

LBRIS
IN THE POET-TO-POET SERIES

We know
books

W. H. AUDEN – John Fuller
WILLIAM BARNES – Andrew Motion
JOHN BERRYMAN – Michael Hofmann
JOHN BETJEMAN – Hugo Williams
WILLIAM BLAKE – James Fenton
ROBERT BROWNING – Douglas Dunn
ROBERT BURNS – Don Paterson
LORD BYRON – Paul Muldoon
THOMAS CAMPION – Charles Simic
JOHN CLARE – Paul Farley
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE – James Fenton
HART CRANE – Maurice Riordan
EMILY DICKINSON – Ted Hughes
KEITH DOUGLAS – Ted Hughes
JOHN DRYDEN – Charles Tomlinson
ALLEN GINSBERG – Mark Ford
THOM GUNN – August Kleinzahler
THOMAS HARDY – Tom Paulin
GEORGE HERBERT – Jo Shapcott
ROBERT HERRICK – Stephen Romer
A. E. HOUSMAN – Alan Hollinghurst
TED HUGHES – Simon Armitage
BEN JONSON – Thom Gunn
JOHN KEATS – Andrew Motion
D. H. LAWRENCE – Tom Paulin
ROBERT LOWELL – Michael Hofmann
LOUIS MACNEICE – Michael Longley
ANDREW MARVELL – Sean O'Brien
WILFRED OWEN – Jon Stallworthy
SYLVIA PLATH – Ted Hughes
ALEXANDER POPE – John Fuller
EZRA POUND – Thom Gunn
SIR WALTER RALEGH – Ruth Padel
JOHN SKELTON – Anthony Thwaite
JONATHAN SWIFT – Derek Mahon
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON – Mick Imlah
DYLAN THOMAS – Derek Mahon
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH – Seamus Heaney
THOMAS WYATT – Alice Oswald
W. B. YEATS – Seamus Heaney

ANDREW MARVELL

Poems selected by SEAN O'BRIEN



faber and faber

LRDIS

We know
books

First published in 2010

by Faber and Faber Limited

Bloomsbury House, 74–77 Great Russell Street

London WC1B 3DA

Typeset by RefineCatch Ltd, Bungay, Suffolk

Printed in England by CPI BookMarque, Croydon

All rights reserved

Selection and Introduction © Sean O'Brien, 2010

The right of Sean O'Brien to be identified as editor
of this work has been asserted in accordance with Section 77
of the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988

*This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not,
by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out or
otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent
in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it
is published and without a similar condition including
this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser*

A CIP record for this book
is available from the British Library

ISBN 978-0-571-23548-3

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Contents

Introduction vii

- An Elegy upon the Death of My Lord Francis Villiers 3
To His Noble Friend Mr Richard Lovelace, upon his Poems 7
On a Drop of Dew 9
The Coronet 11
Eyes and Tears 12
Bermudas 15
Clorinda and Damon 17
A Dialogue between the Soul and Body 18
The Definition of Love 20
Daphnis and Chloe 22
To His Coy Mistress 27
The Picture of Little T. C. in a Prospect of Flowers 29
The Mower against Gardens 31
Damon the Mower 33
The Mower to the Glow-worms 36
The Garden 37
from Upon Appleton House 40
The Nymph Complaining for the Death of Her Faun 51
An Horatian Ode upon Cromwel's Return from Ireland 55
Tom May's Death 59
from The Loyal Scot 62
The Character of Holland 63
An Epitaph upon Frances Jones 68
The Second Chorus from Seneca's Tragedy, *Thyestes* 69

An Elegy upon the Death of My Lord Francis Villiers

Tis true that he is dead: but yet to chuse,
Methinkes thou Fame should not have brought the news.
Thou canst discourse at will and speak at large:
But wast not in the fight nor durst thou charge.
While he transported all with valiant rage
His Name eternizd, but cut short his age;
On the safe battlements of Richmonds bowers
Thou wast espyd, and from the guilded Towers
Thy silver Trumpets sounded a Retreat,
Farre from the dust and battails sulphry heat.
Yet what couldst thou have done? 'tis always late
To struggle with inevitable fate.
Much rather thou I know expectst to tell
How heavy Cromwell gnasht the earth and fell.
Or how slow Death farre from the sight of day
The long-deceived Fairfax bore away.
But until then, let us young Francis praise:
And plant upon his hearse the bloody bayes,
Which we will water with our welling eyes.
Teares spring not still from spungy Cowardize.
The purer fountaines from the Rocks more steep
Destill and stony valour best doth weep.
Besides Revenge, if often quencht in teares,
Hardens like Steele and daily keener weares.
Great Buckingham, whose death doth freshly strike
Our memoryes, because to this so like;
Ere that in the Eternall Court he shone,
And here a Favorite there found a throne;
The fatall night before he hence did bleed,
Left to his Princess this immortall seed.
As the wise Chinese in the fertile wombe
Of Earth doth a more precious clay entombe,
Which dying by his will he leaves consignd:

Til by mature delay of time refine
 The christall metall fit to be releast
 Is taken forth to crowne each royall feast:
 Such was the fate by which this Postume breathd,
 Who scarcely seems begotten but bequeathd.

