
But simple I according to my skill.

From school-boys tongues no rhetoric we expect,
Nor yet a sweet consort from broken strings,
Nor perfect beauty where's a main defect:
My foolish, broken, blemished Muse so sings;
And this to mend, alas, no art is able,
'Cause nature made is so, irreparable.

Nor can I, like that fluent, sweet-tongued Greek
Who lisped at first, in future times speak plain;
By art he gladly found what he did seek--
A full requitl of his striving pain.
Art can do much, but this maxim's most sure:
A weak or wounded brain admits no cure.

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue
Who says my hand a needle better fits.
A poet's pen all scorn I should thus wrong;
For such despite they cast on female wits,
If what I do prove well, it won't advance--
They'll say it was stolen, or else it was by chance.

But shure the ancient Greeks were far more mild,
Else of our sex why feignéd they those Nine,
And Posey made Calliope's own child?
So 'mongst the rest they placed the Arts Divine.

But this weak knot they will full soon untie--
The Greeks did naught but play the fools and lie.

Let Greeks be Greeks, and women what they are.
Men have preëminence, and still excell.
It is but vain unjustly to wage war,
Men can do best, and women know it well.
Preëminence in all and each is yours--
Yet grant some small acknowledgement of ours.

And oh, ye high flownquills that soar the skies,
And ever with your prey still catch your praise,
If e'er you deign these lowly lines your eyes,
Give thyme or parsley wreath; I ask no bays.
This mean and unrefinéd ore of mine
Will make your glistening gold but more to shine.

Anne Bradstreet

The Romane Monarchy, Being The Fourth And Last, Beginninganno Mundi , 3213.

prologue

After some dayes of rest, my restless heart
To finish what's begun, new thoughts impart,
And maugre all resolves, my fancy wrought
This fourth to th'other three, now might be brought:
Shortness of time and inability,
Will force me to a confus'd brevity.
Yet in this Chaos, one shall easily spy
The vast Limbs of a mighty Monarchy,
What e're is found amiss take in good part,
As faults proceeding from my head, not heart.
Stout Romulus, Romes founder, and first King,
Whom vestal Rhea to the world did bring;
His Father was not Mars as some devis'd,
But Æmulus in Armour all disguiz'd:
Thus he deceiv'd his Neece, she might not know
The double injury he then did do.
Where sheperds once had Coats & sheep their folds
Where Swains & rustick Peasants kept their holds,
A City fair did Romulus erect,
The Mistress of the World, in each respect,
His brother Rhemus there by him was slain,
For leaping o're the wall with some disdain.
The stones at first was cemented with blood,
And bloody hath it prov'd, since first it stood.
This City built and Sacrifices done,
A Form of Government, he next begun;
A hundred Senators he likewise chose,
And with the style of Patres, honoured those,
His City to replenish, men he wants,
Great priviledges then to all he grants;
That will within those strong built walls reside,
And this new gentle Government abide.
Of wives there was so great a scarcity,
They to their neighbours sue for a supply;
But all disdain Alliance, then to make,
So Romulus was forc'd this course to take:

Great shews he makes at Tilt and Turnament,
To see these sports, the Sabins all are bent.
Their daughters by the Romans then were caught,
Then to recover them a Field was fought;
But in the end, to final peace they come,
And Sabins as one people dwelt in Rome.
The Romans now more potent 'gin to grow,
And Fedinates they wholly overthrow.
But Romulus then comes unto his end.
Some feigning to the Gods he did ascend:
Others the seven and thirtyeth of his reign,
Affirm, that by the Senate he was slain.

Numa Pompilius.

Numa Pompilius next chose they King,
Held for his piety some sacred thing,
To Janus he that famous Temple built:
Kept shut in peace, set ope when blood was spilt;
Religious Rites and Customes instituted,
And Priests and Flamines likewise he deputed,
Their Augurs strange, their gestures and attire,
And vestal maids to keep the holy fire.
The Nymph Ægeria this to him told,
So to delude the people he was bold:
Forty three years he rul'd with general praise,
Accounted for a God in after dayes.

Tullius Hostilius.

Tullius Hostilius was third Roman King,
Who Martial discipline in use did bring;
War with the antient Albans he did wage,
This strife to end six brothers did ingage.
Three call'd Horatii on the Romans side,
And Curiatii three Albans provide:
The Romans conquer, th'other yield the day,
Yet in their Compact, after false they play.
The Romans sore incens'd, their General slay,
And from old Alba fetch the wealth away;
Of Latin Kings this was long since the Seat,
But now demolished, to make Rome great.
Thirty two years did Tullus reign, then dye,
Left Rome in wealth, and power still growing high.

Ancus Martius.

Next Ancus Martius sits upon the Throne,

Nephew unto Pompilius dead and gone;
Rome he enlarg'd, new built again the wall,
Much stronger, and more beautiful withal;
A stately Bridge he over Tyber made,
Of Boats and Oars no more they need the aid.
Fair Ostia he built this Town, it stood
Close by the mouth of famous Tyber flood,
Twenty four years time of his Royal race,
Then unto death unwillingly gives place.

Tarquinius Priscus

Tarquin a Greek at Corinth born and bred,
Who from his Country for Sedition fled.
Is entertain'd at Rome, and in short time,
By wealth and favour doth to honour climb;
He after Martius death the Kingdome had,
A hundred Senators he more did add.
Wars with the Latins he again renews,
And Nations twelve of Tuscany subdues,
To such rude triumphs as young Rome then had,
Some State and splendor did this Priscus add:
Thirty eight years (this stronger born) did reign,
And after all, by Ancus Sons was slain.

Servius Tullius.

Next Servius Tullius gets into the Throne,
Ascends not up By merits of his own,
But by the favour and the special grace
Of Tanquil late Queen, obtains the place.
He ranks the people into each degree,
As wealth had made them of ability;
A general Muster takes, which by account,
To eighty thousand Souls then did amount.
Forty four years did Servius Tullius reign,
And then by Tarquin Priscus Son was slain.
Tarquinius Superbus the last King of the Romans
Tarquin the proud, from manners called so,
Sat on the Throne, when he had slain his Foe.
Sextus his Son did most unworthily,
Lucretia force, mirrour of Chastity:
She loathed so the fact, she loath'd her life,
And shed her guiltless blood with guilty knife
Her Husband sore incens'd to quit this wrong,
With Junius Brutus rose, and being strong,

The Tarquins they from Rome by force expel,
In banishment perpetual to dwell;
The Government they change, a new one bring,
And people swear ne'r to accept of King.

Anne Bradstreet

The Third Monarchy, Being The Grecian, Beginning Under Alexander The Great In The 112. Olympiad.

Great Alexander was wise Philips son,
He to Amyntas, Kings of Macedon;
The cruel proud Olympias was his Mother,
She to Epirus warlike King was daughter.
This Prince (his father by Pausanias slain)
The twenty first of's age began to reign.
Great were the Gifts of nature which he had,
His education much to those did adde:
By art and nature both he was made fit,
To 'complish that which long before was writ.
The very day of his Nativity
To ground was burnt Dianaes Temple high:
An Omen to their near approaching woe,
Whose glory to the earth this king did throw.
His Rule to Greece he scorn'd should be confin'd,
The Universe scarce bound his proud vast mind.
This is the He-Goat which from Grecia came,
That ran in Cholera on the Persian Ram,
That brake his horns, that threw him on the ground
To save him from his might no man was found:
Philip on this great Conquest had an eye,
But death did terminate those thoughts so high.
The Greeks had chose him Captain General,
Which honour to his Son did now befall.
(For as Worlds Monarch now we speak not on,
But as the King of little Macedon)
Restless both day and night his heart then was,
His high resolves which way to bring to pass;
Yet for a while in Greece is forc'd to stay,
Which makes each moment seem more then a day.
Thebes and stiff Athens both 'gainst him rebel,
Their mutinies by valour doth he quell.
This done against both right and natures Laws,
His kinsmen put to death, who gave no cause;
That no rebellion in in his absence be,
Nor making Title unto Sovereignty.
And all whom he suspects or fears will climbe,

Now taste of death least they deserv'd in time,
Nor wonder is t if he in blood begin,
For Cruelty was his parental sin,
Thus eased now of troubles and of fears,
Next spring his course to Asia he steers;
Leavs Sage Antipater, at home to sway,
And through the Hellispont his Ships made way.
Coming to Land, his dart on shore he throws,
Then with alacrity he after goes;
And with a bount'ous heart and courage brave,
His little wealth among his Souldiers gave.
And being ask'd what for himself was left,
Reply'd, enough, sith only hope he kept.
Thirty two thousand made up his Foot force,
To which were joyn'd five thousand goodly horse.
Then on he marcht, in's way he view'd old Troy,
And on Achilles tomb with wondrous joy
He offer'd, and for good success did pray
To him, his Mothers Ancestors, (men say)
When news of Alexander came to Court,
To scorn at him Darius had good sport;
Sends him a frothy and contemptuous Letter,
Stiles him disloyal servant, and no better;
Reproves him for his proud audacity
To lift his hand 'gainst such a Monarchy.
Then to's Lieftenant he in Asia sends
That he be ta'ne alive, for he intends
To whip him well with rods, and so to bring
That boy so mallipert before the King.
Ah! fond vain man, whose pen ere while
In lower terms was taught a higher stile.
To River Granick Alexander hyes
Which in Phrygia near Propontike lyes.
The Persians ready for encounter stand,
And strive to keep his men from off the land;
Those banks so steep the Greeks yet scramble up,
And beat the coward Persians from the top,
And twenty thousand of their lives bereave,
Who in their backs did all their wounds receive.
This victory did Alexander gain,
With loss of thirty four of his there slain;
Then Sardis he, and Ephesus did gain,

Where stood of late, Diana's wondrous Phane,
 And by Parmenio (of renowned Fame,)
 Miletus and Pamphilia overcame.
 Hallicarnassus and Pisidia
 He for his Master takes with Lycia.
 Next Alexander marcht towards the black Sea,
 And easily takes old Gordium in his way;
 Of Ass ear'd Midas, once the Regal Seat,
 Whose touch turn'd all to gold, yea even his meat
 Where the Prophetick knot he cuts in twain,
 Which who so doth, must Lord of all remain.
 Now news of Memnon's death (the Kings Viceroy)
 To Alexanders heart's no little joy,
 For in that Peer, more valour did abide,
 Then in Darius multitude beside:
 In's stead, was Arses plac'd, but durst not stay,
 Yet set one in his room, and ran away;
 His substitute as fearfull as his master,
 Runs after two, and leaves all to Disaster.
 Then Alexander all Cilicia takes,
 No stroke for it he struck, their hearts so quakes.
 To Greece he thirty thousand talents sends,
 To raise more Force to further his intends:
 Then o're he goes Darius now to meet,
 Who came with thousand thousands at his feet.
 Though some there be (perhaps) more likely write
 He but four hundred thousand had to fight,
 The rest Attendants, which made up no less,
 Both Sexes there was almost numberless.
 For this wise King had brought to see the sport,
 With him the greatest Ladyes of the Court,
 His mother, his beauteous Queen and daughters,
 It seems to see the Macedonian slaughters.
 Its much beyond my time and little art,
 To shew how great Darius plaid his part;
 The splendor and the pomp he marched in,
 For since the world was no such Pageant seen.
 Sure 'twas a goodly sight there to behold,
 The Persians clad in silk, and glistening gold,
 The stately horses trapt, the lances gilt,
 As if addrest now all to run a tilt.
 The holy fire was borne before the host,

