

A Tour of Fairfax

Introduction

One never knows what to expect from the metaphysical poets, and in this case, from Andrew Marvell. In one famous poem, he has the reader imagining a kind of love described as "vegetable" and, in another, a thought called "green." On other occasions, he personifies the body protesting that it is impaled by a tyrannical soul and a mower complaining that what he does to the grass a woman does to his thoughts and to him. Of all of Marvell's colorful writings, *Upon Appleton House* stands out as perhaps the most full of variety and interesting metaphors. With its emphasis on nature and Lord Fairfax, the poem merges some of the author's favorite themes, showing a masterful use of words. Of course, the work is also exemplary of Marvell's wit and satire, which carry the reader through the numerous stanzas. These elements make *Upon Appleton House* a poem that could be said to represent its author's style and themes in general, though it is probably not the most refined of his poetry. I have selected this piece for a broad analysis of the kind of poetry that one can expect from Marvell. Because of the length of the poem, I will only direct your attention to several important sections.

Subject & Structure

What is the subject of this work? One writer astutely points out that it is entitled, *Upon*, not *To*, *Appleton House*, which indicates that the subject is not merely the qualities of an estate.¹ Some people seem to see politics as the topic of every line, since Marvell was foremost a political man, Fairfax was a general, and several verses allude to political issues. Others focus on the pastoral theme and nature, and conclude that those must comprise the subject. The monkey wrench in discovering a unifying theme is the seemingly unwarranted insertion of a disproportionately long story about the origins of the property. Many consider this insertion a blemish in the poem. If one can justify how the lighthearted tale fits with the whole, however, the poet is vindicated, and one finds some comic relief. As I will attempt to show below, I believe that the main subject of the poem is the exaltation of the character of Lord Fairfax and his family, and this is primarily done through a description of his estate as only a metaphysical poet could do.

With respect to the structure of the poem, authors offer several interpretations. The most natural conclusion is that the poem takes the form of a tour: starting at the front of the house with some history, going through the meadows, the garden, the woods, and culminating in the garden, once more, where the daughter of Lord Fairfax is introduced.² The tour guide leisurely walks along the property filtering through his imagination everything he sees and transforming those things to relate a virtue of Lord Fairfax or his family. It is hard to tell where the line is between reality and fanciful imagination, and so, it is hard to tell when the poet is speaking of Appleton House and when he is speaking of Fairfax. The emphasis of the author seems to be on the journey or the experience, not necessarily a specific end.³

¹ Wheeler adds that Marvell's contemporaries, Ben Jonson and Carew, had developed a subgenre of poems concerned with the country estates of noble families, but *Upon Appleton House* varies from these (31-32).

² Wheeler, 32.

³ Wheeler, 54. The emphasis on the experience with nature seems romantic, but more on this below.

Historical Background

Some historical facts are indispensable for understanding *Upon Appleton House*. Nun Appleton House was one of three rural estates belonging to Lord Thomas and Vera Fairfax. Lord Fairfax had been commander in chief of the Parliamentary armies for five years, from which he retired because he opposed an invasion of Scotland during the civil wars. Marvell praised Fairfax for this act of good character. The Fairfaxes had only one child, named Mary [Maria in the poem], who at age twelve began to be tutored by Andrew Marvell. It is very likely that *Upon Appleton House* was written during the times the tutor stayed there with the family. Originally, the property held a nunnery directed by Prioress Lady Anna Langton, who was also the guardian of the heiress, Isabel Thwaites. When William Fairfax of Steeton had won the heart of Isabel, her guardian shut her up in Nun Appleton. William's appeal to a higher authority forced the prioress to release Isabel, and William married her in 1518. Their son, Lord Thomas Fairfax, inherited the property when the nunnery was dissolved in 1542. The building was demolished, and the Fairfax family built Appleton House there.⁴

Poem

Having introduced the poem properly, it is now fitting to address the text itself. The poem shows Marvell's mastery of the short stanza and of couplets. He writes in tetrameter couplets in eight-line stanzas overcoming the challenge of avoiding monotonous patterns.⁵ The first line of the poem tells us what to expect: "Within this sober Frame expect / Work of no Forrain Architect", but we really are left unsure as to what the term "this sober frame" refers. We know that at least it refers to the frame of the house, but the author allows for two additional meanings: the poem whose architect is Marvell, and the physical body of the poet.⁶ This reference to Marvell's work is the first of at least two allusions found in ambiguous lines of the poem, the other one being in lines 41-48:

Humility alone designs
Those short but admirable Lines,
By which, ungirt and unconstrain'd,
Things greater are in less contain'd.

The possible meaning of reference to the physical body of the poet comes from the rest of the stanza, where we are told that the architect

of his great Design in pain
Did for a Model vault his Brain,
Whose Columnes should so high be rais'd
To arch the Brows that on them gaz'd.

The language alludes to an architect who is able to shape his body in order to have a model for further design. It seems that the human creator is like the divine Creator. Whatever Marvell meant by this image, it is a very unexpected and clever way to introduce the reader to his subject.

Having mentioned its sober vaulted ceilings and columns, the house is described as modest and adorned by people and hospitality [65-72]. The author states that although men generally want a larger dwelling than animals do, Nunappleton has been built by the Fairfaxes,

⁴ deF. Lord, 64.

⁵ For a good discussion of the form of the poem, see Wheeler 48-53.

⁶ See Schwenger, 86.

who were of a sober mind and age, and who because of their greatness, were much greater than their house [9-48, 53-64]. In fact, so great in character are Thomas and Vera Fairfax that the estate cannot contain them and sweats in the effort to do so [49-52]. At this point, T. S. Eliot believes this imagery to be "immediately and unintentionally ridiculous," maintaining that it suggests "a very fat man rather than a very great man."⁷ Eliot uses this example to illustrate that "the difference between imagination and fancy, in view of this poetry of wit, is a very narrow one."⁸

