

To his Royal Highnes  
the Prince of Wales

SELECTED POEMS

The following selections from the Magdalen Manuscript are presented in a diplomatic transcript: that is, the text is reproduced as it appears in the manuscript with no emendation of the idiosyncratic spelling or punctuation. A note after each poem identifies other versions, both printed and manuscript, and records all substantive variants. Accidentals — variant spellings and punctuations — have not been recorded.

The following sigla are used:

PR

*Poetical Recreations* (1688)

1713  
*Love Intrigues*

*The Amours of Rosvill and Galesia* (i.e. the 'second edition corrected' of *Love Intrigues*) in volume 2 of *The Entertaining Novels of Mrs. Jane Barker* (1719)

1719  
*A Patch-Work Screen for the Ladies*

(1723)

The daydawn of happiness which begins to break in Europe conducts me from long absence (caus'd by blindness and misfortunes) to wish your Highness not only a happy new year, but a happy new Century, and to lay at your feet this little collection, where in is contain'd part of the madness and malice which concluded the old; supposing such a retrospect to give as it were a gust to coming Felicity. The attempt indeed is somewhat audacious for so feeble a capacity, for if the learned Mr. Cowley found so great a difficulty in writing the transactions of his time, that he suppress'd them after written, the enterprise in me must needs seem a temerity almost to madness; But truth is bold and what I here present to your Highness has so much of reality that it superseds fancy, and scarce leaves place for what they call poetical fiction: The discourses (or at least some of them) contain not onely the sentiments, but even the very words which malice dictated to people in those days, that one might rather call them a verbal than a poetical repetition, and have so far verified the proverb in me, as to have gain'd me much Hatred and many enemys; But that is so far from displeasing that it gives me rather a secret satisfaction to have suffer'd somthing for such a cause; But I cou'd expect no other, since that learned and great wit, on the occasion of his Hine and Panthar was so raid at, and ridicul'd, as if he had layd down wit and sence, when he took up Religion, and Holy life, where as both were refind, not above their capacity to understand, but their convenience to approve: Now if it tar'd thus with this great man, what must become of me an insect scribler, except enliven'd by the rays of your Royal Highnes's protection, which at your feet I begg with profound respect and humility: And that acceptance which Justice wou'd refuse, let goodness exhibit: Regard not the meanness of the offering, but the zeal and affection of the votary: which is such, that if I was capable to transfer your story to posterity, I wou'd represent the frenzie, mallice, and madness of our present times so as to fright the future from the like proceedings even in thought, and with sharp repremands due to rebellion cut off troops of unborn Rebels: But since nature has not favor'd me so far, accept graciously these few and weak representatives of some transactions of our present times. No doubt but there are many writers in our country, who have not bow'd the knee to Baal, whose learned pens have perform'd this work more anply and gracefully, But Rebellious, and rigorous laws have fix'd as it were an impassable gulf betwixt them and the place of your abode; but that which is a piller of a clowd to them, is a piller of fire to me

## To the reader

lighting me to the most desirable presence of your Royal Highness, the haven of happiness, the asylum of virtue, and the reward of Loyalty: You who are Sir not onely the hopes of us your miserable followers, but of all Europ, and the darling of mankind; as your birth renders you Heir of great dominions, so your worth makes you reign in all minds replenish'd with virtue and Honor: I dare not desend to particulars, for I shou'd be lost, your merits out number our words, and though our language be copious, it is much too narrow to express those ideas your perfections present to our thoughts: At least a person whose fingers are made to wield the needle and distaf, must not presume to write the character of so great a Prince, but with awfull respect admire at distance, those glories in which you are incircul'd, praying for their dayly increase, till their splendor disperce all vapours of Rebellion and faction, and extinguish those blazing meteors, whose influence has causd so much ruine, and mischief\* to mankind, and that your Royal Highness then \*\* refulgent with your native brightness, may like the Coelestial bodys move in your proper sphere, dispensing happiness in your native Country: Which is and shall be the prayer of her who is with most profound respect  
S:<sup>r</sup> / your Royal Highnes s / most humble / most obedient, and / Most dutifull servant

I suppose I need not make an apologie to my Reader for charging whole partys with crimes in which great numbers were not involv'd, for since matter of fact demonstrates that the major part were; the minor must forgive this non exemption, till their proper merit distinguish their persons, or attone for their party.

It is hard to writ an affair of this kind for tis certain, many will be offended, scarce any please; consequently the author condemn'd on all hands, but an honest writer who takes Justice for reward, and Virtue for a Crown, cares not who weres the wreaths of popular applause. Every soldier is not a general, yet every one that does his duty in his station is commendable: and if in this I have done mine honestly; I leave elegancy to the great and learned writers; I was not in a station to know what springs mov'd this mad machin of Rebellion, I have only told what all the world saw and heard: I have made my Fidelia speak the common dialect of Catholicks, and her friend that of the Church of England: If any herein see the portraiture of their actions, make an ill figure, let them blame the original, not the hand for drawing the copy\* too lively. I ask no bodys pardon for what I have done, touching the subject, the slips of the pen, and defects in the English caus'd by long absence and blindness every generous reader will pardon gratis, and there in lay an obligation on their humble servant

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\*mischief] mischiefs      \*\*then] omitted from BL

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[Another version in BL Add. MS 21,621, fol. 4, n.p., which is signed Jane Barker in William Connoch's hand.  
Title: A Collection of Poems Referring to the times; since the Kings accession to the Crown. Occasionally wriit according to the circumstance of time and place.  
BL includes a salutation to 'Sir' following the address 'To his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales,'

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\* copy[s] copy

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Another version in BL Add. MS 21,621, fol. 7, n.p., where it is signed 'JB'.

part the first  
Poems

Referring to the times  
Occasionally writ according  
to the different circumstance  
Of time and place.

Fidelia alone lamenting her  
parents lately dead, and her  
relations gone into the west  
against Monmoth.

How my poor heart's with grief and fear oppres'd,  
Which robs my days of joy, my nights of rest?  
I mourn my parents dead, and mourn alone,  
For all my other friends, to th' wars are gone;  
Were they but here, they'd help me bear a share,  
But I their presence want, their danger fear:  
Alas! methinks I hear the bullers fly;  
I see a cousin wounded, brother dy;  
I hear my aged Uncle's dying groans,  
And see by's side, his grandson's shattered bones:  
Nay I not only see, and hear, but feel  
In my poor tender heart, th' obdurate steel.  
Whilst all the fields with bodyes coverd o'er,  
And all the riv'lets running with fresh gore,  
As if Barbarians had been on our shoar.  
And this it seems is for Religion's cause,  
That thus Religion breaks Religion's laws.  
Religion, still Religion's all their cry,  
With which they run down truth, morality,  
In courts of justice set up \* perjury.  
They make the Bible\* patronise their pride,  
Thence wrest a text to preach up patricide.  
Rebellion, treason, murther, rapin, lust,  
Are meritorious made, as well as just.

\*referring to Oates's perjuries.  
\*a bible being said to be carryed before Monmoth  
to exite the Mobb.

Sure never times were like to these our times,  
In which Religion authorises crimes;

If this be the effect of holy cant,  
I am ashamed that I'm a Protestant.

Now since the fruits are such why dont I see,  
Whether it's not the nature of the tree.

Then Holy Virgin! -----  
-----ha! what do I say in this?

Forgive me God, if I have said amis.  
Methinks a Virgin shou'd a virgin hear,

And readily present a virgins prayer.

Then Holy Virgin, (if thou'st power in Heav'n  
As some affirm God much to Thee has giv'n)  
Obtain that all my friends return to mee,  
Safe from the Rebells, crown'd ith victory,  
And I will search, with all the power I can,  
The surest way to thy bles'd son God man;  
No shame nor punishment shall me dismay,  
I'll seek which church shews us the surest way.  
Mean time I'll try if I can sleep to night  
And pray for th' King, to morrow er't be light.

----- But hark!

What noyse is this I hear?  
O 'tis my neighbour Frindly at her pray'r.  
And Ill make bold to listen -----  
Frindly:  
Preserve thy Holy servant, Monmoth, Lord!  
Who caries for his shield, thy sacred word;  
Preserve him from the Lyon, and Shee bear,  
From foxes and from woolves, who dayly tear,  
Thy little flock; and for him whet thy sword,  
That we may be thy people, thou our Lord;

an old m[en]talicious  
presby[rite]rian, who  
pronounced almost  
these very word[s]

## Fidelia weeping for the Kings departure at the Revolution.

Let that bold Tyrant call'd King = of Whitehall,  
 Become the scorn, and laughing stock of all,  
 And lastly let him like his father fall.  
 What blasphemy does this curs'd woman speak  
 Sure Heav'n will on her tongue quick vengeance take. 60  
 The croaking toad, and screech-owl seem to me,  
 To chant their vespers with more harmony,  
 And Devils make a better praiser than shee.  
 She is the perfect emblem of her gangue,  
 She's fit to teach the Devils to harangue.  
 Ha? what do I see ---\* fire falling from the sky to me appears,  
 I'll run to bed, and cover head and ears,  
 And try if I can smother there my fears.

65

Fidelia. Unhappy I, to live to see this day,  
 On which my Royal Lord is gone away;  
 Heav'n bless his flight, and make him soon return,  
 I'm sure his absence I shall ever mourn; 5  
 And wish all curses Hell cou'd e'er invent,  
 May light on those, who caus'd his banishment.  
 Shou'd they not have, worse than Iscarior's fate,  
 I shou'd think Heav'n unjust, as them ingrate.  
 Forgive me God, if here I go too far,  
 To think our Traitors, worse than Judas are.  
 For he had for his treason, this pretence,  
 He gain'd thereby, but these are at expence.  
 They buy it at the price of all that's good,  
 Their Honor, profit, and perhaps their blood.