(For Sun and Fire the Persians worship most)
The Priests in their strange habit follow after,
An object, not so much of fear as laughter.
The King sate in a chariot made of gold,
With crown and Robes most glorious to behold,
And o're his head his golden Gods on high,
Support a party coloured Canopy.
A number of spare horses next were led,
Lest he should need them in his Chariots stead;
But those that saw him in this state to lye,
Suppos'd he neither meant to fight nor flye.
He fifteen hundred had like women drest;
For thus to fright the Greeks he judg'd was best.
Their golden ornaments how to set forth,
Would ask more time then was their bodies worth
Great Sysigambis she brought up the Reer,
Then such a world of waggons did appear,
Like several houses moving upon wheels,
As if she'd drawn whole Shushan at her heels:
This brave Virago to the King was mother,
And as much good she did as any other.
Now lest this gold, and all this goodly stuff
Had not been spoyle and booty rich enough
A thousand mules and Camels ready wait
Loaden with gold, with jewels and with plate:
For sure Darius thought at the first sight,
The Greeks would all adore, but none would fight
But when both Armies met, he might behold
That valour was more worth then pearls or gold,
And that his wealth serv'd but for baits to 'lure
To make his overthrow more fierce and sure.
The Greeks came on and with a gallant grace
Let fly their arrows in the Persians face.
The cowards feeling this sharp stinging charge
Most basely ran, and left their king at large:
Who from his golden coach is glad to 'light,
And cast away his crown for swifter flight:
Of late like some immoveable he lay,
Now finds both legs and horse to run away.
Two hundred thousand men that day were slain,
And forty thousand prisoners also tane,
Besides the Queens and Ladies of the court,

If Curtius be true in his report.
The Regal Ornaments were lost, the treasure
Divided at the Macedonians pleasure;
Yet all this grief, this loss, this overthrow,
Was but beginning of his future woe.
The royal Captives brought to Alexander
T'ward them demean'd himself like a Commander
For though their beauties were unparaled,
Conquer'd himself now he had conquered,
Preserv'd their honour, us'd them bounteously,
Commands no man should doe them injury:
And this to Alexander is more fame
Then that the Persian King he overcame.
Two hundred eighty Greeks he lost in fight,
By too much heat, not wounds (as authors write)
No sooner had this Victor won the field,
But all Phenicia to his pleasure yield,
Of which the Goverment he doth commit
Unto Parmenio of all most fit.
Darius now less lofty then before,
To Alexander writes he would restore
Those mournfull Ladies from Captivity,
For whom he offers him a ransome high:
But down his haughty stomach could not bring,
To give this Conquerour the Stile of King.
This Letter Alexander doth disdain,
And in short terms sends this reply again,
A King he was, and that not only so,
But of Darius King, as he should know.
Next Alexander unto Tyre doth goe,
His valour and his victoryes they know:
To gain his love the Tyrians intend,
Therefore a crown and great Provision send,
Their present he receives with thankfullness,
Desires to offer unto Hercules,
Protector of their town, by whom defended,
And from whom he lineally descended.
But they accept not this in any wise,
Lest he intend more fraud then sacrifice,
Sent word that Hercules his temple stood
In the old town, (which then lay like a wood)
With this reply he was so deep enrag'd,

To win the town, his honour he ingag'd:
And now as Babels King did once before,
He leaves not till he made the sea firm shore,
But far less time and cost he did expend,
The former Ruines forwarded his end:
Moreover had a Navy at command,
The other by his men fetcht all by land.
In seven months time he took that wealthy town,
Whose glory now a second time's brought down.
Two thousand of the chief he crucifi'd,
Eight thousand by the sword then also di'd,
And thirteen thousand Gally slaves he made,
And thus the Tyrians for mistrust were paid.
The rule of this he to Philotas gave
Who was the son of that Parmenio brave.
Cilicia to Socrates doth give,
For now's the time Captains like Kings may live.
Zidon he on Ephestion bestowes;
(For that which freely comes, as freely goes)
He scorns to have one worse then had the other,
So gives his little Lordship to another.
Ephestion having chief command of th'Fleet,
At Gaza now must Alexander meet.
Darius finding troubles still increase,
By his Ambassadors now sues for peace,
And layes before great Alexanders eyes
The dangers difficultyes like to rise,
First at Euphrates what he's like to 'bide,
And then at Tygris and Araxis side,
These he may scape, and if he so desire,
A league of friendship make firm and entire.
His eldest daughter he in mariage profers,
And a most princely dowry with her offers.
All those rich Kingdomes large that do abide
Betwixt the Hellespont and Halys side.
But he with scorn his courtesie rejects,
And the distressed King no whit respects,
Tells him, these proffers great, in truth were none
For all he offers now was but his own.
But quoth Parmenio that brave Commander,
Was I as great, as is great Alexander,
Darius offers I would not reject,

But th'kingdomes and the Lady soon accept.
To which proud Alexander made reply,
And so if I Parmenio was, would I.
He now to Gaza goes, and there doth meet,
His Favorite Ephestion with his Fleet,
Where valiant Betis stoutly keeps the town,
(A loyal Subject to Darius Crown)
For more repulse the Grecians here abide
Then in the Persian Monarchy beside;
And by these walls so many men were slain,
That Greece was forc'd to yield supply again.
But yet this well defended Town was taken,
For 'twas decree'd, that Empire should be shaken;
Thus Betis ta'en had holes bor'd through his feet,
And by command was drawn through every street
To imitate Achilles in his shame,
Who did the like to Hector (of more fame)
What hast thou lost thy magnimity,
Can Alexander deal thus cruelly?
Sith valour with Heroicks is renown'd,
Though in an Enemy it should be found;
If of thy future fame thou hadst regard,
Why didst not heap up honours and reward?
From Gaza to Jerusalem he goes,
But in no hostile way, (as I suppose)
Him in his Priestly Robes high Jaddus meets,
Whom with great reverence Alexander greets;
The Priest shews him good Daniel's Prophecy,
How he should overthrow this Monarchy,
By which he was so much encouraged,
No future dangers he did ever dread.
From thence to fruitful Egypt marcht with speed,
Where happily in's wars he did succeed;
To see how fast he gain'd was no small wonder,
For in few dayes he brought that Kingdome under.
Then to the Phane of Jupiter he went,
To be install'd a God, was his intent.
The Pagan Priest through hire, or else mistake,
The Son of Jupiter did streight him make:
He Diobolical must needs remain,
That his humanity will not retain.
Thence back to Egypt goes, and in few dayes;

Fair Alexandria from the ground doth raise;
Then settling all things in less Asia;
In Syria, Egypt, and Phenicia,
Unto Euphrates marcht and overgoes,
For no man's there his Army to oppose;
Had Betis now been there but with his band,
Great Alexander had been kept from Land.
But as the King, so is the multitude,
And now of valour both are destitute.
Yet he (poor prince) another Host doth muster,
Of Persians, Scythians, Indians in a cluster;
Men but in shape and name, of valour none
Most fit, to blunt the Swords of Macedon.
Two hundred fifty thousand by account,
Of Horse and Foot his Army did amount;
For in his multitudes his trust still lay,
But on their fortitude he had small stay;
Yet had some hope that on the spacious plain,
His numbers might the victory obtain.
About this time Darius beautiful Queen,
Who had sore travail and much sorrow seen,
Now bids the world adieu, with pain being spent,
Whose death her Lord full sadly did lament.
Great Alexander mourns as well as he,
The more because not set at liberty;
When this sad news (at first Darius hears,
Some injury was offered he fears:
But when inform'd how royally the King,
Had used her, and hers, in every thing,
He prays the immortal Gods they would reward
Great Alexander for this good regard;
And if they down his Monarchy will throw,
Let them on him this dignity bestow.
And now for peace he sues as once before,
And offers all he did and Kingdoms more;
His eldest daughter for his princely bride,
(Nor was such match in all the world beside)
And all those Countries which (betwixt) did lye
Phanisian Sea, and great Euphrates high:
With fertile Egypt and rich Syria,
And all those Kingdoms in less Asia.
With thirty thousand Talents to be paid,

For the Queen Mother, and the royal maid;
And till all this be well perform'd, and sure,
Ochus his Son for Hostage should endure.
To this stout Alexander gives no ear,
No though Parmenio plead, yet will not hear;
Which had he done. (perhaps) his fame he'd kept,
Nor Infamy had wak'd, when he had slept,
For his unlimited prosperity
Him boundless made in vice and Cruelty.
Thus to Darius he writes back again,
The Firmament, two Suns cannot contain.
Two Monarchyes on Earth cannot abide,
Nor yet two Monarchs in one world reside;
The afflicted King finding him set to jar,
Prepares against to morrow, for the war,
Parmenio, Alexander, wisht that night,
To force his Camp, so vanquish them by flight.
For tumult in the night doth cause most dread,
And weakness of a Foe is covered,
But he disdain'd to steal a victory:
The Sun should witness of his valour be,
And careless in his bed, next morne he lyes,
By Captains twice is call'd before hee'l rise,
The Armyes joyn'd a while, the Persians fight,
And spilt the Greeks some bloud before their flight
But long they stood not e're they're forc'd to run,
So made an end, As soon as well begun.
Forty five thousand Alexander had,
But is not known what slaughter here was made,
Some write th'other had a million, some more,
But Quintus Curtius as before.
At Arbela this victory was gain'd,
Together with the Town also obtain'd;
Darius stript of all to Media came,
Accompan'ed with sorrow, fear, and shame,
At Arbela left his Ornaments and Treasure,
Which Alexander deals as suits his pleasure.
This conqueror to Babylon then goes,
Is entertain'd with joy and pompous showes,
With showrs of flours the streets along are strown,
And incense burnt the silver Altars on.
The glory of the Castle he admires,

The strong Foundation and the lofty Spires,
In this, a world of gold and Treasure lay,
Which in few hours was carried all away.
With greedy eyes he views this City round,
Whose fame throughout the world was so renown'd
And to possess he counts no little bliss
The towres and bowres of proud Semiramis,
Though worne by time, and rac'd by foes full sore,
Yet old foundations shew'd and somewhat more.
With all the pleasures that on earth are found,
This city did abundantly abound,
Where four and thirty dayes he now did stay,
And gave himself to banqueting and play:
He and his souldiers wax effeminate,
And former discipline begin to hate.
Whilst revelling at Babylon he lyes,
Antipater from Greece sends fresh supplies.
He then to Shushan goes with his new bands,
But needs no force, tis rendred to his hands.
He likewise here a world of treasure found;
For 'twas the seat of Persian Kings renown'd.
Here stood the royal Houses of delight,
Where Kings have shown their glory wealth and might
The sumptuous palace of Queen Esther here,
And of good Mordicai, her kinsman dear,
Those purple hangings, mixt with green and white
Those beds of gold, and couches of delight.
And furniture the richest in all lands,
Now fall into the Macedonians hands.
From Shushan to Persipolis he goes,
Which news doth still augment Darius woes.
In his approach the governour sends word,
For his receipt with joy they all accord,
With open gates the wealthy town did stand,
And all in it was at his high command.
Of all the Cities that on earth was found,
None like to this in riches did abound:
Though Babylon was rich and Shushan too
Yet to compare with this they might not doe:
Here lay the bulk of all those precious things
That did pertain unto the Persian Kings:
For when the souldiers rifled had their pleasure,

And taken money plate and golden treasure,
Statues some gold, and silver numberless,
Yet after all, as storyes do express
The share of Alexander did amount
To an hundred thousand talents by account.
Here of his own he sets a Garison,
(As first at Shushan and at Babylon)
On their old Governours titles he laid,
But on their faithfulness he never staid,
Their place gave to his Captains (as was just)
For such revolters false, what King can trust?
The riches and the pleasures of this town
Now makes this King his virtues all to drown,
That wallowing in all licentiousness,
In pride and cruelty to high excess.
Being inflam'd with wine upon a season,
Filled with madness, and quite void of reason,
He at a bold proud strumpets leud desire,
Commands to set this goodly town on fire.
Parmenio wise intreats him to desist
And layes before his eyes if he persist
His fames dishonour, loss unto his state,
And just procuring of the Persians hate:
But deaf to reason, bent to have his will,
Those stately streets with raging flame did fill.
Then to Darius he directs his way,
Who was retir'd as far as Media,
And there with sorrows, fears & cares surrounded
Had now his army fourth and last compounded.
Which forty thousand made, but his intent
Was these in Bactria soon to augment:
But hearing Alexander was so near,
Thought now this once to try his fortunes here,
And rather chose an honourable death,
Then still with infamy to draw his breath:
But Bessus false, who was his chief Commander
Perswades him not to fight with Alexander.
With sage advice he sets before his eyes
The little hope of profit like to rise:
If when he'd multitudes the day he lost,
Then with so few, how likely to be crost.
This counsel for his safety he pretended,