The author continues, pointing out that what makes Nunappleton outstanding from the rest of the Fairfax estates is its incorporation of nature [73-80]. The praise of the gardens, meadows, and woods constitutes a central piece of the poem. The next two hundred lines are dedicated to relating the story of Nunappleton, which is also the story of Thomas Fairfax [81-201]. Several elements are readily apparent: the repeated use of the word *virgin*—especially against the words *birth* [85-86], and *bride* [189]; the un-sacredness of the nunnery [209-224, 279-280]; the importance of words [200, 255-256, 279], the chivalrous nature of William Fairfax [201-272]; and the purity of Isabel Thwaites [263-264]. The tale is woven with great wit and skill, and it is possible that it aims to accomplish several goals at once. First, the long insertion presents another facet of the virtue of Lord Fairfax, and that is, that his parents were the source of his justice, courage, and piety. Second, the narrative demonstrates that the house was not consecrated until after the nunnery was destroyed, as seen in the assertion, "Though many a *Nun* there made her vow, / 'Twas no *Religious-House* till now" [279-280]. Third, the author uses the story to show a strong contrast between the artificial retirement of the nunnery and the real retirement at the grounds of Appleton House [481-484].⁹ Though some authors object to the lightness of the story, this kind of writing seem to fit well Marvell's style. As someone pointed out, "a seventeenth-century reader, familiar with the use of poetry as a source of delight, could simply take pleasure in the display of wit."¹⁰

The tour guide finishes the historical account and returns to the present, stating that although Fairfax is retired, he lays out his gardens as a fort [281-288]. Well-elaborated military metaphors describe each sight, for example, the following lines,

When in the *East* the Morning Ray
Hangs out the Colours of the Day,
The Bee through these known Allies hums,
Beating the *Dian* with its *Drumms*.
Then Flow'rs their drowsie Eylids raise,
Their Silken Ensigns each displays,
And dries its Pan yet dank with Dew,
And fills its Flask with Odours new" [289-296].

Then the poet expands his view to reflect upon the situation of England,

Oh Thou, that dear and happy Isle
The Garden of the World ere while,
Thou *Paradise* of four Seas,
Which *Heaven* planted us to please,
But, to exclude the World, did guard
With watry if not flaming Sword;

⁷ Eliot, "Marvell," 256; *Varieties*, 135, n. 33.

⁸ Eliot, "Marvell," 256.

⁹ Several authors point this out. See Wheeler, 45; Griffin, 71.

¹⁰ Wheeler, 43.

What luckless Apple did we tast,
To make us Mortal, and Thee Waste. [321-328]

In the eyes of the author, only one person could have aided this situation:

And yet their walks one on the Sod
Who, had it pleased him and *God*,
Might once have made our Gardens spring
Fresh as his own and flourishing.
But he preferr'd to the *Cinque Ports*
These five imaginary Forts:
And, in those half-dry Trenches, spann'd
Pow'r which the Ocean might command.

The reason given for the retirement of Fairfax is that he was not a ruthless man, but rather, that he had a sensitive conscience and yielded to it.

For he did, with his utmost Skill,
Ambition weed, but *Conscience* till.
Conscience, that Heaven-nursed Plant,
Which most our Earthly Gardens want.
A prickling leaf it bears, and such
As that which shrinks at ev'ry touch;
But Flow'rs eternal, and divine,
That in the Crowns of *Saints* do shine. [345-360]

Of course, Marvell throughout makes political commentaries, but especially in the next lines:

The sight does from these *Bastions* ply,
Th' invisible *Artillery*;
And at proud *Cawood-Castle* seems
To point the *Battery* of its Beams.
As if it quarrell'd in the Seat
Th' *Ambition* of its *Prelate* great.
But ore the Meads below it plays,
Or innocently seems to gaze. [361-368]

Cawood Castle was a seat of the Archbishop of York, situated two miles South East of Nunappleton.¹¹ By placing the castle in opposition to Nunappleton at this point, and highlighting "the ambition of its prelate," Marvell is insinuating a corruption similar to that of the former nunnery.¹² The walk continues through the meadows, where one of Marvell's best stanzas appears:

No Scene that turns with Engines strange
Does oftner then these Meadows change,
For when the Sun the Grass hath vext,
The tawny Mowers enter next;
Who seem like *Israelites* to be,
Walking on foot through a green Sea.
To them the Grassy Deeps divide,
And crowd a Lane to either Side. [385-392]

The scene turning with strange engines refers to the elaborate machinery used for scenic effects in masques produced at the Court of Charles I.¹³ Marvell contrasts those artificial changes

¹¹ deF. Lord, 74, n.363

¹² Gaffin, 61-62.

¹³ deF. Lord, 75, n.385.

with the natural change of the meadows. Then he compares the mowers cutting the grass to the Israelites crossing the sea. Eliot praises this image because it satisfies Coleridge's explanation of imagination:

This power . . . reveals itself in the balance or reconciliation of opposite or discordant qualities: of sameness, with difference; of the general, with the concrete; the idea with the image; the individual with the representative; the sense of novelty and freshness with old and familiar objects, a more than usual state of emotion with more than usual order; judgment ever awake and steady self-possession with enthusiasm and feeling profound or vehement....¹⁴

More sense of novelty and freshness with old and familiar objects is discovered in the rest of the tour. Vivid descriptions of the birds, vegetation, and cattle appear in the meadows. As the guide moves into the shelter of the woods, he elaborates another skillful comparison:

But I, retiring from the Flood,
Take Sanctuary in the Wood;
And, while it lasts, my self embark
In this yet green, yet growing Ark;
Where the first Carpenter might best
Fit Timber for his Keel have Prest.
And where all Creatures might have shares,
Although in Armies, not in Paires. [481-488]

The poet's experience in the gardens, meadows, and woods of Appleton House, the wind, trees, birds, and flowers, create an increasingly inviting atmosphere for the reader. As the poem progresses, the reader himself begins to experience and to espouse the initial description of Nunappleton as outstanding because of its natural environment. Just around this climactic moment, the poet makes an astounding plea,

Bind me ye *Woodbines* in your 'twines,
Curle me about ye gadding *Vines*,
And Oh so close your Circles lace,
That I may never leave this Place:
But, lest your Fetters prove too weak,
Ere I your Silken Bondage break,
Do you, *O Brambles*, chain me too,
And courteous *Briars* nail me though. [609-616]

Had this stanza been the last, one would have believed that the subject of the poem was merely Appleton House, but not too many lines below, the poet brings young Mary into the scenery, and declares,

'Tis *She* that to these Gardens gave
That wondrous Beauty which they have;
She streightness on the Woods bestows;
To *Her* the Meadow sweetness owes;
Nothing could make the River be
So Chrystal-pure but only *She*;
She yet more Pure, Sweet, Streight, and Fair,
Then Gardens, Woods, Meads, Rivers are. [689-696]

And lest the reader forget Maria's heritage, he adds,

This 'tis to have been from the first
In a *Domestick Heaven* nurst,

¹⁴ Eliot, "Marvell," 256-257.

