

Classic Poetry Series

Sir Henry Wotton
- poems -

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Sir Henry Wotton(1568 - 1639)

Wotton was born in Kent, England and was educated at Winchester and New and Queens Colleges, Oxford. Whilst studying at Oxford he met John Donne, the first and greatest of the metaphysical poets, who later became a close friend. In 1595, Wotton became secretary to the Earl of Essex, collecting foreign intelligence. He became the ambassador to the court of Venice, and in later years, provost of Eton College. Whilst on a visit to Augsburg in 1604 he wrote a definition of an Ambassador which is now one of his most famous phrases; "An Ambassador is an honest man, sent to lie abroad for the good of his country." Although his works are small in number they are known for having great poise and polish and his enthusiasm for classical architecture and proportion can be seen to have a large influence on his poetry.

A Description Of The Countreys Recreations

Quivering fears, Heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sighs, Untimely tears,
Fly, fly to Courts,
Fly to fond worldling's sports,
Where strained Sardonic smiles are glossing still,
And grief is forced to laugh against her will,
Where mirth's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our Countrey pastimes! fly,
Sad troops of humane misery;
Come serene looks,
Clear as the Crystal brooks,
Or the pure azur'd heaven, that smiles to see
The rich attendance on our poverty.
Peace and a secure mind,
(Which all men seek) we only find.

Abused Mortals! did you know
Where Joy, Hearts-ease, and comforts grow;
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers,
Where winds sometimes, our woods perhaps may shake,
But blustering care could never tempest mak,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us.
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastick Mask, nor dance,
But of our Kids, that frisk and prance:
Nor wars are seen,
Unless upon the green
Two harmless Lambs are butting one the other;
Which done, both bleating run, each to his Mother.
And wounds are never found,
Save what the Plow-share gives the ground.

Here are no false entrapping baits,
To hasten to too hasty fates;
Unless it be

The fond Credulity
Of silly fish, which worldling-like, still look
Upon the Bait, but never on the Hook:
Nor envy, unless among
The Birds, for prize of their sweet song.

Go! let the diving Negro seek
For Gems, hid in some forlorn creek;
We all Pearls scorn,
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass;
Which careless Shepherds beat down as they pass;
And gold ne'er here appears,
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest silent Groves! ô may ye be
For ever Mirth's best Nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these Downs, these Meads, these Rocks, these Mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling Fountains!
Which we may every year
Find when we come a fishing here.

Sir Henry Wotton

A Dialogue Betwixt God And The Soul

Soul.

Whilst my Souls eye beheld no light
But what stream'd from thy gracious sight
To me the worlds greatest King,
Seem'd but some little vulgar thing.

God.

Whilst thou prov'dst pure; and that in thee
I could glass all my Deity;
How glad did I from Heaven depart,
To find a lodging in thy heart!

S. Now Fame and Greatness bear the sway,
('Tis they that hold my prisons Key):
For whom my soul would die, might she
Leave them her Immortalitie.

G. I, and some few pure Souls conspire,
And burn both in a mutual fire,
For whom I'd die once more, ere they
Should miss of Heavens eternal day.

S. But Lord! what if I turn again,
And with an adamantine chain,
Lock me to thee? What if I chase
The world away to give thee place?

G. Then though these souls in whom I joy
Are Seraphims, Thou but a toy,
A foolish toy, yet once more I
Would with thee live, and for thee die.

Sir Henry Wotton

A Hymn

Oh, thou great Power ! in whom I move,
For whom I live, to whom I die,
Behold me through thy beams of love,
Whilst on this couch of tears I lie
And cleanse my sordid soul within,
By thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.

No hallowed oyls, no grains I need,
No rags of saints, no purging fire ;
One rosie drop from David's seed
Was worlds of seas to quench thine ire
O precious ran some ! which once paid,
That Conmmminatum est was said ;

And said by Him that said no more,
But seal'd it with his sacred breath :
Thou, then, that has dispong'd my score,
And dying wast the death of Death,
Be to me now, on thee I call,
My life, my strength, my joy, my all!

