

WOMAN'S COLLEGE
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

CONTENTS

Department of English

The subject matter of Andrew Marvell Victoria Carden
Handwritten note in the poetry of Dylan Thomas Charlotte Alice Ridinger

✓
5622

HONORS PAPERS

A handwritten note with the feminine 1957/58 track Sarah Whitlock Smith

Part I

Greensboro, North Carolina

1958

204046

THE DIVIDED WORLD OF ANDREW MARVELL

CONTENTS

Department of English

- The divided world of Andrew Marvell Patricia Carden
Death and love in the poetry of Dylan Thomas Charlotte Alice Ridinger

Department of Home Economics

- A hundred years with the feminine side of the frock Sarah Whitlock Smith

Submitted as an Honors Paper
in the
Department of English

Woman's College of the University of North Carolina
Greensboro
1968

204046

THE DIVIDED WORLD OF ANDREW MARVELL

William R. Mueller
Director
Reading Committee

by

Patricia Carden

Long M. Charles
Leonard Light
Virginia C. Fairchild

Submitted as an Honors Paper
in the
Department of English

Woman's College of the University of North Carolina
Greensboro
1958

PREFACE

Approved by

William R. Mueller
Director

Examining Committee

Amy M. Charles
Rosamond Putzel
Vigoria C. Fairholzer

PREFACE

In discussing Marvell my purpose has been to suggest an approach which would allow for the unique quality which each poem, as a work of art, must possess and which would at the same time present an integrated total view of Marvell as a poet. The divided world as an idea in Marvell's poems provides such a vehicle.

The text which I have used and quoted in preparing this paper is The Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell, edited by H. M. Margoliouth and printed by the Clarendon Press at Oxford in 1927. I have followed Mr. Margoliouth's spelling and punctuation in every case except that of line thirty-five of "To His Coy Mistress" where I have substituted Cooke's reading of "dew" in place of Margoliouth's reading "lew." This reading is given alternately by Margoliouth, is academically respectable, and provides a more intelligible interpretation for the line.

CONTENTS

An Approach to Marvell	1
The Poems: Eight Analyses	
The Dichotomy	12
Love as Destruction	20
The Garden	32
The Final Statement	49
Appendix: Poems	

AN APPROACH TO MARVELL

Andrew Marvell the man remains a mystery to us despite the fact that in his day he was a public figure. So little do we know about him that it is impossible to ascertain whether or not the Mary Marvell who authorized the publication of his poems was his wife or an imposter who was merely his landlady. We do not know if Marvell ever married. It is possible to reconstruct any semblance of Marvell the man only through his letters, a small body of prose propaganda, and a few remarkably fine poems which he has left behind. The evidence of the poems is that Marvell himself realized the fragility of earthly fame and would be wretchedly amused at the posthumous success of his elegiac ghost.

I choose to approach the elusive Marvell through these few poems, but to make it clear from the outset that I am not interested in Marvell the man of affairs, Marvell the statesman, or Marvell the satirical poet. I am interested rather in Marvell the artist and in that sense including much of the material he has written, his view of life, his attitude toward death, his sense of history as a slowly defined personality, his sense of the dignity and grandeur of thought, his feeling for the spiritual and his sense of the value of the human mind. I want to know what he has to say about the qualities of the individual mind. When the body dies, the soul endures the world as one who has escaped the body and is a single poem and also through the fragments of his life into presences. Search-

AN APPROACH TO MARVELL

Andrew Marvell the man remains a mystery to us despite the fact that in his day he was a public figure. So little do we know about him that it is impossible to ascertain whether or not the Mary Marvell who authorized the publication of his poems was his wife or an imposter who was merely his landlady. We do not know if Marvell ever married. It is possible to reconstruct any semblance of Marvell the man only through his letters, a small body of prose propaganda, and a few remarkably fine poems which he has left behind. The evidence of the poems is that Marvell himself realized the frailty of earthly fame and would be ironically amused at the puzzlement caused by his shadowy ghost.

I choose to approach the elusive Marvell through these few poems. Let me make it clear from the outset that I am not interested in Marvell the man of affairs, Marvell the Puritan, or Marvell the metaphysical poet. I am interested rather in Marvell the artist and in that basic commodity which every artist has to offer, his view of life. Considered in this light, Marvell emerges as a clearly defined personality, for his poems display consistency and singleness of thought. In defining the Marvellian attitude through an examination of the poems, I hope to make clear at the same time the precise qualities of the individual poems. Taking the long view of a poet enables the reader to see gentle contours not clearly visible in a single poem and also prevents him from exaggerating hills into precipices. Search-

ing for an attitude towards life and all its ramifications in the total work of a poet can only increase the enjoyment possible in any one poem. If such a study is successful, the reading of a single line presents the richest implications. An entire poem becomes a gold mine of suggestion. Yet the reader's imagination is tempered by the limits of the poet's philosophy, which establishes precision even as it suggests ambiguity.