Under the *Discipline* severe
Of *Fairfax*, and the starry *Vere*;
Where not one object can come nigh
But pure, and spotless as the Eye;
And *Goodness* doth it self intail
On *Females*, if there want a *Male*. [721-728]

It is people that make Appleton House a desirable environment: virtuous people, and more specifically, the Fairfax family.

The last two stanzas of the poem are significant for different reasons. The first one summarizes that Nun Appleton House is a small, orderly world:

'Tis not, what once it was, the *World*;
But a rude heap together hurl'd;
All negligently overthrown,
Gulfes, Deserts, Precipices, Stone.
Your lesser *World* contains the same.
But in more decent *Order* tame;
You Heaven's Center, Nature's Lap.
And Paradiice's only Map. [661-668]

The last stanza falls into Eliot's notorious list of absurd images, and the poem closes with the night coming upon the estate.

Further Analysis

Having looked at the text, I would like to explore two different areas. First, I would like to examine whether the poem fits within the description of metaphysical poetry, and if so, which specific elements make this possible. Second, I would like to make a preliminary comparison of Marvell's treatment of nature with that of Wordsworth.

T. S. Eliot defines metaphysical poetry as "that in which what is ordinarily apprehensible only by thought is brought within the grasp of feeling, or that in which what is ordinarily felt is transformed into thought without ceasing to be feeling."¹⁵ Though this concept is difficult to understand, and much harder to apply, Eliot gives us some examples of Marvell's poetry that illustrate his point. I have already provided the examples in this paper, so let us isolate them for further analysis.

The first image that receives Eliot's disapproval is that of the house sweating because it cannot bear its great master:

Yet thus the laden House does sweat,
And scarce induces the *Master* great:
But where he comes the swelling Hall
Stirs, and the *Square* grows *Spherical* [49-52]

It seems that this description would fit better within the story of the nunnery rather than in a serious section about the greatness of Fairfax. While it is true that a house sweating is a very witty thought, it seems comical. Perhaps it is the kind of emotion associated with it that causes the construction to flop. The second image which Eliot calls absurd, for the same reasons as the first image, is the one found in the last stanza:¹⁶

¹⁵ Eliot, *Varieties*, 220.

¹⁶ Eliot, "Marvell," 256.

But now the *Salmon-Fishers* moist
Their *Leathern Boats* begin to hoist;
And, like *Antipodes* in Shoes,
Have shod their *Heads* in their *Canoos*. [769-772]

Again, this image seems to be comical, but it is not as disjointed as the previous example because it is not inserted in a necessarily serious part of the poem. Still, Eliot seems to be right in his assessment of these images as "over-developed or distracting; which support nothing but their own misshapen bodies."¹⁷

One example that Eliot sets forth as positive is the analogy of the mowers as Israelites:

For when the Sun the Grass hath vext,
The tawny Mowers enter next;
Who seem like *Israelites* to be,
Walking on foot through a green Sea.
To them the Grassy Deeps divide,
And crowd a Lane to either Side. [387-392]

This picture does not cause the reader to laugh: it is appropriate. It requires some thought to make the comparison, but even though the objects being compared are very different, once the connection is made, it seems natural. The emotion presented seems to be proportionate to what is being said, and the image is enlightening rather than distracting.

The next topic for us to address is how Marvell's poetry on nature compares to that of Wordsworth. At first glance, Marvell seems romantic. After a deeper inspection, however, one notices that, somehow, the poems of Wordsworth are not as complex as Marvell's. Wordsworth seems to be straightforward. For example, the following poem resembles some thoughts found in *Upon Appleton House*:

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! For the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings? -
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of today?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

What'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending; -
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

The emphasis of the poem is on a certain kind of emotion. All the images are direct. Compare Wordsworth with this section of *Upon Appleton House*:

¹⁷ Eliot, "Marvell," 256.

Dark all without it knits; within
It opens passable and thin;
And in as loose an order grows,
As the *Corinthean Porticoes*.
The Arching Boughs unite between
The Columnes of the Temple green;
And underneath the winged Quires
Echo about their tuned Fires.

The *Nightingale* does here make choice
To sing the Tryals of her Voice.
Low Shrubs she sits in, and adorns
With Musick high the squatted Thorns.
But highest Oakes stoop down to hear,
And listning Elders prick the Ear.
The Thorn, lest it should hurt her, draws
Within the Skin its shrunken claws.

But I have for my Musick found
A Sadder, yet more pleasing Sound:
The *Stock-doves* whose fair necks are grac'd
With Nuptial Rings their Ensigns chast;
Yet always, for some Cause unknown,
Sad pair unto the Elms they moan.
O why should such a Couple mourn,
That in so equal Flames do burn!

Then as I careless on the Bed
Of gelid *Straw-berries* do tread,
And through the Hazles thick espy
The hatching *Thrastle's* shining Eye,
The *Heron* from the Ashes top,
The eldest of its young lets drop,
As if it Stork-like did pretend
That *Tribute* to its Lord to send. [505-536]

Marvell's description of the woods as a temple with Corinthian pillars, for example, and the thorn drawing its claws within the skin, offer a more analytical kind of emotion. According to Eliot, wit is what Marvell has and Wordsworth is lacking. Eliot explains that the word wit, as applied to Marvell, has a specific meaning that today is extinct, and therefore, he says:

The wit of the Caroline poets is not the wit of Shakespeare, and it is not the wit of Dryden, the great master of contempt, or of Pope, the great master of hatred, or of Swift, the great master of disgust. What is meant is some quality which is common to the songs in "Comus" and Cowley's "Anacreontics" and Marvell's "Horatian Ode." It is more than a technical accomplish meet, or the vocabulary and syntax of an epoch; it is, what we have designated tentatively as wit, *a tough reasonableness beneath the slight lyric grace*. You cannot find it in Shelley or Keats or Wordsworth; you cannot find more than an echo of it in Landor; still less in Tennyson or Browning [emphasis mine].¹⁸

Therefore, in Marvell, one finds graceful images that cannot be understood apart from the intellect. This is what makes Marvell's poetry interesting, and what causes Eliot to count him as a metaphysical poet.

