

Useful text extracts for comparison with *The School For Scandal*

These *Saccharissa* poems of Edmund Waller are useful when studying Act One Scene One.

Please see also the separate PDF with documents relevant for other sections of text.

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SOME POEMS ON SACCHARISSA, BY EDMUND WALLER (1606-87)

OF THE LADY WHO CAN SLEEP WHEN SHE PLEASES.

No wonder sleep from careful lovers flies,
To bathe himself in Saccharissa's eyes.
As fair Astræ once from earth to heaven,
By strife and loud impiety was driven;
So with our plaints offended, and our tears,
Wise Somnus to that paradise repairs;
Waits on her will, and wretches does forsake,
To court the nymph for whom those wretches wake.
More proud than Phoebus of his throne of gold
Is the soft god those softer limbs to hold;
Nor would exchange with Jove, to hide the skies
In dark'ning clouds, the power to close her eyes;
Eyes which so far all other lights control,
They warm our mortal parts, but these our soul!
Let her free spirit, whose unconquer'd breast
Holds such deep quiet and untroubled rest,
Know that though Venus and her son should spare
Her rebel heart, and never teach her care,
Yet Hymen may in force his vigils keep,
And for another's joy suspend her sleep.

OF THE MISREPORT OF HER BEING PAINTED.

As when a sort of wolves infest the night
With their wild howlings at fair Cynthia's light,
The noise may chase sweet slumber from our eyes,
But never reach the mistress of the skies;
So with the news of Saccharissa's wrongs,
Her vexed servants blame those envious tongues;
Call Love to witness that no painted fire
Can scorch men so, or kindle such desire;
While, unconcern'd, she seems moved no more
With this new malice than our loves before;
But from the height of her great mind looks down
On both our passions without smile or frown.
So little care of what is done below
Hath the bright dame whom Heaven affecteth so!
Paints her, 'tis true, with the same hand which spreads
Like glorious colours through the flow'ry meads,
When lavish Nature, with her best attire,
Clothes the gay spring, the season of desire;
Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn
With the same art wherewith she paints the morn;
With the same art wherewith she gildeth so
Those painted clouds which form Thaumantias' bow.

OF HER PASSING THROUGH A CROWD OF PEOPLE.

As in old chaos (heaven with earth confused,
And stars with rocks together crush'd and bruised)
The sun his light no further could extend
Than the next hill, which on his shoulders lean'd;
So in this throng bright Saccharissa fared,
Oppress'd by those who strove to be her guard;
As ships, though never so obsequious, fall
Foul in a tempest on their admiral.
A greater favour this disorder brought
Unto her servants than their awful thought
Durst entertain, when thus compell'd they press'd
The yielding marble of her snowy breast.
While love insults, disguised in the cloud,
And welcome force, of that unruly crowd.
So th'am'rous tree, while yet the air is calm,
Just distance keeps from his desired palm;
But when the wind her ravish'd branches throws
Into his arms, and mingles all their boughs,
Though loth he seems her tender leaves to press,
More loth he is that friendly storm should cease,
From whose rude bounty he the double use
At once receives, of pleasure and excuse.

THE STORY OF PHOEBUS AND DAPHNE, APPLIED.

Thyrsis, a youth of the inspirèd train,
Fair Saccharissa loved, but loved in vain;
Like Phoebus sung the no less am'rous boy;
Like Daphne she, as lovely, and as coy!
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
With numbers such as Phoebus' self might use!
Such is the chase when Love and Fancy leads,
O'er craggy mountains, and through flow'ry meads;
Invoked to testify the lover's care,
Or form some image of his cruel fair.
Urged with his fury, like a wounded deer,
O'er these he fled; and now approaching near,
Had reach'd the nymph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.
Yet what he sung in his immortal strain,
Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain;
All, but the nymph that should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song.
Like Phoebus thus, acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

ON THE FRIENDSHIP BETWIXT SACCHARISSA AND AMORET.

