

Classic Poetry Series

Anne Killigrew
- poems -

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Anne Killigrew(1660- 16 June 1685)

Anne Killigrew was an English poet. Born in London, Killigrew is perhaps best known as the subject of a famous elegy by the poet [John Dryden](#)

Early Life and Inspiration

Anne Killigrew was born in early 1660, before the Restoration, at St. Martin's Lane in London England. Not much is known about her mother Judith Killigrew, but her father Dr. Henry Killigrew has published several sermons and poems as well as a play called *The Conspiracy*. Her two paternal uncles were also published playwrights. Sir William Killigrew (1606–1695) published two collections of plays and Thomas Killigrew (1612–1683) not only wrote plays but built the theatre now known as Drury Lane. Her father and her uncles had close connections with the Stuart Court, serving Charles I, Charles II, and his Queen, Catherine of Braganza. Anne was made a personal attendant, before her death, to Mary of Modena, Duchess of York.

Little is recorded about Anne's education, but it is common fact she kept up with her social class, and she had received instruction in both poetry and painting in which she excelled. Her theatrical background added to her used of shifting voices in her poetry. In John Dryden's *Ode to Anne* he points out that "Art she had none, yet wanted none. For Nature did that want supply" (Stanza V). Killigrew most likely got her education through studying the Bible, Greek mythology, and philosophy. Mythology was often expressed throughout her paintings and poetry.

Inspiration for Killigrew's poetry came from her knowledge of Greek myths and Biblical proverbs as well as from some very influential female poets who lived during the Restoration period: Katherine Philips and Anne Finch (also a maid to Mary of Modena at the same time as Killigrew). Mary of Modena encouraged the French tradition of *precieuses* (patrician women intellectuals) which pressed women's participation in theatre, literature, and music. In effect, Killigrew was surrounded with a poetic feminist inspiration on a daily basis in Court: she was encompassed by strong intelligent women who encouraged her writing career as much as their own.

With this motivation came a short book of only thirty-three poems published soon after her death by her father. It was not abnormal for poets, especially for women, never to see their work published in their lifetime. Since Killigrew died at the young age of 25 she was only able to produce a small collection of poetry. In

fact, the last three poems were only found among her papers and it is still being debated about whether or not they were actually written by her. Inside the book is also a self painted portrait of Anne and the Ode by family friend and poet John Dryden.

The Poet and Painter

Anne Killigrew excelled in multiple media. It is said that she has painted a total of 15 paintings; only four are known to exist today. They are all based on biblical and mythological imagery. It is unknown whether she based the poems on the paintings, or whether she had painted the paintings to complement her poetry. Both share an emphasis on nature and suggest female rebellion in a male-dominated society.

All of her poetry has beautiful and potent imagery, but she has often been criticized for having used well worn and conventional topics such as death, love, and the human condition. [Alexander Pope](http://www.poemhunter.com/alexander-pope/), a prominent critic as well as the leading poet of the time, labelled her work "crude" and "unsophisticated." So, the question has frequently been raised: is Killigrew so deserving of such an immortalizing Ode by Dryden? Had he even read her poetry to properly determine her skills? Some say Dryden defended all poets as teachers of moral truths, and therefore Killigrew, despite her lack of experience, deserved his praise. However, evidence shows that she might not have been ready to see some of her work published, such as the unfinished poem "Alexandreis," about Alexander the Great. At the end of the poem, she expresses the feeling that the task was too great for her to take on and she would try to finish it at another time. Then, there is the question of the last three poems that were found among her papers. They seem to be in her handwriting, which is why Killigrew's father added them to her book. The poems are about the despair the author has for another woman, and could possibly be autobiographical if they are in fact by Killigrew. Some of her other poems are about failed friendships, possibly with Anne Finch, so this assumption may have some validity.

An early death

Killigrew died of smallpox on 16 June 1685, when she was only 25 years old. She is buried in the Chancel of the Savoy Chapel (dedicated to St John the Baptist) where a monument was built in her honour, but has since been destroyed by a fire.

A Farewel To Worldly Joys

Farewel ye Unsubstantial Joyes,
Ye Gilded Nothings, Gaudy Toyes,
Too long ye have my Soul misled,
Too long with Aiery Diet fed:
But now my Heart ye shall no more
Deceive, as you have heretofore:
For when I hear such Sirens sing,
Like Ithaca's fore-warned King,
With prudent Resolution I
Will so my Will and Fancy tye,
That stronger to the Mast not he,
Than I to Reason bound will be:
And though your Witchcrafts strike my Ear,
Unhurt, like him, your Charms I'll hear.

Anne Killigrew

A Pastoral Dialogue

Dorinda. Sabæan Perfumes fragrant Roses bring,
With all the Flowers that Paint the gaudy Spring:
Scatter them all in young Alexis's way,
With all that's sweet and (like himself) that's Gay.
Alexis. Immortal Laurels and as lasting Praise,
Crown the Divine Dorinda's matchless Laies:
May all Hearts stoop, where mine would gladly yield,
Had not Lycoris prepossess the Field.
Dor. Would my Alexis meet my noble Flame,
In all Ausonia neither Youth nor Dame,
Should so renown'd in Deathless Numbers shine,
As thy exalted Name should do in mine.

Alex. He'll need no Trophie nor ambitious Hearse,
Who shall be honour'd by Dorinda's Verse;
But where it is inscrib'd, That here doth lie
Lycoris's Love. That Fame can never die.
Dor. On Tyber's Bank I Thyrsis did espie,
And by his side did bright Lycoris lie;
She Crown'd his Head, and Kist his amorous Brow,
Ah Poor Alexis! Ah then where wer't thou?
Alex. When thou saw'st that, I ne'r had seen my Fair,
And what pass'd then ought not to be my Care;
I liv'd not then, but first began to be,
When I Lycoris Lov'd, and she Lov'd me.
Dor. Ah choose a Faith, a Faith that's like thine own,
A Virgin Love, a Love that's newly blown:
'Tis not enough a Maidens Heart is chaste,
It must be Single, and not once mis-plac't.
Alex. Thus do our Priests of Heavenly Pastures tell,
Eternal Groves, all Earthly, that excel:

And think to wean us from our Loves below,
By dazzling Objects which we cannot know.

Anne Killigrew

A Pastoral Dialogue - I

Amintor. Stay gentle Nymph, nor so solicitous be,
To fly his sight that still would gaze on thee.
With other Swaines I see thee oft converse,
Content to speak, and hear what they rehearse:
But I unhappy, when I e're draw nigh,
Thou streight do'st leave both Place, and Company.
If this thy Flight, from fear of Harm doth flow,
Ah, sure thou little of my Heart dost know.

Alinda. What wonder, Swain, if the Pursu'd by Flight,
Seeks to avoid the close Pursuers Sight?
And if no Cause I have to fly from thee,
Then thou hast none, why thou dost follow me.

Amin. If to the Cause thou wilt propitious prove,
Take it at once, fair Nymph, and know 'tis Love.

Alin. To my just Pray'r, ye favouring Gods attend,
These Vows to Heaven with equal Zeal I send,
My flocks from Wolves, my Heart from Love, defend.

Amin. The Gods which did on thee such Charms bestow,
Ne're meant thou shouldst to Love have prov'd a Foe,
That so Divine a Power thou shouldst defy.
Could there a Reason be, I'd ask thee, why?

Alin. Why does Licoris, once so bright and gay,
Pale as a Lilly pine her self away?
Why does Elvira, ever sad, frequent
The lonely shades? Why does yon Monument
Which we upon our Left Hand do behold,
Hapless Amintas youthful Limbs enfold?
Say Shepherd, say: But if thou wilt not tell,
Damon, Philisides, and Strephon well
Can speak the Cause, whose Falshood each upbraids,
And justly me from Cruel Love disswades.

Amin. Hear me ye Gods. Me and my Flocks forsake,
If e're like them my promis'd Faith I brake.

Alin. By others sad Experience wise I'll be,

Amin. But such thy Wisdom highly injures me:
And nought but Death can give a Remedy.
Ye Learn'd in Physick, what does it avail,
That you by Art (wherein ye never fail)
Present Relief have for the Mad-dogs Bite?
The Serpents sting? the poisonous Achonite?
While helpless Love upbraids your baffl'd skill,
And far more certain, than the rest, doth kill.

Alin. Fond Swain, go dote upon the new blown Rose,
Whose Beauty with the Morning did disclose,
And e're Days King forsakes th' enlightened Earth,
Wither'd, returns from whence it took its Birth.
As much Excuse will there thy Love attend,
As what thou dost on Womens Beauty spend.

Amin.

Ah Nymph, those Charms which I in thee admire,
Can, nor before, nor with thy Life expire.
From Heaven they are, and such as ne're can dye,
But with thy Soul they will ascend the Sky!
For though my ravisht Eye beholds in Thee,
Such beauty as I can in none else see;

That Nature there alone is without blame,
Yet did not this my faithful Heart enflame:
Nor when in Dance thou mov'st upon the Plaine,
Or other Sports pursu'st among the Train
Of choicest Nymphs, where thy attractive Grace
Shews thee alone, though thousands be in place!
Yet not for these do I Alinda love,
Hear then what 'tis, that does my Passion move.

That Thou still Earliest at the Temple art,
And still the last that does from thence depart;
Paus Altar is by thee the ofttest prest,
Thine's still the fairest Offering and the Best;
And all thy other Actions seem to be,
The true Result of Unfeign'd Piety;

Strict in thy self, to others Just and Mild;
Careful, nor to Deceive, nor be Beguil'd;
Wary, without the least Offence, to live,
Yet none than thee more ready to forgive!
Even on thy Beauty thou dost Fetters lay,
Least, unawares, it any should betray.
Far unlike, sure, to many of thy Sex,
Whose Pride it is, the doting World to vex;

Spreading their Universal Nets to take
Who e're their artifice can captive make.
But thou command'st thy Sweet, but Modest Eye,
That no Inviting Glance from thence should fly.
Beholding with a Gen'rous Disdain,
The lighter Courtships of each amorous Swain;
Knowing, true Fame, Vertue alone can give:
Nor dost thou greedily even that receive.
And what 'bove this thy Character can raise?
Thirsty of Merit, yet neglecting Praise!
While daily these Perfections I discry,
Matchless Alinda makes me daily dy.
Thou absent, Flow'rs to me no Odours yield,
Nor find I freshness in the dewy Field;
Not Thyrsis Voice, nor Melibeus Lire,
Can my Sad Heart with one Gay Thought inspire;
My thriving Flock ('mong Shepherds Vows the Chief)
I unconcern'd behold, as they my Grief.

