

117	—	—	—	—	—	—	c.1663
118	—	—	—	—	—	—	1663
119	—	—	—	—	—	—	1663
120	—	—	—	—	—	—	1663
121	—	—	—	—	—	—	1663
122	—	—	—	—	—	—	1663
123	—	—	38	—	—	—	1657
124	—	—	—	—	—	—	1661
125	—	—	—	75	39	—	1662
126	—	—	—	—	—	2	c.1650-1
127	—	—	—	—	—	3	c.1650-1
128	—	—	—	—	—	10	c.1650-1
129	—	—	—	—	—	—	c.1647-8
130	—	—	—	—	—	—	c.1647-8

Katherine Philips

The poems

••

1

Upon the double murder of K. Charles,
in answer to a libellous rime made by V. P.

- I thinke not on the state, nor am concern'd
Which way soever that great Helme is turn'd,
But as that sonne whose father's danger nigh
Did force his native dumbnesse, and untye
5 The fettred organs: so here is a cause
That will excuse the breach of nature's lawes.
Silence were now a Sin: Nay passion now
Wise men themselves for merit would allow.
What noble eye could see, (and carelesse passe)
10 The dying Lion kick'd by every asse?
Hath Charles so broke God's lawes, he must not have
A quiet crowne, nor yet a quiet grave?
Tombes have been sanctuaries; Theeves lye here
Secure from all their penaltie and feare.
15 Great Charles his double misery was this,
Unfaithfull friends, ignoble enemies;
Had any heathen been this prince's foe,
He would have wept to see him injur'd soe.
His title was his crime, they'd reason good
20 To quarrell at the right they had withstood.
He broke God's lawes, and therefore he must dye,
And what shall then become of thee and I?
Slander must follow treason; But yet stay,
Take not our reason with our king away.
25 Though you have seiz'd upon all our defence,

Yet do not sequester our common sense.
 But I admire not at this new supply:
 No bounds will hold those who at scepters flye.
 Christ will be King, but I ne're understood,
 30 His subjects built his kingdome up with blood,
 (Except their owne) or that he would dispence
 With his commands, though for his owne defence.
 Oh! to what height of horroure are they come,
 Who dare pull downe a crowne, teare up a Tomb!

2

On the numerous accesse of the English to waite
 upon the King in Holland

Hasten (great prince) unto thy British Isles,
 Or all thy subjects will become exiles;
 To thee they flock, Thy presence is their home,
 As Pompey's residence made Afrique Rome.
 5 They that asserted thy just cause go hence,
 There to expresse their joy and reverence;
 And they that did not, now, by wonder taught,
 Go to confesse and expiate their fault;
 So that if thou dost stay, thy gasping land
 10 Will it selfe empty on the Belgique strand,
 Where the affrighted Dutchman doth professe
 He thinks it an invasion, not adresse.
 As we unmonarch'd were for want of thee,
 So till thou com'st we shall unpeopled be.
 15 None but the close Fanatique will remaine,
 Who by our Loyaltie his ends will gaine:
 And he the exhausted land will quickly find
 As desolate a place as he design'd.
 For England (though growne old with woes) will see
 20 Her long deny'd and soveraigne remedy.
 So when Old Jacob could but credit give
 That his prodigious Joseph still did live,

(Joseph that was preserved to restore
 Their lives, who would have taken his before)
 25 It is enough (sayes he) to Egypt I
 Will go, and see him once before I dye.

3

Arion on a Dolphin to his Majestie
 in his passadge into England

Whom doth this stately navy bring?
 O! 'tis great Britaine's glorious King;
 Convey him then, you winds and seas,
 Swift as desire, and calme as peace.
 5 In your respect let him survey
 What all his other subjects pay,
 And prophecie to them againe
 The splendid smoothnesse of his reigne.
 Charles and his mighty hopes you beare:
 10 A greater now then Caesar's heare;
 Whose veines a richer purple boast
 Then ever Hero's yet ingrosst;
 Sprung from a father so august,
 He triumphs in his very dust.
 15 In him two miracles we view,
 His Vertue and his safetie too.
 For when compell'd by traitors crimes
 To breath and bow in foreigne climes,
 Expos'd to all the rigid fate
 20 That doth on wither'd greatnesse waite,
 Had plots for life and conscience laid,
 By foes pursu'd, by friends betraid;
 Then heaven, his secret potent friend,
 25 And, what's more yet, kept him upright
 Midst flattering hope and bloody fright.
 Cromwell his whole right never gain'd,
 Defender of the faith remain'd,

For which his predecessours fought
 30 And wrote, but none so dearly bought.
 Never was prince so much besieged,
 At home provok'd, abroad oblig'd:
 Nor ever man resisted thus,
 No, not great Athanasius.
 35 No helpe of friends could, or foes spight,
 To fierce invasion him invite.
 Revenge to him no pleasure is,
 He spar'd their blood who gap'd for his;
 Blush'd any hands the English crowne
 40 Should fasten on him, but their owne.
 As peace and freedome with him went,
 With him they come from banishment.
 That he might his dominions win,
 He with himselfe did first begin:
 45 And, that first victory obtain'd,
 His Kingdomes quickly he regain'd.
 The illustrious sufferings of this Prince
 Did all reduce, and all convince.
 He onely liv'd with such successe,
 50 That the whole world would fight with lesse.
 Assistant Kings could but subdue
 Those foes which he can pardon too.
 He thinks no slaughter trophyes good,
 Nor lawrells dipt in subjects blood;
 55 But with a sweet resistlesse Art
 Disarmes the hand, and wins the heart;
 And like a God doth rescue those
 Who did themselves and him oppose.
 Go, wondrous prince, adorne that throne
 60 Which birth and merit make your owne,
 And in your mercy brighter shine
 Then in the gloryes of your line:
 And love at home, and abroade feare,
 And Veneration every where.
 65 Th'united world will you allow

Their Cheife, to whom the English bow,
 And monarchs shall to yours resort,
 As Sheba's Queen to Judah's court,
 Returning thence constrained more
 70 To wonder, envy and adore.
 Discover'd Rome will hate your crowne,
 But she shall tremble at your frowne:
 For England shall (rul'd and restor'd by you)
 The suppliant world protect, or else subdue.

4

On the faire weather at
 the Coronacon

So cleare a season, and so snatch'd from stormes,
 Shewes heaven delights to see what man performes.
 Well knew the sun, if such a day were dimme,
 It would have been an injury to him:
 5 For then a cloud had from his eye conceal'd
 The noblest sight that ever he beheld.
 He therefore check'd the invading raines we fear'd.
 And in a bright Parenthesis appear'd:
 Soe that we knew not which look'd most content,
 10 The King, the people, or the firmament.
 But the solemnity once fully past,
 The intermitted stormes return'd as fast,
 And heaven and earth each other to out do,
 Vyed both in Cannon, and in fire workes too.
 15 So Israel past through the divided flood;
 While in obedient heapes the Ocean stood;
 But the same sea, the Hebrewes once on shore,
 Came back in Torrents where it was before.

One would have thought it was, as then it stood,
 A growing navy, or a floating wood.
 55 But I have done at last, and do confesse
 My voyage taught me so much tediousnesse;
 In short, the heavens must needs propitious be,
 Because Lucasia was concern'd for me.

17

Friendship's Mysterys, to
 my dearest Lucasia.
 (set by Mr. H. Lawes.)

1

Come, my Lucasia, since we see
 That miracles men's faith do move
 By wonder and by Prodigy,
 To the dull, angry world let's prove
 5 There's a religion in our Love.

2

For though we were design'd t'agree,
 That fate no liberty destroys,
 But our election is as free
 As Angells, who with greedy choice
 10 Are yet determin'd to their Joys.

3

Our hearts are doubled by their loss,
 Here mixture is addition grown;
 We both diffuse, and both engrosse,
 And we, whose minds are so much one,
 15 Never, yet ever, are alone.

4

We court our own captivity,
 Then Thrones more great and innocent:

'Twere banishment to be set free,
 Since we weare fetters whose intent
 20 Not bondage is, but Ornament.

5

Divided Joys are tedious found,
 And griefs united easier grow:
 We are our selves but by rebound,
 And all our titles shuffled so,
 25 Both Princes, and both subjects too.

6

Our hearts are mutuall victims lay'd,
 While they (such power in friendship ly's)
 Are Altars, Priests, and offerings made,
 And each heart which thus kindly dy's,
 30 Grows deathless by the sacrifice.

18

Content,
 to my dearest Lucasia

1

Content, the false world's best disguise,
 The search and faction of the wise,
 Is so abstruse and hid in night,
 That like that Fairy red=crosse Knight,
 5 Who treacherous falshood for cleare truth had got,
 Men think they have it, when they have it not.

2

For courts content would gladly own,
 But she ne're dwelt about a Throne;
 And to be flatter'd, rich or great,
 10 Are things that doe man's senses cheat;

65 With innocence and perfect friendship fir'd,
By vertue Joyn'd, and by our choice retir'd.

12

Whose mirrours are the crystall brooks,
Or else each other's hearts and looks;
Who cannot wish for other things
70 Then Privacy and friendship brings;
Whose thoughts and persons chang'd and mixt are one,
Enjoy content, or elce the world has none.

19

Set by Mr. H. Lawes / A Dialogue between
Lucasia and Orinda

Luc. Say, my Orinda, why so sad?

Or. Absence from thee will teare my heart;
Which, since with thine it union had,

Each parting splitts. *Luc.* and can we part?

5 *Or.* Our bodyes must. *Luc.* but never we:

Our soules, without the helpe of sense,
By wayes more noble and more free
Can meet, and hold intelligence.

Or. And yer those soules, when first they met,
10 Look'd out at windowes through the eyes.

Luc. But soon did such acquaintance get,
Not fate nor time can them surprize.

Or. Absence will robb us of that blisse
To which this friendship title brings:

15 Love's fruits and joyes are made by this
Uselesse as Crownes to captive Kings.

Luc. Friendship's a science, and we knowe
There contemplation's most employ'd.

Or. Religion's so, but practique too,

20 And both by niceties destroyed.

Luc. But who ne're part can never meet,
And so that happinesse were lost.

Or. Thus paine and Death are sadly sweet,
Since health and heaven such price must cost.

25 *Cho.* {But we shall come where no rude hand shall sever,
{And there wee'l meet, and part no more for ever.

20

To my deare Sister
Mrs. C. P. on her nuptialls

1

We will not like those men our offerings pay
Who crown the cup, then think they crown the day.
Wee'l make no garlands, nor an Altar build,
Which help not Joy, but ostentation yield.
5 Where mirth is justly grounded, these wild toys
Do but disturb, and not adorn our Joys.

2

But these shall be my great solemnitys,
Orinda's wishes for Cassandra's bliss.
May her content be as unmix'd and pure
10 As my affection, and like that endure;
And that strong happiness may she still find
Not owing to her fortune, but her mind.

3

May her content and beauty be the same,
And may she know no grief but in the name.
15 May his and her pleasure and Love be so
Involv'd and growing, that we may not know
Who most affection or most peace engross'd;
Whose Love is strongest, or whose bliss is most.

4

May nothing accidentall e're appeare
 20 But what shall with new bands their souls endeare;
 And may they count the houres as they doe pass,
 By their own Joys, and not by sun or glass;
 While every day like this may sacred prove
 To Friendship, duty, gratitude and Love.

21

To Mr. Henry Vaughan, Silurist,
 on his Poems

Had I ador'd the multitude, and thence
 Got an antipathy to wit and sence,
 And hugg'd that fate, in hope the world would grant
 'Twas good - affection to be ignorant;
 5 Yet the least ray of thy bright fancy seen
 I had converted, or excuseless been:
 For each birth of thy muse to after-times
 Shall expiate for all this age's crimes.
 First shines thy Amoret, twice crown'd by thee,
 10 Once by thy Love, next by thy Poetry;
 Where thou the best of Unions dost dispence:
 Truth cloth'd in wit, and Love in innocence.
 So that the muddiest Lovers may learn here,
 No fountains can be sweet that are not cleare.
 15 Then Juvenall reviv'd by thee declares
 How flat man's Joys are, and how mean his cares;
 And generously upbraids the world that they
 Should such a value for their ruine pay.
 But when thy sacred muse diverts her quill,
 20 The Lantskip to design of Zion-hill,
 As nothing less was worthy her or thee.
 So we admire almost t'Idolatry.
 What savage brest would not be rapt to find
 Such Jewells in such Cabinets enshrin'd?

25 Thou (fill'd with Joys too great to see or count)
 Descend'st from thence like Moses from the Mount,
 And with a candid and unquestion'd aw,
 Restor'st the golden age when verse was law.
 Instructing us, thou so secur'st thy fame,
 30 That nothing can disturb it but my name;
 Nay I have hopes that standing so near thine
 'Twill loose its drosse, and by degrees refine.
 Live! till the disabused world consent
 All truths of use, or strength, or ornament,
 35 Are with such harmony by thee displaid,
 As the whole world was first by number made;
 And from the charming rigour thy muse brings,
 Learn there's no pleasure but in serious things.

22

A retir'd friendship,
 to Atdelia.

23d Augo 1651

1

Come, my Ardelia, to this bowre,
 Where kindly mingling Souls a while,
 Let's innocently spend an houre,
 And at all serious follys smile.

2

5 Here is no quarrelling for Crowns,
 Nor fear of changes in our fate;
 No trembling at the Great ones frowns,
 Nor any Slavery of State.

3

Here's no disguise, nor treachery,
 10 Nor any deep conceal'd design;
 From blood and plots this place is free,
 And calme as are those looks of thine.

4

Here let us sit, and blesse our Starres
 Who did such happy quiet give,
 15 As that remov'd from noise of warres
 In one another's hearts we live.

5

Why should we entertain a feare?
 Love cares not how the world is turn'd:
 If crouds of dangers should appeare,
 20 Yet friendship can be unconcern'd.

6

We weare about us such a charme,
 No horrour can be our offence;
 For mischief's self can doe no harme
 To friendship and to innocence.

7

Let's mark how soone Apollo's beams
 Command the flocks to quit their meat,
 And not intreat the neighbour - streams
 To quench their thirst, but coole their heat.

8

In such a scorching Age as this,
 30 Whoever would not seek a shade
 Deserve their happiness to misse,
 As having their own peace betray'd.

9

But we (of one another's mind
 Assur'd,) the boistrous world disdain;
 35 With quiet souls, and unconfi'd,
 Enjoy what princes wish in vain.

23

To Mrs M. Karne, when J. Jeffreys Esq^{re}
 courted her

Madam,

As some great Conquerour, who knows no bounds,
 But hunting honour in a thousand wounds,
 Pursues his rage, and thinks that triumph cheap
 That's but attended with the common heap,
 5 Till his mote happy fortune doth afford
 Some royall Captive that deserv'd his sword
 (And onely now is of his Laurell proud,
 Thinking his dangerous valour well bestow'd,
 But then retreats, and spending hate no more,
 10 Thinks mercy now what courage was before:
 As cowardize in fight, so equally
 He doth abhorre a bloody Victory.

So (Madam) though perhaps you were allow'd
 To be severe unto the yielding croud,
 15 That were subdu'd ere you an object knew
 Worthy your conquest and your mercy too;
 But now 'tis gain'd, your Victory's compleat,
 Onely your clemency should be as great,
 None will dispute the power of your eyes,
 20 That understand Philaster is their prize.
 Hope not your glory can have new access,
 For all your future trophys will go less:
 But with this homage be you satisfy'd,
 From him that conquers all the world beside;
 25 Nor let your rigour now the Triumph blot,
 And loose the honour which your beauty got.
 Be Just and kind to your own peace and fame,
 In being so to him, for they're the same,
 And live and dy at once; if you would be

5 We have all worth, all happiness.
Annals of State are trifles to our fame,
Now 'tis made sacred by Lucasia's name.

But as though through a burning glasse
The sun more vigotous doth passe,
It still with generall freedom shines;
10 For that contracts, but not confines:
So though by this her beams are fixed here,
Yet she diffuses glorys every where.

Her mind is so entirely bright,
The splendour would but wound our sight,
15 And must to some disguise submit,
Or we could never worship it.
And we by this relation are allow'd
Lustre enough to be Lucasia's cloud.

Nations will own us now to be
20 A Temple of divinity;
And Pilgrims shall Ten ages hence
Approach our Tombs with reverence.
May then that time, which did such blisse convey,
Be kept with us perpetuall Holy day!

26

To the truly noble, and obleiging

Mrs: Anne Owen

(on my first approaches)

Madam,

As in a triumph conquerours admit
Their meanest captives to attend on it,
Who, though unworthy, have the power confest,
And Justify'd the yielding of the rest:

5 So when the busy world (in hope t'excuse
Their own surprize) your conquests doe peruse,
And find my name, they will be apt to say
Your charmes were blinded, or else thrown away.
There is no honour got in gaining me,
10 Who am a prize not worth your Victory.
But this will cleare you, that 'tis generall
The worst applaud what is admir'd by all.
But I have plots in't: for the way to be
Secure of fame to all posterity,
15 Is to obtain the honour I pursue,
To tell the world I was subdu'd by you.
And since in you all wonders common are,
Your votarys may in your vertues share,
While you by noble magique worth impart:
20 She that can conquer, can reclaime a heart.
Of this Creation I shall not despaire,
Since for your own sake it concernes your care:
For 'tis more honour that the world should know
You made a noble soule, then found it so.