But to deliver him to's foe intended.
Next day this treason to Darius known
Transported sore with grief and passion,
Grinding his teeth, and plucking off his hair,
Sate overwhelm'd with sorrow and despair:
Then bids his servant Artabasus true,
Look to himself, and leave him to that crew,
Who was of hopes and comforts quite bereft,
And by his guard and Servitors all left.
Straight Bessus comes, & with his trait'rous hands
Layes hold on's Lord, and binding him with bands
Throws him into a Cart, covered with hides,
Who wanting means t'resist these wrongs abides,
Then draws the cart along with chains of gold,
In more despite the thraled prince to hold,
And thus t'ward Alexander on he goes,
Great recompence for this, he did propose:
But some detesting this his wicked fact,
To Alexander flyes and tells this act,
Who doubling of his march, posts on amain,
Darius from that traitors hands to gain.
Bessus gets knowledg his disloyalty
Had Alexanders wrath incensed high,
Whose army now was almost within sight,
His hopes being dasht prepares himself for flight:
Unto Darius first he brings a horse,
And bids him save himself by speedy course:
The wofull King his courtesie refuses,
Whom thus the execrable wretch abuses,
By throwing darts gave him his mortal wound,
Then slew his Servants that were faithfull found,
Yea wounds the beasts that drew him unto death,
And leaves him thus to gasp out his last breath.
Bessus his partner in this tragedy,
Was the false Governour of Media.
This done, they with their host soon speed away,
To hide themselves remote in Bactria.
Darius bath'd in blood, sends out his groans,
Invokes the heav'ns and earth to hear his moans:
His lost felicity did grieve him sore,
But this unheard of treachery much more:
But above all, that neither Ear nor Eye

Should hear nor see his dying misery;
As thus he lay, Polistrates a Greek,
Wearied with his long march, did water seek,
So chanc'd these bloody Horses to espy,
Whose wounds had made their skins of purple dye
To them repairs then looking in the Cart,
Finds poor Darius pierced to the heart,
Who not a little chear'd to have some eye,
The witness of this horrid Tragedy;
Prays him to Alexander to commend
The just revenge of this his woful end:
And not to pardon such disloyalty,
Of Treason, Murther, and base Cruelty.
If not, because Darius thus did pray,
Yet that succeeding Kings in safety may
Their lives enjoy, their Crowns and dignity,
And not by Traitors hands untimely dye.
He also sends his humble thankfulness,
For all the Kingly grace he did express;
To's Mother, Children dear, and wife now gone.
Which made their long restraint seem to be none:
Praying the immortal Gods, that Sea and Land
Might be subjected to his royal hand,
And that his Rule as far extended be,
As men the rising, setting Sun shall see,
This said, the Greek for water doth intreat,
To quench his thirst, and to allay his heat:
Of all good things (quoth he) once in my power,
I've nothing left, at this my dying hour;
Thy service and compassion to reward,
But Alexander will, for this regard.
This said, his fainting breath did fleet away,
And though a Monarch late, now lyes like clay;
And thus must every Son of Adam lye,
Though Gods on Earth like Sons of men they dye.
Now to the East, great Alexander goes,
To see if any dare his might oppose,
For scarce the world or any bounds thereon,
Could bound his boundless fond Ambition;
Such as submits again he doth restore
Their riches, and their honours he makes more,
On Artabaces more then all bestow'd,

For his fidelity to's Master show'd.
Thalestris Queen of th'Amazons now brought
Her Train to Alexander, (as 'tis thought.)
Though most of reading best and soundest mind,
Such Country there, nor yet such people find.
Then tell her errand, we had better spare
To th'ignorant, her title will declare:
As Alexander in his greatness grows,
So dayly of his virtues doth he lose.
He baseness counts, his former Clemency,
And not beseeming such a dignity;
His past sobriety doth also bate,
As most incompatible to his State;
His temperance is but a sordid thing,
No wayes becoming such a mighty King;
His greatness now he takes to represent
His fancy'd Gods above the Firmament.
And such as shew'd but reverence before,
Now are commanded strictly to adore;
With Persian Robes himself doth dignifie,
Charging the same on his nobility,
His manners habit, gestures, all did fashion
After that conquer'd and luxurious Nation.
His Captains that were virtuously inclin'd,
Griev'd at this change of manners and of mind.
The ruder sort did openly deride,
His feigned Diety and foolish pride;
The certainty of both comes to his Ears,
But yet no notice takes of what he hears:
With those of worth he still desires esteem,
So heaps up gifts his credit to redeem
And for the rest new wars and travails finds,
That other matters might take up their minds,
And hearing Bessus, makes himself a King,
Intends that Traitor to his end to bring.
Now that his Host from luggage might be free,
And with his burthen no man burthened be;
Commands forthwith each man his fardle bring,
Into the market place before the King;
VWhich done, sets fire upon those goodly spoyles,
The recompence of travails wars and toyles.
And thus unwisely in a mading fume,

The wealth of many Kingdoms did consume,
But marvell 'tis that without mutiny,
The Souldiers should let pass this injury;
Nor wonder less to Readers may it bring,
Here to observe the rashness of the King.
Now with his Army doth he post away
False Bessus to find out in Bactria:
But much distress for water in their march,
The drought and heat their bodies sore did parch.
At length they came to th'river Oxus brink,
Where so immoderately these thirsty drink,
Which more mortality to them did bring,
Then all their warrs against the Persian King.
Here Alexander's almost at a stand,
To pass the River to the other land.
For boats here's none, nor near it any wood,
To make them Rafts to waft them o're the flood:
But he that was resolved in his mind,
Would without means some transportation find.
Then from the Carriages the hides he takes,
And stuffing them with straw, he bundles makes.
On these together ti'd, in six dayes space,
They all pass over to the other place.
Had Bessus had but valour to his will,
With little pain there might have kept them still:
But Coward durst not fight, nor could he fly,
Hated of all for's former treachery,
Is by his own now bound in iron chains,
A Coller of the same, his neck contains.
And in this sort they rather drag then bring
This Malefactor vile before the King,
Who to Darius brother gives the wretch,
With racks and tortures every limb to stretch.
Here was of Greeks a town in Bactria,
Whom Xerxes from their Country led away,
These not a little joy'd, this day to see,
Wherein their own had got the sov'raignty
And now reviv'd, with hopes held up their head
From bondage long to be Enfranchised.
But Alexander puts them to the sword
Without least cause from them in deed or word;
Nor Sex, nor age, nor one, nor other spar'd,

But in his cruelty alike they shar'd:
Nor reason could he give for this great wrong,
But that they had forgot their mother tongue.
While thus some time he spent in Bactria,
And in his camp strong and securely lay,
Down from the mountains twenty thousand came
And there most fiercely set upon the same:
Repelling these, two marks of honour got
Imprinted in his leg, by arrows shot.
The Bactrians against him now rebel;
But he their stubbornness in time doth quell.
From hence he to Jaxartis River goes,
Where Scythians rude his army doth oppose,
And with their outcries in an hideous sort
Beset his camp, or military court,
Of darts and arrows, made so little spare,
They flew so thick, they seem'd to dark the air:
But soon his souldiers forc'd them to a flight,
Their nakedness could not endure their might.
Upon this rivers bank in seventeen dayes
A goodly City doth compleatly raise,
Which Alexandria he doth likewise name,
And sixty furlongs could but round the same.
A third Supply Antipater now sent,
Which did his former forces much augment;
And being one hundred twenty thousand strong;
He enters then the Indian Kings among:
Those that submit, he gives them rule again,
Such as do not, both them and theirs are slain.
His warrs with sundry nations I'll omit,
And also of the Mallians what is writ.
His Fights, his dangers, and the hurts he had,
How to submit their necks at last they're glad.
To Nisa goes by Bacchus built long since,
Whose feasts are celebrated by this prince;
Nor had that drunken god one who would take
His Liquors more devoutly for his sake.
When thus ten days his brain with wine he'd soakt,
And with delicious meats his palate choakt:
To th'River Indus next his course he bends,
Boats to prepare, Ephestion first he sends,
Who coming thither long before his Lord,

Had to his mind made all things to accord,
The vessels ready were at his command,
And Omphis King of that part of the land,
Through his perswasion Alexander meets,
And as his Sov'raign Lord him humbly greets
Fifty six Elephants he brings to's hand,
And tenders him the strength of all his land;
Presents himself first with a golden crown,
Then eighty talents to his captains down:
But Alexander made him to behold
He glory sought, no silver nor no gold;
His presents all with thanks he did restore,
And of his own a thousand talents more.
Thus all the Indian Kings to him submit,
But Porus stout, who will not yeild as yet:
To him doth Alexander thus declare,
His pleasure is that forthwith he repair
Unto his Kingdomes borders, and as due,
His homage to himself as Sovereign doe:
But kingly Porus this brave answer sent,
That to attend him there was his intent,
And come as well provided as he could,
But for the rest, his sword advise him should.
Great Alexander vext at this reply,
Did more his valour then his crown envy,
Is now resolv'd to pass Hydaspes flood,
And there by force his sovereignty make good.
Stout Porus on the banks doth ready stand
To give him welcome when he comes to land.
A potent army with him like a King,
And ninety Elephants for warr did bring:
Had Alexander such resistance seen
On Tygris side, here now he had not been.
Within this spacious River deep and wide
Did here and there Isles full of trees abide.
His army Alexander doth divide
With Ptolemy sends part to th'other side;
Porus encounters them and thinks all's there,
When covertly the rest get o're else where,
And whilst the first he valiantly assail'd,
The last set on his back, and so prevail'd.
Yet work enough here Alexander found,

For to the last stout Porus kept his ground:
Nor was't dishonour at the length to yield,
When Alexander strives to win the field.
The kingly Captive 'fore the Victor's brought,
In looks or gesture not abased ought,
But him a Prince of an undaunted mind
Did Alexander by his answers find:
His fortitude his royal foe commends,
Restores him and his bounds farther extends.
Now eastward Alexander would goe still,
But so to doe his souldiers had no will,
Long with excessive travails wearied,
Could by no means be farther drawn or led,
Yet that his fame might to posterity
Be had in everlasting memory,
Doth for his Camp a greater circuit take,
And for his souldiers larger Cabbins make.
His mangers he erected up so high
As never horse his Provender could eye.
Huge bridles made, which here and there he left,
Which might be found, and for great wonders kept
Twelve altars then for monuments he rears,
Whereon his acts and travels long appears.
But doubting wearing time might these decay,
And so his memory would fade away,
He on the fair Hydaspes pleasant side,
Two Cities built, his name might there abide,
First Nicea, the next Bucephalon,
Where he entomb'd his stately Stalion.
His fourth and last supply was hither sent,
Then down Hydaspes with his Fleet he went;
Some time he after spent upon that shore,
Whether Ambassadors, ninety or more,
Came with submission from the Indian Kings,
Bringing their presents rare, and precious things,
These all he feasts in state on beds of gold,
His Furniture most sumptuous to behold;
His meat & drink, attendants, every thing,
To th'utmost shew'd the glory of a King.
With rich rewards he sent them home again,
Acknowledged their Masters sovereign;
Then sailing South, and coming to that shore,

Those obscure Nations yielded as before:
A City here he built, call'd by his Name,
Which could not sound too oft with too much fame
Then sailing by the mouth of Indus floud,
His Gallyes stuck upon the flats and mud;
Which the stout Macedonians amazed sore,
Depriv'd at once the use of Sail and Oar:
Observing well the nature of the Tide,
In those their fears they did not long abide.
Passing fair Indus mouth his course he steer'd
To th'coast which by Euphrates mouth appear'd;
Whose inlets near unto, he winter spent,
Unto his starved Souldiers small content,
By hunger and by cold so many slain,
That of them all the fourth did scarce remain.
Thus winter, Souldiers, and provisions spent,
From hence he then unto Gedrosia went.
And thence he marcht into Carmania,
And so at length drew near to Persia,
Now through these goodly Countryes as he past,
Much time in feasts and ryoting did waste;
Then visits Cyrus Sepulchre in's way,
Who now obscure at Passagardis lay:
Upon his Monument his Robe he spread,
And set his Crown on his supposed head.
From hence to Babylon, some time there spent,
He at the last to royal Shushan went;
A wedding Feast to's Nobles then he makes,
And Statyra, Darius daughter takes,
Her Sister gives to his Ephestian dear,
That by this match he might be yet more near;
He fourscore Persian Ladies also gave,
At this same time unto his Captains brave:
Six thousand guests unto this Feast invites,
Whose Sences all were gluttet with delights.
It far exceeds my mean abilities
To shadow forth these short felicities,
Spectators here could scarce relate the story,
They were so rapt with this external glory:
If an Ideal Paradise a man would frame,
He might this Feast imagine by the same;
To every guess a cup of gold he sends,