This I profess, if this thou not believe,
A further proof I ready am to give,
Command: there's nothing I'll not undertake,
And, thy Injunctions, Love will easie make.

Ah, if thou couldst incline a gentle Ear,
Of plighted Faith, and hated Hymen hear;
Thou hourly then my spotless Love should'st see,
That all my Study, how to please, should be;
How to protect thee from disturbing Care,
And in thy Grievs to bear the greatest share;
Nor should a Joy, my Warie Heart surprize,
That first I read not in thy charming Eyes.

Alin. If ever I to any do impart,
My, till this present hour, well-guarded Heart,
That Passion I have fear'd, I'll surely prove,
For one that does, like to Amintor love.

Amintor. Ye Gods—

Alin. Shepherd, no more: enough it is that I,
Thus long to Love, have listn'd patiently.
Farewel Pan keep thee, Swain.

Amintor. And Blessings Thee,
Rare as thy Vertues, still accompany.

Anne Killigrew

A Pastoral Dialogue - Ii

Melibæus, Alcippe, Asteria, Licida, Alcimedon, and Amira.

Melibæus. Welcome fair Nymphs, most welcome to this shade,
Distemp'ring Heats do now the Plains invade:
But you may sit, from Sun securely here,
If you an old mans company not fear.

Alcippe. Most Reverend Swaine, far from us ever be
The imputation of such Vanity.
From Hill to Holt w'ave thee unweary'd sought,
And bless the Chance that us hath hither brought.

Asteria. Fam'd Melibæus for thy Virtuous Lays,
If thou dost not disdain our Female Praise,
We come to sue thou would'st to us recite
One of thy Songs, which gives such high delight
To ev'ry Eare, wherein thou dost dispense
Sage Precepts cloath'd in flowing Eloquence.

Licida. Fresh Garlands we will make for thee each morne,
Thy reverend Head to shade, and to adorne;
To cooling Springs thy fainting Flock we'll guide,
All thou command'st, to do shall be our Pride.

Meli. Cease, gentle Nymphs, the Willing to entreat,
To have your Wish, each needs but take a Seat.
With joy I shall my ancient Art revive,
With which, when Young, I did for Glory strive.
Nor for my Verse will I accept a Hire,
Your bare Attentions all I shall require.

Alci. Lo, from the Plain I see draw near a Pair
That I could wish in our Converse might share.
Amira 'tis and young Alcimedon.

Lici. Serious Discourse industriously they shun.

Alci.
It being yet their luck to come this way,
The Fond Ones to our Lecture we'll betray:

And though they only sought a private shade,
Perhaps they may depart more Vertuous made.

I will accost them. Gentle Nymph and Swaine,
Good Melibæus us doth entertain
With Lays Divine: if you'll his Hearers be,
Take streight your Seats without Apology.

Alci. Paying short thanks, at fair Amiras feet,
I'll lay me down: let her choose where 'tis meet.

Al. Shepherd, behold, we all attentive sit.

Meli.

What shall I sing? what shall my Muse rehearse?
Love is a Theme well sutes a Past'ral Verse,
That gen'ral Error, Universal Ill,
That Darling of our Weakness and our Will;
By which though many fall, few hold it shame;
Smile at the Fault, which they would seem to blame.
What wonder then, if those with Mischief play,
It to destruction them doth oft betray?

But by experience it is daily found,
That Love the softer Sex does sorest wound;
In Mind, as well as Body, far more weak
Than Men: therefore to them my Song shall speak,
Advising well, however it succeed:
But unto All I say, Of Love take heed.
So hazardous, because so hard to know
On whom they are we do our Hearts bestow;
How they will use them, or with what regard
Our Faith and high Esteem they will reward:

For few are found, that truly acted be
By Principles of Generosity.
That when they know a Virgins Heart they've gain'd,
(And though by many Vows and Arts obtain'd)
Will think themselves oblig'd their Faith to hold
Tempted by Friends, by Interest, or by Gold.
Expect it not most, Love their Pastime make,
Lightly they Like, and lightly they forsake;

Their Roving Humour wants but a pretence
With Oaths and what's most Sacred to dispence.

When unto such a Maid has given her Heart,
And said, Alone my Happiness thou art,
In thee and in thy Truth I place my Rest.
Her sad Surprize how can it be exprest,
When all on which she built her Joy she finds,
Vanish, like Clouds, disperst before the Winds;
Her self, who th' adored Idol wont to be,
A poor despis'd Idolater to see?
Regardless Tears she may profusely spend,
Unpitty'd sighs her tender Breast may rend:
But the false Image she will ne're erace,
Though far unworthy still to hold its place:

So hard it is, even Wiser grown, to take
Th' Impression out, which Fancy once did make.
Believe me Nymphs, believe my hoary hairs,
Truth and Experience waits on many years.

Before the Eldest of you Light beheld,
A Nymph we had, in Beauty all excell'd,
Rodanthe call'd, in whom each Grace did shine,
Could make a Mortal Maid appear Divine.
And none could say, where most her Charms did lye,
In her enchanting Tongue, or conquering Eye.
Her Vertue yet her Beauties so out-shon,
As Beauty did the Garments she put on!

Among the Swains, which here their Flocks then fed,
Alcander with the highest held his head;
The most Accomplish't was esteem'd to be,
Of comely Forme, well-grac't Activity;
The Muses too, like him, did none inspire,
None so did stop the Pipe, or touch the Lyre;
Sweet was his Voice, and Eloquent his Tongue;
Alike admired when he Spoke, or Sung!
But these so much Excelling parts the Swain,
With Imperfections no less Great, did stain:

For proud he was, of an Ungovern'd Will,

With Love Familiar, but a Stranger still
To Faith and Constancy; and did his Heart,
Retaining none, expose to ev'ry Dart.
Hapless Rodanthe, the Fond Rover, caught,
To whom, for Love, with usual Arts he sought;
Which she, ah too unwary, did bestow:
'Cause True her self, believ'd that he was so.
But he, alas, more wav'ring than the Wind,
Streight broke the Chain, she thought so fast did bind;
For he no sooner saw her Heart was gain'd,
But he as soon the Victory disdain'd;
Mad Love else-where, as if 'twere like Renown,
Hearts to subdue, as to take in a Town:
But in the One as Manhood does prevail,
Both Truth and Manhood in the other fail.
And now the Nymph (of late so gay and bright,
The Glory of the Plains and the Delight,
Who still in Wit and Mirth all Pastimes led)
Hung like a wither'd Flow'r her drooping Head.

I need not tell the Grief Rodanthe found,
How all that should assuage, enrag'd her Wound;

Her Form, her Fame, her Vertue, Riches, Wit,
Like Deaths sad Weights upon her Soul did sit:
Or else like Furies stood before her Face,
Still urging and Upbraiding her Disgrace,
In that the World could yield her no Content,
But what alone the False Alcander sent.
'Twas said, through just Disdain, at last she broke
The Disingenious and Unworthy Yoke:
But this I know, her Passion held long time,
Constancy, though Unhappy, is no Crime.

Remember when you Love, from that same hour
Your Peace you put into your Lovers Power:
From that same hour from him you Laws receive,
And as he shall ordain, you Joy, or Grieve,
Hope, Fear, Laugh, Weep; Reason aloof does stand,
Disabl'd both to Act, and to Command.
Oh Cruel Fetters! rather wish to feel,
On your soft Limbs, the Gauling Weight of Steel;

Rather to bloody Wounds oppose your Breast
No Ill, by which the Body can be prest;
You will so sensible a Torment find,
As Shackles on your captivated Mind.

The Mind from Heaven its high Descent did draw,
And brooks uneasily any other Law,
Than what from Reason dictated shall be,
Reason, a kind of In-mate Deity.
Which only can adapt to ev'ry Soul
A Yoke so fit and light, that the Controle
All Liberty excels; so sweet a Sway,
The same 'tis to be Happy, and Obey;
Commands so Wise and with Rewards so drest
That the according Soul replies, I'm Blest.
This teaches rightly how to Love and Hate,
To fear and hope by Measure and just Weight;
What Tears in Grief ought from our Eyes to flow,
What Transport in Felicity to show;
In ev'ry Passion how to steer the Will,
Tho' rude the Shock, to keep it steady still.
Oh happy Mind! what words, can speak thy Bliss,
When in a Harmony thou mov'st like this?

Your Hearts fair Virgins keep smooth as your Brow,
Not the least Am'rous Passion there allow;
Hold not a Parly with what may betray
Your inward Freedom to a Forraign Sway;

And while thus ore your selves you Queens remain,
Unenvy'd, ore the World, let others reign:
The highest Joy which from Dominion flows,
Is short of what a Mind well-govern'd knows.

Whither my Muse, would'st uncontroled run?
Contend in Motion with the restless Sun?
Immortal thou, but I a mortal Sire
Exhaust my strength, and Hearers also tire.

Al. O Heaven-taught Bard! to Ages couldst prolong
Thy Soul-instructing, Health-infusing Song,
I with unweari'd Appetite could hear,

And wish my Senses were turn'd all to Ear.

Alcim. Old Man, thy frosty Precepts well betray
Thy Blood is cold, and that thy Head is grey:
Who past the Pleasure Love and Youth can give,
To spoyl't in others, now dost only live.
Wouldst thou, indeed, if so thou couldst perswade,
The Fair, whose Charms have many Lovers made,
Should feel Compassion for no one they wound,
But be to all Inexorable found?

Me. Young man, if my advice thou well hadst weigh'd,
Thou would'st have found, for either Sex 'twas made;

And would from Womens Beauty thee no less
Preserve, than them secure from thy Address.
But let thy Youth thy rash Reproach excuse.

