

# AYRES AND DIALOGUES

(To be Sung to the THEORBO-LUTE  
Or BASS-VIOL.)

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BY  
JOHN GAMBLE.

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Horat. Od. 2. 10.

——— *Quondam cithara tacentem*

*Suscitat Musam, neque semper Arcum*

*Tendit Apollo.*

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LONDON,


Printed by W. Godbid for Humphry Mosley at the Princes-Arms

In St. Paul's Church-yard, 1657.

To the worthy of all Honour,

THOMAS STANLEY, Esq;

SIR,

OU have been a merciful Creditor in the trust of these inestimable Poems, so long with me, a person inconsiderable; But I beseech you think I have been sensible of the great obligation, and alwayes thought it a less trespass to break with all the world, then by the least forgetfulness of my duty, make an unhappy forfeit of my self to your displeasure.

Sir, I have brought home your Principal, and though it be a thing beneath your generous expectation, to look at profit, yet I thought it became my justice to tender you a small interest, the endeavours of my poor Art, to wait upon it: I acknowledge it a bold undertaking, to compose your Words (which are so pure Harmonie in themselves) into any other Musick; But it was not in my ambition, or hope to mend the least Accent or Emphasis w<sup>o</sup> they received from your own numerous Soul, but to essay, how neer, a whole life spent in the study of Musical Compositions, could imitate the flowing and natural Graces, which you have created by your fancie.

I have onely to say, If my zeal have not stained what you have excellently made, I will not despair of your pardon; and if any thing herein (the wel-meant tender of my service) may obtain your smile & permission, I shalbe confirmed in my thoughts that I may stil write my self

SIR,

The most humble and faithful

of your Servants,

John Gamble.

# To the Noble, Few, Lovers of MUSICK.

*My Lords and Gentlemen*

**T**HE soft Relations and Sympathie that this Princess of all Arts hath with the Harmonie of your Souls, had even imposed upon my Faith I had committed Rape upon these Papers, which long ere this on their owne Wings, had One by One, hover'd o're, and dropt into your gen'rous Breasts for Patronage, and anticipated this my present Service and Devotion. But I forbade all single Flights, and by degrees caged each Linnet up, till she had learn'd her Lesson, and I compleated the whole Consort, full and intire; which as it is, together with the whole Aviarie, I most humbly Sacrifice to your Mercy and Delight. Fourscore and six, a Jolly pleasant Band! all of one true Phœbean Strain, yet each distinctly taught her sev'ral Grace, onely to Court your various Ear and Fancie.

My Lords and Gentlemen; I onely wish you the same Kind, Genuine Joy in the Hearing of these Seraphick Poems, as the most Noble Author had in the Writing, the World in Reading, and my Self in the Composing of them; and then I'm confident, Musick will have wrought a greater Wonder, then to animate with Sense Plants and Vegetables; that is, to surprize and take in Refined and Abstracted Spirits, which is a holy Invasion upon Heaven.

But I detain you too long in the Porch with these Lowd Instruments, the Soft Quire waits you within; Please you vouchsafe your favourable Thoughts, whilest I in all Humility submit my Self

*My Lords and Gentl.*

Your most grateful Servant,

*John Gamble.*

To my Noble Kinsman THOMAS STANLEY, Esq;

On his *Lyrick* Poems Compos'd by

Mr. JOHN GAMBLE.

I.

**W**Hat means this stately TABLATURE,

The Ballance of thy streins?

Which seems in stead of sitting pure

T' extend and Rack thy veins:

Thy Odes first their owne Harmonie did break,

For Singing 'trot is but in Tune to speak.

II.

Nor thus thy Golden Feet and wings

May it be thought false Harmonie

T' Ascend to Heav'n by Silver Strings,

This is Urania's Heraldrie;

Thy Royal Poem now we may extol,

And truly, Luna blazon'd upon Sol.

III.

As when Amphion first did Call

Each list'ning Stone from's Den,

And with the Lute did form the wall,

But with his Words, the Men;

So in their twisted Numbers now you thus

Nor onely Stocks persuade, but Ravish us.

IV.

Thus do your Ayres Echo o're

The Notes and Anthermes of the Spheres,

And their whole Consort back restore,

As if Earth too would bless Heavens Bars:

But yet the Spoakes on which they scald so High

Gamble hath wisely laid of *HT, RE, MI.*

*Richard Lovelace.*

On the Excellent Poems of *Tbo. Stanley*, Esq;

Composed by Mr. *JOHN GAMBLE*.

**V**V Rapt in like Numbers (could th' hush'd world but hear  
Th' above abstracted *Harmonic*) Such Words  
Th' Octave *Intelligence* sings to his Sphear,  
When all th' *Astronomers* trembling Lines turn *Chords*.

Thus the Mean *Quire* of Movers roul in Tone  
Their Crystal *Tenor-Orbs* to the Concert,  
This Base the *Gammout* Heaven of the Moon  
Ecchoes the *G-Sol-Re-MI* Firmament.

Like which the nobler Poetic conignes  
Love Heat, and Beauty beams to Touch and Sight;  
Now strung with Rapsodie, th' Harmonious Lines  
Have taught the Ear burn, and admire what's bright.

As if the King of Song had tun'd his Rayes,  
Make Souls turn Kindred Numbers, and reply  
Transport and Rapture, as th' untouch'd Chord playes,  
Who moves the *Diapason Sympathy*.

And all the *Muses* Hover in each Aire,  
Aire that they breath; *Muses* not yet concern'd  
In Poetic by that name (though Nine were there)  
Not from the Poem, but the Musick learn'd.

For when they were but Girls, could yet not spel  
Their *A-re* Alphabet, they could talk Rime,  
And Tales of Love, and right scann'd Fancies tel,  
Though not with Fingers, but with Feet kept Time.

Till they from untaught Strokes, and us'd to Twang  
O're all the Fathers sleeping untun'd Lyre,  
Began to wonder what it was he Sang,  
So by degrees Conforted into *Quire*.

*Clio, Urania*, had no name beside  
Th' God-father gave at the Fount *Hippocrene*  
Muse, the addition of Maturer pride  
Inur'd like State noyse *Princess* and the *Quier*.

But since the god assents, both Artists treat  
Th' Hills royal Parcener, thus She do's chuse  
Both Favourites Conforts to the lawful Sheet,  
O're as She's *Clio*, th' other as the Muse.

*Jo. Redmayne.*

To my much honored Cozen Mr. *Stanley*,

Upon his Poems set by Mr. *JOHN GAMBLE*.

I.

**E**Nough, Enough, of Orbs and Spheres,  
Reach me a Trumpet or a Drum,  
To sound sharp *Synnets* in your Ears,  
And Beat a Deep *Encomium*.

II.

I know not th' *Eight Intelligence*;  
Those that do understand it, Pray  
Let them step thither, and from thence  
Speak what they all do Sing or Say;

III.

Nor what your *Diapasons* are,  
Your *Sympathies* and *Symphonies*;  
To me they seem as distant farre  
As whence they take their Infant rise.

IV.

But I've a grateful Heart can ring  
A peale of Ordnance to your praise,  
And *Volley* of small *Plaudits* bring  
To Clowd a Crown about your Baies.

V.

Though *Lawrel* is thought Thunder-free,  
That Storms and Lightning Difallows,  
Yet *Caesar* thorough Fire and Sea  
Snatcht her to twist his Conquering Brows.

VI.

And now me thinks like him you stand  
I' th' head of all the Poets Hoast,  
Whilest with your Words you do Command,  
They silent do their Duty Boast.

VII.

Which done, the Army Ecchoes o're  
Like *Gamble* I' os One and all,  
And in their various Notes implore  
Long live our noble Generall.

*Dudley Posthumus Lovelace.*



On Mr. Gamble's Composing of Mr. Stanley's  
Incomparable ODES.

SURE when this Lyre was touch'd, fit Words  
Did Dance in Order to the Chords;  
And Lines in Harmonie thus strung  
Rise sprightly Cap'ring on the Tongue;  
We that but read with hoarser Throates,  
Do yet disturb them into Notes;  
And who Repeats, unwitting Sings,  
As Ecchoes rise from Jangled Strings:  
So Theban Walls by Batt'ries soone  
As Shaken, totter into Tune;  
And Instruments that Scrued stand,  
Sound, Struck by an unwilling Hand:  
So a but peradventure Fall  
Awakes the sleeping Harpsichall,  
VWhich since the Artist ang' red last  
Lay lull'd in its own Musick fast.

Here's no disordering the fair Mind,  
Unruly matter up to bind,  
Until the too much forced Zones  
Snap, Knit in short Ellisions;  
No Crowded words in Huddle meet,  
That shuffe on un-even Feet,  
And struggling labour in their Pains,  
As if the Verse were pac'd in Chains.

The very Syllables as Clear  
Pass'd (as their Ayres now) through the Ear;  
And He that made the Essence whole,  
Cannot distinguish which is Soule,  
VWhere one informs the other, They  
So mixe in their Unbodyed Play.

Eldred Revet.

To his Friend THOMAS STANLEY, Esq;

On his ODES Set and Published

By Mr. JOHN GAMBLE.

STANLEY the Darling of Apollo, you  
That make at once both Verse and Musick too;  
So sweet a Master of so sweet a Muse,  
Whom not to name with honour, were t' abuse.  
How your words flow! How sweetly do they Chyme,  
VWhen your pure Couplets do imbrace in Ryme!  
How quick, how lovely, and how full of Sence  
Your Fancie is, and all that springs from thence!  
VWhich Gamble has enliv'ned by his Art,  
And breath'd an Active Soul through every part:  
And so deduc'd your Mind to us, that we  
May feast our Ears and Souls with raritie.  
How much to You, how much to Him we owe,  
VVe can conceive, but cannot make you know;  
Nor have we thanks proportion'd to your worth,  
You that did make, and He that set them forth,  
In such a lively Dress too, VVe admire  
VWhat we can't praise, what we can't do, Desire;  
And therefore turn our praises into prayers,  
That You'll make more such Odes, He more such Ayres.

Alexander Broome.

# On my Friend Mr. JOHN GAMBLE

His excellent Composition of the Songs and Dialogues of

THOMAS STANLEY, Esq;

**M**AN is Compos'd of Harmonie, each Sense  
 Moves by a Sphericall Intelligence;  
 Such as have small Skill in Articulate Notes;  
 Yet, as their Ears do like, can give their Votes;  
 And by that Judgement I am led (my Friend)  
 On thy just Merits some few Lines to spend:  
 Here, thou hast play'd the Cunning Chymist, fixt  
 Mercurial-Notes to Words, so aptly mixt,  
 So wedded to each Accent, Sense, and Feet;  
 They like two Bodies in one Center meet:  
 The Elements of Fire and Air here kiss,  
 Without Confusion, by Hypothesis,  
 Unto the Muscs Lamp thou addest Oyle,  
 By thy Elaborate-Skill, Ingenious Toyl:  
 Plac'd by Numbers Mounted Heaven, and we  
 Have no less Ladder thus Inspir'd by Thee;  
 Wee that have Souls! no undigested Stuff,  
 Like th' Dunghill-Cock that Struts after St—Buff;  
 Let such embrace their Chaos, with it sink,  
 'Discord to them's as good as Meat and Drink;  
 While wee Three Regions 'bove Them sit, and Praise  
 Thy Concord in these Snarling-Dogged-daies.

Jo. Tatbam.

(1)



## I. The Return.

**B**eauty whose soft Magnetick chains nor time nor absence can untie,  
 Thy power the narrow bounds disdains of Nature or Philosophie;  
 That canst by unconfined Laws, a motion, though at distance, cause.

## II.

Drawn by the powerful Influence  
 Of thy bright eyes, I back return:  
 And since I no where can dispence  
 With flames which do in absence burn,  
 I rather choose 'twixt them t' expire,  
 Then languish in a hidden fire.

## III.

But if thou the insulting pride  
 Of vulgar beauties dost despise,  
 Who by vain triumphs Deicide  
 Their votaries do sacrifice,  
 Then let those flames, whose magick charm  
 At distance scorch'd, approach'd, but warm.

A

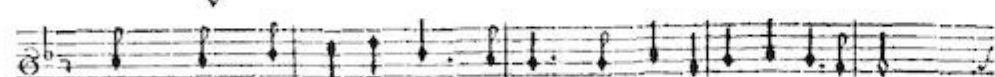
Beauty

(2)

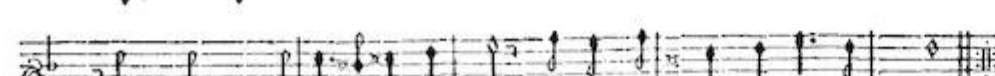
*I. The Answer.*



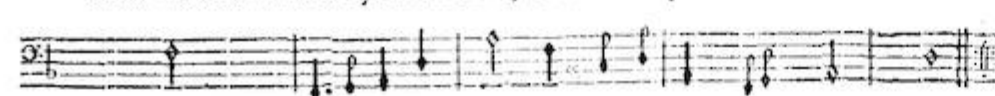
**B**eauty thy harsh imperious chains, as a scorn'd weight I here un-tie ;



Since thy proud Empire those disdain, of reason or Philosophy :



That wouldst within Tyrannick laws, confine the power of each free Cause.



II.

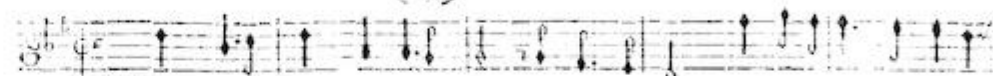
Forc'd by the powerful Influence  
Of thy disdain, I back return ;  
Thus with those flames I do dispence,  
Which though they would not, light did burn,  
And rather will through cold expire,  
Then languish in a frozen fire.

III.

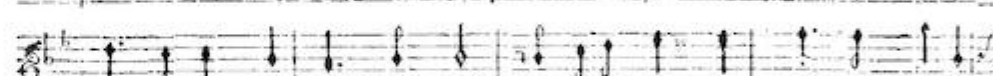
But whilst I the insulting pride  
Of thy vain beauty do despise,  
Who gladly would be Deicide  
By making me thy sacrifice :  
May Love thy Heart, which is his Charm,  
Approch'd, seem'd cold ; at distance, warm.

When

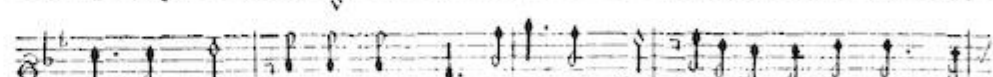
(3) *The Tombe.*



**W**hen, cruel Fair one, I am slain, by thy disdain ; and, as a Trophy of thy



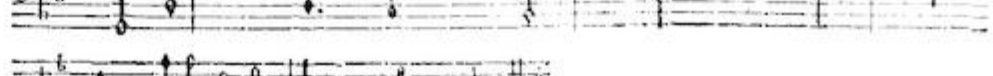
scorn, to some old tombe am born ; thy fetters must their power bequeath to



those of death ; nor can thy flame immortal burn, like monumental fires with-



in an urn ; Thus freed from thy proud Empire, I shall prove, there is



more liberty in Death then Love.

II.

And when forsaken Lovers come  
To see my tombe,  
Take heed thou mix not with the croud ;  
And ( as a Victor ) proud  
To view the spoils thy beauty made  
Press near my shade ;  
Lest thy too cruel breath or name  
Should fan my ashes back into a flame,  
And thou, devour'd by this revengeful fire,  
His sacrifice, who dy'd as thine, expire.

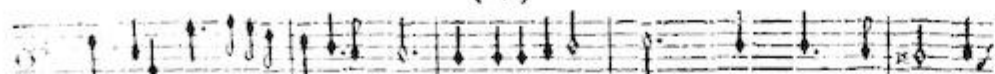
III.

But if cold Earth, or Marble must  
Conceal my dust ;  
Whilst hid in some dark ruines, I  
Dumb and forgotten lie,  
The pride of all thy victorie  
Will sleep with me ;  
And they who should attest thy Glory,  
Will, or forget, or not believe this story :  
Then to encrease thy Triumph, let me rest,  
Since by thine Eye slain, buried in thy Brest.

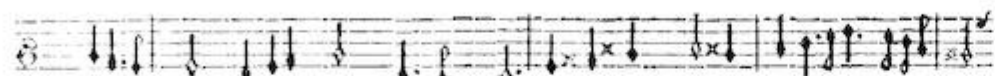
*Celinda,*



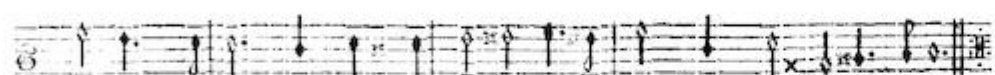
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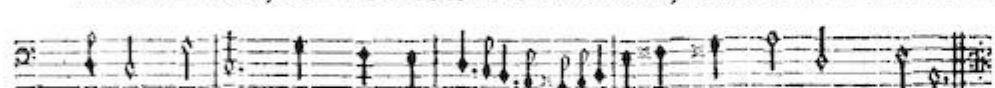
Elinda, by what potent Art, or unresisted charm, dost thou thine ear and



frozen heart against my passion arm; or by what hidden influence, of powers



in one combin'd, dost thou rob love of either sense, made deaf as well as blind.



II.

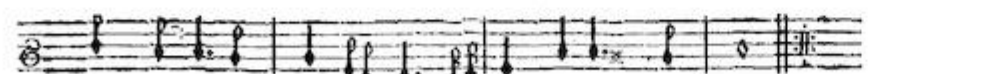
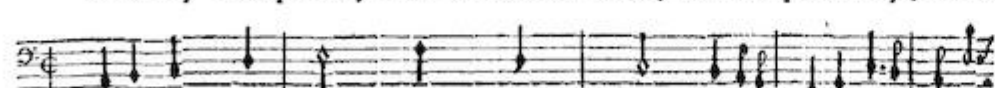
Sure thou as friends united hast  
Two distant Deities  
And Scorn within thy Heart hast plac'd  
And Love within thine Eyes.  
Or those soft Fetters of thy Hair  
A bondage that disdains  
All Liberty, doth guard thy Ear  
Free from all other chains.

III.

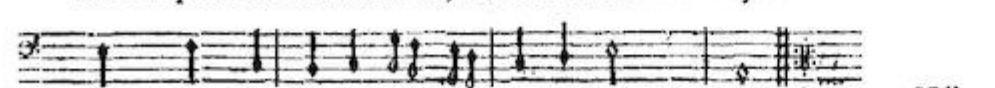
*The Close.*



Then my Complaint, how canst thou hear; or I this passion fly; since

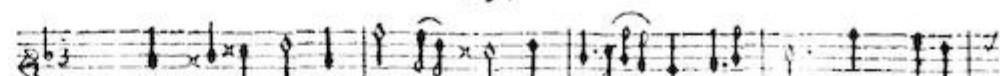


thou imprison'd hast thine ear, and not confin'd thine eye.

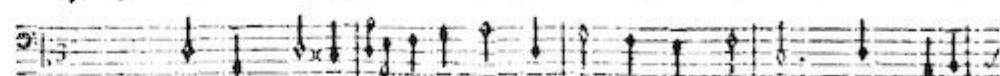


When

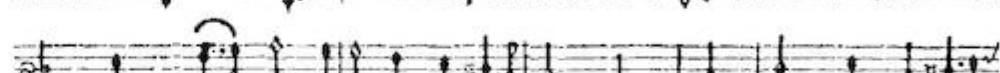
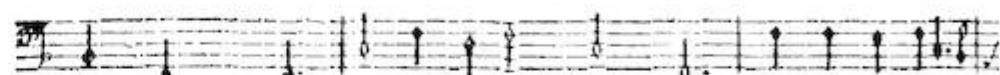
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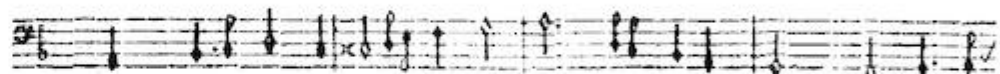
When I lie burning in thine eye, or freezing in thy breast, what Martyrs



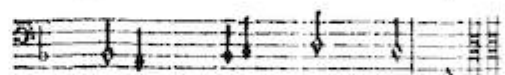
in wish'd flames that die, are half so pleas'd or blest? when thy soft accents



through mine ear, into my soul do fly; what Angel would not quit his

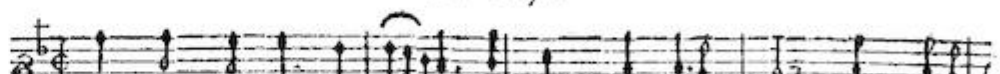


sphere, to hear such harmony?



II. Or when the kiss thou gav'st me last  
My soul stole in its breath,  
What life would sooner be embrac'd  
Then so desir'd a death?  
When I commanded am by thee,  
Or by thine eyes or hand;  
What Monarch would not prouder be  
To serve, then to command.

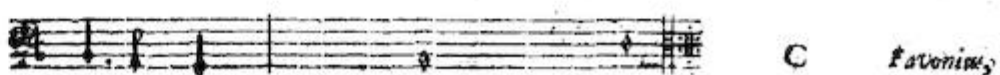
*The Close.*



III. Then think no freedom I desire, or would my fetters leave, since Phoenix



like I from this fire both life and youth receive.



C *Finis.*



**F**air *Aurora*, the milder breath of Spring, when proudly bearing on his  
 lotter wing, rich Odors, which from the *Pantheon* Groves, he steales, as  
 by the *Phoenix* pyre he moves, profusely doth his sweeter theft dis-  
 pence to the next *Roses* blushing innocence; but from the grateful flower a  
 richer scent he back receives then he unto it lent.












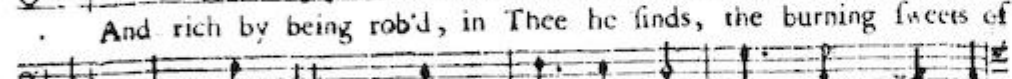
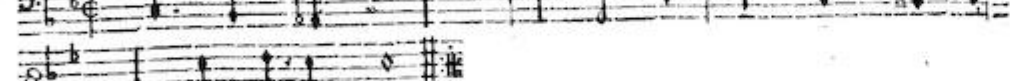


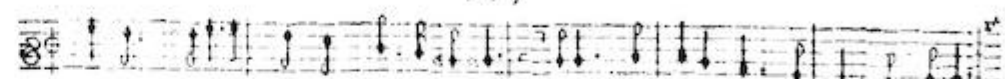



- II. Then laden with his odours rich it store,  
 He to thy breath halts, to which these are pore;  
 Which whilst he sportively to steale essays,  
 He like a wanton Lover 'bout thee plaies.  
 And sometimes coo'ing thy soft cheek doth lie,  
 And sometimes burning at thy flaming eye;  
 Drawne in at last by that breath we implore,  
 He back returns, far sweeter then before.

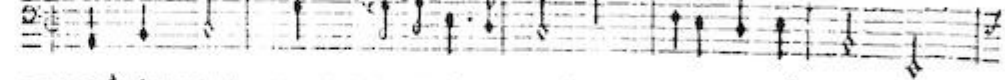
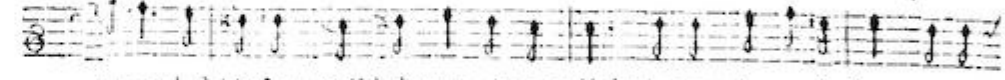
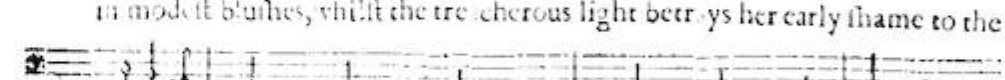

*The Close.*

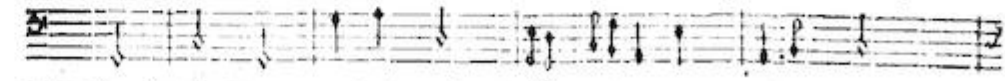
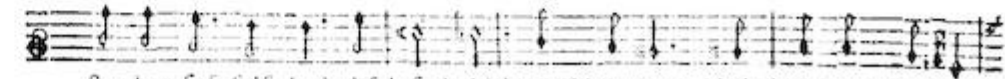
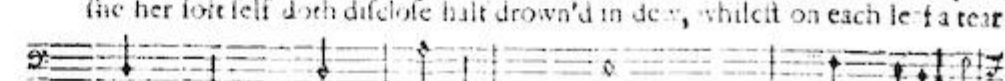
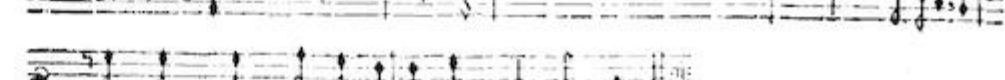
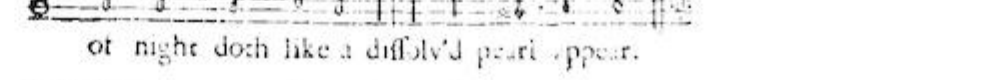



And rich by being rob'd, in Thee he finds, the burning sweets of  
 Pyres, the cool of Winds.

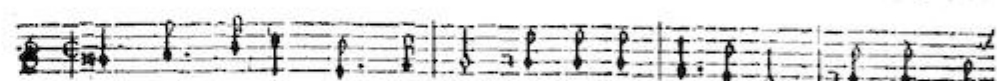
**S**o fair *Aurora* doth her self discover, aham'd oth' aged bed of her cold Lover,  
 in modest blushes, whilst the treacherous light betrays her early shame to the  
 worlds sight. Such a bright colour doth the morning rote diffuse, when  
 she her soft self doth disclose halt drown'd in dew, whilst on each leaf a tear  
 of night doth like a dissolv'd pearl appear.

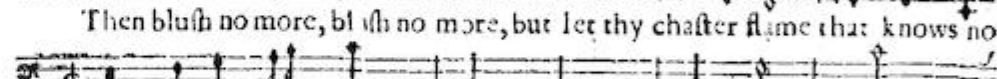
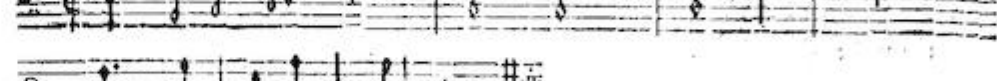
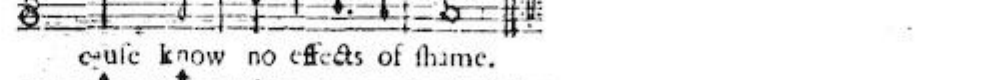








- II. Yet 'twere in vaine a colour out to seek  
 To parallel my *Charieff's* Cheek,  
 Little are compar'd with greater, and these seem  
 To blush like her, not she to blush like them,  
 But whence faire Soule this passion what pretence  
 Had guilt to stain thy spotlesse innocence;  
 Thot only this feeble who have guilty been,  
 Nor any blushes know but who know sin.

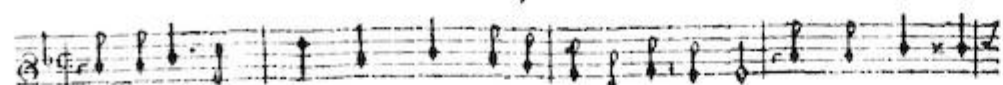
*The Close.*



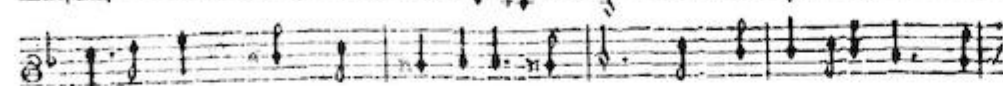
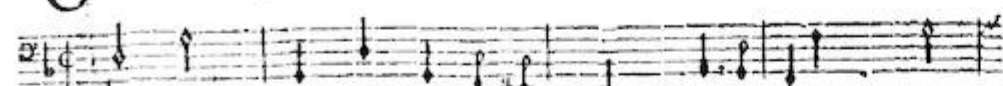
Then blush no more, blush no more, but let thy chaster flame that knows no  
 cause know no effects of shame.

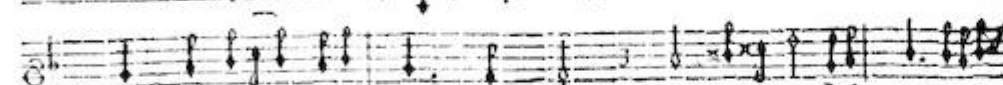
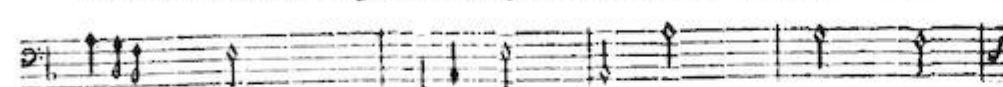




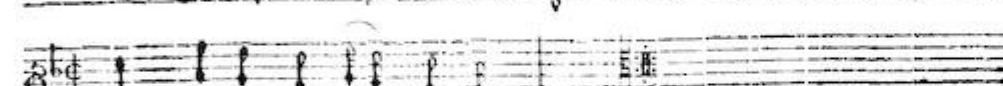
ON this swelling bank once proud, of its burden Doris lay; here she smil'd and



did uncloud those bright Suns eclipse the day; here we fate, and with kind



Art thee about mee twin'd her Armes, clasp't in hers my hand and

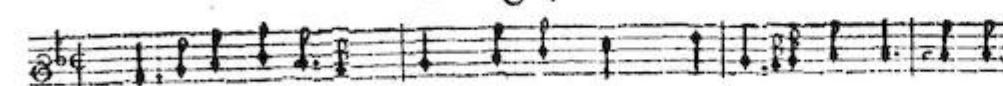


heart fetter'd in those pleasing charmes.