Tell me, lovely, loving pair!
 Why so kind, and so severe?
 Why so careless of our care,
 Only to yourselves so dear?

By this cunning change of hearts,
 You the power of Love control;
 While the boy's deluded darts
 Can arrive at neither soul.

For in vain to either breast
 Still beguilèd Love does come,
 Where he finds a foreign guest,
 Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like design,
 When they never mean to pay,
 That they may the law decline,
 To some friend make all away.

Not the silver doves that fly,
 Yoked in Cytherea's car;
 Not the wings that lift so high,
 And convey her son so far;

Are so lovely, sweet, and fair,
 Or do more ennoble love;
 Are so choicely match'd a pair,
 Or with more consent do move.

AT PENSHURST.

While in this park I sing, the list'ning deer
 Attend my passion, and forget to fear;
 When to the beeches I report my flame,
 They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.
 To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers
 With loud complaints, they answer me in showers.
 To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
 More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heaven!
 Love's foe profess'd! why dost thou falsely feign
 Thyself a Sidney? from which noble strain 10
 He sprung, that could so far exalt the name
 Of love, and warm our nation with his flame;
 That all we can of love, or high desire,
 Seems but the smoke of am'rous Sidney's fire.
 Nor call her mother, who so well does prove
 One breast may hold both chastity and love.
 Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
 In joy and bounty, be supposed to bring
 One so destructive. To no human stock
 We owe this fierce unkindness, but the rock, 20
 That cloven rock produced thee, by whose side
 Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
 Of such stern beauty, placed those healing springs,[3]
 Which not more help, than that destruction, brings.
 Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
 I might, like Orpheus, with my num'rous moan
 Melt to compassion; now, my trait'rous song
 With thee conspires to do the singer wrong;
 While thus I suffer not myself to lose 29
 The memory of what augments my woes;
 But with my own breath still foment the fire,
 Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!

This last complaint th'indulgent ears did pierce
 Of just Apollo, president of verse;
 Highly concerned that the Muse should bring

Damage to one whom he had taught to sing,
Thus he advised me: 'On yon aged tree
Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea,
That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some truce, at least, may with this passion find.'
Ah, cruel nymph! from whom her humble swain
Flies for relief unto the raging main,
And from the winds and tempests does expect
A milder fate than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove
Bless'd in her choice; and vows this endless love
Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
But from those gifts which Heaven has heap'd on her.

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THE BATTLE OF THE SUMMER ISLANDS.

CANTO I.

What fruits they have, and how Heaven smiles
Upon these late-discovered isles.

Aid me, Bellona! while the dreadful fight
Betwixt a nation and two whales I write.
Seas stain'd with gore I sing, advent'rous toil!
And how these monsters did disarm an isle.

Bermuda, wall'd with rocks, who does not know?
That happy island where huge lemons grow,
And orange-trees, which golden fruit do bear,
Th' Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair;
Where shining pearl, coral, and many a pound,
On the rich shore, of ambergris is found.
The lofty cedar, which to heaven aspires,
The prince of trees! is fuel to their fires;
The smoke by which their loaded spits do turn,
For incense might on sacred altars burn;
Their private roofs on od'rous timber borne,
Such as might palaces for kings adorn.
The sweet palmettos a new Bacchus yield,[2]
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield,
Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs
They sit, carousing where their liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow,
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans show,
With the rare fruit inviting them to spoil
Carthage, the mistress of so rich a soil.
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
But, at some constant seasons, every year,
Their barren tops with luscious food abound,
And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.
Tobacco is the worst of things, which they

