

His leasure told him that his time was com,
 And lack of load, made his life burdensom,
 That even to his last breath (ther be that say't)
 As he were prest to death, he cry'd more waight;
 But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had bin an immortall Carrier.
 Obedient to the Moon he spent his date
 In cours reciprocal, and had his fate
 Linkt to the mutual flowing of the Seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
 His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,
 Onely remains this superscription.

L' Allegro.

Hence loathed Melancholy
 Of *Cerberus*, and blackest midnight born,
 In *Stygian* Cave forlorn
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shreiks, and sights unholy,
 Find out som uncouth cell,
 Wher brooding darknes spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-Raven sings;
 There under *Ebon* shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
 As ragged as thy Locks,
 In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell.

But

But com thou Goddess fair and free,
 In Heav'n ycleap'd *Euphrosyne*,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
 With two sister Graces more
 To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore;
 Or whether (as som Sager sing)
 The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,
Zephir, with *Aurora* playing,
 As he met her once a Maying,
 There on Beds of Violets blew,
 And fresh-blown Roses wait in dew,
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
 So bucksom, blith, and debonair.
 Hast thee nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,
 Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrincled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Com, and trip it as ye go
 On the light fantastick toe,

And

And in thy right hand lead with thee,
 The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free;
 To hear the Lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-towre in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to com in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow,
 Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
 Or the twisted Eglantine.
 While the Cock with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darknes thin,
 And to the stack, or the Barn dore,
 Stoutly struts his Dames before,
 Oft list'ning how the Hounds and horn,
 Chearly rouse the flumbring morn,
 From the side of som Hoar Hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill,
 Som time walking not unseen
 By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,

Right

Right against the Eastern gate,
 Wher the great Sun begins his state,
 Rob'd in flames, and Amber light,
 The clouds in thousand Liveries dight,
 While the Plowman neer at hand,
 Whistles ore the Furrow'd Land,
 And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the Mower whets his sithe,
 And every Shepherd tells his tale
 Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
 Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the Lantskip round it measures,
 Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
 Where the nibling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren brest
 The labouring clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim with Daisies pide,
 Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
 Towers, and Battlements it sees
 Boosom'd high in tufted Trees,
 Wher perhaps som beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
 Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged Oakes,^b

C

Where

Where *Corydon* and *Thyrſis* met,
 Are at their ſavory dinner ſet
 Of Hearbs, and other Country Meſſes,
 Which the neat-handed *Phillis* dreſſes;
 And then in haſte her Bowre ſhe leaves,
 With *Theſtylis* to bind the Sheaves;
 Or if the earlier ſeaſon lead
 To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
 Som times with ſecure delight
 The up-land Hamlets will invite,
 When the merry Bells ring round,
 And the jocond rebeck's ſound
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the Chequer'd ſhade;
 And young and old com forth to play
 On a Sunshine Holyday,
 Till the live-long day-light fail,
 Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,
 With ſtories told of many a feat,
 How *Faery Mab* the junkets eat,
 She was pincht, and pull'd ſhe ſed,
 And he by Friars Lanthorn led
 Tells how the drudging *Goblin* ſwet,
 To ern his Cream-bowle duly ſet,

When

When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
 His ſhadowy Flail hath thresh'd the Corn
 That ten day-labourers could not end,
 Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend.
 And ſtretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy ſtrength;
 And Crop-full out of dores he flings,
 Ere the firſt Cock his Mattin rings.
 Thus don the Tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering Windes ſoon lull'd aſleep.
 Towred Cities pleaſe us then,
 And the buſie humm of men,
 Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
 In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
 With ſtore of Ladies, whoſe bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the priſe
 Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
 To win her Grace, whom all commend.
 There let *Hymen* oft appear
 In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
 And pomp, and feaſt, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique Pageantry,
 Such ſights as youthfull Poets dream
 On Summer eves by haunted ſtream.

C 2.

Then

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If *Jonsons* learned Sock be on,
 Or sweetest *Shakespear* fancies childe,
 Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,
 And ever against eating Cares,
 Lap me in soft *Lydian* Aires,
 Married to immortal verse
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that ty
 The hidden soul of harmony.
 That *Orpheus* self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heapt *Elysian* flowres, and hear
 Such streins as would have won the ear
 Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free
 His half regain'd *Eurydice*.
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth with thee, I mean to live.

Il Penseroso.

Hence vain deluding joyes,
 The brood of folly without father bred,
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toyes;
 Dwell in som idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams
 The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus* train.