27

Lucasia

Not to oblige Lucasia by my voice,
To boast my fate, or Justify my choice,
Is this design'd; but pitty does engage
My pen to rescue the declining age.
5 For since 'tis grown in fashion to be bad,
And to be vain or angry, proud or mad,
(While in their vices onely men agree)
Is thought the onely modern gallantry;
How would some brave example check the Crimes,
10 And both reproach and yet reform the times?
Nor can morality it self reclaime
Th'apostate world like my Lucasia's name.

Lucasia, whose rich soule had it been known
 In that time th'ancients call'd the golden One,
 15 When innocence and greatness were the same,
 And men no battells knew but in a game,
 Choosing what nature, not what art prefers;
 Poets were Judges, Kings Philosophers;
 Ev'n then from her the wise would coppys draw,
 20 And she to th'infant=World had given Law.
 That soules were made of number could not be
 An observation, but a prophesy.
 It meant Lucasia, whose harmonious state
 The spheares and muses faintly imitate.
 25 But as then Musique is best understood
 When every chord's examin'd and found good:
 So what in others Judgement is, and will,
 In her is the same even reason still.
 And as some collour various seems, but yet
 30 'Tis but our difference in considering it:
 So she now life, and then doth light dispence,
 But is one shining orb of Excellence;
 And that so piercing, when she Judgement takes,
 She doth not search, but intuition makes:
 35 And her discoverys more easy are
 Then Cesar's conquest in his Pontique war.
 As bright and vigorous, her beams are pure,
 And in their own rich candour so secure,
 That had she liv'd when Legends were devis'd,
 40 Rome had been Just, and she been cannoniz'd.
 Nay innocence it self less cleare must be,
 If innocence be any thing but she.
 For vertue's so congeniall to her mind,
 That Liquid things, or friends, are less combin'd;
 45 So that in her that Sage his wish had seen,
 And Vertue's self had personated been.
 Now as distilled simples doe agree,
 And in the Lembique loose Variety;
 So vertue, though in scatter'd pieces 'twas,

50 Is by her mind made one rich usefull masse.
 Nor doth discretion put religion down,
 Nor hasty Zeale usurp the Judgment's Crowne:
 Wisedome and friendship have one single throne,
 And make another friendship of their own.
 55 Each severall piece darts such fierce pleasing rays,
 Poetique lovers would but wrong in prayse.
 All hath proportion, all hath comeliness,
 And her humility alone excess.
 Her modesty doth wrong a worth so great,
 60 Which calumny it self would nobler treat:
 While true to friendship's and to nature's trust,
 To her own merits onely, shee's unjust.
 But as divinity we best declare
 By sounds as broken as our notions are;
 65 So to acknowledge such vast eminence,
 Imperfect wonder's all our eloquence.
 No pen Lucasia's glorys can relate,
 But they admire best who dare imitate.

28

Wiston=Vault.

And why this Vault and Tomb? alike we must
 Put off distinctions, and put on our dust.
 Nor can the stateliest Fabrique help to save
 From the corruptions of a common Grave;
 5 Nor for the resurrection more prepare
 Then if the dust were scatter'd in the ayre.
 What then? th'ambition's Just, say some, that we
 May thus perpetuate our memory.
 Ah! false vaine task of art! ah! poore weak man,
 10 Whose monument does more then's merit can:
 Who's by his friends best care and love abus'd,
 And in his very epitaph's accus'd!
 For did they not suspect his name would fall,

There would not need an epitaph at all.
 15 But after death too, I would be alive,
 And shall, if my Lucasia doe, survive.
 I quit this pomp of death, and am content,
 Having her heart to be my monument:
 Though ne're stone to me, 'twill ston for me prove,
 20 By the peculiar miracle of Love.
 There I'le inscription have, which no Tomb gives,
 Not, here Orinda Lyes, but, here she lives.

29

Friendship in Emblem,
 or the Seale,
 to my dearest Lucasia

1

The hearts thus intermixed speak
 A Love that no bold shock can break;
 For Joyn'd and growing, both in one,
 Neither can be disturb'd alone.

2

5 That meanes a mutuall knowledge too;
 For what is't either heart can doe,
 Which by its panting centinell
 It does not to the other tell?

3

That friendship hearts so much refines,
 10 It nothing but it self designs:
 The hearts are free from lower ends,
 For each point to the other tends.

4

They flame, 'tis true, and severall ways,
 But still those flames doe so much raise,

15 That while to either they incline
 They yet are noble and divine.

5

From smoak or hurt those flames are free,
 From grosseness or mortality:
 The hearts (like Moses bush presum'd)
 20 Warm'd and enlighten'd, not consum'd.

6

The compasses that stand above
 Express this great immortall Love;
 For friends, like them, can prove this true,
 They are, and yet they are not, two.

7

25 And in their posture is express'd
 Friendship's exalted interest:
 Each follows where the other Leanes,
 And what each does, the other meanes.

8

And as when one foot does stand fast,
 30 And t'other circles seeks to cast,
 The stiddy part does regulate
 And make the wanderer's motion streight:

9

So friends are onely Two in this,
 T'reclaime each other when they misse:
 35 For whose're will grossely fall,
 Can never be a friend at all.

10

And as that usefull instrument
 For even lines was ever meant;
 So friendship from good=angells springs,

40 To teach the world heroique things.

11

As these are found out in design
To rule and measure every line;
So friendship governs actions best,
Prescribing Law to all the rest.

12

45 And as in nature nothing's set
So Just as lines and numbers mett;
So compasses for these being made,
Doe friendship's harmony perswade.

13

And like to them, so friends may own
50 Extension, not division:
Their points, like bodys, separate;
But head, like soules, knows no such fate.

14

And as each part so well is knitt,
That their embraces ever fitt:
55 So friends are such by destiny,
And no Third can the place supply.

15

There needs no motto to the Seale:
But that we may the Mine reveale
To the dull ey, it was thought fit
60 That friendship onely should be writt.

16

But as there is degrees of bliss,
So there's no friendship meant by this,
But such as will transmit to fame
Lucasia's and Orinda's name.

30

In memory of F. P. who dyed at Acton
24 May. 1660— 13th of her age

If I could ever write a lasting verse,
It should be laid, deare Saint, upon thy herse.
But Sorrow is no muse, and doth confesse
That it least can what most it would expresse.
5 Yet, that I may some bounds to grieffe allow,
I'll ttey if I can weepe in numbers now.
Ah beauteous blossom! too untimely dead!
Whither, ah whither is thy sweetnesse fled?
Where are the charmes that allwayes did arise
10 From the prevailing language of rhine eyes?
Where is thy modest aire and lovely meen,
And all the wonders that in these were seen?
Alas! in vaine! In vaine on thee I rave;
There is no pittty in the stupid grave.
15 But so the bankrupt, sitting on the brimm
Of those fierce billoves which had ruin'd him,
Beggs for his lost estate, and doth complaine
To the inexorable floods in vaine.
As well we might enquire, when roses dye,
20 To what retirement do their odours fly;
Where do their vertues and their blushes hast,
When the short triumph of their life is past;
Or call their perish'd beauties back with teares,
As add one moment to thy finish'd yeares.
25 No, no, th'art gone, and thy presaging mind
So thriftily thy early howers design'd,
That hasty death was baffled in his pride,
Since nothing of thee but thy body dyed.
Thy soule was up betimes, and so concern'd
30 Too grasp all excellence that could be learn'd,
That finding nothing fill her thirsting heare,

But to her friendships she so faithfull is,
 That 'tis her onely blot and prejudice:
 For envy's self could never error see
 Within that soule, 'bating her Love to me.
 85 Now, as I must confess, the name of friend
 To her that all the world doth comprehend,
 Is a most wild ambition; so for me
 To draw her picture is flat Lunacy.
 O! I must think the rest; for who can write
 90 Or into words confine what's infinite?

35

To the Queen of inconstancie,
 Regina, in Antwerp

1

Unworthy, since thou hast decreed
 Thy love and honour both should bleed,
 My friendship could not chuse to dye
 In better time or company.

2

5 What thou hast got by this exchange
 Thou wilt perceive, when the revenge
 Shall by those treacheries be made,
 For which our faiths thou hast betrayd.

3

10 When thy Idolaters shall be
 True to them selves, and false to thee,
 Thou'lt see that in heart merchandise,
 Value, not number, makes the price.

4

Live to that day, my Innocence
 Shall be my friendship's just defence:

15 For this is all the world can find,
 While thou wert noble, I was kind.

5

The desperate game that thou dost play
 At private ruines can not stay;
 The horrid treachery of that face
 20 Will sure undo its native place.

6

Then let the French men never feare
 The victory while thou art there:
 For if sins will call judgments downe,
 Thou hast enough to stock the Towne.

36

To My excellent Lucasia,
 on our friendship. 17th. July 1651

I did not live untill this time
 Crown'd my felicity,
 When I could say without a crime,
 I am not Thine, but Thee.
 5 This Carkasse breath'd, and walk'd, and slept,
 So that the world believ'd
 There was a soule the motions kept;
 But they were all deceiv'd.
 For as a watch by art is wound
 10 To motion, such was mine:
 But never had Orinda found
 A Soule till she found thine;
 Which now inspires, cures and supply's,
 And guides my darken'd brest:
 15 For thou art all that I can prize,
 My Joy, my Life, my rest.
 Nor Bridegroomes nor crown'd conqu'rou's mirth

To mine compar'd can be:
 They have but pieces of this Earth,
 20 I've all the world in thee.
 Then let our flame still light and shine,
 (And no bold feare controule)
 As inocent as our design,
 Immortall as our Soule.

37

Rosania's private marriage

It was a wise and kind design of fate;
 That none should this day's glory celebrate:
 For 'twere in vain to keep a time which is
 Above the reach of all solemnitys.
 5 The greatest actions passe without a noise,
 And Tumults but profane diviner Joys.
 Silence with things transcendent nearest suits,
 For greatest Emperours are serv'd by Mutes.
 And as in ancient time the deitys
 10 To their own priests reveal'd no mysterys
 Untill they were from all the world retir'd,
 And in some Cave made fit to be inspir'd;
 So when Rosania (who hath those outvy'd,
 And with more Justice might be deify'd;
 15 Who if she had their rites and altars, wee
 Should hardly think it were Idolatry)
 Had found a brest that did deserve to be
 Receptacle of her divinity;
 It was not fit the gazing world should know
 20 When she convey'd her self to him, or how.
 An Eagle safely may behold the Sun,
 When weak eys are with too much light undone.
 Now as in oracles were understood,
 Not the Priest's onely, but the common good:
 25 So her great soule would not imparted be,

But in design of generall charity.
 She now is more diffusive then before;
 And what men then admir'd, they now adore:
 For this exchange makes her not powerless,
 30 But onely fitter for the world's address.
 May then that mind (which, if we will admit
 The universe one soule, must sure be it)
 Inform this All (who, till she shin'd out, lay
 As drowzy men doe in a cloudy day)
 35 And honour, vertue, reason so dispencc,
 That all may ow them to her influence:
 And while this age is thus employ'd, may she
 Scatter new blessings for Posterity.
 I dare not any other wish preferr,
 40 For onely her bestowing adds to her.
 And to a soule so in it self compleat
 As 'twould be wrong'd by any epithete,
 Whose splendour's fix'd unto her chosen sphaere,
 And fill'd with Love and satisfaction there,
 45 What can increase the Triumph, but to see
 The World her Convert, and her history?

38

Injuria amici

Lovely apostate! what was my offence?
 Or am I punish'd for obedience?
 Must thy strange rigours find as strange a time?
 The act and season are an equall crime.
 5 Of what thy most ingenious scorns could doe,
 Must I be subject and Spectatour too?
 Or were the sufferings and sins too few
 To be sustain'd by me, perform'd by you?
 Unless (with Nero) your uncurb'd desire
 10 Be to survey the Rome you set on fire.
 While wounded for and by your power, I

At once your martyr and your prospect dy.
 This is my doome, and such a riddling fate
 As all impossibles doth complicate:
 15 For obligation here is injury,
 Constancy crime, friendship a haeresy;
 And you appeare so much on ruine bent,
 Your own destruction gives you now content:
 For our twin-spirits did so long agree,
 20 You must undoe your self to ruine me.
 And, like some frantique Goddess, you'r inclin'd
 To raze the Temple where you were enshrin'd;
 And (what's the miracle of Cruelty!)
 Kill that which gave you imortallity.
 25 Whiles Glorious Friendship, whence your honour springs,
 Ly's gasping in the croud of common things;
 And I'me so odious, that for being kind
 Doubled and study'd murders are design'd.
 Thy sin's all paradox! for shouldst thou be
 30 Thy self again, 'twould be severe to me;
 For thy repentance, comming now so late,
 Would onely change, and not relieve the fate.
 So dangerous is the consequence of ill,
 Thy least of crimes is to be Cruell Still;
 35 For of thy smiles I should yet more complain,
 If I should live to be betray'd again.
 Live then (faire tyrant) in Security,
 From both my kindness and revenge be free;
 While I, who to the Swains had sung your fame,
 40 And taught each Eccho to repeat your name,
 Will now my private sorrows entertain,
 To Rocks and Rivers (not to you) complain.
 And though before our Union cherish'd me,
 'Tis now my pleasure that we disagree;
 45 For from my passion your last rigours grew,
 And you kill me, because I worshipp'd you.

But my worst vows shall be your happiness,
 And nere to be disturb'd by my distress.
 And though it would my sacred flames pollute,
 50 To make my Heart a scorned prostitute;
 Yet I'le adore the Authour of my death,
 And kiss the hand that robbes me of my breath.

39

For Regina

Triumphant Queen of scorne, how ill doth sit
 In all that sweetnesse such injurious wit?
 Unjust and cruell, what can be your prize,
 To make one heart a double sacrifice?
 5 Where such ingenious rigour you do show
 To breake his heart, you breake your image too;
 And by a titanny that's strange and new,
 You murder him because he worships you.
 No pride can raise you, or can make him start,
 10 Since love and honour do inrich his heart.
 Be wise and good, least when fate will be just,
 She should o'rethrow those gloryes in the dust,
 Rifle your beautyes, and you thus forlorne
 Make a cheape victim to another's scorne;
 15 And in those fetters which you do upbraid,
 Your selfe a wretched Captive may be made.
 Redeem the poison'd age, let it be seen
 There's no such freedome as to serve a Queen.
 But you I see are lately Roundhead growne,
 20 And whom you vanquish you insult upon.

40

To J. J. esq: upon his melancholly
for Regina

Give over now thy teares, thou vain
And double murderer;
For every minuite of thy paine
Wounds both thy self and her.
5 Quit, quit this dullness; for 'tis our beleif,
Thy Queen must cure, or not deserve, thy grief.

41

Philoclea's parting. Mrs M. Stedman.
Feb: 25. 1650

Kinder then a condemned man's reprieve,
Was your deare company that bade me live,
When by Rosania's silence I had been
The wretched'st martyr any age hath seen.
5 But as when Traytors faint upon the rack,
Tormentors strive to call their spirits back;
Yet not in kindness to preserve their breath,
But to increase the torments of their death:
So was I raised to this glorious height,
10 To make my fall the more unfortunate.
But this I know, none ever dy'd before
Upon a sadder or a nobler score.

42

To Rosania (now Mrs Mountague)
being with her, 25th September. 1652

1

As men that are with visions grac'd
Must have all other thoughts displac'd,
And buy those short descents of Light
With losse of sence, and spirit's flight:

2

5 So since thou wert my happiness,
I could not hope the rate was less;
And thus the vision which I gaine
Is short t'enjoy, and hard t'attain.

3

Ah! what a trifle then is all
10 That thing which here we pleasure call!
Since what our verry soule hath cost
Is hardly got, and quickly lost.

4

Yet there is Justice in the fate;
For should we dwell in blest estate,
15 Our Joys thereby would so enflame,
We should forget from whence they came.

5

If this so sad a doome can quit
Me for the follys I commit;
Let no estrangement on thy part
20 Add a new ruine to my heart.

~~Who do in love (like Jonathan) descend,
 140 And strip your selfe to cloth your happy friend;
 Whose kindnesse and whose modestie is such,
 To expect so little and deserve so much;
 Who have such candid worth, such deare concerne,
 Where we so much may love, so much may leatne;
 145 Whose every wonder, though it fills and shines,
 It never to an ill excesse declines;
 But all are found so sweetly opposite,
 As are in Titian's pieces shade and light:
 That he that would your great description trye,
 150 Though he write well, would be as lost as I,
 Who of injurious zeale convicted stand,
 To draw you with so bold and bad a hand;
 But that, like other gloryes, I presume
 You will enlighten, where you might consume.~~

46

Parting with Lucasia, 13th Janury 1657/8

A song

1

Well! we will doe that rigid thing
 Which makes Spectators think we part;
 Though absence hath for none a sting
 But those who keep each other's heart.

2

5 And when our sence is dispossess'd,
 Our labouring Souls will heave and pant,
 And gasp for one another's Brest,
 Since theyr conveyances they want.

3

Nay, we have felt the tedious smart

10 Of absent friendship, and doe know
 That when we dy we can but part;
 And who knows what we shall doe now?

4

Yet since I must go, wee'le submit,
 And soe our own disposers be;
 15 For while we nobly suffer it,
 We triumph o're necessity.

5

By this we shall be truly great,
 If, having other things o'recome,
 To make our Victory compleat
 20 We can be Conquerours at home!

6

'Nay then to meet we may conclude,
 And all obstructions overthrow;
 Since we our Passion have subdu'd,
 Which is the strongest thing I know.