Alci. Fairest Amira let him not abuse
Thy gentle Heart, by his imprinting there
His doting Maxims—But I will not fear:
For when 'gainst Love he fiercest did inveigh,
Methoughts I saw thee turn with Scorn away.

Ami. Alcimedon according to his Will
Does all my Words and Looks interpret still:
But I shall learn at length how to Disdain,
Or at the least more cunningly to feign.

Alci. No wonder thou Alcimedon art rude,
When with no Gen'rous Quality endu'd:
But hop'st by railing Words Vice to defend,
Which Foulers made, by having such a Friend.

Amira, thou art warn'd, wisely beware,
Leap not with Open-Eyes into the Snare:
The Faith that's given to thee, was given before
To Nais, Amoret, and many more:
The Perjur'd did the Gods to Witness call,
That unto each he was the only Thrall.

Aste. Y've made his Cheeks with Conscious blushes glow.

Alci. 'Tis the best Colour a False Heart can show;
And well it is with Guilt some shame remains.

Meli. Hast, Shepherd, hast to cleanse away thy stains,
Let not thy Youth, of Time the goodly spring,
Neglected pass, that nothing forth it bring
But noxious Weeds: which cultivated might
Produce such Crops, as now would thee delight,
And give thee after Fame For Vertues Fruit
Believe it, not alone with Age does sute,
Nought adorns Youth like to a Noble Mind,
In thee this Union let Amira find.

Lici. O fear her not! she'll serve him in his kind.

Meli. See how Discourse upon the Time does prey,
Those hours pass swiftest, that we talk away.
Declining Sol forsaken hath the Fields,
And Mountains highest Summits only gildes:
Which warns us home-wards with our Flocks to make.

Alci. Along with thee our Thanks and Praises take.

Aste. In which our Hearts do all in One unite,

Lici. Our Wishes too, That on thy Head may light,
What e're the Gods as their Best Gifts bestow.

Meli. Kind Nymphs on you may Equal Blessings flow.

Anne Killigrew

Alexandreis

I Sing the Man that never Equal knew,
Whose Mighty Arms all Asia did subdue,
Whose Conquests through the spacious World do ring,
That City-Raser, King-destroying King,
Who o're the Warlike Macedons did Reign,
And worthily the Name of Great did gain.
This is the Prince (if Fame you will believe,
To ancient Story any credit give.)
Who when the Globe of Earth he had subdu'd,
With Tears the easie Victory pursu'd;
Because that no more Worlds there were to win,
No further Scene to act his Glorys in.
Ah that some pitying Muse would now inspire
My frozen style with a Poetique fire,
And Raptures worthy of his Matchless Fame,
Whose Deeds I sing, whose never fading Name

Long as the world shall fresh and deathless last,
No less to future Ages, then the past.
Great my presumption is, I must confess,
But if I thrive, my Glory's ne're the less;
Nor will it from his Conquests derogate
A Female Pen his Acts did celebrate.
If thou O Muse wilt thy assistance give,
Such as made Naso and great Maro live,
With him whom Melas fertile Banks did bear,
Live, though their Bodies dust and ashes are;
Whose Laurels were not fresher, than their Fame
Is now, and will for ever be the same.
If the like favour thou wilt grant to me,
O Queen of Verse, I'll not ungrateful be,
My choicest hours to thee I'll Dedicate,
'Tis thou shalt rule, 'tis thou shalt be my Fate.
But if Coy Goddess thou shalt this deny,
And from my humble suit disdainingly fly,
I'll stoop and beg no more, since I know this,
Writing of him, I cannot write amiss:
His lofty Deeds will raise each feeble line,
And God-like Acts will make my Verse Divine.

'Twas at the time the golden Sun doth rise,
And with his Beams enlights the azure skies,
When lo a Troop in Silver Arms drew near,
The glorious Sun did nere so bright appear;
Dire Scarlet Plumes adorn'd their haughty Crests,
And crescent Shields did shade their shining Brests;
Down from their shoulders hung a Panthers Hide,
A Bow and Quiver ratled by their side;
Their hands a knotty well try'd Speare did bear,
Jocund they seem'd, and quite devoyd of fear.
These warlike Virgins were, that do reside
Near Thermodons smooth Banks and verdant side,
The Plains of Themiscyre their Birth do boast,
Thalestris now did head the beauteous Host;
She emulating that Illustrious Dame,
Who to the aid of Troy and Priam came,
And her who the Retulian Prince did aid,
Though dearly both for their Assistance paid.
But fear she scorn'd, nor the like fate did dread,
Her Host she often to the field had lead,
As oft in Triumph had return'd again,
Glory she only sought for all her pain.

This Martial Queen had heard how lowdly fame,
Eccho'd our Conquerors redoubted Name,
Her Soul his Conduct and his Courage fir'd,
To see the Hero she so much admir'd;
And to Hyrcania for this cause she went,
Where Alexander (wholly then intent
On Triumphs and such Military sport)
At Truce with War held both his Camp and Court.
And while before the Town she did attend
Her Messengers return, she saw ascend
A cloud of Dust, that cover'd all the skie,
And still at every pause there stroke her eye.
The interrupted Beams of Burnisht Gold,
As dust the Splendour hid, or did unfold;
Loud Neighings of the Steeds, and Trumpets sound
Fill'd all the Air, and eccho'd from the ground:
The gallant Greeks with a brisk March drew near,
And their great Chief did at their Head appear.

And now come up to th'Amazonian Band,
They made a Hault and a respectful Stand:
And both the Troops (with like amazement strook)
Did each on other with deep silence look.

Th'Heroick Queen (whose high pretence to War
Cancell'd the bashful Laws and nicer Bar
Of Modesty, which did her Sex restrain)
First boldly did advance before her Train,
And thus she spake. All but a God in Name,
And that a debt Time owes unto thy Fame.

Anne Killigrew

An Epitaph On Her Self.

When I am Dead, few Friends attend my Hearse,
And for a Monument, I leave my VERSE.

Anne Killigrew

An Invective Against Gold

OF all the Poisons that the fruitful Earth
E'er yet brought forth, or Monsters she gave Birth,
Nought to Mankind has e'er so fatal been,
As thou, accursed Gold, their Care and Sin.

Methinks I the Advent'rous Merchant see,
Ploughing the faithless Seas, in search of thee,
His dearest Wife and Children left behind,
(His real Wealth) while he, a Slave to th' Wind,
Sometimes becalm'd, the Shore with longing Eyes
Wishes to see, and what he wishes, Spies:
For a rude Tempest wakes him from his Dream,
And Strands his Bark by a more sad Extream.
Thus, hopeless Wretch, is his whole Life-time spent,
And though thrice Wreck't, 's no Wiser than he went.

Again, I see, the Heavenly Fair despis'd,
A Hagg like Hell, with Gold, more highly priz'd;
Mens Faith betray'd, their Prince and Country Sold,
Their God deny'd, all for the Idol Gold.

Unhappy Wretch, who first found out the Oar,
What kind of Vengeance rests for thee in store?
If Nebats Son, that Israel led astray,
Meet a severe Reward at the last Day?
Some strange unheard-of Judgement thou wilt find,
Who thus hast caus'd to Sin all Humane Kind.

Anne Killigrew

An Ode

[I.]

Arise my Dove, from mid'st of Pits arise,
Thy sully'd Habitation leave,
To Dust no longer cleave,
Unworthy they of Heaven, that will not view the Skies.

Thy native Beauty re-assume,
Prune each neglected Plume,
Till more than Silver white,
Then burnisht Gold more bright,
Thus ever ready stand to take thy Eternal Flight.

II.

The Bird to whom the spacious Aire was given,
As in a smooth and trackless Path to go,
A Walk which does no Limits know
Pervious alone to Her and Heaven :
Should she her Airy Race forget,
On Earth affect to walk and sit;
Should she so high a Priviledge neglect,
As still on Earth, to walk and sit, affect,
What could she of Wrong complain,
Who thus her Birdly Kind doth stain,
If all her Feathers moulted were,
And naked she were left and bare,
The Jest and Scorn of Earth and Aire?

III.

The Bird of Paradice the Soul,

Anne Killigrew

Cloris Charmes

Dissolved by EUDORA.

Not that thy Fair Hand
Should lead me from my deep Dispaire,
Or thy Love, Cloris, End my Care,
And back my Steps command :
But if hereafter thou Retire,
To quench with Tears, thy Wandring Fire,
This Clue I'll leave behinde,
By which thou maist untwine
The Saddest Way,
To shun the Day,
That ever Grief did find.

First take thy Hapless Way
Along the Rocky Northern Shore,
Infamous for the Matchless Store
Of Wracks within that Bay.
None o're the Cursed Beach e're crost,
Unless the Robb'd, the Wrack'd, or Lost
Where on the Strand lye spread,
The Sculls of many Dead.
Their mingl'd Bones,
Among the Stones,
Thy Wretched Feet must tread.
The Trees along the Coast,
Stretch forth to Heaven their blasted Arms,
As if they plained the North-winds harms,
And Youthful Verdure lost.
There stands a Grove of Fatal Ewe,
Where Sun nere pierc't, nor Wind ere blew.
In it a Brooke doth fleet,
The Noise must guide thy Feet,

For there's no Light,
But all is Night,
And Darkness that you meet.
Follow th' Infernal Wave,
Until it spread into a Floud,
Poysoning the Creatures of the Wood,

There twice a day a Slave,
I know not for what Impious Thing,
Bears thence the Liquor of that Spring.
It adds to the sad Place,
To hear how at each Pace,
He curses God,
Himself, his Load,
For such his Forlorn Case.
Next make no Noyse, nor talk,
Until th' art past a Narrow Glade,
Where Light does only break the Shade;
'Tis a Murderers Walk.
Observing this thou need'st not fear,
He sleeps the Day or Wakes elsewhere.

