

Cambridge University Press

978-0-521-11040-2 - Poetical Works: Giles and Phineas Fletcher, Volume II

Edited by Frederick S. Boas

Excerpt

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THE  
PURPLE ISLAND,  
OR  
THE ISLE OF MAN:  
TOGETHER WITH  
PISCATORIE ECLOGS  
AND OTHER  
POETICALL MISCELLANIES.

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*By* P. F.

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¶ Printed by the Printers to the UNIVERSITIE  
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TO  
 MY MOST WORTHY  
 AND LEARNED FRIEND,  
 EDWARD BENLOWES  
*ESQUIRE.*

*SIR,*

AS some *Optick-glasses*, if we look one way, increase the object; if the other, lessen the quantity: Such is an *Eye* that looks through *Affection*; It doubles any good, and extenuates what is amisse. Pardon me, *Sir*, for speaking plain truth; such is that eye whereby you have viewed these raw *Essayes* of my very unripe yeares, and almost childehood. How unseasonable are *Blossomes in Autumne!* (unlesse perhaps in this age, where are more flowers then fruit) I am entring upon my *Winter*, and yet these *Blooms* of my first *Spring* must now shew themselves to our *ripe wits*, which certainly will give them no other entertainment but derision. For my self, I cannot account that worthy of your *Patronage*, which comes forth so short of my *Desires*, thereby meriting no other light then the fire. But since you please to have them see more *Day* then their credit can well endure, marvel not if they flie under your *Shadow*, to cover them from the piercing eye of this very curious (yet more censorious) age. In letting them abroad I desire onely to testifie, how much I preferre your desires before mine own, and how much I owe to *You* more then *any other*: This if they witness for me, it is all their service I require. *Sir*, I leave them to your *tuition*, and entreat you to *love him* who will contend with you in nothing but to *out-love you*, and would be *known* to the world by no other *Name*, then

Your true friend,

P. F.

Hilgay. *May* 1. 1633.

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## PHINEAS FLETCHER

## To the Readers.

HE that would learn *Theologie*, must first studie *Autologie*. The way to God is by our selves: It is a blinde and dirty way; it hath many windings, and is easie to be lost: This Poem will make thee understand that way; and therefore my desire is, that thou maist understand this Poem. Peruse it as thou shouldst thy self, from thy first sheet to thy last. The first view, perchance, may runne thy judgement in debt; the second will promise payment; and the third will perform promise. Thou shalt finde here *Philosophie*, and *Moralitie*, two curious handmaids, dressing the Kings daughter, whose garments smell of Myrrhe and Cassia, and being wrought with needle-work, and gold, shall make thee take pleasure in her beautie. Here are no blocks for the purblinde; no snares for the timerous; no dangers for the bold: I invite all sorts to be readers; all readers to be understanders; all understanders to be happie.

DANIEL FEATLY.

D. D.

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## COMMENDATORY VERSES

ON THE EXCELLENT  
MORALL POEM,  
ENTITULED THE  
*ISLE OF MAN.*

**L**ord! how my youth with this vain world hath err'd,  
*Applauding theirs as th' onely happy fate,*  
*Whom to some Empire bloud, choice, chance preferr'd,*  
*Or who of learned arts could wisely prate;*  
*Or travelling the world, had well conferr'd*  
*Mens natures with the mysteries of state!*

*But now thy wiser Muse hath taught me this,*  
*That these and most men else do aim at blisse;*  
*But these and most men else do take their aim amisse.*

*Reigne o're the world, not o're this Isle of Man,*  
*Worse then a slave, thou thine own slaves obey'st.*  
*Study all arts devis'd since time began,*  
*And not thy self, thou studiest not, but play'st.*  
*Out-travell wise Ulysses, (if you can)*

*Yet misse this Isle, thou travell'st not, but stray'st.*

*Let me (O Lord) but reigne o're mine own heart,*

*And master be of this self-knowing art,*

*I'll dwell in th' Isle of Man, ne're travell forrain part.*

E. {BENLOWES. }  
 {BENEVOLUS.}

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## PHINEAS FLETCHER

**I**ngeniose tuo ne libro supprime nomen;  
 Ingenio Authorem deteget ille suo.  
 Nempe verecundo memini te scribere vati,  
 Quod pulchrè ingenio quadrat, amice, tuo.

**Q**uid tuas retegis nimis tegendo  
 Noctiluca faces? pates latendo:  
 Ipsa es sphaera tuæ comèsque stellæ.  
 Diem si repetas, die latebis.  
 Non te nox tenebris tegit fovendo,  
 Sed te nox tenebris fovendo prodit.

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## COMMENDATORY VERSES

## TO THE LEARNED

AUTHOUR, SONNE

AND BROTHER TO

two judicious Poets, himself the  
third, not second to either.