10

For no usurper ever yet was known,  
 To leave those steps, by which he mounts the Throne.  
 Hark-hark

What's this my frightened ears surprise,

The people sure are singing Litany's,  
 The Rabble comes by in a mock procession carrying before

them a cat crucified, and singing.

Valliant Lord Cornbury, -----Huzza pro nobis.  
 Noble Lord Churchhill, -----Huzza pro nobis.  
 Ye seven Holy Bishops, -----Huzzate pro nobis.  
 No doubt their ancient saints have all been nam'd,  
 But they invoke these modern ones e'er damnd.

Fidelia

Great is the folly of a headless crew,

Who still o'er-shoot themselves in all they do.  
 Their Church so neerly is to ours aly'd,

By the first Sacrament so closely tyd,  
 They can't mock us, but must themselves deride.

Just so the shrew, mistakes in the disgrace,  
 In calling cuckold to her husband's face.

Well did the King to get himself away  
 The stoutest Lyon flys the Asse's bray.

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=in those days they said King of Whitehall, by way of distinction from the King of Lime  
 \*the fire that was seen the night of sedgemoore battell.

[Another version in BL Add. MS 21,621, fol. 10, p. 1. BL does not include the gloss about the mendacious Presbyterian (l. 28). Two other glosses are slightly different. The BL gloss to l. 20 has for 'Oates's perjuries' simply 'Oates'. In BL the final gloss reads 'fire which' instead of 'fire that'. A revised version of ll. 50-58 was used in PWS (p. 120) as part of the blasphemous prayer uttered by an 'Old Gentlewoman' lodging next door to Galesia.

Another version in BL Add. MS 21,621, fol. 34, p. 47. The BL title has 'lamenting' for 'weeping'. BL glosses 'first sacrament' of l. 28 as 'Baptisme'.

part the second,  
the greatest part of which were  
writ since the author was in  
France

To

Her Majesty the Queen, on  
the Kings going to Callis  
this carnival i696:

M a d a m e

It was not want of zeal, but want of sight,  
That I did neither come, nor speak nor write,

To testify my joys, my hopes, and fears,  
And to assure the king of my poor prairies,

If not in words, at least in silent tears.

My <sup>+</sup> eys bound down, I heard the peopl say,  
The King, the King's for England gone away.

such joys and fears, did then my heart o'erflow,  
As saints shall at the resurrection know.

This glimpts of heaven, god gives in recompence  
Oth' deprivation of my seeing sence.

Such vast distractions, all your subjects have  
Compar'd to which the Bachanals were grave

Our minds strike up, our hearts dance in this ball  
And Heav'n too seems to keep its carnival.

Nature methinks, is dress'd in masquerade,  
As if in frolick England she'd invade.

The sun in greatest splendor does appear  
Three months before the usual time oth' year.

The earth is mantl'd in her verdant dress,  
So soon, one must conclude by Heav'n express,

This cloth of s[te]ate is layd for Royal James,  
To walk upon towards his silver Thames,  
The leaves peep out, to see the King go by  
Whilst birds huzza him with their warbling cry,  
And little insects hum, vivez le Roy.  
All things conspire, his foot steps to advance

<sup>+</sup>ther catharact  
was then couched.

5

10

15

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No other version

Whilst gentle windes are pipers to the dance.  
nor heav'n nor earth can better musick hear,  
Except yr Majestys all powerful praier,  
Such vows and praier as yours, take Heav'n by force

30

The sun was once commanded to go back  
But now is bid go forward for your sake

'Tis for your sake the elements have fough't,  
And on the statliest fleets destruction brought,

35

'Tis for your sake the armes of france are bless'd,  
And for your sake, god made France be our friend,

And for your sake, he'll peace on Europ send.,

40

Not good to be alone, th' Almighty said,  
And forthwith He for man a help-meet made,

Such you have truly been, and such shall be,  
Not only to the King but christianity,

In vertues perfect natural and acquir'd,  
Less to be immitiated than admir'd,

No saint so good, no Heroin so great  
No wit so perfect, beauty so compleat,

So good a friend, and mother ne'er was seen,  
So good a wife a mistress, and a Queen,

By your warm rays, starv'd vertue shall bud forth,  
And Englands eyes, shall open to your worth,

No country so obscure or place so far,  
Which shall not of your matchless merits hear,

And those who never heard of god before,  
Shall now the god of Englands Queen addore.

45

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55

my friends who prais'd my Poems,  
and at the beginning of the little  
printed book placed this motto.

-----pulcherrima virgo

Inedit, magnâ juvenerum stipante catervâ. (Virg.

I doubt not to come safe to glories port,  
Since I have such a troop for my escort,  
This band of gallant youths, bear me along,  
Who teach me how to sing, then praise my song,  
Such wreaths and branches, they've bestow'd on me,  
I look like Daphne turn'd into a tree,  
Whilst these young sons of Phoebus dance around  
And sing the praise of her themselves have crown'd.  
Not like those jidole-makers heretofore  
Who had no right to praise, much less adore,  
No justly I a poets honour claim,

10

'Cause they have power to make me what I am.

Ye learned youths, most learned of your time,  
Of all your Reverend mothers sons the prime,  
Ye gayest, sweetest, gentlest, youths on earth  
Tell me what constellation rul'd my birth,  
That I'm become copartner of your bays,  
And what's more glorious, subject of your praise,  
'Twas not for beauty, learning, eloquence,  
no, 'twas your vertue, lov'd my innocence,  
My Rural muse, which never higher aim'd,  
Than to discourse, of shepherds and their lambs,  
Of groves, obscure retreats, and to dispise,  
What I deserve not, wealth and dignitys  
Your good ness make, these humble fances please,  
And your own worth supply defects in these.

25

No other version

A dialogue between  
Fideelia and her little nephew,  
Martius,  
as they walk in Luxembourg,  
disguis'd as a shepherdess or country maid

Fideelia

Why weeps my child, why weeps my dearest boy,  
Martius.

To see you weep, dear aunt, it is I cry,  
Dry but your eyes, mine of themselves will dry,  
Wipe, wipe away those tears, then hugg and buss,

As you are wont, your little Martius.

Then tell me why you left your native land,

And when you took ill fortune by the hand,

For I remember you in better state,

Then tell me how you came unfortunate,

Methinks you've not a shepperdess's mien,

Sure you amongst the Rural maids were Queen.

10

To virtue I too nearly was al'y'd

To have good fortune ever on my side.

But though we suffer, by hard fortunes froun,

A virtuous mind, can never be cast down,

And that I allways shall depend upon.

now since you ask my fate of former years,

And what's the cause of present griefs and tears,

Come sit thee down, I'll tell thee how ith' fenn,

We fed our flocks upon the banks of Glenn.

My father and his brother Cavaliers,

Stuck to their king as did their ancestors,

Wives portions, and paternal means they spent,

To serve the King against the Parliament,

Thus for their Loyalty being both undone,

They sold their swords and other warlike things,

As did their wives, their petycotes and rings,

And therwithall, bought equipage for plows,

Betook themselves, to mannage sheep and cows,

25

Instead of scarlet, Russet now they wore,  
And sheep-hooks were the leading staves they bore,  
Free from court factions, and the discontents,  
Which dayly rise in Rebell Parliments,  
Free from ambitious plotings how to get,  
This prise amongst the rich, that place amongst the great,  
And for their Loyal losses, never felt regrett.  
They acted peacefully their homly sean,  
And lookers on, thought with a gracefull mien.  
Where fortune wou'd not with their wish comply,  
They made their wish bear fortune company,  
Here we as in a little Can'an liv'd,  
And for our former manna never griv'd.  
Here milk and hony, did not only flow,  
But we'd a little kind of Eden too,  
Well furnish'd with good fruit, fresh herbs, gay flowers,  
Fountains and grass-plats, walks, and shady bowers,  
Yet more by nature, than by art was dress'd  
And our content made of its fruits a feast.,

A good old tippling swain, was gardner here,  
Hee'd been my unkles corporal ith' war,  
This good old man, wou'd wond'rous storys tell,  
Of what at Nasby, and Edge-hill befell,  
At york and Woster, and I know not where,  
At this place wounded, that a prisoner.

Then with a pack of cards, he wou'd make out,  
This siege, that fight, and which side had the rout,  
This made us children, all such Cavaliers,  
We took the Parliments, for near Bugg-bears,

The solemn festival of Chrismass day,  
Fell short of his dear <sup>+</sup> twenty ninth of may.

He'd skip'td about the Bon-fire like a boy,  
And spight <sup>+</sup> of bald-pate burn his cap for joy:  
Then out He'd pull his pipe, and play theron,  
(Whilst we all danc'd) **The King** enjoys his own.

Thus we pass'd on our days in harmless mirth,  
Till time and fate, gave my misfortunes birth,  
But therewithall I will not discompose,

35

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But therewithall I will not discompose,

Thy tender mind, which yet no sorrow knows.,  
Martius,  
your tale's so pleasing, I cou'd wish to be,  
Nothing but ears, and you all mouth to me,  
Then pray tell on. ——————

Fideelia

My brother dy'd —————— (she weeps

70

————— That clebrated man,  
A gallant youth, philosopher and swain,  
Such depth of learning, grac'd his natural parts

That Aristotle might of him learn'd arts,  
Nought but his virtue, cou'd his wit exceed,

In fine, he no accomplishment did need.

His vast fraternal love, one cannot tell,

Only on earth, none ever lov'd so well,

That virtue which beyond example drives,

Can only be describ'd by negatives,

Then wonder not, that I again repeat,

No love was e'er so true, pure, perfect, great.

Him in my thoughts I plac'd as my defence,

'Gainst course of nature took my parents hence,

'Gainst their lives clue was spun, then by his thred,

Through this worlds labyrinth, I thought to be led,

But Heav'n depriv'd me of his needfull aid.