Conclusion

What one can consistently expect from Andrew Marvell is excellent form and interesting poetry. The more one searches the depths of his discourse, the more one will find treasures there. Whether his images result in a successful reconciliation of freshness and novelty with old and familiar objects, or whether they become immediately and unintentionally ridiculous, this metaphysical poet will surely surprise the reader.

¹⁸ Eliot, "Marvell," 252.

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Upon Appleton House, to my Lord Fairfax
by Andrew Marvell

i

Within this sober Frame expect
Work of no Forrain *Architect*;
That unto Caves the Quarries drew,
And Forrests did to Pastures hew;
Who of his great Design in pain
Did for a Model vault his Brain,
Whose Columnes should so high be rais'd
To arch the Brows that on them gaz'd.

ii

Why should of all things Man unrul'd
Such unproportion'd dwellings build? 10
The Beasts are by their Denms exprest:
And Birds contrive an equal Nest;
The low roof'd Tortoises do dwell
In cases fit of Tortoise-shell:
No Creature loves an empty space;
Their Bodies measure out their Place.

iii

But He, superfluously spread,
Demands more room alive then dead.
And in his hollow Palace goes
Where Winds as he themselves may lose. 20
What need of all this Marble Crust
T'impark the wanton Mose of Dust,
That thinks by Breadth the World t'unite
Though the first Builders fail'd in Height?

iv

But all things are composed here
Like Nature, orderly and near:
In which we the Dimensions find
Of that more sober Age and Mind,
When larger sized Men did stoop
To enter at a narrow loop; 30
As practising, in doors so strait,
To strain themselves through *Heavens Gate*.

v

And surely when the after Age
Shall hither come in *Pilgrimage*,
These sacred Places to adore,
By *Vere* and *Fairfax* trod before,
Men will dispute how their Extent
Within such dwarfish Confines went:
And some will smile at this, as well
As *Romulus* his Bee-like Cell. 40

vi

Humility alone designs
Those short but admirable Lines,
By which, ungirt and unconstrain'd,
Things greater are in less contain'd.
Let others vainly strive t'immure
The *Circle* in the *Quadrature*!
These *holy Mathematicks* can
In ev'ry Figure equal Man.

vii

Yet thus the laden House does sweat,
And scarce induces the *Master* great: 50
But where he comes the swelling Hall
Stirs, and the *Square* grows *Spherical*;
More by his *Magnitude* distrest,
Than he is by its straitness prest:
And too officiously it slights
That in it self which him delights.

viii

So Honour better Lowness bears,
Then That unwonted Greatness wears
Height with a certain Grace does bend,
But low Things clownishly ascend. 60
And yet what needs there here Excuse,
Where ev'ry Thing does answer Use?
Where neatness nothing can condemn,
Nor Pride invent what to contemn?

ix

A Stately *Frontispice Of Poor*
Adorns without the open Door:
Nor less the Rooms within commends
Daily new *Furniture Of Friends*.
The House was built upon the Place
Only as for a *Mark Of Grace*; 70
And for an *Inn* to entertain
Its *Lord* a while, but not remain.

x

Him *Bishops-Hill*, or *Denton* may,
Or *Bilbrough*, better hold than they:
But Nature here hath been so free
As if she said leave this to me.
Art would more neatly have defac'd
What she had laid so sweetly wast;
In fragrant Gardens, shaddy Woods,
Deep Meadows, and transparent Floods. 80

xi

While with slow Eyes we these survey,
And on each pleasant footstep stay,
We opportunly may relate
The progress of this Houses Fate.
A *Nunnery* first gave it birth.
For *Virgin Buildings* oft brought forth.
And all that Neighbour-Ruine shows
The Quarries whence this dwelling rose.

xii

Near to this gloomy Cloysters Gates
There dwelt the blooming Virgin *Thwates*, 90
Fair beyond Measure, and an Heir
Which might Deformity make fair.
And oft She spent the Summer Suns
Discoursing with the *Suttle Nunns*.
Whence in these Words one to her weav'd,
(As 'twere by Chance) Thoughts long conceiv'd.

xiii

"Within this holy leisure we
Live innocently as you see.
these Walls restrain the World without,
But hedge our Liberty about. 100
These Bars inclose the wider Den
Of those wild Creatures, called Men.
The Cloyster outward shuts its Gates,
And, from us, locks on them the Grates.

xiv

"Here we, in shining Armour white,
Like *Virgin- Amazons* do fight.
And our chast *Lamps* we hourly trim,
Lest the great *Bridegroom* find them dim.
Our *Orient* Breaths perfumed are
With insense of incessant Pray'r. 110
And Holy-water of our Tears
Most strangely our Complexion clears.

xv

"Not Tears of Grief; but such as those
With which calm Pleasure overflows;
Or Pity, when we look on you
That live without this happy Vow.
How should we grieve that must be seen
Each one a *Spouse*, and each a *Queen*;
And can in *Heaven* hence behold
Our brighter Robes and Crowns of Gold? 120

xvi

"When we have prayed all our Beads,
Some One the holy *Legend* reads;
While all the rest with Needles paint
The Face and Graces of the *Saint*.
But what the Linnen can't receive
They in their Lives do interweave.
This Work the *Saints* best represents;
That serves for *Altar's Ornaments*.

xvii

"But much it to our work would add
If here your hand, your Face we had: 130
By it we would *our Lady* touch;
Yet thus She you resembles much.
Some of your Features, as we sow'd,
Through ev'ry *Shrine* should be bestow'd.
And in one Beauty we would take
Enough a thousand *Saints* to make.

xviii

"And (for I dare not quench the Fire
That me does for your good inspire)
'Twere Sacriledge a Man t'admit
To holy things, for *Heaven* fit. 140
I see the *Angels* in a Crown
On you the Lillies show'ring down:
And round about your Glory breaks,
That something more than humane speaks.

xix

"All Beauty, when at such a height,
Is so already consecrate.
Fairfax I know; and long ere this
Have mark'd the Youth, and what he is.
But can he such a *Rival* seem
For whom you Heav'n should disesteem? 150
Ah, no! and 'twould more Honour prove
He your *Devoto* were, than *Love*.