**G** *Rave Father of this Muse, thou deem'st too light  
To wear thy name, 'cause of thy youthfull brain  
It seems a sportfull childe; resembling right  
Thy wittie childehood, not thy graver strain,  
Which now esteems these works of fancie vain.  
Let not thy childe, thee living, orphan be;  
Who when th' art dead, will give a life to thee.*

*How many barren wits would gladly own,  
How few o'th' pregnantest own such another!  
Thou Father art, yet blushest to be known;  
And though 't may call the best of Muses Mother,  
Yet thy severer judgement would it smother.  
O judge not Thou, let Readers judge thy book:  
Such Cates should rather please the Guest, then Cook.*

*O but thou fear'st 't will stain the reverend gown  
Thou wearest now; nay then fear not to show it:  
For were't a stain, 't were natures, not thine own:  
For thou art Poet born; who know thee, know it:  
Thy brother, sire, thy very name's a Poet.  
Thy very name will make these Poëms take,  
These very Poëms else thy name will make.*

W. BENLOWES.

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PHINEAS FLETCHER

TO

THE INGENIOUS

COMPOSER OF THIS

*PASTORALL*, THE

SPENCER of this age.

I Vow (sweet stranger) if my lazie quill  
 Had not been disobedient to fulfill  
 My quick desires, this glory which is thine,  
 Had but the Muses pleased, had been mine.  
 My Genius jumpt with thine; the very same  
 Was our Foundation: in the very Frame  
 Thy Genius jumpt with mine; it got the start  
 In nothing, but Prioritie, and Art.  
 If (my ingenious Rivall) these dull times  
 Should want the present strength to prize thy rhymes,  
 The time-instructed children of the next  
 Shall fill thy margent, and admire the text;  
 Whose well read lines will teach them how to be  
 The happie knowers of themselves and thee.

FRAN. QUARLES.

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## COMMENDATORY VERSES

## TO THE UNKNOWN

MR P. F. UPON SURVAY

of his *ISLE OF MAN*.

**R** *Enowned Authour, let it not seem strange*  
*A Merchants eye should thus thy Island range:*  
*It is a Merchants progresse to surround*  
*The earth, and seek out undiscover'd ground.*

*What though my foot hath trod the fourefold shore?*  
*And eyes survaid their subdivided store?*  
*Yet rarer wonders in this Isle of thine*  
*I view'd this day, then in twice six yeares time.*

*Justly didst thou, great Macedo, repine*  
*That thou could'st adde no other world to thine.*  
*He is not truely great, nor stout, who can*  
*Curb the great world, and not the lesser, Man.*

*And \*thou whose name the Western world impos'd*  
*Upon it self, first by thy skill disclos'd;*  
*Yet is thy skill by this farre overcome,*  
*Who hath descri'd an unknown World at home:*

• Americus.

*A World, which to search out, subdue, and till,*  
*Is the best object of mans wit, strength, skill:*  
*A World, where all may dangerlesse obtain*  
*Without long travell, cheapest, greatest gain.*

LOD. ROBERTS.



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## PHINEAS FLETCHER

ON THE MOST ACCU-  
RATE POEM, INSCRIBED  
*THE PURPLE ISLAND.*

**H**enceforth let wandring Delos cease to boast  
 Herself the God of Learnings dearest coast;  
 And let that double-headed mountain hollow  
 No more the honour'd name of great Apollo:  
 And may the Pegasean spring, that uses  
 To cheer the palats of the thirstie Muses,  
 Drie up: and let this happie Isle of thine  
 Preserve Apolloes harp; where every line  
 Carries a Suada with't, and doth display  
 The banners of heav'n-born Urania.  
 Henceforth let all the world thy verse admire  
 Before that Thracean Orpheus charming lyre:  
 He but enchanted Beasts, but thy divine  
 And higher aires bring Deities to this Isle of thine.

A. C.

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## COMMENDATORY VERSES

**M**Ans Bodie's like a house: his greater bones  
 Are the main timber; and the lesser ones  
 Are smaller splints: his ribs are laths, daub'd o're,  
 Plaister'd with flesh, and blood: his mouth's the doore,  
 His throat's the narrow entrie, and his heart  
 Is the great chamber, full of curious art:  
 His midriff is a large partition-wall  
 'Twixt the great chamber, and the spacious hall:  
 His stomack is the kitchin, where the meat  
 Is often but half sod, for want of heat:  
 His splene's a vessell nature does allot  
 To take the skumme that rises from the pot:  
 His lungs are like the bellows, that respire  
 In ev'ry office, quickning ev'ry fire:  
 His nose the chimney is, whereby are vented  
 Such fumes as with the bellows are augmented:  
 His bowels are the sink, whose part's to drein  
 All noisome filth, and keep the kitchin clean:  
 His eyes are crystall windows, cleare and bright;  
 Let in the object, and let out the sight.  
 And as the timber is or great, or small,  
 Or strong, or weak, 'tis apt to stand, or fall:  
 Yet is the likeliest building sometimes known  
 To fall by obvious chances; overthrow'n  
 Oftimes by tempests, by the full-mouth'd blasts  
 Of heav'n; sometimes by fire; sometimes it wastes  
 Through unadvis'd neglect: put case the stuffe  
 Were ruine-prooffe, by nature strong enough  
 To conquer time, and age; put case it should  
 Ne're know an end, alas our leases would.  
 What hast thou then, proud flesh and blood, to boast?  
 Thy dayes are evil, at best; but few, at most;  
 But sad, at merriest; and but weak, at strongest;  
 Unsure, at surest; and but short, at longest.

FRAN. QUARLES.