

Cambridge University Press
 978-1-107-50540-7 - The Life and Poems of William Cartwright
 Edited by R. Cullis Goffin
 Excerpt
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A PANEGYRIC TO THE MOST NOBLE LUCY
 COUNTESSE OF CARLISLE

Madam,

since Jewels by your self are worn,
 Which can but darken, what they should adorn;
 And that aspiring Incense still presumes
 To cloud those Heavens towards which it fumes;
 Permit the injury of these Rites, I pray, 5
 Whose Darkness is increas'd by your full Day;
 A day would make you Goddess did you wear,
 As they of Old, a Quiver, or a Spear:
 For you but want their Trifles, and dissent
 Nothing in shape, but merely Ornament; 10
 Your Limbs leave tracks of Light, still as you go;
 Your Gate's Illumination, and for you
 Only to move a step is to dispence
 Brightness, and force, Splendor, and Influence;
 Masses of Ivory blushing here and there 15
 With Purple shedding, if compared, were
 Blots only cast on Blots, resembling you
 No more than Monograms rich Temples do,
 For being your Organs would inform and be
 Not Instruments but Acts in Others, We 20
 What elsewhere is call'd Beauty, in You hold,
 But so much Lustre, cast into a Mould;
 Such a serene, soft, rigorous, pleasing, fierce,
 Lovely, self-arm'd, naked, Majestickness,

G. W. C.

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2

Compos'd of friendly Contraries, do young 25
 Poetique Princes shape, when they do long
 To strik out Heroes from a Mortall Wombe,
 And mint fair Conquerours for the Age to come.
 But Beauty is not all that makes you so
 Ador'd, by those who either see or know; 30
 'Tis your proportion'd Soul, for who ere set
 A common useless weed in Christall yet?
 Or who with Pitch doth Amber Boxes fill?
 Balsom and Odors there inhabit still;
 As Jewels then have Inward Vertues, so 35
 Proportion'd to that Outward Light they shew,
 That, by their Lustre which appears, they bid
 Us turn our sense to that which does lye hid;
 So 'tis in you: For that Light which we find
 Streams in your Eye, is Knowledge in your Mind; 40
 That mixture of bright Colours in your Face,
 Is equall Temperance in another place;
 That vigour of your Limbs, appears within
 True perfect Valour, if we look but in;
 And that Proportion which doth each part fill, 45
 Is but dispensing Justice in your will.
 Thus you redeem us from our Errour, who
 Thought it a Ladies fame, neither to know
 Nor be her self known much; and would not grant
 Them Reputation, unless Ignorant; 50
 As Heroins heretofore did pass
 With the same faith as Centaures and it was
 A tenet, that as Women only were
 Nature's digressions, who did thence appear
 At best but fair mistakes, if they did do 55
 Heroic Acts, th'were faults of Custome too:

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3

But you who've gain'd the Apex of your kind,
 Shew that there are no Sexes in the Mind,
 Being so Candid, that we must confess
 That Goodness is your Fashion, or your Dress. 60
 That you, more truly Valourous, do support
 Virtue by daring to be good at Court:
 Who, beyond all Pretenders, are alone
 So much a friend to't, that with it y'are One,
 And when We Men, the weaker Vessels, do 65
 Offend, we think we did it against you.
 And can the thought be less, when that we see
 Grace powrs forth Grace, Good Good, in one Pure, free
 And following Stream, that we no more can tell,
 What 'tis you shew, than what true tinctures dwell 70
 Upon the Doves bright Neck, which are so One,
 And Divers, that we think them all, and None.
 And this is your quick Prudence, which Conveys
 One Grace into another, that who saies
 You now are Courteous, when you change the light, 75
 Will say you're Just, and think it a new sight;
 And this is your peculiar Art, we know
 Others may do like Actions, but not so.
 The Agents alter things, and what does come,
 Powerfull from these, flows weaker far from some; 80
 Thus the Sun's light makes Day, if it appear,
 And casts true Lustre round the Hemisphere;
 When if projected from the Moon, that light
 Makes not a day, but only Colours Night;
 But you we may still full, still perfect call, 85
 As what's still great, is equal still in all.
 And from this Largeness of your Mind, you come
 To some just wonder, Worship unto some,

4

Whiles you appear a Court, and are no less
 Than a whole Presence, or throng'd glorious Press: 90
 No one can ere mistake you. 'Tis alone
 Your Lot, where e'r you come to be still known.
 Your Powers its own witness: you appear
 By some new Conquest, still that you are There.
 But sure the Shafts your Vertues shoot, are tipt 95
 With consecrated Gold, which too was dipt
 In purer Nectar, for where e'r they do
 Print Love, they print Joy, and Religion too;
 Hence in your great endowments Church and Court
 Find what t'admire; All wishes thus resort 100
 To you as to their Center, and are then
 Sent back, as Centers send back lines agen.