So after many dayes the Banquet ends.
Now Alexanders conquests all are done,
And his long Travails past and overgone;
His virtues dead, buried, and quite forgot,
But vice remains to his Eternal blot.
'Mongst those that of his cruelty did tast,
Philotus was not least, nor yet the last,
Accus'd because he did not certifie
The King of treason and conspiracy:
Upon suspition being apprehended,
Nothing was prov'd wherein he had offended
But silence, which was of such consequence,
He was judg'd guilty of the same offence,
But for his fathers great deserts the King
His royal pardon gave for this foul thing.
Yet is Phylotas unto judgment brought,
Must suffer, not for what is prov'd, but thought.
His master is accuser, judge and King,
Who to the height doth aggravate each thing,
Inveighs against his father now absent,
And's brethren who for him their lives had spent.
But Philotas his unpardonable crime,
No merit could obliterate, or time:
He did the Oracle of Jove deride,
By which his Majesty was diefi'd.
Philotas thus o'recharg'd with wrong and grief
Sunk in despair without hope of Relief,
Fain would have spoke and made his own defence,
The King would give no ear, but went from thence
To his malicious Foes delivers him,
To wreak their spight and hate on every limb.
Philotas after him sends out this cry,
O Alexander, thy free clemency
My foes exceeds in malice, and their hate
Thy kingly word can easily terminate.
Such torments great as wit could worst invent,
Or flesh and life could bear, till both were spent
Were now inflicted on Parmenio's son
He might accuse himself, as they had done,
At last he did, so they were justifi'd,
And told the world, that for his guilt he di'd.
But how these Captains should, or yet their master

Look on Parmenio, after this disaster
They knew not, wherefore best now to be done,
Was to dispatch the father as the son.
This sound advice at heart pleas'd Alexander,
Who was so much engag'd to this Commander,
As he would ne're confess, nor yet reward,
Nor could his Captains bear so great regard:
Wherefore at once, all these to satisfie,
It was decreed Parmenio should dye:
Polidamus, who seem'd Parmenio's friend
To do this deed they into Media send:
He walking in his garden to and fro,
Fearing no harm, because he none did doe,
Most wickedly was slain without least crime,
(The most renowned captain of his time)
This is Parmenio who so much had done
For Philip dead, and his surviving son,
Who from a petty King of Macedon
By him was set upon the Persian throne,
This that Parmenio who still overcame,
Yet gave his Master the immortal fame,
Who for his prudence, valour, care and trust
Had this reward, most cruel and unjust.
The next, who in untimely death had part,
Was one of more esteem, but less desert;
Clitus belov'd next to Ephestian,
And in his cups his chief companion;
When both were drunk, Clitus was wont to jeer,
Alexander to rage, to kill, and swear;
Nothing more pleasing to mad Clitus tongue,
Then's Masters Godhead to defie and wrong;
Nothing toucht Alexander to the quick,
Like this against his Diety to kick:
Both at a Feast when they had tipp'd well,
Upon this dangerous Theam fond Clitus fell;
From jest to earnest, and at last so bold,
That of Parmenio's death him plainly told.
Which Alexanders wrath incens'd so high,
Nought but his life for this could satisfie;
From one stood by he snatcht a partizan,
And in a rage him through the body ran,
Next day he tore his face for what he'd done,

And would have slain himself for Clitus gone:
 This pot Companion he did more bemoan,
 Then all the wrongs to brave Parmenio done.
 The next of worth that suffered after these,
 Was learned, virtuous, wise Calisthenes,
 VWho lov'd his Master more then did the rest,
 As did appear, in flattering him the least;
 In his esteem a God he could not be,
 Nor would adore him for a Diety:
 For this alone and for no other cause,
 Against his Sovereign, or against his Laws,
 He on the Rack his Limbs in pieces rent,
 Thus was he tortur'd till his life was spent.
 Of this unkingly act doth Seneca
 This censure pass, and not unwisely say,
 Of Alexander this th'eternal crime,
 VWhich shall not be obliterate by time.
 VWhich virtues fame can ne're redeem by far,
 Nor all felicity of his in war.
 VWhen e're 'tis said he thousand thousands slew,
 Yea, and Calisthenes to death he drew.
 The mighty Persian King he overcame,
 Yea, and he kill'd Calisthenes of fame.
 All Countries, Kingdomes, Provinces, he wan
 From Hellispont, to th'farthest Ocean.
 All this he did, who knows' not to be true?
 But yet withal, Calisthenes he slew.
 From Macedon, his Empire did extend
 Unto the utmost bounds o' th'orient:
 All this he did, yea, and much more, 'tis true,
 But yet withal, Calisthenes he slew.
 Now Alexander goes to Media,
 Finds there the want of wise Parmenio;
 Here his chief favourite Ephestian dies,
 He celebrates his mournful obsequies:
 Hangs his Physitian, the Reason why
 He suffered, his friend Ephestian dye.
 This act (me-thinks) his Godhead should a shame,
 To punish where himself deserved blame;
 Or of necessity he must imply,
 The other was the greatest Diety.
 The Mules and Horses are for sorrow shorne,

The battlements from off the walls are torne.
Of stately Ecbatane who now must shew,
A rueful face in this so general woe;
Twelve thousand Talents also did intend,
Upon a sumptuous monument to spend:
What e're he did, or thought not so content,
His messenger to Jupiter he sent,
That by his leave his friend Ephestion,
Among the Demy Gods they might inthroned.
From Media to Babylon he went,
To meet him there t'Antipater he'd sent,
That he might act also upon the Stage,
And in a Tragedy there end his age.
The Queen Olimpias bears him deadly hate,
Not suffering her to meddle with the State,
And by her Letters did her Son incite,
This great indignity he should requite;
His doing so, no whit displeas'd the King,
Though to his Mother he disprov'd the thing.
But now Antipater had liv'd so long,
He might well dye though he had done no wrong;
His service great is suddenly forgot,
Or if remembred, yet regarded not:
The King doth intimate 'twas his intent,
His honours and his riches to augment;
Of larger Provinces the rule to give,
And for his Counsel near the King to live.
So to be caught, Antipater's too wise,
Parmenio's death's too fresh before his eyes;
He was too subtil for his crafty foe.
Nor by his baits could be insnared so:
But his excuse with humble thanks he sends,
His Age and journey long he then pretends;
And pardon craves for his unwilling stay,
He shews his grief, he's forc'd to disobey.
Before his Answer came to Babylon,
The thread of Alexanders life was spun;
Poyson had put an end to's dayes ('twas thought)
By Philip and Cassander to him brought,
Sons to Antipater, and bearers of his Cup,
Lest of such like their Father chance to sup;
By others thought, and that more generally,

That through excessive drinking he did dye:
The thirty third of's Age do all agree,
This Conquerour did yield to destiny.
When this sad news came to Darius Mother,
She laid it more to heart, then any other,
Nor meat, nor drink, nor comfort would she take,
But pin'd in grief till life did her forsake;
All friends she shuns, yea, banished the light,
Till death inwrapt her in perpetual night.
This Monarchs fame must last whilst world doth stand,
And Conquests be talkt of whilest there is land;
His Princely qualities had he retain'd,
Unparalleled for ever had remain'd.
But with the world his virtues overcame,
And so with black beclouded, all his fame;
Wise Aristotle Tutor to his youth.
Had so instructed him in moral Truth:
The principles of what he then had learn'd
Might to the last (when sober) be discern'd.
Learning and learned men he much regarded,
And curious Artist evermore rewarded:
The Illiads of Homer he still kept.
And under's pillow laid them when he slept.
Achilles happiness he did envy,
'Cause Homer kept his acts to memory.
Profusely bountifull without desert,
For such as pleas'd him had both wealth and heart
Cruel by nature and by custome too,
As oft his acts throughout his reign doth shew:
Ambitious so, that nought could satisfie,
Vain, thirsting after immortality,
Still fearing that his name might hap to dye,
And fame not last unto eternity.
This Conqueror did oft lament (tis said)
There were no more worlds to be conquered.
This folly great Augustus did deride,
For had he had but wisdom to his pride,
He would had found enough there to be done,
To govern that he had already won.
His thoughts are perisht, he aspires no more,
Nor can he kill or save as heretofore.
A God alive, him all must Idolize,

Now like a mortal helpless man he lyes.
Of all those Kingdomes large which he had got,
To his Posterity remain'd no jot;
For by that hand which still revengeth bloud,
None of his kindred, nor his race long stood:
But as he took delight much bloud to spill,
So the same cup to his, did others fill.
Four of his Captains now do all divide,
As Daniel before had prophysi'd.
The Leopard down, the four wings 'gan to rise,
The great horn broke, the less did tyranize.
What troubles and contentions did ensue
We may hereafter shew in season due.
Aridæus.

Great Alexander dead, his Armyes left,
Like to that Giant of his Eye bereft;
When of his monstrous bulk it was the guide,
His matchless force no creature could abide.
But by Ulisses having lost his sight,
All men began streight to contemn his might;
For aiming still amiss, his dreadful blows
Did harm himself, but never reacht his Foes.
Now Court and Camp all in confusion be,
A King they'l have, but who, none can agree;
Each Captain wisht this prize to bear away,
But none so hardy found as so durst say:
Great Alexander did leave Issue none,
Except by Artabasus daughter one;
And Roxane fair whom late he married,
Was near her time to be delivered.
By natures right these had enough to claim,
But meanness of their mothers bar'd the same,
Alledg'd by those who by their subtile Plea
Had hope themselves to bear the Crown away.
A Sister Alexander had, but she
Claim'd not, perhaps, her Sex might hindrance be.
After much tumult they at last proclaim'd
His base born brother Aridæus nam'd,
That so under his feeble wit and reign,
Their ends they might the better still attain.
This choice Perdiccas vehemently disclaim'd,
And Babe unborn of Roxane he proclaim'd;

Some wished him to take the style of King,
Because his Master gave to him his Ring,
And had to him still since Ephestion di'd
More then to th'rest his favour testifi'd.
But he refus'd, with feigned modesty,
Hoping to be elect more generally.
He hold on this occasion should have laid,
For second offer there was never made.
'Mongst these contentions, tumults, jealousies,
Seven dayes the corps of their great master lies
Untoucht, uncovered slighted and neglected,
So much these princes their own ends respected:
A Contemplation to astonish Kings,
That he who late possest all earthly things,
And yet not so content unless that he
Might be esteemed for a Diety;
Now lay a Spectacle to testifie,
The wretchedness of mans mortality.
After some time, when stirs began to calm,
His body did the Egyptians embalme;
His countenance so lively did appear,
That for a while they durst not come so near:
No sign of poyson in his intrails sound,
But all his bowels coloured, well and sound.
Perdiccas seeing Arideus must be King,
Under his name began to rule each thing.
His chief Opponent who Control'd his sway,
Was Meleager whom he would take away,
And by a wile he got him in his power,
So took his life unworthily that hour.
Using the name, and the command of th'King
To authorize his acts in every thing.
The princes seeing Perdiccas power and pride,
For their security did now provide.
Antigonus for his share Asia takes,
And Ptolemy next sure of Egypt makes:
Seleucus afterward held Babylon,
Antipater had long rul'd Macedon.
These now to govern for the king pretends,
But nothing less each one himself intends.
Perdiccas took no province like the rest,
But held command of th'Army (which was best)