My parents for his death, so much did grieve,

That long they cou'd not this great loss survive,

Now did my life, a different manner role,

Since Heav'n gave this new byas to the bowl,

My flocks decay'd, my barns and houses fell,

My lands grew barran, in fine nought went well,

Thus helpless, friendless, destitute forlorn,

'Twixt debtors, creditors, and lawyers torn,

I wander'd on, in hopes of better chance,

Till cursed orange drive us all to France,

And here we wander vagabons alone,

not knowing any, or to any known,

And all methinks do our acquaintance shun.

But honour, conscience, vertue brought us here,

45

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'Gainst course of nature took my parents hence,

'Gainst their lives clue was spun, then by his thred,

Through this worlds labyrinth, I thought to be led,

But Heav'n depriv'd me of his needfull aid.

My parents for his death, so much did grieve,

That long they cou'd not this great loss survive,

Now did my life, a different manner role,

Since Heav'n gave this new byas to the bowl,

My flocks decay'd, my barns and houses fell,

My lands grew barran, in fine nought went well,

Thus helpless, friendless, destitute forlorn,

'Twixt debtors, creditors, and lawyers torn,

I wander'd on, in hopes of better chance,

Till cursed orange drive us all to France,

And here we wander vagabons alone,

not knowing any, or to any known,

And all methinks do our acquaintance shun.

But honour, conscience, vertue brought us here,

65

————— That clebrated man,  
A gallant youth, philosopher and swain,  
Such depth of learning, grac'd his natural parts

That Aristotle might of him learn'd arts,  
Nought but his virtue, cou'd his wit exceed,

In fine, he no accomplishment did need.

His vast fraternal love, one cannot tell,

Only on earth, none ever lov'd so well,

That virtue which beyond example drives,

Can only be describ'd by negatives,

Then wonder not, that I again repeat,

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Now did my life, a different manner role,

Since Heav'n gave this new byas to the bowl,

My flocks decay'd, my barns and houses fell,

My lands grew barran, in fine nought went well,

On the Apothecary's filing  
my bills amongst the Doctors.

I hope I sha'n't be blam'd if I am proud  
That I'm admitted in this learned crowd,  
To be proud of a fortune so sublime,  
Methinks is rather duty than a crime,  
Were not my thoughts exalted in this state,  
I shou'd not make thereof due estimate,  
And sure one cause of Adam's fall was this,  
He knew not the just worth of Paradise,  
But with this honour I'm so satisfied,  
The ancients were not more when deify'd  
For this transcends all common happiness,  
And is a glory that exceeds excess.  
This, this, makes me a fam'd physician grow,  
As Saul 'mongst prophets, turn'd a prophet too.  
The sturdy gout, which all male power withstands,  
Is overcome by my soft female hands  
not Deb'ra, Judeth, or Semiramis,  
Can boast of conquests half so great as this,  
More than they slew, I save in this diseas.

15

5

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As Saul 'mongst prophets, turn'd a prophet too.  
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10

<sup>2</sup> That I'm] To be PWS      <sup>2</sup> in] 'mongst PR      <sup>3</sup> To] For to PWS      <sup>10</sup> deify'd Deify'd PR  
PWS      <sup>11-12</sup> For this . . . excess] omitted from PWS      <sup>13</sup> This, this,] This 'tis PR 'Tis this  
PWS      <sup>18 Can]</sup> Could PR Cou'd PWS      <sup>19 his]</sup> this PR PWS      <sup>19</sup> Following this line PR has:  
Mankind our Sex for Cures do *celebrate*,  
Of Pains, which fancy only doth create:  
Now more we shall be magnified sure,  
Who for this real torment find a Cure.  
Some Women-haters may be so uncivil,  
To say the Devil's cast out by the Devil;  
But so the good are please'd, no matter for the evil.  
Such ease to *Statesmen* this our Skill imparts,  
I hope they'll force all Women to learn Arts.

---

Exists in two other different versions, one in *Poetical Recreations* (p. 31) and one in *Patch-Work Screen* (p. 56).

Now blessings on you all, ye sons of art,  
Who, what your selves ne'er knew to me impart.  
Thus gold which byth' suns influence does grow  
Does that ith' market Phoebus cannot do.

25

Bless'd be the time, and bless'd my pains and fate  
Which introduc'd me to a place so great,  
False Strephon too, I almost now cou'd bless,  
Whose crimes conduc'd to this my happiness.

Had he been true, I'd liv'd in sottish ease;

Ne'er study'd ought, but how to love and please,

No other flame, my virgin brest had fir'd,

But love and life, together had expir'd,

But when false wretch, he his forc'd kindness pay'd

With less devotion than e'er sexton pray'd

Fool that I was to sigh, weep, almost dye,

Little forththinking of this present joy,

Thus happy brides shed tears they know not why

Vainly we blame this cause or laugh at that,

Whilst the effect with its how, where, and what,

Lys embryo ith' womb of time or fate.

Of future things we very little know,

And 'tis heav'n's kindness too, that it is so.

So much for ignorance there may be said,

That large encomiums, might thereof be made,

But I've degress'd too far, so must return,

And make the medick art my whole concern,

Since by its aid, I've gain'd this mighty place,

Amongst th' immortal *Aesculapian* race.

That if my muse will needs officious be,

She must to this become a votary.

35

40

45

<sup>20</sup> Now] Then PR      <sup>20</sup> you] ye PR      <sup>20</sup> ye] your PWS      <sup>20</sup> sons of art] learned Crew  
PR      <sup>21</sup> Who . . . impart] Who teach me that which you your selves ne'er knew: PR  
<sup>26</sup> almost now cou'd now could almost PR      <sup>37</sup> blame] praise PWS      <sup>39</sup> Lys] Is an  
<sup>41</sup> too, that it is] that it should be PWS      <sup>47</sup> And[To PWS      <sup>48</sup> mighty] honour'd PWS  
<sup>51</sup> must to this become] too to this must be PR

We cannot sink, since they the vessel steer.  
In this discourse, little Martius  
falls asleep in her lap

105

Hah fast asleep; that leaden footed god,  
Has o'er his temples, stretched his heavy rod;  
They say that sleep's, death representative,  
In him's so lovely who wou'd wish to live,

Tis true, his glittering eyes, and noble grace,  
Are hidden, by sleeps curtains o'er his face,

110

But innocence is seated in their place.  
His moving lips more sweet and beautious are,

Than roses wafted by a western air,  
What is't those pretty lips talk in thy sleep,

Tis somthing sad, because it makes thee weep,  
Martius asleep

115

'Twere happiness to be a shepherds-boy,  
If prid did not that happiness distroy

Fidelia  
This truth thou'st found, in sleeps obscure recess,  
That pride inhibters all our happiness.

'Tis not true want, that this or that we crave,  
But pride makes us think we too little have.

For human nature's by few things supply'd,  
If we'd lay superfluity's asside.

This truth, some power does to this child reveal  
As he lys dreaming on the griefs we feel.

The bright rays of thy soul peirce the dark cloud  
of thy low fortune, which its glories shroud,  
So a fair plant in its small seed remains,  
Till proper time, its beauteous leaves expands

Thy noble race, has not a fairer sprout,  
If fortune do but shine to bring it out,

Yet I'd not have thy honour grow too fast,  
Lest it obnoxious be, to envys blast.

Wake, wake my sweet, and dry each trickling tear,  
Thy worth methinks, proclaims good fortune near.

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No other version

Fidelia  
in st Germain's garden, lamenting  
her misfortunes.

105

Under what constellation was I born,  
That I on every side to mischief turn,  
No step, or motion, that I ever make,

But I misfortunes meet, or overrake,  
'Tis true, our lives are warfar since the fall,

Yet some have little comforts mix'd withall,  
If fate wou'd make me but one small advance

I shu'd forget the rest of my ill chance  
Like a fond wife who one kind look receives,

All past offences, in her spous forgives,  
But I'd be glad of them, of any sort.

But of such hardships my poor lot is made,  
That if some joy, my griefs, seem to invad,

It proves but misery in masquerade.  
For no small gleam, guilds my lives hemisphere,

But it proclaims, some thunder storm is near.  
Why was I born, or why, a femel born?

Or why not piece-meal, from my mother torn?  
Or did I not with teeth or Rickets dy,

Or other accedents, of infancy,  
Or why not lame, hump-back'd, pock-broken face,

Or else in morals infamous and base,  
Or ne'er had being, amongst human race.

Had I been lewd, unfaithfull or unjust,  
To friend or lover, or betray'd my trust.

I then might well expect the lot I have:  
But not for being, vertuous, chaste, and grave.

That I complain, or murmur, heav'n forgive,  
These pills, perhaps are healthfull purgative,

Assist me patiently to take the dose  
And give me strength to bear my weighty cross.

11. 18-28 appear with no substantive variants in the second edition of *Love Intrigues* (p. 40), where they are made to express the love-lorn desolations of Galesia.

In all our songs, its attributes rehers,  
Write Recipes, (as Ovid law) in verse  
To measure we'll reduce febrifick heat,  
And make the pulses in true number beat,  
Asthma, and phthisick shall chant lays most sweet,  
The gout and Rickets too shall run on feet;  
In fine, my Muse, such wonders we will doe,  
That to our art, mankind their ease shall ow,  
Than praise, and pleas our selves in doing so;  
For since the learn'd exalt and own our fame,  
It is no arrogance to do the same,  
But due respects and complaisance to them.

55

60

To ovids Heroins, in  
his Epistles

Bright shee's what gloriys had your names acquir'd  
Had you consum'd those whome your beautys fir'd  
Had laugh'd to see em burn and so retir'd.  
Then they cou'd ne'er have glory'd in their shames,  
Either to Roman or to English Dames,  
Had you but warm'd not melted in their flames.,  
You'd not been wreck'd then, on dispairs rough coast  
Nor yet by storms of perjury been toss'd,  
Had you but fix'd yowr flowing love with frost.  
Had you put on the armour of your scorn,  
That jemm which does our beauty's most adorn  
What hardy hero, durst have been forswn.  
But since they found such lenity in you,  
Their crime so epidemical does grow,  
All have or do, or wou'd be doing so.