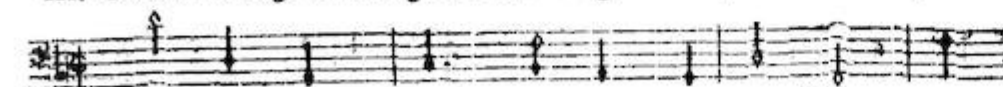


II. Hear my Love and Joys the crown'd,  
Whilest the hours stood still before me,  
With a killing glance did wound,  
And a melting kiss restore me.  
On the down of either brest,  
Whilest with joy my soul retir'd,  
My reclining head did rest,  
Till her lips new life inspir'd.

### *The Close.*



III. Thus renewing of these sights, doth with griefe and pleasure fill me, and the



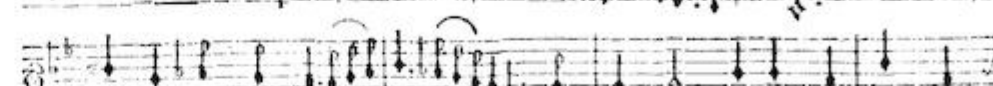
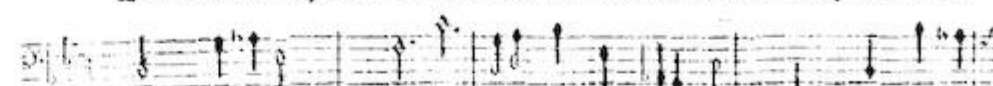
thought of these delights, both at once revive and kill me.



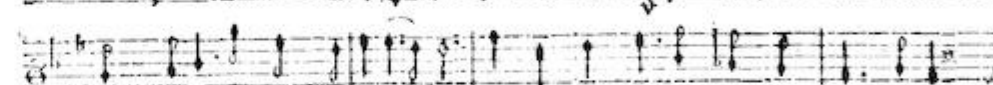
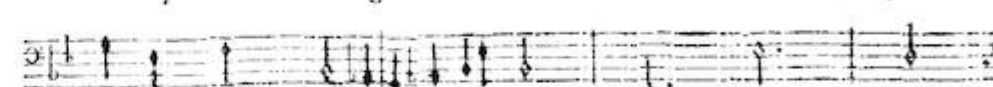
I prethee



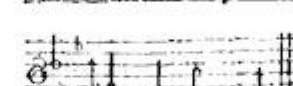
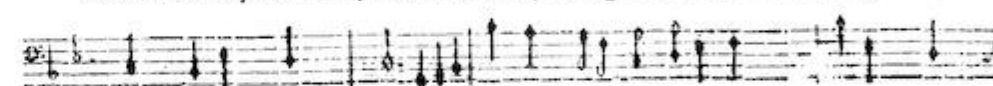
I Prethee let my heart a'one, since now 'tis rais'd above thee; not all the



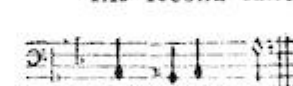
beauty thou dost own again can make me love thee. He that was shipwrackt



once before by such a Syrenscall, and yet neg'ct's to shun the shore, deserves



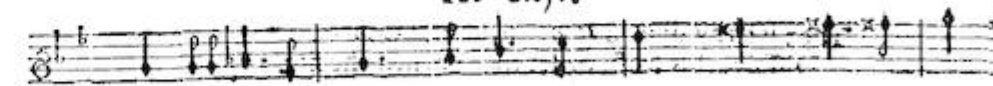
his second fall.



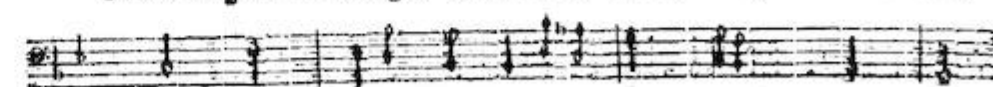
### II.

Each flatt'ring kiss, each tempting smile  
Thou dost in vain bestow,  
Some other Lovers might beguile  
Who not thy falshood know.  
But I am proof against all art,  
No vows shall ere perswade me  
Twice to present a wounded heart  
To her that hath betray'd me.

### *The Close.*



Could I again be brought to love thy form, though more di-vine,

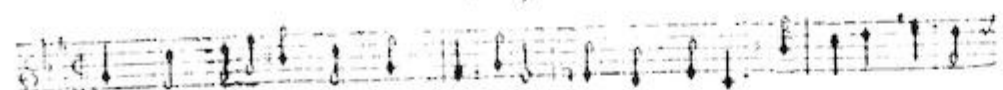


I might thy scorn as justly move, as now thou suffer'st mine.

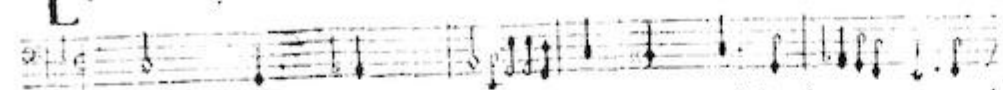


D

Love



**L**ove what tyrannick laws must they obey, who bow beneath thy uncontrolled



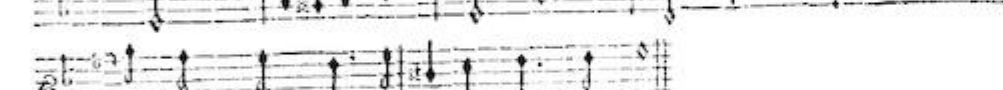
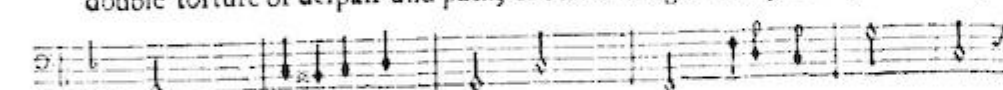
sway; or how unjust will that harsh Empire prove, forbids to hope, and



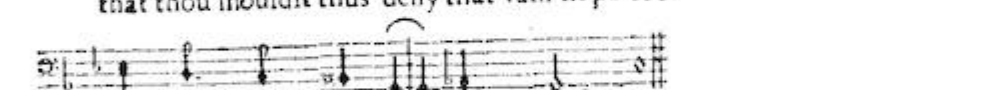
yet commands to love: Must all are to thy hell condemn'd sustain a



double torture of despair and pain; is't not enough vainly to hope and woo,

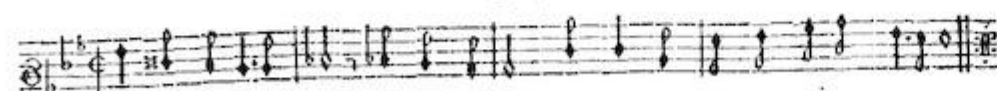


that thou shouldst thus deny that vain hope too.

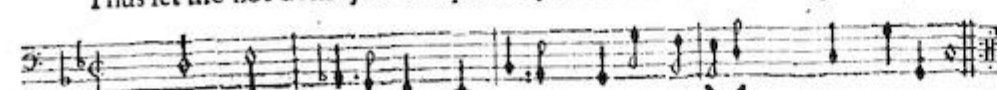


**I I.** It were some hope *Ixion*-like to fold  
The empty air, or feed on thoughts that's cold;  
But if thou to my passion this deny,  
Thou mayst be starv'd to death as well as I.  
For how can thy pale sickly flame burn clere,  
When death and old despair inhabit here?  
Then let thy dim heat warm, or else expire;  
Dissolve this frost, or let that quench the fire.

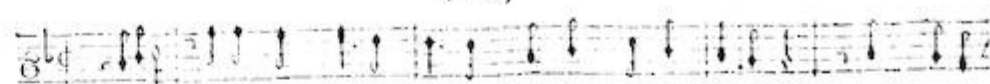
### *The Close.*



Thus let me not desire, or else possess; neither or both are equal hapiness.



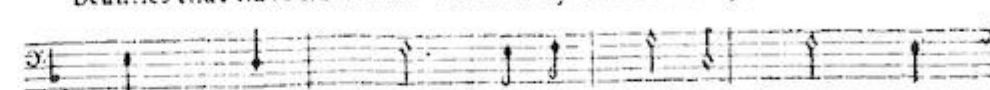
*Delay?*



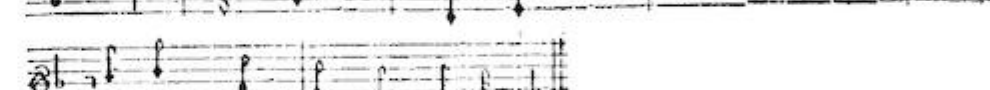
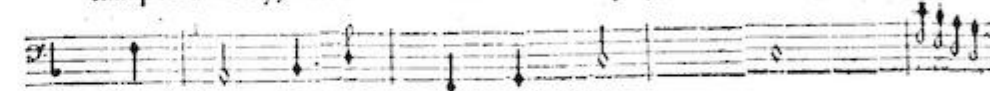
**D**elay? Alas there cannot be to Love a greater tyrannie: those cruel



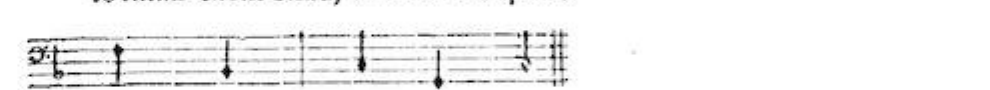
beauties that have slain their Votaries by their disdain, or studied torments



sharp and witty, will be recorded for their pity, and after-ages be mislead

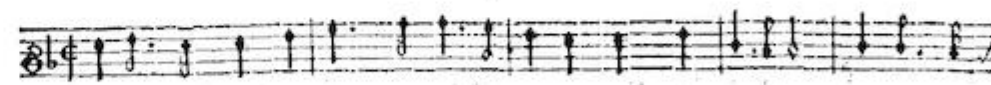


to think them blind, when this is spread.

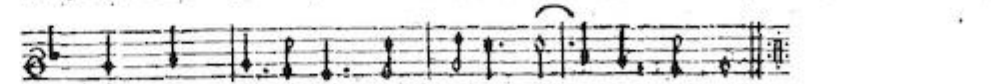
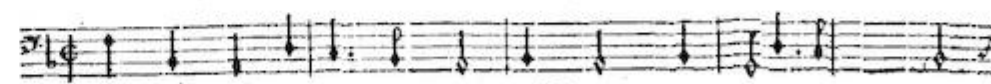


**11.** Of deaths the speediest is Despair,  
Delays the slowest torments are:  
Thy cruelty at once destroys  
But expectation starves my joys:  
Time and *Delay*, may bring me past  
The power of Love to cure, at last;  
And shouldst thou wish to ease my pain,  
Thy pity might be lent in vain.

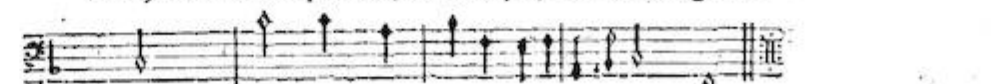
### *The Close.*



Or if thou hast decreed that I must be beneath thy cruelty: Oh kill me



soon, thou wilt express more mercy ev'n in shewing less.

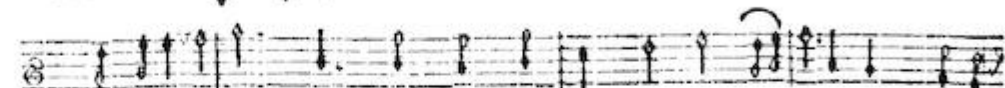


*Prethee*

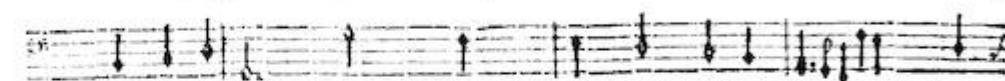
## I.



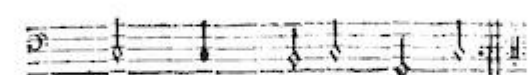
**P**Rehee trouble me no more ; I will drink, bee mad, and rore : *Alcmaon*



and *Orestes* grew mad, when they their Mothers flew : but I no man having



kill'd am with hurrleffe fury fill'd ;



## II.

*Hercules* with madnesse strook ;  
Bent his Bow, his Quiver shook ;  
*Ajax* mad, did fiercely wield  
*Hectors* Sword, and graspt his Shield :  
I nor Spear nor Target have,  
But this Cup (my weapon) wave :

*The Close.*

## III.



Crown'd with roses, thus for more Wine I call, drink, dance, and rore.



Roses

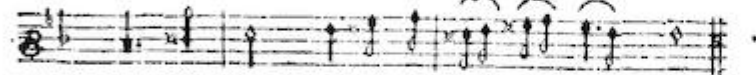
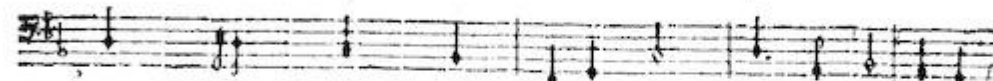
## I.



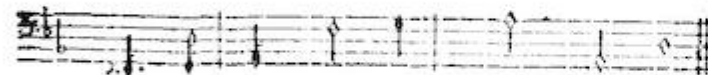
**R**oses (Loves delight) let's joyn to the red cheek'd God of Wine : Roses



crown us, while we laugh, and the juyce of Autumn quaff : Roses of all



Flowers the King ; Roses the fresh pride orh' spring :

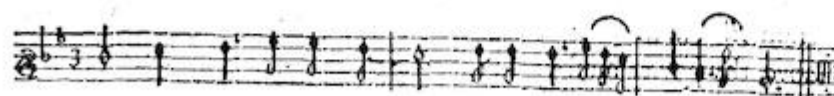


## II.

Joy of every Deitie ;  
Love, when with the graces he  
For the Ball himself disposes,  
Crowns his golden hair with Roses,  
Circling then with these our brow  
We'l to *Bacchus* Temple go :

*The Close.*

## III.



There some willing Beauty leid, and a youthful measure tread.



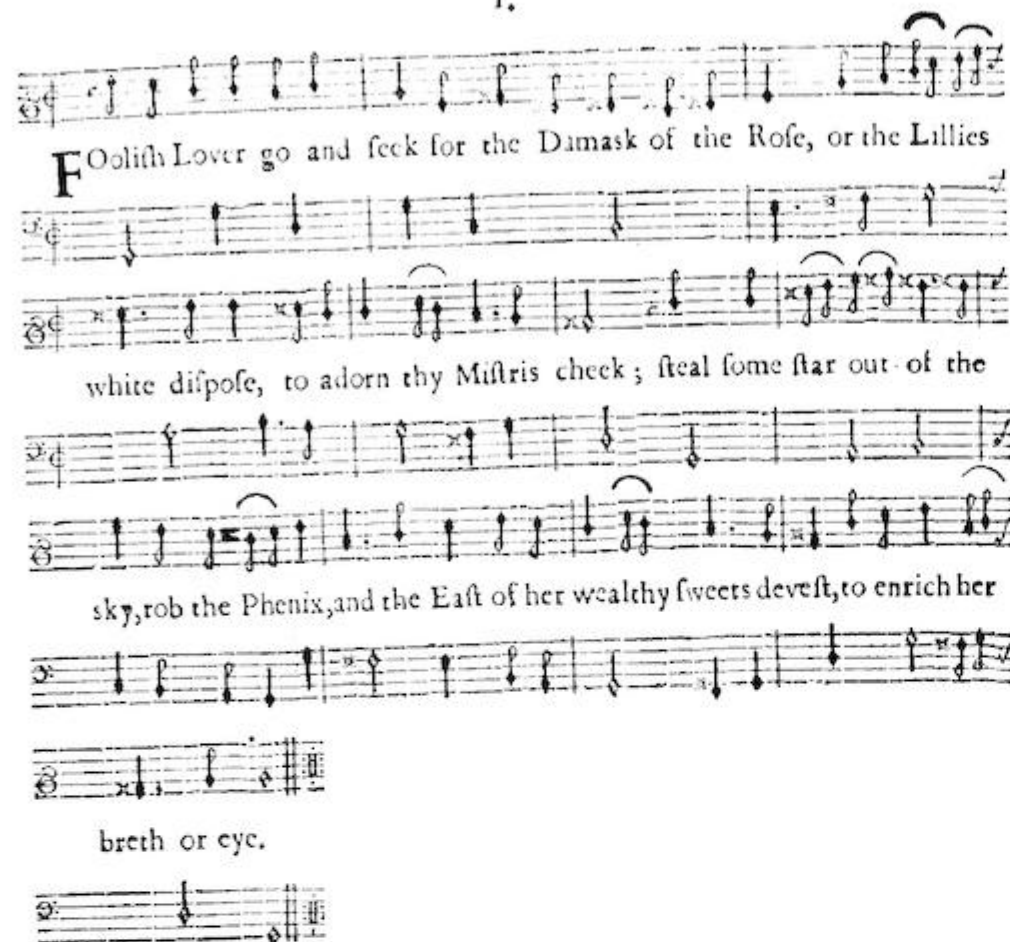
E

Foolish



(14)

I.



**F**oolish Lover go and seek for the Damask of the Rose, or the Lillies  
white dispose, to adorn thy Mistress cheek; steal some star out of the  
sky, rob the Phenix, and the East of her wealthy sweets dearest, to enrich her  
breath or eye.

II.

We thy borrow'd pride despise  
For this wine to which we are  
Votaries, is richer far  
Than her cheeks, or breath, or eyes:  
And should that coy fair one view  
These diviner beauties, she  
In these flames would rival thee,  
And be taught to love thee too.

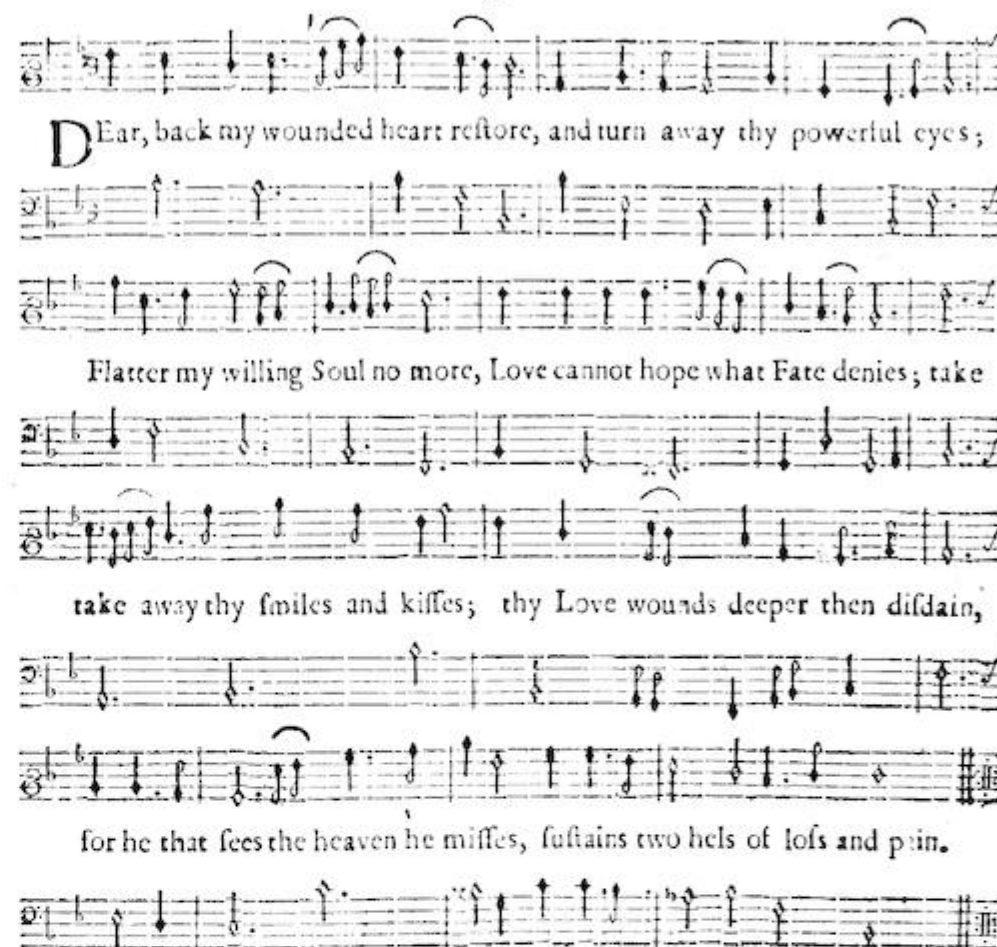
III.

Come then break thy wanton chain,  
That when this brisk wine hath spread  
On thy paler cheek a red,  
Thou like us mayst love disdain:  
Love, thy power must yield to wine;  
And whilst thus our selves we arm,  
Boldly we defy thy charm,  
For these flames distinguish thine.

Dear,

(15)

I.



**D**ear, back my wounded heart restore, and turn away thy powerful eyes;  
Flatter my willing Soul no more, Love cannot hope what Fate denies; take  
take away thy smiles and kisses; thy Love wounds deeper than disdain,  
for he that sees the heaven he misses, sustains two helms of loss and pain.

II.

Shouldst thou some others suit prefer,  
I might return thy scorn to thee,  
And learn Apostasy of her  
Who taught me first Idolatry,  
Or in thy unrelenting breast  
Should I disdain or coyness move,  
He by thy hate might be releas'd,  
Who now is prisoner to thy love.

III.

Since then unkind Fate will divorce  
Those whom Affection long united,  
Be thou as cruel as this force,  
And I in death shall be delighted.  
Thus whilst so many Suppliants woe  
And beg, they may thy pity prove,  
I only for thy scorn do sue,  
'Tis charity here not to love.

Since

I.  
 Since Fate commands me hence, and I must leave my soul with thee, and die  
 Dear, spare one sigh, or else let fall a tear to crown my Funeral, that I may  
 tell my grieved heart, Thou art unwilling we should part; and  
 Martyrs that embrace the fire shall with less joy then I expire.

- II. With this last kiss I will bequeath  
 My soul transfus'd into thy breath;  
 Whole active heat shall gently slide  
 Into my breast, and there reside:  
 And may in spite of Fate thus blest  
 Be in this death of heaven possit:  
 Then prove but kind, and thou shalt see  
 Love hath more power then Destinie.

(17 Song.)

C Hide, chide no more; Away, the fleeting daughters of the day;  
 nor with impatient thoughts out-run the lazie Sun, nor think the hours do  
 move

move to slow delay is kind, and we too soon shall find, that which we  
 seek, yet fear to find.

- II. The mystick dark decrees  
 Unfold not of the Destinies,  
 Nor boldly seek to antedate  
 The Laws of Fate:  
 Thy anxious search a while forbear,  
 Suppress thy hast,  
 And know that time at last  
 Will crown thy hope, or fix thy fear.

(Song 18.)

Fool take up thy shaft again, if thy store thou profusely spend in vain;  
 who can furnish thee with more? Throw not then away thy darts, on  
 impenetrable hearts.

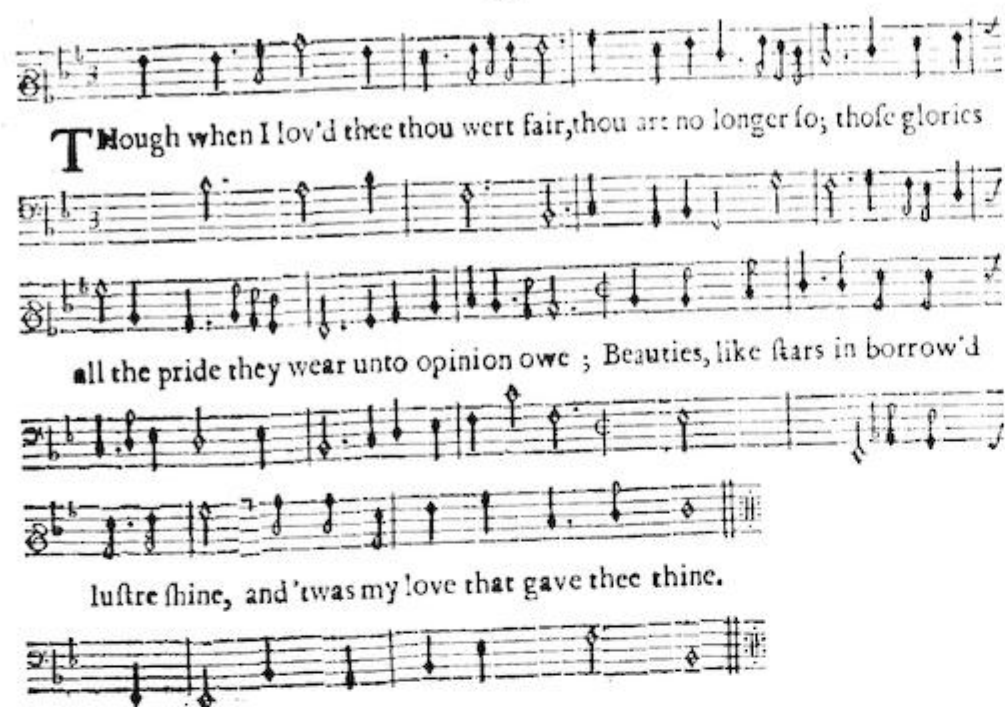
- II. Think not thy pale flame can warm  
 Into tears,  
 Or dissolve the snowy charm  
 Which her frozen bosom wears,  
 That expos'd unmelted lies  
 To the bright suns of her eyes.  
 III. But since thou thy power hast lost,  
 Nor canst fire  
 Kindle in that breast, whose frost  
 Doth these flames in mine inspire,  
 Nor to thee but Her I'll sue,  
 That disdain both me and you.

F

Though



## I.



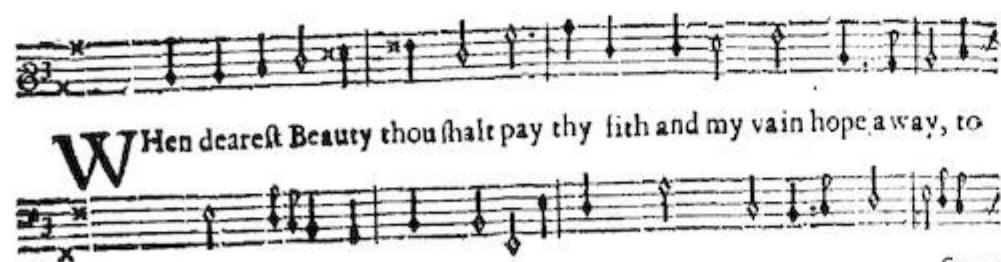
## II.

The flames that dwelt within thine eye,  
Do now, with mine, expire;  
Thy brightest Graces fade and die  
At once with my desire;  
Loves fires thus mutual influence return,  
Thine cease to shine, when mine to burn.

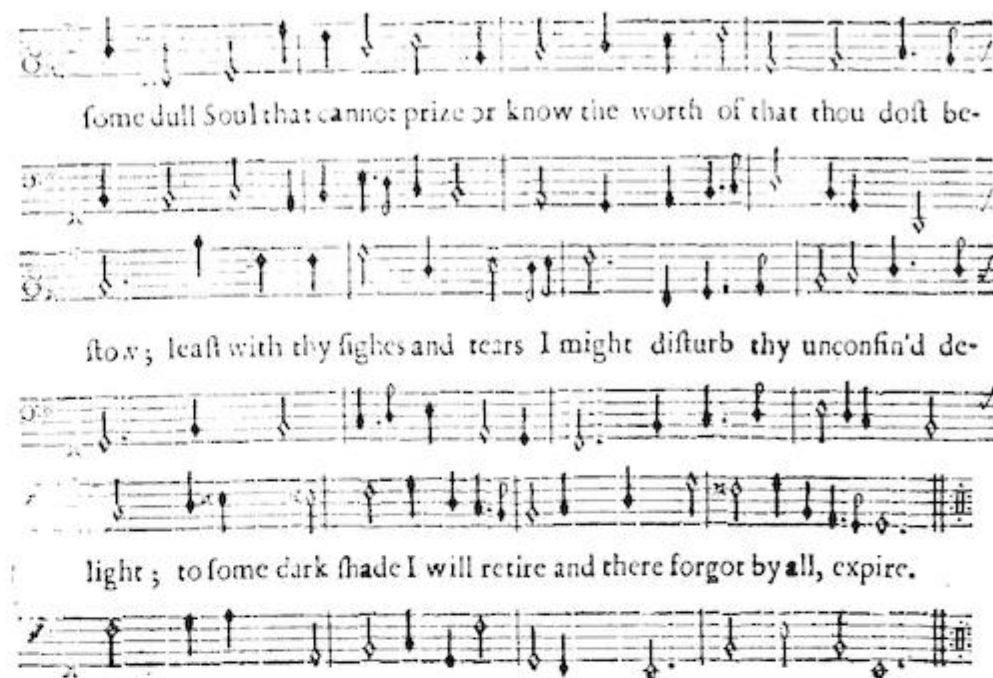
## III.