And had a higher project in his head,
His Masters sister secretly to wed:
So to the Lady, covertly he sent,
(That none might know, to frustrate his intent)
But Cleopatra this Suitor did deny,
For Leonatus more lovely in her eye,
To whom she sent a message of her mind,
That if he came good welcome he should find.
In these tumultuous dayes the thrall'd Greeks,
Their Ancient Liberty afresh now seeks.
And gladly would the yoke shake off, laid on
Sometimes by Philip and his conquering son.
The Athenians force Antipater to fly
To Lamia where he shut up doth lye.
To brave Craterus then he sends with speed
For succours to relieve him in his need.
The like of Leonatus he requires,
(Which at this time well suited his desires)
For to Antipater he now might goe,
His Lady take in th'way, and no man know.
Antiphilus the Athenian General
With speed his Army doth together call;
And Leonatus seeks to stop, that so
He joyne not with Antipater their foe.
The Athenian Army was the greater far,
(Which did his Match with Cleopatra mar)
For fighting still, while there did hope remain
The valiant Chief amidst his foes was slain.
'Mongst all the princes of great Alexander
For personage, none like to this Commander.
Now to Antipater Craterus goes,
Blockt up in Lamia still by his foes,
Long marches through Cilicia he makes,
And the remains of Leonatus takes:
With them and his he into Grecia went,
Antipater releas'd from prisonment:
After which time the Greeks did never more
Act any thing of worth, as heretofore:
But under servitude their necks remain'd,
Nor former liberty or glory gain'd.
Now di'd about the end of th'Lamian war
Demosthenes, that sweet-tongue'd Orator,

Who fear'd Antipater would take his life
For animating the Athenian strife:
To end his dayes by poison rather chose
Then fall into the hands of mortal foes.
Craterus and Antipater now joyne,
In love and in affinity combine,
Craterus doth his daughter Phila wed
Their friendship might the more be strengthened.
Whilst they in Macedon do thus agree,
In Asia they all asunder be.
Perdiccas griev'd to see the princes bold
So many Kingdomes in their power to hold,
Yet to regain them, how he did not know,
His souldiers 'gainst those captains would not goe
To suffer them go on as they begun,
Was to give way himself might be undone.
With Antipater to joyne he sometimes thought,
That by his help, the rest might low be brought,
But this again dislikes; he would remain,
If not in stile, in deed a sovereign;
(For all the princes of great Alexander
Acknowledged for Chief that old Commander)
Desires the King to goe to Macedon,
Which once was of his Ancestors the throne,
And by his presence there to nullifie
The acts of his Vice-Roy now grown so high.
Antigonus of treason first attaints,
And summons him to answer his complaints.
This he avoids, and ships himself and son,
goes to Antipater and tells what's done.
He and Craterus, both with him do joyne,
And 'gainst Perdiccas all their strength combine.
Brave Ptolemy, to make a fourth then sent
To save himself from danger imminent.
In midst of these garboyles, with wondrous state
His masters funeral doth celebrate:
In Alexandria his tomb he plac'd,
Which eating time hath scarcely yet defac'd.
Two years and more, since natures debt he paid,
And yet till now at quiet was not laid.
Great love did Ptolemy by this act gain,
And made the souldiers on his side remain.

Perdiccas hears his foes are all combin'd,
'Gainst which to goe, is not resolv'd in mind.
But first 'gainst Ptolemy he judg'd was best,
Neer'st unto him, and farthest from the rest,
Leaves Eumenes the Asian Coast to free
From the invasions of the other three,
And with his army unto Egypt goes
Brave Ptolemy to th'utmost to oppose.
Perdiccas surly cariage, and his pride
Did alinate the souldiers from his side.
But Ptolemy by affability
His sweet demeanour and his courtesie,
Did make his own, firm to his cause remain,
And from the other side did dayly gain.
Perdiccas in his pride did ill intreat
Python of haughty mind, and courage great.
Who could not brook so great indignity,
But of his wrongs his friends doth certifie;
The souldiers 'gainst Perdiccas they incense,
Who vow to make this captain recompence,
And in a rage they rush into his tent,
Knock out his brains: to Ptolemy then went
And offer him his honours, and his place,
With stile of the Protector, him to grace.
Next day into the camp came Ptolemy,
And is receiv'd of all most joyfully.
Their proffers he refus'd with modesty,
Yields them to Python for his courtesie.
With what he held he was now more content,
Then by more trouble to grow eminent.
Now comes there news of a great victory
That Eumenes got of the other three.
Had it but in Perdiccas life ariv'd,
With greater joy it would have been receiv'd.
Thus Ptolemy rich Egypt did retain,
And Python turn'd to Asia again.
Whilst Perdiccas encamp'd in Affrica,
Antionus did enter Asia,
And fain would Eumenes draw to their side,
But he alone most faithfull did abide:
The other all had Kingdomes in their eye,
But he was true to's masters family,

Nor could Craterus, whom he much did love.
From his fidelity once make him move:
Two Battles fought, and had of both the best,
And brave Craterus slew among the rest:
For this sad strife he poures out his complaints,
And his beloved foe full sore laments.
I should but snip a story into bits
And his great Acts and glory much eclipse,
To shew the dangers Eumenes befel,
His stratagems wherein he did excel:
His Policies, how he did extricate
Himself from out of Lab'rinth intricate:
He that at large would satisfie his mind,
In Plutarchs Lives his history may find.
For all that should be said, let this suffice,
He was both valiant, faithfull, patient, wise.
Python now chose Protector of the state,
His rule Queen Euridice begins to hate,
Sees Arrideus must not King it long,
If once young Alexander grow more strong,
But that her husband serve for supplement,
To warm his seat, was never her intent.
She knew her birth-right gave her Macedon,
Grand-child to him who once sat on that throne
Who was Perdiccas, Philips eldest brother,
She daughter to his son, who had no other.
Pythons commands, as oft she countermands;
What he appoints, she purposely withstands.
He wearied out at last would needs be gone,
Resign'd his place, and so let all alone:
In's room the souldiers chose Antipater,
Who vext the Queen more then the other far.
From Macedon to Asia he came,
That he might settle matters in the same.
He plac'd, displac'd, control'd rul'd as he list,
And this no man durst question or resist;
For all the nobles of King Alexander
Their bonnets vail'd to him as chief Commander.
When to his pleasure all things they had done,
The King and Queen he takes to Macedon,
Two sons of Alexander, and the rest,
All to be order'd there as he thought best.

The Army to Antigonus doth leave,
And Government of Asia to him gave.
And thus Antipater the ground-work layes,
On which Antigonus his height doth raise,
Who in few years, the rest so overtops,
For universal Monarchy he hopes.
With Eumenes he diverse Battels fought,
And by his slights to circumvent him sought:
But vain it was to use his policy,
'Gainst him that all deceits could scan and try.
In this Epitome too long to tell
How finely Eumenes did here excell,
And by the self same Traps the other laid,
He to his cost was righteously repaid.
But while these Chieftains doe in Asia fight,
To Greece and Macedon lets turn our sight.
When great Antipater the world must leave,
His place to Polisperchon did bequeath,
Fearing his son Cassander was unstead,
Too rash to bear that charge, if on him laid.
Antigonus hearing of his decease
On most part of Assyria doth seize.
And Ptolemy next to incroach begins,
All Syria and Phenicia he wins,
Then Polisperchon 'gins to act in's place,
Recalls Olimpias the Court to grace.
Antipater had banish'd her from thence
Into Epire for her great turbulence;
This new Protector's of another mind,
Thinks by her Majesty much help to find.
Cassander like his Father could not see,
This Polisperchons great ability,
Slights his Commands, his actions he disclaims,
And to be chief himself now bends his aims;
Such as his Father had advanc'd to place,
Or by his favours any way had grac'd
Are now at the devotion of the Son,
Prest to accomplish what he would have done;
Besides he was the young Queens favourite,
On whom (t'was thought) she set her chief delight:
Unto these helps at home he seeks out more,
Goes to Antigonus and doth implore,

By all the Bonds 'twixt him and's Father past,
And for that great gift which he gave him last.
By these and all to grant him some supply,
To take down Polisperchon grown so high;
For this Antigonus did need no spurs,
Hoping to gain yet more by these new stirs,
Streight furnish'd him with a sufficient aid,
And so he quick returns thus well appaid,
With Ships at Sea, an Army for the Land,
His proud opponent hopes soon to withstand.
But in his absence Polisperchon takes
Such friends away as for his Interest makes
By death, by prison, or by banishment,
That no supply by these here might be lent,
Cassander with his Host to Grecia goes,
Whom Polisperchon labours to oppose;
But beaten was at Sea, and foil'd at Land,
Cassanders forces had the upper hand,
Athens with many Towns in Greece beside,
Firm (for his Fathers sake) to him abide.
Whil'st hot in wars these two in Greece remain,
Antigonus doth all in Asia gain;
Still labours Eumenes, would with him side,
But all in vain, he faithful did abide:
Nor Mother could, nor Sons of Alexander,
Put trust in any but in this Commander.
The great ones now began to shew their mind,
And act as opportunity they find.
Aridæus the scorn'd and simple King,
More then he bidden was could act no thing.
Polisperchon for office hoping long,
Thinks to inthronè the Prince when riper grown;
Euridice this injury disdains,
And to Cassandar of this wrong complains.
Hateful the name and house of Alexander,
Was to this proud vindicative Cassander;
He still kept lockt within his memory,
His Fathers danger, with his Family;
Nor thought he that indignity was small,
When Alexander knockt his head to th'wall.
These with his love unto the amorous Queen,
Did make him vow her servant to be seen.

Olimpias, Aridæus deadly hates,
As all her Husbands, Children by his mates,
She gave him poyson formerly ('tis thought)
Which damage both to mind and body brought;
She now with Polisperchon doth combine,
To make the King by force his Seat resigne:
And her young grand-child in his State inthroned,
That under him, she might rule, all alone.
For aid she goes t'Epire among her friends,
The better to accomplish these her ends;
Euridice hearing what she intends,
In haste unto her friend Cassander sends,
To leave his siege at Tegea, and with speed,
To save the King and her in this their need:
Then by intreaties, promises and Coyne,
Some forces did procure with her to joyn.
Olimpias soon enters Macedon,
The Queen to meet her bravely marches on,
But when her Souldiers saw their ancient Queen,
Calling to mind what sometime she had been;
The wife and Mother of their famous Kings,
Nor darts, nor arrows, now none shoots or flings.
The King and Queen seeing their destiny,
To save their lives t'Amphipolis do fly;
But the old Queen pursues them with her hate,
And needs will have their lives as well as State:
The King by extream torments had his end,
And to the Queen these presents she did send;
A Halter, cup of poyson, and a Sword,
Bids chuse her death, such kindness she'll afford.
The Queen with many a curse, and bitter check,
At length yields to the Halter her fair neck;
Praying that fatal day might quickly haste,
On which Olimpias of the like might taste.
This done the cruel Queen rests not content,
'Gainst all that lov'd Cassander she was bent;
His Brethren, Kinsfolk and his chiefest friends,
That fell within her reach came to their ends:
Dig'd up his brother dead, 'gainst natures right,
And threw his bones about to shew her spight:
The Courtiers wondring at her furious mind,
Wisht in Epire she had been still confin'd.