xx

"Here live beloved, and obey'd:
Each one your Sister, each your Maid.
And, if our Rule seem strictly pend,
The Rule it self to you shall bend.
Our *Abbess* too, now far in Age,
Doth your succession near presage.
How soft the yoke on us would lye,
Might such fair Hands as yours it tye! 160

xxi

"Your voice, the sweetest of the Quire,
Shall draw *Heav'n* nearer, raise us higher.
And your Example, if our Head,
Will soon us to perfection lead.
Those Virtues to us all so dear,
Will straight grow Sanctity when here:
And that, once sprung, increase so fast
Till Miracles it work at last.

xxii

"Nor is our *Order* yet so nice,
Delight to banish as a Vice. 170
Here Pleasure Piety doth meet;
One perfecting the other Sweet.
So through the mortal fruit we boyl
The Sugars uncorrupting Oyl:
And that which perisht while we pull,
Is thus preserved clear and full.

xxiii

"For such indeed are all our Arts;
Still handling Natures finest Parts.
Flow'rs dress the Altars; for the Clothes,
The Sea-born Amber we compose; 180
Balm for the griv'd we draw; and pasts
We mold, as Baits for curious tasts.
What need is here of Man? unless
These as sweet Sins we should confess.

xxiv

"Each Night among us to your side
Appoint a fresh and Virgin Bride;
Whom if *Our Lord* at midnight find,
Yet Neither should be left behind.
Where you may lye as chaste in Bed,
As Pearls together billeted. 190
All Night embracing Arm in Arm,
Like Chrystal pure with Cotton warm.

xxv

"But what is this to all the store
Of Joys you see, and may make more!
Try but a while, if you be wise:
The Tryal neither Costs, nor Tyes."
Now *Fairfax* seek her promis'd faith:
Religion that dispensed hath;
Which She hence forward does begin;
The *Nuns* smooth Tongue has suckt her in. 200

xxvi

Oft, though he knew it was in vain,
Yet would he valiantly complain.
"Is this that *Sanctity* so great,
An Art by which you finly'r cheat
Hypocrite Witches, hence *avant*,
Who though in prison yet enchant!
Death only can such Theeves make fast,
As rob though in the Dungeon cast.

xxvii

"Were there but, when this House was made,
One Stone that a just Hand had laid, 210
It must have fall'n upon her Head
Who first Thee from thy Faith misled.
And yet, how well soever ment,
With them 'twould soon grow fraudulent
For like themselves they alter all,
And vice infects the very Wall.

xxviii

"But sure those Buildings last not long,
Founded by Folly, kept by Wrong.
I know what Fruit their Gardens yield,
When they it think by Night conceal'd. 220
Fly from their Vices. 'Tis thy 'state,
Not Thee, that they would consecrate.
Fly from their Ruine. How I fear
Though guiltless lest thou perish there."

xxix

What should he do? He would respect
Religion, but not Right neglect:
For first Religion taught him Right,
And dazled not but clear'd his sight.
Sometimes resolv'd his Sword he draws,
But reverenceth then the Laws: 230
For Justice still that Courage led;
First from a Judge, then Souldier bred.

xxx

Small Honour would be in the Storm.
The *Court* him grants the lawful Form;
Which licens'd either Peace or Force,
To hinder the unjust Divorce.
Yet still the *Nuns* his Right debar'd,
Standing upon their holy Guard.
Ill-counsell'd Women, do you know
Whom you resist, or what you do? 240

xxxi

Is not this he whose Offspring fierce
Shall fight through all the *Universe*;
And with successive Valour try
France, Poland, either Germany;
Till one, as long since prophecy'd,
His Horse through conquer'd *Britain* ride?
Yet, against Fate, his Spouse they kept;
And the great Race would intercept.

xxxii

Some to the Breach against their Foes
Their *Wooden Saints* in vain oppose 250
Another bolder stands at push
With their old *Holy-Water Brush*.
While the disjointed *Abbess* threads
The gingling Chain-shot of her *Beads*.
But their lowd'st Cannon were their Lungs;
And sharpest Weapons were their Tongues.

xxxiii

But, waving these aside like Flyes,
Young *Fairfax* through the Wall does rise.
Then th' unfrequented Vault appear'd,
And superstitions vainly fear'd. 260
The *Relicks false* were set to view;
Only the Jewels there were true.
But truly bright and holy *Thwaites*
That weeping at the *Altar* waites.

xxxiv

But the glad Youth away her bears,
And to the *Nuns* bequeaths her Tears:
Who guiltily their Prize bemoan,
Like Gipsies that a Child hath stoln.
Thenceforth (as when th' Inchantment ends
The Castle vanishes or rends) 270
The wasting Cloister with the rest
Was in one instant disposses't.

xxxv

At the demolishing, this Seat
To *Fairfax* fell as by *Escheat*.
And what both *Nuns* and *Founders* will'd
'Tis likely better thus fulfill'd,
For if the *Virgin* prov'd not theirs,
The *Cloyster* yet remained hers.
Though many a *Nun* there made her vow,
'Twas no *Religious-House* till now. 280

xxxvi

From that blest Bed the *Heroe* came,
Whom *France* and *Poland* yet does fame:
Who, when retired here to Peace,
His warlike Studies could not cease;
But laid these Gardens out in sport
In the just Figure of a Fort;
And with five Bastions it did fence,
As aiming one for ev'ry Sense.

xxxvii

When in the *East* the Morning Ray
Hangs out the Colours of the Day, 290
The Bee through these known Allies hums,
Beating the *Dian* with its *Drumms*.
Then Flow'rs their drowsie Eylids raise,
Their Silken Ensigns each displays,
And dries its Pan yet dank with Dew,
And fills its Flask with Odours new.

xxxviii

These, as their *Governour* goes by,
In fragrant Vollyes they let fly;
And to salute their *Governess*
Again as great a charge they press: 300
None for the *Virgin Nymph*; for She
Seems with the Flow'rs a Flow'r to be.
And think so still! though not compare
With Breath so sweet, or Cheek so faire.

xxxix

Well shot ye Firemen! Oh how sweet,
And round your equal Fires do meet;
Whose shrill report no Ear can tell,
But Ecchoes to the Eye and smell.
See how the Flow'rs, as at *Parade*,
Under their *Colours* stand displaid: 310
Each *Regiment* in order grows,
That of the Tulip, Pinke, and Rose.