Sir Henry Wotton

A Hymn To My God

OH thou great Power, in whom I move,
For whom I live, to whom I die,
Behold me through thy beams of love,
Whilest on this Couch of tears I lye;
And Cleanse my sordid soul within,
By thy Chirsts Bloud, the bath of sin.

No hallowed oyls, no grains I need,
No rags of Saints, no purging fire,
One rosie drop from David's Seed
Was worlds of seas, to quench thine Ire.
O pretious Ransome! which once paid,
That Consummatum est was said.

And said by him, that said no more,
But seal'd it with his sacred breath.
Thou then, that hast dispung'd my score,
And dying, wast the death of death;
Be to me now, on thee I call,
My Life, my Strength, my Joy, my All.

Sir Henry Wotton

A Poem Written By Sir Henry Wotton In His Youth

O Faithless World, & thy more faithless part, a Woman's heart!
The true Shop of variety, where sits nothing but fits
And feavers of desire, and pangs of love, which toyes remove.
Why, was she born to please, or I to trust, words writ in dust?
Suffering her Eyes to govern my despair, my pain for air;
And fruit of time rewarded with untruth, the food of youth.
Untrue she was : yet, I believ'd her eyes (instructed spies)
Till I was taught, that Love was but a School to breed a fool.
Or sought she more by triumphs of denial, to make a trial
How far her smiles commanded my weakness? yield and confess,
Excuse no more thy folly; but for Cure, blush and endure
As well thy shame, as passions that were vain: and think, 'tis gain
To know, that Love lodg'd in a Womans brest, Is but a guest.

Sir Henry Wotton

A Short Hymn Upon The Birth Of Prince Charles

You that on Stars do look,
Arrest not there your sight,
Though Natures fairest Book,
And signed with propitious light;
Our Blessing now is more Divine,
Then Planets that at Noon did shine.

To thee alone be praise,
From whom our Joy descends,
Thou Chearer of our Days,
Of Causes first, and last of Ends;
To thee this May we sing, by whom
Our Roses from the Lilies bloom.

Upon this Royal Flower,
Sprung from the chastest Bed,
Thy glorious sweetness shower,
And first let Myrtles Crown his Head;
Then Palms and Lawrels wreath'd between;
But let the Cypress late be seen.

And so succeeding men,
When they the fulness see
Of this our Joy, shall then
In consort joyn as well as we,
To celebrate his Praise above,
That spreads our Land with fruits of Love.

Sir Henry Wotton

A Translation Of The Civ. Psalm To The Original Sense

My soul exalt the Lord with Hymns of praise:
O Lord my God, how boundless is thy might?
Whose Throne of State is cloath'd with glorious rays,
And round about hast rob'd thy self with light.
Who like a curtain hast the Heavens display'd,
And in the watry Roofs thy Chambers laid.

Whose chariots are the thickned clouds above,
Who walk'st upon the winged winds below,
At whose command the airy Spirits move,
And fiery meteors their obedience show.
Who on this Base the earth didst firmly found,
And mad'st the deep to circumvest it round.

The waves that rise would drown the highest hill,
But at thy cheek they flie, and when they hear
Thy thundring voice, they post to do thy will,
And bound their furies in their proper sphere:
Where surging floods, and valing ebbs can tell,
That none beyond thy marks must sink or swell.

Who hath dispos'd, but thou, the winding way
Where springs down from the steepy crags do beat,
At which doth foster'd Beasts their thirsts allay,
And the wild Asses come to quench their heat;
Where Birds resort, and in their kind, thy praise
Among the branches chant in warbling laies.

The mounts are watred from thy dwelling place,
The barns and meads are fill'd for man and beast;
Wine glads the heart, and oyl adorns the face,
And bread the staff whereon our strength doth rest;
Nor shrubs alone feel thy suffizing hand,
But even the Cedars that so proudly stand.