To English landlords, as their tribute, pay.
Such is the mould, that the bless'd tenant feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.
With candied plantains, and the juicy pine,
On choicest melons, and sweet grapes, they dine,
And with potatoes fat their wanton swine.
Nature these cates with such a lavish hand
Pours out among them, that our coarser land
Tastes of that bounty, and does cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn;
For the kind spring, which but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.
Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live;
At once they promise what at once they give.
So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncursed,
To show how all things were created first.
The tardy plants in our cold orchards placed,
Reserve their fruit for the next age's taste;
There a small grain in some few months will be
A firm, a lofty, and a spacious tree.
The palma-christi, and the fair papà,
Now but a seed (preventing nature's law),
In half the circle of the hasty year
Project a shade, and lovely fruits do wear.
And as their trees in our dull region set,
But faintly grow, and no perfection get,
So, in this northern tract, our hoarser throats
Utter unripe and ill-constrained notes,
While the supporter of the poets' style,
Phoebus, on them eternally does smile.
Oh! how I long my careless limbs to lay
Under the plantain's shade, and all the day
With am'rous airs my fancy entertain,
Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein!
No passion there in my free breast should move,
None but the sweet and best of passions, love.

There while I sing, if gentle love be by,
That tunes my lute, and winds the string so high,
With the sweet sound of Saccharissa's name
I'll make the list'ning savages grow tame.--
But while I do these pleasing dreams indite,
I am diverted from the promised fight.

CANTO II.

Of their alarm, and how their foes
Discover'd were, this Canto shows.

Though rocks so high about this island rise,
That well they may the num'rous Turk despise,
Yet is no human fate exempt from fear,
Which shakes their hearts, while through the isle they hear
A lasting noise, as horrid and as loud
As thunder makes before it breaks the cloud.
Three days they dread this murmur, ere they know
From what blind cause th'unwonted sound may grow.
At length two monsters of unequal size,
Hard by the shore, a fisherman espies;
Two mighty whales! which swelling seas had toss'd,
And left them pris'ners on the rocky coast.
One as a mountain vast, and with her came
A cub, not much inferior to his dam.
Here in a pool, among the rocks engaged,
They roar'd like lions caught in toils, and raged.
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had seen the like lie murder'd on the shore;
By the wild fury of some tempest cast,
The fate of ships, and shipwreck'd men, to taste.
As careless dames, whom wine and sleep betray

To frantic dreams, their infants overlay:
 So there, sometimes, the raging ocean fails,
 And her own brood exposes; when the whales
 Against sharp rocks, like reeling vessels quash'd,
 Though huge as mountains, are in pieces dash'd;
 Along the shore their dreadful limbs lie scatter'd,
 Like hills with earthquakes shaken, torn, and shatter'd.
 Hearts, sure, of brass they had, who tempted first
 Rude seas that spare not what themselves have nursed.
 The welcome news through all the nation spread,
 To sudden joy and hope converts their dread;
 What lately was their public terror, they
 Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey;
 Dispose already of th'untaken spoil,
 And as the purchase of their future toil,
 These share the bones, and they divide the oil.
 So was the huntsman by the bear oppress'd,
 Whose hide he sold--before he caught the beast!

They man their boats, and all their young men arm
 With whatsoever may the monsters harm;
 Pikes, halberts, spits, and darts that wound so far,
 The tools of peace, and instruments of war.
 Now was the time for vig'rous lads to show
 What love, or honour, could incite them to;
 A goodly theatre! where rocks are round
 With rev'rend age, and lovely lasses, crown'd.
 Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair,
 Within the bounds of noble Warwick's share:
 Warwick's bold Earl! than which no title bears
 A greater sound among our British peers;
 And worthy he the memory to renew,
 The fate and honour to that title due,
 Whose brave adventures have transferr'd his name,
 And through the new world spread his growing fame.--

But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd,
 Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

CANTO III.

The bloody fight, successful toil,
And how the fishes sack'd the isle.

The boat which, on the first assault did go,
Struck with a harping-iron the younger foe;
Who, when he felt his side so rudely gored,
Loud as the sea that nourished him he roar'd.
As a broad bream, to please some curious taste,
While yet alive, in boiling water cast,
Vex'd with unwonted heat he flings about
The scorching brass, and hurls the liquor out;
So with the barbed jav'lin stung, he raves,
And scourges with his tail the suffering waves.
Like Spenser's Talus with his iron flail,
He threatens ruin with his pond'rous tail;
Dissolving at one stroke the batter'd boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the moat;
With every fierce encounter they are forced
To quit their boats, and fare like men unhorsed.