In Peloponesus then Cassander lay,
Where hearing of this news he speeds away,
With rage, and with revenge he's hurried on,
To find this cruel Queen in Macedon;
But being stopt, at streight Thermopoly,
Sea passage gets, and lands in Thessaly:
His Army he divides, sends post away,
Polisperchon to hold a while in play;
And with the rest Olimpias pursues,
For all her cruelty, to give her dues.
She with the chief o' th'Court to Pydna flies,
Well fortifi'd, (and on the Sea it lyes)
There by Cassander she's blockt up so long,
Untill the Famine grows exceeding strong,
Her Couzen of Epire did what he might,
To raise the Siege, and put her Foes to flight.
Cassander is resolved there to remain,
So succours and endeavours proves but vain;
Fain would this wretched Queen capitulate,
Her foe would give no Ear, (such is his hate)
The Souldiers pinched with this scarcity,
By stealth unto Cassander dayly fly;
Olimpias means to hold out to the last,
Expecting nothing but of death to tast:
But his occasions calling him away,
Gives promise for her life, so wins the day.
No sooner had he got her in his hand,
But made in judgement her accusers stand;
And plead the blood of friends and kindreds spilt,
Desiring justice might be done for guilt;
And so was he acquitted of his word,
For justice sake she being put to th'Sword:
This was the end of this most cruel Queen,
Whose fury scarcely parallel'd hath been.
The daughter, sister, Mother, Wife to Kings,
But Royalty no good conditions brings;
To Husbands death ('tis thought) she gave consent,
The murtherer she did so much lament:
With Garlands crown'd his head, bemoan'd his fates,
His Sword unto Apollo consecrates.
Her Outrages too tedious to relate,
How for no cause but her inveterate hate;

Her Husbands wives and Children after's death,
Some slew, some fry'd, of others stopt the breath:
Now in her Age she's forc'd to tast that Cup,
Which she had others often made to sup.
Now many Towns in Macedon supprest,
And Pellas fain to yield among the rest;
The Funerals Cassander celebrates,
Of Aridæus and his Queen with State:
Among their Ancestors by him they're laid,
And shews of lamentation for them made.
Old Thebes he then rebuilt so much of fame,
And Cassandria rais'd after his name.
But leave him building, others in their Urne,
Let's for a while, now into Asia turn.
True Eumenes endeavours by all Skill,
To keep Antigonus from Shushan still;
Having command o'th' Treasure he can hire,
Such as no threats, nor favour could acquire.
In divers Battels he had good success,
Antigonus came off still honourless;
When Victor oft he'd been, and so might still,
Peucestes did betray him by a wile.
T'Antigonus, who took his Life unjust,
Because he never would forgoe his trust;
Thus lost he all for his fidelity,
Striving t'uphold his Masters Family.
But to a period as that did haste,
So Eumenes (the prop) of death must tast;
All Persia now Antigonus doth gain,
And Master of the Treasure sole remain:
Then with Seleucus streight at odds doth fall,
And he for aid to Ptolomy doth call,
The Princes all begin now to envy
Antigonus, he growing up so high;
Fearing his force, and what might hap e're long,
Enters into a Combination strong,
Seleucus, Ptolemy, Cassander joynes,
Lysimachus to make a fourth combines:
Antigonus desirous of the Greeks,
To make Cassander odious to them seeks,
Sends forth his declarations near and far,
And clears what cause he had to make this war,

Cassanders outrages at large doth tell,
Shews his ambitious practises as well.
The mother of their King to death he'd put,
His wife and son in prison close had shut:
And aiming now to make himself a king,
And that some title he might seem to bring,
Thessalonica he had newly wed,
Daughter to Philip their renowned head:
Had built and call'd a City by his name,
Which none e're did, but those of royal fame:
And in despite of their two famous Kings
Hatefull Olinthians to Greece rebrings.
Rebellious Thebes he had reedified,
Which their late King in dust had damnified,
Requires them therefore to take up their arms
And to requite this traitor for these harms.
Then Ptolemy would gain the Greeks likewise,
And he declares the others injuryes:
First how he held the Empire in his hands,
Seleucus driven from Government and lands,
The valiant Eumenes unjustly slain,
And Lord of royal Shushan did remain;
Therefore requests their help to take him down
Before he wear the universal Crown.
These princes at the sea soon had a fight,
Where great Antigonus was put to flight:
His son at Gaza likewise lost the field,
So Syria to Ptolemy did yield:
And Seleucus recovers Babylon,
Still gaining Countryes eastward he goes on.
Demetrius with Ptolemy did fight,
And coming unawares, put him to flight;
But bravely sends the prisoners back again,
With all the spoyle and booty he had tane.
Courteous as noble Ptolemy, or more,
VWho at Gaza did the like to him before.
Antigonus did much rejoyce, his son
VWith victory, his lost repute had won.
At last these princes tired out with warrs,
Sought for a peace, and laid aside their jarrs:
The terms of their agreement, thus express
That each should hold what now he did possess,

Till Alexander unto age was grown,
Who then should be enstalled in the throne.
This toucht Cassander sore for what he'd done,
Imprisoning both the mother and the son:
He sees the Greeks now favour their young Prince
Whom he in durance held, now, and long since,
That in few years he must be forc'd or glad,
To render up such Kingdomes as he had;
Resolves to quit his fears by one deed done,
So puts to death the Mother and her Son.
This Roxane for her beauty all commend,
But for one act she did, just was her end.
No sooner was great Alexander dead,
But she Darius daughters murdered.
Both thrown into a well to hide her blot,
Perdiccas was her Partner in this plot.
The heavens seem'd slow in paying her the same;
But at the last the hand of vengeance came.
And for that double fact which she had done,
The life of her must goe, and of her son
Perdiccas had before for his amiss,
But by their hands who thought not once of this.
Cassanders deed the princes do detest,
But 'twas in shew; in heart it pleas'd them best.
That he is odious to the world, they'r glad:
And now they were free Lords of what they had.
When this foul tragedy was past and done,
Polysperchon brings the other son
Call'd Hercules, and elder then his brother,
(But Olimpias would prefer the other)
The Greeks toucht with the murder done of late,
This Orphan prince 'gan to compassionate,
Begin to mutter much 'gainst proud Cassander,
And place their hopes on th'heir of Alexander.
Cassander fear'd what might of this ensue,
So Polisperchon to his counsel drew,
And gives Peloponesus for his hire,
Who slew the prince according to desire.
Thus was the race and house of Alexander
Extinct by this inhumane wretch Cassander.
Antigonus, for all this doth not mourn,
He knows to's profit, this at last will turn,

But that some Title now he might pretend,
To Cleopatra doth for marriage send;
Lysimachus and Ptolemy the same,
And lewd Cassander too, sticks not for shame:
She then in Lydia at Sardis lay,
Where by Embassy all these Princes pray.
Choice above all, of Ptolemy she makes,
With his Ambassador her journey takes;
Antigonus Lieutenant stayes her still,
Untill he further know his Masters will:
Antigonus now had a Wolf by th'Ears,
To hold her still, or let her go he fears.
Resolves at last the Princess should be slain,
So hinders him of her, he could not gain;
Her women are appointed for this deed,
They for their great reward no better speed:
For by command, they streight were put to death,
As vile Conspirators that stopt her breath.
And now he hopes, he's order'd all so well,
The world must needs believe what he doth tell;
Thus Philips house was quite extinguished,
Except Cassanders wife who yet not dead.
And by their means who thought of nothing less,
Then vengeance just, against them to express;
Now blood was paid with blood for what was done
By cruel Father, Mother, cruel Son:
Thus may we hear, and fear, and ever say,
That hand is righteous still which doth repay.
These Captains now the stile of Kings do take,
For to their Crowns their's none can Title make;
Demetrius first the royal stile assum'd,
By his Example all the rest presum'd.
Antigonus himself to ingratiate,
Doth promise liberty to Athens State;
With Arms and with provision stores them well,
The better 'gainst Cassander to rebel.
Demetrius thether goes, is entertain'd
Not like a King, but like some God they feign'd;
Most grosly base was their great Adulation,
Who Incense burnt, and offered oblation:
These Kings afresh fall to their wars again,
Demetrius of Ptolemy doth gain.

'Twould be an endless Story to relate
Their several Battels and their several fate,
Their fights by Sea, their victories by Land,
How some when down, straight got the upper hand
Antigonus and Seleucus then fight
Near Ephesus, each bringing all his might,
And he that Conquerour shall now remain,
The Lordship of all Asia shall retain;
This day 'twixt these two Kings ends all the strife,
For here Antigonus lost rule and life:
Nor to his Son, did e're one foot remain
Of those vast Kingdomes, he did sometimes gain.
Demetrius with his Troops to Athens flies,
Hopes to find succours in his miseries;
But they adoring in prosperity,
Now shut their gates in his adversity:
He sorely griev'd at this his desperate State
Tryes Foes, sith friends will not compassionate.
His peace he then with old Seleucus makes,
Who his fair daughter Stratonica takes,
Antiochus, Seleucus, dear lov'd Son,
Is for this fresh young Lady quite undone;
Falls so extreamly sick, all fear'd his life,
Yet durst not say, he lov'd his Fathers wife,
When his disease the skill'd Physitian found,
His Fathers mind he wittily did sound,
Who did no sooner understand the same,
But willingly resign'd the beautious Dame:
Cassander now must dye his race is run,
And leaves the ill got Kingdomes he had won.
Two Sons he left, born of King Philips daughter,
Who had an end put to their dayes by slaughter;
Which should succeed at variance they fell,
The Mother would, the youngest might excell:
The eld'st inrag'd did play the Vipers part,
And with his Sword did run her through the heart:
Rather then Philips race should longer live,
He whom she gave his life her death shall give.
This by Lysimachus was after slain,
Whose daughter he not long before had ta'ne;
Demetrius is call'd in by th'youngest Son,
Against Lysimachus who from him won.

But he a Kingdome more then's friend did eye,
Seaz'd upon that, and slew him traitrously.
Thus Philips and Cassander's race both gone,
And so falls out to be extinct in one;
And though Cassander died in his bed,
His Seed to be extirpt, was destined;
For blood, which was decre'd that he should spill,
Yet must his Children pay for Fathers ill;
Jehu in killing Ahab's house did well,
Yet be aveng'd must blood of Jezerel.
Demetrius thus Cassander's Kingdoms gains,
And now in Macedon as King he reigns;
Though men and mony both he hath at will,
In neither finds content if he sits still:
That Seleucus holds Asia grieves him sore,
Those Countryes large his Father got before.
These to recover, musters all his might,
And with his Son in Law will needs go fight;
A mighty Navy rig'd, an Army stout,
With these he hopes to turn the world about:
Leaving Antigonus his eldest Son,
In his long absence to rule Macedon.
Demetrius with so many troubles met,
As Heaven and Earth against him had been set;
Disaster on disaster him pursue,
His story seems a Fable more then true.
At last he's taken and imprisoned
Within an Isle that was with pleasures fed,
Injoy'd what ere beseem'd his Royalty,
Only restrained of his liberty:
After three years he died, left what he'd won,
In Greece unto Antigonus his Son.
For his Posterity unto this day,
Did ne're regain one foot in Asia;
His Body Seleucus sends to his Son,
Whose obsequies with wondrous pomp was done.
Next di'd the brave and noble Ptolemp,
Renown'd for bounty, valour, clemency,
Rich Egypt left, and what else he had won,
To Philadelphus his more worthy Son.
Of the old Heroes, now but two remain,
Seleucus and Lysimachus these twain,

Must needs go try their fortune and their might,
 And so Lysimachus was slain in fight;
 'Twas no small joy unto Seleucus breast,
 That now he had out-lived all the rest:
 Possession of Europe thinks to take,
 And so himself the only Monarch make;
 Whilst with these hopes in Greece he did remain,
 He was by Ptolemy Ceraunus slain.
 The second Son of the first Ptolemy,
 Who for Rebellion unto him did fly;
 Seleucus was a Father and a friend,
 Yet by him had this most unworthy end.
 Thus with these Kingly Captains have we done,
 A little now how the Succession run,
 Antigonus, Seleucus and Cassander,
 With Ptolemy, reign'd after Alexander;
 Cassander's Sons soon after's death were slain,
 So three Successors only did remain:
 Antigonus his Kingdomes lost and life,
 Unto Seleucus, Author of that strife.
 His Son Demetrius, all Cassanders gains,
 And his posterity, the same retains;
 Demetrius Son was call'd Antigonus,
 And his again was nam'd Demetrius.
 I must let pass those many Battels fought,
 Betwixt those Kings, and noble Pyrrhus stout,
 And his Son Alexander of Epire,
 Whereby immortal honour they acquire;
 Demetrius had Philip to his Son,
 (Part of whose Kingdomes Titus Quintius won)
 Philip had Perseus, who was made a Thrale
 T'Emilius the Roman General;
 Him with his Sons in Triumph lead did he,
 Such riches too as Rome did never see:
 This of Antigonus, his Seed's the Fate,
 Whose Empire was subdu'd to th'Roman State.
 Longer Seleucus held the royalty,
 In Syria by his Posterity;
 Antiochus Soter his Son was nam'd,
 To whom the old Berosus (so much fam'd,)
 His Book of Assurs Monarchs dedicates,
 Tells of their names, their wars, their riches, fates;

But this is perished with many more,
Which oft we wish was extant as before.
Antiochus Theos was Soter's Son,
Who a long war with Egypt's King begun;
The Affinities and Wars Daniel sets forth,
And calls them there the Kings of South & North,
This Theos murdered was by his lewd wife,
Seleucus reign'd, when he had lost his life.
A third Seleucus next sits on the Seat,
And then Antiochus surnam'd the great,
Whose large Dominions after was made small,
By Scipio the Roman General;
Fourth Seleucus Antiochus succeeds,
And next Epiphanes whose wicked deeds,
Horrid Massacres, Murders, cruelties,
Amongst the Jews we read in Machabees.
Antiochus Eupater was the next,
By Rebels and Impostors daily vexed;
So many Princes still were murdered,
The Royal Blood was nigh extinguished;
Then Tygranus the great Armenian King,
To take the Government was called in,
Lucullus, Him, (the Roman General)
Vanquish'd in fight, and took those Kingdoms all;
Of Greece and Syria thus the rule did end,
In Egypt next, a little time we'll spend.
First Ptolemy being dead, his famous Son
Call'd Philadelphus, did possess the Throne.
At Alexandria a Library did build,
And with seven hundred thousand Volumes fill'd;
The seventy two Interpreters did seek,
They might translate the Bible into Greek.
His Son was Evergetes the last Prince,
That valour shew'd, virtue, or excellence,
Philopater was Evergetes Son,
After Epiphanes sat on the Throne;
Philometor, Evergetes again,
And after him, did false Lathurus reign:
Then Alexander in Lathurus stead,
Next Auletes, who cut off Pompey's head.
To all these names, we Ptolemy must add,
For since the first, they still that Title had.