Never was any humane plant that grew
 More faire than this and acceptably new.
 'Tis truth that beauty doth most men dispraise:
 Prudence and valour their esteeme do raise.
 But he that hath already these in store,
 Can not be poorer sure for having more.
 And his unimitable handsomenesse
 Made him indeed be more than man, not lesse.
 We do but faintly Gods resemblance beare
 And like rough coyns of carelesse mints appeare:
 But he of purpose made, did represent
 In a rich Medall every lineament.

Lovely and admirable as he was,
 Yet was his Sword or Armour all his Glasse.
 Nor in his Mistris eyes that joy he tooke,
 As in an Enemies himselfe to looke.
 I know how well he did, with what delight
 Those serious imitations of fight.
 Still in the trialls of strong exercise
 His was the first, and his the second prize.

Bright Lady, thou that rulest from above
 The last and greatest Monarchy of Love:
 Faire Richmond hold thy Brother or he goes.
 Try if the Jasmin of thy hand or Rose
 Of thy red Lip can keep him alwayes here.
 For he loves danger and doth never feare.
 Or may thy tears prevaile with him to stay?

But he resolv'd breaks carelesly away.
 Onely one argument could now prolong
 His stay and that most faire and so most strong:
 The matchlesse Chlora whose pure fires did warm

His soule and only could his passions charme.

You might with much more reason go reprove
 The amorous Magnet which the North doth love.
 Or preach divorce and say it is amisse
 That with tall Elms the twining Vines should kisse
 Then chide two such so fit, so equall faire
 That in the world they have no other paire.
 Whom it might seeme that Heaven did create
 To restore man unto his first estate.
 Yet she for honours tyrannous respect
 Her own desires did and his neglect.
 And like the Modest Plant at every touch
 Shrunk in her leaves and feard it was too much.

But who can paint the torments and that pain
 Which he profest and now she could not faigne?
 He like the Sun but overcast and pale:
 Shee like a Rainbow, that ere long must faile,
 Whose rosiall cheek where Heaven it selfe did view
 Begins to separate and dissolve to dew.

At last he leave obtaines though sad and slow,
 First of her and then of himselfe to goe.
 How comely and how terrible he sits
 At once and Warre as well as Love befits!
 Ride where thou wilt and bold adventures find:
 But all the Ladies are got up behind.
 Guard them, though not thy selfe: for in thy death
 Th' Eleven thousand Virgins lose their breath.

So Hector issuing from the Trojan wall
 The sad Iliades to the Gods did call
 With hands displayed and with dishevell'd haire
 That they the Empire in his life would spare.
 While he secure through all the field doth spy
 Achilles, for Achilles only cry.
 Ah ignorant that yet e're night he must
 Be drawn by him inglorious through the dust.

Such fell young Villiers in the chearfull heat

Of youth: his locks intangled all with sweat
 And those eyes which the Sentinell did keep
 Of love closed up in an eternall sleep.
 While Venus of Adonis thinks no more
 Slaine by the harsh tuske of the Savage Boare.
 Hither she runns and hath him hurried farre
 Out of the noise and blood, and killing warre:
 Where in her Gardens of Sweet myrtle laid
 Shee kisses him in the immortall shade,

Yet dyed he not revengelesse: Much he did
 Ere he could suffer. A whole Pyramid
 Of Vulgar bodies he erected high:
 Scorning without a Sepulcher to dye.
 And with his steele which did whole troopes divide
 He cut his Epitaph on either Side.
 Till finding nothing to his courage fit
 He rid up last to death and conquer'd it.

Such are the Obsequies to Francis own:
 He best the pompe of his owne death hath showne.
 And we hereafter to his honour will
 Not write so many, but so many kill.
 Till the whole Army by just vengeance come
 To be at once his Trophee and his Tombe.

To His Noble Friend Mr Richard Lovelace,
 upon his Poems

Sir,
 Our times are much degenerate from those
 Which your sweet Muse, which your fair Fortune chose,
 And as complexions alter with the Climes,
 Our wits have drawne th' infections of our times.
 That candid Age no other way could tell
 To be ingenious, but by speaking well.
 Who best could prayse, had then the greatest prayse,
 'Twas more esteemed to give, than weare the Bayes:
 Modest ambition studi'd only then,
 To honour not her selfe, but worthy men.
 These vertues now are banisht out of Towne,
 Our Civill Wars have lost the Civicke crowne.
 He highest builds, who with most Art destroys,
 And against others Fame his owne employs.
 I see the envious Caterpillar sit
 On the faire blossome of each growing wit.

The Ayre's already tainted with the swarms
 Of Insects which against you rise in arms.
 Word-peckers, Paper-rats, Book-scorpions,
 Of wit corrupted, the unfashion'd Sons.
 The barbed Censurers begin to looke
 Like the grim consistory on thy Booke:
 And on each line cast a reforming eye,
 Severer than the young Presbytery.
 Till when in vaine they have thee all perus'd,
 You shall for being faultless be accus'd.
 Some reading your Lucasta, will alledge
 You wrong'd in her the Houses Priviledge.
 Some that you under sequestration are,
 Because you write when going to the Warre,