Though there's no Clock or Chime,
The Hour he did his Crime,
His Soul awakes,
His Conscience quakes
And warns him that's the Time.
Thy Steps must next advance,
Where Horror, Sin, and Spectars dwell,
Where the Woods Shade seems turn'd Hell,
Witches here Nightly Dance,
And Sprights joyn with them when they call,
The Murderer dares not view the Ball.
For Snakes and Toads conspire,
To make them up a Quire.
And for their Light,
And Torches bright,
The Fiends dance all on fire.
Press on till thou descrie
Among the Trees sad, gastly, wan,
Thinne as the Shadow of a Man,
One that does ever crie,

She is not; and she ne're will be,
Despair and Death come swallow me,
Leave him; and keep thy way,
No more thou now canst stray
Thy Feet do stand,
In Sorrows Land,

It's Kingdoms every way.
Here Gloomy Light will shew
Reard like a Castle to the Skie,
A Horrid Cliffe there standing nigh
Shading a Creek below.
In which Recess there lies a Cave,
Dreadful as Hell, still as the Grave.
Sea-Monsters there abide,
The coming of the Tide,
No Noise is near,
To make them fear,
God-sleep might there reside.

But when the Boysterous Seas,
With Roaring Waves resumes this Cell,
You'd swear the Thunders there did dwell.
So lowd he makes his Plea;
So Tempests bellow under ground,
And Ecchos multiply the Sound!
This is the place I chose,
Changeable like my Woes,
Now calmly Sad,
Then Raging Mad,
As move my Bitter Throwes.
Such Dread besets this Part,
That all the Horrour thou hast past,
Are but Degrees to This at last.
The sight must break thy Heart :
Here Bats and Owles that hate the Light
Fly and enjoy Eternal Night.
Scales of Serpents, Fish-bones,
Th' Adders Eye, and Toad-stones,
Are all the Light,
Hath blest my Sight,
Since first began my Groans.

When thus I lost the Sense,
Of all the heathful World calls Bliss,
And held it Joy, those Joys to miss,
When Beauty was Offence :
Celestial Strains did read the Aire,
Shaking these Mansions of Despaire;

A Form Divine and bright,
Stroke Day through all that Night
As when Heav'ns Queen
In Hell was seen,
With wonder and affright!
The Monsters fled for fear,
The Terrors of the Cursed Wood
Dismantl'd were, and where they stood,
No longer did appear.
The Gentle Pow'r, which wrought this thing,
Eudora was, who thus did sing.
Dissolv'd is Cloris spell,
From whence thy Evils fell,
Send her this Clue,
'Tis there most due
And thy Phantastick Hell.

Anne Killigrew

Extemporary Counsel Given To A Young Gallant In A Frolick.

As you are Young, if you'll be also Wise,
Danger with Honour court, Quarrels despise;
Believe you then are truly Brave and Bold,
To Beauty when no Slave, and less to Gold;
When Vertue you dare own, not think it odd,
Or ungenteel to say, I fear a God.

Anne Killigrew

First Epigram: Upon Being Contented With A Little

1 We deem them moderate, but Enough implore,
2 What barely will suffice, and ask no more:
3 Who say, (O Jove) a competency give,
4 Neither in Luxury, or Want we'd live.
5 But what is that, which these Enough do call?
6 If both the Indies unto some should fall,
7 Such Wealth would yet Enough but onely be,
8 And what they'd term not Want, or Luxury.
9 Among the Suits, O Jove, my humbler take;
10 A little give, I that Enough will make.

Anne Killigrew

Herodias' Daughter Presenting To Her Mother St. John's Head In A Charger, Also Painted By Her Self

Behold, dear Mother, who was late our Fear,
Disarm'd and Harmless, I present you here;
The Tongue ty'd up, that made all Jury quake,
And which so often did our Greatness shake;

No Terror sits upon his Awful Brow,
Where Fierceness reign'd, there Calmness triumphs now;
As Lovers use, he gazes on my Face,
With Eyes that languish, as they sued for Grace;
Wholly subdu'd by my Victorious Charms,
See how his Head reposes in my Arms.
Come, joyn then with me in my just Transport,
Who thus have brought the Hermite to the Court.

Anne Killigrew

Love, The Soul Of Poetry

WHen first Alexis did in Verse delight,
His Muse in Low, but Graceful Numbers walk't,
And now and then a little Proudly stalk't;
But never aim'd at any noble Flight:
The Herds, the Groves, the gentle purling Streams,
Adorn'd his Song, and were his highest Theams.

But Love these Thoughts, like Mists, did soon disperse,
Enlarg'd his Fancy, and set free his Muse,
Biding him more Illustrious Subjects choose;
The Acts of Gods, and God-like Men rehearse.
From thence new Raptures did his Breast inspire,
His scarce Warm-Heart converted was to Fire.

Th' exalted Poet rais'd by this new Flame,
With Vigor flys, where late he crept along,
And Acts Divine, in a Diviner Song,
Commits to the eternal Trompe of Fame.
And thus Alexis does prove Love to be,
As the Worlds Soul, the Soul of Poetry.

Anne Killigrew

On A Picture Painted By Her Self, Representing Two Nymphs Of Diana's, One In A Posture To Hunt, The Other Batheing

We are Diana's Virgin-Train,
Descended of no Mortal Strain;
Our Bows and Arrows are our Goods,
Our Pallaces, the lofty Woods,
The Hills and Dales, at early Morn,
Resound and Eccho with our Horn;
We chase the Hinde and Fallow-Deer,
The Wolf and Boar both dread our Spear;

In Swiftnesse we out-strip the Wind,
An Eye and Thought we leave behind;
We Fawns and Shaggy Satyrs awe;
To Sylvan Pow'rs we give the Law:
Whatever does provoke our Hate,
Our Javelins strike, as sure as Fate;
We Bathe in Springs, to cleanse the Soil,
Contracted by our eager Toil;
In which we shine like glittering Beams,
Or Christal in the Christal Streams;
Though Venus we transcend in Form,
No wanton Flames our Bosomes warm!
If you ask where such Wights do dwell,
In what Bless't Clime, that so excel?
The Poets onely that can tell.

Anne Killigrew

On A Young Lady

Whose Lord was Travelling.

No sooner I pronounced Celindas name,
But Troops of wing'd Pow'rs did chant the same:
Not those the Poets Bows and Arrows lend,
But such as on the Altar do attend.
Celinda nam'd, Flow'rs spring up from the Ground,
Excited meerly with the Charming Sound.
Celinda, the Courts Glory, and its fear,
The gaz'd at Wonder, where she does appear.
Celinda great in Birth, greater in Meen,
Yet none so humble as this Fair-One's seen.
Her Youth and Beauty justly might disdain,
But the least Pride her Glories ne're did stain.
Celinda of each State th' ambitious Strife,
At once a Noble Virgin, and a Wife

Who, while her Gallant Lord in Forraign parts
Adorns his Youth with all accomplisht Arts,
Grows ripe at home in Vertue, more than Years,
And in each Grace a Miracle appears!

When other of her Age a madding go,
To th' Park and Plays, and ev'ry publick Show,
Proud from their Parents Bondage they have broke,
Though justly freed, she still does wear the Yoke;
Preferring more her Mothers Friend to be,
Than Idol of the Towns Loose-Gallantry.
On her she to the Temple does attend,
Where they their Blessed Hours both save and spend.
They Smile, they Joy, together they do Pray,
You'd think two Bodies did One Soul obey:
Like Angels thus they do reflect their Bliss,
And their bright Vertues each the other kiss.

Return young Lord, while thou abroad dost rome
The World to see, thou loosest Heaven at Home.

On Death

Tell me thou safest End of all our Woe,
Why wretched Mortals do avoid thee so:
Thou gentle drier o'th' afflicteds Tears,
Thou noble ender of the Cowards Fears;
Thou sweet Repose to Lovers sad dispaire,
Thou Calm t'Ambitions rough Tempestuous Care.
If in regard of Bliss thou wert a Curse,
And then the Joys of Paradise art worse;
Yet after Man from his first Station fell,
And God from Eden Adam did expel,
Thou wert no more an Evil, but Relief;
The Balm and Cure to ev'ry Humane Grief:
Through thee (what Man had forfeited before)
He now enjoys, and ne'r can loose it more.

No subtile Serpents in the Grave betray,
Worms on the Body there, not Soul do prey;
No Vice there Tempts, no Terrors there afright,
No Coz'ning Sin affords a false delight:
No vain Contentions do that Peace annoy,
No feirce Alarms break the lasting Joy.

Ah since from thee so many Blessings flow,
Such real Good as Life can never know;
Come when thou wilt, in thy afrighting'st Dress,
Thy Shape shall never make thy Welcome less.
Thou mayst to Joy, but ne'er to Fear give Birth,
Thou Best, as well as Certain'st thing on Earth.
Fly thee? May Travellers then fly their Rest,
And hungry Infants fly the profer'd Brest.
No, those that faint and tremble at thy Name,
Fly from their Good on a mistaken Fame.
Thus Childish fear did Israel of old
From Plenty and the Promis'd Land with-hold;
They fancy'd Giants, and refus'd to go,

When Canaan did with Milk and Honey flow.

Anne Killigrew

On My Aunt Mrs. A. K.

Drown'd under London-bridge, in the Queens Bardge, Anno 1641

The Darling of a Father Good and Wise,
The Vertue, which a Vertuous Age did prize;
The Beauty Excellent even to those were Faire,
Subscrib'd unto, by such as might compare;
The Star that 'bove her Orb did always move,
And yet the Noblest did not Hate, but Love;
And those who most upon their Title stood,
Vail'd also to, because she did more Good.
To whom the Wrong'd, and Worthy did resort,
And held their Sutes obtain'd, if only brought;
The highest Saint in all the Heav'n of Court.
So Noble was her Aire, so Great her Meen,
She seem'd a Friend, not Servant to the Queen.
To Sin, if known, she never did give way,
Vice could not Storm her, could it not betray.

When angry Heav'n extinguisht her fair Light,
It seem'd to say, Nought's Precious in my sight;
As I in Waves this Paragon have drown'd,
The Nation next, and King I will confound.