Then (proud *Celinda*) hope no more  
To be implor'd or woo'd;  
Since by thy scorn thou dost restore  
The wealth my love bestow'd;  
And thy despis'd Disdain too late shall find  
That none are fair but who are kind.

## Song 20.



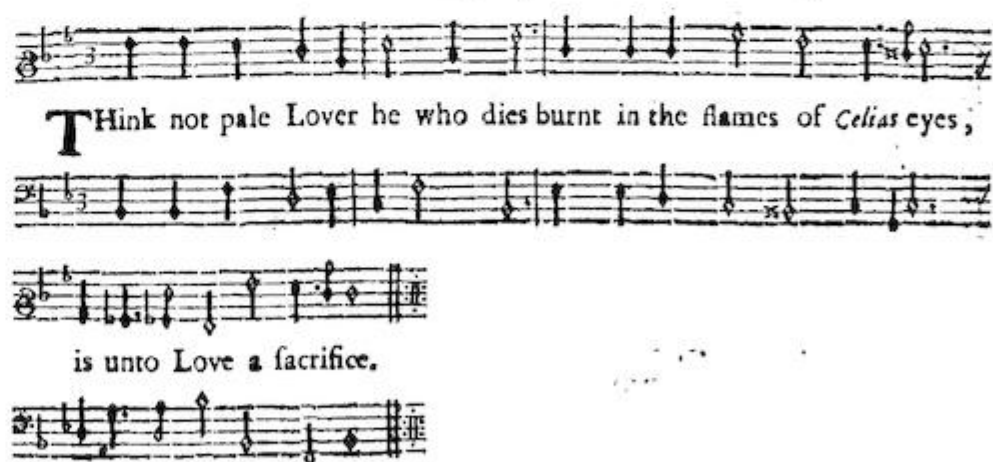
some



## II.

Thus whilst the difference thou shalt prove,  
Betwixt a feign'd and real Love,  
Whilst he, more happy, but less true,  
Shall reap those joys I did pursue,  
And with those pleasures crown'd be  
By Fate, which Love design'd for me  
Then thou perhaps thy self wilt find  
Cruel too long, or too soon kind.

## Song 21.



Or

Or by the merit of this pain  
Thou shalt the crown of Martyrs gain  
Those hopes are as thy passion vain.

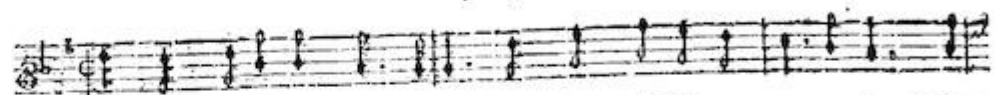
For when by death from these flames free  
To greater thou condemn'd shalt be,  
And punish't for Idolatry.

Since thou Loves Votary before,  
Whilst she was kind dost him no more  
But in his shrine disdain adore.

Nor will this fire the gods prepare  
To punish scorn that Cruel fair  
Thou now from flames exempted spare.

But as together both shall die,  
Both burnt alike in flames shall lie,  
She in thy heart, thou in her eye.

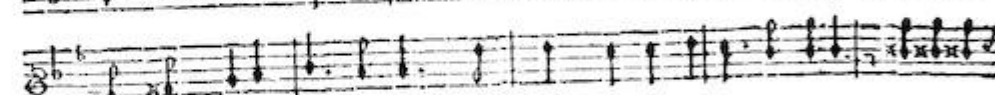
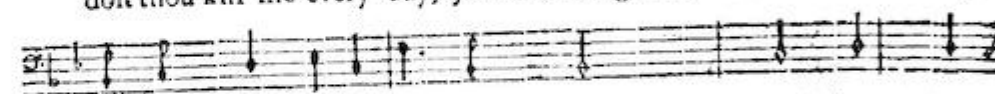
## (21.)



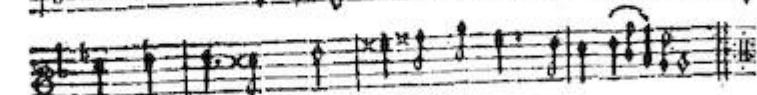
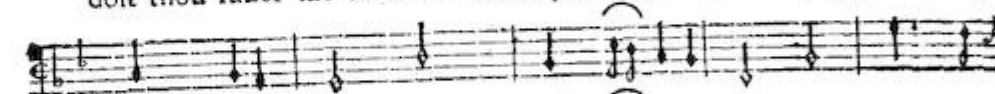
Torment of absence and delay, that thus afflicts my memorie, Why



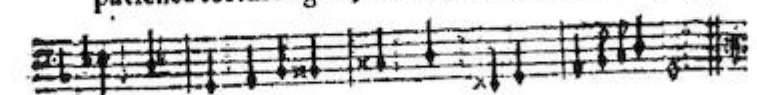
dost thou kill me every day, yet will not give me leave to die: Why



dost thou suffer me to live? All hope of life in life denying; or to my



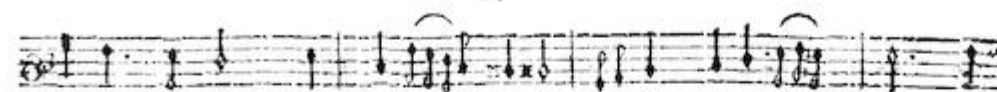
patience tortures give, never to die, yet ever dying.



II. To fair *Narcissus's* brighter eyes,  
I was by Loves instruction guided,  
A happiness I long did prize,  
But now am from their light divided.  
Favours and gifts my Suit obtain'd,  
But envious Fate would now destroy them;  
Which if to lose I only gain'd,  
What greater pain then to enjoy them.

## Song 23.

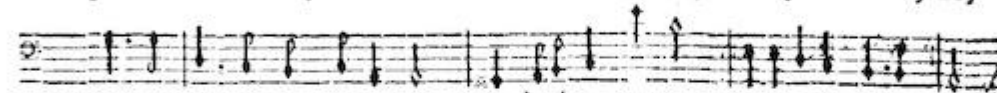
## I.



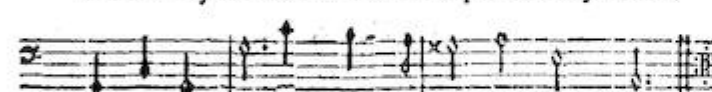
I Will not trust thy tempting graces, or thy deceitfull charms; nor



prisoner be to thy embraces, or fetter'd in thy arms; no *Celia*, no,



not all thy art can wound or captivate my heart.



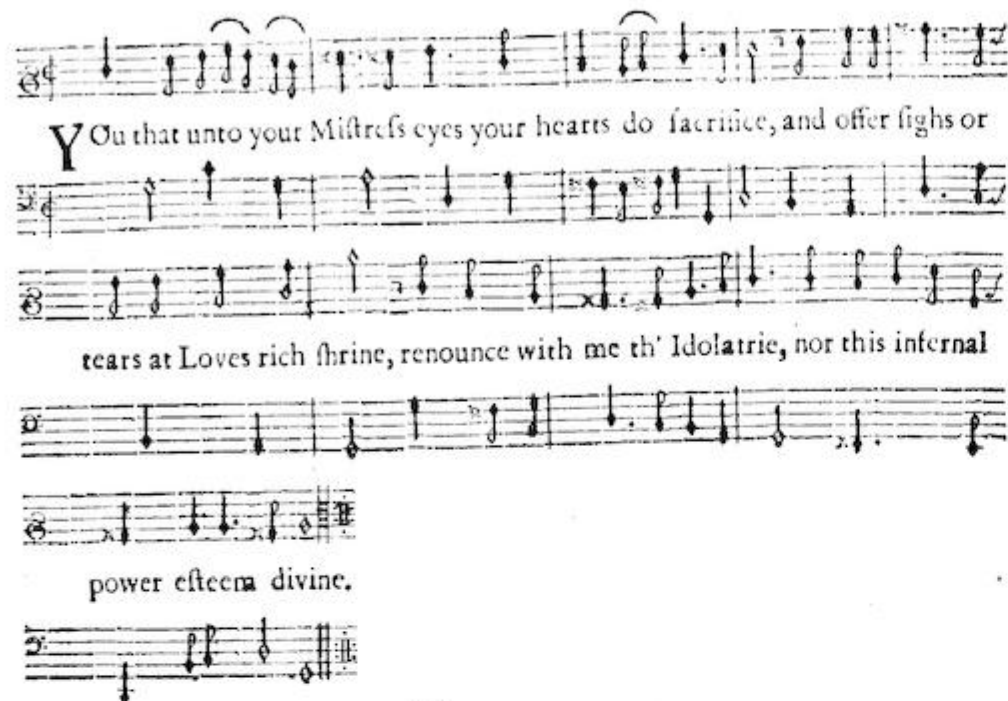
## II.

I will not gaze upon thy Eyes,  
Or wanton with thy Hair,  
Lest those should burn me by surprize,  
Or thee my soul ensnare:  
Nor with those smiling dangers play,  
Or fool my liberty away.

## III.

Since then my wary heart is free,  
And unconfin'd as thine,  
If thou wouldst mine should captive be,  
Thou must thine own resign,  
And gratitude may thus move more  
Then Love or Beauty could before.

## I.



## II.

The Brand, the Quiver, and the Bow,  
 Which we did first bestow,  
 And he as tribute wears from every Lover,  
 I back again  
 From him have tane,  
 And the Impostor now unvail'd discover.

## III.

I can the feeble childe disarm,  
 Unty his mystick charm,  
 Devest him of his Wings, and break his Arrow,  
 We will obey  
 No more his sway,  
 Nor live confin'd to laws or bounds so narrow.

## IV.

And you bright Beauties that inspire  
 The boys pale torch with fire,  
 We safely now your subtil power despise,  
 And (unscorch'd) may  
 Like Atoms play,  
 And wanton in the sun-shine of your eyes.

## V.

Nor think hereafter by new arts  
 You can bewitch our hearts,  
 Or raise this Devil by your pleasing charm;  
 We will no more  
 His power implore,  
 Unless like Indians, that he do no harm.

You

## I.



## II.

Sickness may fright the roses from her cheek;  
 Or make the Lillies fade,  
 But all the subtil wayes that death doth seek  
 Cannot my love invade:  
 Flames that are kindled by the eye,  
 Through time and age expire;  
 But ours that boast a reach far higher  
 Cannot decay, nor die.

## III.

For when we must resign our vital breath,  
 Our Loves by Fate benighted;  
 We by this friendship shall survive in death,  
 Even in divorce united.  
 Weak Love through fortune or distrust  
 In time forgets to burn,  
 But this pursues us to the Urn,  
 And marries either's dust.

See



## Song 26.

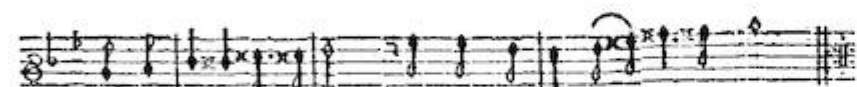
I.



SEE how this Violet which before hung fullenly her drooping head,



as angry at the ground that bore the purple treasure which she spread, doth



smilingly erected grow, transplanted to those hills of snow.



I I.

And whilst the pillows of thy breast  
Do her reclining head sustain,  
She swells with pride to be so blest,  
And doth all others flowers disdain;  
Yet weeps that dew which kist her last,  
To see her odours so surpass.

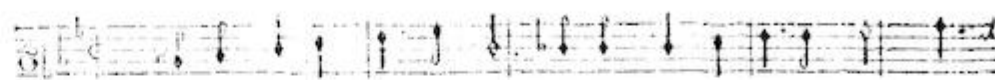
I II.

Poor flower, how far deceiv'd thou wert,  
To think the riches of the morn,  
Or all the sweets she can impart,  
Could these or sweeten, or adorn;  
Since thou from them dost borrow sent,  
And they to thee lend ornament.

Why

## Song 27.

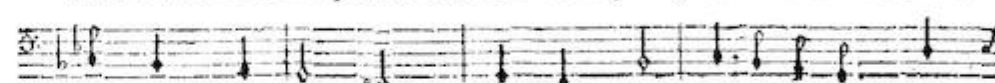
I.



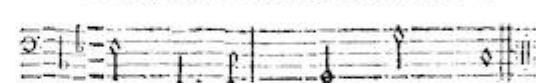
Why thy passion should it move, that I wish thy Beauty less? Fools



desire what is above power of nature to express, and to wish it had been



more, had been to outwith her store.



II.

If the flames within thine eye  
Did not too great heat inspire,  
Men might languish, yet not dye,  
At thy less ungentle fire,  
And might on thy weaker light  
Gaze, and yet not lose their sight.

III.

Nor wouldst thou less fair appear,  
For detraction adds to thee;  
If some parts less beauteous were,  
Others would much fairer be:  
Nor can any part we know  
Best be styl'd, when all are so.

IV.

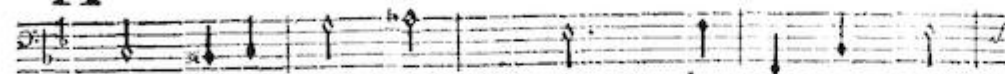
Thus this great excess of light  
Which now dazels our weak eyes,  
Would eclips'd, appear more bright,  
And the only way to rise;  
Or to be more fair than thee  
Celia, is less fair to bee.

## Song 28.

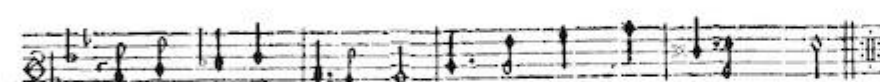
I.



Ask the Empress of the night, how that hand which guides her sphere,



constant in unconstant light, taught the waves her yoke to bear:



And did thus by loving force curb or tame the rude Seas course.



II.

Ask the female Palm how she  
First did wooe her Husbands love;  
And the Magnetick, ask how she  
Doth the obsequious Iron move:  
Waters, Plants, and Stones know this,  
That they love, not what Love is.

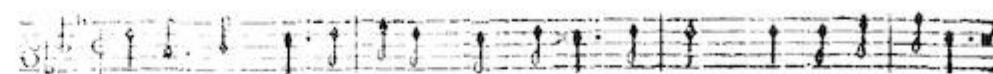
III.

Be not thou less kind then those,  
Or from Love exempt alone;  
Let us twine like amorous Trees,  
And like Rivers melt in one;  
Or if thou more cruel prove,  
Learn of Steel and Stone to love,

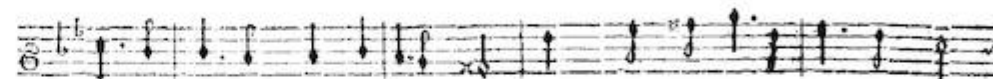
Why

## Song 29.

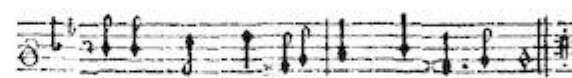
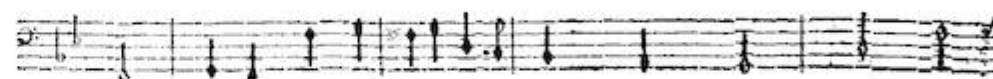
I.



Debarge no more the killing cause of our divorce; Love is not fetter'd



by such laws, nor bows to any force though thou deniest I should be thine,



yet say not thou deserv'st not to be mine.



II.

Oh rather frown away my breath  
With thy disdain,  
Or flatter me with smiles to death;  
By joy or sorrow slain,  
'Tis less crime to be kill'd by thee,  
Then I thus cause of mine own death should be.

III.

Thy self of beauty to devest  
And me of love,  
Or from the worth of thine own breast  
Thus to detract, would prove  
In us a blindness, and in thee  
At best a sacrilegious modestie.

IV.

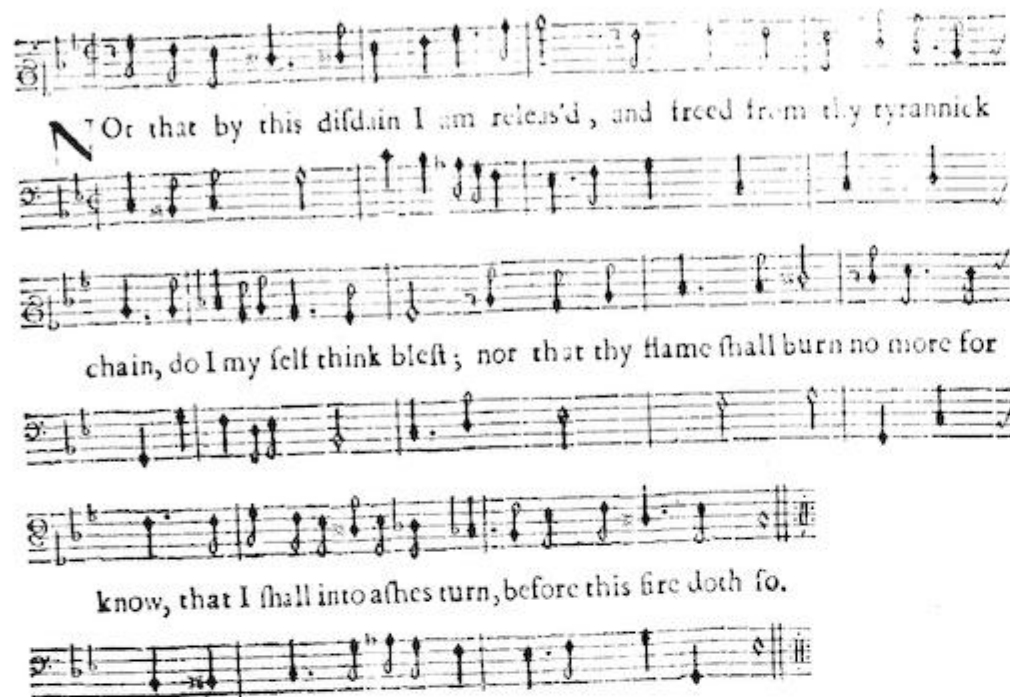
But (*Celia*) if thou wilt despise  
What all admire,  
Nor rate thy self at the just price  
Of beauty or desire.  
Yet meet thy flames, and thou shalt see  
That equal love knows no disparitie.

Not



## Song 25.

I.



II.

Nor yet that unconfin'd  
I now may rove,  
And with new beauties please my mind;  
But that thou ne'r didst love:  
For since thou hast no part  
Felt of this flame,  
I only from thy tyrant heart  
Repuls'd, not banish'd am.

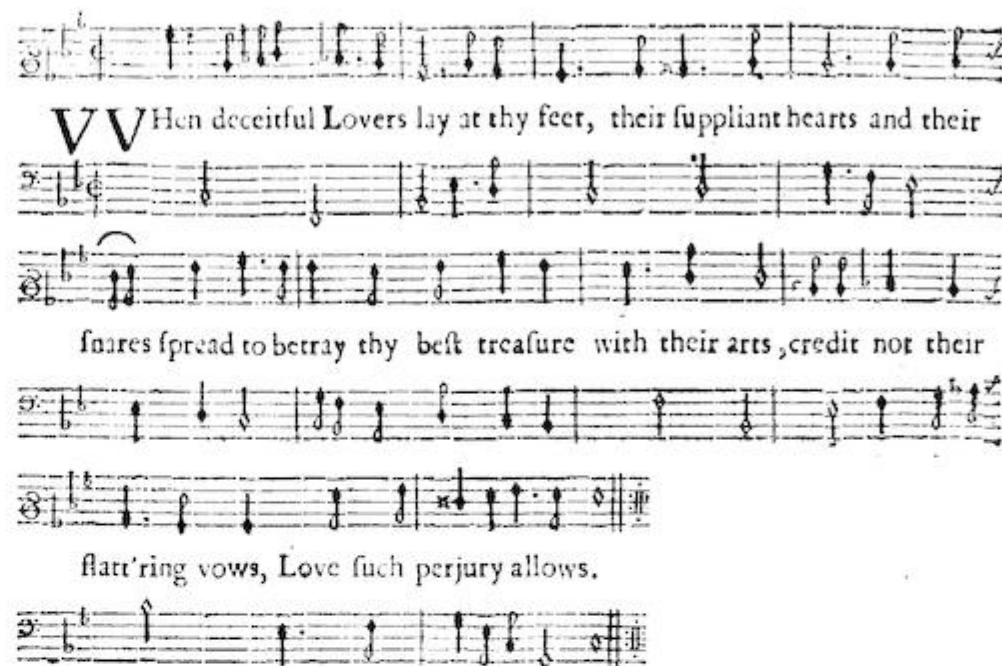
III.

To loose what once was mine  
Would grieve me more  
Then those inconstant sweets of thine  
Had pleas'd my soul before.  
Now I have not lost the bliss  
I ne'r possess;  
And spight of Fate am blest in this,  
That I was never blest.

VV:en

## Song 31.

I.



II.

When they with their choicest wealth  
Nature boasts of, have possess'd thee;  
When with flowers their verses stealth,  
Stars to Jewels doth devest thee:  
Trust not to their borrow'd store,  
'Tis but lent to make thee poor.

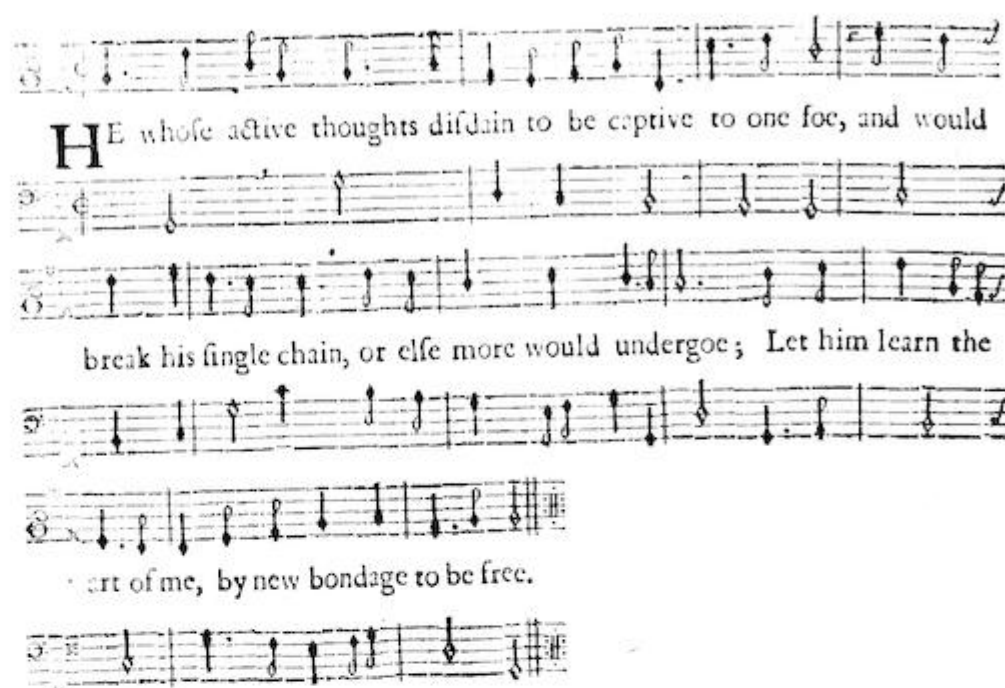
III.

When with Poems they invade thee,  
Sigh thy praises, or disdain;  
When they weep, and would perswade thee  
That their flames beget that rain:  
Let thy breast no bates let in,  
Mercy's only here a sin.

IV.

Let no tears or offerings move thee,  
At those cunning charms avoyd,  
For that wealth for which they love thee  
They would slight, if once enjoy'd:  
Guard thy unrelenting mind,  
None are cruel, but the kind.

## I.



## II.

What tyrannick Mistress dare  
To one beauty love confine?  
Who unbounded as the aire  
All may court but none decline:  
Why should we the Heart deny  
As many objects as the Eye?

## III.

Wherefore I turn or move  
A new passion doth detain me;  
Those kind beauties that do love,  
Or those proud ones that disdain me;  
This frown melts, and that smile burns me;  
This to tears, that at ashes turns me.

## IV.

Soft fresh Virgins not full blown,  
With their youthful sweetness take me;  
Sober Matrons that have known  
Long since what these prove, awake me:  
Here staid coldness I admire,  
There the lively active fire.

## V.

She that doth by skill dispence  
Every favour she bestows,  
Or the harmless innocence  
Which nor Court nor City knows,  
Both alike my soul enflame,  
That wilde beauty, and this tame.

## VI.

She that wisely can adorn  
Nature with the wealth of Art,  
Or whose rural sweets do scorn  
Borrow'd helps to take a heart,  
The vain care of that's my pleasure,  
Poverty of this my treasure.

## VII.

Both the wanton and the coy  
Me with equal pleasures move;  
She whom I by force enjoy,  
Or who forceth me to love;  
This because she'll not confess,  
That not hide her happiness,

## VIII.

She whose loosely flowing hair,  
Scatter'd like the beams o'th' Morn,  
Playing with the sportive air,  
Hides the sweets it doth adorn,  
Captive in that net restrains me,  
In those golden fetters chains me.

## IX.

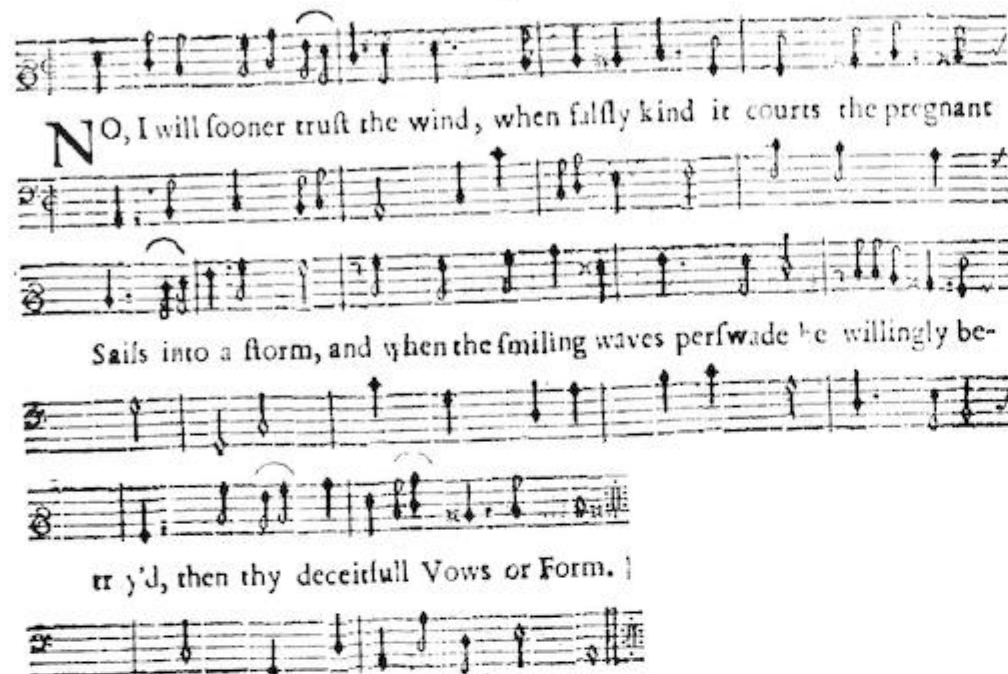
Nor doth she with power less bright  
My divided heart invade,  
Whose soft tresses spread like Night,  
O're her shoulders a black shade;  
For the star-light of her eyes  
Brighter shines through those dark Skies.

## X.

Black, or fair, or tall, or low;  
I alike with all can sport;  
The bold sprightly *Thaw* woo,  
Or the frozen vestall court;  
Every beauty takes my mind,  
Tied to all, to none confin'd.

## Song 3.

I.



**N**O, I will sooner trust the wind, when falsely kind it courts the pregnant  
Sails into a storm, and when the smiling waves perswade he willingly be-  
tray'd, then thy deceitfull Vows or Form.

II.

