

**THE POEMS AND
MASQUE OF
THOMAS CAREW**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649674688

The Poems and Masque of Thomas Carew by Thomas Carew & Joseph Woodfall Ebsworth

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Cover @ 2017

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THOMAS CAREW & JOSEPH WOODFALL EBSWORTH

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Library of Old Authors.

Thomas Carew.





Thomas Carew
from the Picture by Van Dyke at Windsor Castle.
photographed by permission of Her Majesty the Queen.

THE POEMS AND MASQUE
OF
THOMAS CAREW.

GENTLEMAN OF THE PRIVY-CHAMBER TO
KING CHARLES I., AND CUP-BEARER
TO HIS MAJESTY,

*With an Introductory Memoir, an Appendix of
Unauthenticated Poems from MSS., Notes,
and a Table of First Lines.*

EDITED BY

JOSEPH WOODFALL EBSWORTH,
M.A., F.S.A., &c.

LONDON:
REEVES AND TURNER, 196 STRAND.
1893.

Dedicatory Prelude

TO

THE POEMS OF THOMAS CAREW.

AD PSCHEM.

*MAIDEN FAIR, we bring to thee
 Choicest Lyric Poesy,
Such as our world rarely hears,
After five times fifty years:
 No crude jests of mocking tongue;
 Sweeter songs were never sung,
 When both Time and Love were young.*

*Hearken strains from One who knew
How to praise, and how to sue:
Colia's lover, TOM CAREW,
He had bask'd in Beauty's smile,
Leara'd to prize her daintiest wile,
Yet could chide her, when he found
She would crush him to the ground;
Gave her worship, gave her fame—
Though we may not guess her name;
Saw her fickle, evy and cold,
Sometimes radiant, with the gold
Nimbus of her hair (like thine,
Where my fingers love to twine);
Now, a sun, begirt with rays;
Then, chill, with a moon-lit haze
 Of impunctable sadness,
 Driving men to gloom or madness,
 Till she won them back to gladness.*

DEDICATORY PRELUDE.

*Live in verse the varied charms
 That allur'd him to her arms ;
 Live in verse, no less complete,
 Pride, that trad him 'neath her feet ;
 Till her petty scorn set free
 Outrag'd Love from tyranny :
 Then to others would he turn,
 Hoping some new flame might burn
 With unwearying warmer light—
 Seeking peace, in her despite.
 Still misted by five-fire gleams,
 These too were illusive dreams,
 While his memory retain'd
 Thoughts of her, whose love was feign'd,
 Who had yet unequal'd reign'd.*

*Blame not, thou, his wasted hours,
 Flitting round those fading flowers ;
 Nor account his labour vain
 Whilst he Celia sought to gain—
 Fairest face that Vondyck drew,
 Of Whitehall's bewildering crew ;
 Nymphs, who laughing partners play'd
 In his Shrove-tide masquerade :
 Love its own pursuit can bless,
 Though it never meet success.
 Happy he, whom Celia foil'd,
 Since to grace his Queen he toil'd ;
 Faithful to the Martyr-King,
 Of whose worth he lov'd to sing ;
 Happy, with unshaken trust
 That his reign was wise and just,
 Unforeseen were all the woes
 Following swiftly his life's close ;
 When the Bercks ob'd away,
 Soon would dawn the Evil Day,
 Happier he, thus laid to rest,
 Ere Rebellion rear'd its crest ;
 Folly's thralldom from him cast,
 Conitrite for all errors past :
 Peace and Wisdom found at last.*

*Heed not, then, the carious scribes
 Who assail with heartless gibes
 Those who true and loyal stood,
 As he stood, in our dear Land,
 Whose triflers could not dare
 Rise to breathe such pure air;
 Pedant Puritans, with spite,
 Strive to darken his clear light.
 Let him reap what he had sown,
 Let his merit now be known,
 Few the lines we wish invert,
 Of his courtly wits and wit;
 Few, though lawless passion pain'd,
 Warmth of youth left soil'd or stain'd.
 A Knightly Gentleman was he,
 Who beat in loyal faith the knee,
 And would with sword and pen have striven,
 Had life prolong'd to him been given.
 Time then had nobler gifts reveal'd;
 False could he never be—or yield:
 He would have died on Naseby-field.*

[P. 252.]

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

MOLASH PRIORY, KENT, 1892.

THE PORTRAIT OF THOMAS CAREW.

(A Note.)

The pretended 'Medallion portrait of Thomas Carew, the Poet, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to King Charles I.,' which was advertised for publication in 1811-1814 by John Fry of Bristol—after the profile medal by Jean Varin, alias Warin, is not here re-engraved and reproduced: for the 'excellent reason' that it proves to be a portrait of the other poet, 'Thomas Cary' (pp. 105, 239), attested as such by the inscription; which was falsified in 1870: it is, distinctly, 'THO. CARY, R. CANON, CUSCIVLAR. STATUS, SVB. 35. 1633.' Signed, below, 'VARIN.' In high relief: no reverse. It is singularly beautiful, with chiselled and noble features; hair flowing, with a love-lock. Jean Varin was born at Sedan in 1599, and died at Paris in 1672. There is one genuine portrait of the true poet, THOMAS CAREW, painted by Antony Vandyck, and preserved in Her Majesty's Collection at Windsor. It is of this portrait, a little more than profile (sketched as Frontispiece) that 'Barry Cornwall,' himself a poet, the father of Adelaide Anne Procter, wrote in 1824:—

'What a graceful picture is this, carrying about it all the fine air and fantastic gentility of Vandyck! CAREW was a man of family, a courtier, and a poet, and was much beloved by the wits of his time. Some of his smaller pieces are exceedingly graceful, and indeed, beautiful. He was as much of an amoralist as Sir Philip Sidney, and his verses have more ease, though scarcely the same depth of sentiment, as those by that Prince of Chivalry. Although Carew has been classed by Pope with the 'mob of gentlemen,' there are few of them who may be compared with him. His little poem, beginning,

p. 69.]

"Ask me no more where Jove bestows," etc.,

is the most elegant little thing that ever was built up of conceits; and his Masque of *Cælium Britannicum*, though, of course, infinitely below Milton's *Comus*, reminds us in parts of that delightful poem.—*Effluvia Poetica*, No. 30.

But *Cælium Britannicum* preceded *Comus* in publication. *Comus*, first acted privately by the two Egertons (p. 167), and others, on 29th September, 1634, at Ludlow Castle, was not printed until 1637. Carew could not borrow from it.