Anne Killigrew

On The Birth-Day Of Queen Katherine

While yet it was the Empire of the Night,
And Stars still check'r'd Darkness with their Light,
From Temples round the cheerful Bells did ring,
But with the Peales a churlish Storm did sing.
I slumbr'd; and the Heavens like things did show,
Like things which I had seen and heard below.
Playing on Harps Angels did singing fly,
But through a cloudy and a troubl'd Sky,

Some fixt a Throne, and Royal Robes display'd,
And then a Massie Cross upon it laid.
I wept: and earnestly implor'd to know,
Why Royal Ensigns were disposed so.
An Angel said, The Emblem thou hast seen,
Denotes the Birth-Day of a Saint and Queen.
Ah, Glorious Minister, I then reply'd,
Goodness and Bliss together do reside
In Heaven and thee, why then on Earth below
These two combin'd so rarely do we know?
He said, Heaven so decrees: and such a Sable Morne
Was that, in which the Son of God was borne.
Then Mortal wipe thine Eyes, and cease to rave,
God darkn'd Heaven, when He the World did save.

Anne Killigrew

On The Dutchess Of Grafton

Under the Name of ALINDA.
A SONG.

Th' ambitious Eye that seeks alone,
Where Beauties Wonders most are shown;
Of all that bounteous Heaven displays,
Let him on bright Alinda gaze;
And in her high Example see,
All can admir'd, or wisht-for, be
An unmatch't Form, Mind like endow'd,
Estate, and Title great and proud;
A Charge Heaven dares to few commit,
So few, like her, can manage it;
Without all Blame or Envy bear,
The being Witty, Great and Fair!

So well these Murd'ring Weapons weild,
As first Herself with them to shield,
Then slaughter none in proud Disport,
Destroy those she invites to Gourt:
Great are her Charmes, but Vertue more,
She wounds no Hearts, though All adore!
'Tis Am'rous Beauty Love invites,
A Passion, like it self, excites:
The Paragon, though all admire,
Kindles in none a fond desire:
No more than those the Kings Renown
And State applaud, affect his Crown.

Anne Killigrew

On The Soft And Gentle Motions Of Eudora

Divine Thalia strike th' Harmonious Lute,
But with a Stroke so Gentle as may sute
The silent gliding of the Howers,
Or yet the calmer growth of Flowers;
Th' ascending or the falling Dew,
Which none can see, though all find true.
For thus alone,
Can be shewn,
How downie, how smooth,
Eudora doth Move,
How Silken her Actions appear,
The Aire of her Face,
Of a gentler Grace
Then those that do stroke the Eare.
Her Address so sweet,
So Modestly Meet,

That 'tis not the Lowd though Tuneable String,
Can shewforth so soft, so Noyseless a Thing!
O This to express from thy Hand must fall,
Then Musicks self, something more Musical.

Anne Killigrew

Penelope To Ulysses.

Return my dearest Lord, at length return,
Let me no longer your sad absence mourn,
Ilium in Dust, does no more Work afford,
No more Employment for your Wit or Sword.

Why did not the fore-seeing Gods destroy,
Helin the Fire-brand both of Greece and Troy,
E're yet the Fatal Youth her Face had seen,
E're lov'd and born away the wanton Queen?
Then had been stopt the mighty Floud of Woe,
Which now both Greece and Phrygia over-flow:
Then I, these many Teares, should not have shed,
Nor thou, the source of them, to War been led:
I should not then have trembled at the Fame
Of Hectors warlike and victorious Name.

Why did I wish the Noble Hector Slain?
Why Ilium ruin'd? Rise, O rise again!
Again great City flourish from thine Urne:
For though thou'rt burn'd, my Lord does not return.
Sometimes I think, (but O most Cruel Thought,)
That, for thy Absence, th' art thy self in fault:
That thou art captiv'd by some captive Dame,
Who, when thou fired'st Troy, did thee inflame
And now with her thou lead'st thy am'rous Life,
Forgetful, and despising of thy Wife.

Anne Killigrew

St. John Baptist Painted By Her Self In The Wilderness, With Angels Appearing To Him, And With A Lamb By Him.

The Sun's my Fire, when it does shine,
The hollow Spring's my Cave of Wine,
The Rocks and Woods afford me Meat;
This Lamb and I on one Dish eat:
The neighbouring Herds my Garments send,
My Pallet the kind Earth doth lend:
Excess and Grandure I decline,
M'Associates onely are Divine.

Anne Killigrew

The Complaint Of A Lover

Seest thou younder craggy Rock,
Whose Head o'er-looks the swelling Main,
Where never Shepherd fed his Flock,
Or careful Peasant sow'd his Grain.
No wholesome Herb grows on the same,
Or Bird of Day will on it rest;
'Tis Barren as the Hopeless Flame,
That scortches my tormented Breast.

Deep underneath a Cave does lie,
Th' entrance hid with dismal Yew,
Where Phebus never shew'd his Eye,
Or cheerful Day yet pierced through.

In that dark Melancholy Cell,
(Retreate and Sollace to my Woe)
Love, sad Dispair, and I, do dwell,
The Springs from whence my Griefs do flow.

Treacherous Love that did appear,
(When he at first approach't my Heart)
Drest in a Garb far from severe,
Or threatning ought of future smart.

So Innocent those Charms then seem'd,
When Rosalinda first I spy'd,
Ah! Who would them have deadly deem'd?
But Flowers do often Serpents hide.

Beneath those sweets conceal'd lay,
To Love the cruel Foe, Disdain,
With which (alas) she does repay
My Constant and Deserving Pain.

When I in Tears have spent the Night,
With Sighs I usher in the Sun,
Who never saw a sadder sight,
In all the Courses he has run.

Sleep, which to others Ease does prove,
Comes unto me, alas, in vain:
For in my Dreams I am in Love,
And in them too she does Disdain.

Some times t'Amuse my Sorrow, I
Unto the hollow Rocks repair,
And loudly to the Eccho cry,
Ah! gentle Nymph come ease my Care.

Thou who, times past, a Lover wer't,
Ah! pity me, who now am so,
And by a sense of thine own smart,
Alleviate my Mighty Woe.

Come Flatter then, or Chide my Grief;
Catch my last Words, and call me Fool;
Or say, she Loves, for my Relief;
My Passion either sooth, or School.

Anne Killigrew

The Discontent

I.

1 Here take no Care, take here no Care, my Muse,
2 Nor ought of Art or Labour use:
3 But let thy Lines rude and unpolisht go,
4 Nor Equal be their Feet, nor Num'rous let them flow.
5 The ruggeder my Measures run when read,
6 They'l livelier paint th'unequal Paths fond Mortals tread.
7 Who when th'are tempted by the smooth Ascents,
8 Which flatt'ring Hope presents,
9 Briskly they clime, and Great Things undertake;
10 But Fatal Voyages, alas, they make:
11 For 'tis not long before their Feet,
12 Inextricable Mazes meet,
13 Perplexing Doubts obstruct their Way,
14 Mountains with-stand them of Dismay;
15 Or to the Brink of black Dispaire them lead,
16 Where's nought their Ruine to impede,
17 In vain for Aide they then to Reason call,
18 Their Senses dazle, and their Heads turn round,
19 The sight does all their Pow'rs confound,
20 And headlong down the horrid Precipice they fall:
21 Where storms of Sighs for ever blow,
22 Whre raped streams of Tears do flow,
23 Which drown them in a Briny Floud.
24 My Muse pronounce aloud, there's nothing Good,
25 Nought that the World can show,
26 Nought that it can bestow.

II.

27 Not boundless Heaps of its admired Clay,
28 Ah, too successful to betray,
29 When spread in our fraile Vertues way:
30 For few do run with so Resolv'd a Pace,
31 That for the Golden Apple will not loose the Race.

32 And yet not all the Gold the Vain would spend,
33 Or greedy Avarice would wish to save;
34 Which on the Earth refulgent Beams doth send,
35 Or in the Sea has found a Grave,
36 Joyn'd in one Mass, can Bribe sufficient be,
37 The Body from a stern Disease to free,
38 Or purchase for the Minds relief
39 One Moments sweet Repose, when restless made by grief,
40 But what may Laughter, more than Pity, move:
41 When some the Price of what they Dear'st Love
42 Are Masters of, and hold it in their Hand,
43 To part with it their Hearts they can't command:
44 But chose to miss, what miss't does them torment,
45 And that to hug, affords them no Content.
46 Wise Fools, to do them Right, we these must hold,
47 Who Love depose, and Homage pay to Gold.

III.

48 Nor yet, if rightly understood,
49 Does Grandeur carry more of Good;
50 To be o'th' Number of the Great enroll'd,
51 A Scepter o're a Mighty Realm to hold.
52 For what is this?
53 If I not judge amiss.
54 But all th'Afflicted of a Land to take,
55 And f one single Family to make?
56 The Wrong'd, the Poor, th'Opprest, the Sad,
57 The Ruin'd, Malecontent, and Mad?
58 Which a great Part of ev'ry Empire frame,
59 And Interest in the common Father claime.
60 Again what is't, but always to abide
61 A Gazing Crowd? upon a Stage to spend
62 A Life that's vain, or Evil without End?
63 And which is yet not safely held, nor laid aside?
64 And then, if lesser Titles carry less of Care,
65 Yet none but Fools ambitious are to share
66 Such a Mock-Good, of which 'tis said, 'tis Best,
67 When of the least of it Men are possest.

IV.

68 But, O, the Laurel'd Fool! that doats on Fame,
69 Whose Hope's Applause, whose Fear's to want a Name;
70 Who can accept for Pay
71 Of what he does, what others say;
72 Exposes now to hostile Arms his Breast,
73 To toylsome Study then betrays his Rest;
74 Now to his Soul denies a just Content,
75 Then forces on it what it does resent;
76 And all for Praise of Fools: for such are those,
77 Which most of the Admiring Crowd compose.
78 O famisht Soul, which such Thin Food can feed!
79 O Wretched Labour crown'd with such a Meed!
80 Too loud, O Fame! thy Trumpet is, too shrill,
81 To lull a Mind to Rest,
82 Or calme a stormy Breast,
83 Which asks a Musick soft and still.
84 'Twas not Almaleck's vanquisht Cry,
85 Nor Israels shout of Victory,
86 That could in Saul the rising Passion lay,
87 'Twas the soft strains of David's Lyre the Evil Spirit chace't away.

V.