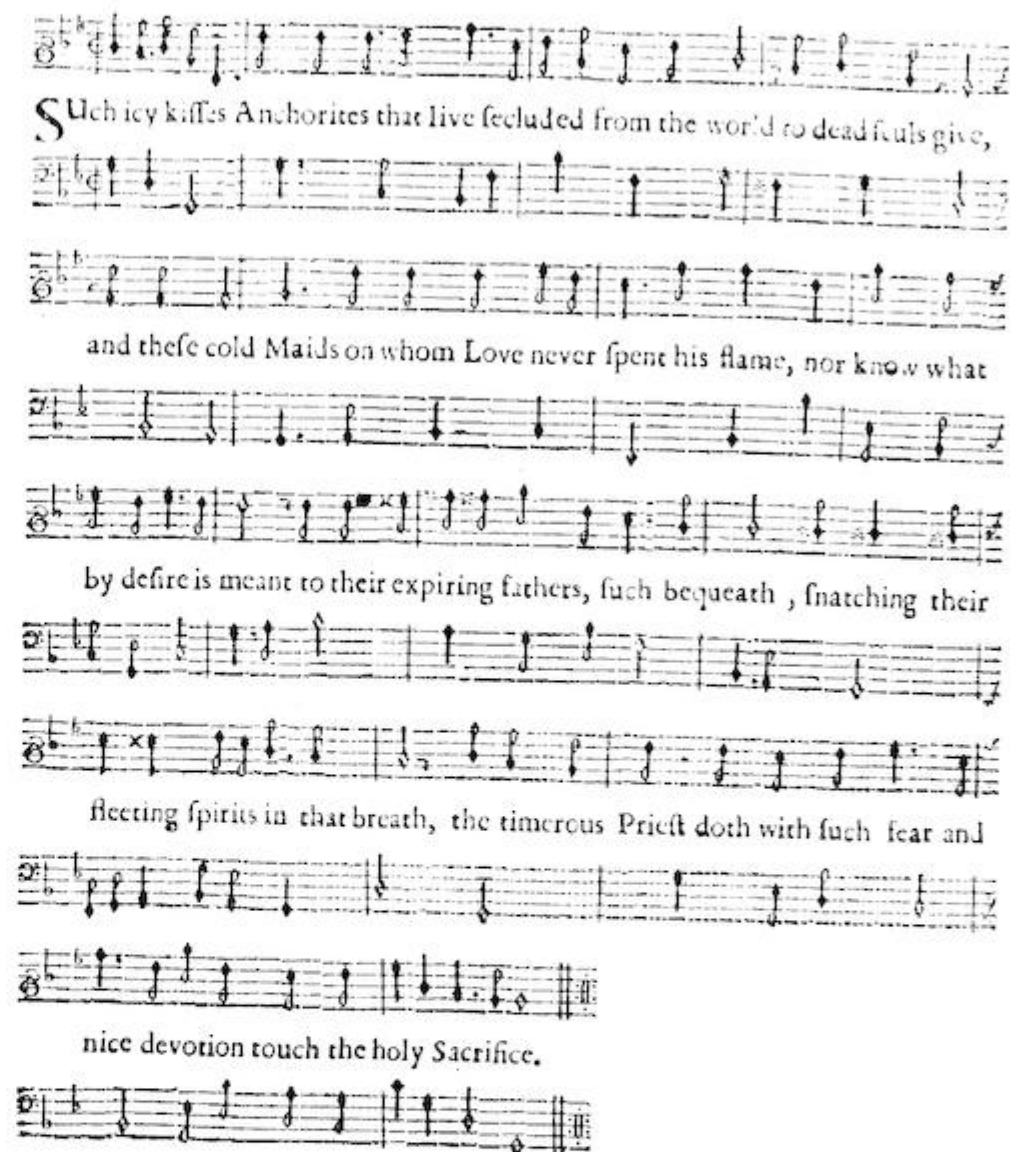
Go and beguile some easie heart  
With thy vain art;  
Thy smiles and kisses on those faces bestow,  
Who only see the Calms that sleep  
On this smooth flatt'ring Deep,  
But not the hidden dangers know.

III.

They that like me thy falshood prove,  
Will scorn thy Love.  
Some may deceiv'd at first adore thy Shrine,  
But He that as thy Sacrifice  
Doth willingly fall twice,  
Dies his own Martyr, and not thine.

Such

I.



**S**uch icy kisses Anchorites that live secluded from the world to dead souls give,  
and these cold Maids on whom Love never spent his flame, nor know what  
by desire is meant to their expiring fathers, such bequeath, snatching their  
fleeing spirits in that breath, the timorous Priest doth with such fear and  
nice devotion touch the holy Sacrifice.


II.

Fie *Charissa*, whence so chang'd of late,  
As to become in love a reprobate?  
Quit, quit this dulness, Fairest, and make known  
A flame unto me, equal with my own:  
Shake off this frost for shame, that dwells upon  
Thy lip, or if it will not so be gone,  
Let's once more joyn our lip, and thou shalt see  
That by the flame of mine 'twill melted be.

L

That

## I.



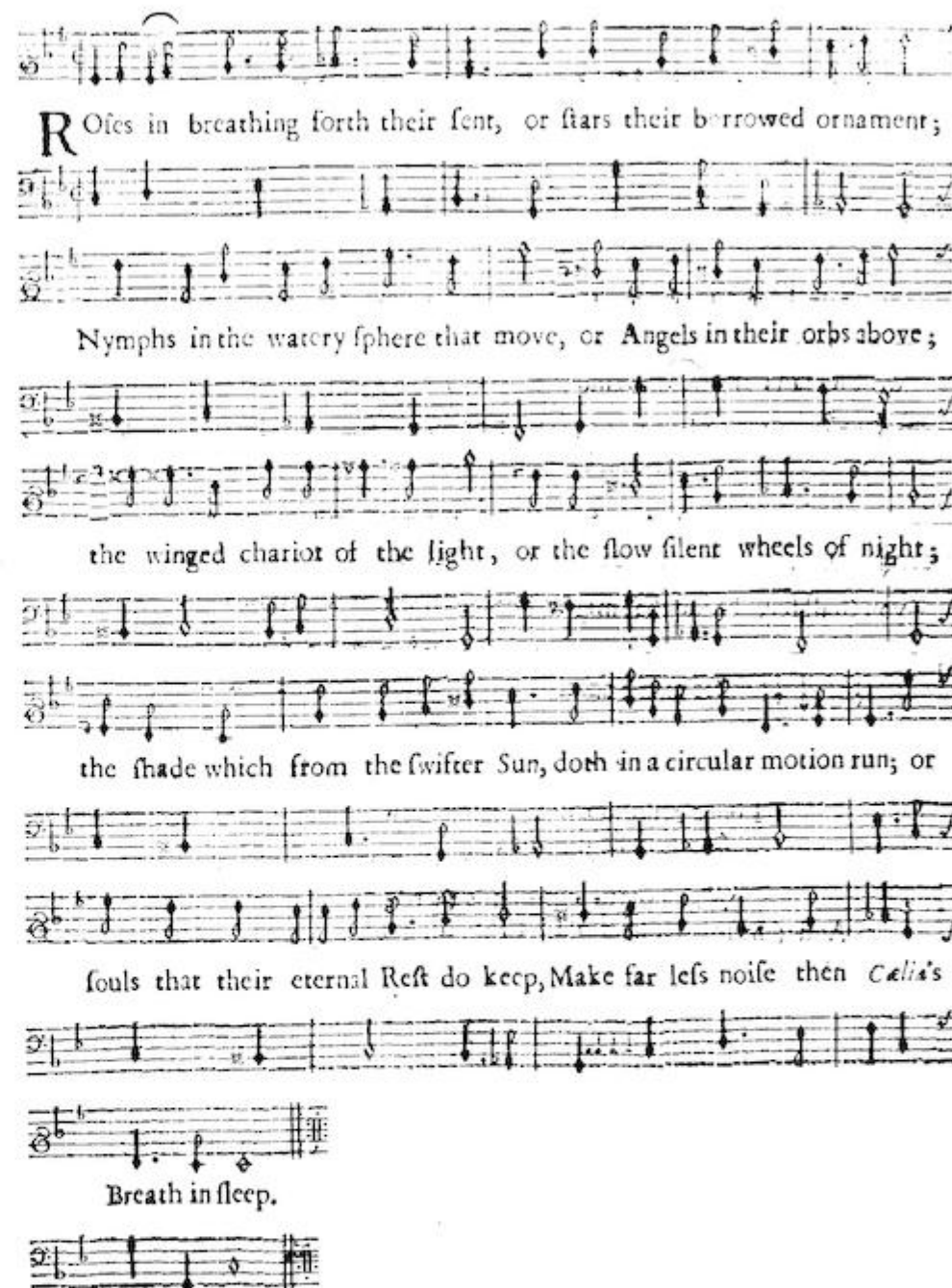
**T**hat I might ever dream thus, that some power to my eternal sleep would  
joyn this hour, so willingly deceiv'd I might possess in seeming joys a real  
happinefs: Death, I would gladly bow beneath thy charms, if thou couldst  
bring my *Doris* to my arms; that thus at last made happy I might prove in  
life the hell, in death the heaven of love.

## II.

Hast not away so soon, mock not my joys  
With the delusive sight, or empty noyse  
Of happinefs; Oh do not dissipate  
A pleasure thou so lately didst create.  
Shadows of life or death do such blifs give,  
That 'tis an equal curse to wake or live;  
Stay then kind sleep, be ever here confin'd;  
Or if thou wilt away, leave her behind.

Roses

## I.



**R**oses in breathing forth their sent, or stars their borrowed ornament;  
Nymphs in the watery sphere that move, or Angels in their orbs above;  
the winged chariot of the light, or the slow silent wheels of night;  
the shade which from the swifter Sun, doth in a circular motion run; or  
souls that their eternal Rest do keep, Make far less noise then *Calio's*  
Breath in sleep.

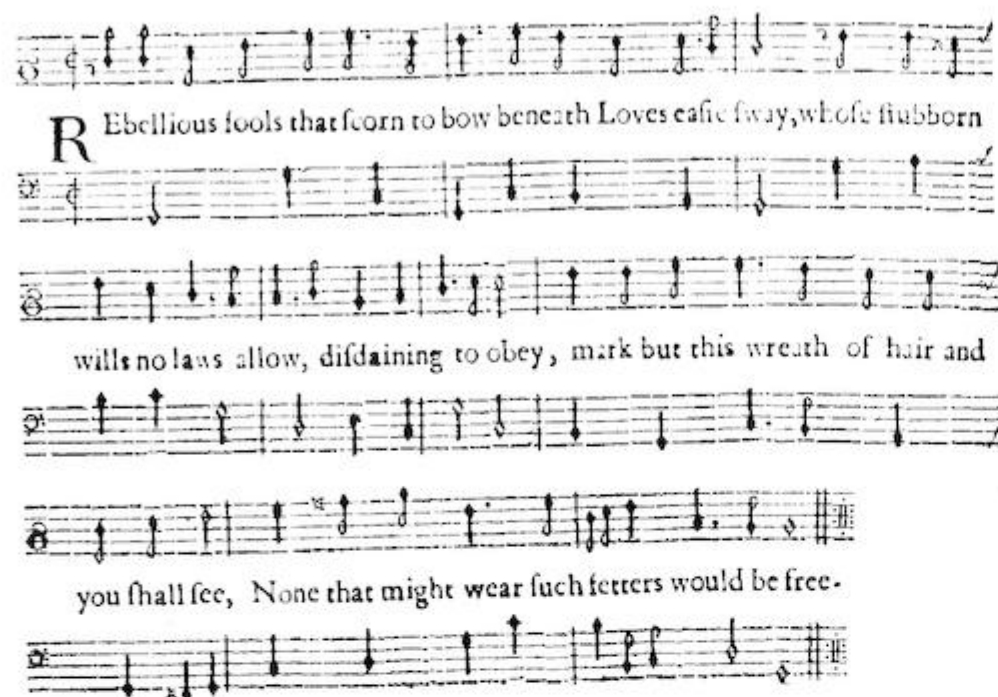
## II.

But if the Angel which inspires  
This subtle flame with active fires,  
Should mould this breath to words, and those  
Into a harmony dispose;  
The musick of this heavenly sphere  
Would steal each soul out at the ear,  
And into plants and stones infuse  
A life that Cherubins would chuse;  
And with new powers invert the laws of Fate,  
Kill those that live, and dead things animate.

Rebellious



## I.



## II.

I once could boast a soul like you  
As unconfin'd as air;  
But mine, which force could not subdue,  
Was caught within this snare;  
And (by my self betray'd) I for this gold,  
A heart that many storms withstood, have sold,

## III.

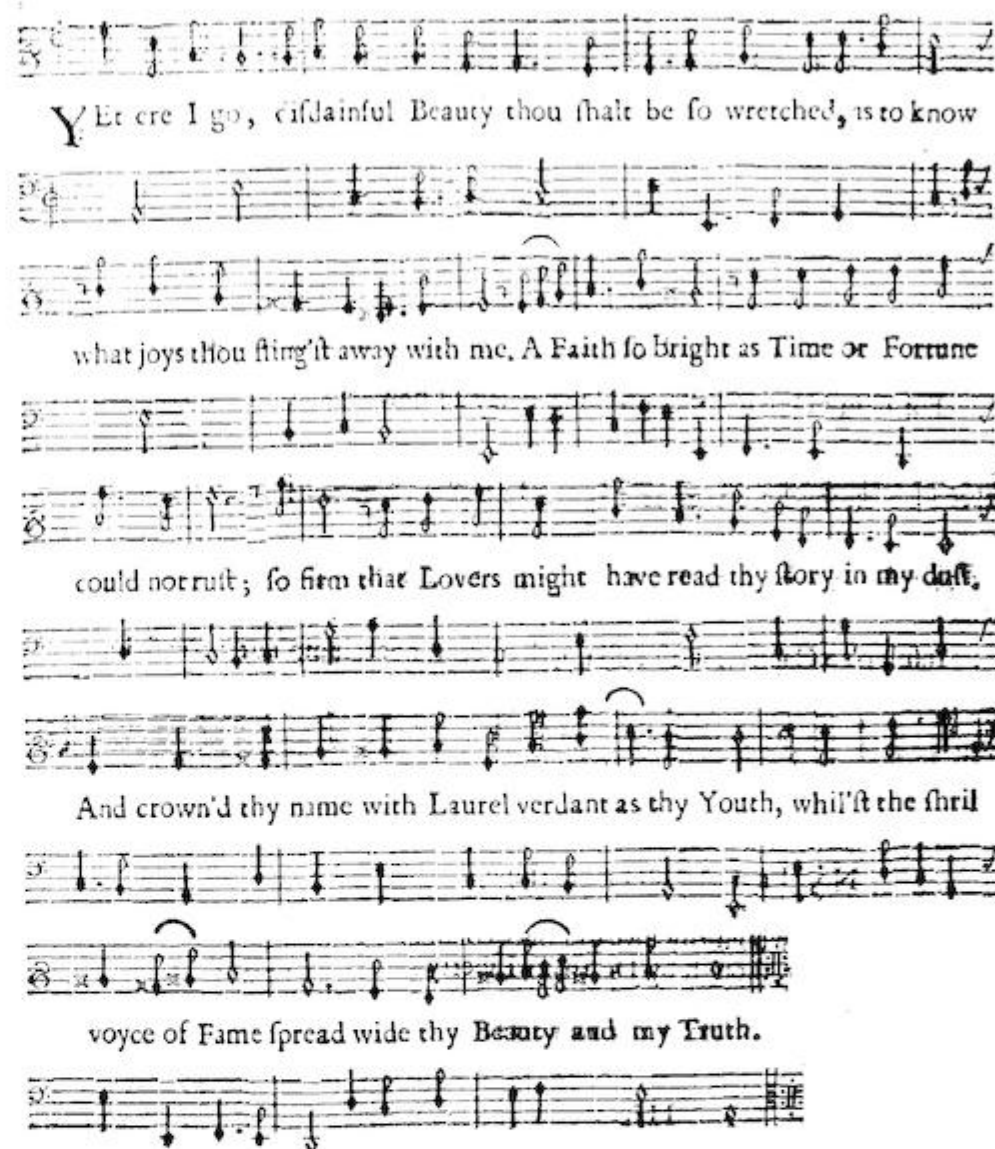
No longer now wife Art enquire  
(With this vain search delighted)  
How souls that humane breasts inspire  
Are to their frames united;  
Material chains such spirits well may bind,  
When this soft braid can tie both Arm and Mind.

## IV.

Now (Beauties) I despise your charm,  
Rul'd by more powerful Art,  
This mystick wreath which crowns my Arm,  
Defends my vanquish'd Heart;  
And I, subdu'd by one more fair, shall be  
Secur'd from Conquest by Captivity.

Yet

## I.



## II.

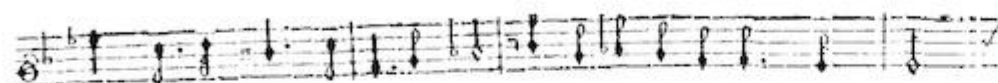
This thou hast lost;  
For all true Lovers, when they find  
That my just aims were cross'd,  
Will speak thee lighter than the wind,  
And none will lay  
Any oblation on thy shrine,  
But such as would betray  
Thy faith, to faiths as false as thine.  
Yet if thou chuse  
On such thy freedom to bestow,  
Affection may excuse,  
For love from Sympathy doth flow.

M

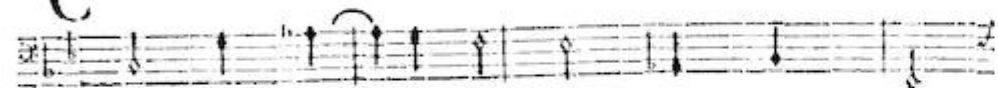
Wert



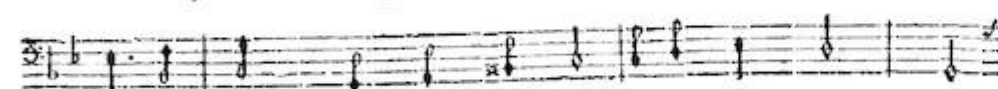
## I.



**C**ast off for shame ungentle maid that misbecoming joy thou wear'st;



For in my Death (though long delay'd) unwisely cruel thou appear'st.



Insult o're Captives with disdain, thou canst not triumph o're the slain.



## II.

No, I am now no longer thine,  
Nor canst thou take delight to see  
Him whom thy love did once confine  
Set, though by Death, at Liberty:  
For if my fall a smile beget,  
Thou gloriest in thy own defeat.

## III.

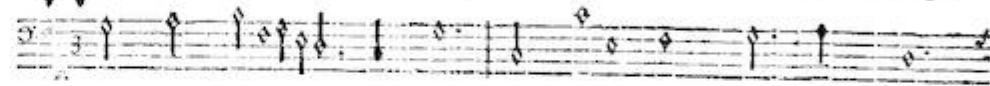
Behold how thy unthrifty pride  
Hath murder'd him that did maintain it;  
And wary Souls who never ride  
Thy Tyrant Beauty, will disdain it:  
But I am softer, and that me  
Thou wouldst not pity, pity thee.

Werr

## I.



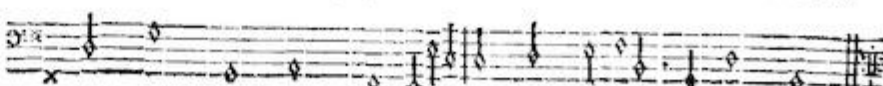
**W**ert thou by all affections sought, & fairer then thou wouldst be thought,



or had thine eyes as many Darts as thou believ'st they shoot at Hearts,



Yet if thy Love were payd to me, I would not offer mine to thee.



## II.

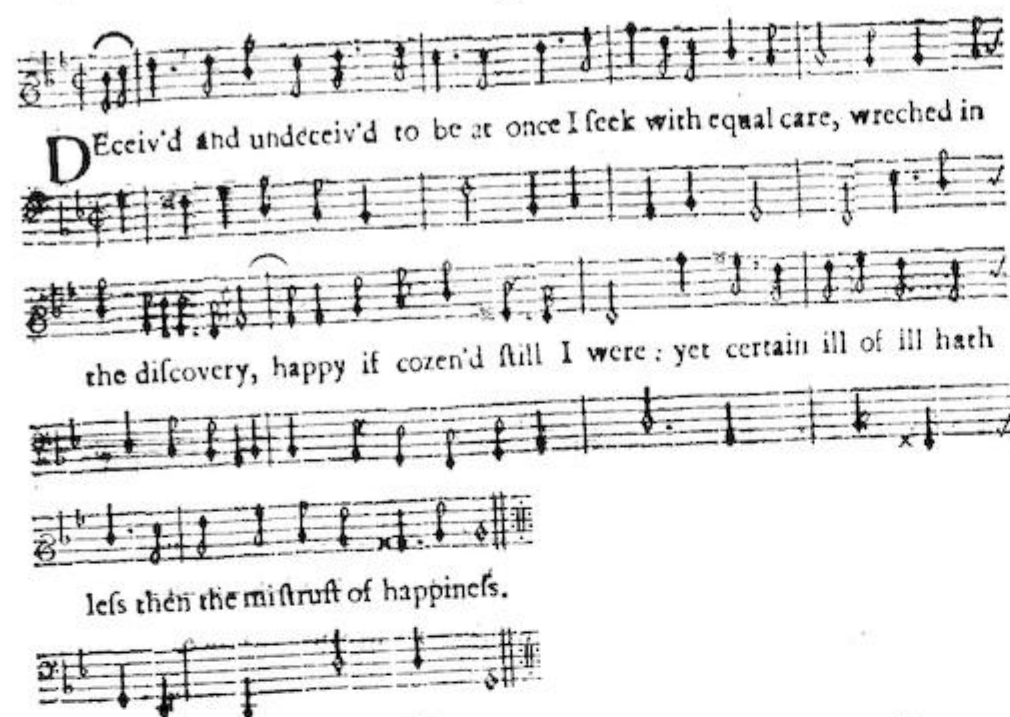
I'd sooner court a Feavers heat,  
Then her that owns a Flame as great;  
She that my Love will entertain,  
Must meet it with no less disdain,  
For mutual fires themselves destroy,  
And willing Kisses yield no Joy.

## III.

I love thee not because alone  
Thou canst all Beauty call thine own;  
Nor doth my passion fuel seek,  
In thy bright Eye, or softer Cheek:  
Then Fairest if thou wouldst know why  
I love cause thou canst deny.

Deceiv'd

## I.



## II.

But if when I have reach'd my aim,  
(That which I seek less worthy prove,)  
Yet still my love remains the same,  
The subject not deserving love;  
I can no longer be excus'd  
Now more in fault as less abus'd.

## III.

Then let me flatter my desires,  
And doubt what I might know too sure,  
He that to cheat himself conspires,  
From falsehood doth his faith secure  
In Love uncertain to believe  
I am deceiv'd, doth undeceive.

## IV.

For if my Life on Doubt depend,  
And in distrust inconstant steer,  
If I essay the strife to end  
(When Ignorance were Wisdom here;)   
All thy attempts how can I blame  
To work my Death? I seek the same,

Men

## I.



## II.

Which if old men freely take,  
Their gray heads and heels they shake;  
And a young man if he find  
Some fair Maid to sleep resign'd,  
In the shade, he straight goes to her,  
Wakes, and roundly 'gins to wooe her;  
Whilest love slyly stealing in  
Tempts her to the pleasing sin.


## III.

Yet she long resists his offers,  
Nor will hear what ere he proffers;  
Till perceiving that his prayer  
Melts into regardless air;  
Her, who seemingly restrains,  
He by pleasing force constrains:  
Wine doth boldness thus dispence,  
Teaching young men insolence.

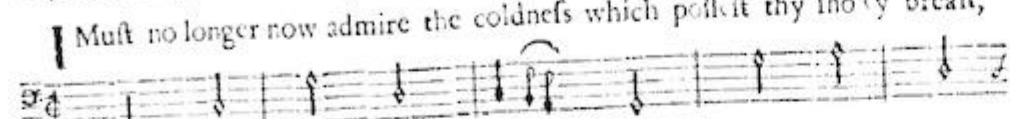
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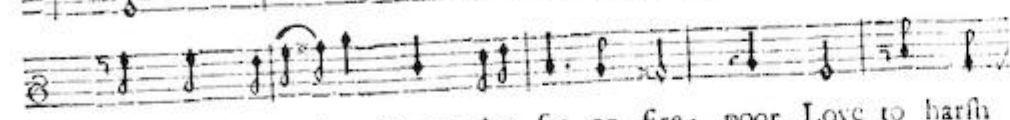
## I.



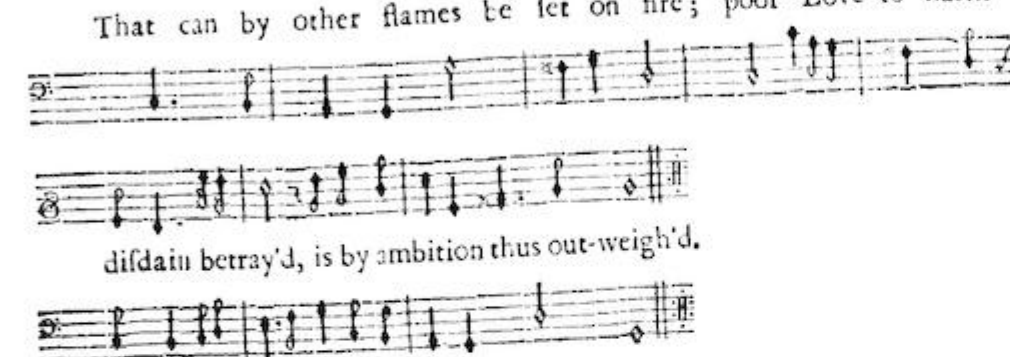
I Must no longer now admire the coldness which possess thy snowy breast,



That can by other flames be set on fire; poor Love to harsh



disdain betray'd, is by ambition thus out-weigh'd.



## II.

Hadst thou but known the vast extent  
Of Constant Faith, how farre  
Above all that are  
Born slaves to Wealth, or Honors vain assent;  
No richer Treasure couldst thou find  
Then hearts with mutual Chains combin'd,

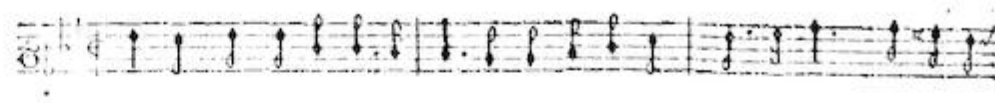
## III.

But Love is too despis'd a name,  
And must not hope to rise  
Above these ties.  
Honour and Wealth out-shine his paler Flame;  
These unite Souls, whilst true desire  
Unpitied dies in its own Fire.

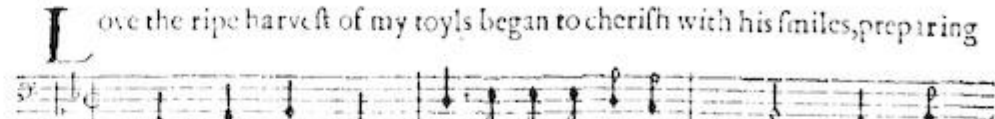
## IV.

Yet, cruel Fair one, I did aim  
With no less justice too,  
Than those that sue  
For other hopes, and thy proud Fortunes claim,  
Wealth honours, honours wealth approve,  
But Beauty's only meant for Love.

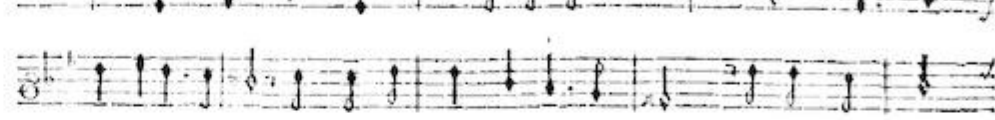
## I.



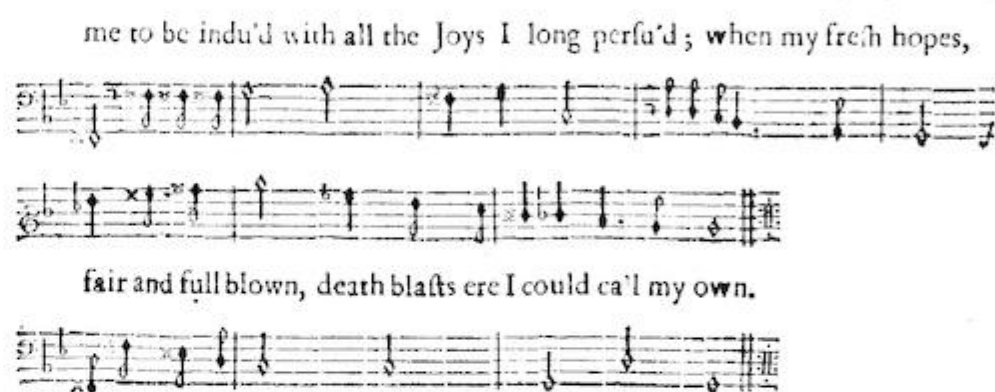
I love the ripe harvest of my toyls began to cherish with his smiles, preparing



me to be indu'd with all the Joys I long persua'd; when my fresh hopes,



fair and full blown, death blasts ere I could call my own.



## II.

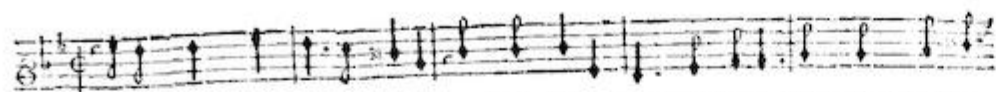
Malicious Death, why with rude force  
Dost thou my Fair from me divorce?  
False life why in this loathen chain  
Me from my Fair dost thou detain:  
In whom assistance shall I find,  
Alike are Life and Death unkind.