47

Against Pleasure.
 set by Dr Coleman

There's no such thing as pleasure here,
 'Tis all a perfect Cheat,
 Which does but shine and disappear,
 Whose charm is all deceit:
 5 The empty bribe of yielding souls,
 Which first betrays, and then controules.

2

'Tis true it looks at distance fayr;
 But when we doe approach,

2

But as our immortalitie
 By inward sense we find,
 Judging that if it could not be,
 10 It would not be design'd:
 So heare how could such copyes fall,
 If there were no originall?

3

But if truth be in auncient song,
 Or story we beleive,
 15 If the inspir'd and greater thron
 Have scorned to deceive;
 There have been hearts whose friendship gave
 Them thoughts at once both soft and brave.

4

Among that consecrated few,
 20 Some more seraphick shade
 Lend me a favourable clew,
 Now mists my eyes invade,
 Why, having fill'd the world with fame,
 Left you so little of your flame?

5

Why is't so difficult to see
 25 Two bodyes and one minde?
 And why are those who else agree
 So differently kind?
 Hath nature such fantastique art,
 30 That she can vary every heart?

6

Why are the bonds of friendship tyed
 With so remisse a knot,
 That by the most it is defyed,

And by the rest forgot?

35 Why do we step with so slight sense
 From friendship to indifference?

7

If friendship sympathy impart,
 Why this ill shuffled game,
 That heart can never meet with heart,
 40 Or flame encounter flame?
 What doth this crueltie create?
 Is it th'intrigue of love or fate?

8

Had friendship nere been known to men,
 (The ghost at last confest)
 45 The world had been a stranger then
 To all that Heav'n possess'd,
 But could it all be heare acquir'd,
 Not heaven it selfe would be desir'd.

59

To my Lucasia, in defence of
 declared friendship

1

O! my Lucasia, let us speak our Love,
 And think not that impertinent can be,
 Which to us both does such assurance prove,
 And whence we find how Justly we agree.

2

5 Before we knew the treasures of our Love,
 Our noble ayms our Joys did entertain;
 And shall enjoyment nothing them improve?
 'Twere best for us then to begin again!

3

Now we have gain'd, we must not stop, and sleep
 10 Out all the rest of Our mysterious reign:
 It is as hard and glorious to keep
 A Victory, as it was to obtain.

4

Nay, to what end did we first barter minds,
 Onely to know and to neglect the claime?
 15 Or (like some wanton) our pride pleasure finds
 To throw away the thing at which we aym.

5

If this be all our friendship does design,
 We covet not enjoyment then, but power:
 To our Opinion we our bliss confine,
 20 And love to have, but not to smell, the flower.

6

Ah! no, let misers bury thus their gold,
 Who though they starve, no farthing will produce:
 But we lov'd to enjoy and to behold,
 And sure we cannot spend our stock by use.

7

25 Think not 'tis needless to repeat desires;
 The fervent Turtles always court and bill,
 And yet their spotless passion never tires,
 But does increase by repetition still.

8

Although we know we love, yet while our soule
 30 Is thus imprison'd by the flesh we wear,
 There's no way left that bondage to controule,
 But to convey transactions through the Eate.

9

Nay, though we read our passions in the Ey,
 It will obleige and please to tell them too:
 35 Such Joys as these by motion multiply,
 Were't but to find that our souls told us true.

10

Beleive not then, that being now secure
 Of either's heart, we have no more to doe:
 The Sphaeres themselves by motion do endure,
 40 And they move on by Circulation too.

11

And as a River, when it once has pay'd
 The tribute which it to the Ocean ow's,
 Stops not, but turns, and having curl'd and play'd
 On its own waves, the shore it overflows:

12

45 So the Soul's motion does not end in bliss,
 But on her self she scatters and dilates,
 And on the Object doubles, till by this
 She finds new Joys, which that reflux creates.

13

But then because it cannot all contain,
 50 It seeks a vent by telling the glad news,
 First to the heart which did its Joys obtain,
 Then to the heart which did those Joys produce.

14

When my Soul then does such excursions make,
 (Unless thy soul delight to meet it too)
 55 What satisfaction can it give or take,
 Thou being absent at the interview?

15

'Tis not distrust; for were that plea allow'd,
 Letters and visits all would useless grow:
 Love's whole expression then would be its Cloud,
 60 And it would be refin'd to nothing soe.

16

If I distrust, 'tis my own worth for thee,
 'Tis my own fitness of a love like thine;
 And therefore still new evidence would see,
 T'assure my wonder that thou canst be mine.

17

65 But as the morning Sun to drooping flowers,
 As weary Travellers a shade doe find,
 As to the parched Violet Evening showers;
 Such is to me from thee a look that's kind.

18

70 But when that look is dress'd in words, 'tis like
 The mystique power of musick's Unison;
 Which when the finger does one Violl strike,
 The other's string heaves to reflection.

19

Be kind to me, and Just then to our love,
 To which we ow our free and deare converse;
 75 And let not tract of time wear or remove
 It from the priviledge of that commerce.

20

Tyrants doe banish what they can't require:
 But let us never know such meane desires;
 But to be gratefull to that love delight
 80 Which all our Joys and noble thoughts inspires.

60

La Grandeur d'esprit

A chosen privacy, a cheap content,
 And all the peace which friendship ever lent,
 A rock which civill nature made a seat,
 A willow that repulses all the heat,
 5 The beauteous quiet of a Summer's day,
 A brook which sobb'd aloud and ran away,
 Envited my repose; and then conspir'd
 To entertain my fancy thus retir'd.

As Lucian's Ferry-man aloft did view
 10 The angry world, and then laugh'd at it too:
 So all its sullen follys seem'd to me
 But as a too well acted Tragedy.
 One dangerous ambition does befoole,
 Another envy to see that man rule:
 15 One makes his Love the parent of his rage,
 For private friendship publicly t'engage:
 And some for Conscience, some for Honour dy;
 And some are meanely kill'd, they know not why.
 More different then men's faces are their ends,
 20 Whom yet one common ruine can make friends:
 Death, dust and darkness they have onely wonne,
 And hastily unto their periods run.
 Death is a Leveller; beauty, and kings,
 And conquerours, and all those glorious things,
 25 Are tumbled to their graves in one rude heap,
 Like common dust, as quiet and as cheap!
 At greater changes who would wonder then,
 Since Kingdoms have their fates as well as men?
 They must fall sick and dy; nothing can be
 30 In this world certain, but uncertainty.
 Since pow'r and greatness are such slippery things,

For studying God in all his volumes, he
 Begins the business of Eternity;
 And unconcern'd without, retains a pow'r
 To suck (like Bees) a sweet from every Flower.
 45 And as the Manna of the Israellites
 Had severall tast to please all appetites:
 So his contentment is that Catholique food,
 That makes all 'states seem fit as well as good.
 He dares not wish, nor his own fate propound;
 50 But (if God sends) reads Love in every wound:
 And would not loose, for all the Joys of sence,
 The Glorious pleasure of Obedience.
 His better part can neither change nor loose,
 And all God's will can doe, and beare, and choose.

75
 Death

1

How weak a Star doth rule mankind,
 Which ow's its ruine to the same
 Causes which nature had design'd
 To cherish and preserve the frame!

2

5 As Commonwealths may be secure,
 And no remote invasion dread;
 Yet may a sadder fall endure
 From Traytors in their bosom bred:

3

So while we feele no Violence,
 10 And on our active health doe trust,
 A secret hand doth snatch us hence,
 And Tumbles us into the Dust.

4

Yet carelessly we run our race,
 As if we could death's summons wave;
 15 And think not on the narrow space
 Betwixt a Table and a Grave.

5

But since we cannot death reprove,
 Our soules and Fame we ought to mind,
 For they our bodys will survive;
 20 That goes beyond, this stays behind.

6

If I am sure my Soule is safe,
 And that my actions will provide
 My Tomb a nobler Epitaph,
 Then that I onely Liv'd and Dy'd:

7

25 So that in various accidents
 I conscience may, and Honour, keep;
 I with that ease and inocence
 Shall dy, as infants go to Sleep!

76

*To the Queen's Majesty, on her late Sickness and
 Recovery*

The publick Gladness that's to us restor'd,
 For your escape from what we so deplor'd,
 Will want as well resemblance as belief,
 Unless our Joy be measur'd by our Grief.
 5 When in your Fever we with terrour saw
 At once our Hopes and Happiness withdraw;
 And every *crisis* did with jealous fear
 Enquire the News we scarce durst stay to hear:

That Beast is fierce, but this is brave.
 This Dog hath so himself subdu'd,
 That hunger cannot make him rude,
 15 And his behaviour does confess
 True Courage dwells with Gentleness.
 With Stearnest Wolves he dares engage,
 And acts on them successfull rage;
 Yet too much courtesy may chance
 20 To put him out of countenance.
 But when in his opposers' blood,
 Fortune hath made his vertue good;
 This Creature from an Act so brave
 Grows not more sullen, but more grave;
 25 Man's Guard would now be, not his sport,
 Beleiving he hath ventur'd for't;
 But yet no blood or shed or spent
 Can ever make him insolent.
 Few Men of him to doe great things have learn'd,
 30 And when th' are done, to be so unconcern'd.

79

Song,

to the tune of, Sommes nous pas trop heureux

1

How prodigious is my Fate,
 Since I can't determine clearly,
 Whether you'll doe more severely,
 Giving me your love or Hate.
 5 For if you with kindness bless me,
 Since from you I soon must part,
 Fortune will so dispossess me,
 That your Love will break my heart.

2

But since death all Sorrow cures,
 10 Might I choose my way of dying,
 I could wish the arrow flying
 From Fortune's Quiver, not from yours.
 For in the sad unusuall story
 How my wretched heart was torne,
 15 It will more concern your glory
 That I by absence fell, then scorn.

80

A Dialogue betwixt Lucasia & Rosania,
 Imitating that of Gentle Thirsis

Ros: My Lucasia, leave the Mountain tops,
 And like a nearer aire.
Luc: How shall I then forsake my lovely flocks
 Bequeathed to my care?
 5 *Ros:* Sheapheardess, thy flocks will not be less,
 Although thou shouldst come hither.
Luc: But, I feare, the world will be severe,
 Should I leave them to go thither.
Ros: O! my friend, if you on that depend,
 10 You'll never know content.
Luc: Rather I neare thee would live and dy,
 Would Fortune but consent.
Ros: But did you ask leave to love me too,
 That others should deprive me?
 15 *Luc:* Not all Mankind a stratagem can find,
 Which from that heart should drive me.
Ros: Better't had been, I thee had never seen,
 Then that content to loose.
Luc: Such are thy charms, I'de dwell within thy arms,
 20 Could I my station choose.
Ros: When Life is done, the World to us is gone,
 And all our cares doe end.

Luc: Nay, I know there's nothing sweet below,
Unless it be a friend.

25 *Ros:* Then whilst we live, this Joy let's take and give,
Since death so soon will sever.

Luc: But I trust, when crumbled into dust,
We shall meet and love forever.

81

To my Lord Biron's tune
of — Adieu Phillis

'Tis true, our life is but a long disease,
Made up of real pain and seeming ease;
You stars, who these entangled fortunes give,

O tell me why
5 It is so hard to dy,
Yet such a task to live?

If with some pleasure we our griefs betray,
It costs us dearer then it can repay:
For time or fortune all things so devours;

10 Our hopes are cross'd,
Or els the object lost,
Ere we can call it ours.

82

EPITAPH.

On my honour'd Mother in Law: Mrs Phillips of
Portheynon in Cardigan-shire, who dy'd.
Jan. 1st A.^o 1662/3

Reader, stay, it is but Just;
Thou dost not tread on common dust,
For underneath this Stone does ly
One whose name can never dy:

5 Who from an honourable linage sprung,

Was to another matched young;
Whose happiness she ever sought;
One blessing was, and many brought:
Was thirty seaven yeares of her life
10 A vertuous, prudent, humble Wife,
And to her Spouse her faith did prove
By fifteen pledges of their Love.
But when by death of him depriv'd,
An honourable widdow liv'd
15 Full fower and twenty yeares, wherein,
Though she had much afflicted been,
Saw many of her children fall,
And publick ruine threaten all;
Yet from above assisted, she
20 Both did and suffer'd worthily.
She to the Crown and Church adher'd,
And in their sorrows them rever'd,
With Piety which knew no strife,
But was as sober as her life.
25 A furnish'd table, open door,
That for her friends, this for the poor,
She kept; yet did her fortune find
Too narrow for her nobler mind;
Which seeking objects to relieve,
30 Did food to many Orphans give,
Who in her life no want did know,
But all the poor are Orphans now.
Yet hold, her fame is much too safe
To need a writren Epitaph.
35 Her fame was so confess'd that she
Can never here forgotten be,
Till Cardigan it self become
To its own ruin'd heaps a Tomb.

5 In whom the most admir'd extreams appear
 Humble and Fair, Prudent and yet Sincere;
 Whose matchless worth transmits such Splendid rayes,
 As those that envy it are forc'd to prayse;
 Since you have found such an Illustrious Spheare,
 10 And are resolv'd to fix your Gloryes there;
 A Heart whose bravery to his Sex secures
 As much renown as you have done to yours;
 And whose perfections, in obtaining you,
 Are both discover'd and rewarded too;
 15 'Twere almost equall bouldness to invent
 How to encrease your Merit, or Content.
 Yet sure the Muses somewhat have to say;
 But they will send it you a better way:
 The Court, who so much to your Lustre ow's,
 20 Must also pay you its officious vowes.
 But whilst this shews respect, and those their art,
 Let me too speak the Language of my heart;
 Whose ruder off'rings dare approach your Shrine,
 For you, who merit theirs, can pardon mine.
 25 Fortune and Virtue with such heat contend
 (As once for Rome) now to make you their Friend:
 And you so well can this prefer to that,
 As you can neither fear, nor mend your Fate:
 Yet since the votes of Joy from all are due,
 30 A love like mine must find some wishes too.
 May you, in this bright Constellation set,
 Still shew how much the good outshine the Great:
 May you be courted with all Joyes of Sense,
 Yet place the highest in your Innocence;
 35 Whose Praise may you enjoy, but not regard;
 Finding within both Motive and Reward.
 May Fortune still to your Commands be Just,
 Yet still beneath your kindness or your Trust.
 May you no Trouble either feel or fear,
 40 But from your Pitty for what others wear;
 And may the happy Owner of your breast,

Still find his Passion with his Joyes encreas'd;
 Whilst every Moment your Concern makes known,
 And gives him too, fresh reason for his own:
 45 And from their Parents may your Ofspring have
 All that is wise and lovely, soft and brave:
 Or if all wishes we in one would give,
 For him, and for the world, long may you live.

88

EPITAPH.

ON HECTOR PHILLIPS. at St Sith's Church

What on Earth deserves our Trust?
 Youth and Beauty both are dust.
 Long we gathering are with pain,
 What one Moment calls again.
 5 Seaven years Childless Marriage past,
 A Son, A Son is born at last;
 So exactly limm'd and Fair,
 Full of good Spirits, Meen, and Aire,
 As a long life promised;
 10 Yet, in less then six weeks, dead.
 Too promising, too great a Mind
 In so small room to be confin'd:
 Therfore, fit in Heav'n to dwell,
 He quickly broke the Prison shell.
 15 So the Subtle Alchymist,
 Can't with Hermes=seal resist
 The Powerfull Spirit's subtler flight,
 But 'twill bid him long good night.
 So the Sun, if it arise
 20 Half so Glorious as his Ey's,
 Like this Infant, takes a shroud,
 Bury'd in a morning Cloud.

Can lay aside what dazles vulgar sight,
 And to *Orinda* can be *Policrite*.
 15 You must endure my vows, and find the way
 To entertain such Rites as I can pay:
 For so the pow'r divine new praise acquires,
 By scorning nothing that it once inspires:
 I have no merits that your smile can win,
 20 Nor offering to appease you when I sin;
 Nor can my useless homage hope to raise,
 When what I cannot serve, I strive to praise:
 But I can love, and love at such a pitch,
 As I dare boast it will even you enrich:
 25 For kindness is a Mine, when great and true,
 Of nobler Ore than ever *Indians* knew;
 'Tis all that mortals can on Heav'n bestow,
 And all that Heav'n can value here below.

96

Against Love

Hence, *Cupid!* with your cheating Toies,
 Your real Griefs, and painted Joies,
 Your Pleasure which it self destroys.
 Lovers like men in Feavers burn and rave,
 5 And only what will injure them do crave.
 Men's weakness makes Love so severe,
 They give him power by their fear,
 And make the Shackles which they wear.
 Who to another does his heart submit,
 10 Makes his own Idol, and then worships it.
 Him whose heart is all his own,
 Peace and liberty does crown,
 He apprehends no killing frown.
 He feels no raptures, which are joies diseas'd,
 15 And is not much transported, but still pleas'd.

97

*A Dialogue of Friendship multiplied.**Musidorus*

Will you unto one single sense
 Confine a starry Influence?
 Or when you do the raies combine,
 To themselves only make them shine?
 5 Love that's engross'd by one alone,
 Is envy, not affection.

Orinda

No, Musidorus, this would be
 But Friendship's prodigality;
 Union in raies does not confine,
 10 But doubles lustre when they shine,
 And souls united live above
 Envy, as much as scatter'd Love.
 Friendship (like Rivers) as it multiplies
 In many streams, grows weaker still and dies.