Fair Cleopatra next, last of that race,
Whom Julius Cæsar set in Royal place,
She with her Paramour, Mark Anthony
Held for a time, the Egyptian Monarchy,
Till great Augustus had with him a fight
At Actium, where his Navy's put to flight;
He seeing his honour lost, his Kingdome end,
Did by his Sword his life soon after send.
His brave Virago Aspes sets to her Arms,
To take her life, and quit her from all harms;
For 'twas not death nor danger she did dread,
But some disgrace in triumph to be led.
Here ends at last the Grecian Monarchy,
Which by the Romans had its destiny;
Thus King & Kingdomes have their times & dates,
Their standings, overturnings, bounds and fates:
Now up, now down now chief, & then broght under,
The heavn's thus rule, to fil the world with wonder
The Assyrian Monarchy long time did stand,
But yet the Persian got the upper hand;
The Grecian them did utterly subdue,
And millions were subjected unto few:
The Grecian longer then the Persian stood,
Then came the Roman like a raging flood;
And with the torrent of his rapid course,
Their Crowns their Titles, riches bears by force.
The first was likened to a head of gold.
Next Arms and breast of silver to behold,
The third, Belly and Thighs of brass in sight,
And last was Iron, which breaketh all with might;
The stone out of the mountain then did rise,
and smote those feet those legs, those arms & thighs
Then gold, silver, brass, Iron and all the store,
Became like Chaff upon the threshing Floor.
The first a Lion, second was a Bear,
The third a Leopard, which four wings did rear;
The last more strong and dreadful then the rest,
Whose Iron teeth devoured every Beast,
And when he had no appetite to eat,
The residue he stamped under feet;
Yet shall this Lion, Bear, this Leopard, Ram,
All trembling stand before the powerful Lamb.

With these three Monarchyes now have I done,
But how the fourth, their Kingdomes from them won,
And how from small beginnings it did grow,
To fill the world with terrour and with woe;
My tyred brain leavs to some better pen,
This task befits not women like to men:
For what is past, I blush, excuse to make,
But humbly stand, some grave reproof to take;
Pardon to crave for errorrs, is but vain,
The Subject was too high, beyond my strain,
To frame Apology for some offence,
Converts our boldness into impudence:
This my presumption some now to requite,
Ne sutor ultra crepidum may write.
The End of the Grecian Monarchy.

Anne Bradstreet

The Vanity Of All Worldly Things

As he said vanity, so vain say I,
Oh! Vanity, O vain all under sky;
Where is the man can say, "Lo, I have found
On brittle earth a consolation sound"?
What isn't in honor to be set on high?
No, they like beasts and sons of men shall die,
And whilst they live, how oft doth turn their fate;
He's now a captive that was king of late.
What isn't in wealth great treasures to obtain?
No, that's but labor, anxious care, and pain.
He heaps up riches, and he heaps up sorrow,
It's his today, but who's his heir tomorrow?
What then? Content in pleasures canst thou find?
More vain than all, that's but to grasp the wind.
The sensual senses for a time they pleasure,
Meanwhile the conscience rage, who shall appease?
What isn't in beauty? No that's but a snare,
They're foul enough today, that once were fair.
What is't in flow'ring youth, or manly age?
The first is prone to vice, the last to rage.
Where is it then, in wisdom, learning, arts?
Sure if on earth, it must be in those parts;
Yet these the wisest man of men did find
But vanity, vexation of the mind.
And he that know the most doth still bemoan
He knows not all that here is to be known.
What is it then? To do as stoics tell,
Nor laugh, nor weep, let things go ill or well?
Such stoics are but stocks, such teaching vain,
While man is man, he shall have ease or pain.
If not in honor, beauty, age, nor treasure,
Nor yet in learning, wisdom, youth, nor pleasure,
Where shall I climb, sound, seek, search, or find
That summum bonum which may stay my mind?
There is a path no vulture's eye hath seen,
Where lion fierce, nor lion's whelps have been,
Which leads unto that living crystal fount,
Who drinks thereof, the world doth naught account.
The depth and sea have said " 'tis not in me,"

With pearl and gold it shall not valued be.
For sapphire, onyx, topaz who would change;
It's hid from eyes of men, they count it strange.
Death and destruction the fame hath heard,
But where and what it is, from heaven's declared;
It brings to honor which shall ne'er decay,
It stores with wealth which time can't wear away.
It yieldeth pleasures far beyond conceit,
And truly beautifies without deceit.
Nor strength, nor wisdom, nor fresh youth shall fade,
Nor death shall see, but are immortal made.
This pearl of price, this tree of life, this spring,
Who is possessed of shall reign a king.
Nor change of state nor cares shall ever see,
But wear his crown unto eternity.
This satiates the soul, this stays the mind,
And all the rest, but vanity we find.

Anne Bradstreet

To Her Father With Some Verses

Most truly honoured, and as truly dear,
If worth in me or ought I do appear,
Who can of right better demand the same
Than may your worthy self from whom it came?
The principal might yield a greater sum,
Yet handled ill, amounts but to this crumb;
My stock's so small I know not how to pay,
My bond remains in force unto this day;
Yet for part payment take this simple mite,
Where nothing's to be had, kings loose their right.
Such is my debt I may not say forgive,
But as I can, I'll pay it while I live;
Such is my bond, none can discharge but I,
Yet paying is not paid until I die.

Anne Bradstreet

To Her Most Honoured Father Thomas Dudley Esq; These Humbly Presented.

Dear Sir of late delighted with the sight
Of your four Sisters cloth'd in black and white,
Of fairer Dames the Sun, ne'r saw the face;
Though made a pedestal for Adams Race;
Their worth so shines in these rich lines you show
Their paralels to finde I scarcely know
To climbe their Climes, I have nor strength nor skill
To mount so high requires an Eagles quill;
Yet view thereof did cause my thoughts to soar;
My lowly pen might wait upon these four
I bring my four times four, now meanly clad
To do their homage, unto yours, full glad:
Who for their Age, their worth and quality
Might seem of yours to claim precedency:
But by my humble hand, thus rudely pen'd
They are, your bounden handmaids to attend
These same are they, from whom we being have
These are of all, the Life, the Nurse, the Grave,
These are the hot, the cold, the moist, the dry,
That sink, that swim, that fill, that upwards fly,
Of these consists our bodies, Cloathes and Food,
The World, the useful, hurtful, and the good,
Sweet harmony they keep, yet jar oft times
Their discord doth appear, by these harsh rimes
Yours did contest for wealth, for Arts, for Age,
My first do shew their good, and then their rage.
My other foures do intermixed tell
Each others faults, and where themselves excell;
How hot and dry contend with moist and cold,
How Air and Earth no correspondence hold,
And yet in equal tempers, how they 'gree
How divers natures make one Unity
Something of all (though mean) I did intend
But fear'd you'd judge Du Bartas was my friend
I honour him, but dare not wear his wealth
My goods are true (though poor) I love no stealth
But if I did I durst not send them you

Who must reward a Thief, but with his due.
I shall not need, mine innocence to clear
These ragged lines, will do't, when they appear:
On what they are, your mild aspect I crave
Accept my best, my worst vouchsafe a Grave.
From her that to your self, more duty owes
Then water in the boundess Ocean flows.

Anne Bradstreet

To My Dear And Loving Husband

If ever two were one, then surely we.
If ever man were lov'd by wife, then thee.
If ever wife was happy in a man,
Compare with me, ye women, if you can.
I prize thy love more than whole Mines of gold
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.
My love is such that Rivers cannot quench,
Nor ought but love from thee give recompence.
Thy love is such I can no way repay.
The heavens reward thee manifold, I pray.
Then while we live, in love let's so persever
That when we live no more, we may live ever.

Anne Bradstreet

To My Dear Children.

This Book by Any yet vnread,
I leaue for yov when I am dead,
That, being gone, here yov may find
What was your liueing mother's mind.
Make vse of what I leaue in Loue
And God shall blesse yov from above.

Anne Bradstreet

To The Memory Of My Dear And Ever Honoured Father Thomas Dudley Esq; Who Deceased, July 31. 1653. An

By duty bound, and not by custome led
To celebrate the praises of the dead,
My mournfull mind, sore prest, in trembling verse
Presents my Lamentations at his Herse,
Who was my Father, Guide, Instructor too,
To whom I ought whatever I could doe:
Nor is't Relation near my hand shall tye;
For who more cause to boast his worth then I?
Who heard or saw, observ'd or knew him better?
Or who alive then I, a greater debtor?
Let malice bite, and envy know its fill,
He was my Father, and Ile praise him still.
Nor was his name, or life lead so obscure
That pittie might some Trumpeters procure.
Who after death might make him falsly seem
Such as in life, no man could justly deem.
Well known and lov'd, where ere he liv'd, by most
Both in his native, and in foreign coast,
These to the world his merits could make known,
So needs no Testimonial from his own;
But now or never I must pay my Sum;
While others tell his worth, I'll not be dumb:
One of thy Founders, him New-England know,
Who staid thy feeble sides when thou wast low,
Who spent his state, his strength, & years with care
That After-comers in them might have share.
True Patriot of this little Commonweal,
Who is't can tax thee ought, but for thy zeal?
Truths friend thou wert, to errors still a foe,
Which caus'd Apostates to maligne so.
Thy love to true Religion e're shall shine,
My Fathers God, be God of me and mine.
Upon the earth he did not build his nest,
But as a Pilgrim, what he had, possest.
High thoughts he gave no harbour in his heart,
Nor honours pufft him up, when he had part:

Those titles loath'd, which some too much do love
 For truly his ambition lay above.
 His humble mind so lov'd humility,
 He left it to his race for Legacy:
 And oft and oft, with speeches mild and wise,
 Gave his in charge, that Jewel rich to prize.
 No ostentation seen in all his wayes,
 As in the mean ones, of our foolish dayes,
 Which all they have, and more still set to view,
 Their greatness may be judg'd by what they shew.
 His thoughts were more sublime, his actions wise,
 Such vanities he justly did despise.
 Nor wonder 'twas, low things ne'r much did move
 For he a Mansion had, prepar'd above,
 For which he sigh'd and pray'd & long'd full sore
 He might be cloath'd upon, for evermore.
 Oft spake of death, and with a smiling chear,
 He did exult his end was drawing near,
 Now fully ripe, as shock of wheat that's grown,
 Death as a Sickle hath him timely mown,
 And in celestial Barn hath hous'd him high,
 Where storms, nor shows, nor ought can damnifie.
 His Generation serv'd, his labours cease;
 And to his Fathers gathered is in peace.
 Ah happy Soul, 'mongst Saints and Angels blest,
 VWho after all his toyle, is now at rest:
 His hoary head in righteousness was found:
 As joy in heaven on earth let praise resound.
 Forgotten never be his memory,
 His blessing rest on his posterity:
 His pious Footsteps followed by his race,
 At last will bring us to that happy place
 Where we with joy each others face shall see,
 And parted more by death shall never be.
 His Epitaph.
 Within this Tomb a Patriot lyes
 That was both pious, just and wise,
 To Truth a shield, to right a Wall,
 To Sectaryes a whip and Maul,
 A Magazine of History,
 A Prizer of good Company
 In manners pleasant and severe

The Good him lov'd, the bad did fear,
And when his time with years was spent
If some rejoyc'd, more did lament.