So have the Fowls their sundry seats to breed,
The ranging Stork, in stately Beeches dwells;
The climing Goats on hills securely feed,
The mining Conies shroud in rocky Cells:

Nor can the heavenly lights their course forget,
The Moon her turns, or Sun his times to set.

Thou mak'st the Night to over-vail the Day;
The savage Beasts creep from the silent wood,
Then Lions whelps lie roaring for their prey,
And at thy powerful hand demand their food:
Who when at morn they all recouch again,
Then toying man till eve pursues his pain.

O Lord, when on thy various works we look,
How richly furnish'd is the earth we tread!
Where, in the fair Contents of Nature's Book,
We may the wonders of thy wisdom read:
Nor earth alone, but lo, the sea so wide,
Where great & small, a world of creatures glide.

There go the Ships that furrow out their way;
Yea, thereof Whales enormous sights we see,
Which yet have scope among the rest to play,
And all do wait for their support on thee:
Who hast assign'd each thing his proper food,
And in due season dost dispence thy good.

They gather when thy gifts thou dost divide;
Their stores abound, if thou thy hand enlarge;
Confus'd they are, when thou thy beams dost hide;
In dust resolv'd, if thou their breath discharge.
Again, when thou of life renew'st the seeds,
The withered fields revest their chearful weeds.

Be ever gloried here thy Sovereign Name,
That thou may'st smile on all which thou hast made;
Whose frown alone can shake this earthly frame,
And at whose touch the hills in smoak shall vade.
For me, may (while I breathe) both harp & voice,
In sweet indictment of thy Hymns rejoyce.

Let Sinners fail, let all Profaness cease;
His Praise, (my Soul) His Praise shall be thy Peace.

Sir Henry Wotton

An Ode To The King, At His Returning From Scotland To The Queen, After His Coronation There

Rouse up thy self, my gentle Muse,
Though now our green conceits be gray,
And yet once more do not refuse
To take thy Phrygian Harp, and play
In honour of this chearful Day.

Make first a Song of Joy and Love,
Which chastely flame in Royal Eyes;
Then tune it to the Spheres above
When the benignt Stars do rise,
And sweet Conjunctions grace the Skies.

To this let all good Hearts resound,
While Diadems invest his Head:
Long may he live, whose Life doth bound
More then his Laws, and better Lead
By high Example, then by Dread.

Long may He round about Him see
His Roses and His Lillies bloom:
Long may His only Dear and He
Joy in Ideas of their own,
And Kingdoms Hopes so timely sown;
Long may they both contend to prove,
That best of Crowns is such a Love.

Sir Henry Wotton

Doctor B. Of Tears

Who would have thought, there could have bin
Such joy in tears, wept for our sin?
Mine eyes have seen, my heart hath prov'd
The most and best of earthly joyes:
The sweets of love, and being lov'd,
Masks, Feasts, and Playes, and such like toyes.
Yet, this one tear, which now doth fall,
In true delight exceeds them all.

2. Indeed, mine eyes at first let in
Those guests that did these woes begin,
Therefore mine eyes in tears, and grief,
Are justly drown'd: but, that those tears
Should comfort bring, is past belief:
Oh God! in this thy grace appears,
Thou that mak'st light from darkness spring,
Mak'st joyes to weep, and sorrows sing.

3. Oh where am I? what may I think?
Help, help, alas my heart doth sink;
Thus lost in seas of woe,
Thus laden with my sin,
Waves of despair dash in,
And threat my overthrow.
What heart opprest with such a weight
Can chuse but break, and perish quite?

4. Yet, as at Sea in storms, men use
The Ship to save, the goods to lose;
So, in this fearfull storm,
This danger to prevent,
Before all hope be spent,
I'le chuse the lesser harm:
My tears to seas will convert,
And drown my eyes to save my heart.