Musidorus

Rivers indeed may lose their force,
 When they divide or break their course;
 For they may want some hidden Spring,
 Which to their streams recruits may bring:
 But Friendship's made of purest fire,
 20 Which burns and keeps its stock entire.
 Love, like the Sun, may shed his beams on all,
 And grow more great by being general.

Orinda

The purity of friendship's flame
 Proves that from sympathy it came,
 25 And that the hearts so close do knit,
 They no third partner can admit;
 Love, like the Sun, does all inspire,
 But burns most by contracted fire.
 Then though I honour every worthy guest,
 30 Yet my *Lucasia* only rules my breast.

98

Rosania to Lucasia on her Letters

Ah! strike outright, or else forbear;
 Be more kind, or more severe;
 For in this checquer'd mixture I
 Cannot live, and would not die,
 5 And must I neither? tell me why?

When thy Pen thy kindness tells,
 My heart transported leaps and swells.
 But when my greedy eye does stray,
 Thy threatn'd absence to survey,
 10 That heart is struck, and faints away.

To give me title to rich land,
 And the fruition to withstand,
 Or solemnly to send the key
 Of treasures I must never see,
 15 Would it contempt, or bounty be?

This is such refin'd distress,
 That thy sad Lovers sigh for less,
 Though thou their hopes hast overthrown,
 They lose but what they ne'er have known,

20 But I am plunder'd from my own.

How canst thou thy *Rosania* prize,
 And be so cruel and so wise?
 For if such rigid policy
 Must thy resolves dispute with me,
 25 Where then is friendship's victory?

Kindness is of so brave a make,
 'Twill rather death than bondage take;
 So that if thine no power can have,
 Give it and me one common grave,
 30 But quickly either kill or save.

99

To my Antenor, March 16. 1661/2

My dear *Antenor*, now give o're,
 For my sake talk of graves no more;
 Death is not in our power to gain,
 And is both wish'd and fear'd in vain.
 5 Let's be as angry as wee will,
 Grief sooner may distract then kill,
 And the unhappy often prove
 Death is as coy a thing as Love.
 Those whose own sword their death did give,
 10 Afraid were or asham'd to Live;
 And by an act so desperate,
 Did poorly run away from fate;
 'Tis braver much t'out-ride the storm,
 Endure its rage, and shun his harm;
 15 Affliction nobly undergone,
 More Greatness shews then having none.
 But yet the wheel in turning round,
 At last may lift us from the ground,

106

Orinda to Lucasia

1

Observe the weary birds e're night be done,
 How they would fain call up the tardy Sun,
 With Feathers hung with dew,
 And trembling voices too,
 5 They court their glorious Planet to appear,
 That they may find recruits of spirits there.
 The drooping Flowers hang their heads,
 And languish down into their beds:
 While Brooks more bold and fierce than they,
 10 Wanting those beams, from whence
 All things drink influence,
 Openly murmur, and demand the day.

2

Thou, my *Lucasia*, art far more to me,
 Than he to all the under-world can be;
 15 From thee I've heat and light,
 Thy absence makes my night.
 But ah! my Friend, it now grôws very long,
 The sadness weighty, and the darkness strong:
 My tears (its dew) dwell on my cheeks,
 20 And still my heart thy dawning seeks,
 And to thee mournfully it cries,
 That if too long I wait,
 Ev'n thou may'st come too late,
 And not restore my life, but close my eyes.

107

To Celimena

Forbear, fond heart (say I), torment no more
 That Celimena whom thou dost adore;
 For since so many of her Chains are proud,
 How canst thou be distinguish'd in the crowd?
 5 But say, bold trifler, what dost thou pretend?
 Wouldst thou depose thy Saint into thy Friend?
 Equality in friendship is requir'd,
 Which here were criminal to be desir'd.

108

*An Answer to another persuading a Lady to
Marriage*

1

Forbear bold Youth, all's Heaven here,
 And what you do aver,
 To others Courtship may appear,
 'Tis Sacrilege to her.

2

5 She is a publick Deity,
 And were't not very odd
 She should depose her self to be
 A petty Houshold God?

3

First make the Sun in private shine,
 10 And bid the World adieu,
 That so he may his beams confine
 In complement to you.

4

But if of that you do despair,
 Think how you did amiss,
 15 To strive to fix her beams which are
 More bright and large than this.

109

*Lucasia and Orinda parting with Pastora and Phillis
 at Ipswich*

1

In your converse we best can read,
 How constant we should be;
 But, 'tis in losing that, we need
 All your Philosophy.

2

5 How perish'd is the joy that's past,
 The present how unsteady!
 What comfort can be great, and last,
 When this is gone already?

3

Yet that it subtly may torment,
 10 The memory does remain;
 For what was, when enjoy'd, content,
 Is, in its absence, pain.

4

If you'll restore it, we'll not grieve
 That Fate does now us sever;
 15 'Tis better by your gift to live,
 Than by our own endeavour.

110

Epitaph on my truly honoured Publius Scipio

To the officious Marble we commit
 A Name, above the art of time or wit;
 'Tis righteous, Valiant *Scipio*, whose life we
 Found the best Sermon, and best History:
 5 Whose Courage was no Aguish, bru'tish heat,
 But such as spoke him good, as well as great;
 Which first Engaged his Arms to prop the State
 Of the almost undone *Palatinate*,
 And help the Nether-Lands to stem the tide
 10 Of *Rome's* ambition, and the *Austrian* Pride;
 Which shall in every History be fam'd,
 Wherein *Breda* or *Frankendale* are name'd.
 And when forced by his Country's angry Stars
 To be a Party in her Civil Wars,
 15 He so much conduct by his Valour taught,
 So wisely govern'd, and so bravely Faught,
 That the English Annals shall this Record bear:
 None better could direct, or further dare.
 Form'd both for War and Peace, was brave in fight,
 20 And in Debate judicious and upright:
 Religion was his first and highest care,
 Which rul'd his Heart in Peace, his Hand in War:
 Which at the least Sin made him tremble still,
 And rather stand a Breach, than act an Ill;
 25 For his great Heart did such a temper show,
 Stout as a Rock, yet soft as melting Snow.
 In him so prudent, and yet so sinsera,
 The Serpent much, the Dove did more appear:
 He was above the little arts of state,
 30 And scorn'd to sell his peace to mend his Fate;
 Anxious of nothing, but an inward spot,
 His hand was open, but his Conscience not;

That it exalts her Honour more,
Then if she all the Scepters bore,
Her Generous Husband gave.

Chorus

25 Then after all the Blood that's shed,
Let's right the living and the dead:
Temples to *Pompey* raise;

Ser *Cleopatra* on the Throne;
Let *Caesar* keep the World h' has won;
30 And sing *Cornelia's* praise.

123

Epitaph on Mr John Lloyd of
Kilrhewy in Penbrokeshire
(who dy'd July the 11th 1657),
inscrib'd on his Monument
in Kilgarron (in the person of his wife).

Preserve, thou sad and sole Trustee
Of my deare husband's Memory,
These reliques of my broken heart,
Which I am forced to impart,
5 For since he so untimely dy'd,
And living pledges was deny'd,
Since days of mourning soon are done
And Tears do perish as they run,
Nay, since my Grief at Length must dy
10 (For that's no longer liv'd then I)
His name can live no way but one,
In an abiding faithfull Stone.

Tell then the unconcerned Eys
The value of thy Guest and Prize,
15 How good he was, usefull, and Just,

~~How kind, how faithfull to his trust,
Which known, and when their sence propounds
How mournfully a widdow sounds,
They may instructed go from thee,
20 To follow him, and pittie me.~~

124

On the Coronation

Hee comes; whose brows though for a crowne soe fit,
Wounder and virtue have more crowend it.
Soe truly greate in glory of his owne,
While others rise, hee stoopes to take a crowne:
5 Whose unimpaled head long since became
The care of heaven, and the charge of fame.
This ceremony dazzeles vulgare eyes,
But hee appeared more glorious to the wise
When hee, in Worc'ter's fatall day secured,
10 Was crowned with safty and with clouds immur'd,
Soe that (as those who once that Prophet sought)
Not him, but blindness the persuers caught.
While he by innocence and Angels Kept,
I'th midst of all those rude alarums slept,
15 Slept in the branches of the Loyall Tree,
Who for that service gains eternity.
In Ancient times, when men did heaven revere,
The shady groves theyer Artless Temples were,
Which when some Hero had delighted in,
20 By after ages they have hallowed binne;
Our Prince, preserved from Rebellion's Stroke,
Did then more truly consecrate the Oake;
Of which fame shall have better things to say,
Then of Apollo's favorite, the Bay;
25 And Oaken Wreaths henceforth shall only crowne
All that in Warr or peace can win renowne:

By CHARLES made sacred and with gloty blest,
Since Kinges are Gods, and OURS of Kinges the best.

125

To the Lady Mary Butler at her marriage
with the Lord Cavendish, Octobr. 1662

At such a time as this, when all conclude
Nothing but unconcernment can be rude,
The muses, Madam, will not be deny'd
To be the bride maides where you are the bride.
5 They know in what those wishes have design'd,
What bright opposers they are like to find,
Whose birth and beauty never will give way
To such obscure competitours as they.
But yet, as injur'd princes still do strive
10 To keep their title and their claime alive,
So they affirme they do but aske their due,
Having hereditary right in you.
And they againe would rather undergo
All that malicious ignorance could do,
15 When fortune all things sacred did oppresse,
Then in this brave ambition want successe.
Admit them, beauteous Madam, then to be
Attendants on this great solomnitie,
And every muse will in a charming straine
20 Your honour and their owne pretence maintaine.
The first your high extraction shall proclaime,
And what endear'd your Auncestors to fame,
Who do not more excell another stemme,
Then your illustrious father hath done them;
25 Who fortune's stratagemes hath so surpass,
As flattery can not reach, nor envy blast;
In whom vice-gerence is a greater thing
Then any crowne, but that of England's King;
Whom foreigne princes do with envy see,

30 And would be subjects to be such as he.
Another shall your mother's glories raise,
And much her beautie, more her vertue praise;
Whose suffering in that noble way and cause,
More veneration then her greatnesse drawes,
35 And yet how justly is that greatnesse due,
Which she with so much ease can govern too!
Another shall of your great lover sing,
And with his fame inspire some nobler string,
Whom Nature made so handsome and so brave,
40 And fortune such a lovely mistresse gave.
This shall relate how fervently he woo'd,
And that, how generously 'twas understood:
Shall tell the charmes which did his heart invade,
And then the merits which did yours persuade.
45 But all the muses on you both shall treat,
Who are as justly kind, as you are great,
And by observing you, assure mankind
That love and fortune are no longer blind.

126

To Sir Amorous La Foole

Bless us, here's a doe indeed!
That she must so much Courtship need.
Scorn sits so handsome on this face,
With such an unaffected grace,
5 That I could wish my sex were chang'd to be
A Lover onely of your cruelty.

Women, men say, are Fooles they know,
But what are they that call us so,
When their Sighes and Amorous ware,
10 But more serious Follies are.
What time wee spend to curle and dress our haire,
You spend to thinke us, though we are not, fayre.

What prittie dotage call you this,
 To weep and groan and glance and kiss;
 15 Unkindness makes your Heart to break,
 And not a word of sence to speake,
 And court the Careless, when with farr less paine,
 Some wholsome Milkmayd would say yours againe.

127

Juliana and Amaranta,
 a Dialogue

Juliana

Why Amaranta still thus poore and vaine?
 Why this Forbidden fruit againe?
 Art thou by some strang Destiny decreed,
 Onely to Love what thou canst never need?
 5 The Genius of the World must be
 Dissolv'd or discompos'd for Thee.

Amaranta

A iust revenge for me on that cross Fate
 That gave me such a State,
 So contrary to all my Love and will,
 10 That I suppose I am but dreaming still.
 She could not Study out a way
 Like this my Fancy to betray.

Juliana

Mistaken Iudg, alas; how partiall art:
 'Tis thy owne foolish heart
 15 Creates thy mischiefes, and thy greatest skill
 The measure of thy Torments is to fill.
 A discomposed, wandring mind
 In nothing can contentment find.

Amaranta

But Juliana those desires that move
 20 My heart are worth my love.
 I owne no thought whose flames I feare to show,
 Nor have a wish that others may not know.
 Honour, goodness, mirrh and witt,
 My Fancy and my wishes fitt.

128

On Argalus his vindication
 to Rosania

What Power is there in the conquering Eyes,
 When such a person is their Sacrifice?
 It is their Fate that hee who could subdue
 An Armed Host should conquered be by you.
 5 He slightes the Triumphs worne upon his brow,
 And thanks the Foole that calls him Coward Now.

JUVENILIA

129

'No blooming youth'

No blooming youth shall ever make me err,
 I will the beauty of the mind prefer.
 If himan's rites shall call me hence,
 It shall be with some man of sence:
 5 Nott with the great, butt with a good estate,
 Nott too well read nor yet illetterate.
 In all his actions moderate, grave and wise,
 Redyer to bear than offer injuries;
 And in good works a constant doer,
 10 Faithfull in promise and liberall to the poor.
 He thus being quallified is always seen
 Ready to serve his friend, his country and his king.

Such men as these you'll say there are but few,
 Their hard to find and I must grant it too.
 15 But if I ever hap to change my life,
 It's only such a man shall call me wife.

130

'A marry'd state'

A marry'd state affords but little ease:
 The best of husbands are so hard to please.
 This in wifes Carefull faces you may spell,
 Tho they desemble their misfortunes well.
 5 A virgin state is crown'd with much content,
 It's allways happy as it's inocent.
 No Blustering husbands to create your fears,
 No pangs of child birth to extort your tears,
 No children's crys for to offend your ears,
 10 Few worldly crosses to distract your prayers.
 Thus are you freed from all the cares that do
 Attend on matrimony and a husband too.
 Therefore, madam, be advised by me:
 Turn, turn apostate to love's Levity.
 15 Supress wild nature if she dare rebell,
 There's no such thing as leading Apes in hell.

DOUBTFUL POEMS

131

To Rosania & Lucasia
Articles of Friendship

The Soules which vertu hath made fitt
 Do of themselves incline to knitt;
 Yet wedlock having priests, allow
 That I be friendships Flamen now.

2

For I can best perform the rite,
 Who of the Goddesses had a sight;
 To me her oracles she gave,
 And did inspire me in her cave.

3

And 'tis my glory, that I may
 My faults redeeme, my debts repay,
 No more my uselesse self I loath,
 Since I can now oblige you both.

4

First then, the love you beare each other,
 You must no more in silence smother,
 Nor Ceremoniously take paines,
 To put your friendship into chaines.

5

Formal addresses then disclaime;
 And never must yee Madam name.
 Shee gaines most, who first Condescends,
 For y'are more noble being friends.

6

Estrangements thus once voted down,
 And all the Punctilios of the town,
 No time, nor place, believed unfitt
 Which will each others sight admitt.

7

Tho friendship greatest service dares
 It's life consists in little cares,
 Those frequent tendernesses, which
 Make a concerned heart so rich.

132 *Upon his Majesties most happy restauration to his Royall Throne in Brittain*

MS: Fb. 20
 Unpublished
 Copy-text: Fb. 20

133 *Upon the Hollow Tree unto which his Majestie escaped after the unfortunate Battell at Worcester*

MS: Fb. 20
 Unpublished
 Copy-text: Fb. 20

Commentary



1 *Upon the double murder of K. Charles, in answer to a libellous rime made by V.P.*

Orinda is replying to an attack on the executed King Charles I by Vavasor Powell (1617-70) (Bagshaw; David Davies; Nuttall; R. Tudur Jones; J. F. V. Nicholson). Powell, who was born in Radnorshire, was a Puritan preacher with strong Fifth Monarchist sympathies. In 1650 he was appointed an Approver of Ministers by the Act for the Better Propagation and Preaching of the Gospel in Wales. He thus became a colleague of Orinda's husband, James Philips, who was appointed a Commissioner by the same Act (T. Richards, *A History*, 82, 85).

The 'libellous rime' is not among those of Powell's poems printed in *The Life and Death of Mr. Vavasor Powell*. It may well have been similar in tone to the hymn by Powell published, with a satirical antiphon, by his opponent Alexander Griffiths in 1654 (24). Orinda's poem cannot be dated exactly, but was probably written after the 1650 Propagation Act. The latest possible date would seem to be 1654. Powell was reported to be preaching in Cardiganshire in February of that year (Birch, II, 93).

Orinda's husband, though a staunch supporter of Cromwell, was something of a moderate in his political and religious views. Her reply to Powell therefore, revealing clear royalist sympathies, proved useful ammunition for more radical politicians who wished to undermine her husband's position (see Commentary to Poems 32 and 33).

3-5 L. I. Guiney remarked that this was an 'allusion to an incident which the Editor, when going to press, had not been able to discover' (Philips, *Selected Poems*, 45). The incident remains unidentified.

10 *The dying Lion kick'd by every asse: Phaedrus*, Book I: an ass, having seen a boar and a bull revenge themselves on a dying lion, followed their example.

13-14 The right of sanctuary in church or churchyard was abolished in the reign of James I (J.C. Cox, 329).

21 *He broke Gods lawes, and therefore he must dye*: Probably a quotation from Powell's 'rime'; cf. Morgan Llwyd, one of Powell's closest associates (55):

The law was ever above kings
and Christ above the law
Unhappy Charles provokt the lambe
to dust hee must withdraw.

26 *sequester*: 'set aside, dismiss from consideration' and 'confiscate, appropriate, take forcible possession of' (*OED*). Orinda apparently intends both meanings here. Sequestration of property was part of the punishment of political 'malignants' during the Interregnum.

