

SAMUEL DANIEL

231 TO THE LADY LUCIE, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD

Though virtue be the same when low she stands
 In th' humble shadowes of obscuritie
 As when she either sweats in martiall bands,
 Or sits in Court, clad with authoritie:
 Yet Madame, doth the strictnesse of her roome
 Greatly detract from her abilitie:
 For as in walld within a living tombe
 Her handes and armes of action, labour not;
 Her thoughts as if abortive from the wombe,
 Come never borne, though happily begot.
 But where she hath mounted in open sight
 An eminent, and spacious dwelling got.
 Where shee may stirre at will, and use her might,
 There is she more her selfe, and more her owne:
 There in the faire atyre of honour dight,
 She sits at ease and makes her glory knowne,
 Applause attends her handes, her deedes have grace,
 Her worth new-borne is straight as if ful growne,
 With such a goodly and respected face
 Doth vertue looke, that's set to looke from hie,
 And such a faire advantage by her place
 Hath state and greatnesse to doe worthily,
 And therefore well did your high fortunes meete
 With her, that gracing you, comes grac't thereby,
 And well was let into a house so sweete
 So good, so faire; so faire, so good a guest,
 Who now remaines as blessed in her seate,
 As you are with her residence blest.

231 5 *strictnesse*** narrowness, tightness 15 *dight* dressed 18 *straight* immediately,
 not bending, erect

And this faire course of knowledge whereunto
 Your studies, learned Lady, are adrest,
 Is th'onely certaine way that you can goe
 Unto true glory, to true happines:
 All passages on earth besides, are so
 Incumbred with such vaine disturbances,
 As still we loose our rest, in seeking it,
 Being but deluded with apparences.
 And no key had you else that was so fit
 T'unlocke that prison of your Sex, as this,
 To let you out of weakenesse, and admit
 Your powers into the freedome of that blisse
 That sets you there where you may overse
 This rowling world, and view it as it is,
 And apprehend how th'outsides do agree
 With th'inward being of the things, we deeme
 And hold in our ill-cast accounts, to be
 Of highest value, and of best esteeme.
 Since all the good we have rests in the mind,
 By whose proportions onely we redeeme
 Our thoughts from out confusion, and do finde
 The measure of our selves, and of our powres.
 And that all happinesse remains confin'd
 Within the Kingdome of this breast of ours.
 Without whose bounds, all that we looke on, lies
 In others Jurisdctions, others powres,
 Out of the circuit of our liberties.
 All glory, honor, fame, applause, renowne,
 Are not belonging to our royalties,
 But t'others wills, wherein th'are onely growne.
 And that unlesse we finde us all within,
 We never can without us be our owne:
 Nor call it right our life, that we live in:

231 36 *apparences* appearances 42 *rowling* revolving 45 *ill-cast* badly reckoned
 53 *Without* outside 55 *circuit* compass, limit *liberties* privileges, the areas over
 which those privileges extend 57 *royalties* personal prerogatives, rights

- But a possession held for others use,
That seeme to have most int'rest therein.
Which we do so dissever, parte, traduce,
Let out to custome fashion and to shew
As we enjoy but onely the abuse,
And have no other Deed at all to shew.
How oft are we constrained to appeare
With other countenance then that we owe,
And be our selves farre off, when we are neere?
How oft are we forc't on a clowdie hart,
To set a shining face, and make it cleere.
Seeming content to put our selves apart,
To beare a part of others weaknesses:
As if we onely were compos'd by Arte,
Not Nature, and did all our deedes addresse
T'opinion, not t'a conscience what is right:
As fram'd b'example, not advisednesse
Into those formes that intertaine our sight.
And though Bookes, Madame, cannot make this minde,
Which we must bring apt to be set aright,
Yet do they rectifie it in that kinde,
And touch it so, as that it tunes that way
Where judgement lies: And though we cannot finde
The certaine place of truth, yet doe they stay,
And intertaine us neere about the same.
And give the Soule the best delights that may
Encheere it most, and most our spirits inflame
To thoughts of glory, and to worthy ends.
And therefore in a course that best became
The cleerenesse of your heart, and best commends
Your worthy powres, you runne the tightest way
That is on Earth, that can true glory give,
By which when all consumes, your fame shal live.
- 231 64 *dissever* sever, separate *parte* divide *traduce* defame, malign 69 *owe*
own 71 *clowdie* gloomy, troubled 78 *advisednesse* caution, deliberation
88 *Encheere*** 90 *became* suited 91 *cleerenesse* purity, innocence

BEN JONSON

232 TO LUCY, COUNTESSSE OF BEDFORD, WITH
MR. DONNES SATYRES

- Lucy, you brightnesse of our sphere, who are
Life of the *Muses* day, their morning-starre!
If workes (not th'authors) their owne grace should looke,
Whose poemes would not wish to be your booke?
But these, desir'd by you, the makers ends
Crowne with their owne. Rare poemes aske rare friends.
Yet, *Satyres*, since the most of mankind bee
Their un-avoided subject, fewest see:
For none ere tooke that pleasure in sinnes sense,
But, when they heard it tax'd, tooke more offence.
They, then, that living where the matter is bred,
Dare for these poemes, yet, both aske, and read,
And like them too; must needfully, though few,
Be of the best: and 'mongst those, best are you.
Lucy, you brightnesse of our sphere, who are
The *Muses* evening, as their morning-starre.

233 INVITING A FRIEND TO SUPPER

- To night, grave sir, both my poore house, and I
Doe equally desire your companie:
Not that we thinke us worthy such a ghest,
But that your worth will dignifie our feast,
With those that come, whose grace may make that seeme
Something, which, else, could hope for no esteeme.
It is the faire acceptance, Sir, creates
The entertaynement perfect: not the cates.

- 232 1 *brightnesse* Lucy is derived as a name from the Latin 'lux', light 2 *morning-*
starre Lucifer, 'light-bearing' 3 *looke* look to

- 233 8 *cates* food, provisions