5. Oh God my God, what shall I give
To thee in thanks? I am and live
In thee, and thou didst safe preserve

My health, my fame, my goods, my rent,
Thou mak'st me eat while others sterve;
Such unto me thy Blessings are,
As if I were thy only care.

6. But, oh my God! thou art more kind,
When I look inward on my mind:
Thou fill'st my heart with humble joy,
With patience, meekness, fervant love,
(Which doth all other loves destroy)
With faith (which nothing can remove)
And hope assur'd of heavens bliss;
This is my state: thy grace is this.

Sir Henry Wotton

Elizabeth Of Bohemia

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
 That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
 You common people of the skies;
 What are you when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
 That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
 By your weak accents; what 's your praise
 When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud virgins of the year,
 As if the spring were all your own;
 What are you when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
 In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
 Tell me, if she were not design'd
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind.

Sir Henry Wotton

In Praise Of Angling

Quivering fears, heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldling's sports,
Where strained sardonic smiles are glossing still,
And grief is forced to laugh against her will,
Where mirth's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
Sad troops of human misery,
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azured heaven that smiles to see
The rich attendance on our poverty;
Peace and a secure mind,
Which ail men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow?
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers,
Where winds, sometimes, our woods perhaps may shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make;
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic mask nor dance,
But of our kids that frisk and prance;
Nor wars are seen,
Unless upon the green,
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,
Which done, both bleating run, each to his mother;
And wounds are never found,
Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.

Here are no entrapping baits
To hasten to too hasty fates;
Unless it be

The fond credulity
Of silly fish, which (worldling like) still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook;
Nor envy, 'less among
The birds, for prize of their sweet song.

Go, let the diving negro seek
For gems, hid in some forlorn creek;
We all pearls scorn,
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass;
And gold ne'er here appears,
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest silent groves, O, may you be
Forever mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
Forever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains,
Which we may every year
Meet, when we come a-fishing here.

Sir Henry Wotton

On A Bank As I Sate A Fishing: A Description Of The Spring

And now all Nature seem'd in love,
The lusty sap began to move;
New juice did stir th'embracing Vines,
And Birds had drawn their Valentines:
The jealous Trout, that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled flie:
There stood my Friend, with patient skill
Attending of his trembling quill.
Already were the Eves possest
With the swift Pilgrims daubed nest.
The Groves already did rejoyce
In Philomels triumphing voice.
The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smil'd.
June takes her neat-rub'd Pale, and now
She trips to milk the Sand-red Cow;
Where for some sturdy foot-ball Swain,
June strokes a sillabub or twain.
The Fields and Gardens were beset
With Tulip, Crocus, Violet:
And now, though late, the modest Rose
Did more then half a blush disclose.
Thus all look'd gay, all full of chear,
To welcome the New-livery'd year.

Sir Henry Wotton

Psalm Civ

My soul, exalt the Lord with hymns of praise :
O Lord my God, how boundless is thy might
Whose throne of state is cloath'd with glorious rays,
And round about hast robed thyself with light;
Who like a curtain hast the heavens displayed,
And in the watry roofs thy chambers laid ;

Whose chariots are the thickned clouds above,
Who walkst upon the winged winds below;
At whose command the airy spirits move,
And fiery meteors their obedience show;
Who on this base the earth didst firmly found,
And mad'st the deep to circumvent it round.

The waves that rise would drown the highest hill,
But at thy check they flie ; and when they hear
Thy thundering voice, they post to do thy will,
And bound their furies in their proper sphere ;
Where surging floods and valing ebbs can tell
That none beyond thy marks must sink or swell.

Who hath dispos'd, but thou, the winding way
Where springs down from their steepy crags do beat,
At which both fostered beasts their thirsts allay,
And the wild asses come to quench their heat;
Where birds resort, and, in their kind, thy praise
Among the branches chant in warbling lays.