27 *admire*: in this instance 'to be surprised' (*OED*).

29 *Christ will be King*: according to Alexander Griffiths, Powell's 'chief work is to preach and advance Christs *Personal Reign* here on *Earth*, being the Antient Error and Fopperie of the *Chiliasts* or *Millenaries*, hissed and exploded out of the *Church of Christ* in the very *Infancy* thereof' (*Strena Vavasoriensis*, 5).

2 *On the numerous access of the English to waite upon the King in Holland*

One of a series of panegyrics which Orinda wrote on the Restoration and Coronation of Charles II. Brian Duppa, Bishop of Salisbury, wrote to Sir Justinian Isham on 8 May 1660, the day that King Charles was proclaimed in London: 'All countries have of late emptied themselves into London and London is as busy to empty itself into Holland' (Isham, 183). Charles boarded ship on 23 May, 1660, and landed at Dover two days later (*Pepys*, I, 154, 158).

Title. *Holland*: Charles left Brussels for Holland on 30 March 1660 (Bryant, King Charles II., 4).

4 *Pompey's residence*: Orinda began her translation of *La Mort de Pompée* in 1662 (Letter XIV). This allusion may indicate that she was already familiar with Corneille's play in 1660.

10-12 Perhaps a veiled reminder of the last English incursion into the Low Countries. In 1658 the English combined with the French to invade the Spanish Netherlands, defeating a Spanish army, which included several English royalists, at the Battle of the Dunes (*New Cambridge Modern History*, 424).

20 *Her long deny'd and soveraigne remedy*: England had been 'unmonarch'd' since the execution of Charles I in 1649. The use of 'long deny'd' is ambiguous: Charles II had been long denied to the English people because he was long denied his throne by them.

21-6 Genesis 45. 25-8.

3 *Arion on a Dolphin to his Majestie in his passadge into England.*

Another panegyric of Charles II, reminiscent of the type of eulogy put into the mouths of figures in masques (see Poem 100). Orinda's emphasis on the pacific nature of Charles's return is doubtless not unconnected with her hope that the new king would overlook some of her husband's pro-Cromwellian indiscretions during the Interregnum.

Title. *Arion*: A Greek lyric poet (fl. 628-25 BC). His legend was the subject of a poem by Saint-Amant, translated by Thomas Stanley (335), which tells how he

... from inhumane Mariners set free
Whose hearts the rockes resemble in the Sea,
Was by a Dolphin borne ore Neptune's state,
(Fortune astonisht at so rare a fate).
And by the destinies prefix decree
Once more the smoke of his owne rooffe did see.

his passadge into England: 23-5 May 1660 (*Pepys*, I, 154-8)

28 *Defender of the faith*: Pope Leo X awarded the title of Fidei Defensor to Henry VIII, as a reward for the king's treatise attacking Luther - hence *wrote* in lines 30 (Pollard, 100). The title has been taken by all Henry's successors. Cromwell, who refused the offer of the Crown, never took it.

34 *great Athanasius*: St. Athanasius (c. 296-373), Bishop of Alexandria, was exiled from his see five times between 336 and 366 (Cross and Livingstone, 101).

37 *Revenge to him no pleasure is*: cf. Dryden on the king in *Astraea Redux* (1660), lines 260-61:

Not ty'd to rules of Policy, you find
Revenge less sweet then a forgiving mind.

53-4 The Declaration at Breda (4 April 1660) granted

a free and general pardon... to all our subjects, of what degree or quality soever, who within forty days after the publishing hereof shall lay hold upon this our grace and favour, and shall by any public act declare their doing so, and that they return to the loyalty and obedience of good subjects, excepting only such persons as shall hereafter be excepted by Parliament (Clarendon, VI, 206).

68 *Sheba's Queen to Judah's court*: I Kings 10. 1-13

71 *Rome*: the Papacy

4 *On the faire weather at the Coronacon*

Orinda's poem on the thunderstorm which followed Charles II's Coronation is one of a number of contemporary comments, aimed at providing a favourable interpretation of an event which might have seemed inauspicious. Gerard Reedy comments on this response:

Contemporary poets and prose writers exhibit great imaginative dexterity in accommodating favourable noumenalism to unfavourable fact. Here again, the mystical nature of noumenal evidence is twisted into a political tool to legitimate Charles and, indeed, every aspect of his ascendancy (20-1)

As Reedy notes, only Samuel Pepys, writing in his diary on 23 April 1661, the day of the Coronation, stands out against such an interpretation:

And strange it is, to think that these two days have held up fair till now that all is done and the King out of the hall; and then it fell a-raining and thundering and lightening as I have not seen it do some years - which people did take great notice of the blessing of the work of these two days - which is a great foolery, to take too much notice of such things (II, 86).

8 *Parenthesis*: The same word occurs, in a rather different context, in the opening lines of *St. George's Day sacred to the Coronation of his Excellent Majesty Charles II*, by Henry Bold:

A *Roman-Triumph* is, Compar'd to *This*,
A *Whitson-Ale*: A meer *Parenthesis*.

13-14 *Bonefires* (L) is more accurate than *fire workes*, read by the other texts. The word may have been revised when the actual events were no longer clear in the author's mind. Pepys noted

At Mr. Bowyers, a great deal of company; some I knew, others I did not. Here we stayed upon the leads and below till it was late, expecting to see the Fireworkes; but they were not performed tonight. Only, the City had a light like a glory round it, with bonefyres' (II, 86-7).

In *On the Thunder Happening after the Solemnity of the Coronation*, Henry Bold imagined a similar contest between the earthly and heavenly thunder and fire:

Heavens! we thank you, that you Thundred so!
As We did here, you Cannonado'd too.
A brave Report! as if you would out-vie

Volleys, discharg'd by *Charles His Cavalrie*.
'Twas still in *Clouds and Tempests* your voice came!
For *lesse* than *That* could not have spoke *His Name*.

...
'Tis a bold *Challenge* (but *I'll* make it good)
Whether our *Flames* were *lesser* than *their Flood*?
As if *St. George's Bon=fires* would have done
More, than *They could*, by *Inundation*.

15-18 Exodus 14. 21-9. The parallel with Israel's crossing of the Red Sea also struck the anonymous author of *A Poem Upon his Majesties Coronation the 23. of April 1661. Being St. Georges day*:

So the obedient waters stand a wall
Till *Israels* march be past, and then they fall.

5 *To the Queene on her arrivall at Portsmouth. May. 1662*

Sir Charles Cotterell, Master of the Ceremonies, was among the party which welcomed Queen Catherine of Braganza at Portsmouth on 14 May 1662. On 4 June 1662 Orinda wrote to Sir Charles:

'I have received a Letter from you dated at PORTSMOUTH, giving me the full Relation of the Queen's Arrival; which you have so wonderfully describ'd in Prose, that I doubt very much whether it can be equal'd by any of our Poets in Verse' (Letter XI).

Although Orinda's poem was clearly inspired by Sir Charles's account, it is concerned with eulogy of the Queen and her husband, rather than with describing the actual event of her arrival.

1 *Now that the seas and winds so kind are grown*: Catherine arrived on 14 May (OS)/24 May (NS). The Venetian resident in England reported to the Doge and Senate on 26 May (NS): 'After a most tiresome voyage of a whole month and a week spent in sight of Portsmouth without being able to approach, the queen landed there the day before yesterday' (*CSP Venetian*, 1661-4, 143).

5 *your glad subjects*: The rejoicing was not universal. Pepys wrote in his *Diary* (III, 83):

At night all the bells in the towne rung, and bonefires made for the joy of the Queenes arrivall; who came and landed at Portsmouth last night. But I do not see much thorough joy, but only an indifferent one, in the hearts of the people, who are much

5 *he who doubted Motion*: Zeno, whose arguments are examined and refuted by Aristotle in *The Physics*, 239-40, (Wicksteed and Cornford, I, 180-91)

10 *Some small Italian spoke*: Orinda could read Italian; an Italian MS copy of John Florio's *Giardino di Recreatione* which belonged to her is now in the British Library (Add. MS 15, 214).

11 *Saburra's letters*: unidentified

14 *As contradicting a presbyterie*: a Presbyterian system of church government had been introduced by Parliament in 1646, provoking Milton's comment 'New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ Large' (II, 157). By 1652 the growth of Independency and sectarianism had effectively destroyed any hope of a uniformly imposed Presbyterian church in England (Bolam *et al.*, 42-6).

21 *dispence*: 'dispensation' (OED)

17 *Friendship's Mysterys, to my dearest Lucasia. (set by Mr. H. Lawes.)*

Henry Lawes set several of Orinda's lyrics to music. This song, however, was the only one by Orinda to be included in his printed song-books. The poem was written at some point between 1652 and 1655, during the early years of Orinda's friendship with Lucasia.

None of Lawes's settings of Orinda's poems appear in the autograph manuscript of his songs, fully described in Pamela J. Willetts, *The Henry Lawes Manuscript*.

18 *Content, to my dearest Lucasia*

Orinda's attempt to define the nature of true contentment is conventional in its approach. Types of supposed content are presented, and dismissed, their flaws revealed. True contentment is then shown to lie in the ideal friendship exemplified by Orinda's relationship with Lucasia (Anne Owen), to whom the poem is addressed.

2 *faction*: 'fashion' (OED)

4 *that Fairy red=crosse Knight: Faerie Queene*, Book I, Canto 2: the Red-cross Knight gives his protection to the false Duessa, thinking her to be Fidessa.

34 *a cypress bough*: a classical emblem of mourning

37 *discreet*: 'judicious' (OED)

41 *while men seek for truth they loose their peace*: Orinda may have had in mind the seventeenth-century English proverb 'truth begets hatred' (Tilley, T569).

42 *who heaps knowledge, sorrow doth increase*: Ecclesiastes 1.18

48 *man was never made to be alone*: Genesis 2.18. The variant reading in B is closest to the AV text of the verse.

19 *Set by Mr. H. Lawes / A Dialogue between Lucasia and Orinda*

The dialogue form was extremely popular among lyric writers of the mid-seventeenth century. By joining the two voices together in a final chorus Orinda underlines her idea that the separation of two friends can only be temporary, as they will be united eternally after death. Parting is a recurring theme in Orinda's poetry, since physical separation provides the supreme test of the theory that two friends can become 'one soul in bodies twain', a concept which is at the heart of the ideal friendship which she advocates as an antidote to social disorder and disharmony.

Title. *set by Mr. H. Lawes*: no copy of the setting is known to survive.

19 *pratique*: practical (OED)

20 *To my deare Sister Mrs. C. P. on her nuptialls*

This epithalamium was written to celebrate the marriage of Orinda's sister-in-law, Cicely Phillips, to John Lloyd of Kiltrhewy. The marriage was the first to be recorded in the Parish Register of St Mary's Church, Cardigan (NLW St Mary's Church, Cardigan, Parish Register 1, 1653-1808, f. 1):

John Lloyd of Kylthue in the Countie of Pembroke Esq^e and Cicely Phillipps of Tregibbie in the Countie of Cardigan spinster weare married by James Phillipps of Treg-gibie in the Countie aforesaid Esq^e one of the Justices of the peace of the said Countie of Cardigan the Last Day of October in ye yeare of our Lord god One thousand six hundred ffeifty and three.

It was the first marriage to take place in Cardigan under an Act passed by the Nominated Parliament in August 1653, to come into effect after 29 September of the same year, which established marriage as a civil ceremony, only recognised by the state when solemnised before a Justice of the Peace. James Philips had been one of the Welsh members in the Parliament which passed the act (Glass, XLI; Gardiner, II, 242, 260).

The poem is more muted than earlier seventeenth-century epithalamia. The first verse rejects the imagery of the conventional epithalamium: the garlands and the altar of hymeneal sacrifice. Orinda may be wishing to stress that marriage has become primarily a social rather than a religious ceremony. However, the tone may also be symptomatic of a general trend in epithalamia during the second half of the century: 'as the seventeenth century drew to its close the wedding - song degenerated to cold congratulatory poems "Upon the Marriage," etc. Dulness and decorum in ten-syllabled couplets replaced its glowing stanzas' (Case, XLI).

2 *crown the cup...crown the day*: the first use of 'crown' is in the sense of 'to fill to overflowing, or till the foam rises like a crown above the brim' (*OED*); the second is 'to bless, amplify or endow with honour, dignity, plenty, etc.' (*OED*). Orinda is possibly referring to the discontinuation by the authorities of the old custom of the wedding cup of 'muscadel' or 'muscadine' mixed with sops that was to be drunk by the bride and groom and their guests at the conclusion of the ceremony.

3 *nor an Altar build*: the Hymeneal altar is a stock feature of epithalamia. Thus James Shirley's 'Epithalamium, to his Noble Friend Mr. I.W.' (*Poems*, 50) begins:

Adorn the Altar, many come to day
To sacrifice.

8 *Cassandra's bliss*: *Cassandra* was most probably the sobriquet which Orinda gave her sister-in-law. It may well have been taken from la Calprenède's romance *Cassandra*, Cotterell's translation of which was published in London in 1652.

21 *To Mr. Henry Vaughan, Silurist, on his Poems*

Orinda probably met Henry Vaughan in London, where they were both associated with the many cavalier sympathisers who contributed commendatory poems to the 1651 edition of William Cartwright's poems and plays (P. Thomas, Orinda, Vaughan and Watkins, 96-9). Vaughan included a poem 'To the Excellently accomplish'd Mrs. K. Philips' in *Olor Iscannus*. This was never included among the commendatory poems printed in editions of Orinda's works. Vaughan's poem may have been written in reply to Orinda's verses, for, as Vaughan's biographer notes, 'Orinda makes no allusion to any of the contents of *Olor Iscannus*, and the presumption is that she wrote this commendatory poem before the publication of *Olor* in 1651' (F.E. Hutchinson, 216-17). Vaughan's poem has much in common with Orinda's verses to Lawes and on William Cartwright, and it is probable that all three poems were composed at about the same time.

Orinda's acquaintance with Vaughan would seem to have been both slight and brief, and may indeed never have progressed beyond the exchange of poetic compliments in 1651. Vaughan addressed a poem 'To the Editor of the Matchless Orinda', which was included in *Thalia Rediviva* (1678). It is rather an impersonal poem, and its closing reference to 'the young Goddess' would seem to intimate that Vaughan was thinking of the youthful Orinda, and had not known her in her maturer years (*Works*, II, 621-2).

9-15 Henry Vaughan's *Poems, with the Tenth Satyre of Inuval Englished* was published in 1646. It contains six love poems addressed to 'Amoret'.

19-20 The first issue of Vaughan's *Silex Scintillans* was printed in 1650. Orinda's couplet clearly echoes Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland's poem 'To my Noble Friend, Mr. George Sandys, upon his Excellent Paraphrase on the Psalms' (Sandys, sig. p7):

But though Thy Muse were Ethnically Chast,
When most Fault could be found; yet now thou hast
Diverted to a Purer Path thy Quill;
And chang'd Parnassus Mount to Sions Hill.

26 *like Moses from the Mount*: Exodus 32. 15-16

36 *the whole world was first by number made*: see Commentary to Poem 15, line 40.

22 *A retir'd friendship, to Ardelia. 23^d Aug^o 1651*

In June 1651 a rebellion of 'Mad spirits that love to fish in troubled waters' had broken out in Cardiganshire. The rebels, a band of local royalist gentry and their supporters, were routed near Llanbadarn Fawr (*Severall Proceedings in Parliament...*, 1403-4). By an Order in Parliament of 25 June, 1651, James Philips, Orinda's husband, was appointed as one of the Parliamentary Commissioners who were to deal with the aftermath of 'the late rebellion in co. Cardigan' (*CSPD*, 1651, 266-7).

Orinda's political sympathies at this time were neutral, if not actively royalist. Maren-Sofie Røstvig has written of the poem, 'Like the Lucretian gods, Orinda's retired friends enjoy complete detachment from every-day affairs; they are not even faintly stirred by a wish to engage in any action outside their own circle' (I, 255). Some of Orinda's ideas may possibly have been tinged with Epicureanism, but it is more probable that, in the poems on retirement which she wrote during the Interregnum, her desire to withdraw is a direct result of the political upheavals of the period. It is the 'scorching Age' which makes her 'seek a shade' in retired friendship. 'Ardelia' is not identified in any of the manuscripts.

5 *quarrelling for Crowns*: Charles II's attempt to regain the English throne had been defeated at the battle of Worcester on 3 September, 1651, shortly before this poem was written.

25 *Apollo's beams*: sunbeams

26 *meat*: 'food in general; anything used as nourishment for men or animals' (*OED*)

pamphlets written in 1646 he had shown his 'familiarity with legal and historical precedent' (130-3, 138).

25 *To the excellent Mrs A.O. upon her receiving the name of Lucasia, and adoption into our society. 29 Decemb 1651*

A celebration of Anne Owen's admission into Orinda's Society of Friendship (see Introduction p. 000, and Commentary to Poem 16).

Title. *the name of Lucasia*: Orinda took her name for her friend from two of William Cartwright's plays. *The Lady Errant* contains a character named Lucasia, while Leucasia appears in *The Siege*. P. W. Thomas has suggested that Orinda's choice of a pseudonym for Anne Owen may have been inspired by a poem by John Berkenhead (137; see Commentary to Poem 24).

26 *To the truly noble, and obleiging Mrs: Anne Owen. (on my first approaches)*

This poem was presumably composed in 1651, some time before Anne Owen received the name Lucasia and became a member of the Society of Friendship (see Poem 25). It is apparently the first poem which Orinda addressed to her friend.