Nor can we¹ say you learnt this hence, or thence,
 That this you gain'd by Knowledge, this by Sence;
 All is your own, and Native: for as pure 105
 Fire lends itself to all, and will endure
 Nothing from others; so what you impart
 Comes not from Others Principles, or Art,
 But is Ingenite all, and still your Owne,
 Your self sufficing to your self alone. 110
 Thus your Extraction is desert, to whom
 Vertue, and Life by the same Gift did come.
 Your Cradle's thus a Trophe, and with us
 'Tis thought a Praise Confess'd to be born thus.
 And though your Father's glorious Name will be 115
 Full and Majestique in great History
 For high designs, yet after Times will boast
 You are his Chiefest Act, and fame him most.
 Being then you're th'Elixar, whose least Grain

¹ *you*, Chalmers.

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5

Cast into any other, would maintain 120
 All for true Worth, and make the piece Commence
 Saint, Nymph, or Goddess, or what not from thence;
 If when your Valorous Brother rules the Maine,
 And makes the Flouds confess his powerful Raingn,
 You should but take the Aire by in your shell, 125
 You would be thought Sea-born, and we might well
 Conclude you such, but that your Deitie
 Would have no winged Issue to set bye;
 O had you Of-spring to resemble you,
 As you have Vertues, then—But oh! I do 130
 Complain of our misfortunes, not your Own,
 For are bless'd Spirits, for less happy known
 Because they have not receiv'd such a Fate
 Of Imperfection, as to Procreate?
 Eternal things supply themselves; so we 135
 Think this your Mark of Immortalitie.
 I now, as those of old, who once had met
 A Deity in a shape, did nothing set
 By lower, and less formes, securely do
 Neglect all else, and having once seen you, 140
 Count others only Natures Pesantry.
 And out of Reverence seeing will not see.
 Hail your own Riches then, and your own store,
 Who thus rule others, but your self far more;
 Hail your own Glass and Object, who alone 145
 Deserve to see your Own Reflection;
 Persist you still the Faction of all Vowes,
 A shape that makes oft Perjuries, and allows
 Even broken faith's a Pardon, whiles men do
 Swear, and reclaim what they have sworn seeing you. 150
 May you live long the Painters fault, and strife

6

Who, for their oft not drawing you to life,
 Must when their Glass is almost run out, long
 To purchase Absolution for the Wrong;
 But poets, who dare still as much, and take 155
 An equall License, the same Errours make,
 I then put in with them, who as I do
 Sue for Release, so I may claime it too.
 For since your Worth, and Modesty is such
 None will think this Enough, but You too Much. 160

ON THE IMPERFECTION OF CHRIST-CHURCH
 BUILDINGS

Arise thou sacred heap, and shew a Frame
 Perfect at last, and Glorious as thy Name:
 Space, and Torn Majesty, as yet are all
 Thou hast: we view they Cradle, as thy Fall.
 Our dwelling lyes half desert; The whole space 5
 Unmeeted and unbounded, bears the face
 Of the first Ages fields, and we, as they
 That stand on hills, have prospect every way:
 Like Theseus Sonne, curst by mistake, the frame
 Scattered and Torn, both parts without a Name, 10
 Which in a Landskip some mischance, not meant,
 As dropping of the Spunge, would represent,
 And (if no succour come) the Time's not far
 When 'twill be thought no College, but a Quar.
 Send then Amphion to these Thebes (O Fates) 15
 W'have here as many Breaches though not gates.
 When any Stranger comes, 'tis shewn by us,
 As once the face was of Antigonus

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7

With an half-visage onely: so that all
 We boast is but a kitchen, or an Hall. 20
 Men thence admire, but help not. 't hath the luck
 Of Heathen places that were Thunder-strook,
 To be ador'd, not touch't; though the Mind and will
 Be in the Pale, the Purse is Pagan still:
 Alas th'are Tower's that Thunder do provoke, 25
 We ne'r had Height or¹ Glory for a Stroke;
 Time, and King Henry too, did spare us; we
 Stood in those dayes both Sythe, and Scepter-free;
 Our Ruines then were licenc'd, and we were
 Pass'd by untouch'd; that hand was open here. 30
 Bless we our Throne then! That which did avoid
 The fury of those times, seems yet destroy'd:
 So this breath'd on by no full Influence
 Hath hung e'r since unminded in suspence,
 As doubtfull whether't should Escheated be 35
 To Ruine, or Redeem'd to Majesty.
 But great Intents stop seconds, and we owe
 To Larger Wants, that Bounty is so slow.
 A lordship here, like Curtius might be cast
 Into one Hole, and yet not seen at last. 40
 Two sacred things were thought (by judging souls)²
 Beyond the Kingdomes Pow'r, Christchurch and Pauls,
 Till, by a Light from Heaven shewn, the one
 Did gain his second Renovation.
 And some good Star ere long, we do not fear, 45
 Will guide the wise to offer some gifts here.
 But Ruines yet stand Ruines, as if none
 Durst be so good, as *first to cast a stone*.
 Alas we ask not Prodigies: wee'd boast

¹ *nor*, B.M. MS. ² *So that two sacred Things were thought*, *ibid*.