## III.

Pardon me Love, thy power outshines  
And laughs at their infirm designs;  
She is not wedded to atoombe,  
Nor I to sorrow in her Room:  
They what thou joynst' can ne'r divide,  
She lives in me, in her I dy'd,



## I.



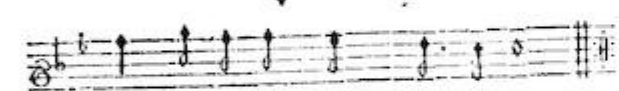
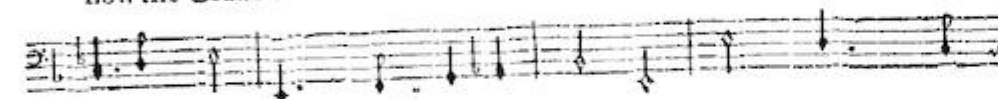
See the Spring her self discloses, and the Graces gather roses: See how the be-



calmed Seas now their swelling waves appease; how the Duck swims



how the Crane come's from's Winter Home againe see how *Titan's* Chearrful



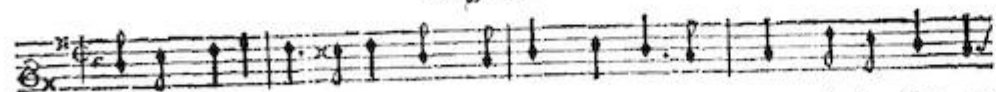
Raye chafeth the dark Clouds a way,



## II.

Now in their new robes of green  
Are the Plough-mens labours seen;  
Now the lussy teeming Earth  
Springs each hour with a new birth;  
Now the Olive blooms; the Vine  
Now doth with plump pendants shine,  
And with leaves and blossoms now  
Freshly bourgeons every bough.

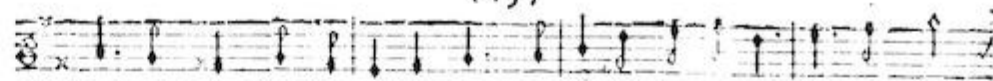
## Song 46.



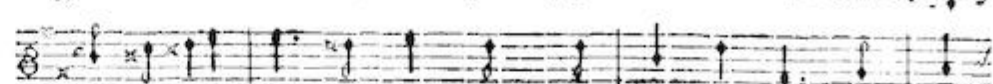
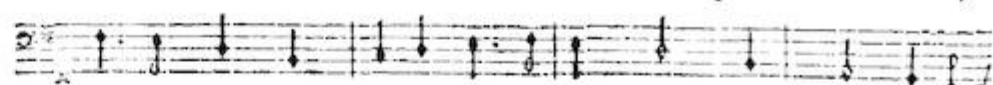
Now will I a Lover be, Love himself commanded me; full at first of



Rubborn



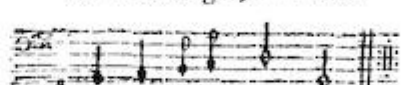
stubborn pride, to submit my soul deni'd, he his Quiver takes and B w,



bids defiance, forth we goe; arm'd with spear and shield we meet,



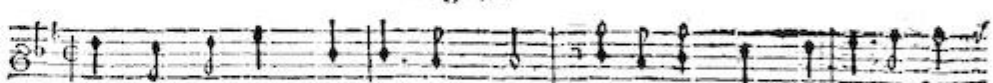
on he charges, I retreat.



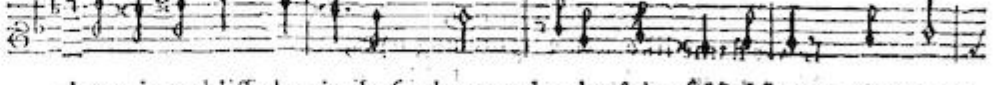
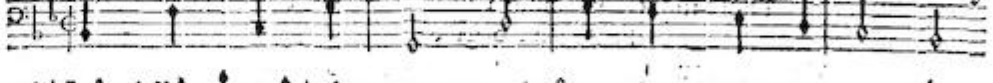
## II.

Till perceiving in the fight  
He had wasted every flight,  
Into me, with fury hot,  
Like a dart himselfe he shot,  
And my cold heart melts my shield  
Uselesse, no defence could yeild;  
For what boots an outward skreen  
When (alas) the fights within?

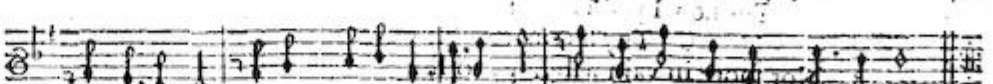
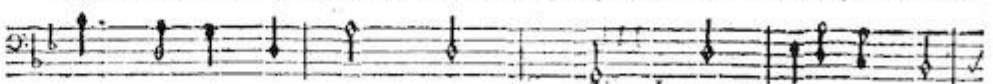
## Song 47.



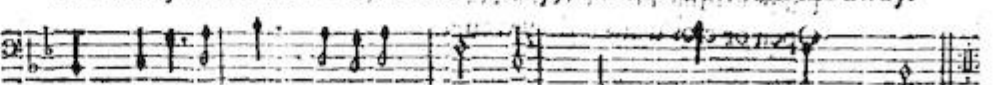
Dear fold me once more in thine Armes; and let me know, before I goe,



there is no blisse but in those charmes, by thy faire selfe I sweare, that here



and onely here I would for ever ever stay, but cruel Fate calls me away.



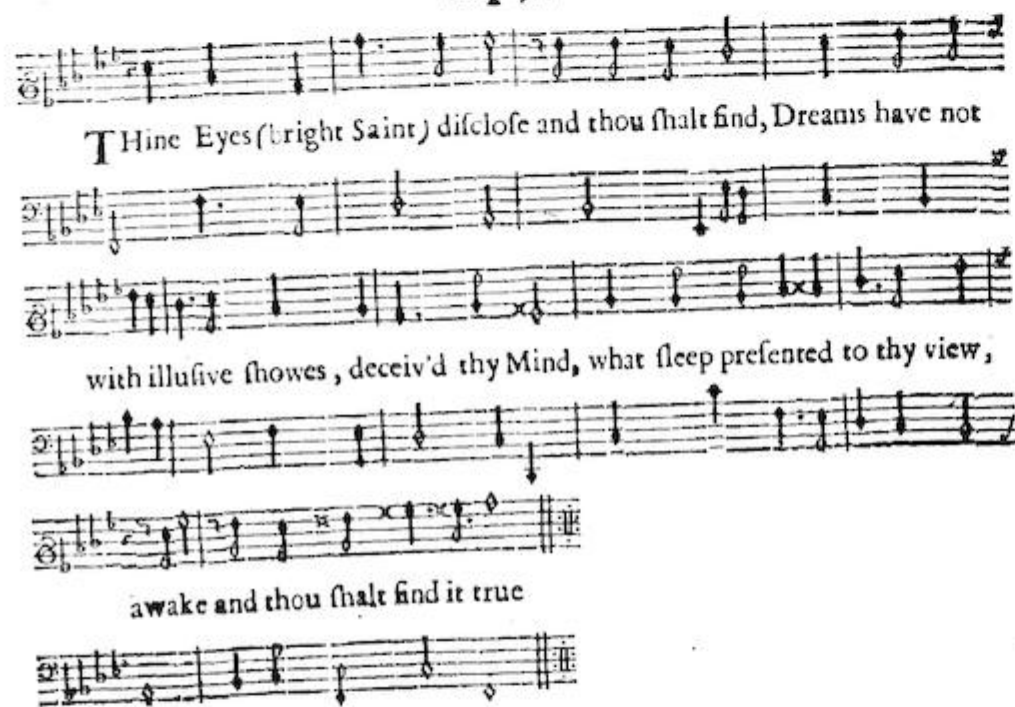
O

How

## II.

How swiftly the light minutes slide  
 The hours that hast  
 Away thus fast  
 By envious flight my stay do chide :  
 Yet Dear, since I must go,  
 By this last kiss I vow  
 By all that sweetness which dwells with thee,  
 Time shall move flow, till next I see thee.

## Song 48.



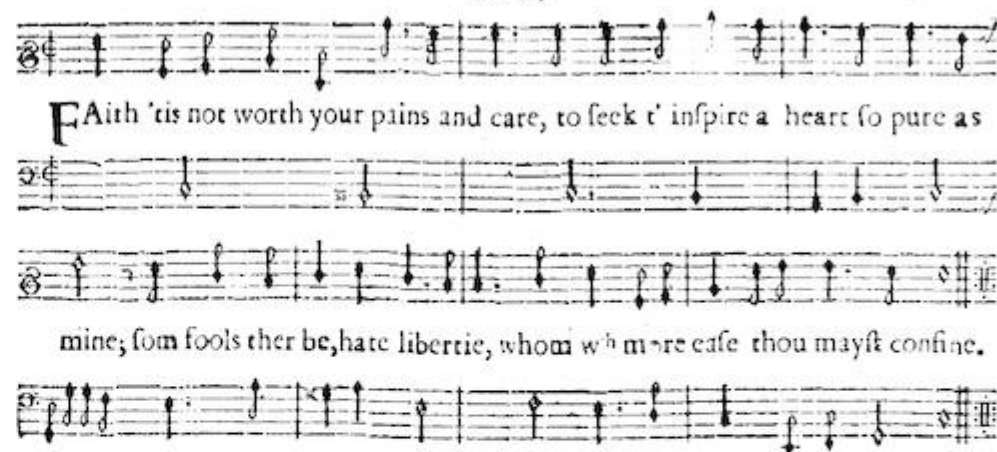
## II.

Those mortal Wounds I bear  
 From thee begin,  
 Which though they outward not appear,  
 Yet bleed within,  
 Loves flame like active lightening flies,  
 Wounding the Heart, but not the Eyes.

## III.

But now I yeild to die  
 Thy sacrifice,  
 Nor more in vain will hope to flee  
 From thy bright Eyes;  
 Their killing Power cannot be shunn'd  
 Open or clos'd alike they wound,

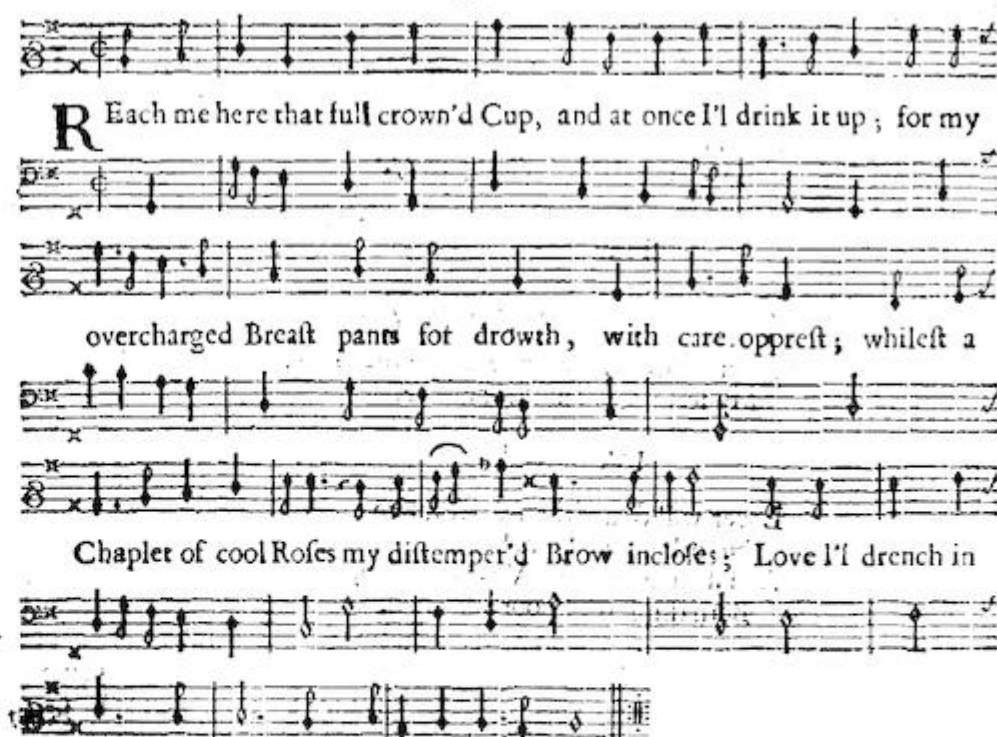
Faith



II. Alas! when with much charge thou hast  
 Brought it at last  
 Beneath thy power to bow,  
 It will adore  
 Some twenty more,  
 And that perhaps you 'ld not allow.

III. No *Cloru*, I no more will prove  
 The curse of Love,  
 And now can bo st a heart  
 Hath learn'd of thee  
 Inconstancie,  
 And couzen'd women of their Art.

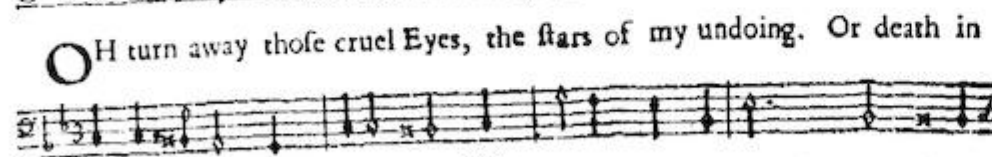
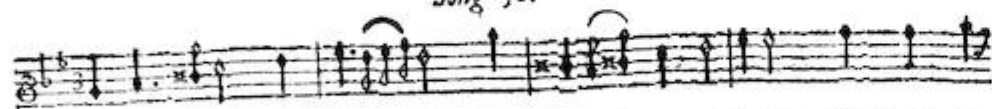
## Song 50.



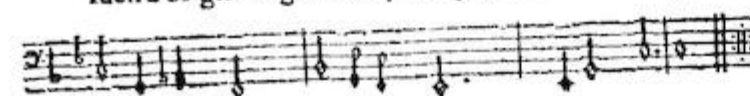
## II.

I am sprung of humane seed,  
For a lives thort race decree'd;  
Though I know the way I've gone,  
That which is to come's unknown;  
Busie thoughts do not disturb me;  
What have you to do to curb me?  
Come, tome Wine and Musick give;  
Ere we dye, 'tis fit we live.

## Song 51.



such a bright disguise may tempt a second wooing.



## II.

Punish their blindly impious pride,  
Who dare contemne thy glory;  
It was my Fall that deicide  
Thy name, and seal'd thy story.

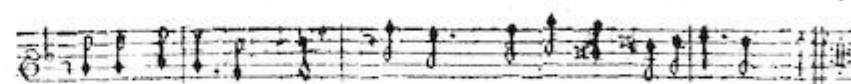
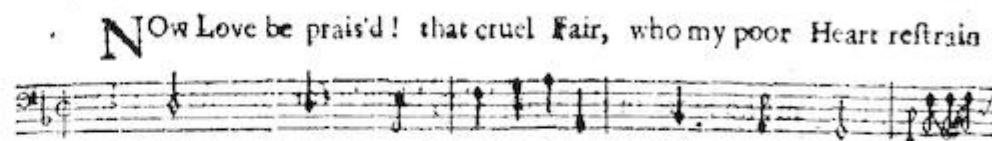
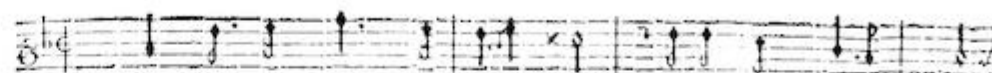
## III.

Yet no new sufferings can prepare  
A higher praise to crown thee;  
Though my first death proclaim thee Fair,  
My second will unthrone thee.

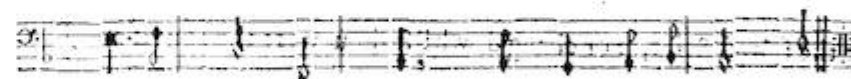
## IV.

Lover will doubt thou canst intice  
No other for thy fuel,  
And if thou burn one Victim twice,  
Both think thee poor and cruel.

No



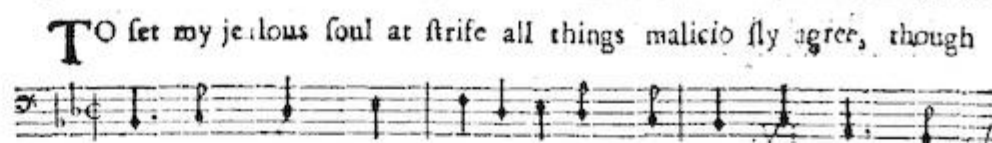
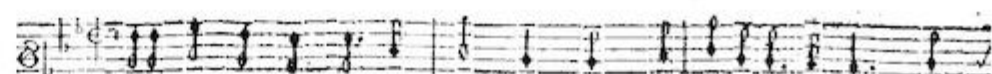
under so many chains, hath weav'd a new one for it of her Hair.



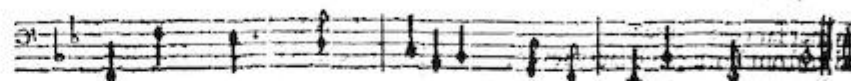
II. These threads of Amber us'd to play  
With every Courtly wind,  
And never were confid'  
But in a thousand Curts aloud to stry.

III. Cruel each part of her is grown,  
Nor less unkind then She  
These fetters are to Me,  
Which to restrain in my Freedom, lose their own.

## Song 53.



sleep of death the Image be, dreams are the portraictures of life.



II. I saw when last I clos'd my eyes,  
Celinda stoop't to anothers will,  
If specious apprehension kill,  
What would the truth without disguise?

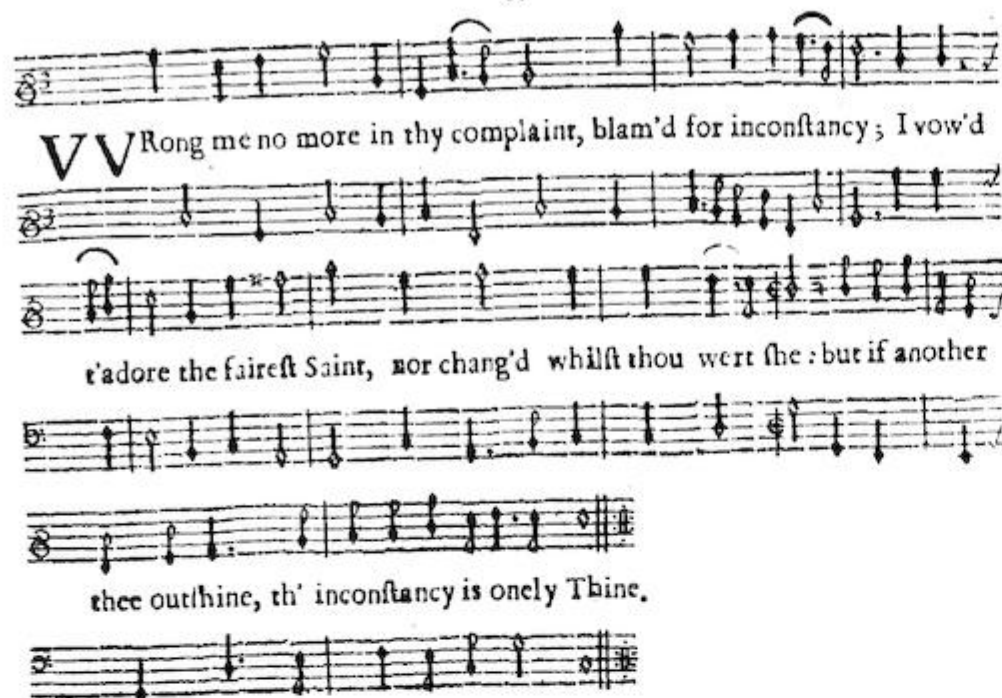
III. The joys which I could call my owne  
Me thought this Rival did possess,  
Like dreams is all my happiness;  
Yet dreams themselves allow me none.

P

Wrong



## I.



## II.

To be by such  
Blind Fools admir'd  
Gives thee but small esteem,  
By whom as much  
Thou'dst be desir'd  
Didst thou less beauteous seem:  
Sure why they love they know not wel,  
Who why they should not cannot tel.

## IV.

And He, by whose  
Command to Thee  
I did my heart resign,  
Now bids me choose  
A Deity  
Diviner far then thine:  
No power from Love can Beauty sever;  
I'me still Loves subject, thine was never.

## VI.

Nor is it just  
By rules of Love  
Thou should'st deny to quit  
A heart that must  
Anothers prove  
Ev'n in thy right to it:  
Must not thy Subjects Captives be  
To her who triumphs over Thee?

## III.

Women are by  
Themselves betray'd,  
And to their short joys cruel,  
Who foolishly  
Themselves persuade  
Flames can outlast their fuel:  
None (though Platonick their pretence)  
With Reason love unless by Sence.

## V.

The fairest She  
Whom none surpass  
To love hath only right,  
And such to me  
Thy Beauty was  
Till one I found more bright:  
But 'twere as impious to adore  
Thee now, as not to have don't before.

## VII.

Cease then in vain  
To blot my name  
With forg'd Apotafie,  
Thine is that stain  
Who dar'st to claim  
What others ask of Thee:  
Of Lovers they are onely true  
Who pay their hearts where they are due.

My

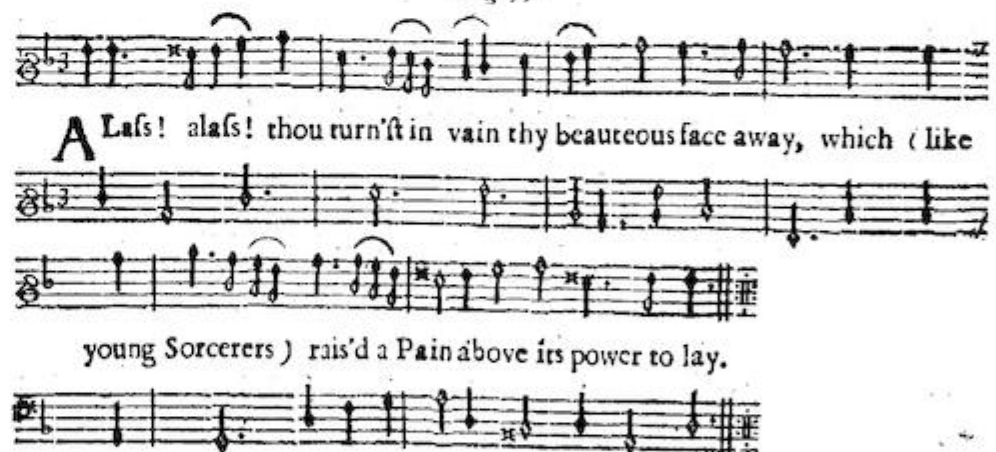
## I.



## II.

Thou who alone  
Canst, yet wilt grant no ease;  
Why slight'st thou one  
To feed a new disease?  
Unequal Fair, the heart is thine,  
Ah! Why then should the pain be mine.

## Song 55.



## II.

Love moves not as thou turn'st thy look,  
But here doth firmly rest;  
He long agoe thy Eyes forsook  
To revel in my Breast.

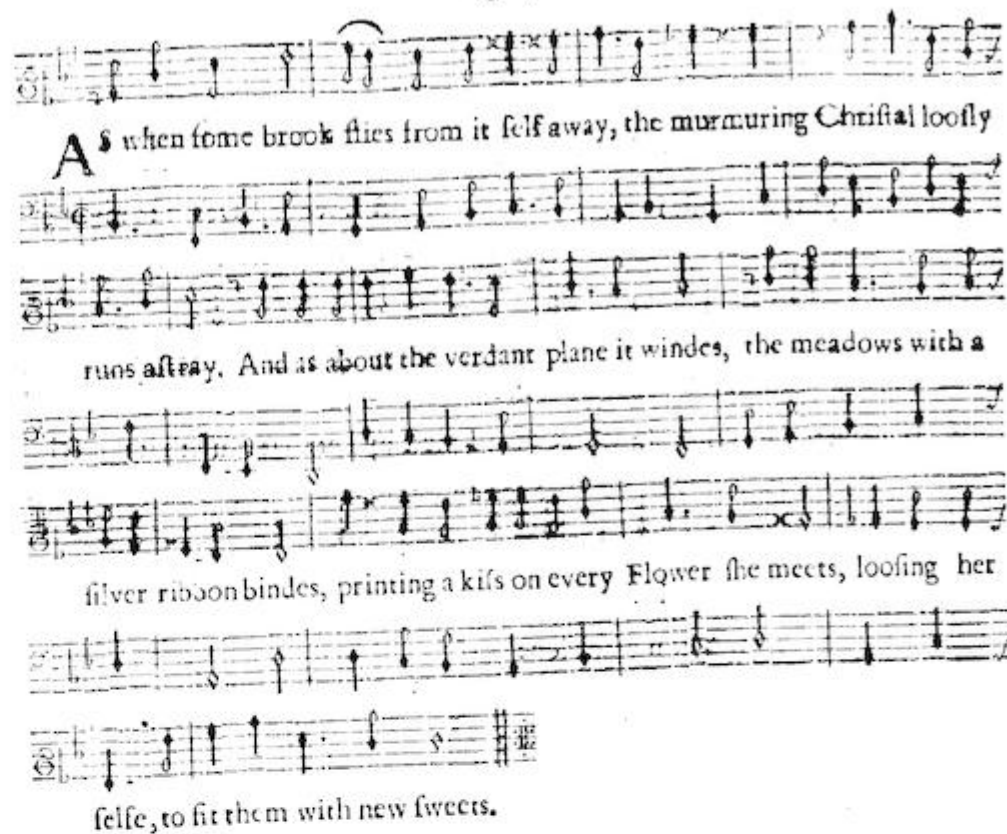
## III.

Thy Power on him why hop'st thou more  
Then his on me should be,  
The Claim thou lay'st to him is poor  
To that he owns from Me.

## IV.

His substance in my Heart excels,  
His shadow in thy Sight;  
Fire where it burns more truly dwells,  
Then where it scatters light.

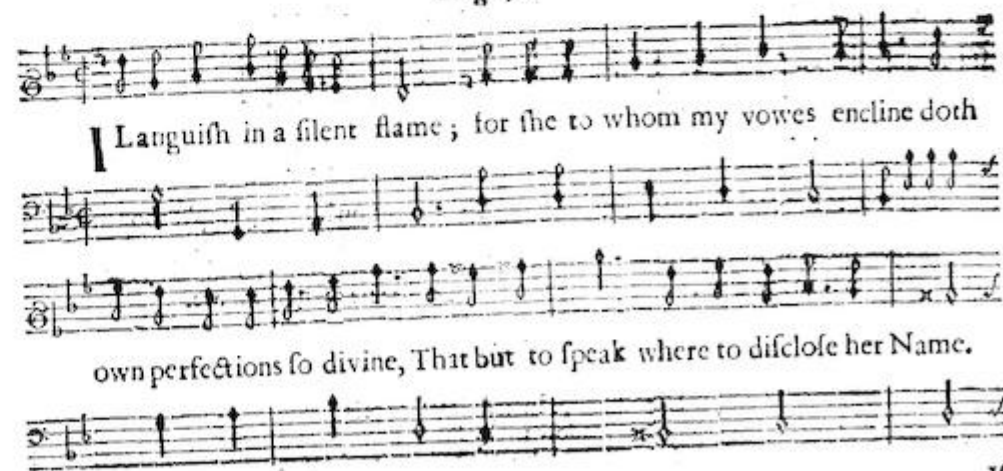
As



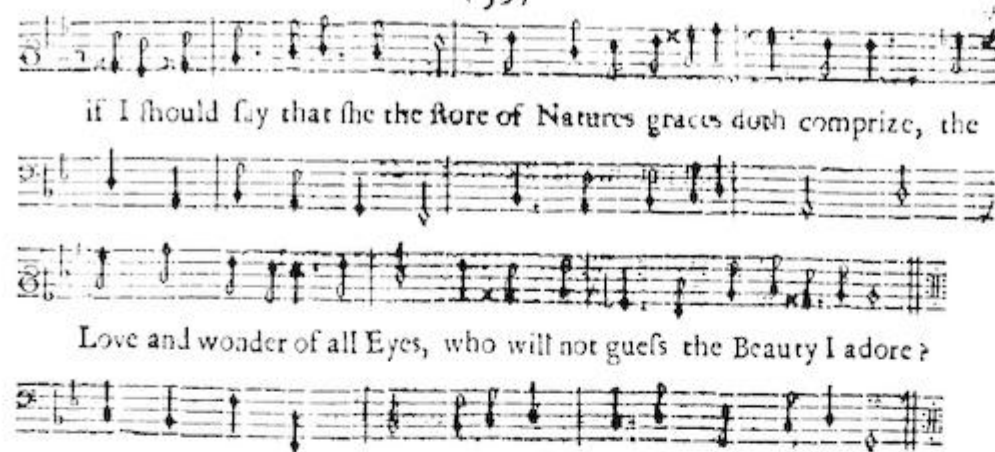
II.