27 *Lucasia*

Lucasia is portrayed as a 'brave example' of the virtues necessary 'to rescue the declining age'. The poem probably dates from the early 1650s.

18 *Poets were Judges, Kings Philosophers*: Orinda's picture of the Golden Age differs from that of Ovid, who states that there were no judges then (*Metamorphoses*, I, 91-3). The idea of the Philosopher King is doubtless derived from Plato's *Republic*.

21 *That souls were made of number*: cf. William Cartwright, 'For a young Lord to his Mistris, who had taught him a song' (*Plays and Poems*, 462):

If Souls (as some say) Musick be
I've learnt from you there's one in me.

36 *Cesar's conquest in his Pontique war*: Suetonius, *De Vita Caesarum*, I. 35. 2.

39-40 Had Lucasia lived at the time when the Roman Church was fabricating legends about saints, she would have been justly canonized.

45 *that Sage*: Aristotle, presumably.

48 *Lembique*: alembic, 'an apparatus formerly used in distilling' (OED)

28 *Wiston=Vault*

A branch of the Wogan family had lived at Wiston in Pembrokeshire since the fourteenth century, if not before (Green, 'The Wogans of Pembrokeshire', 189). Orinda's mother-in-law was Anne, daughter of Sir William Wogan of Wiston ('Genealogies of Cardiganshire...', 15). Anne was the aunt of Col. Thomas Wogan, the regicide (Green, *The Wogans of Pembrokeshire*, 208). Another of James Philips's cousins, Compton Wogan, abducted Dorothy Barlow in June 1649. Dorothy's mother deposed that 'Col. Thomas Wogan came to deponent's house and told her that her daughter was married to his brother, Compton Wogan, and that they would be at her house by noon. Deponent, however, did not believe him and went to search for her daughter, whom she found at the house of Mrs. Phillipps at Cardigan' (Green, *The Wogans of Pembrokeshire*, 213). From this it seems probable that Orinda was in close touch with the Wogan family, and may have visited Wiston often in the 1650s (see notes, Poem 129).

The idea behind the poem closely resembles that expressed in Herrick's 'His Poetrie his Pillar' (*Poetical Works*, 85). Where Herrick's monument is the 'living stone' of his poetry, Orinda's memory is to be kept alive by Lucasia's heart which 'though ne're stone to me' will 'stone for me prove'.

3 *Fabrique*: 'edifice, building' (OED)

29 *Friendship in Emblem, or the Seale, to my dearest Lucasia*

The emblem which is described was no doubt the badge of the 'Society' to which Orinda admitted Lucasia on 29 December, 1651 (See Poem 25). The small circle of 'wittified ladies' which gathered round Orinda's contemporary Mary North had an equally complex symbol (see Introduction p.000). Orinda's poem, like the verses in an emblem book, describes the images portrayed upon the seal, and elaborates upon their meaning.

1 *the hearts thus intermixed*: Rosemary Freeman (148) notes an emblem of 'three interlaced hearts' in Mildmay Fane's *Otia Sacra* (London, 1648).

13 *They flame, 'tis true*: in *A Collection of Emblemes* (1635) George Wither twice connects the image of a flaming heart with the concept of friendship (99, 237).

19 *Moses bush*: Exodus 3.2

21 *The compasses*: This image is probably derived from John Donne's 'stiffe twinne compasses' in 'A Valediction: forbidding Mourning'. Freeman comments that 'Donne was using an accepted emblem of constancy' (147).

34 *misse*: 'go wrong, make a mistake, err' (OED)

58 *Mine*: 'an abundant source of supply' (OED)

Commissioner under the Act for the Propagation of the Gospel in Wales in 1650, and throughout the 1650s he played an active part in the administration of the boroughs of Cardigan and Haverfordwest (T. Richards, *The Puritan Movement of Wales*, 82; NLW MS Cardigan Borough 1, pp. 1 ff; Charles, 87-112, *passim*).

As a man of moderate Cromwellian views and considerable local political influence, James Philips was an obvious target for the Fifth Monarchists and other radical opponents of Cromwell, who were led in Wales by Vavasor Powell and Jenkin Jones, Llandetty. Such men must have regarded the expression of monarchist sympathies by Orinda in her verses against Powell as a useful piece of evidence with which they could undermine her husband's position. They may also have uncovered Orinda's connections with the 'conspicuous Royalist' John Jeffreys, Abercynrig, and the Royalist polemicist John Berkenhead (see Commentaries to Poems 23 and 24).

1 *crimes*: used ironically, one imagines

3 Orinda does not disclose the nature of 'the other charge' which Jones had brought against her husband.

11-12 Genesis 3. 12-19

13 *magazine*: used figuratively as in Poem 11, line 1 to mean 'store-house' esp. of ammunition

16 *an honourable wife*: see Commentary to Poem 32.

18 *my follies*: Orinda may here be referring to her royalist sympathies, and not simply to her literary activities.

19 *those lines*: Orinda's 'follies', 'so dull a rime': Orinda's poem, 'Upon the double murder of K. Charles, in answer to a libellous rime made by V.P.' (Poem 1).

21 *court the torments*: undergo torture

34 19. *Septemb. Rosania shaddow'd whilst Mrs M. Awbrey. 1651*

Mary Aubrey was the elder daughter of Sir John Aubrey (or Awbrey) of Llantrithyd (1604-78), baptised at Llantrithyd on 7 August 1631 (G. T. Clark, 342). Rowland Warkyns celebrated her father's staunch loyalty to the Royalist cause in a poem 'Upon the Right Worshipful, Sir John Aubrey of Lantrethit, Knight' (69):

The times did alter, yet the world may see
This Knight from change, but not from chance was free.

According to her cousin, the antiquary John Aubrey, Mary was educated with Orinda at Mrs. Salmon's school in Hackney (II, 153). She was probably one of the earliest members of Orinda's Society of Friendship. The name 'Rosania' is

that of a character in James Shirley's play *The Doubtful Heir*, which was first performed in Dublin in 1638 as *Rosania*. It was acted in London in 1640, but was not published until 1652 (Bentley, V, 1105-6). Orinda and Mary had no doubt read the play in a manuscript version.

11 *a face so eminently bright*: Pepys first met Rosania (by then Mrs. Montagu) at 'My Lady Sandwiches', ten years after this poem was written (III, 1-2):

there was a great and good dinner - and the company, Mr. Wm. Mountagu and his lady (but she seemed so far from the beauty that I expected her from my Lady's talk to be, that it put me into an ill humour all the day to find my expectation so lost).

By 1667 his opinion of her had improved. He refers to a dinner with 'among other company, Mr. Attorney Mountagu and his fine Lady, a fine woman' (VIII, 598).

31 *utmost*: The printed editions read 'outmost', and the adjective is probably intended here to have that sense.

46 *slubber*: 'sully' (OED)

52 Genesis 3. 24

35 *To the Queen of inconstancie, Regina, in Antwerp*

Regina Collier, to whom the poem is addressed, had been married to John Collier, the 'servant and cozen' of Orinda's father (see Commentary to Poem 55). At one point a close friend of Orinda's, Regina was probably an early member of the Society of Friendship. Regina was widowed in December 1649; Poems 39 and 40 record John Jeffreys's unsuccessful attempt to woo her. Her rejection of Jeffreys may have caused the quarrel with Orinda which led the latter to compose this bitter little poem, which probably dates from the early 1650s. The reason for Mrs. Collier's visit to Antwerp is unknown; her name is not recorded among those of travellers given passes to Antwerp in the state papers for the period. The poem implies that she is courted by many and will commit herself to none, but the vehemence of its tone might suggest a more serious delinquency from the code of honour and friendship.

21-4 In the 1650s Antwerp was a part of the Spanish Netherlands. France and Spain were at war until the signing of the Peace of the Pyrenees in 1659 (R. T. Davies, 66-9). Orinda's meaning in lines 21-2 is 'let the French men never fear (not to gain) the victory while thou are there'.

36 *To My excellent Lucasia, on our friendship. 17th. July 1651*

Orinda goes beyond the conventional image of two friends 'mingling souls'. In an extravagant conceit she claims that she was a soul-less clockwork automaton before she acquired Lucasia's soul to guide and inspire her.

37 *Rosania's private marriage*

The exact date of Rosania's marriage to William Montagu is not known, but it must have taken place before 25 September, 1652 (see Poem 42). William Montagu (1619? - 1706) was the second son of Edward, first Baron Montagu. He was MP for Stamford, and was appointed attorney-general to Queen Catherine in 1662 (DNB). His niece Elizabeth married Daniel Harvey, the brother of Mary Harvey, Lady Dering (Isham, 122, n. 3; Souers, 69). Mary had been at school with Orinda and Rosania, and it seems possible that it was through her that Rosania met her future husband (Aubrey, II, 153). Orinda was unhappy about Rosania's marriage (see Commentaries to Poems 38, 42, and 68). She may not have been invited to the wedding, and many not even have known that her friend was to be married, until after the event had taken place.

21 *An Eagle safely may behold the Sun*: proverbial (Tilley, E3)

31-2 *if we wil admit The universe one Soule*: a Platonic idea. For Psyche, 'the soul of the Universe', see Henry More, *Philosophicall Poems* 1-71, 'Psychozoia'.

33 *Inform*: 'impart some pervading, active, or vital quality to' (OED)

38 *Injuria amici*

This poem may have been addressed to Regina Collier after Orinda's quarrel with her (see Poem 35). As it is not included in the group of Regina poems in C however, it is more probable that it was addressed to Rosania after her 'private marriage' in 1652 (see Poem 37). The inclusion of lines which echo a speech by the original Rosania would seem to confirm this view.

9-10 Suetonius describes Nero's reaction to the great fire of Rome (VI, 36). Waller also refers to the incident in 'Of my Lady Isabella, playing on the Flute' (Waller, I, 90).

37-48 Cf. Rosania in Shirley's *Doubtful Heir* (1652, 43):

When I am gone into some wilderness,
You will find ease at Heart, and love the Queen,
And perfect all; I'll pray you may live happy,
And hold Intelligence with some gentle Winds

That shall convey my wishes and return
What joys do follow you; the purling Rivers
I'll teach your name...

46 *you kill me, because I worshipp'd you*: cf. 'For Regina' (Poem 39): 'You murder him because he worships you' and Henry Vaughan, 'Les Amours': 'You kill'd me, 'cause I lov'd you' (*Works*, I, 5).

39 *For Regina*

Orinda was friendly with Regina Collier and John Jeffreys ('Philaster') in the early 1650s, though she quarrelled with Regina not long after this poem was written (see Commentaries to Poems 23 and 35). In Orinda's circle, as among the French *précieuses*, verses were circulated which were intended to create or cement friendships and love affairs. Here Orinda acts as advocate for Philaster with Regina, as Silvander had been Orinda's advocate with Rosania (see Poem 14). The imagery of the poem both reflects the troubles of the 'poison'd age' in which it was written and displays the influence of the tragi-comedies of Cartwright and Beaumont and Fletcher on Orinda's early writing.

8 Cf. Poem 38, line 46, and note.

19 *you I see are lately Roundhead growne*: Rowland Watkyns portrays Jeffreys as a strong Royalist (97-8; see Commentary to Poem 23). Jeffreys had been among the Royalist Commissioners of Array in Breconshire nominated in 1642 and was taken prisoner at Hereford on its capitulation in December 1645 (Rees, 1, 4-5). Regina is acting like a Roundhead not only because of the way in which she treats her rejected suitor, but also because that suitor is a staunch Cavalier.

40 *To J.J. esq: upon his melancholly for Regina*

The second of the two poems prompted by John Jeffreys's unsuccessful courtship of Regina Collier (see Commentaries to Poems 23 and 35). As in Poem 39 Orinda plays on Regina's name ('Thy Queen').

41 *Philoclea's parting. Mrs M. Stedman. Feb: 25. 1650*

'Mrs. M. Stedman' is most probably Mallet, daughter of John Stedman of Strata Florida, Cardiganshire. Her father's will, dated 18 March, 1645, contains a bequest of £700 to be paid her on reaching the age of eighteen (Green, 'Stedman of Strata Florida', 99-100). Her eldest brother, James Stedman, married Margaret Owen of Rhwysaeson, Montgomeryshire. She outlived him and

45 *To the R.t Hono: the Lady E. C.*

The title of the poem in B identifies 'Lady E. C.' as 'my Lady Elizabeth Carre'. Lady Elizabeth Ker was one of the four daughters of Robert Ker, first Earl of Ancrum (1578-1654), by his second wife, Lady Anne Stanley, daughter of William, Earl of Derby (*DNB*, *The Complete Peerage*, I, 121-2; *CSPD* 1656-1657, 286). Orinda's maternal uncle, the civil servant, Clement Oxenbridge, appears to have acted as a London agent for the Ker family (Aylmer, *The State's Servants*, 230). Lady Elizabeth first mentions him in a letter written on 31 August, 1649 (Laing, II, 251).

On 11 September, 1654 the Earl of Ancrum wrote to his son, the Earl of Lothian: 'I am glade Bess pleaseth yow so wele, and that this gentleman, Mr. Oxenbridge, is so willing to befriend you too' (Laing, II, 385). After Ancrum's death Oxenbridge wrote to Lothian referring to money matters, some of which related to Lady Elizabeth, and ended his letter with the news that 'My Lady Elizabeth's picture is now ready and fitt to send' (Laing, II, 387). In 1656 Oxenbridge was still busy sorting out 'the Earl of Ancrum's affaires' (Laing, II, 406). On 3 October, 1658 Oxenbridge wrote to Lothian again, enclosing 'a letter that your sister, my Lady Elizabeth, desired mee to convey to your Lordship, shee being in hast, going to Oxford with her sisters, when it came to her hands' (Laing, II, 508).

There is a strong possibility that Lady Elizabeth was the 'Berenice' to whom Orinda addressed those letters of hers which were included in *Familiar Letters* (Letters XLIX to LII). Berenice is known to have been in Oxford around 1658 and wrote to Orinda from Kew in 1664 (Letters XLIX and LII). Lady Elizabeth moved to Kew in 1661 (Laing, II, 454). Another link between Orinda and Lady Elizabeth may have been through Alice, Countess of Carbery, who was Lady Elizabeth's cousin, to whom Orinda addressed a poem (Poem 13).

12 *the Scotch or English honour's fame*: Lady Elizabeth's father, the Earl of Ancrum, was the great-grandson of Andrew Ker of Ferniehirst (1471?-1535), a noted border chieftain (*DNB*). Her mother was descended from the Earls of Derby, the first of whom, Thomas Stanley (1435?-1504), was son of Thomas Stanley, first Lord Stanley (1406?-1459). The founder of the Stanley family fortunes was Sir John Stanley K.G. (1350?-1414) (*DNB*).

18 *How neere you were allied unto a throne*: the wife of Lady Elizabeth's grandfather, Henry Stanley, fourth Earl of Derby, was Eleanor, daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Mary Tudor, daughter of Henry VII (*Complete Peerage*, IV, 211-12).

29 *the sacred temple*: 1 Kings 7

42 *nice*: 'intricate' (*OED*)

41 *the hypocrite and casuist*: by 'hypocrite' Orinda means Puritan, and by 'casuist' Jesuit or Roman Catholic. Jesuit casuistry had been made notorious by Pascal's *Lettres écrites à un Provincial*, which appeared in an English translation, possibly by Henry Hammond, in 1657 (Packer, 194-5).

55-6 *abtain'd to be*: 'come to be' (*OED*)

69 *professors*: those 'who make open profession of religion' (*OED*)

78 *pattents*: documents conferring some privilege, right, office, etc.' (*OED*)

139-40 I Samuel 18.4

148 *As are in Titian's pieces shade and light*: Charles I had collected a large number of paintings by Titian (Tiziano Vecellio, c. 1487-1586) (Valcanover, *passim*). Orinda may either have seen some of these originals, or copies, such as those made by Robert Walker (c.1600-1660; Baker and James, 53). Cartwright refers to Titian in his poem 'To My Honour'd Friend Mr Thomas Killigrew, On these his Playes, the Prisoners and Claracilla' (517).

46 *Parting with Lucasia. A Song. 13th Januwy 1657/8*

The theme of the parting of friends is handled with more realism and with less extravagant imagery in this lyric than in earlier poems by Orinda on the same subject. By 1658 her view of friendship had no doubt been tempered by experience.

1 *rigid*: 'harsh, severe' (*OED*)

6 *labouring*: 'struggling under emotion or suppressed feeling; also in a physical sense, heaving, palpitating' (*OED*)

47 *Against Pleasure. set by Dr Coleman*

A conventional lyric on a conventional seventeenth century theme. The tune to which the poem was set does not seem to have survived.

Title. *set by Dr Coleman*: Charles Coleman (d. 1664) was one of the principal composers and music teachers during the Interregnum, and an associate of Henry Lawes (*DNB*; *Grove's*, II, 369). Lucy Apsley, who became the wife of Colonel Hutchinson, and author of *Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson* was also a pupil of Coleman (29). Coleman, like Orinda, contributed a commendatory poem to Henry Lawes's *Second Book of Ayres and Dialogues* (1655; see Poem 15).