The mounts are vvatred from thy dwelling-place,
The barns and meads are fill'd for man and beast;
Wine glaxis the heart, and oyl adorns the face,
And bread the staff whereon our strength doth rest;
Nor shrubs alone feel thy sufficing hand,
But even the cedars that so proudly stand.

So have the fowls their sundry seats to breed;
The ranging stork in stately beeches dwells;
The climbing goats on hills securely feed,
The mining coney's shroud in rocky cells :

Nor can the heavenly lights their course forget,
The moon her turns, or sun his times to set.

Thou mak'st the night to over-vail the day;
Then savage beasts creep from the silent wood,
Then lions' whelps lie roaring for their prey,
And at thy powerful hand demand their food ;
Who when at morn they all recouch again,
Then toying man till eve pursues his pain.

O Lord, when on thy various works we look,
How richly furnish'd is the earth we tread!
Where in the fair contents of Nature's book
We may the wonders of thy wisdom read :
Nor earth alone, but lo ! the sea so wide,
Where, great and small, a world of creatures glide.

There go the ships, that furrow out their way ;
Yea, thereof whales enormous sights we see,
Which yet have scope among the rest to play;
And all do wait for their support on thee ;
Who hast assigned each thing his proper food,
And in due season dost dispense thy good.

They gather, when thy gifts thou dost divide ;
Their stores abound, if thou thy hand enlarge ;
Confused they are, when thou thy beams dost hide;
In dust resolved, if thou their breath discharge
Again, when thou of life renewst the seeds,
The withered fields revest their cheerfull weeds.

Be ever gloried here thy sovereign name,
That thou mayst smile on all which thou hast made;
Whose frown alone can shake this earthly frame,
And at whose touch the hills in smook shall vade:
For me, may (while I breathe) both harp and voice
In sweet indictment of thy hymns rejoyce.

Let sinners fail, let all profaneness cease ;
His praise (my soul), his praise shall be thy peace.

Sir Henry Wotton

Sir Henry Wotton, And Serjeant Hoskins Riding On The Way

Ho. Noble, lovely, vertuous Creature,
Purposely so fram'd by Nature
To enthrall your servants wits.

Wo. Time must now unite our hearts:
Not for any more deserts,
But because (me thinks) it fits.

Ho. Dearest treasure of my thought,
And yet wert thou to be bought
With my life, thou wert not dear.

Wo. Secret comfort of my mind,
Doubt no longer to be kind,
But be so and so appear.

Ho. Give me love for love again,
Let our loves be clear and plain,
Heaven is fairest, when 'tis clearest.

Wo. Lest in clouds, and in differring,
We resemble Seamen erring,
Farthest off, when we are nearest.

Ho. Thus with numbers interchanged,
Wotton's Muse and mine have ranged,
Verse and Journey both are spent.

Wo. And if Hoskins chance to say,
That we well have spent the day,
I, for my part, am content.

Sir Henry Wotton

Tears At The Grave Of Sir Albertus Morton (Who Was Buried At Southampton) Wept By Sir H. Wotton.

Silence (in truth) would speak my sorrow best,
For, deepest wounds can least their feelings tell;
Yet, let me borrow from mine own unrest,
But time to bid him, whom I lov'd, farewell.

O my unhappy lines! you that before
Have serv'd my youth to vent some wanton cries,
And now congeal'd with grief, can scarce implore
Strength to accent! Here my Albertus lies.

This is the sable Stone, this is the Cave,
And womb of earth that doth his Corps embrace;
While others sing his praise, let me engrave
These bleeding Numbers to adorn the place.

Here will I paint the Characters of woe,
Here will I pay my tribute to the Dead,
And here my faithful tears in showers shall flow,
To humanize the Flints whereon I tread.

Where though I mourn my matchless loss alone,
And none between my weakness judge and me;
Yet even these gentle walls allow my moan,
Whose doleful Echoes to my Plaints agree.

But is he gone? and live I rhyming here,
As if some Muse would listen to my Lay,
When all distun'd sit waiting for their Dear,
And bathe the Banks where he was wont to play?