10

15

---

3 em] them      7 wreck'd] wrack'd      8 perjury] perjuries      15 All] That all

Necessity of fate, in  
consideration of my writing  
verses as it were against  
my will

## i

In vain in vain it is I find,  
To strive against our fate,  
We may as well command the wind  
The sea's rude waves, to gentle manners bind,  
Or to Eternity prescribe a date,  
As frustrate ought that fortune has design'd.  
For when we think we're politicians grown,  
And live by methods of our own,  
We then obsequiously obey,  
Fates dictates and a blindfold homage pay.

## ii

For were't not so, I surely cou'd not be,  
Still slave to Rhime, and lazy poetry,  
I who so oft have strove,  
My freedome to regain,  
And some times too, for my assistance took,  
Business and sometimes a book,  
Company and sometimes love,  
All which proves in vain,  
For I can only shake; but not cast off my chain.

## io

All this my fate, all this thou did'st foreshow,

Ev'n when I was a child,

When in my pictures hand,

My mother did command,

There shou'd be drawn a lawrell bough

To then my muse sat by and smil'd

To hear how som<sup>e</sup> the sentence did oppose;

Saying an <sup>+</sup> apple, bird, or rose,

Were objects which did more befit,

My childish years and no less childish wit.

For then my muse well knew that constant fate

Her promise wou'd compleat.

For fate at my initiation

In the muses congregation,

As my responsor promis'd then for me

I shou'd forsake those three,

Soaring honours, and vain sweets of pleasure

And vainer fruits of worldly treasure,

All for the muses melancholy tree,

E're I knew ought of its great mystery,

Ah gentle fate since thou wilt have it so,

Let thy kind hand exalt it to my brow.

## 35

20

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<sup>+</sup> an apple, bird, or rose, are there taken for the emblems, of riches, honours and pleasures.

<sup>4</sup> The] Or th PR to Fates] Her PR to blindfold] blindfull PR <sup>11</sup> For were't] Were it PWS <sup>11</sup> I surely] surely I PR <sup>16</sup> Business and sometimes] Business and sometimes too PR Obedience, and sometimes PWS <sup>18</sup> which] still PWS <sup>18</sup> proves in] proves PR

Other versions in *Poetical Recreations* (p. 38) and *Patch-Work Screen* (p. 93).  
Title: *Necessity of Fate*. PR The Necessity of FATE. PWS

The contract with the muses  
writ on the bark of a shady ash-tree,

Methinks these shades, strange thoughts suggest,  
Which heat my head, and cool my brest,

And mind me of a lawrell crest.

Methinks I hear the muses sing,  
And see em all dance in a ring,

And call upon me to take wing.

5

We will say they assist thy flight,  
Till thou reach fair Orindas height,

If thou canst this worlds follys slight.

10

We'll bring thee to our bright aboads,  
Amongst the Heroes, and the Gods

If thou and wealth, can be at odds,

15

Then gentle maid, cast off this chain,  
Which links thee to thy faithless swain,

And vow a virgin to remain.

Write, write, thy vow upon this tree,  
By us it shall recorded be,

And thou fam'd to eternity.

20

When I these harmless lines had read,  
Methought my uncouth guardian said,  
----- unluckey maid

Since, since thou has the muses chose,  
Hymen and fortune are thy foes,

Thou shalt have Cassandras fate,  
In all thou sayst unfortunate,

25

The god of wit, gave her this curse  
And Fortune gives thee, that and worse,  
In all thou doest, though ne'er so good,  
By all the world misundersood.

In best of actions, be dispis'd,  
And fools and knaves, above thee pris'd.

Foes like serpents his and bite thee,  
All thy friends agree to slight thee.

Love and lovers, give thee pain,  
For they and thou shallt love in vain,

Either death shall ffrom thee take em,  
Or they thee, or thou forsake em,

Thy youth and fortune, vainly spend,  
And in thy age, have not a friend,

Thy whole life pass in discontent,  
In want, and wo, and banishment.

Be broken under fortunes wheel,  
As proverb goes, lead Apes in Hell.

At this harangue, my grief was so extream,  
That I awak'd and glad it prov'd a dream.

40

<sup>9</sup> folly[1] folly <sup>1719</sup>      <sup>10</sup> this] thee <sup>1713</sup> <sup>1719</sup>      <sup>13</sup> this] thy <sup>1713</sup> <sup>1719</sup>      <sup>26</sup> wit, gave her this] wit sent her that <sup>1719</sup>      <sup>27</sup> gives thee, that] sends thee this <sup>1713</sup> <sup>1719</sup>  
<sup>18</sup> fan'd to] enjoy <sup>1713</sup>      <sup>20</sup> Methought[ omitted <sup>1713</sup> <sup>1719</sup>      <sup>22</sup> has] hast <sup>1713</sup> <sup>1719</sup>      <sup>41</sup> and wo] in Woe <sup>1713</sup>      <sup>43</sup> As proberb... in Hell] <sup>1713</sup> and <sup>1719</sup> replace this line and add a  
trplet:

Direct thy Actions ne'er so well.  
A thousand other ILLs beside  
Fortune does [still <sup>1713</sup>] for them provide,  
Who to the Muses are ally'd.

Split into two poems for inclusion in *Love Intrigues*. Ll. 1-18 appear on p. 14 of 1713; p. 12 of 1719.  
Ll. 20-45 appear on pp. 33-34 of 1713; pp. 29-30 of 1719.

<sup>45</sup> and glad] all joy <sup>1713</sup>

When poor Galæcia aged grew,  
 Young strephon in his prime,  
 The nosgay which to her was due,  
 Poor nymph she gave to him,

Which coldly he receiv'd and sed,

Alas I her bemoan,

This nosgay's like her maiden-head

The roses are o'er blown,

5

But without her consent, were printed  
 in the year 1688:

now corrected by her own hand,  
 which makes the third part of this  
 Collection.

An invitation  
 to my learned friends at Cambridge:  
 to my country solitude.

If friends, you wou'd but now this place accost,  
 Ever the young spring, that epithet has lost,  
 And of my Rural joys, participate,  
 You'd learn to talk at this distracted rate,

Hail solitude, where peace and virtue shroud,  
 Their unvail'd beauty's from the cens'ring crowd,  
 Let me but have their company and I,  
 Shall never envy this world's gallantry:

5

<sup>3</sup> joys] joy PR      <sup>4</sup> You'd . . . rate,] This line is replaced in PWS by two lines:  
 You'd change your learn'd Harangues for Country Chat,  
 And thus with me salute this lonely State:

<sup>5</sup> peace and virtue] *Innocence* do's PR      <sup>6</sup> Their] Her PR      <sup>7</sup> me] us PWS      <sup>7</sup> their] her  
 PR      <sup>7</sup> I] we PWS      <sup>8</sup> PR follows with these lines:

We'll find our such inventions to delude  
 And mock all those that mock our solitude,  
 That they for shame shall fly for their defence  
 To gentle Solitude and Innocence:  
 Then they will find how much they've been deceiv'd,  
 When they the flat'ries of this World believ'd.

Exists in two other significantly different versions, one in *Poetical Recreations* (p. 1) and one in *Patch-Work Screen* (p. 23).  
 Title: *An Invitation to my Friends at Cambridge* PR; *An Invitation to my Learned Friends at Cambridge* PWS

To my brother, on my  
frequent writing to him,  
a sort of borlesk,

Dear Brother you will think that now  
Epistles grow on every bough,  
Oth' multitude of Willsthorp trees,  
And so drop off like Soland geese.  
In this th'analogie holds forth,  
They are produc'd of airy froth,  
And how they'll answer in the rest,  
Without conjuring may be guess'd  
For when you find they want the heat  
Of wit and sence, to make 'em meat,  
And that the inside's only down,  
Soft as the scope they grew upon,  
You'll curs this wind's officious wings,  
Because to you no good it brings,  
And swear that proverb's now revers'd  
Which so oft his been rehars'd;  
For now it must be understood,  
Tis happy wind blows any good,  
But thank your self for so being serv'd  
And praise no more where'ts not deserv'd:  
For praise the gad-fly of the minde,  
To pure desert, shou'd be confin'd,  
Least it set it cock-a-hoop,  
And make it run with tail tund up,  
Through the woods, and o'er the downs,  
Through Citys, villages and towns,  
And plague both genteell fops and rabble,  
With its noncence, Rhime, and babble,  
Till by its follys they are urged,

<sup>3</sup> Willsthorp] *Shin-gay*    7 And] But    10 'em] them    13 this] the    15 that] the  
<sup>16</sup> his] has    18 Tis] Ir's

A version appears in *Poetical Recreations* (p. 95)  
Title: To my Adopted BROTHER, Mr. G. P. on my frequent Writing to Him.

To send it home severly scourged,  
With the keenest whips of laughing,  
Damning, censuring and scoffing,  
Then prithee dear, prevent this wretched fate  
And all their cruell censures antedate.

5

10

15

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25

<sup>31</sup> laughing] Scoffing    32 scoffing] Laughing    33 prithee dear,] prithee, George,  
<sup>34</sup> cruel] damning

To my friends against  
Poetry

Dear friends if you'll be rul'd by me,  
Be ware oth' charmes of poetry,  
And meddle with no fauning muse,  
They'll but your harmless loves abuse,  
Though to Orinda, they were ty'd  
That nought their friendship cou'd divide,  
And Cowleys mistress had a flame,  
As pure and lasting as his fame,  
Yet now they'r all grown prostitutes,  
And wantonly admit the sutes,  
Of any fops that will pretend  
To be their servant or their friend  
Who then wou'd honour such a she  
Where fool's their happier rivals be.  
We surly may conclude there's none,  
unless they'r drunk with Helicon.