9 *the fruit of Sodom*: 'the fruit of the osher or ashey tree, called "Apples or Oranges of Sodom" resembles a smooth apple or orange, hangs in clusters of three or four on a branch, and is of a yellow colour when ripe. Upon being struck or pressed, it explodes with a puff and is reduced to the rind, and a few fibres, being chiefly filled with air' (Brewer, 45). The fruit is mentioned in a similar context in the Little Gidding conversation 'On the Retirement of

and cozen' John Collier. Collier was left a hundred pounds in Orinda's father's will, and is also mentioned in her first step-father's will (Souers, 281-3, 287-90). Collier's widow, Regina, was unsuccessfully courted by Orinda's friend John Jeffreys (see Poems 35, 39 and 40). The parish register of Beddington gives the date of John Collier's burial as 8 January, 1649/50 (County Archivist, Surrey Record Office). His tombstone is no longer extant (Revd J. H. Read, Rector of Beddington).

6 *once*: 'at some future time; one day' (*OED*)

56 *On Little Regina Collyer, on the same tombstone*

Regina Collyer, the younger, was the daughter of John and Regina Collier (see Poems 35 and 55). Beddington parish register records her burial on 7 September, 1649, some months before that of her father (County Archivist, Surrey Record Office).

57 *Friendship*

A characteristic statement of Orinda's philosophy of friendship, this poem probably dates from the mid 1650s.

27 *abstracted*: 'separated from matter or from concrete embodiment, ideal' (*OED*)

29-36 *the marriage ty*: Orinda's analysis of the relationship between marriage and friendship may owe something to her friend Francis Finch's treatment of the subject in his essay on Friendship (7-8):

If any *Love* may stand in competition with that of *Friends*, it is the *Conjugall*; and that, if any where, where the Marriage was purely the choice and congruity of the *Persons* united, without the *Byasse* of other *Interests* which usually bear a great sway in that *Union*.

Now even here, unless the *Love* proceed to a *Friendship*, it is short of what it might come to, and of that *Passion* which the very *Persons* have towards others, if so be they are really and indeed *Friends* to any. There be many can adore one as a *Mistresse*, affect her for a *Wife*, and yet believe her not so proper for all the *Relations of Friendship*; More that while she is a *Mistresse* believe her fit for all those offices, and find themselves afterwards deceived.

See also Poems 12, 54.

39 *earthy*: 'coarse, dull, unrefined' (*OED*). Orinda would appear to make a distinction between 'earthy fires' and 'the fiery element' (line 43). It is, however, worth noting that all texts except A read 'earthly' for 'earthy', though in D 'earthly' has been altered to 'earthly'. The possibility therefore remains that 'earthy' is an error made in copying out the poem. However, the idea that there was more than one type of each element was certainly current at the time that Orinda was writing. In *Two Treatises* (1645) Sir Kenelm Digby notes the possibility, without elaborating on it: 'But whether every one of these foure elements, do comprehend under its name one onely lowest species or many (as, whether there be one onely species of fire or severall; and the like of the rest) we intend not here to determine' (38).

48 *bravest*: *OED* quotes Dr. Johnson: 'an indeterminate word used to express the superabundance of any valuable quality in men or things'.

49-50 *more innocent than sleeping doves are*: Tilley includes the proverb 'As innocent (harmless) as a Dove' (D572). The saying is derived from Matthew 10.16.

51 *quiet as the night*: Tilley has 'As secret (silent) as the Night' (N165).

54 *the Eagle's eyes*: Tilley's example is 'To have an Eagle's eye' (E6).

58 *The Enquiry*

One of a series of poems on the subject of friendship, probably written in the mid 1650s, when Orinda's Society was at its most active.

14 *story*: 'history' (*OED*)

59 *To my Lucasia, in defence of declared friendship*

Souers is no doubt right in suggesting that the probable intention of the poem was 'to overcome Lucasia's remonstrances against Orinda's importunate adoration' (56). The poem cannot be dated precisely, but was written during the 1650s when Orinda's friendship with Lucasia was at its height.

26. *Turtles*: turtle-doves. Tilley includes the proverb 'As true as a Turtle to her mate' (T624).

72 *string*: he emended from *strings* which occurs only in the copytext A. That the reference is here to a single string on the second viol is confirmed by the use of the same commonplace by Orinda's friend, Sir John Berkenhead (P. W. Thomas, 112):

As two strings set to the same tune, though on two severall viol-
ls, at a convenient distance if you touch one, the other by
consent renders the same sound . . .

and striving to adorne it makes it less
 when ye false colours strike too deep a shade
 The charming sex will need no other Law
 Let them but follow Love & natures choice
 Nor be by crooked maximes kept in awe
 Since their owne souls can give them best advice.

74 *Happyness*

Orinda sees 'inward calme' as the source of true happiness. She connects this inner contentment with an 'ordred mind' which is not envious or ambitious, but is fixed on God, accepting whatever he sends. The happy man is not, however, entirely passive: 'He study's to doe good' and is 'industrious kindness to dispence'. The virtues which Orinda emphasizes as conducive to happiness are those which she praises elsewhere, particularly in the elegies which she wrote before the Restoration. It is interesting, however, that there is no reference in the poem to the part played by friendship in creating happiness.

2 *Unknown as the Athenian Deity*: Acts 17.23

27 *Innocent Epicure*: 'epicure' in the sense of 'one who gives himself up to sensual pleasure, esp. to eating; a glutton, sybarite' (*OED*). His innocence in this case stems from his ignorance of the fact that his 'single Brest/can furnish him with a continuall Feast'.

45-6 According to Exodus 16.31 manna tasted 'like wafers made with honey'. Numbers 11.8, however, says that its taste 'was the taste of fresh oil'.

75 *Death*

Orinda stresses the insecurity of life. 'Our soules and Fame' survive death, and therefore if we act to safeguard the soul and leave a good reputation behind us we can die in peace.

5-8 A reference to the overthrow of the monarchy in the Civil War

16 *a Table*: L. I. Guiney (48) emends this to 'a cradle', citing Drummond's 'So near our cradles to our coffins are', and states "Cradle", which must be the right reading, in the folio of 1667, is misprinted "table". However, all the texts, including Orinda's autograph manuscript, read 'Table'.

76 *To the Queen's Majesty, on her late Sickness and Recovery*

Pepys first mentions Queen Catherine of Braganza's illness on 17 October, 1663 (IV, 337). On 2 November Charles II wrote to Madame, his sister, 'My wife is now out of all danger, though very weak, and it was a very strange

fever, for she talked idly four or five days after the fever had left her' (Bryant, *The Letters, Speeches...*, 148). Orinda sent the poem to Sir Charles Cotterell on 28 November (Letter XLI). Edmund Waller wrote a poem on the same occasion: 'To the Queen, upon Her Majesty's birthday, after her happy recovery from a dangerous sickness' (II, 45-6). Orinda uncharitably described Waller's poem as 'the worst Verses that ever fell from his Pen' (Letter XLII).

18 *Great Charles*: Charles II. In Waller's poem Charles's tears heal the Queen (II, 46):

when no healing art prevailed,
 When cordials and elixirs failed,
 On your pale cheek he dropped the shower,
 Revived you like a dying flower.

20 *lost three Kingdoms once*: Charles's defeat at Worcester in 1651 cost him the kingdoms of England, Ireland and Scotland.

25-8 Orpheus, after the death of his wife Eurydice, charmed Pluto into releasing her from Hades (*Metamorphoses*, X, 1-63).

77 *An ode upon retirement, made upon occasion of Mr. Cowley's on that subject*

In his essay 'Of My self' Cowley quotes three verses from a poem which he wrote at the age of thirteen on the attractions of a retired life (*Works*, sigs. S4-S4v). Then, writing of a later period in his career, he remarks (sig. T1):

Though I was in a croud of as good company as could be found
 any where, though I was in business of great and honourable
 trust, though I ate at the best Table, and enjoyed the best conveni-
 ences for present subsistance that ought to be desired by a man
 of my condition in banishment and publick distress; yet I could
 not abstain from renewing my old School-boys Wish in a Copy of
 Verses to the same effect.

Well then; I now do plainly see

This busie World and I shall ne're agree, &c.

And I never then proposed to my self any other advantage from
 His Majesties Happy Restoration, but the getting into some
 moderately convenient Retreat in the Country.

The 'Copy of Verses' to which Cowley refers would appear to be his 'ode upon retirement' which is mentioned in the title given Orinda's poem in D.

Cowley left London for Barn Elms (Barnes) in 1663, intending to live a retired life there. Orinda seems to have visited him in this retreat (see

Commentary to Poem 91). In the same year his pindaric ode 'On *Orinda's Poems*' first appeared in print (*Verses*, 4-7). Orinda's poem provides one of the earliest examples of the use of Cowley's 'pindaric' form, outside his own poetry: it is probable that Sprat was his first 'pindaric disciple', and Orinda his second (Loiseau, *Abraham Cowley's Reputation in England*, 8).

3 *too long thy football made*: Robert Gittings has drawn attention to the probability that Keats was borrowing this image of Orinda's when he wrote to Fanny Brawne: 'I will resent my heart having been made a football' (Gittings, 569).

18 *In my remote and humble seat*: cf. Poem 61, line 85 in the posthumous printed editions and the manuscripts derived from them: 'In this retir'd and humble seat'.

33 *inconstant Sea*: the pun with 'inconstancy' is doubtless intended.

47-50 Cf. Cowley, 'The Garden', an essay dedicated to John Evelyn (1668, sig. P1v):

I never had any other desire so strong, and so like to Covetousness as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joynted to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them and study of Nature.

77 *a Parthian conquest*: proverbial, e.g. Tilley: 'The Parthians fight flying away', 523, (P80).

78 *The Irish Greyhound*

The Irish greyhound is the same breed of dog as the present day Irish wolfhound which was also known as the Scottish deerhound (MacLysaght, 141; Hubbard, 20). Orinda's friend Lord Orrery was apparently a connoisseur of Irish greyhounds, and wrote to Secretary Bennett on 17 November, 1663 (*CSP Ireland* 1663-1665, 291):

I have prepared for you three Irish greyhounds, Two of them are white and shagged, which is a great rarity. Last week I was sending them to you, but am by a disaster forced to defer my intention, for a mastiff running through the streets which flew at men as well as dogs, the brace of shagged dogs fell on him and killed him.

It is probable that the dog which is the subject of Orinda's poem belonged to Lord Orrery.

26 *ventur'd*: 'run a risk' (*OED*).

79 *Song, to the tune of, Sommes nous pas trop heureux*

The tune to which this song was set does not seem to have survived.

11-12 Arrows were among the weapons with which Fortune was traditionally endowed (Patch, 84-5).

80 *A Dialogue betwixt Lucasia and Rosania, Imitating that of Gentle Thirsis*

A pastoral dialogue between Orinda's friends Lucasia and Rosania. Souers suggests that "Gentle Thersis," is probably Henry Lawes, who took that part in *Comus* (57, note). However, Thyrasis is a common name in pastoral poetry, and Orinda may be referring to a character in a particular poetic dialogue rather than to one of her associates. The poem was probably written before Lucasia's second marriage in 1662.

1 *the Mountain tops*: possibly Wales, where Lucasia lived before her second marriage.

81 *To my Lord Biron's tune of - Adieu Phillis*

The 'Lord Biron' to whose tune the poem was set is either John, first Lord Byron (d. 1652) or his brother Richard, second Lord Byron (1605-79). Both played an active part in the Civil War on the Royalist side. Neither is known as a composer, and the tune has not survived (*DNB* 'John, first Lord Byron'; *Complete Peerage*, II, 454-5).

1 *our life is but a long disease*: cf. Cowley, 'To Dr. Scarborough' (1905, 200):

Let Nature, and let Art do what they please,
When all's done, Life is an Incurable Disease.

and Pope, 'An Epistle from Mr Pope to Dr Arbuthnot' (IV, 105):

The Muse but serv'd to ease some Friend, not Wife,
To help me thro' this long Disease, my Life.

82 *Epitaph. On my honour'd Mother in Law: Mrs Phillips of Portheynon in Cardigan=shire, who dy'd. Jan: 1st A:º 1662/3*

Anne, daughter of Sir William Wogan, was the wife of Hector Philips the elder, father of Orinda's husband James Philips ('Genealogies', 15; Green, *The Wogans of Pembrokeshire*, 207). Hector Philips was sheriff of Cardiganshire in 1634, and it can be deduced from the poem that he died in 1638/9 (*DWB*, 'Phillips or Philips family of Tregybi near Cardigan').

was about to set out to conquer Rome when he was recalled to Britain by his nephew's rebellion (257). Orinda's reference to Arthur may be connected with her political sympathies. Roberta Brinkley has noted that in the seventeenth century the Arthurian legend 'was supported by the loyalists and refuted by the Parliamentarians with more depth of feeling than is usually awarded legendary matters' (63).

35-40 Tacitus, *Annals*, XIV

31-7 Boadicea is the heroine of Fletcher's *Boadicea*, which may well be Orinda's source. Cowley portrays Orinda as Boadicea's successor (Saintsbury, I, 496):

Even Boadicia's angry Ghost
Forgets her own misfortune and disgrace,
And to her injur'd Daughters now does boast,
That Rome's o'ercome at last by a Woman of her race.

41-8 The nobility of Caractacus or Caradoc, the Silurian chief conquered by the Romans, prompted the Emperor Claudius to release him. Drayton gives a detailed account of his career in *Poly-olbion* (116-117). As Caratach, he plays a central part in Fletcher's *Boadicea*, which ends with a Roman general, who has begged to be his friend rather than his captor, saying (Strachey, II, 208):

March on, and through the camp, in every tongue,
The virtues of great Caratach be sung!

87 To the Countess of Thanet, upon her Marriage

Elizabeth Boyle, Orinda's 'Celimena', married Nicholas, Lord Tufton (1651-79) on 11 April, 1664. Lord Tufton became Earl of Thanet on the death of his father on 7 May, 1664 (*Complete Peerage*, XII, part 1, 692-4; *Memorials of the Family of Tufton*, 71; see Commentary to Poem 69). On 14 May Sir Edward Dering wrote to Lady Roscommon (Letter-book, f. 46):

'I need not tell you Celimena is married to my great neighbour, they say it is kept private a while, but it is so generally knowne, & I have been told it by so many severall persons, that I thinke I might safely write it at words in length and not in figures'.

11-12 In 1655 Nicholas Tufton 'was committed to the tower of London, by the command of Oliver Cromwell and his council, on suspicion of being in a plot against him, he was discharged the 20th of September following; the year after on the 11th of September he was again sent prisoner, and laid under restraint until the 25th of June 1658' (*Memorials of the Family of Tufton*: 71-2).

25-6 Citing examples from Juvenal and Seneca, Howard Patch has written (13):

As the Roman... came to regard himself as at the mercy of Fortune, so he tried to save himself by limiting her powers. One way to be successful in this was to show courage... another, less widely used perhaps, was to devote one's self to those concerns in which Fortuna had no part - the activities of virtue.

88 Epitaph. On Hector Phillips. at St Sith's Church

This, the finest of epitaphs written by Orinda, was one of the two poems which she wrote on the death of her only son in 1655 (the second is Poem 101). St. Sith's Church, otherwise known as St. Benet Sherehog, burned down in the Great Fire and was not rebuilt. It was the church where Orinda herself was buried (Stow, I, 260; Souers, 248).

4 calls: L. 1. Guiney's emendation of this word to 'culls' is not justified (*Selected Poems*, 47).

16 *Hermes = seal*: a hermetic seal: the 'air tight closure of a vessel, esp. a glass vessel, by fusion, soldering or welding' (*OED*). 'Hermes' is Hermes Trismegistus (Thoth), the supposed author of the secrets of alchemy.

89 On the Death of my Lord Rich, Only Son to the Earle of Warwick, who dy'd of the Small Pox. 1664

Charles, Lord Rich, the son of Charles Rich, Earl of Warwick, and Mary, daughter of Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork, was born on 28 September 1643 (*Complete Peerage*, XII, part 2, 414-5). He died on 16 May, 1664 in London. Lady Rich, the aunt of Orinda's friends Elizabeth and Anne Boyle, wrote in her *Autobiography* (29; Johnstone, 100):

My son stayed not so long as he was designed to do in France; but returned back to his wife, and they lived together with me till May 1664; and then, the eighth day of that month, my dear and only son fell ill, and it proved to be the small-pox, in which distemper of his, after I had removed his wife out of the house from him to her father's (for fear of her being infected), and had sent away my three young ladies to Lees, and got my Lord to remove to my sister Raneleigh's, I shut up myself with him, doing all I could both for his soul and body; and though he was judged by his doctors to be in a hopeful way of recovery, yet it pleased God to take him away by death the 16th of May, to my inexpressible sorrow. He wanted about four months of being of age.