Had we but what is at one Horse-Race lost; 50
 Nor is our House, (as Nature in the fall
 Is thought by some) void and bereft of all
 But what's new giv'n: Unto our selves we owe
 That Sculs are not our Churches Pavement now;
 That that's made yet good way; that to his Cup 55
 And Table Christ may come, and not ride up,
 That no one stumbling fears a worse event,
 Nor when he bows falls lower than he meant;
 That now our windows may for Doctrine pass,
 And we (as Paul) see Mysteries in a Glass, 60
 That something elsewhere is perform'd, whereby
 'Tis seen we can adorn, though not supply.
 But if to all Great Buildings (as to Troy)
 A God must needs be sent, and we enjoy
 No help but Miracle; if so it stand 65
 Decreed by Heav'n, that the same gracious Hand
 That perfected our Statutes, must be sent
 To finish Christ-Church too, we are Content;
 Knowing that he who in the Mount did give
 Those Laws, by which his People were to live, 70
 If they had needed them, as now we do,
 Would have bestow'd the *Stone* for *Tables* too.

A CONTINUATION OF THE SAME TO THE
 PRINCE OF WALES 1635¹

But turn we hence to you, as some there be
 Who in the Coppy woove the Deity;
 Who think then most successfull steps are trod

¹ vide Note on line 26.

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9

When they approach the Image for the God.
 Our King hath shewn his Bounty, Sir, in you, 5
 By giving whom, h'hath giv'n us Buildings too.
 For we see Harvests in a showre, and when
 Heav'n drops a Dew, say it drops Flowers then,
 Whiles all that blessed fatness doth not fall
 To fill that Basket, or this Barn, but all. 10
 We know y'have Vertues in you now which stand
 Eager for Action, and expect Command;
 Vertues now ripe, Train'd up, and Nurtur'd so
 That they wait only when you'l bid them flow.
 Indulge you then, Our Rising Sun, we may 15
 Say your first Rayes broke here to make a Day:
 For though the Light, when grown, pours fuller streams,
 'Tis yet more precious in its Virgin Beams;
 And though the third or fourth may do the Cure,
 The Eldest Tear of Balsam's still most pure. 20
 'Tis only then our Pride that we may dwell
 As Vertues do in you, compleat and well;
 That when a College finish'd, is the sport
 And Pastime only of your yonger Court,
 An Act, to which some could not well arive 25
 After their fifty, done by you at five,
 The late and Tardy Stock of Nephews may
 Reading your Story, think you were born Gray;
 This is the Thread weaves all our Hopes: for since
 All better Vertues now are call'd the Prince 30
 (As smaller Rivers lose their words, and beare
 No name but Ocean when they come in there)
 Thence we expect them, as these Streams we know
 Can from no other Womb or Bosome flow;
 Limne you our Venus then throughout, be she 35

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IO

Christned, some Part at least, your Deity;
 That when to take you Painters go about,
 They be compell'd to leave some of you out;
 Whiles you shew something here that won't admit
 Colours and shape, something that cannot fit. 40
 Thus shall you nourish future Writers, who
 May give Fame back those things you do bestow:
 Where Merits too will be your work, and then
 That Age will think you gave not stones, but Men.

ON HIS MAJESTIES RECOVERY FROM
 THE SMALL POX, 1633

I doe confesse the overforward tongue
 Of publike duty turnes into a wrong
 And after Ages which could ne'er conceive
 Our happy Charles so fraile as to receive
 Such a disease, will know it by the Noyse 5
 Which we have made, in shouting forth our joyes;
 And our informing duty onely be
 A well-meant spight, or loyall injury.
 Let then the name be alter'd, let us say
 They were small Starres fixt in a Milky way; 10
 Or faithfull Turquoises, which Heaven sent
 For a discovery, not a punishment;
 To shew the ill, not make it; and to tell
 By their paille looks, the Bearer was not well.
 Let the disease forgotten be, but may 15
 The joy returne, as yearely as the day.
 Let there be¹ new Computes, let reckoning be

¹ *by...* Soteria, 1633.