88 But Friendship fain would yet it self defend,
89 And Mighty Things it does pretend,
90 To be of this Sad Journey, Life, the Baite,
91 The Sweet Refection of our toylsome State.
92 But though True Friendship a Rich Cordial be,
93 Alas, by most 'tis so alay'd,
94 Its Good so mixt with Ill we see,
95 That Dross for Gold is often paid.
96 And for one Grain of Friendship that is found,
97 Falshood and Interest do the Mass compound,
98 Or coldness, worse than Steel, the Loyal heart doth wound.
99 Love in no Two was ever yet the same,
100 No Happy Two ere felt an Equal Flame.

VI.

101 Is there that Earth by Humane Foot ne're prest?
102 That Aire which never yet by Humane Breast
103 Respir'd, did Life supply?
104 Oh, thither let me fly!
105 Where from the World at such a distance set,
106 All that's past, present, and to come I may forget:
107 The Lovers Sighs, and the Afflicted Tears,
108 What e're may wound my Eyes or Ears.
109 The grating Noise of Private Jars,
110 The horrid sound of Publick Wars,
111 Of babling Fame the Idle Stories,
112 The short-liv'd Triumphs Noysy-Glories,
113 The Curious Nets the subtile weave,
114 The Word, the Look that may deceive.
115 No Mundan Care shall more affect my Breast,
116 My profound Peace shake or molest:
117 But Stupor, like to Death, my Senses bind,
118 That so I may anticipate that Rest,
119 Which only in my Grave I hope to find.

Anne Killigrew

The Fourth Epigram

On GALLA.

Now liquid Streams by the fierce Cold do grow
As solid as the Rocks from whence they flow;
Now Tibers Banks with Ice united meet,
And it's firm Stream may well be term'd its Street;
Now Vot'ries 'fore the Shrines like Statues show,
And scarce the Men from Images we know;
Now Winters Palsey seizes ev'ry Age,
And none's so warm, but feels the Seasons Rage;
Even the bright Lillies and triumphant Red
Which o're Corinna's youthful cheeks are spred,
Look pale and bleak, and shew a purple hew,
And Violets staine, where Roses lately grew.

Galla alone, with wonder we behold,
Maintain her Spring, and still out-brave the Cold;
Her constant white does not to Frost give place,
Nor fresh Vermillion fade upon her face:
Sure Divine beauty in this Dame does shine?
Not Humane, one reply'd, yet not Divine.

Anne Killigrew

The Miseries Of Man

1 In that so temperate Soil Arcadia nam'd,
1 For fertile Pasturage by Poets fam'd;
2 Stands a steep Hill, whose lofty jetting Crown,
3 Casts o'er the neighbouring Plains, a seeming Frown;
4 Close at its mossie Foot an aged Wood,
5 Compos'd of various Trees, there long has stood,
6 Whose thick united Tops scorn the Sun's Ray,
7 And hardly will admit the Eye of Day.
8 By oblique windings through this gloomy Shade,
9 Has a clear purling Stream its Passage made,
10 The Nymph, as discontented seem'd t'ave chose
11 This sad Recess to murmur forth her Woes.

12 To this Retreat, urg'd by tormenting Care,
13 The melancholly Cloris did repair,
14 As a fit Place to take the sad Relief
15 Of Sighs and Tears, to ease oppressing Grief.
16 Near to the Mourning Nymph she chose a Seat,
17 And these Complaints did to the Shades repeat.

18 Ah wretched, trully wretched Humane Race!
19 Your Woes from what Beginning shall I trace,
20 Where End, from your first feeble New-born Cryes,
21 To the last Tears that wet your dying Eyes?
22 Man, Common Foe, assail'd on ev'ry hand,
23 Finds that no Ill does Neuter by him stand,
24 Inexorable Death, Lean Poverty,
25 Pale Sickness, ever sad Captivity.
26 Can I, alas, the sev'ral Parties name,
27 Which, muster'd up, the Dreadful Army frame?
28 And sometimes in One Body all Unite,
29 Sometimes again do separately fight:
30 While sure Success on either Way does waite,
31 Either a Swift, or else a Ling'ring Fate.

32 But why 'gainst thee, O Death! should I inveigh,
33 That to our Quiet art the only way?
34 And yet I would (could I thy Dart command)

35 Crie, Here O strike! and there O hold thy Hand!
36 The Lov'd, the Happy, and the Youthful spare,
37 And end the Sad, the Sick, the Poor Mans Care.
38 But whether thou or Blind, or Cruel art,
39 Whether 'tis Chance, or Malice, guides thy Dart,
40 Thou from the Parents Arms dost pull away
41 The hopeful Child, their Ages only stay:
42 The Two, whom Friendship in dear Bands has ty'd,
43 Thou dost with a remorseless hand divide;
44 Friendship, the Cement, that does faster twine
45 Two Souls, than that which Soul and Body joyn:
46 Thousands have been, who their own Blood did spill,
47 But never any yet his Friend did kill.
48 Then 'gainst thy Dart what Armour can be found,
49 Who, where thou do'st not strike, do'st deepest wound?
50 Thy Pitty, than thy Wrath's more bitter far,
51 Most cruel, where 'twould seem the most to spare:
52 Yet thou of many Evils art but One,
53 Though thou by much too many art alone.

54 What shall I say of Poverty, whence flows?
55 To miserable Man so many Woes?
56 Rediculous Evil which too oft we prove,
57 Does Laughter cause, where it should Pitty move;
58 Solitary Ill, into which no Eye,
59 Though ne're so Curious, ever cares to pry,
60 And were there, 'mong such plenty, onely One
61 Poor Man, he certainly would live alone.

62 Yet Poverty does leave the Man entire,
63 But Sickness nearer Mischiefs does conspire;
64 Invades the Body with a loath'd Embrace,
65 Prides both its Strength, and Beauty to deface;
66 Nor does it Malice in these bounds restrain,
67 But shakes the Throne of Sacred Wit, the Brain,
68 And with a ne're enough detested Force
69 Reason disturbs, and turns out of its Course.
70 Again, when Nature some Rare Piece has made,
71 On which her Utmost Skill she seems t'ave laid,
72 Polish't, adorn'd the Work with moving Grace,
73 And in the Beauteous Frame a Soul doth place,
74 So perfectly compos'd, it makes Divine

75 Each Motion, Word, and Look from thence does shine;
76 This Goodly Composition, the Delight
77 Of ev'ry Heart, and Joy of ev'ry sight,
78 Its peevish Malice has the Power to spoyle,
79 And with a Sully'd Hand its Lusture soyle.
80 The Grief were Endless, that should all bewaile,
81 Against whose sweet Repose thou dost prevail:
82 Some freeze with Agues, some with Feavers burn,
82 Whose Lives thou half out of their Holds dost turn;
83 And of whose Sufferings it may be said,
84 They living feel the very State o' th' Dead.
85 Thou in a thousand sev'ral Forms are drest,
86 And in them all dost Wretched Man infest.

87 And yet as if these Evils were too few,
88 Men their own Kind with hostile Arms pursue;
89 Not Heavens fierce Wrath, nor yet the Hate of Hell,
90 Not any Plague that e're the World befel,
91 Not Inundations, Famines, Fires blind rage,
92 Did ever Mortals equally engage,
93 As Man does Man, more skilful to annoy,
94 Both Mischievous and Witty to destroy.
95 The bloody Wolf, the Wolf doe not pursue;
96 The Boar, though fierce, his Tusk will not embrue
97 In his own Kind, Bares, not on Bares do prey:
98 Then art thou, Man, more savage far than they.

99 And now, methinks, I present do behold
100 The Bloody Fields that are in Fame enroll'd,
101 I see, I see thousands in Battle slain,
102 The Dead and Dying cover all the Plain,
103 Confused Noises hear, each way sent out,
104 The Vanquishts Cries joyn'd with the Victors shout;
105 Their Sighs and Groans who draw a painful Breath,
106 And feel the Pangs of slow approaching Death:
107 Yet happier these, far happier are the Dead,
108 Than who into Captivity are led:
109 What by their Chains, and by the Victors Pride,
110 We pity these, and envy those that dy'd.
111 And who can say, when Thousands are betray'd,
112 To Widdowhood, Orphants or Childless made.
113 Whither the Day does draw more Tears or Blood

114 A greater Chrystal, or a Crimson Floud.
115 The faithful Wife, who late her Lord did Arm,
116 And hop'd to shield, by holy Vows, from Harm,
117 Follow'd his parting-steps with Love and Care,
118 Sent after weeping Eyes, while he afar
119 Rod heated on, born by a brave Disdain,
120 May now go seek him, lying 'mong the Slain:
121 Low on the Earth she'll find his lofty Crest,
122 And those refulgent Arms which late his Breast
123 Did guard, by rough Encounters broke and tore,
124 His Face and Hair, with Brains all clotted ore.
125 And Warlike Weeds besmeer'd with Dust and Gore.

126 And will the Suffering World never bestow
127 Upon th'Accursed Causers of such Woe,
128 A vengeance that may parallel their Loss,
129 Fix Publick Thieves and Robbers on the Cross?
130 Such as call Ruine, Conquest, in their Pride,
131 And having plagu'd Mankind, in Triumph ride.
132 Like that renounced Murder who stains
133 In these our days Alsatias fertile Plains,
134 Only to fill the future Tomp of Fame,
135 Though greater Crimes, than Glory it proclame.
136 Alcides, Scourge of Thieves, return to Earth,
137 Which uncontrolled gives such Monsters birth;
138 On Scepter'd-Cacus let thy Power be shown,
139 Pull him not from his Den, but from his Throne.

140 Clouds of black Thoughts her further Speech here broke,
141 Her swelling Grief too great was to be spoke,
142 Which struggl'd long in her tormented Mind,
143 Till it some Vent by Sighs and Tears did find.
144 And when her Sorrow something was subdu'd,
145 She thus again her sad Complaint renewed.