<sup>2 oth'] the PWS</sup>   <sup>4 [loves] Love PWS</sup>   <sup>5 - 8 PWS reverses ll. 5 & 6 and 7 & 8</sup>   <sup>7 And]</sup> Tho'  
<sup>PWS</sup>   <sup>11 fops]</sup> Fop PR PWS   <sup>12 servant]</sup> Lover PWS   <sup>12 Following this line PR has:</sup>

Though they to *Wit* no *Homage* pay,  
Nor yet the Laws of *Verse* obey,  
But ride poor *Six-foot* out of breath,  
And wrack a *Metaphor* to death;  
Who make their *Verse imbibe* the crimes,  
And the lewd Follies too o' th' times;  
Who think all Wit consists in Ranting,  
And Vertuous Love in wise Gallanting;  
And Thousand sorts of Fools, like these,  
Make Love and Virtue what they please:  
And yet as silly as they show,  
Are Favourites o' th' *Muses* now.

PWS restores the first four lines, with one variant: 2 yet] can. PWS restores ll. 11-12, which now read:  
Yet still, as little as they know,  
Are Fav'rites of the Muses now.

<sup>13 Who then]</sup> Then who PWS

<sup>2 oth]</sup> Unto PR   <sup>20 constant]</sup> continu'd PWS   <sup>21 I know not by what]</sup> Unknown to us, like  
PWS   <sup>25 W-r]</sup> Whore PR PWS   <sup>27-28 For . . . state]</sup> For these two lines PWS has:  
For *Poverty* as sure attends  
On Poets, as on *Rich-Mens Friends*:

<sup>29-39 Hence . . . the same]</sup> These last eleven lines are omitted in PR   <sup>29 Hence then]</sup> Therefore  
I'd PWS   <sup>31 I'll]</sup> I'd PWS   <sup>36 Nor]</sup> Not PWS   <sup>36 who]</sup> who's PWS   <sup>37 on]</sup> one  
PWS   <sup>39 you all my]</sup> my Learned Friends PWS

Which is a liquor that can make  
A dunce set up for Rhyming quack,  
That who'so drinks therof is curs'd  
To a constant Rhyming thirst.

<sup>20</sup>  
I know not by what spell of witch

It strikes the mind into an itch,

Which being scrub'd by praise thereby,

Becomes a spreading leprosie,

As hard to cure as dice or W-r

And makes the patient too, as poor;

For poverty's the certain fate

Which attends a poets state.,

Hence then I banish it my brest,

Rather than be to fools a jest,

I'll to old Mammon be a bride,

Be ugly as his ore untry'd

Do every thing for sordid ends

Cerress my foes betray my friends.

Speak fair to all do good to none,

Nor care who's happy, who undone,

But run, where interest pushes on.

Do any thing, to quench poetick flame,

And begg you all my friends to do the same.

<sup>18 Following this line PR has:</sup>  
A Liquor of so strange a Temper,  
As all our Faculties does hamper;

<sup>19 To]</sup> Unto PR   <sup>20 constant]</sup> continu'd PWS   <sup>21 I know not by what]</sup> Unknown to us, like  
PWS   <sup>25 W-r]</sup> Whore PR PWS   <sup>27-28 For . . . state]</sup> For these two lines PWS has:  
For *Poverty* as sure attends  
On Poets, as on *Rich-Mens Friends*:

Though to few objects, here we are confin'd,  
Yet we have full enlargment of the mind.  
From varying modes, which oft our minds inslave  
An absolute immunity we have,  
For here's no pride, but in the suns bright beams  
Nor murmuring, but in the crystal streams.  
No avarice, but in the hoarding bees,  
nor is ambition found but in the trees  
No emulations ever interpose,  
Except betwixt the tulip and the rose.  
No wantoness, but in the frisking lambs,  
nor luxury, but when they suck their dams.  
No politick contrivances of state,  
Only each bird contrives to pleas its mate.  
No shepherd here of scornfull nymph complains,  
Nor are the nymphs undone by faithless swains,  
Narcissus only is that sullen he,  
That can despise his amorous + talking she  
But all things here, conspire to make us bless'd  
To nature's table, we are welcome guests,  
And true content is musick to the feast.

11 oft our minds] do our Lives PR      12 An absolute] Lo here a full PR Lo! here, a full PWS  
15 but in the hoording] is here, but in the PR      16 In PR this line is followed by ll. 19-20  
17 emulations ever] emulation here do's PR      18 Except] Unless PR      19 Lambs] Lamb PR  
21 no politick] Nor are there here PR      21 state] States PR      22 each bird contrives] The Birds  
contrive PR      22 its mate] their Mates PR      23-24 No shepherd . . . swains,] PR has instead of  
these two lines:

Each minute they alternately improve  
A thousand harmless ways their artless love.  
No cruel Nymphs are here to tyrannize,  
Nor faithless Youths their scorn to exercise;

25 Narcissus only is] Unless *Narcissus* be PR      27 here] do PR      28-29 To nature's . . . feast]  
In PR a single line: (Yet chiefly tis Contentment makes the Feast) 29 And] Whilst PWS      29 PWS  
follows with these lines:

Then hail sweet *Solitude!* all hail again,  
All hail to every Field, and Wood, and Plain;  
To every beauteous Nymph, and faithful Swain  
Then ioñ with me; come, join with me, and give  
This Salutation; or at least believe,

'Tis such a pleasing solitude as yet,  
Romance ne'er found, where happy lovers met,  
Yea, such a kind of solitude it is,

30  
Nor much unlike to that of Paradise,  
Where all things do their choicest good dispence,  
And I too here, am plac'd in innocence,  
I shu'd conclude that such it realy were,

35  
But that the tree of knowledge won't grow here,  
Though in its culture, I have spent some time  
Yet it disdains to grow in our cold clime,

I

Where it can neither fruit, nor leavs produce,  
Good for its + owner, or the publick use.  
Whilst god and nature, for you constitute,

40  
+ learning being  
useless in women

Luxurious banquets of this dainty frute,  
Whose tree most fresh and florishing is found,  
Ee'er since 'twas planted in your fertil ground,

45  
+ the Ecco

Whilst you in wit, grow as its branches high,  
Deep as its root too, in Philosophy.  
Large as its spreading armes, your Reasons grow

50  
Close as its shade, your well knit judgments show,

Fresh as its leavs, your sprouting fancys are,  
Your vertues like its fruit, are bright and fair.

30 pleasing] kind of PWS      33 Nor] Not PR PWS      34 all things do their] Nature does her  
PWS      34 good] Goods PWS      39 our] PWS glosses as 'A Female Capacity'      41 PR follows  
with these lines:

How can we hope our Minds then to adorn  
With any thing with which they were not born;  
Since we're deny'd to make this small advance,  
To know their nakedness and ignorance?  
For in our Maker's Laws we've made a breach,  
And gather'd all that was within our reach,  
Which since we ne're could touch; Altho' our Eyes  
Do serve our longing Souls to tantalize,

42 god and nature] kinder fate PR      42 you] you do's PR 42 you] PWS glosses 'you' as 'The  
Men'      44 is found] do's grow PR      45 twas planted in your fertil ground, it was transplanted  
amongst you; PR      46 Whilst] And PR      48 grow] show PWS      49 shade, your well knit]  
Vmbrage do's your PR      49 show,] grow; PWS      51 like its fruit] as its *Fruits* PR

To her muse, whos kindness  
at first she seems to slight, afterwards  
accepts kindly.

Ah silly Muse thus to infest  
This barren Region of my brest,  
Which never can a harvest yield,  
Since sorrow has o'ergrown the field,  
If intrest w'ont oblige thee too't  
At least let honour make thee do't  
Cause I ungraffully oppose

Thy charmes, and make my friends thy foes.  
But nought I see, will drive thee hence,

Grief, business, or impertinence,  
But still thou will't thy joys obtrude,

Upon a mind so wholly rude,  
As can't afford to entertain,

Thee with the welcome of one strain,  
Few friends like thee will be so kind,

To come where intrest does not bind,  
And fewer yet, return again,

5

10

15

20

After coldness and disdain,  
But thou kind friend art none of those  
Thy charmes thou always doe'st oppose,  
'Gainst all inquietude of mind,  
If I'm displeas'd still thou art kind.  
And gently drive'st my griefs away,  
Which else wou'd make my heart their prey,  
And fill'st their empty places too,  
With thoughts of what I ought to do,  
Tou'rt to my mind so very good,  
Its consolation, phisick, food.

Thou fortify'st it in distress,  
In joy augment'st its happiness.  
Companion to me at all times,  
Inspiring me with harmless rhimes,  
To praise good deeds, detest all crimes.

Then gentle muse, be still my guest,  
Take full possession of my brest.

25

30

35

<sup>1</sup> Ah . . . infest] Kind Friend, I prithee cease t'infest PR CEASE, prithee, Muse, thus to infest PWS  
<sup>2</sup> This] The PWS    <sup>3</sup> a] an PWS    <sup>4</sup> sorrow has o'ergrown] Weeds of Noise o'er-run PWS  
<sup>6</sup> honour] *Vengeance* PWS    <sup>7-8</sup> Cause . . . foes] For these two lines PR has:

'Cause I ungratefully have chose  
Such Friends, as will thy Charnis oppose.

PWS has:

'Cause I thy Sweets and Charms oppose,  
In bidding Youth become thy Foes.

<sup>10</sup> Grief] Threats PWS    <sup>10</sup> or] nor PR    <sup>11</sup> But still] Still, still PR    <sup>11 will't]</sup> dost PWS  
<sup>15</sup> will] wou'd PWS    <sup>17-18</sup> And . . . disdain] For these two lines PR has:

Nay some, because they want excuse  
To be unkind, will feign abuse.