To scatter frost upon the Lillies Head,  
And Scatter on the Gilloflower to spread;  
So melting sorrow, in the fair disguise  
Of humid Stars, flow'd from bright *Cloris* Eyes;  
Which watering every Flower her Cheek discloies,  
Melt into Iesmines here there into Roses.

Song 51.



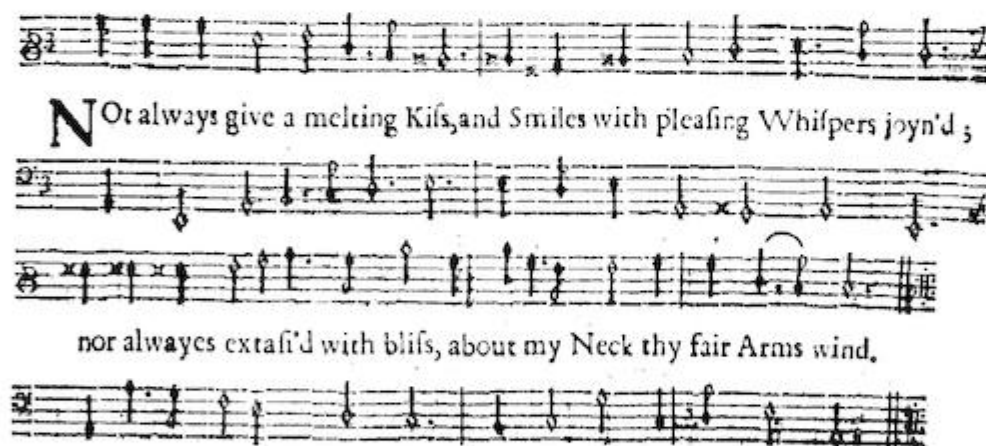
If



II.

Or though I warily conceal  
The Charms her looks and Soul possess;  
Should her cruelty expresse,  
And lay she smiles at all the Pains we feel,  
Among such suppliants as implore  
Pity, distributing her Hate  
Inexorable at their Fate:  
Who will not guess the Beauty I adore?

Song 52.



II.

The wary Lover learns by measure  
To circumscribe his greatest joy;  
Lest, what well husbanded yeilds pleasure,  
Might by the Repetition cloy.

III.

When thrice three Kisses I require,  
Give me but two, withhold the other;  
Such as cold Virgins to their Sire,  
Or chaste *Diana* gives her Brother.

Q

Then

- IV. Then wantonly snatch back thy Lip;  
And smoothly as fly fishes glide  
Through water, giving me the slip,  
Thy self in some dark corner hide.
- V. I'll follow Thee with eager haste,  
And having caught (as Hawks their prey)  
In my victorious Arm held fast  
Panting for Breath, bear thee away.
- VI. Then thy soft Arms about me twin'd  
Thou shalt use all thy skill to plese me,  
And offer all that was behind  
The poor Seven Kisses to appease me.
- VII. How much mistaken wilt thou be!  
For seven times seven shalt thou pay,  
Whilest in my Arms I fetter Thee,  
Lest thou once more shouldst get away.
- VIII. 'Til I at last have made thee swear  
By all thy Beauty and my Love,  
That thou again the same severe  
Revenge for the same Crime wouldst prove;

## Song 60.

**W**hilst our joys in wine we raise, youthful *Bacchus* we will praise: *Bacchus*  
dancing did invent; *Bacchus* is on songs intent; *Bacchus* teacheth  
Love to court, and his Mother how to sport; gracefull confidence He  
lends, he oppressive trouble ends.

To

## II.

To the Bowle when we repair  
Grief doth vanish into air;  
Drink we then, and drown all sorrow;  
All our care not knows the morrow;  
Life is dark, let's dance and play,  
They that will be troubled may;  
We our joys with wine will raise,  
Youthfull *Bacchus* we will praise.

## Song 61.

Is no Kiss my Fair bestows; Nectar 'tis whence new Life flows; all the  
sweets which nimble Bees in their Ozier Treasuries with unequall'd Art re-  
pose in one kiss her lips disclose; these (if I should many take) soon would  
me Immortall make.

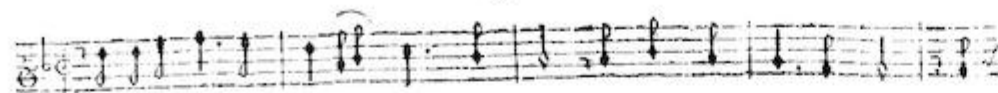
## II.

Rais'd to the divine Abodes,  
And the Banquets of the gods.  
Be not then too lavish, Fair!  
But this heavenly Treasure spare,  
Lest thou'lt too Immortal be:  
For without thy Companie,  
What to me were the Abodes,  
Or the Banquets of the gods.

As



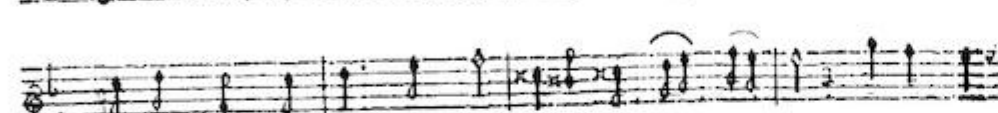
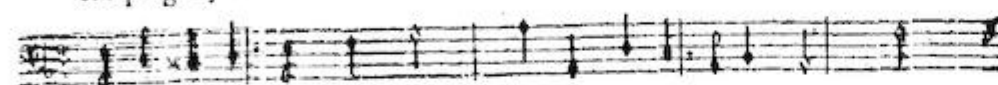
## I.



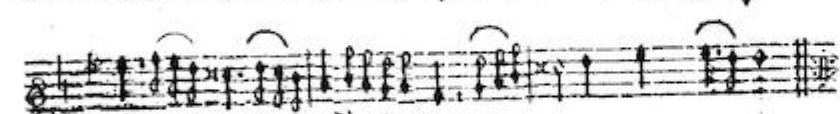
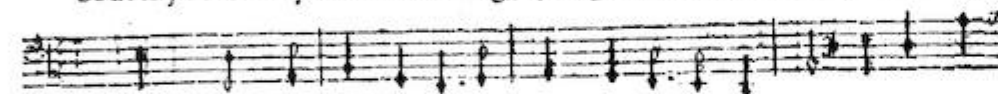
As in a thousand wanton Curls, the Vine doth the lov'd Elme embrace; as



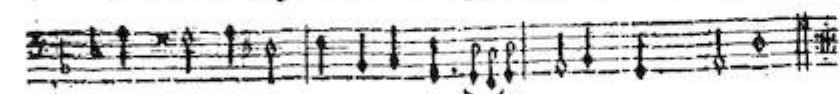
clasping Ivy round the Oak doth twine to kiss his leavy Face; so thou a-



bout my Neck thy Arms shalt fling, joyning to mine thy Breast; so shalt my



arms about thy fair Neck cling, my lips on thine imprest?



## II.

Ceres nor Bacchus, Care of Life nor Sleep  
Shall force me to retire;  
But we at once will on each others Lip  
Our mutual Souls expire.  
Then hand in hand down to th' *Elizian* Plains  
(Crossing the *Stygian* Lake)  
Wee'l through those Fields where Spring eternal reigns  
Our pleasing journey take.

## IV.

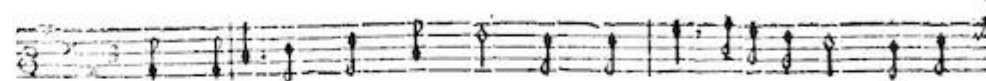
There their fair Mistresses the *Heroes* lead,  
And their old Loves repeat,  
Singing or dancing in a flowry Mead  
With Mirtles round betwixt,  
Roses and Violets smile beneath a Skreen  
Of ever verdant Bayes;  
And gentle *Zephyr* amorously between  
Their leaves untroubled playes.

There

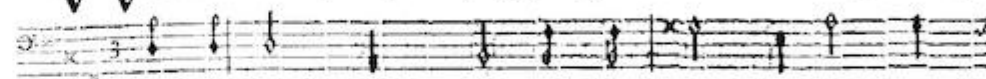
## IV.

There constantly the pregnant Earth unplow'd  
Her fruitful store supplies;  
When We come thither, all the happy Crowd  
From their green Thrones will rise.  
There thou in place above *Iove's* numerous Train  
Of Mistresses shalt sit;  
Hers *Hellen*, *Homer* will not his disdain  
For Thee, and Me to quit.

## Song 63.



VVhen I see the young men play, young me thinks I am as they, and my



aged thoughts lay'd by, to the dance, with ioy I fly: Come a flowry chaplet



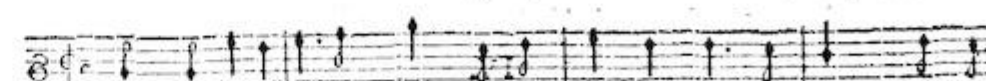
lend me, youth and mirthfull thoughts attend me.



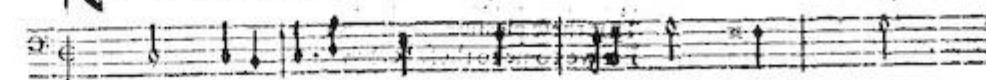
## II.

Age begun, we'll dance among  
Those that young are, and be young;  
Bring some Wine Boy, fill about;  
You shal see the old Man's stout;  
Who can laugh and tippie too,  
And be mad as well as you.

## Song 64.

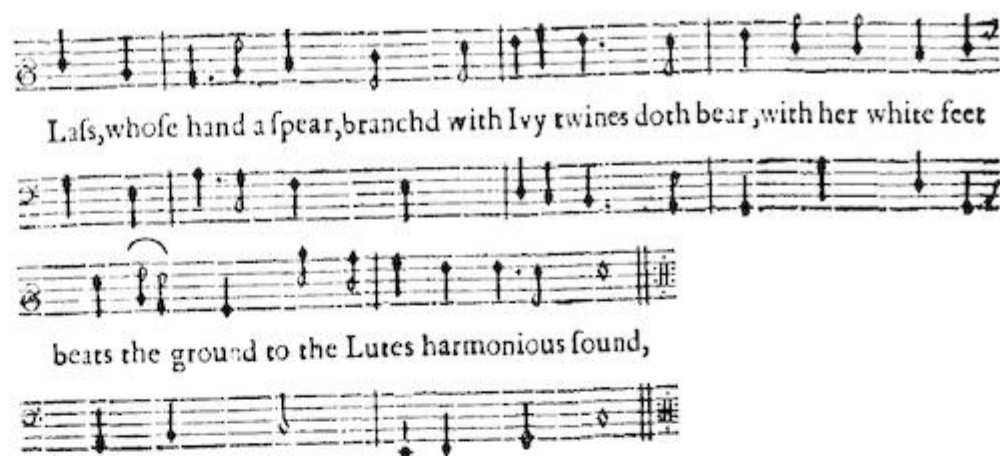


NOW with roses we are crown'd, let our mirth and cups go round, whilst a



R

Last,



## II.

Play'd on by some Boy, whose choyce  
Skill is heightned by his voyce :  
Bright-hair'd Love, with his divine  
Mother, and the god of Wine  
Will flock hither, glad to see  
Old men of their companie.

## Song 65.



## II.

Life like a wheel runs round,  
And ere long we under-ground  
(Ta'n by death asunder) must  
Molder in forgotten dust.

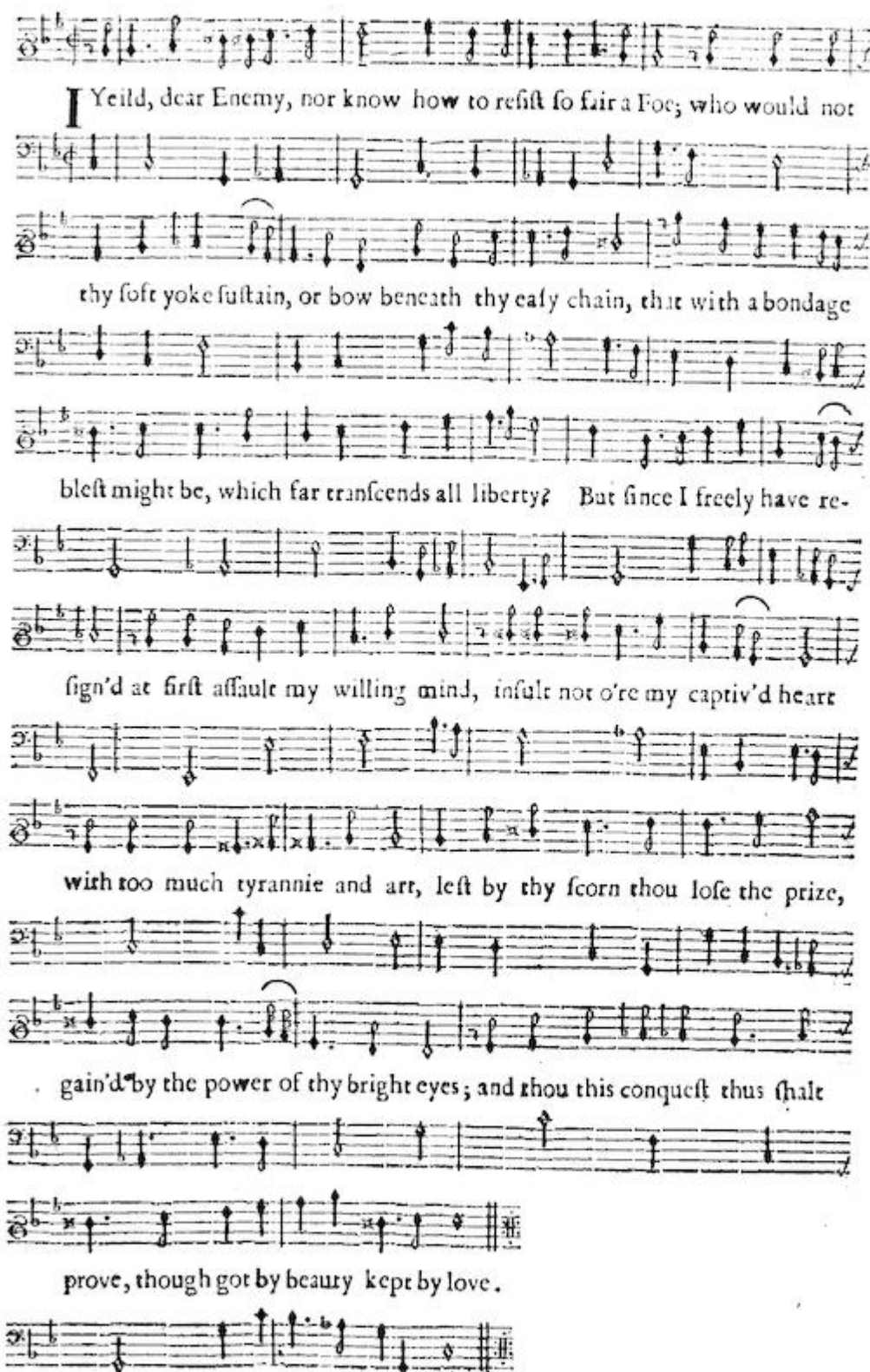
## III.

Why then graves should we bedew,  
Why the ground with odours strew?  
Better whilst alive prepare  
Flowers and unguents for our hair.

## IV.

Come my Fair, and come away,  
All our cares behind us lay;  
That these pleasures we may know,  
Ere we come to those below.

## I.



**D**raw neer you Lovers that complain of Fortune or Disdain, and to  
my ashes lend a tear; melt the hard marble with your groans, and soften  
the relentless Stones. Whose cold imbraces the sad Subject hide of  
all Loves cruelties, and Beauties pride. No verse no Epicedium bring,  
nor peaceful Requiem sing, to charm the terrors of my Herse; no profane  
Numbers must flow neer the sacred silence that dwels here; vast griefs are  
dumb; softly, oh softly mourn, lest you disturb the peace attends my Urn.

Yet

Yet strew upon my dismal Grave, such offerings as you have, forsaken  
Cypress and sad Ewe; for kinder flowers can take no Birth or growth from  
such unhappy Earth. Weep onely o're my Dust, and say, Here lies  
to Love and Fate an equal Sacrifice.

## Song 63.

I Go Dear Saint away, snatcht from thy Arms, by far less pleasing charms,  
Then those I did obey: but if hereafter thou shalt know, that greife hath  
kill'd me, come, and on my tomb, drop drop a tear or two; break with thy

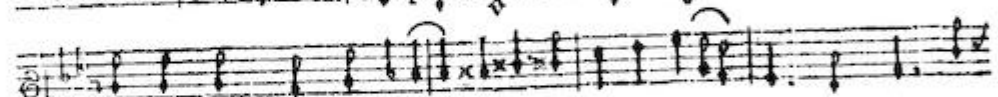
S

fighs

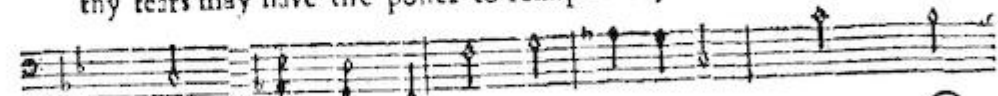




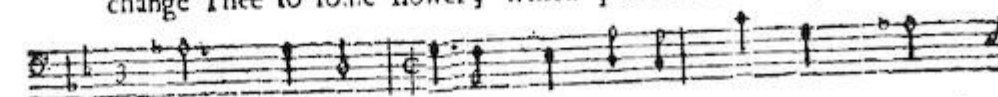
fights the silence of my sleep, and I shall smile in death to see thee weep;



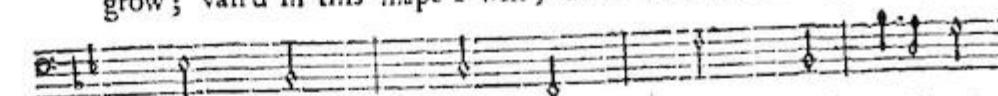
thy tears may have the power to reaspire my ashes with new fire, or



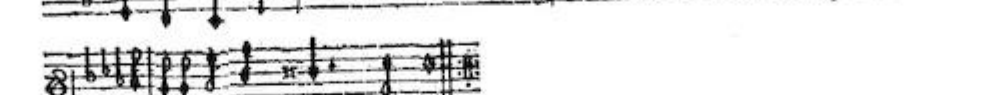
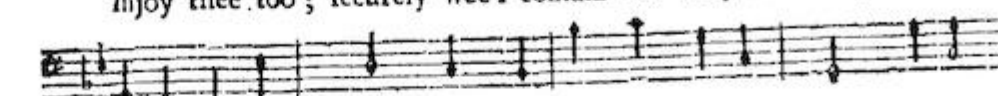
change Thee to some flower, which planted 'twixt thy breasts shall



grow; vail'd in this shape I will, dwell with Thee still, court, kiss,



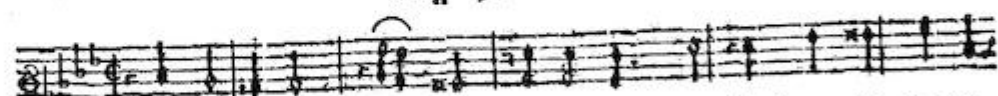
injoy thee too; securely wee'll contain all envious force, and thus



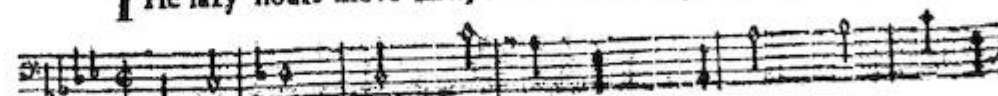
united be by Deaths divorce.



*Song 59.*



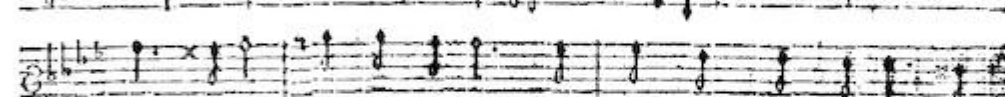
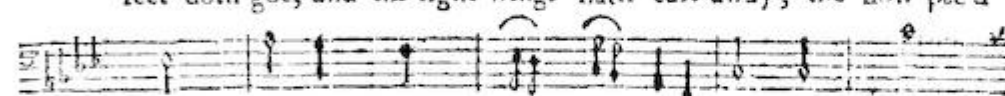
The lazy hours move slow, the minutes stay; old time with leaden



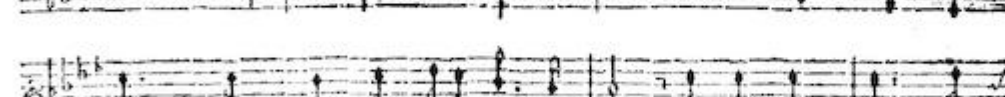
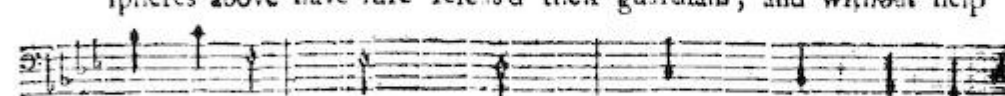
feet



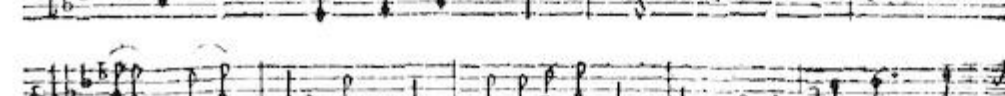
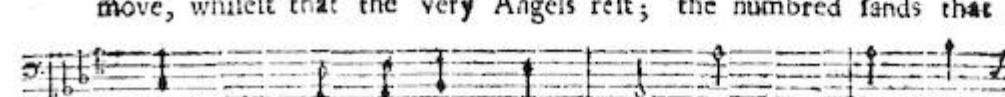
feet doth goe, and his light wings hath cast away; the flow pac'd



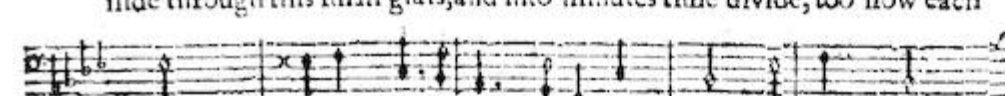
spheres above have sure releas'd their guardians, and without help



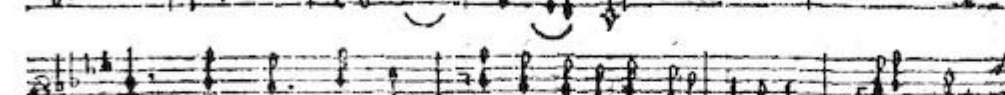
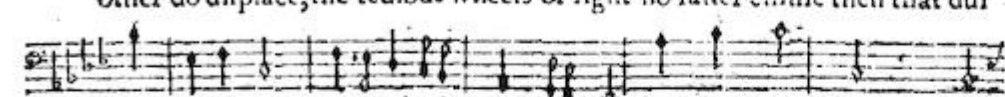
move, whilst that the very Angels rest; the numbred sands that



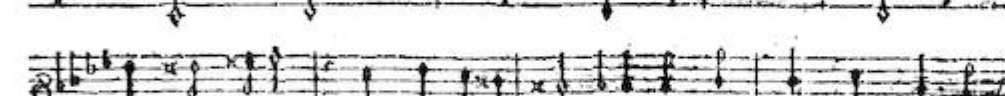
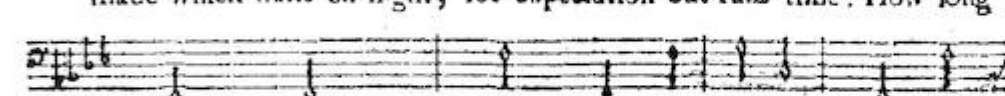
slide through this small glass, and into minutes time divide, too flow each



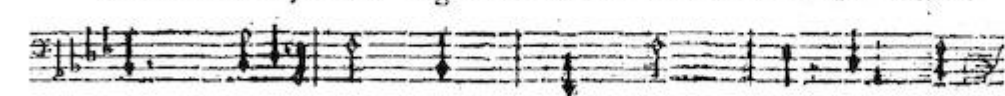
other do displace; the tedious wheels of light no faster chime then that dul



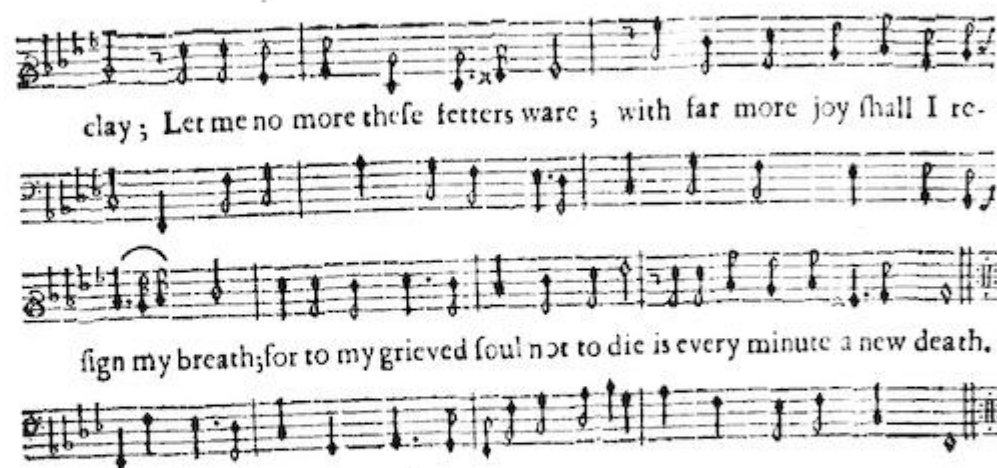
shade which waits on night, for expectation out-runs time: How long



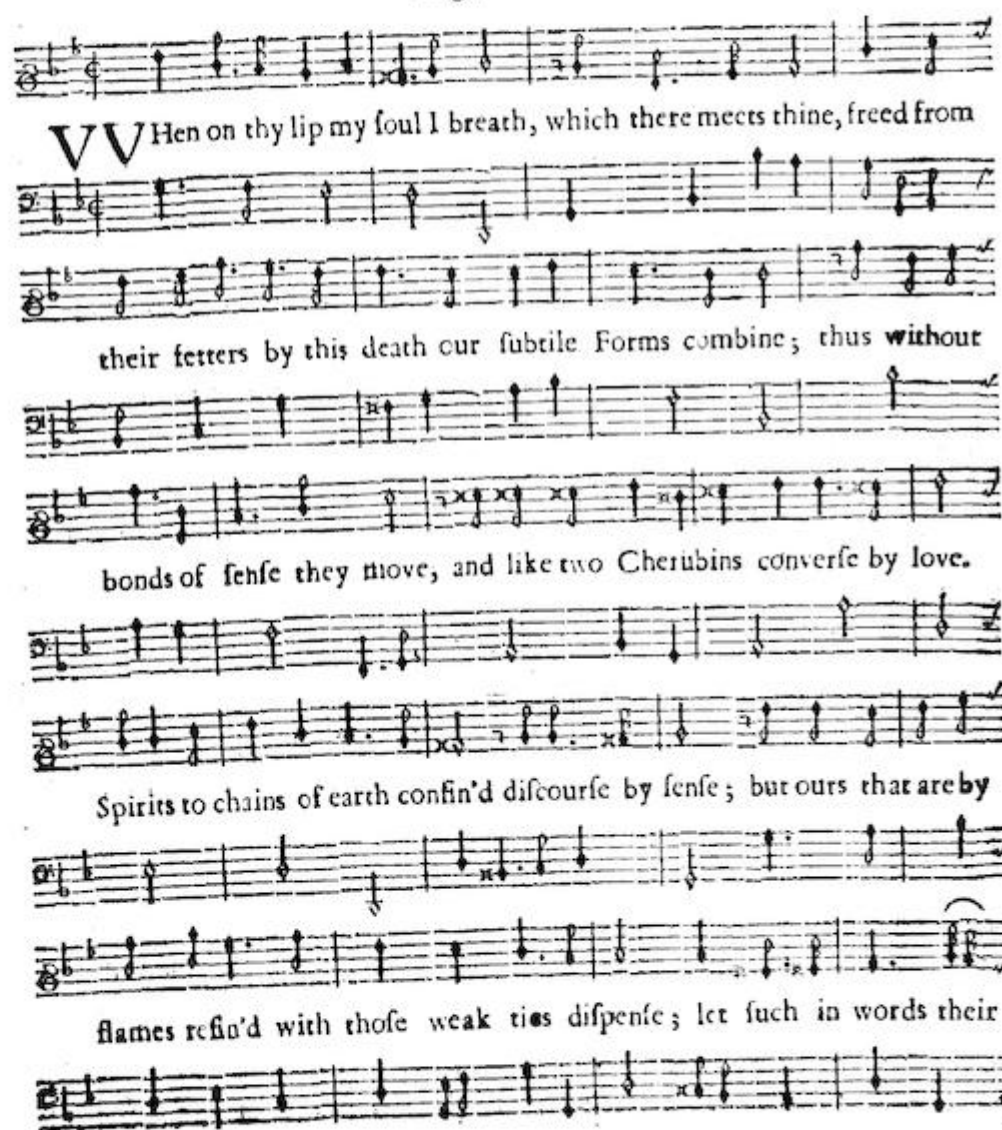
Lord must I stay? How long dwell here? Oh free me from this loathed