The bigger whale like some huge carrack lay,
Which wanteth sea-room with her foes to play;
Slowly she swims; and when, provoked, she would
Advance her tail, her head salutes the mud;
The shallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tail's impetuous swinge;
The shining steel her tender sides receive,
And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.

This sees the cub, and does himself oppose
Betwixt his cumber'd mother and her foes;
With desp'rate courage he receives her wounds,
And men and boats his active tail confounds.
Their forces join'd, the seas with billows fill,
And make a tempest, though the winds be still.

Now would the men with half their hopèd prey
Be well content, and wish this cub away;
Their wish they have: he (to direct his dam
Unto the gap through which they thither came)
Before her swims, and quits the hostile lake,
A pris'ner there but for his mother's sake.
She, by the rocks compell'd to stay behind,
Is by the vastness of her bulk confined.
They shout for joy! and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown.
Their lances spent, one, bolder than the rest,
With his broad sword provoked the sluggish beast;
Her oily side devours both blade and haft,
And there his steel the bold Bermudan left.
Courage the rest from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the lake;
Blood flows in rivers from her wounded side,
As if they would prevent the tardy tide,
And raise the flood to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatal strait.
She swims in blood, and blood does spouting throw
To heaven, that heaven men's cruelties might know.
Their fixed jav'lins in her side she wears,
And on her back a grove of pikes appears;
You would have thought, had you the monster seen
Thus dress'd, she had another island been:
Roaring she tears the air with such a noise,
As well resembled the conspiring voice
Of routed armies, when the field is won,
To reach the ears of her escapèd son.
He, though a league removèd from the foe,
Hastes to her aid; the pious Trojan[1] so,
Neglecting for Creusa's life his own,
Repeats the danger of the burning town.
The men, amazèd, blush to see the seed
Of monsters human piety exceed.
Well proves this kindness, what the Grecian sung,
That love's bright mother from the ocean sprung.

Their courage droops, and hopeless now, they wish
For composition with th'unconquered fish;
So she their weapons would restore again,
Through rocks they'd hew her passage to the main.
But how instructed in each other's mind?
Or what commerce can men with monsters find?
Not daring to approach their wounded foe,
Whom her courageous son protected so,
They charge their muskets, and, with hot desire
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire;
Standing aloof, with lead they bruise the scales,
And tear the flesh of the incensèd whales.
But no success their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their fort they are about to send
For the loud engines which their isle defend;
But what those pieces framed to batter walls,
Would have effected on those mighty whales,
Great Neptune will not have us know, who sends
A tide so high that it relieves his friends.
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
Much blood the monsters lost, and they their arms.

UPON THE DEATH OF MY LADY RICH.

May those already cursed Essexian plains,
Where hasty death and pining sickness reigns,
Prove all a desert! and none there make stay,
But savage beasts, or men as wild as they!
There the fair light which all our island graced,
Like Hero's taper in the window placed,
Such fate from the malignant air did find,
As that exposed to the boist'rous wind.

Ah, cruel Heaven! to snatch so soon away
Her for whose life, had we had time to pray,
With thousand vows and tears we should have sought
That sad decree's suspension to have wrought.
But we, alas! no whisper of her pain
Heard, till 'twas sin to wish her here again.
That horrid word, at once, like lightning spread,
Struck all our ears--The Lady Rich is dead!
Heart-rending news! and dreadful to those few
Who her resemble, and her steps pursue;
That death should license have to rage among
The fair, the wise, the virtuous, and the young!

The Paphian queen from that fierce battle borne,
With gored hand, and veil so rudely torn,
Like terror did among th'immortals breed,
Taught by her wound that goddesses may bleed.