Dwell thou in endless Light, discharged Soul;
Freed now from Natures, and from Fortunes trust:
While on this fluent Globe my glass shall role,
And run the rest of my remaining dust.

Sir Henry Wotton

The Character Of A Happy Life

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death
Untied unto the world with care
Of princes' grace or vulgar breath;

Who envies none whom chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
The deepest wounds are given by praise,
By rule of state, but not of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruins make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than goods to send,
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is free from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton

This Hymn Was Made By Sir H. Wotton, When He Was An Ambassador At Venice, In The Time Of A Great Sickness There

Eternal Mover, whose diffused Glory,
To shew our groveling Reason what thou art,
Unfolds it self in Clouds of Natures story,
Where Man, thy proudest Creature, acts his part:
Whom yet (alas) I know not why, we call
The Worlds contracted sum, the little all.

For, what are we but lumps of walking clay?
Why should we swel? whence should our spirits rise
Are not bruit Beasts as strong, and Birds as gay,
Trees longer liv'd, and creeping things as wise?
Only our souls was left an inward light,
To feel our weakness, and confess thy might.

Thou then, our strength, Father of life and death,
To whom our thanks, our vows, our selves we owe,
From me thy tenant of this fading breath,
Accept those lines which from thy goodness flow:
And thou that wert thy Regal Prophets Muse,
Do not thy Praise in weaker strains refuse.

Let these poor Notes ascend unto thy throne,
Where Majesty doth sit with Mercy crown'd,
Where my Redeemer lives, in whom alone
The errours of my wandring life are drown'd:
Where all the Quire of heaven resound the same,
That only Thine, Thine is the saving Name.

Well then, my Soul, joy in the midst of Pain;
Thy Christ that conquer'd hell, shall from above
With greater triumph yet return again,
And conquer his own Justice with his Love;
Commanding Earth and Seas to render those
Unto his Bliss, for whom he paid his Woes.

Now have I done: now are my thoughts at peace,

And now my Joyes are stronger then my grief:
I feel those Comforts that shall never cease,
Future in Hope, but present in Belief.
Thy words are true, thy promises are just,
And thou wilt find thy dearly bought in Dust.

Sir Henry Wotton

To A Noble Friend In His Sickness

Untimely Feaver, rude insulting guest,
How didst thou with such unharmonious heat
Dare to distune his well-composed rest;
Whose heart so just and noble stroaks did beat?

What if his Youth and Spirits well may bear
More thick assaults, and stronger siege then this?
We measure not his courage, but our fear:
Not what our selves, but what the Times may miss.

Had not that blood, which thrice his veins did yield,
Been better treasur'd for some glorious day:
At farthest West to paint the liquid field,
And with new Worlds his Masters love to pay?

But let those thoughts, sweet Lord, repose a while,
Tend only now thy vigour to regain;
And pardon these poor Rimes, that would beguile
With mine own grief, some portion of thy pain.

Sir Henry Wotton

Upon The Death Of Sir Albert Morton's Wife

He first deceased; she for a little tried
To live without him, liked it not, and died.

Sir Henry Wotton

Upon The Sudden Restraint Of The Earl Of Somerset, Then Falling From Favour

Dazled thus with height of place,
Whilst our Hopes our wits Beguile,
No man marks the narrow space
'Twixt a Prison and a Smile.

Then since Fortunes favours fade,
You that in her arms do sleep,
Learn to swim and not to wade;
For the Hearts of Kings are deep.

But if Greatness be so blind,
As to trust in Towers of Air,
Let it be with Goodness lin'd,
That at least the Fall be fair.

Then though darkned you shall say,
When Friends fail and Princes frown,
Vertue is the roughest way,
But proves at night a Bed of Down.

Sir Henry Wotton

You Meaner Beauties Of The Night

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light;
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the sun shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your voices understood
By your weak accents; what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own;
What are you when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a queen,
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

Sir Henry Wotton