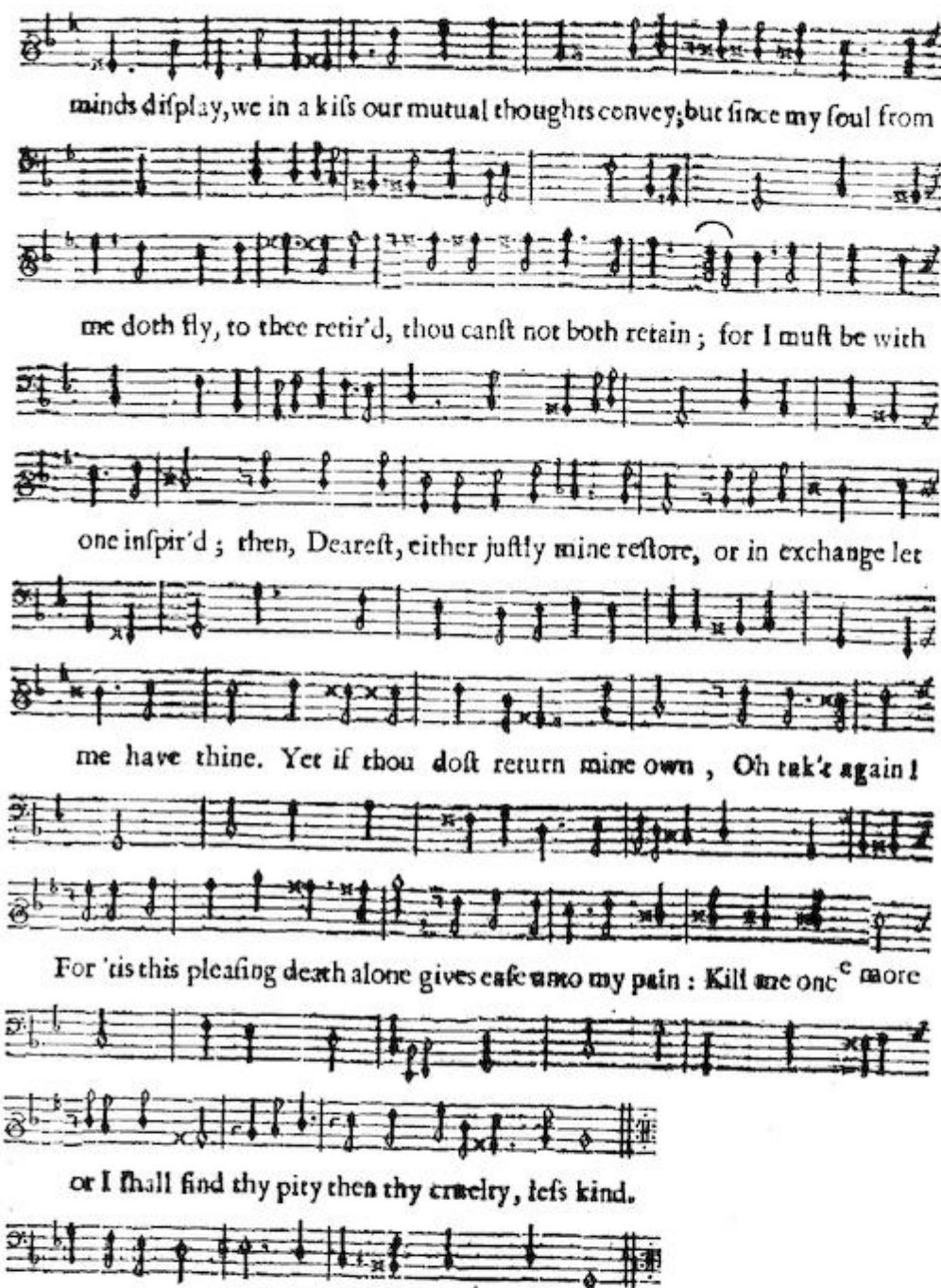
clay;



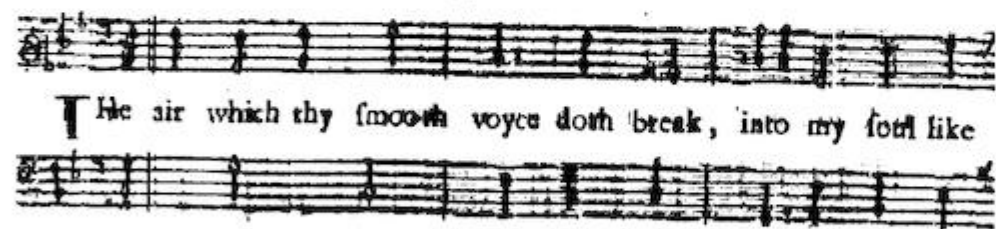
## Song 70.



minds



## Song 71.



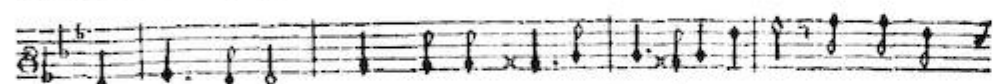
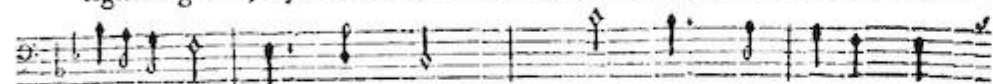
T

lightning

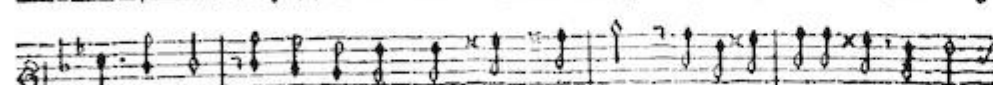
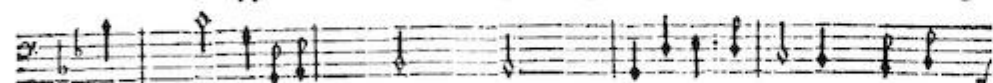




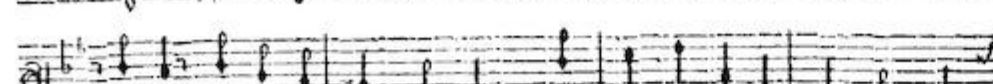
lightning flies, my life retires whilst thou dost speak, and thy soft breath



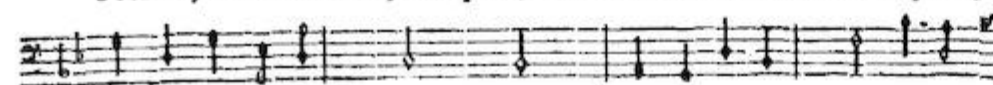
its room supplies. Lost in this pleasing Extasie, I joyn my trembling



lips to thine, & back receive that life from thee, which I so gladly did resign.



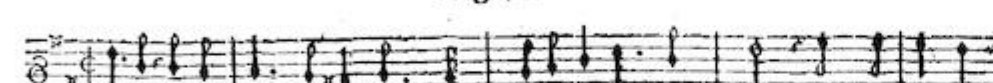
Forbear, Platonick fools, & enquire, what numbers do the soul compose;



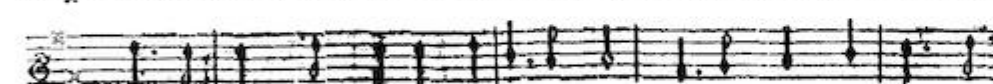
no harmony can life inspire, but that which from these accents flows,



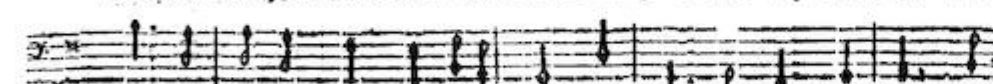
*Song 72.*



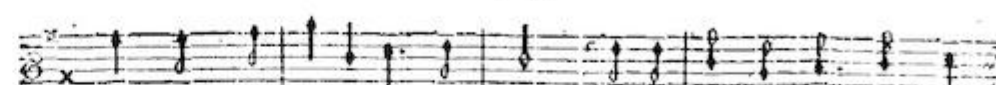
**D**oris, I that could repel all those darts about thee dwell, and had wisely



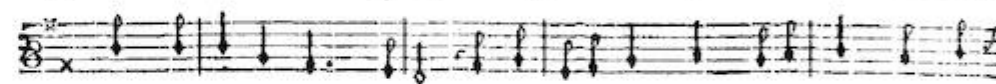
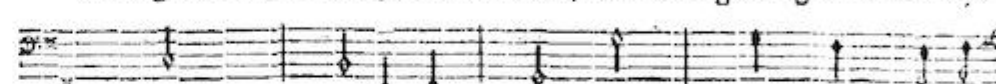
learn'd to fear, 'cause I saw a foe so near; I that my deaf ear did



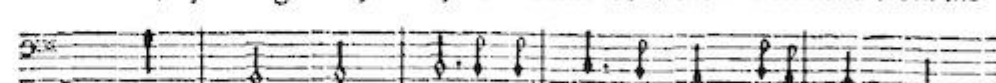
arm



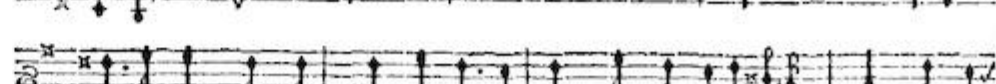
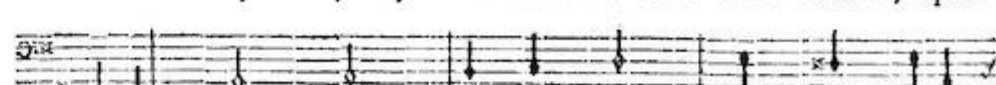
arm 'gainst thy voices powerful charm, and the lightning of thine eye



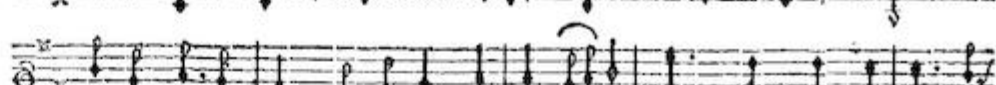
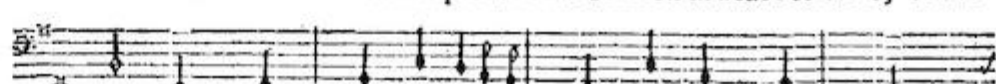
durst (by closing mine) defie, cannot this cold snow withstand from the



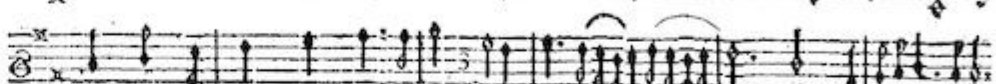
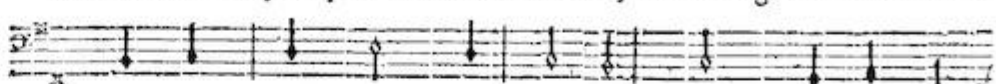
whiter of thy hand; thy deceit hath thus done more than thy open



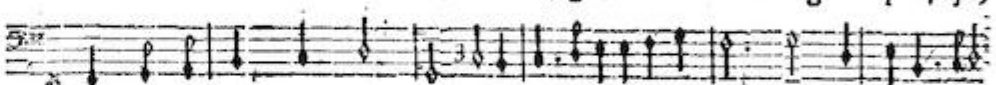
force before: for who could suspect or fear Treason in a face so clear; or the



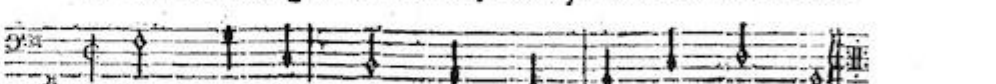
hidden fires descry wrapt in this cold outside lie; flames might thus involv'd in



ice, the deceiv'd world sacrifice; Nature, ignorant of this strange antiperistasis,

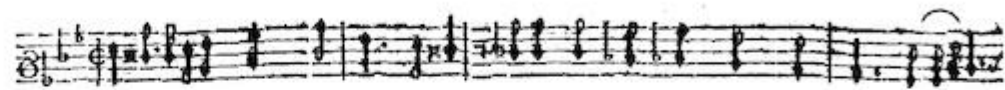


Would her falling frame admire, that by snow were set on fire.



Cast

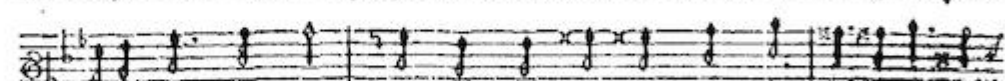




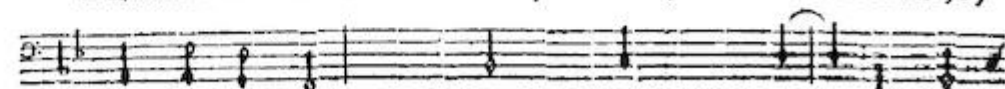
Cast Charieffa, cast that glass away, nor in its Chrystal face thine own furvey;



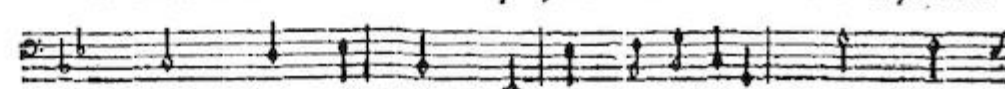
what can be free from Loves imperious laws, when painted shadows



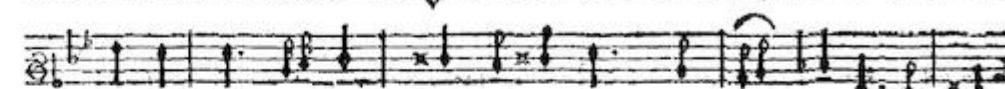
real flames can cause? The fires may burn thee, from this mirror rise, by



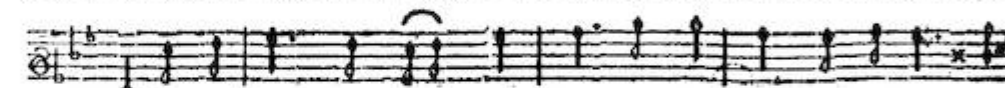
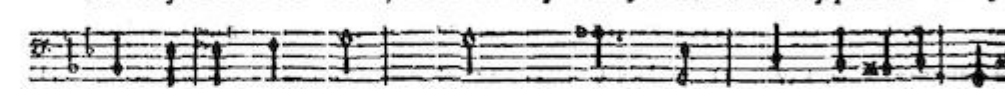
the reflected beams of thine own eyes; and thus at last fals with thy self in



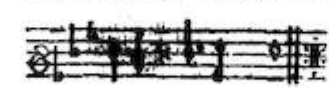
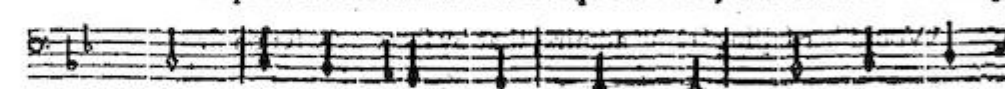
Love, thou wilt, My Rivall, thine one marryr prove; but if thou dost de-



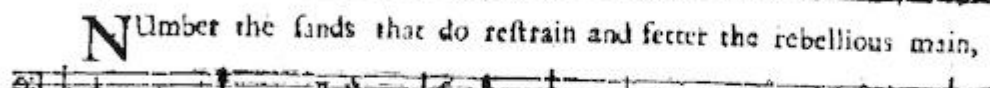
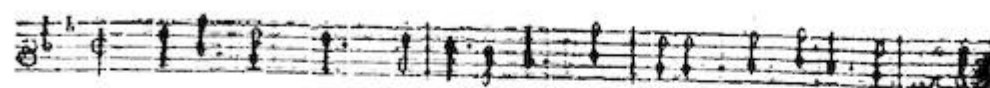
fire thy forme to view, look in my heart, where love thy picture drew,



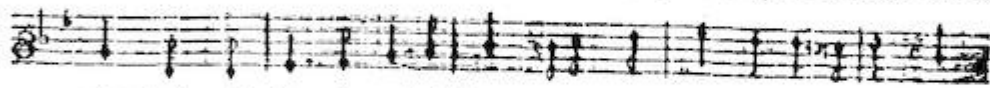
and then if pleas'd with thine own shape thou be, learn how to love thy



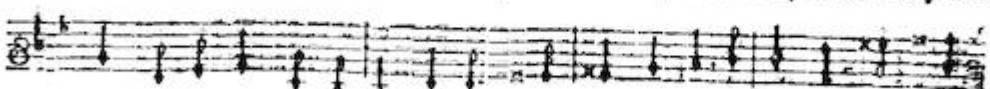
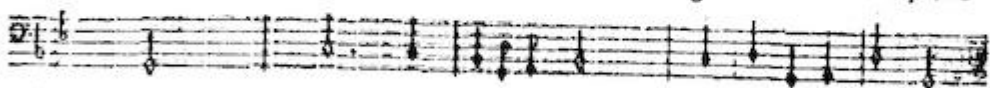
self by loving me.



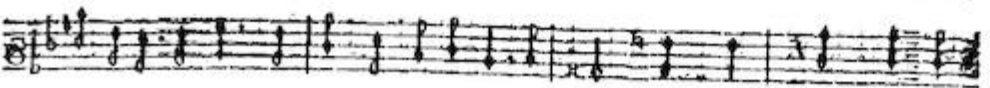
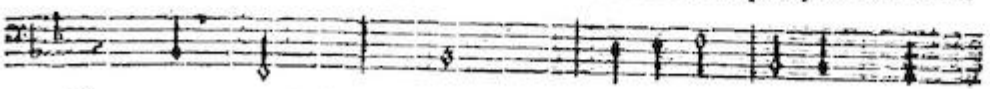
Number the sands that do restrain and fetter the rebellious main,



count those pale fires that do dispence to us both light and influence, the



drops of the vast sea divide, these in themselves be multipli'd; that all when



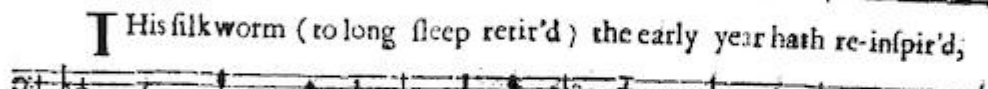
added into one, may by our kisses be outgone; by which when number



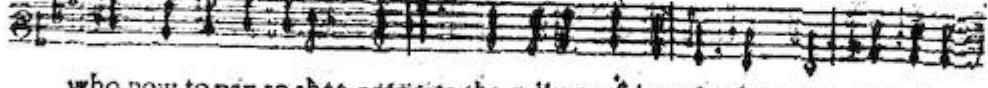
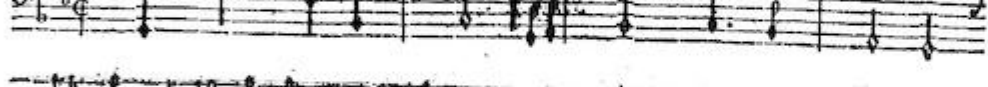
they surmount, wee'l teach Arithmetick to count.



## Song 75.

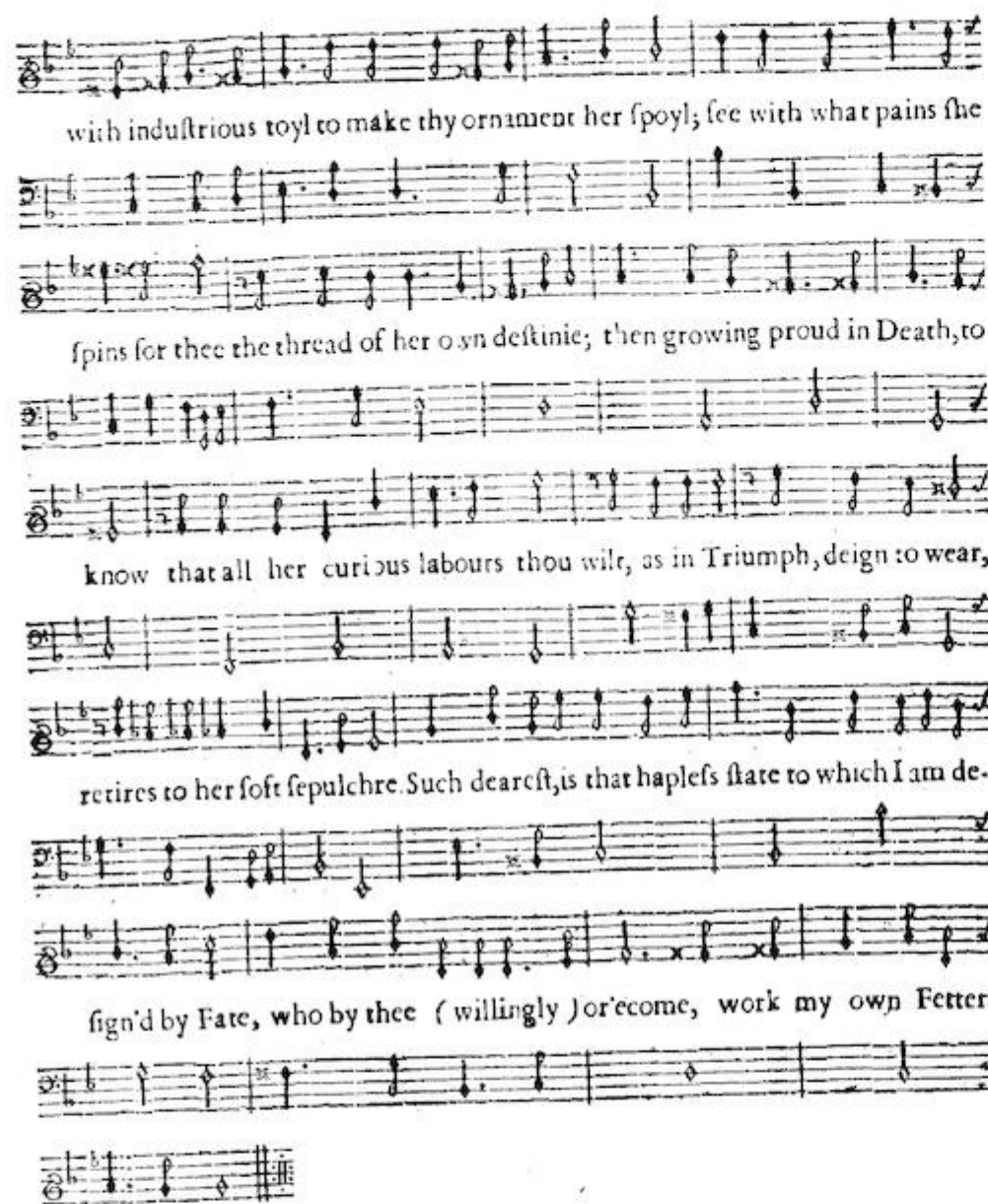


His silkworm (to long sleep retir'd) the early year hath re-inspir'd,

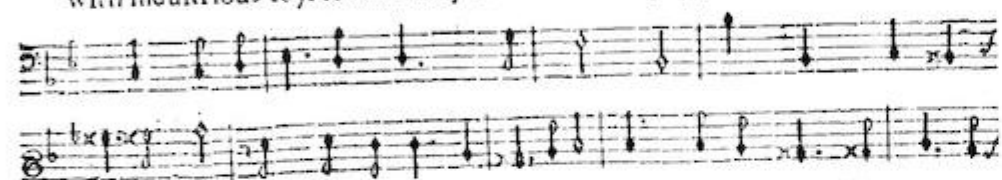


who now to pay to thee prepares the tribute of her pleasing cares; & hastens





with industrious toyl to make thy ornament her spoyl; see with what pains she



spins for thee the thread of her own destinie; then growing proud in Death, to



know that all her curious labours thou wilt, as in Triumph, deign to wear,



retires to her soft sepulchre. Such dearest, is that hapless state to which I am de-



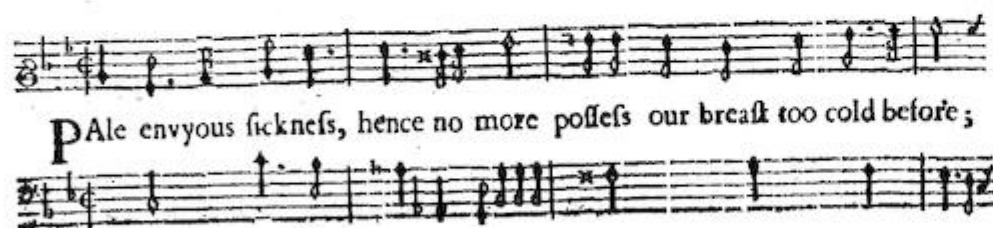
sign'd by Fate, who by thee (willingly) or'come, work my own Fetters



and my Tombe.

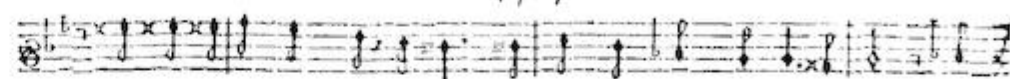


*Song 76.*



**P**Ale envious sickness, hence no more possess our breast too cold before;

in



in vain alas! thou dost invade those beauties which can never fade; could



all thy malice but imp'ir, on those sweets which crown her fair, or steal the



spirits from her eye, or kiss into a paler dye, the blooming roses of her



cheek, our suffering hopes might justly seek redress from thee, and



thou might'st save thousands of lovers from the grave; but such assaults are



vain, for she is too divine to stoop to thee; blest with a form as much to



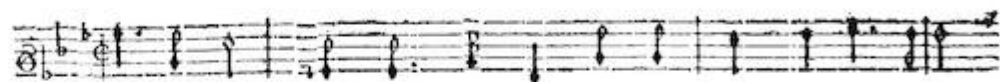
high for any change but Destinie, which no attempt can violate, for



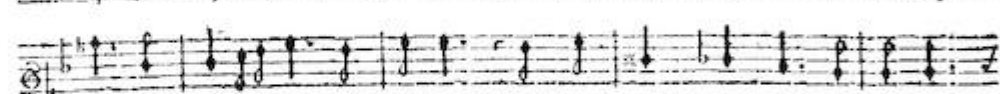
what's her beauty is our fate.



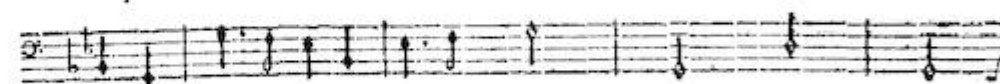




Come my Dear, whilst youth conspires with the warmth of our desires;



envious time about thee watches, and some Grace each minute snatches:



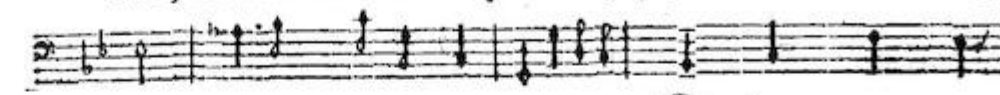
Now a spirit, now a ray from thy eye he steals away, now he blasts some



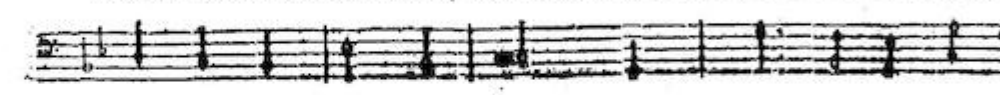
blooming rose which upon thy fresh cheek grows; Gold now plunders in a



Hair; now the Rubies doth impair of thy lips; and with sure hast all thy



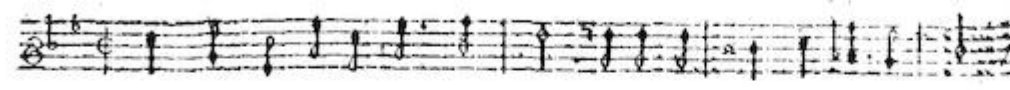
wealth will take at last; only that of which thou mak'st use in time, from



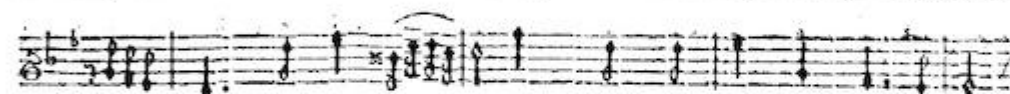
time thou tak'st.