~~12 *the Bay*: bay leaves symbolized not only poetic renown, but also the fame of a conqueror (OED).~~

~~95 *To my Lady M. Cavendish, choosing the name of Policrite*~~

~~Lady Mary Cavendish (1646-1710) was the daughter of James Butler, first Duke of Ormonde (*Complete Peerage*, IV, 343). Orinda wrote a poem on the occasion of her marriage to William, Lord Cavendish, later first Duke of Devonshire, in October 1662 (Poem 125). She must therefore have taken the name 'Policrite' after that date.~~

~~2 *your Birth*: Mary's father, James Butler, Duke of Ormonde (1610-88) was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland four times (1643-7, 1649-50, 1662-9 and 1677-85) (*DNB*, 'James Butler, twelfth Earl and first Duke of Ormonde'; *Complete Peerage*, X, 116-17). Orinda addressed a poem to him during her stay in Ireland (Poem 103).~~

~~5 *fashion*: 'mode of...bearing, behaviour, demeanour' (OED)~~

~~25-6 South American Indians were connected with gold, in the popular imagination, because of the gold mines of Peru and the legendary city of El Dorado.~~

~~96 *Against Love*~~

~~A lyric on a theme not uncommon in cavalier poetry. The emphasis on self-control as a basis for happiness also appears in some of Orinda's longer poems.~~

~~97 *A Dialogue of Friendship multiplied*~~

~~A dialogue which debates whether friendship should be confined to two people or spread among many. Doubtless this topic was discussed at length by the members of Orinda's Society of Friendship. It is possible that 'Musidorus' is James Tyrrell (1642-1718), the historian (*DNB*), who contributed a commendatory poem to the posthumous edition of Orinda's works (*Poems*, 1667, sigs. 1-1^v). Orinda seems to have become acquainted with Tyrrell's mother in Ireland (Letter XXVI). Tyrrell was known as 'Musidote' at Oxford (Cranston, 73). The name 'Musidorus' is taken from Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*.~~

~~13-14 See Commentary to Poem 42, lines 29-32.~~

~~18 *recruits*: 'renewals of strength or vigour' (OED).~~

~~98 *Rosania to Lucasia on her Letters*~~

~~In this poem, Orinda impersonates Rosania writing to Lucasia; it must there-~~

~~fore date from a time when all three were close friends, and was probably written in the last year of Orinda's life. Poetic impersonation may have been quite a common practice in her circle. Rosania received a poem from Sir Edward Dering 'personating Orinda' (Poem 14). Orinda's epitaph on John Lloyd of Kilrhue was written 'in the person of his wife' (Poem 123).~~

~~99 *To my Antenor, March 16. 1661/2*~~

~~This poem was written a few weeks after Colonel James Philips (Antenor), Orinda's husband, had been cleared of the charge that, while sitting as a member of the High Court of Justice during the Interregnum, he had sentenced the royalist, Colonel John Gerard, to death. Had the allegation been proved, it would have cost Philips his parliamentary seat, and possibly his life. (See notes on Letters III and IV) Phillips seems also to have been in financial difficulties at this time. Aubrey wrote of Orinda: 'Her husband had a good estate, but bought Crowne landes; he mortgaged, etc' (II, 154). These political and financial problems no doubt brought on the severe depression in her husband which Orinda is trying to dispel with this poem.~~

~~17 *the wheel*: the wheel of fortune; proverbial, e.g. Tilley: 'Fortune's wheel is ever turning' (238; F617).~~

~~25 *the Parliament have rescued you*: Letters III (6 March, 1661/2) and IV (18 March, 1661/2) from Orinda to Poliarchus spell out her indebtedness to Sir Charles Cotterell for lobbying the Commons on her husband's behalf to such good effect.~~

~~100 *A Triton to Lucasia going to Sea, shortly after the Queen's arrival.*~~

~~Lucasia married Marcus Trevor on 11 May, 1662 (Poem 115). On 4 June Orinda wrote from Lucasia's house at Pigsgarred to Sir Charles Cotterell: 'About a Fortnight ago I acquainted you that LUCASIA was marry'd, and had taken a sudden Resolution to be going for IRELAND; since that I have received a Letter from you dated at PORTSMOUTH, giving me the full Relation of the Queen's Arrival' (Letter XI). Orinda travelled over to Ireland with Lucasia in June or early July (see Letters XI and XII).~~

~~Title. *A Triton*: 'One of a race of inferior sea-deities, or imaginary sea-monsters, of semi-human form' (OED); *the Queen's arrival*: Catherine of Braganza, 'the Royal Portuguese', wife of Charles II, arrived in England on 14 May, 1662 (Poem 5).~~

~~1 *My Master Neptune*: God of the sea, and therefore the Triton's superior. The extravagant remarks about Lucasia in a letter of Sir Edward Dering to Orinda,~~

105 *On the death of the truly honourable Sir Walter Lloyd Knight*

Sir Walter Lloyd (1580-1662?) of Llanfair Clydogau, Cardiganshire, was High Sheriff of Cardiganshire in 1621, and MP for the county from 1640 to 1644. He was a Commissioner for Array for Charles I in 1642, and was knighted in 1643. Lloyd was heavily fined by Parliament in 1647 and 1650 and his estates were sequestered (*DWB*; Lloyd-Theakston and Davies, 40-1). Orinda's poem would seem to be more than a conventional response to the death of a local worthy. It represents a tactful attempt to mollify her husband's political opponents in Cardiganshire. The latter, like Lloyd, had been Royalists throughout the Interregnum, whereas Colonel Philips had been a staunch supporter of Cromwell.

5-6 Orinda gives a more detailed description of 'the second Bards of old' in Poem 86, lines 21-6.

9 *that flood of woes*: the Civil War

11-12 Sir Walter Lloyd was described by a contemporary as 'a gentleman and a scholar, elegant in his tongue, and pen, nobly just in his deportment' (*DWB*).

12-15 Genesis 7-8. The comparison between the Civil War and Noah's flood is developed from line 9 through to line 18.

19 *to be loyal*: to the exiled Charles II during the Interregnum

36 *stout*: 'valiant, brave' (*OED*)

47 *As aged Simeon*: Luke 2. 25-35

53-4 He died to gain a heavenly reward rather than an earthly one (see Matthew 6. 19-20).

106 *Orinda to Lucasia*

It is impossible to date this poem more precisely than after Anne Owen was given the name Lucasia in December 1651. The use of natural imagery may have been influenced by the poetry of Saint-Amant whose 'La Solitude' Orinda translated (included in the 1667, 1669, 1678 and 1710 editions. See also Saintsbury, I, 601-4).

6 *recruits*: 'fresh supplies' (*OED*)

107 *To Celimena*

'Celimena' was the name which Orinda gave to Lady Elizabeth Boyle (Commentary to Poem 69). The poem illustrates the difficulty that Orinda faced in her friendship with Lady Cork and her family. Whereas Orinda's earlier friends Rosania and Lucasia were from her own social class, the Boyles

were members of the aristocracy. Orinda here reminds herself that she can never claim the equality required by true friendship in her relationship with Celimena.

3 *her Chains*: those hearts who make a demand on Celimena's affections and therefore enchain her

108 *An Answer to another persuading a Lady to Marriage*

Orinda may have written this poem as a part of her unsuccessful attempt to prevent Lucasia's marriage to Marcus Trevor (see Commentary on Letters VI to X). A translation of the poem into Welsh by R. T. Jenkins was printed in the introduction to his novel *Orinda* (8-9).

12 *complement*: compliment

109 *Lucasia and Orinda parting with Pastora and Phillis at Ipswich*

Pastora and Phillis have not been identified. There is no record, other than this poem, of a visit to Ipswich by Orinda and Lucasia. Souers observed that the poem 'has not a word of souls and bodies and all the rest of the cant' (55, note). This lack of Orinda's habitual friendship imagery may indicate that Pastora and Phillis were only on the fringe of her circle. Phillis's pseudonym was probably taken from the name of a character in Honoré D'Urfé's *L'Astrée*, while Pastora means, of course, 'a shepherdess'.

1 *converse*: 'spiritual or mental intercourse; communion' (*OED*).

110 *Epitaph on my truly honoured Publius Scipio*

Major-General Philip Skippon (d. 1660), the 'Publius Scipio' of the title, was Orinda's step-father by her mother's final marriage (Souers, 30; *DNB*). One of Skippon's daughters by an earlier marriage was the first wife of Orinda's brother-in-law, Hector Philips, so the families were very closely linked ('Genealogies', 15). C. E. Lucas Phillips, Skippon's most recent biographer, described him as 'of a type found in the best British armies throughout the centuries - not overendowed with brains, but stout of heart, loyal of spirit, direct of speech, generous to a fault, God-fearing, the first into action, and the last out of it' (85).

Between 1620 and 1649 Skippon fought in the Palatinate and the Netherlands alongside other English volunteers. He played an important military part on the Parliamentary side during the Civil War, and was commander-in-chief of the forces in and about London during the Interregnum. He

1 *Cynthia's borrow'd Beams*: Cynthia was a name given to Diana, who represented the moon. The name was derived from Mount Cynthus in Delos, where the goddess was said to have been born.

22-3 Julius Caesar was murdered at the foot of Pompey's statue during a meeting of the Roman Senate held in Pompey's theatre (44 BC).

121 Song from Pompey: Act IV

This song was set, for the original production of *Pompey*, by 'one Le Grand a Frenchman, belonging to the Dutchess of ormond' (Letter XXV).

1 *Proud Monuments of Royal Dust*: the Pyramids

5 *Memphis*: capital of ancient Egypt

14 *story*: 'history' (OED)

30 *Casnist*: 'theologian (or other person) who studies and resolves cases of conscience or doubtful questions regarding duty and conduct' (OED)

35 *bravest*: both in the sense of 'most courageous' and 'finest' (OED)

122 Song from Pompey: Act V

A song for the coronation of Cleopatra at the end of Pompey. As with the third song, this is to be sung by two voices, ending with a final chorus. It was set, as was the first song, by Philaster, John Jeffreys (Letter XXV). Orinda wrote to Sir Charles Cotterell on 3 June, 1663 (Letter XXXII):

I am glad you are so well pleas'd with the Songs, the fifth of them, which is one of those that PHILASTER compos'd, he recommends to you as his particular Favourite: The Composition is between *Recitative* and *Air*, and humours the variety of it so well, that all here are extremely taken with it; particularly my Lady CORK, who sings very well, and is as good a Judge of vocal Musick as the best of them.

1 *Great Queen*: Cleopatra

14 *woe*: woo, cf. Poem 119, line 14.

19 *Cornelia*: Pompey's widow, to whom the third song is addressed

123 *Epitaph on Mr John Lloyd of Kilrhewy in Penbrokeshire (who dy'd July the 11th 1657), inscrib'd on his Monument in Kilgarron (in the person of his wife)*

John Lloyd of Kilrhue (1621-57), was the husband of Cicely Philips, Orinda's sister-in-law, in whose person the poem was written (see Commentary to Poem 20). He was a Justice of the Peace for Carmarthenshire in 1654 and

1656 (J. R. S. Phillips, 171). The John Lloyd of Kilthiw who was High Sheriff of Pembrokehire in 1661 must have been a relative who inherited the property (Brown, Phillips and Warren, 235). The farm of Kilrhue is in the parish of Lanfihangel Penbedw, Pembrokehire (*Kelly's Directory*, 580).

18 *propounds*: 'sets before one's mind' (OED)

124 On the Coronation

One of the two poems written by Orinda on the occasion of Charles II's coronation (see Poem 4). It is based on the famous incident of Charles's hiding in an oak tree during his escape after his defeat at Worcester.

5 *unimpaled head*: contrasting the king's head with the head of his executed father; there may be a quibble on 'unempaled', i.e. unfenced (with a crown).

9 *Worc'ter's fatal day*: see Poem 11.

11 *that Prophet*: Elisha, 2 Kings 6, 15-18

15 *the Loyall Tree*: the royal oak. A poem on the subject has been attributed to Orinda (Poem 132).

24 *Apollo's favorite, the Bay*: the bay, *Laurus nobilis*, was sacred to Apollo, because his beloved Daphne, fleeing his advances, turned into a bay tree. Apollo decided thereafter to wear bay leaves instead of oak leaves (*Metamorphoses*, I. 490-566).

125 *To the Lady Mary Butler at her marriage with the Lord Cavendish, Octobr. 1662*

Mary Butler, the daughter of the Duke of Ormonde, was adopted into Orinda's circle after her marriage, choosing the pseudonym 'Policrite' (see Poem 95). The marriage took place at Kilkenny Castle, Co. Tipperary on 26 October, 1662 and was probably the most important social event during Orinda's stay in Ireland (*Complete Peerage*, IV, 343). Mary Butler's husband was William, Lord Cavendish (1641-1707), later Earl and then Duke of Devonshire (1641-1707) (*Complete Peerage*, IV, 341-3).

2 *unconcernment*: 'the fact of not concerning oneself'; the earliest use of this word cited in OED dates from 1660.

9 *injur'd princes*: Orinda uses the analogy of some Injur'd Prince in the opening line of Poem 24. The experiences of Charles II in exile made the simile a topical one.

20 *pretence*: 'claim' (OED)

21-4 See Commentary to Poem 95, line 2 and Commentary to Poem 103.

27 *vice-gerence*: the Duke of Ormonde, Mary's father, assumed the office of Lord

Lieutenant of Ireland for the third time on landing in Dublin on 27 July, 1662 (DNB).

31 *your mother's glories*: Mary's mother was Elizabeth, Baroness Dingwall and Duchess of Ormonde (1615-84), daughter of the Earl of Desmond (*Complete Peerage*, X, 153). After her death Archbishop Boyle described her to Ormonde as 'the noblest person, the wisest friend, and the best of wives that ever lived' (HMC, VII, 260).

37 *your great lover*: the bridegroom, William, Lord Cavendish

126 *To Sir Amorous La Foole*

Orinda had apparently dubbed the suitor of one of her friends with the name, Sir Amorous La Foole, the 'precious manikin' who appears in Ben Jonson's *Epicoene, or The Silent Woman*. Several of Orinda's early poems are concerned with the amatory complications of members of her circle - notably John Jeffreys's unsuccessful courtship of Mary Carne and Regina Collier (see Poems 23, 39 and 40). Poems 39 and 40 also appear in C, the only source for this poem. There is no clue to Sir Amorous La Foole's true identity. The subject of his passion was probably either Regina Collier or Rosania, as eight out of the fourteen poems by Orinda in C are definitely connected either with Regina or Rosania.

127 *Juliana and Amaranta, a Dialogue*

The identity of the two friends to whom Orinda gave the names 'Juliana' and 'Amaranta' is unknown. The pseudonyms are taken from plays by John Fletcher: Juliana is the heroine of *The Double Marriage* (printed in 1647) and Amaranta appears in *The Spanish Curate* (acted in 1622). For other eclogues written by Orinda, see Poems 19, 80 and 97.

2 *Forbidden fruit*: Genesis 2. 16-18

128 *On Argalus his vindication to Rosania*

Rosania was not married until 1652, her eventual match causing something of a temporary rift between her and Orinda. This poem, however, comes from an earlier, unsuccessful attempt to court Rosania by a certain 'Argalus'. The latter is unidentified, but was apparently a soldier and perhaps a comrade-in-arms of Philaster (John Jeffreys), whose love suits Orinda also assisted (see Poems 23, 39 and 40). Argalus's nickname is taken from Sidney's *Arcadia*.

JUVENILIA

129 'No blooming youth'

The words 'Humbly Dedicated to Mrs Anne Barlow C Fowler' indicate that this poem and Poem 130 were written before Orinda's marriage in 1648. Fowler was Katherine Philips's maiden name, though Ronald Lockley, unaware of this, did not connect the poem with her when he included it in his book *Orielton* (19-20). The poem was clearly written before Orinda was married in August 1648 and after her mother's marriage to Sir Richard Phillipps of Picton Castle, Pembrokeshire, towards the end of 1646, which would have brought Orinda into contact with the Owens of Orielton, the Barlows of Slebech and other leading families among the Pembrokeshire gentry.

Lockley mistakenly identifies Anne Barlow as 'Anne Owen, who married John Barlow... she was twice married' (20). In fact the poem was dedicated to Anne Barlow, eldest daughter of John Barlow of Slebech and his wife Dorothy. Anne Barlow's first husband was Nicholas Lewis of Hean Castle, Pembrokeshire. On his death she married Lewis Wogan of Wiston, also in Pembrokeshire. She died before 31 August 1676 (Green, 'The Barlows of Slebech', 143-4; 1916, 217).

The decasyllabic couplets of the poem are characteristic of much of Orinda's early verse. She was only aged fifteen or sixteen when she wrote this poem and 'A marry'd state' (Poem 130). The portrayal of the ideal husband might be thought to represent an attempt by Orinda to justify her forthcoming marriage to Colonel James Philips, who was some thirty eight years older than herself and therefore far from being a 'blooming youth' but this is contradicted by the fact that Philips was a staunch supporter of Cromwell, and could hardly be classified amongst those 'Ready to serve... his king' (line 12) (See Commentary to Poem 33).

3 *himan's rites*: marriage. Hymen was the Greek and Roman god of marriage.

130 'A marry'd state'

An early example of Orinda's practice of attempting to make or mar matches amongst her friends by persuasive or dissuasive verse, this was probably addressed to Anne Barlow, to whom the other poem on the single sheet of manuscript is dedicated (see Commentary to Poem 129). Both of the poems are in decasyllabic couplets.

16 *leading Apes in hell*: proverbial; spinsters dying unmarried were supposed to

'lead apes in hell'. Tilley quotes eleven examples of the saying 1560-1735, including two from Shakespeare (405; M37).

131 *To Rosania & Lucasia. Articles of Friendship*

The stanza form is the same as that of Poem 29, 'Friendship in Emblem, or the Seale, to my dearest Lucasia', but the sentiment and mood are very different. If the dedication to Rosania and Lucasia is authentic, the poem cannot have been written before December, 1651. If the title is a later addition one explanation of the poor quality of the poem may be that it represents a very early effort.

St. 1. *Flamen*: a priest dedicated to the service of a particular deity (Veevers, 147-148)

St. 7 *a concerned heart*: either the 'involved' or the 'solicitous' heart (OED)

St. 8 *concerns*: affairs (OED) The appearance of this word so soon after the use of 'concerned' implies corruption of the text.

St. 10. *join hearts, and lips, and hands*: this is the only mention of kissing, or indeed of physical contact of any kind, between friends in the whole Orinda canon.

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