146 Most Wretched Man, were th'Ills I nam'd before
147 All which I could in thy sad State deplore,
148 Did Things without alone 'gainst thee prevail,
149 My Tongue I'de chide, that them I did bewaile:
150 But, Shame to Reason, thou are seen to be
151 Unto thy self the fatall'st Enemy,
152 Within thy Breast the Greatest Plagues to bear,

153 First them to breed, and then to cherish there;
154 Unmanag'd Passions which the Reins have broke
155 Of Reason, and refuse to bear its Yoke.
156 But hurry thee, uncurb'd, from place to place,
157 A wild, unruly, and an Uncouth Chace.
158 Now cursed Gold does lead the Man astray,
159 False flatt'ring Honours do anon betray,
160 Then Beauty does as dang'rously delude,
161 Beauty, that vanishes, while 'tis pursu'd,
162 That, while we do behold it, fades away,
163 And even a Long Encomium will not stay.

164 Each one of these can the Whole Man employ,
165 Nor knows he anger, sorrow, fear, or joy,
166 But what to these relate; no Thought does start
167 Aside, but tends to its appointed Part,
168 No Respite to himself from Cares he gives,
169 But on the Rack of Expectation lives.
170 If crost, the Torment cannot be exprest,
171 Which boyles within his agitated Breast.
172 Musick is harsh, all Mirth is an offence,
173 The Choicest Meats cannot delight his Sense,
174 Hard as the Earth he feels his Downy Bed,
175 His Pillow stufft with Thornes, that bears his Head,
176 He rolls from side to side, in vain seeks Rest;
177 For if sleep come at last to the Distrest,
178 His Troubles then cease not to vex him too,
179 But Dreams present, what does waking do.
180 On th'other side, if he obtains the Prey,
181 And Fate to his impetuous Sute gives way,
182 Be he or Rich, or Amorous, or Great,
183 He'll find this Riddle still of a Defeat,
184 That only Care, for Bliss, he home has brought,
185 Or else Contempt of what he so much sought.
186 So that on each Event if we reflect,
187 The Joys and Sufferings of both sides collect,
188 We cannot say where lies the greatest Pain,
189 In the fond Pursuit, Loss, or Empty Gain.

190 And can it be, Lord of the Sea and Earth,
191 Off-spring of Heaven, that to thy State and Birth
192 Things so incompatible should be joyn'd,

193 Passions should thee confound, to Heaven assign'd?
194 Passions that do the Soul unguarded lay,
195 And to the strokes of Fortune ope' a way.
196 Were't not that these thy Force did from thee take,
197 How bold, how brave Resistance would'st thou make?
198 Defie the Strength and Malice of thy Foes,
199 Unmoved stand the Worlds United Blows?
200 For what is't, Man, unto thy Better Part,
201 That thou or Sick, or Poor, or Captive art?
202 Since no Material Stroke the Soul can feel,
203 The smart of Fire, or yet the Edge of Steel.
204 As little can it Worldly Joys partake,
205 Though it the Body does its Agent make,
206 And joyntly with it Servile Labour bear,
207 For Things, alas, in which it cannot share.
208 Surveigh the Land and Sea by Heavens embrac't,
209 Thou'lt find no sweet th'Immortal Soul can tast:
210 Why dost thou then, O Man! thy self torment
211 Good here to gain, or Evils to prevent?
212 Who only Miserable or Happy art,
213 As thou neglects, or wisely act'st thy Part.

214 For shame then rouse thy self as from a Sleep,
215 The long neglected Reins let Reason keep,
216 The Charret mount, and use both Lash and Bit,
217 Nobly resolve, and thou wilt firmly sit:
218 Fierce Anger, boggling Fear, Pride prauncing still,
219 Bound-hating Hope, Desire which nought can fill,
220 Are stubborn all, but thou may'st give them Law;
221 Th'are hard-Mouth'd Horses, but they well can draw.
222 Lash on, and the well govern'd Charret drive,
223 Till thou a Victor at the Goal arrrive,
224 Where the free Soul does all her burden leave,
225 And Joys commensurate to her self receive.

Anne Killigrew

The Second Epigram

On BILLINDA.

Wanton Bellinda loudly does complain,
I've chang'd my Love of late into disdain:

Calls me unconstant, cause I now adore
The chaste Marcella, that lov'd her before.
Sin or Dishonour, me as well may blame,
That I repent, or do avoid a shame.

Anne Killigrew

The Third Epigram

On an ATHEIST.

Posthumus boasts he does not Thunder fear,
And for this cause would Innocent appear;
That in his Soul no Terrour he does feel,
At threatn'd Vultures, or Ixion's Wheel,
Which fright the Guilty: But when Fabius told
What Acts 'gainst Murder lately were enrol'd,
'Gainst Incest, Rapine,—straight upon the Tale
His Colour chang'd, and Posthumus grew pale.
His Impious Courage had no other Root,
But that the Villaine, Atheist was to boot.

Anne Killigrew

To My Lady Berkeley

Afflicted upon her Son, My Lord Berkeley's Early Engaging in the Sea-Service.

So the renowned Ithacensian Queen
In Tears for her Telemachus was seen,
When leaving Home, he did attempt the Ire
Of raging Seas, to seek his absent Sire:
Such bitter Sighs her tender Breast did rend;
But had she known a God did him attend,
And would with Glory bring him safe again,
Bright Thoughts would then have dispossess't her Pain.

Ah Noblest Lady! You that her excel
In every Vertue, may in Prudence well
Suspend your Care; knowing what power befriends
Your Hopes, and what on Vertue still attends.

In bloody Conflicts he will Armour find,
In strongest Tempests he will rule the Wind,
He will through Thousand Dangers force a way,
And still Triumphant will his Charge convey.
And the All-ruling power that can act thus,
Will safe return your Dear Telemachus.

Alas, he was not born to live in Peace,
Souls of his Temper were not made for Ease,
Th' Ignoble only live secure from Harms,
The Generous tempt, and seek out fierce Alarms.
Huge Labours were for Hercules design'd,
Jason, to fetch the Golden Fleece, enjoyn'd,
The Minotaure by Noble Theseus dy'd,
In vain were Valour, if it were not try'd,
Should the admir'd and far-sought Diamond lye,
As in its Bed, unpolisht to the Eye,
It would be slighted like a common stone,
It's Value would be small, its Glory none.
But when't has pass'd the Wheel and Cutters hand,
Then it is meet in Monarchs Crowns to stand.

Upon the Noble Object of your Care

Heaven has bestow'd, of Worth, so large a share,
That unastonisht none can him behold,
Or credit all the Wonders of him told!
When others, at his Years were turning o're,
The Acts of Heroes that had liv'd before,
Their Valour to excite, when time should fit,
He then did Things, were Worthy to be writ!
Stayd not for Time, his Courage that out-ran
In Actions, far before in Years, a Man.
Two French Campagnes he boldly courted Fame,
While his Face more the Maid, than Youth became
Adde then to these a Soul so truly Mild,
Though more than Man, Obedient as a Child.
And (ah) should one Small Isle all these confine,
Vertues created through the World to shine?
Heaven that forbids, and Madam so should you;
Remember he but bravely does pursue
His Noble Fathers steps; with your own Hand
Then Gird his Armour on, like him he'll stand,
His Countries Champion, and Worthy be
Of your High Vertue, and his Memory.

Anne Killigrew

To My Lord Colrane

In Answer to his Complemental Verses sent me under the Name of CLEANOR.

Long my dull Muse in heavy slumbers lay,
Indulging Sloth, and to soft Ease gave way,
Her Fill of Rest resolving to enjoy,
Or fancying little worthy her employ.
When Noble Cleanors obliging Strains
Her, the neglected Lyre to tune, constrains.
Confus'd at first, she rais'd her drowsie Head,
Ponder'd a while, then pleas'd, forsook her Bed.
Survey'd each Line with Fancy richly fraught,
Re-read, and then revolv'd them in her Thought.

And can it be? she said, and can it be?
That 'mong the Great Ones I a Poet see?
The Great Ones? who their Ill-spent time divide,
'Twixt dang'rous Politicks, and formal Pride,
Destructive Vice, expensive Vanity,
In worse Ways yet, if Worse there any be:
Leave to Inferiours the despised Arts,
Let their Retainers be the Men of Parts.
But here with Wonder and with Joy I find,
I'th' Noble Born, a no less Noble Mind;
One, who on Ancestors, does not rely
For Fame, in Merit, as in Title, high!

The Severe Goddess thus approv'd the Laies:
Yet too much pleas'd, alas, with her own Praise.
But to vain Pride, My Muse, cease to give place,
Virgils immortal Numbers once did grace
A Smother'd Gnat: by high Applause is shown,
If undeserv'd, the Praisers worth alone:
Nor that you should believ'r, is't always meant,
'Tis often for Instruction only sent,
To praise men to Amendment, and display,
By its Perfection, where their Weakness lay.
This Use of these Applauding Numbers make
Them for Example, not Encomium, take.

To The Queen

As those who pass the Alps do say,
The Rocks which first oppose their way,
And so amazing-High do show,
By fresh Ascents appear but low,
And when they come unto the last,
They scorn the dwarfish Hills th' ave past.

So though my Muse at her first flight,
Thought she had chose the greatest height,
And (imp'd with Alexander's Name)
Believ'd there was no further Fame:
Behold an Eye wholly Divine
Vouchsaf'd upon my Verse to Shine!
And from that time I'gan to treat
With Pitty him the World call'd Great;
To smile at his exalted Fate,
Unequal (though Gigantick) State.

I saw that Pitch was not sublime,
Compar'd with this which now I climb;
His Glories sunk, and were unseen,
When once appear'd the Heav'n-born Queen:
Victories, Laurels, Conquer'd Kings,
Took place among inferiour things.

Now surely I shall reach the Clouds,
For none besides such Vertue shrouds:
Having scal'd this with holy Strains,
Nought higher but the Heaven remains!
No more I'll Praise on them bestow,
Who to ill Deeds their Glories owe;
Who build their Babels of Renown,
Upon the poor oppressed Crown,
Whole Kingdoms do depopulate,
To raise a Proud and short-Liv'd State:
I prize no more such Frantick Might,
Than his that did with Wind-Mills Fight:
No, give me Prowess, that with Charms
Of Grace and Goodness, not with Harms,

Erects a Throne i'th' inward Parts,
And Rules mens Wills, but with their Hearts;
Who with Piety and Vertue thus
Propitiates God, and Conquers us.
O that now like Araunah here,
Altars of Praises I could rear,
Suiting her worth, which might be seen
Like a Queens Present, to a Queen!