All stand amazed! but beyond the rest
th'heroic dame whose happy womb she bless'd,
Moved with just grief, expostulates with Heaven,
Urging the promise to th'obsequious given,
Of longer life; for ne'er was pious soul
More apt t'obey, more worthy to control.
A skilful eye at once might read the race
Of Caledonian monarchs in her face,
And sweet humility; her look and mind

At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the scorn of vice, and pity too,
For those that did what she disdain'd to do;
So gentle and severe, that what was bad,
At once her hatred and her pardon had.

Gracious to all; but where her love was due,
So fast, so faithful, loyal, and so true,
That a bold hand as soon might hope to force
The rolling lights of heaven, as change her course.

Some happy angel, that beholds her there,
Instruct us to record what she was here!
And when this cloud of sorrow's overblown,
Through the wide world we'll make her graces known.
So fresh the wound is, and the grief so vast,
That all our art and power of speech is waste.
Here passion sways, but there the Muse shall raise
Eternal monuments of louder praise.

There our delight, complying with her fame,
Shall have occasion to recite thy name,
Fair Saccharissa!--and now only fair!
To sacred friendship we'll an altar rear
(Such as the Romans did erect of old),
Where, on a marble pillar, shall be told
The lovely passion each to other bare,
With the resemblance of that matchless pair.
Narcissus to the thing for which he pined
Was not more like than yours to her fair mind,
Save that she graced the several parts of life,
A spotless virgin, and a faultless wife.
Such was the sweet converse 'twixt her and you,
As that she holds with her associates now.

How false is hope, and how regardless fate,
That such a love should have so short a date!
Lately I saw her, sighing, part from thee;

(Alas that that the last farewell should be!)
So looked Astræa, her remove design'd,
On those distressed friends she left behind.
Consent in virtue knit your hearts so fast,
That still the knot, in spite of death, does last;
For as your tears, and sorrow-wounded soul,
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole,
So all we know of what they do above,
Is that they happy are, and that they love.
Let dark oblivion, and the hollow grave,
Content themselves our frailer thoughts to have;
Well-chosen love is never taught to die,
But with our nobler part invades the sky.
Then grieve no more that one so heavenly shaped
The crooked hand of trembling age escaped;
Rather, since we beheld her not decay,
But that she vanish'd so entire away,
Her wondrous beauty, and her goodness, merit
We should suppose that some propitious spirit
In that celestial form frequented here,
And is not dead, but ceases to appear.

OF LOVE.

Anger, in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes;
And sorrow, too, finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief;
So every passion, but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Postures which render him despised,
Where he endeavours to be prized.

For women (born to be controll'd)
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the gen'rous steed oppress'd,
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tamed th'unruly horse.

Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them oppress'd
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil and kill:
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty lasses, bright and young,
And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferr'd to quench his present flame,
Behold as many gallants here,
With modest guise and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does scarce descend

To mark their follies, he would swear
That these her guard of eunuchs were,
And that a more majestic queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love; that conqu'ring look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pitied now.

So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs, resolves to try
The combat next; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care,
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

TO MRS BRAUGHTON, SERVANT TO SACCHARISSA.

Fair fellow-servant! may your gentle ear
 Prove more propitious to my slighted care
 Than the bright dame's we serve: for her relief
 (Vex'd with the long expressions of my grief)
 Receive these plaints; nor will her high disdain
 Forbid my humble Muse to court her train.

So, in those nations which the sun adore,
 Some modest Persian, or some weak-eyed Moor,
 No higher dares advance his dazzled sight,
 Than to some gilded cloud, which near the light
 Of their ascending god adorns the east,
 And, gracèd with his beams, outshines the rest.

Thy skilful hand contributes to our woe,
 And whets those arrows which confound us so.
 A thousand Cupids in those curls do sit
 (Those curious nets!) thy slender fingers knit.
 The Graces put not more exactly on
 Th' attire of Venus, when the ball she won,
 Than Saccharissa by thy care is dress'd,
 When all our youth prefers her to the rest.