Anne Bradstreet

To The Memory Of My Dear Daughter In Law, Mrs. Mercy Bradstreet, Who Deceased Sept. 6. 1669. In The

And live I still to see Relations gone,
And yet survive to sound this wailing tone;
Ah, woe is me, to write thy Funeral Song,
Who might in reason yet have lived long,
I saw the branches lopt the Tree now fall,
I stood so nigh, it crusht me down withal;
My bruised heart lies sobbing at the Root,
That thou dear Son hath lost both Tree and fruit:
Thou then on Seas sailing to forreign Coast;
Was ignorant what riches thou hadst lost.
But ah too soon those heavy tydings fly,
To strike thee with amazing misery;
Oh how I simpathize with thy sad heart,
And in thy griefs still bear a second part:
I lost a daughter dear, but thou a wife,
Who lov'd thee more (it seem'd) then her own life.
Thou being gone, she longer could not be,
Because her Soul she'd sent along with thee.
One week she only past in pain and woe,
And then her sorrows all at once did go;
A Babe she left before, she soar'd above,
The fifth and last pledg of her dying love,
E're nature would, it hither did arrive,
No wonder it no longer did survive.
So with her Children four, she's now a rest,
All freed from grief (I trust) among the blest;
She one hath left, a joy to thee and me,
The Heavens vouchsafe she may so ever be.
Chear up, (dear Son) thy fainting bleeding heart,
In him alone, that caused all this smart;
What though thy strokes full sad & grievous be,
He knows it is the best for thee and me.

Anne Bradstreet

Upon A Fit Of Sickness

Twice ten years old not fully told
since nature gave me breath,
My race is run, my thread spun,
lo, here is fatal death.
All men must die, and so must I;
this cannot be revoked.
For Adam's sake this word God spake
when he so high provoked.
Yet live I shall, this life's but small,
in place of highest bliss,
Where I shall have all I can crave,
no life is like to this.
For what's this but care and strife
since first we came from womb?
Our strength doth waste, our time doth haste,
and then we go to th' tomb.
O bubble blast, how long can'st last?
that always art a breaking,
No sooner blown, but dead and gone,
ev'n as a word that's speaking.
O whilst I live this grace me give,
I doing good may be,
Then death's arrest I shall count best,
because it's Thy decree;
Bestow much cost there's nothing lost,
to make salvation sure,
O great's the gain, though got with pain,
comes by profession pure.
The race is run, the field is won,
the victory's mine I see;
Forever known, thou envious foe,
the foil belongs to thee.

Anne Bradstreet

Upon My Daughter Hannah Wiggin Her Recouery From A Dangerous Feaver.

Bles't bee thy Name, who did'st restore
To health my Daughter dear
When death did seem ev'n to approach,
And life was ended near.
Gravnt shee remember what thov'st done,
And celebrate thy Praise;
And let her Conversation say,
Shee loues thee all thy Dayes.

Anne Bradstreet

Upon My Dear And Loving Husband His Going Into England Jan. 16, 1661

O thou Most High who rulest all
And hear'st the prayers of thine,
O hearken, Lord, unto my suit
And my petition sign.

Into Thy everlasting arms Of mercy
I commend Thy servant, Lord.
Keep and preserve My husband,
my dear friend.

At Thy command, O Lord, he went,
Nor nought could keep him back.
Then let Thy promise joy his heart,
O help and be not slack.

Uphold my heart in Thee, O God.
Thou art my strength and stay,
Thou see'st how weak and frail I am,
Hide not Thy face away.

I in obedience to Thy will
Thou knowest did submit.
It was my duty so to do;
O Lord, accept of it.

Unthankfulness for mercies past
Impute Thou not to me.
O Lord, Thou know'st my weak desire
Was to sing praise to Thee.

Lord, be Thou pilot to the ship
And send them prosperous gales.
In storms and sickness, Lord, preserve.
Thy goodness never fails.

Unto Thy work he hath in hand
Lord, grant Thou good success

And favour in their eyes to whom
He shall make his address.

Remember, Lord, Thy folk whom Thou
To wilderness hast brought;
Let not Thine own inheritance
Be sold away for nought.

But tokens of Thy favour give,
With joy send back my dear
That I and all Thy servants may
Rejoice with heavenly cheer.

Lord, let my eyes see once again
Him whom Thou gavest me
That we together may sing praise
Forever unto Thee.

And the remainder of our days
Shall consecrated be
With an engaged heart to sing
All praises unto Thee.

Anne Bradstreet

Upon My Son Samuel His Goeing For England, Novem. 6, 1657.

Thou mighty God of Sea and Land,
I here resigne into thy hand
The Son of Prayers, of vowes, of teares,
The child I stay'd for many yeares.
Thou heard'st me then, and gav'st him me;
Hear me again, I giue him Thee.
He's mine, but more, O Lord, thine own,
For sure thy Grace on him is shown.
No freind I haue like Thee to trust,
For mortall helpes are brittle Dvst.
Preserve, O Lord, from stormes and wrack,
Protect him there, and bring him back;
And if thou shalt spare me a space,
That I again may see his face,
Then shall I celebrate thy Praise,
And Blesse the for't even all my Dayes.
If otherwise I goe to Rest,
Thy Will bee done, for that is best;
Perswade my heart I shall him see
For ever happedy'd with Thee.

Anne Bradstreet

Upon Some Distemper Of Body

In anguish of my heart replete with woes,
And wasting pains, which best my body knows,
In tossing slumbers on my wakeful bed,
Bedrenched with tears that flowed from mournful head,
Till nature had exhausted all her store,
Then eyes lay dry, disabled to weep more;
And looking up unto his throne on high,
Who sendeth help to those in misery;
He chased away those clouds and let me see
My anchor cast i' th' vale with safety.
He eased my soul of woe, my flesh of pain,
and brought me to the shore from troubled main.

Anne Bradstreet

Vanity Of All Worldly Things, The

As he said vanity, so vain say I,
Oh! Vanity, O vain all under sky;
Where is the man can say, "Lo, I have found
On brittle earth a consolation sound"?
What isn't in honor to be set on high?
No, they like beasts and sons of men shall die,
And whilst they live, how oft doth turn their fate;
He's now a captive that was king of late.
What isn't in wealth great treasures to obtain?
No, that's but labor, anxious care, and pain.
He heaps up riches, and he heaps up sorrow,
It's his today, but who's his heir tomorrow?
What then? Content in pleasures canst thou find?
More vain than all, that's but to grasp the wind.
The sensual senses for a time they pleasure,
Meanwhile the conscience rage, who shall appease?
What isn't in beauty? No that's but a snare,
They're foul enough today, that once were fair.
What is't in flow'ring youth, or manly age?
The first is prone to vice, the last to rage.
Where is it then, in wisdom, learning, arts?
Sure if on earth, it must be in those parts;
Yet these the wisest man of men did find
But vanity, vexation of the mind.
And he that know the most doth still bemoan
He knows not all that here is to be known.
What is it then? To do as stoics tell,
Nor laugh, nor weep, let things go ill or well?
Such stoics are but stocks, such teaching vain,
While man is man, he shall have ease or pain.
If not in honor, beauty, age, nor treasure,
Nor yet in learning, wisdom, youth, nor pleasure,
Where shall I climb, sound, seek, search, or find
That summum bonum which may stay my mind?
There is a path no vulture's eye hath seen,
Where lion fierce, nor lion's whelps have been,
Which leads unto that living crystal fount,
Who drinks thereof, the world doth naught account.
The depth and sea have said " 'tis not in me,"

With pearl and gold it shall not valued be.
For sapphire, onyx, topaz who would change;
It's hid from eyes of men, they count it strange.
Death and destruction the fame hath heard,
But where and what it is, from heaven's declared;
It brings to honor which shall ne'er decay,
It stores with wealth which time can't wear away.
It yieldeth pleasures far beyond conceit,
And truly beautifies without deceit.
Nor strength, nor wisdom, nor fresh youth shall fade,
Nor death shall see, but are immortal made.
This pearl of price, this tree of life, this spring,
Who is possessed of shall reign a king.
Nor change of state nor cares shall ever see,
But wear his crown unto eternity.
This satiates the soul, this stays the mind,
And all the rest, but vanity we find.

Anne Bradstreet

Verses Upon The Burning Of Our House, July 18th, 1666

In silent night when rest I took,
For sorrow near I did not look,
I waken'd was with thund'ring noise
And piteous shrieks of dreadful voice.
That fearful sound of 'fire' and 'fire,'
Let no man know is my Desire.
I starting up, the light did spy,
And to my God my heart did cry
To straighten me in my Distress
And not to leave me succourless.
Then coming out, behold a space
The flame consume my dwelling place.
And when I could no longer look,
I blest his grace that gave and took,
That laid my goods now in the dust.
Yea, so it was, and so 'twas just.
It was his own; it was not mine.
Far be it that I should repine,
He might of all justly bereft
But yet sufficient for us left.
When by the Ruins oft I past
My sorrowing eyes aside did cast
And here and there the places spy
Where oft I sate and long did lie.
Here stood that Trunk, and there that chest,
There lay that store I counted best,
My pleasant things in ashes lie
And them behold no more shall I.
Under the roof no guest shall sit,
Nor at thy Table eat a bit.
No pleasant talk shall 'ere be told
Nor things recounted done of old.
No Candle 'ere shall shine in Thee,
Nor bridegroom's voice ere heard shall bee.
In silence ever shalt thou lie.
Adieu, Adieu, All's Vanity.
Then straight I 'gin my heart to chide:

And did thy wealth on earth abide,
Didst fix thy hope on mouldring dust,
The arm of flesh didst make thy trust?
Raise up thy thoughts above the sky
That dunghill mists away may fly.
Thou hast a house on high erect
Fram'd by that mighty Architect,
With glory richly furnished
Stands permanent, though this be fled.
It's purchased and paid for too
By him who hath enough to do.
A price so vast as is unknown,
Yet by his gift is made thine own.
There's wealth enough; I need no more.
Farewell, my pelf; farewell, my store.
The world no longer let me love;
My hope and Treasure lies above.

Anne Bradstreet

We May Live Together

If ever two were one, then surely we.
If ever man were lov'd by wife, then thee.
If ever wife was happy in a man,
Compare with me, ye women, if you can.
I prize thy love more than whole Mines of gold
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.
My love is such that Rivers cannot quench,
Nor ought but love from thee give recompence.
Thy love is such I can no way repay.
The heavens reward thee manifold, I pray.
Then while we live, in love let's so persever
That when we live no more, we may live ever.

Anne Bradstreet

What God Is Like To Him I Serve

What God is like to him I serve,
What Saviour like to mine?
O, never let me from thee swerue,
For truly I am thine.
My thankfull mouth shall speak thy praise,
My Tongue shall talk of Thee:
On High my heart, O, doe thou raise,
For what thou'st done for me.
Goe, Worldlings, to your Vanities,
And heathen to your Gods;
Let them help in Adversities,
And sanctefye their rods.
My God he is not like to yours,
Your selves shall Judges bee;
I find his Love, I know his Pow'r,
A Succourer of mee.
He is not man that he should lye,
Nor son of man to vnsay;
His word he plighted hath on high,
And I shall liue for aye.
And for his sake that faithfull is,
That dy'd but now doth liue,
The first and last, that liues for aye,
Me lasting life shall giue.

Anne Bradstreet