'Alone she stands for Vertues Cause,
'When all decry, upholds her Laws:
'When to Banish her is the Strife,
'Keeps her unexil'd in her Life;
'Guarding her matchless Innocence
'From Storms of boldest Impudence;
'In spite of all the Scoffs and Rage,
'And Persecutions of the Age,
'Owns Vertues Altar, feeds the Flame,
'Adores her much-derided Name;
'While impiously her hands they tie,
'Loves her in her Captivity;

'Like Perseus saves her, when she stands
'Expos'd to the Leviathans.
'So did bright Lamps once live in Urns,
'So Camphire in the water burns,
'So Ætna's Flames do ne'er go out,
'Though Snows do freeze its head without.

How dares bold Vice unmasked walk,
And like a Giant proudly stalk?
When Vertue's so exalted seen,
Arm'd and Triumphant in the Queen?
How dares its Ulcerous Face appear,
When Heavenly Beauty is so near?
But so when God was close at hand,
And the bright Cloud did threatning stand
(In fight of Israel) on the Tent,
They on in their Rebellion went.

O that I once so happy were,

To find a nearer Shelter there!
Till then poor Dove, I wandering fly
Between the Deluge and the Skie:

Till then I Mourn, but do not sing,
And oft shall plunge my wearied wing:
If her bless'd hand vouchsafe the Grace,
I'th' Ark with her to give a place,
I safe from danger shall be found,
When Vice and Folly others drown'd.

Anne Killigrew

Upon A Little Lady

Under the Discipline of an Excellent Person.

I.

How comes the Day orecast? the Flaming Sun
Darkn'd at Noon, as if his Course were run?
He never rose more proud, more glad, more gay,
Ne're courted Daphne with a brighter Ray!
And now in Clouds he wraps his Head,
As if not Daphne, but himself were dead!
And all the little Winged Troop
Forbear to sing, and sit and droop;
The Flowers do languish on their Beds,
And fading hang their Mourning Heads;
The little Cupids discontented, shew,
In Grief and Rage one breaks his Bow,
An other tares his Cheeks and Haire,
A third sits blubring in Despaire,

Confessing though, in Love, he be,
A Powerful, Dreadful Deitie,
A Child, in Wrath, can do as much as he!
Whence is this Evil hurl'd,
On all the sweetness of the World?
Among those Things with Beauty shine,
(Both Humane natures, and Divine)
There was not so much sorrow spi'd,
No, not that Day the sweet Adonis died!

II.

Ambitious both to know the Ill, and to partake,
The little Weeping Gods I thus bespake.
Ye Noblest Pow'rs and Gentlest that Above,
Govern us Men, but govern still with Love,
Vouchsafe to tell, what can that Sorrow be,
Disorders Heaven, and wounds a Deitie.
My Prayer not spoken out,
One of the Winged Rout,
With Indignation great,
Sprung from his Airie-Seat,
And mounting to a Higher Cloud,

With Thunder, or a Voice as loud

Cried, Mortal there, there seek the Grief o'th' Gods,
Where thou findest Plagues, and their revengeful Rods!
And in the Instant that the Thing was meant,
He bent his Bow, his Arrow plac't, and to the mark it sent!
I follow'd with my watchful Eye,
To the Place where the Shaft did flie,
But O unheard-of Prodigy.
It was retorted back again,
And he that sent it, felt the pain,
Alas! I think the little God was therewith slain!
But wanton Darts ne're pierce where Honours found,
And those that shoot them, do their own Breasts wound.

III.

The Place from which the Arrow did return,
Swifter then sent, and with the speed did burn,
Was a Proud Pile which Marble Columnes bare,
Tarrast beneath, and open to the Aire,
On either side, Cords of wove Gold did tie
A purfl'd Curtain, hanging from on high,
To clear the Prospect of the stately Bower,
And boast the Owners Dignity and Power!
This shew'd the Scene from whence Loves grief arose,
And Heaven and Nature both did discompose,

A little Nymph whose Limbs divinely bright,
Lay like a Body of Collected Light,
But not to Love and Courtship so disclos'd,
But to the Rigour of a Dame oppos'd,
Who instant on the Faire with Words and Blows,
Now chastens Error, and now Virtue shews.

IV.

But O thou no less Blind,
Than Wild and Savage Mind,
Who Discipline dar'st name,
Thy Outrage and thy shame,
And hop'st a Radiant Crown to get
All Stars and Glory to thy Head made fit,
Know that this Curse alone shall Serpent-like incircle it!

May'st thou henceforth, be ever seen to stand,
Grasping a Scourge of Vipers in thy Hand,
Thy Hand, that Furie like—But see!
By Apollos Sacred Tree,
By his ever Tuneful Lyre,
And his bright Image the Eternal Fire,
Eudoras she has done this Deed
And made the World thus in its Darling bleed!

I know the Cruel Dame,
Too well instructed by my Flame!
But see her shape! But see her Face!
In her Temple such is Diana's Grace!
Behold her Lute upon the Pavement lies,
When Beautie's wrong'd, no wonder Musick dies!

V.

What blood of Centaurs did thy Bosom warme,
And boyle the Balsome there up to a Storme?
Nay Balsome flow'd not with so soft a Floud,
As thy Thoughts Evenly Virtuous, Mildly Good!
How could thy Skilful and Harmonious Hand,
That Rage of Seas, and People could command,
And calme Diseases with the Charming strings,
Such Discords make in the whole Name of Things?
But now I see the Root of thy Rash Pride,
Because thou didst Excel the World beside,
And it in Beauty and in Fame out-shine,
Thou would'st compare thy self to things Divine!
And 'bove thy Standard what thou there didst see,
Thou didst Condemn, because 'twas unlike thee,
And punisht in the Lady as unfit,
What Bloomings were of a Diviner Wit.
Divine she is, or else Divine must be,
A Borne or else a Growing Deitie!

VI.

While thus I did exclaime,
And wildly rage and blame,
Behold the Sylvan-Quire
Did all at one conspire,
With shrill and cheerful Throats,

T'assume their chirping Notes;
The Heav'ns refulgent Eye
Dance't in the clear'd-up Skie,
And so triumphant shon,
As seven-days Beams he had on!
The little Loves burn'd with nobler fier
Each chang'd his wanton Bow, and took a Lyre,
Singing chast Aires unto the tuneful strings,
And time'd soft Musick with their downy Wings.
I turn'd the little Nymph to view,
She singing and did smiling shew;
Eudora led a heav'nly strain,
Her Angels Voice did eccho it again!

I then decreed no Sacrilege was wrought,
But neerer Heav'n this Piece of Heaven was brought.
She also brighter seem'd, than she had been,
Vertue darts forth a Light'ning 'bove the Skin.
Eudora also shew'd as heretofore,
When her soft Graces I did first adore.
I saw, what one did Nobly Will,
The other sweetly did fulfil;
Their Actions all harmoniously did sute,
And she had only tun'd the Lady like her Lute.

Anne Killigrew

Upon The Saying That My Verses Were Made By Another

Next Heaven my Vows to thee (O Sacred Muse!)
I offer'd up, nor didst thou them refuse.

O Queen of Verse, said I, if thou'lt inspire,
And warm my Soul with thy Poetique Fire,
No Love of Gold shall share with thee my Heart,
Or yet Ambition in my Brest have Part,
More Rich, more Noble I will ever hold
The Muses Laurel, than a Crown of Gold.
An Undivided Sacrifice I'll lay
Upon thine Altar, Soul and Body pay;
Thou shalt my Pleasure, my Employment be,
My All I'll make a Holocaust to thee.

The Deity that ever does attend
Prayers so sincere, to mine did condescend.
I writ, and the Judicious prais'd my Pen:
Could any doubt Insuing Glory then?

What pleasing Raptures fill'd my Ravisht Sense?
How strong, how Sweet, Fame, was thy Influence?
And thine, False Hope, that to my flatter'd sight
Didst Glories represent so Near, and Bright?
By thee deceiv'd, methought, each Verdant Tree,
Apollos transform'd Daphne seem'd to be;
And ev'ry fresher Branch, and ev'ry Bow
Appear'd as Garlands to empale my Brow.
The Learn'd in Love say, Thus the Winged Boy
Does first approach, drest up in welcome Joy;
At first he to the Cheated Lovers sight
Nought represents, but Rapture and Delight,
Alluring Hopes, Soft Fears, which stronger bind
Their Hearts, than when they more assurance find.

Embolden'd thus, to Fame I did commit,
(By some few hands) my most Unlucky Wit.
But, ah, the sad effects that from it came!

What ought t'have brought me Honour, brought me shame!
Like Esops Painted Jay I seem'd to all,
Adorn'd in Plumes, I not my own could call:

Rifl'd like her, each one my Feathers tore,
And, as they thought, unto the Owner bore.
My Laurels thus an Others Brow adorn'd,
My Numbers they Admir'd, but Me they scorn'd:
An others Brow, that had so rich a store
Of Sacred Wreaths, that circled it before;
Where mine quite lost, (like a small stream that ran
Into a Vast and Boundless Ocean)
Was swallow'd up, with what it joyn'd and drown'd,
And that Abiss yet no Accession found.

Orinda, (Albions and her Sexes Grace)
Ow'd not her Glory to a Beauteous Face,
It was her Radiant Soul that shon With-in,
Which struck a Lustre through her Outward Skin;
That did her Lips and Cheeks with Roses dy,
Advanc't her Height, and Sparkled in her Eye.
Nor did her Sex at all obstruct her Fame,
But higher 'mong the Stars it fixt her Name;
What she did write, not only all allow'd,
But ev'ry Laurel, to her Laurel, bow'd!

Th' Envious Age, only to Me alone,
Will not allow, what I do write, my Own,
But let 'em Rage, and 'gainst a Maide Conspire,
So Deathless Numbers from my Tuneful Lyre
Do ever flow; so Phebus I by thee
Divinely Inspired and possest may be;
I willingly accept Cassandras Fate,
To speak the Truth, although believ'd too late.

Anne Killigrew