xl

But when the vigilant *Patroul*
Of Stars walks round about the *Pole*,
Their Leaves, that to the stalks are curl'd,
Seem to their Staves the *Ensigns* furl'd.
Then in some Flow'rs beloved Hut
Each Bee as Sentinel is shut;
And sleeps so too: but, if once stir'd,
She runs you through, nor asks *the Word*. 320

xli

Oh Thou, that dear and happy Isle
The Garden of the World ere while,
Thou *Paradise* of four Seas,
Which *Heaven* planted us to please,
But, to exclude the World, did guard
With watry if not flaming Sword;
What luckless Apple did we tast,
To make us Mortal, and Thee Waste.

xlii

Unhappy! shall we never more
That sweet *Militia* restore, 330
When Gardens only had their Towns,
And all the Garrisons were Flowrs,
When Roses only Arms might bear,
And Men did rosie Garlands wear?
Tulips, in several Colours barr'd,
Were then the *Switzers* of our *Guard*.

xliii

The *Gardiner* had the *Souldiers* place,
And his more gentle Forts did trace.
The Nursery of all things green
Was then the only *Magazeen*. 340
The *Winter Quarters* were the Stoves,
Where he the tender Plants removes.
But War all this doth overgrow:
We Ord'nance Plant and Powder sow.

xliv

And yet their walks one on the Sod
Who, had it pleased him and *God*,
Might once have made our Gardens spring
Fresh as his own and flourishing.
But he preferr'd to the *Cinque Ports*
These five imaginary Forts: 350
And, in those half-dry Trenches, spann'd
Pow'r which the Ocean might command.

xlv

For he did, with his utmost Skill,
Ambition weed, but *Conscience* till.
Conscience, that Heaven-nursed Plant,
Which most our Earthly Gardens want.
A prickling leaf it bears, and such
As that which shrinks at ev'ry touch;
But Flow'rs eternal, and divine,
That in the Crowns of *Saints* do shine. 360

xlvi

The sight does from these *Bastions* ply,
Th' invisible *Artillery*;
And at proud *Cawood-Castle* seems
To point the *Battery* of its Beams.
As if it quarrell'd in the Seat
Th' *Ambition* of its *Prelate* great.
But ore the Meads below it plays,
Or innocently seems to gaze.

xlvi

And now to the Abyss I pass
Of that unfathomable Grass, 370
Where Men like Grashoppers appear,
But Grashoppers are Gyants there:
They, in there squeeking Laugh, contemn
Us as we walk more low then them:
And, from the Precipices tall
Of the green spir's, to us do call.

xlviii

To see Men through this Meadow Dive,
We wonder how they rise alive.
As, under Water, none does know
Whether he fall through it or go. 380
But, as the Marriners that sound,
And show upon their Lead the Ground,
They bring up Flow'rs so to be seen,
And prove they've at the Bottom been.

xliv

No Scene that turns with Engines strange
Does oftner then these Meadows change,
For when the Sun the Grass hath vext,
The tawny Mowers enter next;
Who seem like *Israelites* to be, 390
Walking on foot through a green Sea.
To them the Grassy Deeps divide,
And crowd a Lane to either Side.

l

With whistling Sithe, and Elbow strong,
These Massacre the Grass along;
While one, unknowing, carves the *Rail*,
Whose yet unfeather'd Quils her fail.
The Edge all bloody from its Breast
He draws, and does his stroke detest;
Fearing the Flesh untimely mow'd
To him a Fate as black forebode. 400

li

But bloody *Thestylis*, that waits
To bring the mowing Camp their Cates,
Greedy as Kites has trust it up,
And forthwith means on it to sup:
When on another quick She lights,
And cryes, he call'd us *Israelites*;
But now, to make his saying true,
Rails rain for Quails, for Manna Dew.

lii

Unhappy Birds! what does it boot
To build below the Grasses Root; 410
When Lowness is unsafe as Hight,
And Chance o'retakes what scapeth spight?
And now your Orphan Parents Call
Sounds your untimely Funeral.
Death-Trumpets creak in such a Note,
And 'tis the *Sourdine* in their Throat.

liii

Or sooner hatch or higher build:
The Mower now commands the Field;
In whose new Traverse seemeth wrought
A Camp of Battail newly fought: 420
Where, as the Meads with Hay, the Plain
Lyes quilted ore with Bodies slain:
The Women that with forks it filing,
Do represent the Pillaging.

liv

And now the careless Victors play,
Dancing the Triumphs of the Hay;
Where every Mowers wholesome Heat
Smells like an *Alexanders Sweat*.
Their Females fragrant as the Mead
Which they in *Fairy Circles* tread: 430
When at their Dances End they kiss,
Their new-made Hay not sweeter is.

lv

When after this 'tis pil'd in Cocks,
Like a calm Sea it shews the Rocks:
We wondring in the River near
How Boats among them safely steer.
Or, like the *Desert Memphis Sand*,
Short *Pyramids* of Hay do stand.
And such the *Roman Camps* do rise
In Hills for Soldiers Obsequies. 440

lvi

This *Scene* again withdrawing brings
A new and empty Face of things;
A levell'd space, as smooth and plain,
As Clothes for *Lilly* strecht to stain.
The World when first created sure
Was such a Table rase and pure.
Or rather such is the *Toril*
Ere the Bulls enter at Madril.

lvii

For to this naked equal Flat,
Which *Levellers* take Pattern at, 450
The Villagers in common chase
Their Cattle, which it closer rase;
And what below the Sith increast
Is pincht yet nearer by the Breast.
Such, in the painted World, appear'd
Davenant with th'Universal Heard.

lviii

They seem within the polisht Grass
A landskip drawn in Looking-Glass.
And shrunk in the huge Pasture show
As spots, so shap'd, on Faces do. 460
Such Fleas, ere they approach the Eye,
In Multipliyug Glasses lye.
They feed so wide, so slowly move,
As *Constellations* do above.

lix

Then, to conclude these pleasant Acts,
Denton sets ope its *Cataracts*;
 And makes the Meadow truly be
 (What it but seem'd before) a Sea.
 For, jealous of its *Lords* long stay,
 It try's t'invite him thus away. 470
 The River in it self is drown'd,
 And Isl's th' astonish Cattle round.