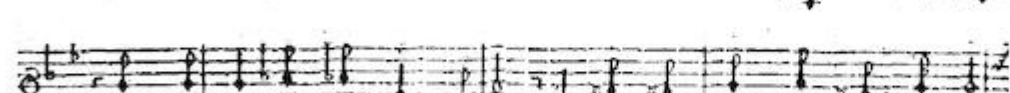
When



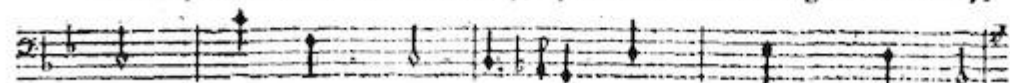
VVhen thou thy plyant arms dost wreath about my neck, and gently breath



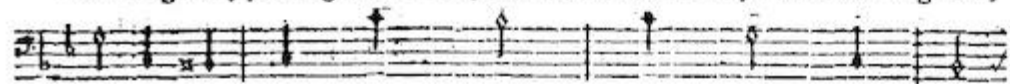
into my Breast that soft sweet air with which thy soul doth mine repair;



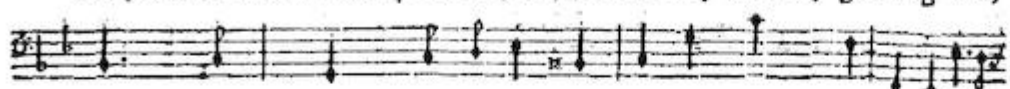
when my faint life thou draw'st away, my life which scorching flames decay,



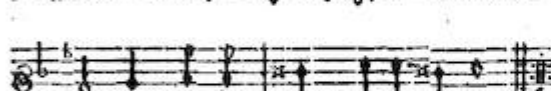
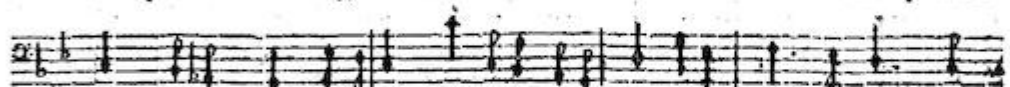
orecharg'd my panting bosome boyls, whose Feavour thy kind Art beguiles,



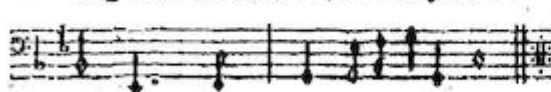
and with the Breath that did inspire doth mildly fan my glowing fire,



Transported then I cry, above all other Deities is Love! Or if a Deity there



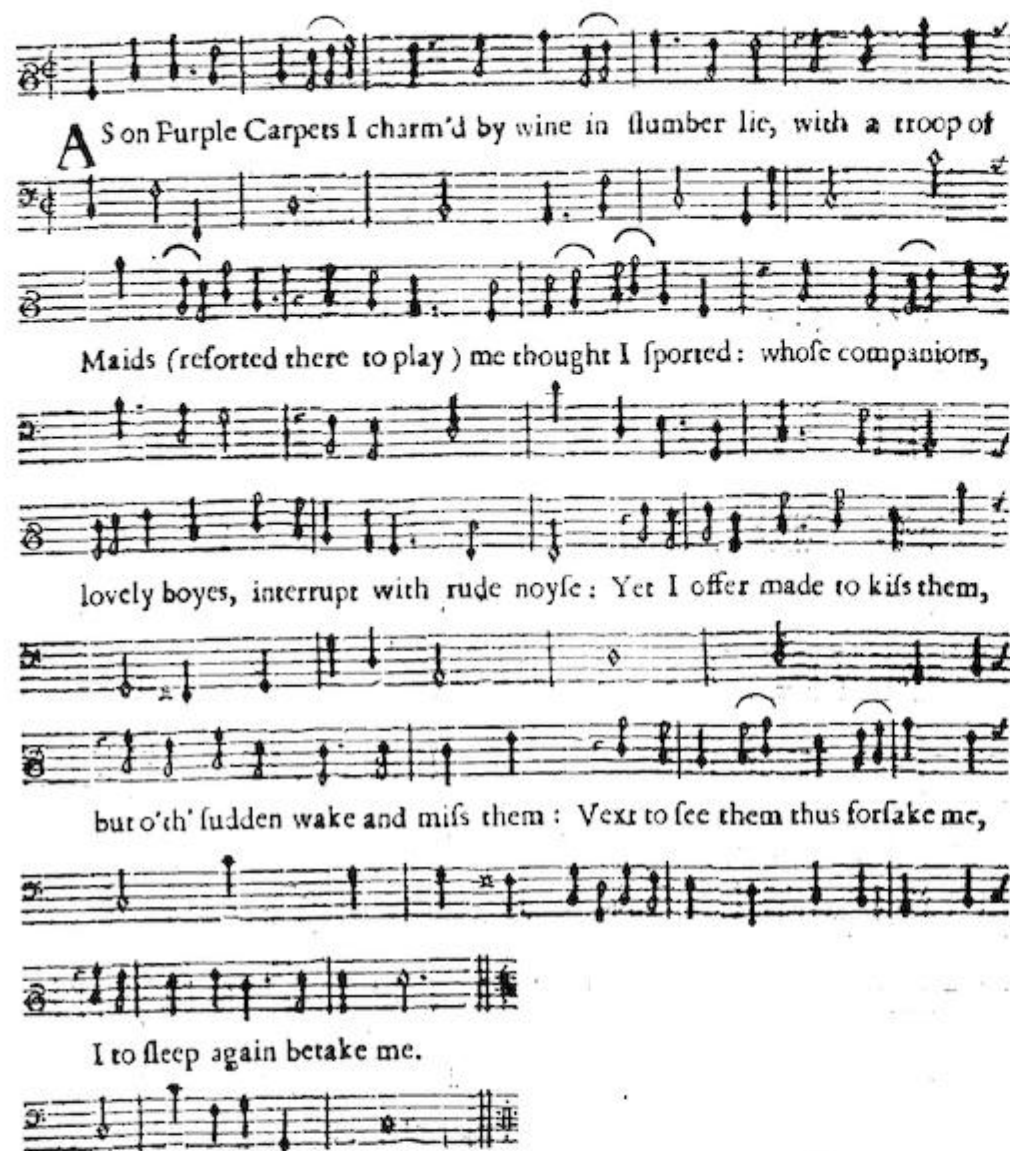
be greater then Love, 'tis only thee.



X

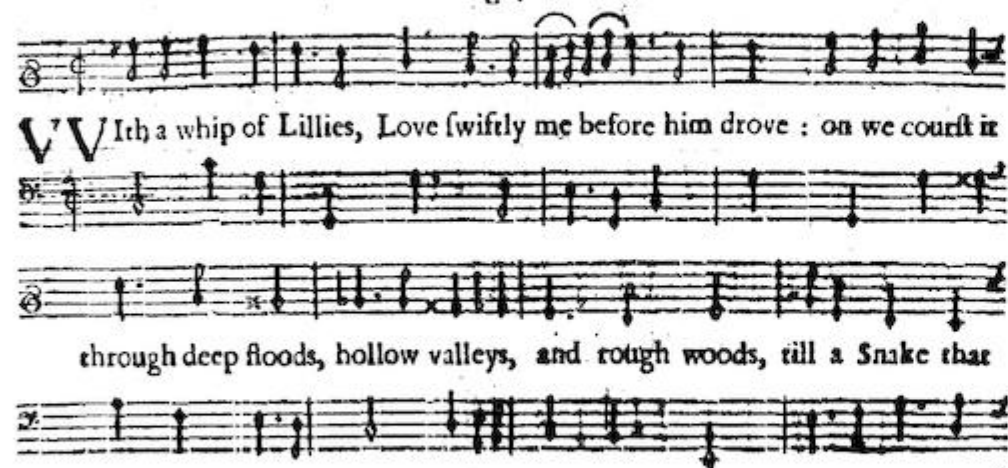
As





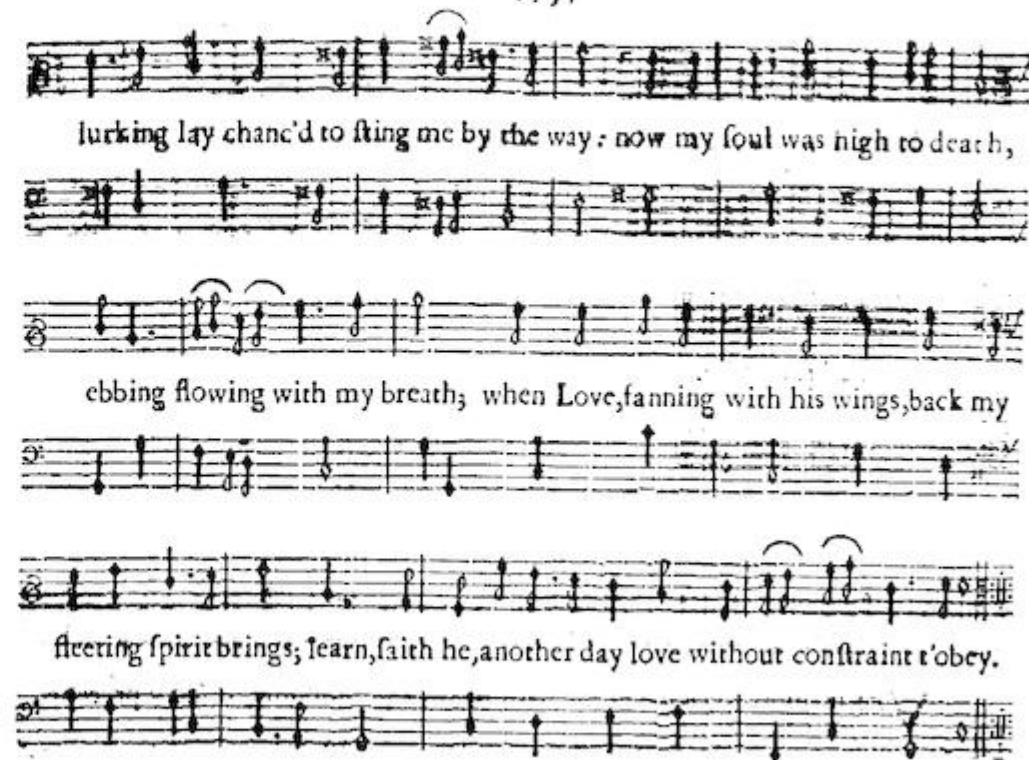
**A** Son Purple Carpets I charm'd by wine in slumber lie, with a troop of  
 Maids (reverted there to play) me thought I sported: whose companions,  
 lovely boyes, interrupt with rude noyse: Yet I offer made to kifs them,  
 but o'th' sudden wake and miss them: Vext to see them thus forsake me,  
 I to sleep again betake me.

## Song 78.



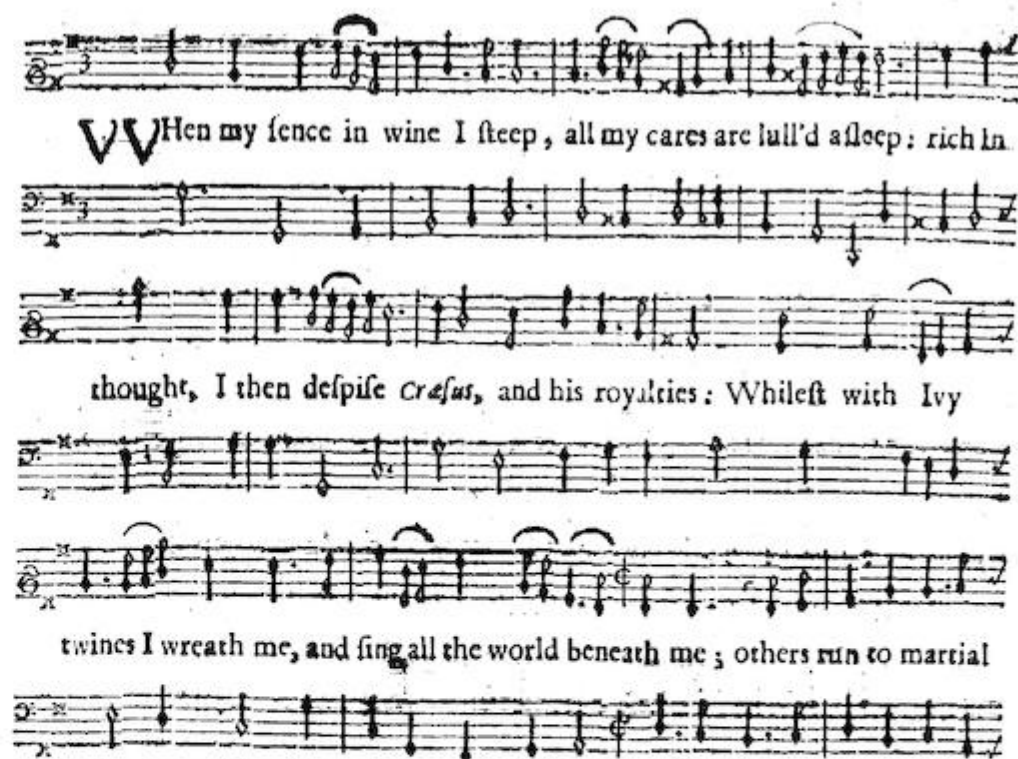
**V** With a whip of Lillies, Love swiftly me before him drove: on we court it  
 through deep floods, hollow valleys, and rough woods, till a Snake that

lurking



lurking lay chanc'd to sting me by the way: now my soul was nigh to death,  
 ebbing flowing with my breath; when Love, fanning with his wings, back my  
 fleeting spirit brings; learn, faith he, another day love without constraint t'obey.

## Song 81.



**V** When my sence in wine I steep, all my cares are lull'd asleep: rich in  
 thought, I then despise *Cresus*, and his royalties: Whilest with Ivy  
 twines I wreath me, and sing all the world beneath me; others run to martial

fights

fights, I to *Bacchu's* delights; Fill the cup then boy, for I drunk then  
dead had rather lie.

## Song 82.

**V**Ex no more thy self and me with demure philosophic; hollow precepts,  
only fit to amuse the busie wit; teach me brisk *Lyrus* rites; teach me *Venus*  
blithe delights; *Jove* loves water, give me wine; that my soul ere I resigne  
may this cure of sorrow have; there's no drinking in the grave.

Old

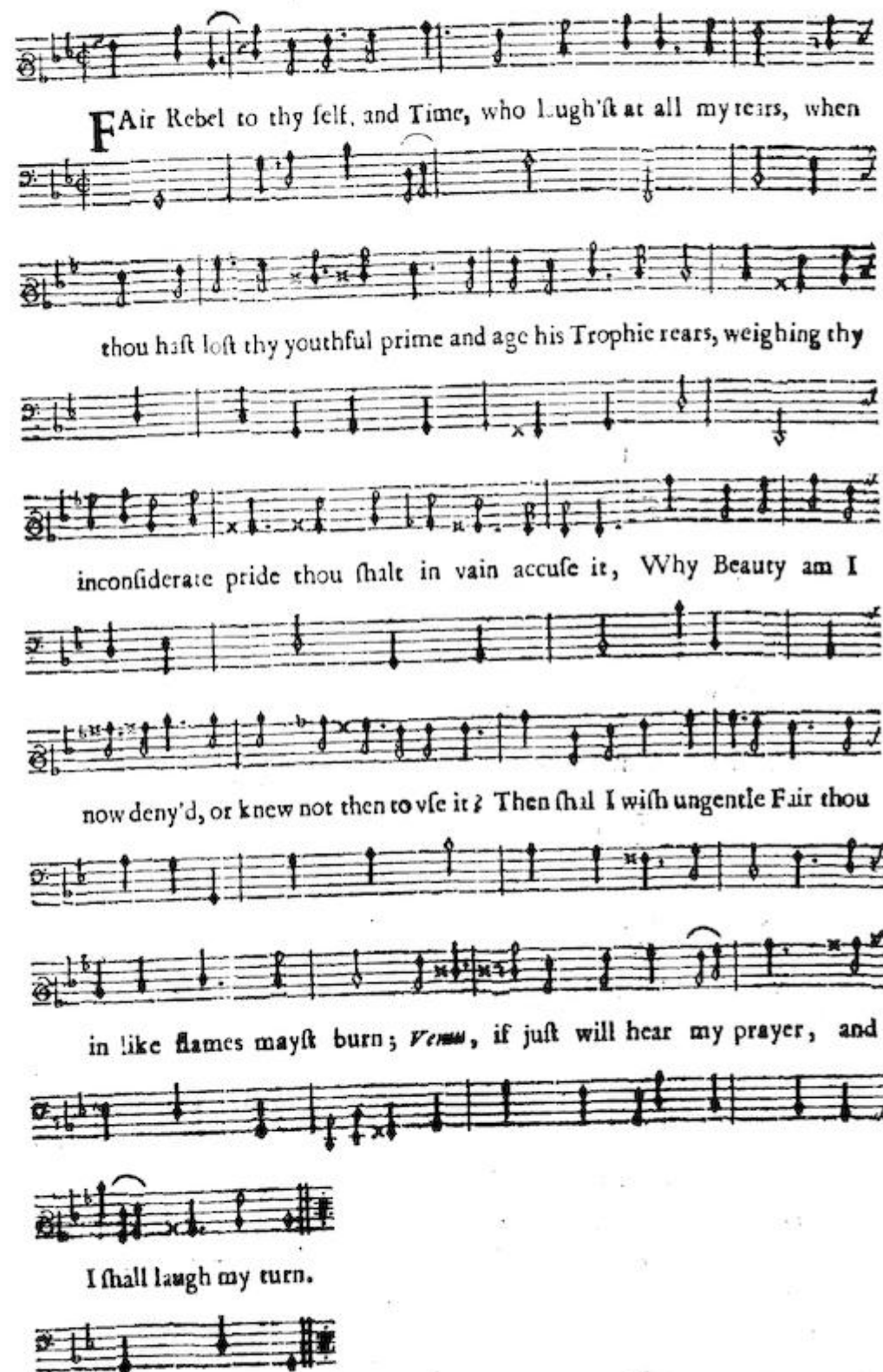
**O**ld I am, yet can (I think) those that younger are out-drink; when I  
dance no staff I take, but a well fill'd Bottle shake: He that doth in war de-  
light, come and with these arms let's fight; fill the cup, let loose a  
flood of the rich Grapes luscious blood; old I am, and therefore  
may, like *Silenus* drink and play.

## Song 84.

**A** Kifs I begg'd, and thou didst joyn thy lips to mine; Then, as afraid  
snatch'd back their treasure, and mock'd my pleasure, again my Dearest,  
for in this thou onely gav'st desire, and not a kifs.

Y Fair



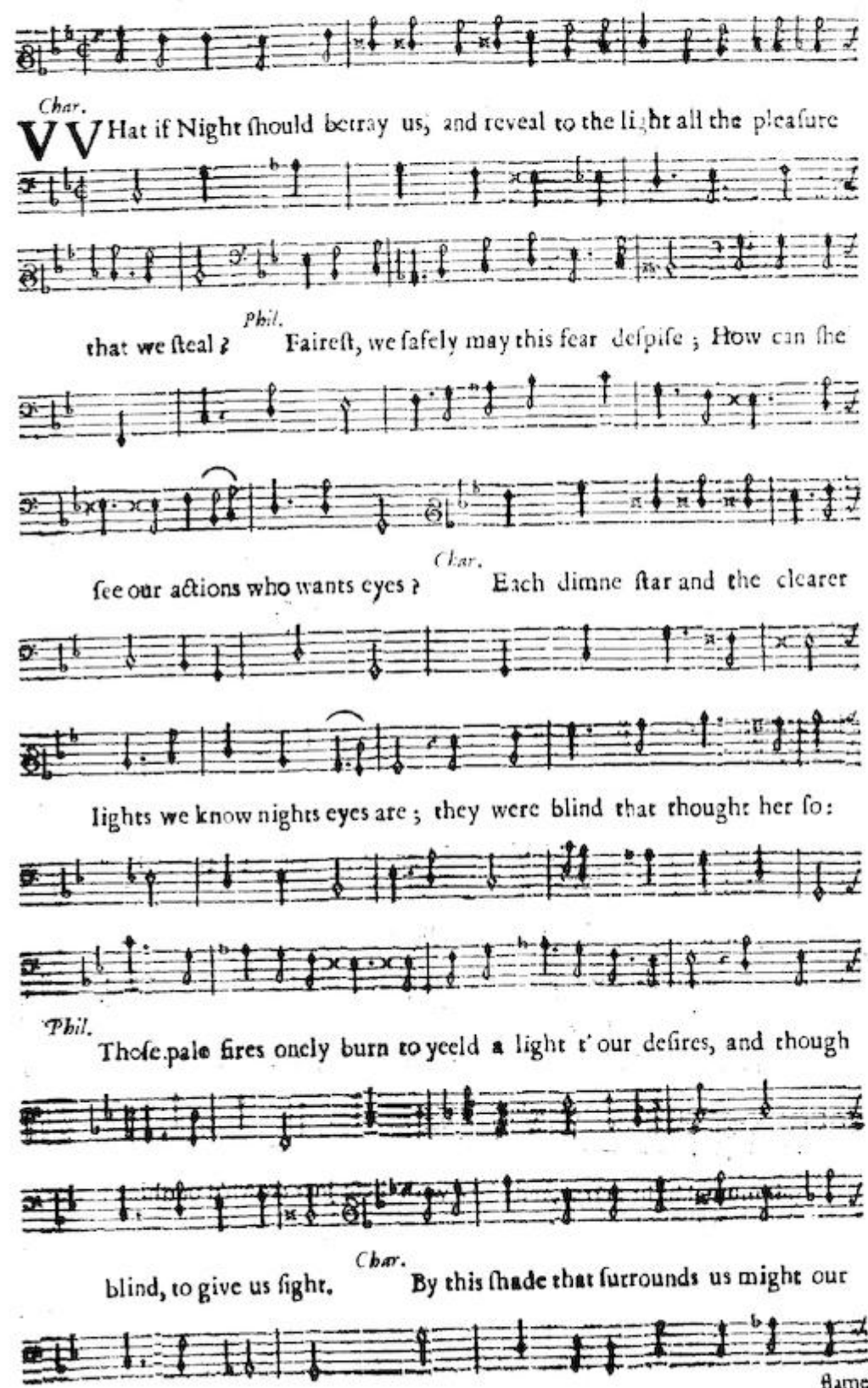


Fair Rebel to thy self, and Time, who laugh't at all my tears, when  
 thou hast lost thy youthful prime and age his Trophic rears, weighing thy  
 inconsiderate pride thou shalt in vain accuse it, Why Beauty am I  
 now deny'd, or knew not then to use it? Then shall I with ungentle Fair thou  
 in like flames mayst burn; *Venus*, if just will hear my prayer, and  
 I shall laugh my turn.

What

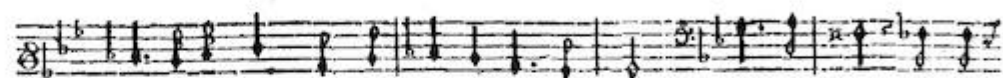
## A Dialogue

Between CHARIESSA and PHILOCHARIS.



*Char.*  
 VVhat if Night should betray us, and reveal to the light all the pleasure  
 that we steal? *Phil.* Fairest, we safely may this fear despise; How can she  
 see our actions who wants eyes? *Char.* Each dimme star and the clearer  
 lights we know nights eyes are; they were blind that thought her so:  
*Phil.* Those pale fires onely burn to yeeld a light t' our desires, and though  
 blind, to give us sight. *Char.* By this shade that surrounds us might our  
 flame





flame be betray'd, and the day disclose its name. *Phil.* Dearest Fair, these dark



Witnesses we finde silent are, Night is dumbe as well as blinde.



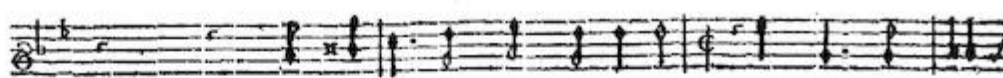
*Chorus.*



Then whilest these black shades conceal us, we will scorn the envious morn,



Then whilest these black shades conceal us, we will scorn the



and the Sun that would reveal us; our flames shall thus



envious morn; and the Sun that would reveal us; our flames shall thus



their mutual light betray, and night with these joys crown'd outshine the day



their mutual light betray, and night with these joys crown'd outshine the day.

That

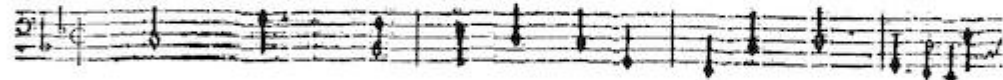
## Dialogue II.

Between PHILOCHARIS and CHARIESSA.

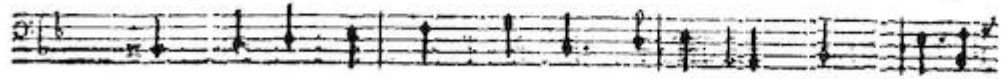


*Phil.*

That kiss which last thou gav'st me, stole my fainting Life away, yet



(though to thy Breast fled) my Soul still in mine own doth stay.

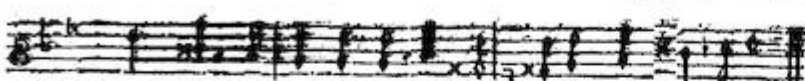


Weak Nature no such power doth know, Love only can these wonders show.

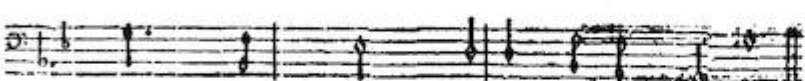


*Char.*

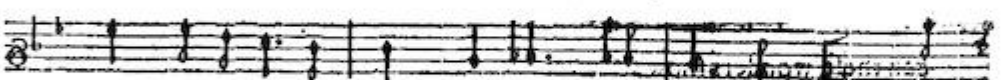
And with the same warm breath did mine into thy bosome slide,



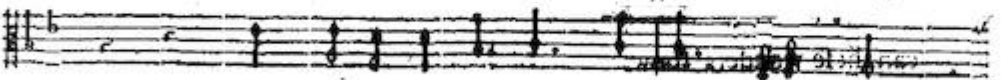
There dwell contracted unto thine, yet still with me reside;



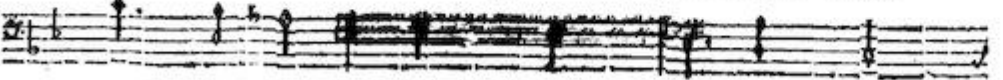
*I. Chorus.*



Weak Nature no such power doth know, such power doth know; Love

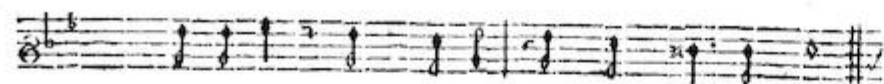


Weak Nature no such power such power doth know

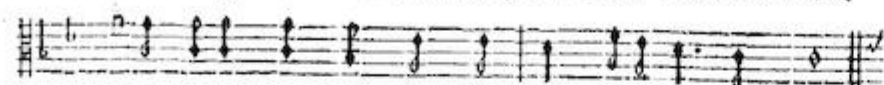


Y

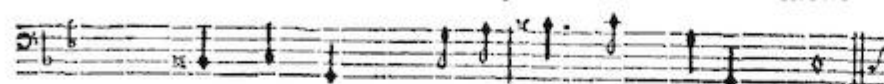
only



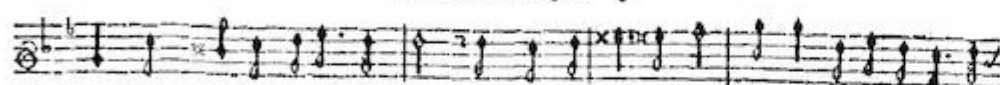
only can these wonders, can these wonders show.



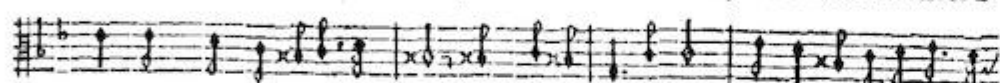
Love only can these wonders, can these wonders show.



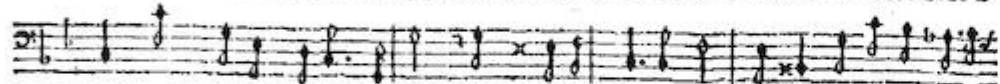
## II. Chorus, Voyces 3.



Both souls thus in desire are one, and each is two in skil, doubled in Intellect a-



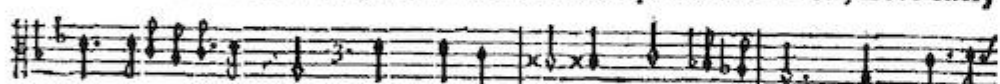
Both souls thus in desire are one, and each is two in skil, doubled in Intellect a-



Both souls thus in desire are one, and each is two in skil, doubled in Intellect a-



lone united in the Will; weak Nature no such power doth know, Love only



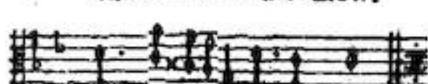
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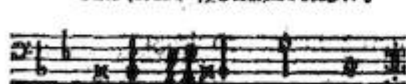
lone united in the Will; weak Nature no such power doth know, Love only



can these wonders show.



can these wonders show.



can these wonders show.

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