Significantly different versions in *Poetical Recreations* (p. 99, misnumbered p. 97) and *Patch-Work Screen* (p. 65).  
Title: TO THE Impudent ADDRESS OF POETRY PR To my MUSE. PWS

<sup>18</sup> After] After such PWS    <sup>21</sup> 'Gainst all inquietude of] 'Gainst all Inquietudes o'th' PR Against Inquietude of PWS    <sup>23-24</sup> And . . . prey] For these two lines PR has:

And by thy Spells do'st drive away  
Dull Spirits, which with me wou'd stay;

<sup>23</sup> gently drive'st my] with thy Spells driv'st PWS    <sup>26</sup> I] we PR PWS  
<sup>27</sup> Tou'rt] Thou'rt PWS    <sup>27-28</sup> Tou'rt . . . food] For these two lines PR has:

*Thoughts* to the Soul, if they be good  
Are both its *physick* and its *food*.

<sup>29</sup> Thou fortify'st] they *fortifie* PR    <sup>30</sup> augment'st] th' augment PR    <sup>31</sup> Companion . . .  
times] This line is omitted in PWS.    <sup>31-35</sup> Companion . . . brest] For these five lines PR has:

*Thoughts* do attend us at all times,  
They urge us to good deeds, and crimes;  
They do assist us in all states,  
To th' *Wretched* they're Associates.  
And what's more strange than all before,  
They're Servants to the *innocent* and *poor*,  
But to the *Rich* and *Wicked*, Lords or something more.

Forgive me dear Clarinthia, forgive,

[27] fol. 49. [To my dear Clarinthia, at her arrival out of England and staying  
in Flanders]

Forgive me sr that on this happy day

[21] fol. 40. [To His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on His birth day  
1689; or 99: The author having presented him a Calvary set in a vinyard]

Full well I knew it wou'd be said

[61] fol. 105. [On Strephon's pretending business to be the cause of his long  
absence]

Go shepherd go, bid me adue,

[34] fol. 61. [A French song translated, allez berger ec.]

Good sir if I my sentements cou'd shew,

[56] fol. 96. [To my Reverend friend mr H — — on his presenting me the  
Reasonableness of christianity: and the History of king Charles the ist]

Hic jacet, oft hic jacet pocts sing,

[33] fol. 59. [At the sight of the body of Our late gracious sovereign Lord  
King James 2<sup>d</sup> As it lys at the English Monks.]

How little did I think to meet you here,

[14] fol. 27<sup>v</sup>. [Fidelia in France meets one of Portsmoth officers]

How my poor heart's with grief and fear oppres'd,  
[1] fol. 8. [Fidelia alone lamenting her parents lately dead, and her relations  
gone to the west against Mommoth.]

How short and transient joys of parents are,

[39] fol. 70. [On the great cares, And small injoyments of parents.]

I doubt not to come safe to glories port,

[31] fol. 57. [To my friends who pras'd my Poems, and at the begining of the  
little printed book placed this motto]

I dread this tedious time more than,

[74] fol. 121. [On Philena her playfellow her Absence for a time,]

I dream'd I lost a pearl, and so it prov'd,

[57] fol. 98. [on the Death of my dear friend and play-fellow, mrs E D, having  
dream'd the night before, that I lost a pearl.]

I from my cell behelld you thoughtfull set,

[16] fol. 29<sup>v</sup>. [Fidelia in a Convent garden the Abess comes to her]

I hope I shan't be blam'd if I am proud

[59] fol. 10r. [On the Apothecarys filing my bills amongst the Doctors.]

If friends, you wou'd but now this place accost,

[49] fol. 86. [An invitation to my learned friends at Cambridge: to my country  
solitude.]

If I had in my nature any dross,

[18] fol. 34<sup>v</sup>. [Englands good Genius and Philanthrophe his companion.]

If there be a terrestrial Paradise,

[6] fol. 13<sup>v</sup>. [Fidelia having seen the Convent at S<sup>t</sup> James's]

Illustrous Princess, venerable dame,

[35] fol. 62. [To Her Royal Highness the Princess Lewis Marya, Princess of  
Bavaria Abbess of the Royal monastery of Maubison.]

In vain do'es nature her free gifts bestow

[72] fol. 118. [A Song in Sipina,]

In vain in vain it is I find,

[67] fol. 112. [Necessity of fate, in consideration of my writing verses as it  
were against my will]

Incautious youth, why do'st thou so misplace

[69] fol. 115. [To my young lover]

It was not want of zeal, but want of sight,

[23] fol. 43. [To Her Majesty the Queen, on the Kings going to Callis this  
carnival 1696:]

Methinks Britania [illeg.] tears

[22] fol. 42. [On The kings birth-day, writt at st Germain. 1694:]

Methinks these shades, strange thoughts suggest,

[43] fol. 76. [The contract with the muses writ on the bark of a shady ash-  
tree.]

Methought I pass'd through that Elesium plain,

[41] fol. 72. [A dream, Of the cattacumens Elesium.]

Oft has my muse and I fall'n out,

[80] fol. 131. [To my friend mr — — on his persuading me to poetry]

Oft have I strove t'ascend that lofty ground,

[25] fol. 46. [To Dame — — Augustin nun on her curious gum-work]

O miserable wretch! what shall I do?;

[7] fol. 14<sup>v</sup>. [A discourse between Englands ill Genius and his companion.]

Oh that I cou'd verses write

[65] fol. 111. [A Hill]

Oh! what a loss, have we this night sustand,

[4] fol. 10<sup>v</sup>. [On Sedge-more victory by Lucifer and his Fiends]

Oh wretched World, but wretched above all,

[5] fol. 11<sup>v</sup>. [Fidelia arguing with her self on the difficulty of finding the true  
Religion.]

Preachers no more, you need your people tell,

[28] fol. 51. [*The Miseries of St Germaine, writ at the time of the pestilence and famin, which reign'd in the years, 1694/ et 95*]

Shu'd I strive in my tunless lines t'express,

Since gracious Heven, you have bestow'd on me.

[53] fol. 93. [A Virgin life]

Since Irlands loss, has brought you on our coast

[26] fol. 47. [*To My dear cosen Coll — — at his return out of Irland into france.*]

Sleeping byrth' river Glen, methought I found,

[42] fol. 74. [*The lovers Elesium, Or foolls Paradice: a dream.*]

So far as you, in learnings steps advance,

[68] fol. 114. [*To my Brother whilst he was in France*]

Sure, sure, th' Almighty Tyrant of the sky's,

[17] fol. 32<sup>v</sup>. [*Englands ill Genius and his companion after the Battell of the Boyne*]

Tell me how cou'd you thus leave in distres,

[8] fol. 17<sup>v</sup>. [*Fidelia and her friend on her becoming a Catholick first dialogue.*]

That gallants keep their word, and reck'nings clear

[30] fol. 56. [*To mr Mosier, who sent me my young kinsmans picture, of his own painting: having promised it long before.*]

The news is come, that Irland is quite lost,

[19] fol. 36. [*Fidelia walking the Lady Abess comes to her*]

The pleasure which our ears receive

[71] fol. 117. [*To mr — — on his incomparable Singing.*]

This night they say a battell has been fough't,

[2] fol. 9<sup>v</sup>. [*On the Victory at Sedgemoore*]

This night we have a jubile in Hell,

[12] fol. 24. [*A discours between England's ill Genius and his Companion on the jubilee in Hell*]

This vertue does above all others climb,

[38] fol. 69. [*Of Charity, In particular of forgiving injuries.*]

Thy marryng humour I dare scarce upbraid,

[52] fol. 92. [*To Mr G P my adopted brother, on the nigh approach of his nuptials*]

'Tis that unluckey sentance which has lost

[45] fol. 81. [*Reflections on mr Cowleys words, The Muses fleece lys dry.*]

To praise sweet youth do thou forbear,

[70] fol. 116. [*To my young lover A song*]

Under what constellation was I born,

[37] fol. 68. [*Fidelia in st Germaine's garden, lamenting her misfortunes.*]

Unhappy I, to live to see this day,

[11] fol. 23. [*Fidelia weeping for the Kings departure at the Revolution.*]

What Alien is there, ha'n't a pious tear,

[32] fol. 58. [*On the death of the Right honourable the Earl of Exeter.*]

What fitter subiect cou'd be for thy wit,?

[50] fol. 88. [*To mr Hill on his verses to the Duchess of York when she was at Cambridge*]

What mighty joy this victory has given

[3] fol. 10. [*England's good Genius.*]

What shall we do? we'r ruin'd lost undone

[20] fol. 37. [*Hells Regret, for the peace & unity like to ensue the Duke of Anjou's accession to the Crown of Spain. spoken as by Lucifer.*]

Well have you thought on the advice I gave,

[9] fol. 19<sup>v</sup>. [*Second Dialogue*]

Well met Fidelia, how have you done of late,

[13] fol. 25<sup>v</sup>. [*Fidelia and her friend.*]

Well met Fidelia let me hear you rail,

[10] fol. 21<sup>v</sup>. [*Fidelia and her friend the third dialogue*]

Well might the ancients, deem a grove to be

[63] fol. 107. [*The prospect of a landskip beginning with a grove.*]

When last I saw thee, thou didst seem so kind,

[60] fol. 103. [*To my unkind Strephon*]

When Madam you were at the altar lay'd

[24] fol. 45. [*To Madam Fitz James, on the day of her profession, at Pontoise, she taking the name of St Ignace.*]

When poor Galæcia aged grew,

[48] fol. 84. [*A Song*]

When vacant howers, admit you to peruse

[76] fol. 123. [*To sr F W, presenting him mr Cowleys first works.*]

Why are you sad, what news have you receiv'd,

[15] fol. 29. [*Fidelia meets her neighbour reading a letter*]

KATHRYN R. KING  
 To my friend mr —  
 on his perswading me to poetry

i

Oft has my muse and I fall'n out,  
 And I as oft have banish'd her my brest  
 But such alas, still were her intrest,  
 And skill to bring her purposes about,  
 So cuning too, in sly insinuation,  
 That she soon gain'd her wish'd for restoration.  
 But when I found this wou'd not do,  
 A vio'lent death I put her too,  
 But see my friend, how your all powerfull pen  
 (O miracle!) has rais'd her from the dead again.