lx

Let others tell the *Paradox*,
 How Eels now bellow in the Ox;
 How Horses at their Tails do kick,
 Turn'd as they hang to Leeches quick;
 How Boats can over Bridges sail;
 And Fishes do the Stables scale.
 How *Salmons* trespassing are found;
 And Pikes are taken in the Pound. 480

lxi

But I, retiring from the Flood,
 Take Sanctuary in the Wood;
 And, while it lasts, my self imbarck
 In this yet green, yet growing Ark;
 Where the first Carpenter might best
 Fit Timber for his Keel have Prest.
 And where all Creatures might have shares,
 Although in Armies, not in Paires.

lxii

The double Wood of ancient Stocks
 Link'd in so thick, an Union locks, 490
 It like two *Pedigrees* appears,
 On one hand *Fairfax*, th' other *Veres*:
 Of whom though many fell in War,
 Yet more to Heaven shooting are:
 And, as they Natures Cradle deckt,
 Will in green Age her Hearse expect.

lxiii

When first the Eye this Forrest sees
 It seems indeed as *Wood* not *Trees*:
 As if their Neighbourhood so old
 To one great Trunk them all did mold. 500
 There the huge Bulk takes place, as ment
 To thrust up a *Fifth Element*;
 And stretches still so closely wedg'd
 As if the Night within were hedg'd.

lxiv

Dark all without it knits; within
 It opens passable and thin;
 And in as loose an order grows,
 As the *Corinthean Porticoes*.
 The Arching Boughs unite between
 The Columnes of the Temple green; 510
 And underneath the winged Quires
 Echo about their tuned Fires.

lxv

The *Nightingale* does here make choice
 To sing the Tryals of her Voice.
 Low Shrubs she sits in, and adorns
 With Musick high the squatted Thorns.
 But highest Oakes stoop down to hear,
 And listning Elders prick the Ear.
 The Thorn, lest it should hurt her, draws
 Within the Skin its shrunken claws. 520

lxvi

But I have for my Musick found
 A Sadder, yet more pleasing Sound:
 The *Stock-doves* whose fair necks are grac'd
 With Nuptial Rings their Ensigns chast;
 Yet always, for some Cause unknown,
 Sad pair unto the Elms they moan.
 O why should such a Couple mourn,
 That in so equal Flames do burn!

lxvii

Then as I carless on the Bed
 Of gelid *Straw-berryes* do tread, 530
 And through the Hazles thick espy
 The hatching *Thrastle's* shining Eye,
 The *Heron* from the Ashes top,
 The eldest of its young lets drop,
 As if it Stork-like did pretend
 That *Tribute* to its Lord to send.

lxviii

But most the *Hewel's* wonders are,
 Who here has the *Holt-felsters* care.
 He walks still upright from the Root,
 Meas'ring the Timber with his Foot; 540
 And all the way, to keep it clean,
 Doth from the Bark the Wood-moths glean.
 He, with his Beak, examines well
 Which fit to stand and which to fell.

lxix

The good he numbers up, and hacks;
 As if he mark'd them with the Ax.
 But where he, tinkling with his Beak,
 Does find the hollow Oak to speak,
 That for his building he designs,
 And through the tainted Side he mines. 550
 Who could have thought the *tallest Oak*
 Should fall by such a *feeble Stroke*!

lxx

Nor would it, had the Tree not fed
 A *Traitor-worm*, within it bred.
 (As first our *Flesh* corrupt within
 Tempts impotent and bashful *Sin*.)
 And yet that *Worm* triumphs not long,
 But serves to feed the *Hewels* young.
 While the Oake seems to fall content,
 Viewing the Treason's Punishment. 560

lxxi

Thus I, *easye Philosopher*,
Among the *Birds* and *Trees* confer:
And little now to make me, wants
Or of the *Fowles*, or of the *Plants*.
Give me but *Wings* as they, and I
Streight floting on the *Air* shall fly:
Or turn me but, and you shall see
I was but an inverted *Tree*.

lxxii

Already I begin to call
In their most-learned *Original*: 570
And where I *Language* want, my *Signs*
The *Bird* upon the *Bough* divines;
And more attentive there doth sit
Then if *She* were with *Lime-twigs* knit.
No *Leaf* does tremble in the *Wind*
Which I returning cannot find.

lxxiii

Out of these scatter'd *Sibyls* *Leaves*
Strange *Prophecies* my *Phancy* weaves:
And in one *History* consumes,
Like *Mexique-Paintings*, all the *Plumes*. 580
What *Rome*, *Greece*, *Palestine*, ere said
I in this light *Mosaick* read.
Thrice happy he who, not mistook,
Hath read in *Natures mystick Book*.

lxxiv

And see how *Chance's* better *Wit*
Could with a *Mask* my *studies* hit!
The *Oak-Leaves* me embroyder all,
Between which *Caterpillars* crawl:
And *Ivy*, with familiar trails,
Me licks, and clasps, and curls, and hales. 590
Under this *antick Cope* I move
Like some great *Prelate of the Grove*,

lxxv

Then, languishing with ease, I toss
On *Pallets* swoln of *Velvet Moss*;
While the *Wind*, cooling through the *Boughs*,
Flatters with *Air* my panting *Brows*.
Thanks for my *Rest* ye *Mossy Banks*,
And unto you *cool Zephyr's* Thanks,
Who, as my *Hair*, my *Thoughts* too shed,
And winnow from the *Chaff* my *Head*. 600

lxxvi

How safe, methinks, and strong, behind
These *Trees* have I incamp'd my *Mind*;
Where *Beauty*, aiming at the *Heart*,
Bends in some *Tree* its useless *Dart*;
And where the *World* no certain *Shot*
Can make, or me it toucheth not.
But I on it securely play,
And gaul its *Horsemen* all the *Day*.

lxxvii

Bind me ye *Woodbines* in your 'twines,
Curle me about ye gadding *Vines*, 610
And Oh so close your *Circles* lace,
That I may never leave this *Place*:
But, lest your *Fetters* prove too weak,
Ere I your *Silken Bondage* break,
Do you, *O Brambles*, chain me too,
And courteous *Briars* nail me though.

lxxviii

Here in the *Morning* tye my *Chain*,
Where the two *Woods* have made a *Lane*;
While, like a *Guard* on either side,
The *Trees* before their *Lord* divide; 620
This, like a long and equal *Thread*,
Betwixt two *Labyrinths* does lead.
But, where the *Floods* did lately drown,
There at the *Ev'ning* stake me down.