But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail divinest Melancholy,
 Whose Saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the Sense of human sight;
 And therefore to our weaker view,
 O're laid with black staid Wisdoms hue.
 Black, but such as in esteem,
 Prince *Memnon*s sister might besseem,
 Or that Starr'd *Ethiope* Queen that strove
 To set her beauties praise above
 The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.
 Yet thou art higher far descended,

Thee bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore,
 To solitary *Saturn* bore ;
 His daughter she (in *Saturn's* reign,
 Such mixture was not held a stain)
 Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody *Ida's* inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.
 Compensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestick train,
 And sable stole of *Cypres* Lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Com, but keep thy wonted state,
 With eev'n step, and musing gate,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thy self to Marble, till
 With a sad Leaden downward cast,
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
 And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,

And

And hears the Muses in a ring,
 Ay round about *Joves* Altar sing.
 And adde to these retired leasure,
 That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure ;
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation,
 And the mute Silence hist along.
 'Lest *Philomel* will daign a Song,
 Id her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke,
 Gently o're th'accustom'd Oke ;
 Sweet Bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musically, most melancholy !
 Thee Chauntress oft the Woods among,
 I woo to hear thy eeven Song ;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven Green,
 To behold the wandring Moon,
 Riding neer her highest noon,
 Like one that had bin led astray
 Through the Heav'ns wide pathles way ;

C 4

And

And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a Plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off *Curfeu* sound,
 Over som wide water'd shoar,
 Swinging slow with fullen roar;
 Or if the Ayr will not permit,
 Som still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing Embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the Cricket on the hearth,
 Or the Belmans droufie charm,
 To blefs the dores from nightly harm;
 Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
 Be seen in som high lonely Towr,
 Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,
 With thrice great *Hermes*, or unspear
 The spirit of *Plato* to unfold
 What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forlook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
 And of those *Dæmons* that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,

Whose

Whose power hath a true consent
 With Planet, or with Element.
 Som time let Gorgeous Tragedy
 In Scepter'd Pall com sweeping by,
 Presenting *Thebs*, or *Pelops* line,
 Or the tale of *Troy* divine.
 Or what (though rare) of later age,
 Ennobled hath the Buskind stage.
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise *Musæus* from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of *Orpheus* sing
 Such notes as warbled to the string,
 Drew Iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of *Cambuscan* bold,
 Of *Camball*, and of *Algarfise*,
 And who had *Canace* to wife,
 That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glass,
 And of the wondrous Hors of Brass,
 On which the *Tartar* King did ride;
 And if ought els, great *Bards* beside,
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of Turneys and of Trophies hung;

Of

Of Forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant then meets the ear.
 Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appeer,
 Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,
 With the Attick Boy to hunt,
 But Cherchef't in a comly Cloud,
 While rocking Winds are Piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gulf hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rusling Leaves,
 With minute drops from off the Eaves.
 And when the Sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me Goddes bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that *Sylvan* loves
 Of Pine, or monumental Oake,
 Where the rude Ax with heaved stroke,
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in close covert by som Brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from Day's garish eie,
 While the Bee with Honied thie,

That

That at her flowry work doth sing,
 And the Waters murmuring
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
 And let som strange mysterious dream,
 Wave at his Wings in Airy stream,
 Of lively portrature display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid.
 And as I wake, sweet musick breath
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by som spirit to mortals good;
 Or th'unseen Genius of the Wood.
 But let my due feet never fail,
 To walk the studious Cloysters pale,
 And love the high embowed Roof,
 With antick Pillars massy proof,
 And storied Windows richly dight,
 Casting a dimm religious light.
 There let the pealing Organ blow,
 To the full voic'd Quire below,
 In Service high, and Anthems cleer,
 As may with sweetnes, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into extasies,
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.

And

And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peacefull hermitage,
 The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell,
 Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,
 And every Herb that sips the dew ;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like Prophetic strain.
 These pleasures *Melancholy* give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

SONNETS.

I.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray
 Warbl'st at eve, when all the Woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the Lovers heart dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May,
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,
 First heard before the shallow Cuckoo's bill
 Portend success in love ; O if *Jove's* will
 Have linkt that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude Bird of Hate
 Foretell my hopeles doom in som Grove ny :
 As thou from yeer to yeer hast sung too late

For

For my relief; yet hadst no reason why,
 Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

*Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
 L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
 Ben è colui d'ogni valore scarco
 Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
 Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora
 De suoi atti soavi giamai parco,
 E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
 La onde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora.
 Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
 Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
 L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno ;
 Gratia sola di sù gli vaglia, inanti
 Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.*

III.

*Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
 L'averza giovinetta pastorella
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
 Che mal si spande a disusata spera*

Fuor.