You the soft season know when best her mind
 May be to pity, or to love, inclined:
 In some well-chosen hour supply his fear,
 Whose hopeless love durst never tempt the ear
 Of that stern goddess. You, her priest, declare
 What offerings may propitiate the fair;
 Rich orient pearl, bright stones that ne'er decay,
 Or polish'd lines, which longer last than they;
 For if I thought she took delight in those,
 To where the cheerful morn does first disclose,
 (The shady night removing with her beams),
 Wing'd with bold love, I'd fly to fetch such gems.
 But since her eyes, her teeth, her lip excels

All that is found in mines or fishes' shells,
Her nobler part as far exceeding these,
None but immortal gifts her mind should please.
The shining jewels Greece and Troy bestow'd
On Sparta's queen, her lovely neck did load,
And snowy wrists; but when the town was burn'd,
Those fading glories were to ashes turn'd;
Her beauty, too, had perished, and her fame,
Had not the Muse redeemed them from the flame.

TO MY YOUNG LADY LUCY SIDNEY.

- 1 Why came I so untimely forth
 Into a world which, wanting thee,
 Could entertain us with no worth
 Or shadow of felicity?
 That time should me so far remove
 From that which I was born to love!

- 2 Yet, fairest blossom! do not slight
 That age which you may know so soon;
 The rosy morn resigns her light
 And milder glory to the noon;
 And then what wonders shall you do,
 Whose dawning beauty warms us so?

- 3 Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime;
 And summer, though it be less gay,
 Yet is not look'd on as a time
 Of declination or decay;
 For with a full hand that does bring
 All that was promised by the spring.

TO AMORET.[1]

Fair! that you may truly know
 What you unto Thyriss owe,
 I will tell you how I do
 Saccharissa love and you.

Joy salutes me, when I set
 My bless'd eyes on Amoret;
 But with wonder I am strook,
 While I on the other look.

If sweet Amoret complains,
 I have sense of all her pains;
 But for Saccharissa I
 Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of myself is mine,
 Lovely Amoret! is thine;
 Saccharissa's captive fain
 Would untie his iron chain,
 And, those scorching beams to shun,
 To thy gentle shadow run.

If the soul had free election
 To dispose of her affection,
 I would not thus long have borne
 Haughty Saccharissa's scorn;
 But 'tis sure some power above,
 Which controls our wills in love!

If not love, a strong desire
 To create and spread that fire
 In my breast, solicits me,
 Beauteous Amoret! for thee.

'Tis amazement more than love,
 Which her radiant eyes do move;

If less splendour wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,
I would turn my dazzled sight
To behold their milder light;
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame, as to enjoy;
Which how eas'ly I may do,
Heaven (as eas'ly scaled) does know!

Amoret! as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which, but tested, does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.

Saccharissa's beauty's wine,
Which to madness doth incline;
Such a liquor as no brain
That is mortal can sustain.

Scarce can I to heaven excuse
The devotion which I use
Unto that adorèd dame;
For 'tis not unlike the same
Which I thither ought to send;
So that if it could take end,
'Twould to heaven itself be due
To succeed her, and not you,
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry;
Which, though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.

Then smile on me, and I will prove
Wonder is shorter-liv'd than love.

SONG.

- 1 Say, lovely dream! where couldst thou find
 Shades to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this glorious kind
 Come not from any mortal place.

- 2 In heaven itself thou sure wert dress'd
 With that angel-like disguise:
Thus deluded am I bless'd,
 And see my joy with closèd eyes.

- 3 But, ah! this image is too kind
 To be other than a dream;
Cruel Saccharissa's mind
 Never put on that sweet extreme!

- 4 Fair dream! if thou intend'st me grace,
 Change that heavenly face of thine;
Paint despised love in thy face,
 And make it to appear like mine.

- 5 Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,
 With a pity-moving shape,
Such as wander by the brook
 Of Lethe, or from graves escape.

- 6 Then to that matchless nymph appear,
 In whose shape thou shinest so;
Softly in her sleeping ear,
 With humble words, express my woe.

- 7 Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,
 Thus surprisèd she may fall;
Sleep does disproportion hide,
 And, death resembling, equals all.



Because plays are
written to be seen.