10

And now alas what can she do  
 or speak or shew

How very much she is oblig'd to you,  
 For where the boon's so great, it were a rude  
 Presumption, to pretend to gratitude,  
 And a mad project to pretend to give  
 To you from whom she doe's her all receive;  
 But if she traffick on your stock and thrive,  
 Tis fit how e'er the principal be spent  
 To pay the intrest of acknowledgment.

ii

And with her, I must acknowledge too,  
 The honour which to me you do.  
 Though I unworthy am of it,  
 Not but your Judgment knows well how to chuse,

20

<sup>3</sup> were] was    <sup>4</sup> skill] still    <sup>5</sup> So cuning too, in sly] So great her cunning in    <sup>7</sup> not] no  
<sup>8</sup> too,] to.    <sup>16</sup> pretend] contrive    <sup>18</sup> But] Yet    <sup>22</sup> to me you do.] you did on me bestow,  
<sup>23</sup> am] were    <sup>24</sup> knows] knew

<sup>25</sup> filter] worthier    <sup>26</sup> T'employ . . . wit;] To exercise th' Exub'rance of your Wit

Another version in *Poetical Recreations* (p. 70).  
 Title: A Second EPISTLE. To my Honour'd Friend Mr. F. S.

A fitter subject than me or my muse  
 T'employ your superfluity of wit,  
 But that your goodness over all precides,  
 And nobly in triumph rides

30

Whilst other vertues marche in troops bbehind.  
 Friendship do's the chariot guid,  
 Which may perhaps run too much of one side  
 Friendship as well as love sometimes is blind,  
 And that she may be always so,  
 My prayers shall ever tend,  
 Cause I no other title have to show,  
 Or tenure to the love of any friend.

35

A fitter subject than me or my muse  
 T'employ your superfluity of wit,  
 But that your goodness over all precides,  
 And nobly in triumph rides

30

## APPENDIX 1

*Contents of the Magdalen Manuscript*

## PART ONE

[1] fol. 8. *Fidelia alone lamenting her parents lately dead, and her relations gone to the west against Monmoth.* (How my poor heart's with grief and fear oppres'd,

[2] fol. 9<sup>v</sup>. *On the Victory at Sedgemoor* (This night they say a battell has been fought,) [3] fol. 10. *England's good Genius.* (What mighty joy this victory has given) [4] fol. 10<sup>v</sup>. *On Sedge-more victory by Lucifer and his Fiends* (Oh! what a loss, have we this night sustaind,) [5] fol. 11<sup>v</sup>. *Fidelia arguing with her self on the difficulty of finding the true Religion.* (Oh wretched World, but wretched above all,) [6] fol. 13<sup>v</sup>. *Fidelia having seen the Convent at St. James's* (If there be a terrestrial Paradise,) [7] fol. 14<sup>v</sup>. *A discourse between Englands ill Genius and his companion.* (O miserable wretch! what shall I do,) [8] fol. 17<sup>v</sup>. *Fidelia and her friend on her becoming a Catholick first dialogue.* (Tell me how cou'd you thus leave in distress,) [9] fol. 19<sup>v</sup>. *Second Dialogue* (Well have you thought on the advice I gave,) [10] fol. 21<sup>v</sup>. *Fidelia and her friend the third dialogue* (Well met Fidelia let me hear you rail,) [11] fol. 23. *Fidelia weeping for the Kings departure at the Revolution.* (Unhappy I, to live to see this day,) [12] fol. 24. *A discours between England's ill Genius and his Companion on the jubelee in Hell* (This night we have a jubile in Hell,) [13] fol. 25<sup>v</sup>. *Fidelia and her friend.* (Well met Fidelia, how have you done of late,) [14] fol. 27<sup>v</sup>. *Fidelia in France meets one of Portsmoth officers* (How little did I think to meet you here,) [15] fol. 29. *Fidelia meets her neighbour reading a letter* (Why are you sad, what news have you receiv'd,) [16] fol. 29<sup>v</sup>. *Fidelia in a Convent garden the Abess comes to her* (I from my cell behelld you thoughtfull set,)

[17] fol. 32<sup>v</sup>. *Englands ill Genius and his companion after the Battell of the Boyn* (Sure, sure, th' Almighty Tyrant of the skys,) [18] fol. 34<sup>v</sup>. *Englands good Genius and Philanthropbel his companion.* (If I had in my nature any dross,) [19] fol. 36. *Fidelia walking the Lady Abess comes to her* (The news is come, that Irland is quite lost,) [20] fol. 37. *Hells Regret, for the peace & unity like to ensue the Duke of Anjou's accession to the Crown of Spain. spoken as by Lucifer.* (What shall we do? we'r ruin'd lost undone)

## PART TWO

[21] fol. 40. *To His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on His birth day 1689: or 99: The author having presented him a Calvary set in a vinyard* (Forgive me sr that on this happy day)

[22] fol. 42. *On The kings birth-day, writ at st Germaine. 1694:* (Methinks Britania [writes?] with tears)

[23] fol. 43. *To Her Majesty the Queen, on the Kings going to Callis this carnival 1696:* (It was not want of zeal, but want of sight,)

[24] fol. 45. *To Madam Fitz James, on the day of her profession, at Pontoise, she taking the name of St Ignace.* (When Madam you were at the altar lay'd)

[25] fol. 46. *To Dame — — — Augustin nun on her curious gum-work* (Oft have I strove t'ascend that lofty ground,) [26] fol. 47. *To My dear cosen Coll — — at his return out of Irland into france.* (Since Irlands loss, has brought you on our coast)

[27] fol. 49. *To my dear Clarinthia, at her arrival out of England and staying in Flanders* (Forgive me dear Clarinthia, forgive,) [28] fol. 51. *The Miseries of St Germain, writ at the time of the pestilence and famin, which reign'd in the years, 1694/ et 95* (Preachers no more, you need your people tell,) [29] fol. 55. *on the Ascension venite* (Come let us sing the praises of this day)

[30] fol. 56. *To mr Mosier, who sent me my young kinsmans picture, of his own painting: having promised it long before.* (That gallants keep their word, and reck'nings clear)

[31] fol. 57. *To my friends who prais'd my Poems, and at the begining of the little printed book placed this motto* (I doubt not to come safe to glories port,)

Why weeps my child, why weeps my dearest boy,  
 [36] fol. 64. [A dialogue between Fidelia and her little nephew, Martinus, as  
 they walk in Luxembourg; disguis'd as a shepherdess or country maid]

With a mery Roundelay

[46] fol. 82. [A marriage Roundelay made on my friend mr, and mrs - - -]

You'd little reason to complain of me

[73] fol. 119. [To mr — — my indifferent lover, who complain'd of my  
 indifferency.]

### APPENDIX 3

#### *Poems by Jane Barker Not Found in the Magdalen Manuscript*

1. *Poetical Recreations: Consisting of Original Poems, Songs, Odes, &c. With several New Translations* (London: Benjamin Grayle, 1688)

To my Friend Exillus, on his persuading me to Marry Old Damon. [p. 14]

When Friends advice with Lovers forces joyn,

To my Honour'd Friend, Mr. E. S---t. [p. 40]

Oh had I any Charms of equal Powers,

On my Mother and my Lady W--, who both lay sick at the same time under  
 the Hands of Dr. Pamam. [p. 42]

Like two sweet Youths strip'd naked on the Strand,  
 On the Death of my Brother. [p. 47]

Come Sorrow, come, embrace my yielding heart,  
 A Pindarique Ode. [p. 51]

What have I now to hope or fear,  
 Part of the XIX Psalm. [p. 56]

The Heav'n's declare the Glory of God,  
 Coming from ----- in a Dark Night. [p. 58]

Farewell, O Eyes, which I ne'er saw before,

To my Dear Cousin Mrs. M. T. after the Death of her Husband and Son. [p. 59]

Dear Coz. I hope by this time you have dry'd,

To my Young Lover on his Vow. [p. 62]

Alas, why mad'st thou such a Vow,  
 A Pastoral Dialogue Betwixt Two Shepherd Boys. [p. 73]

I Wonder what Alexis ails,  
 The Complaint. [p. 78]

How oft, ah wretch, hast thou profusely swore  
 A Song. [p. 81]

The Heart you left, when you took mine,  
 A Song. [p. 82]

Give o'er my Fidelius, my Fidelius give o'er,  
 Song. [p. 83]

As Am'rous Corydon was laid

A Bachanalian Song. [p. 84]

Troy had a Breed of brave stout Men,

[32] fol. 58. *On the death of the Right honourable the Earl of Exeter.* (What Alien is there, ha'n't a pious tear,) [33] fol. 59. *At the sight of the body of Our late gracious sovereign Lord King James 2<sup>d</sup>* As it lys at the English Monks. (Hic jacet, oft hic jacet poets sing.)

