

## Andrew Marvell (1621-1678)

<http://www.luminarium.org/sevenlit/marvell/marvbib.htm>

### Lyric Poems

#### **The Coronet**

WHEN for the thorns with which I long, too long,  
With many a piercing wound,  
My Saviour's head have crowned,  
I seek with garlands to redress that wrong,—  
Through every garden, every mead,  
I gather flowers (my fruits are only flowers),  
Dismantling all the fragrant towers  
That once adorned my shepherdess's head :  
And now, when I have summed up all my store,  
Thinking (so I my self deceive)  
So rich a chaplet thence to weave  
As never yet the King of Glory wore,  
Alas ! I find the Serpent old,  
That, twining in his speckled breast,  
About the flowers disguised, does fold  
With wreaths of fame and interest.  
Ah, foolish man, that wouldst debase with them,  
And mortal glory, Heaven's diadem !  
But thou who only couldst the Serpent tame,  
Either his slippery knots at once untie,  
And disentangle all his winding snare,  
Or shatter too with him my curious frame,  
And let these wither—so that he may die—  
Though set with skill, and chosen out with care ;  
That they, while thou on both their spoils dost tread,  
May crown Thy feet, that could not crown Thy head.

#### **A Dialogue, between The Resolved Soul, and Created Pleasure**

COURAGE, my soul ! now learn to wield  
The weight of thine immortal shield ;  
Close on thy head thy helmet bright ;  
Balance thy sword against the fight ;

See where an army, strong as fair,  
With silken banners spreads the air !  
Now, if thou be'st that thing divine,  
In this day's combat let it shine,  
And show that Nature wants an art  
To conquer one resolvèd heart.

*Pleasure.* Welcome the creation's guest,  
Lord of earth, and Heaven's heir !  
Lay aside that warlike crest,  
And of Nature's banquet share ;  
Where the souls of fruits and flowers  
Stand prepared to heighten yours.

*Soul.* I sup above, and cannot stay,  
To bait so long upon the way.

*Pleasure.* On these downy pillows lie,  
Whose soft plumes will thither fly :  
On these roses, strowed so plain  
Lest one leaf thy side should strain.

*Soul.* My gentler rest is on a thought,  
Conscious of doing what I ought.

*Pleasure.* If thou be'st with perfumes pleased,  
Such as oft the gods appeased,  
Thou in fragrant clouds shalt show,  
Like another god below.

*Soul.* A soul that knows not to presume,  
Is Heaven's, and its own, perfume.

*Pleasure.* Everything does seem to vie  
Which should first attract thine eye :  
But since none deserves that grace,  
In this crystal view thy face.

*Soul.* When the Creator's skill is prized,  
The rest is all but earth disguised.

*Pleasure.* Hark how music then prepares  
For thy stay these charming airs,  
Which the posting winds recall,  
And suspend the river's fall.

*Soul.* Had I but any time to lose,  
On this I would it all dispose.  
Cease, tempter ! None can chain a mind,  
Whom this sweet cordage cannot bind.

*Chorus.* Earth cannot show so brave a sight,  
As when a single soul does fence  
The batteries of alluring sense,  
And Heaven views it with delight.  
Then persevere ; for still new charges  
sound,  
And if thou overcom'st thou shalt be  
crowned.

*Pleasure.* All that's costly, fair, and sweet,  
Which scatteringly doth shine,  
Shall within one beauty meet,  
And she be only thine.

*Soul.* If things of sight such heavens be,  
What heavens are those we cannot see ?

*Pleasure.* Wheresoe'er thy foot shall go  
The minted gold shall lie,  
Till thou purchase all below,  
And want new worlds to buy.

*Soul.* We'rt not for price who'd value gold ?  
And that's worth naught that can be sold.

*Pleasure.* Wilt thou all the glory have  
That war or peace commend?  
Half the world shall be thy slave,  
The other half thy friend.

*Soul.*           What friend, if to my self untrue ?  
                   What slaves, unless I captive you ?

*Pleasure.*       Thou shalt know each hidden cause,  
                   And see the future time ;  
                   Try what depth the centre draws,  
                   And then to Heaven climb.

*Soul.*           None thither mounts by the degree  
                   Of knowledge, but humility.

*Chorus.*        Triumph, triumph, victorious soul !  
                   The world has not one pleasure more :  
                   The rest does lie beyond the pole,  
                   And is thine everlasting store.

The Cromwell Era  
**An Horatian Ode upon Cromwel's  
 Return from Ireland**

THE forward youth that would appear,  
 Must now forsake his Muses dear,  
   Nor in the shadows sing  
   His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,           5  
 And oil the unused armour's rust,  
   Removing from the wall  
   The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease  
 In the inglorious arts of peace,           10  
   But through adventurous war  
   Urgèd his active star:

And like the three-fork'd lightning, first  
 Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,           15  
   Did thorough his own Side  
   His fiery way divide:

For 'tis all one to courage high,  
 The emulous, or enemy;  
   And with such, to enclose

Is more than to oppose; 20

Then burning through the air he went,  
And palaces and temples rent;  
And Cæsar's head at last  
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame 25  
The face of angry heaven's flame;  
And if we would speak true,  
Much to the Man is due

Who, from his private gardens, where  
He lived reservèd and austere, 30  
(As if his highest plot  
To plant the bergamot),

Could by industrious valour climb  
To ruin the great work of time,  
And cast the Kingdoms old 35  
Into another mould;