lxxix

For now the *Waves* are fal'n and dry'd,
And now the *Meadows* fresher dy'd;
Whose *Grass*, with moister colour dasht,
Seems as green *Silks* but newly washt.
No *Serpent* new nor *Crocodile*
Remains behind our little *Nile*; 630
Unless it self you will mistake,
Among these *Meads* the only *Snake*.

lxxx

See in what wanton harmless folds
It ev'ry where the *Meadow* holds;
And its yet muddy back doth lick,
Till as a *Chrystal Mirroure* slick;
Where all things gaze themselves, and doubt
If they be in it or without.
And for his shade which therein shines,
Narcissus like, the *Sun* too pines. 640

lxxxii

Oh what a *Pleasure* 'tis to hedge
My *Temples* here with heavy sedge;
Abandoning my lazy *Side*,
Stretcht as a *Bank* unto the *Tide*;
Or to suspend my sliding *Foot*
On the *Osiers* undermined *Root*,
And in its *Branches* tough to hang,
While at my *Lines* the *Fishes* twang!

lxxxii

But now away my *Hooks*, my *Quills*,
And *Angles*, idle *Utensils*. 650
The *young Maria* walks to night:
Hide trifling *Youth* thy *Pleasures* slight.
'Twere shame that such judicious *Eyes*
Should with such *Toyes* a *Man* surprize;
She that already is the *Law*
Of all her *Sex*, her *Ages* *Aw*.

lxxxiii

See how loose Nature, in respect
To her, it self doth recollect;
And every thing so whisht and fine,
Starts forth with to its *Bonne Mine*. 660
The *Sun* himself, of *Her* aware,
Seems to descend with greater Care,
And lest *She* see him go to Bed,
In blushing Clouds conceales his Head.

lxxxiv

So when the Shadows laid asleep
From underneath these Banks do creep,
And on the River as it flows
With *Eben Shuts* begin to close;
The modest *Halcyon* comes in sight,
Flying betwixt the Day and Night; 670
And such an horror calm and dumb,
Admiring Nature does benum.

lxxxv

The viscous Air, wheres'ere *She* fly,
Follows and sucks her Azure dy;
The gellying Stream compacts below,
If it might fix her shadow so;
The Stupid Fishes hang, as plain
As *Flies* in *Chrystal* overt'ane,
And Men the silent Scene assist,
Charm'd with the *saphir-winged Mist*. 680

lxxxvi

Maria such, and so doth hush
The *World*, and through the *Ev'ning* rush.
No new-born *Comet* such a Train
Draws through the Skie, nor Star new-slain.
For streight those giddy *Rockets* fail,
Which from the putrid Earth exhale,
But by her *Flames*, in *Heaven* try'd,
Nature is wholly *vitrifi'd*.

lxxxvii

'Tis *She* that to these Gardens gave
That wondrous Beauty which they have; 690
She streightness on the Woods bestows;
To *Her* the Meadow sweetness owes;
Nothing could make the River be
So *Chrystal-pure* but only *She*;
She yet more Pure, Sweet, Streight, and Fair,
Then Gardens, Woods, Meads, Rivers are.

lxxxviii

Therefore what first *She* on them spent,
They gratefully again present.
The Meadow Carpets where to tread;
The Garden Flow'rs to Crown *Her* Head; 700
And for a Glass the limpid Brook,
Where *She* may all *her* Beautyes look;
But, since *She* would not have them seen,
The Wood about *her* draws a Skreen.

lxxxix

For *She*, to higher Beauties rais'd,
Disdains to be for lesser prais'd.
She counts her Beauty to converse
In all the Languages as hers;
Not yet in those her self imployes
But for the *Wisdome*, not the *Noyse*; 710
Nor yet that *Wisdome* would affect,
But as 'tis *Heavens Dialect*.

xc

Blest Nymph! that couldst so soon prevent
Those *Trains* by Youth against thee meant;
Tears (watry Shot that pierce the Mind;)
And *Sighs* (Loves Cannon charg'd with Wind;)
True Praise (That breaks through all defence;)
And *feign'd complying Innocence*;
But knowing where this *Ambush* lay,
She scap'd the safe, but roughest Way. 720

xc i

This 'tis to have been from the first
In a *Domestick Heaven* nurst,
Under the *Discipline* severe
Of *Fairfax*, and the starry *Vere*;
Where not one object can come nigh
But pure, and spotless as the Eye;
And *Goodness* doth it self intail
On *Females*, if there want a *Male*.

xcii

Go now fond Sex that on your Face
Do all your useless Study place, 730
Nor once at Vice your Brows dare knit
Lest the smooth Forehead wrinkled sit
Yet your own Face shall at you grin,
Thorough the Black-bag of your Skin;
When *knowledge* only could have fill'd
And *Virtue* all those *Furows till'd*.

xciii

Hence *She* with Graces more divine
Supplies beyond her *Sex* the *Line*;
And, like a *sprig of Misleto*,
On the *Fairfacian Oak* does grow; 740
Whence, for some universal good,
The *Priest* shall cut the sacred Bud;
While her *glad Parents* most rejoice,
And make their *Destiny* their *Choice*.

xciv

Mean time ye Fields, Springs, Bushes, Flow'rs,
Where yet *She* leads her studious Hours,
(Till Fate her worthily translates,
And find a *Fairfax* for our *Thwaites*)
Employ the means you have by *Her*,
And in your kind your selves preferr; 750
That, as all *Virgins* *She* preceds,
So you all *Woods, Streams, Gardens, Meads*.

xcv

For you *Thessalian Tempe's Seat*
Shall now be scorn'd as obsolete;
Aranjuez, as less, disdain'd;
The *Bel-Retiro* as constrain'd;
But name not the *Idalian Grove*,
For 'twas the Seat of wanton Love;
Much less the Deads' *Elysian Fields*,
Yet nor to them your Beauty yields.

760

xcvi

'Tis not, what once it was, the *World*;
But a rude heap together hurl'd;
All negligently overthrown,
Gulfes, Deserts, Precipices, Stone.
Your lesser World contains the same.
But in more decent Order tame;
You Heaven's Center, Nature's Lap.
And Paradiice's only Map.

xcvii

But now the *Salmon-Fishers* moist
Their *Leathern Boats* begin to hoist;
And, like *Antipodes* in Shoes,
Have shod their *Heads* in their *Canoos*.
How Tortoise like, but not so slow,
These rational *Amphibii* go?
Let's in: for the dark *Hemisphere*
Does now like one of them appear.

770