[34] fol. 61. *A French song translated, allez berger ec.* (Go shepherd go, bid me adue,) [35] fol. 62. *To Her Royal Highness the Princess Lewis Marya, Princess of Bavaria Abess of the Royal monestery of Maubison.* (Illustrous Princess, venerable dame,) [36] fol. 64. *A dialogue between Fidelia and her little nephew, Martius, as they walk in Luxembourg, disguis'd as a shepherdess or country maid* (Why weeps my child, why weeps my dearest boy,) [37] fol. 68. *Fidelia in st Germain's garden, lamenting her misfortunes.* (Under what constellation was I born,) [38] fol. 69. *Of Charity, In particuler of forgiving injuries.* (This vertue does above all others climb,) [39] fol. 70. *On the great cares, And small injoyments of parents.* (How short and transient joys of parents are,) [40] fol. 71. *Reflection on dreams* (A dream to me seems a mysterious thing,) [41] fol. 72. *A dream, Of the cattacumens Elesium.* (Methought I pass'd through that Elesium plain,) [42] fol. 74. *The Lovers Elesium, Or foolls Paradise: a dream.* (Sleeping byth' river Glen, methought I found,) [43] fol. 76. *The contract with the muses writ on the bark of a shady ash-tree,* (Methinks these shades, strange thoughts suggest,) [44] fol. 78. *The Virgins paradise a dream.* (As I upon a bank of lillys lay,) [45] fol. 81. *Reflections on mr Cowleys words, The Muses fleece lys dry.* ('Tis that unluckey sentance which has lost) [46] fol. 82. *A marriage Roundelay made on my friend mr, and mrs - - -* (With a mery Roundelay) [47] fol. 83. *A french song english'd Pour un seul baiser ec:* (For one kis alone my lovly Phillis) [48] fol. 84. *A song* (When poor Galæcia aged grew,) [49] fol. 86. *An invitation to my learned friends at Cambridge: to my country solitude.* (If friends, you wou'd but now this place accost,) [50] fol. 88. *To mr Hill on his verses to the Duchess of York when she was at Cambridge* (What fitter subject cou'd be for thy wit,?) [51] fol. 90. *To my friend and kinsman mr F-* on his excellent painting. (Shu'd I strive in my tunless lines t' express,) [52] fol. 92. *To Mr G P my adopted brother, on the nigh approach of his nuptials* (Thy marry'ng humour I dare scarce upbraid,) [53] fol. 93. *A Virgin life* (Since gracious Heven, you have bestow'd on me,) [54] fol. 94. *The Anchorite in Scipina, — — —* (Ah happy are we anchorites who know,) [55] fol. 95. *In commendation of the female sex, spoke by the same Anchorite, in Scipina,* (Ah beautious sex, to you we'r bound to give,) [56] fol. 96. *To my Reverend friend mr H — — on his presenting me the Reasonableness of christianity: and the History of king Charles the ist* (Good sir if I my sentements cou'd shew,) [57] fol. 98. *on the Death of my dear friend and play-fellow, mrs E D, having dream'd the night before, that I lost a pearl.* (I dream'd I lost a pearl, and so it prov'd,) [58] fol. 100. *To my uncle Colonel C — — — after his return into the Low countrys.* (Dear sr the joy which rang through all yr troops) [59] fol. 101. *On the Apothecarys filing my bills amongst the Doctors.* (I hope I sha'n't be blam'd if I am proud) [60] fol. 103. *To my unkind Strephon* (When last I saw thee, thou didst seem so kind,) [61] fol. 105. *On Strephon's pretending business to be the cause of his long absence* (Full well I knew it wou'd be said) [62] fol. 106. *To my friend mr — — on my calling him Little tom king* (Fear not dear friend, the less'ning of thy fame) [63] fol. 107. *The prospect of a landskip begining with a grove.* (Well might the ancients, deem a grove to be) [64] fol. 110. *A Rivulet.* (Ah lovly stream, how fitly mayst thou be,) [65] fol. 111. *A Hill* (Oh that I cou'd verses write) [66] fol. 111<sup>v</sup>. *To ovids Heroins, in his Epistles* (Bright shee's what glorys had your names acquir'd) [67] fol. 112. *Necessity of fate, in consideration of my writing verses as it were against my will* (In vain in vain it is I find,) [68] fol. 114. *To my Brother whilst he was in France* (So far as you, in learnings steps advance,) [69] fol. 115. *To my young lover* (Incautious youth, why do'st thou so misplace)

## PART THREE

*An Ode.* [p. 86]

I've often thought, but ne'er till now cou'd find  
*Parting with -----* [p. 89]

Although thou now put'st me in doubt

*Jane, Nan, and Frank, their Farewell to Captain C. going to Sea.* [p. 92]

Since thou wilt needs go

*To her Lover's Complaint. A Song.* [p. 94]

If you complain your Flames are hot,

*On the Death of my Brother. A Sonnet.* [p. 107]

Ask me not why the Rose doth fade,

*Resolved never to Versifie more.* [p. 108]

Fear not, my Friends, you ever more shall see

2. *Love Intrigues: Or, The History of the Amours of Bosvil and Galesia, As Related to Lucasia, in St. Germain's Garden* (London: E. Curll and C.

Crownfield, 1713); *The Amours of Bosvil and Galesia, As related to Lucasia in St. Germain's Garden. A Novel*, 2nd edn., corrected (London: A. Bettessworth and E. Curll, 1719)

I wish'd my self unsprung of Human Race [1713; p. 58]  
 O wherefore was I born of human Race [1719; p. 52]

3. *Exilius; or, The Banish'd Roman: A New Romance: In Two Parts, Written after the Manner of Telemachus* (London: E. Curll, 1715)

When I but dream of her I love [l. 68]

Oh! no, Exilius, thou must be content [l. 112]

Change thy life. Thy Time improve. [l. 119]

Cease, gentle Maid, cease, cease to grieve. [ll. 18]

Welcome, brave Hero, to this course Retreat, [ll. 60]

4. *A Patch-Work Screen for the Ladies; or, Love and Virtue Recommended. In a Collection of Instructive Novels* (London: E. Curll and T. Payne, 1723)

*A Ballad. By Way of Dialogue between Two Shepherd-Boys.* [p. 29]

I Wonder what Alexis ails,

*The Czar's Receipt to make Punch.* [p. 92]

Take Three Bottles from Spain, and one from France,

*The Receipt for Welsh Flummery. Made at the Castle of Montgomery.* [p. 96]

Take Jelly of Harts-horn, with Eggs clarify'd,

*The Song.* [p. 106]

It was on a Day,

*A Receipt for French Soup.* [p. 109]

Take a large Barn-door Cock, and all his Bones break;

*The Prophecy.* [p. 110]

When a Noise in the South

*On the Follies of Human-Life.* [p. 112]

To trace but out the Follies of Mankind,

[*Untitled*] [p. 117]

If Chance or Fore-cast, some small Good produce,

*An Ode in Commemoration of the Nativity of Christ.* [p. 133]

Well dost thou do, my Muse;

5. *The Lining of the Patch-Work Screen: Design'd for the Farther Entertainment of the Ladies* (London: A. Bettessworth, 1726)

*The Enchantment* [p. 166]

In guilty Night, and hid in false Disguise,

[*The Song of the Queen of the Fairies*] [p. 176]

Come, follow, follow me,

[70] fol. 116. *To my young lover A song* (To praise sweet youth do thou forbear,) [71] fol. 117. *To mr — — on his incomparable Singing.* (The pleasure which our ears receive)

[72] fol. 118. *A Song in Sipina,* (In vain do'es nature her free gifts bestow)

[73] fol. 119. *To mr — — my indifferent lover, who complain'd of my indifference.* (You'd little reason to complain of me)

[74] fol. 121. *On Philena her playfellow her Absence for a time,* (I dread this tedious time more than.)

[75] fol. 122. *To my brother, on my frequent writing to him, a sort of borlesk,* (Dear Brother you will think that now)

[76] fol. 123. *To sr F W, presenting him mr Cowleys first works.* (When vacant howvers, admit you to peruse)

[77] fol. 124. *To my friends against Poetry* (Dear friends if you'll be rul'd by me,)

[78] fol. 126. *To her muse, who's kindness at first she seems to slight, afterwards accepts kindly.* (Ah silly Muse thus to infest)

[79] fol. 127. *She begining to study phisick, takes her leave of poetry, so falls into a long degression on anatomy.* (Fare well fare well, kind poetry my friend.)

[80] fol. 131. *To my friend mr — — on his persuading me to poetry* (Oft has my muse and I fall'n out,)

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#### APPENDIX 2

A dream to me seems a mysterious thing,

[40] fol. 71. [*Reflection on dreams*]

Ah beautious sex, to you we'r bound to give,

[55] fol. 95. [*In commendation of the female sex, spoke by the same Anchorite, in Scipina,* — —]

Ah happy are we anchorites who know,

[54] fol. 94. [*The Anchorite in Scipina, — —*

Ah lovly stream, how fitly mayst thou be,

[64] fol. 110. [*A Rivulet,*]

Ah silly Muse thus to infest

[78] fol. 126. [*To her muse, who's kindness at first she seems to slight, afterwards accepts kindly.*]

As I upon a bank of lillys lay,

[44] fol. 78. [*The Virgins paradise a dream.*]

Bright shee's what glorys had your names acquir'd

[66] fol. 111<sup>v</sup>. [*To orwids Herons, in his Epistles*]

Come let us sing the praises of this day

[29] fol. 55. [*on the Ascension venie*]

Dear Brother you will think that now

[75] fol. 122. [*To my brother, on my frequent writing to him, a sort of borlesk,*]

Dear friends if you'll be rul'd by me,

[77] fol. 124. [*To my friends against Poetry*]

Dear sr the joy which rang through all yr troops

[58] fol. 100. [*To my uncle Colonel C — — — after his return into the Low countrys,*]

Fare well fare well, kind poetry my friend,

[79] fol. 127. [*She begining to study phisick, takes her leave of poetry, so falls into a long degression on anatomy.*]

Fear not dear friend, the less'ning of thy fame

[62] fol. 106. [*To my friend mr — — on my calling him Little tom king*]

For one kis alone my lovly Phillis

[47] fol. 83. [*A french song englis'd Pour un seul baiser ec:*]

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