Since Marvell's greatest stylistic virtue is his richly associative use of words (it is disappointing to discover that he lifted almost every word in "To His Coy Mistress" from Cowley until we realize that he rearranged the words with genius), it is fortunate for us that his attitudes are consistently and unwaveringly stated throughout his poems. Otherwise his ambiguity might become too much for the impressionable reader to handle. That there is ambiguity in abundance in Marvell there is no question. On the ambiguity and paradox in his poems rests his reputation as a metaphysical poet despite his strong tendency to neo-classicism. It is only when we accept this ambiguity in Marvell as an integral part of his view of life that we can read the poems with precision.

To say that Marvell regards the world as split into two irreconcilable camps and that he searches for an escape from the situation is to state the case succinctly. It is not my intention, however, to attempt a psychoanalytical approach since I am neither qualified to do so nor interested in doing so. This is not to say that a qualified writer might not make a very interesting account of the Freudian view of the phenomenon of escape from the world which I am about to discuss

in relation to Marvell. Yet it is important for the reader to distinguish between such an approach and the approach which I am taking lest he be startled into thinking when he sees such words as "dichotomy" and "escape" that this paper is a fish of another sort than it intends to be. My method has been to take Marvell's poems and his individual symbols at the value which he himself places upon them insofar as I have been able to determine that value through serious study of the poems. I did not attempt to explore his unconscious since he quite consciously leaves the reader ample room to navigate within his poems.

The nature of Marvell's poems may be directly related to the cleavage which he sees in the world. The tensions in the poems spring directly from the tensions between the two poles of the world. These tensions permeate every aspect of life. The situation is further confused by the fact that no clear line can be drawn between the opposing sides. The manifestations of the struggle rest in paradox and ambiguity. Just as Clora in "The Gallery" changes from murderer to Aurora to witch to shepherdess, so the faces of the world change from good to evil, from life to death, or from immortal to mortal. Eventually the faces become almost interchangeable, various aspects of reality merge into one another, and opposites become identified. Marvell's poems are concerned with seeking out these ambiguities, establishing these identities, and, in the end, searching for a reconciliation in the paradoxes.

Marvell's entire world is transfixed between two poles each of which paradoxically incorporates the elements of the other. This

opposition may be expressed as the minute against eternity or as life against death. Both lines of development are present in such a poem as "On a Drop of Dew." This poem is based, as are many of Marvell's poems, on a number of paradoxes present in one situation:

Dark beneath, but bright above:
Here disdain, there in love,
How loose and easie hence to go:
How girt and ready to ascend.
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upwards bend.
Such did the Manna's sacred Dew destil;
White, and intire, though congeal'd and Chill.
Congealed on Earth: but does, dissolving, run
Into the Glories of th' Almighty Sun.

The root paradox here is, of course, the presence of both light and darkness in the drop of dew (or the human soul). In a typical extension of meaning the darkness derives from the earth, the light from the sun or God. In such an easy manner Marvell implies a whole world view, the opposition between earth (the powers of darkness) and God (light). At the same time that the finite nature of the drop of dew (whose "little Globes Extent" is contrasted with the entire "Sphear") is made clear, its infinite nature is being urged in the fact that it is "that Drop, that Ray/Of the clear Fountain of Eternal Day."

A paradox which often concerns Marvell is that death is implicit in the nature of life. Life often becomes for him a road to death.

So Man, declining alwayes, disappears
In the weak Circles of increasing Years;

The very activity which separates life from death (for do we not classify

as living those things which carry on activity?) is itself the agent of death. In "A Dialogue between the Soul and Body" the parts of the dichotomy are represented by the body and soul. The body by the activity of its parts tortures the soul, while the soul in turn "warms and moves this needless Frame" and prevents the body from putting an end to its activity. In this poem hope is a cramp and fear is a palsy, both joy and sorrow are madness, and the most dangerous disease is a cure.

Love and desire, which seem to be signs of vigor and youth, are also destructive forces. The nature of time is such that while it gives with one hand it takes away with the other. Youth itself through its search for pleasure perversely searches for death.

Thus, though we cannot make our Sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

It is therefore not surprising that Marvell finds the activity of the world vain and useless. From the denial of "Fame and Interest" which we find in "The Coronet," he proceeds to a denial of the entire world in "A Dialogue Between the Soul and Body" and "Eyes and Tears." In "Dialogue" the misery of the world is caused by the dual nature of man whose body enslaves his soul and whose soul "builds up" his body for sin. This dichotomy is, as I have pointed out, one manifestation of the two irreconcilable faces of reality. "Eyes and Tears" presents another such manifestation and as in the previous case the two sides of the dichotomy are paradoxically present in the same situation.

What in the World most fair appears,
Yea, even Laughter, turns to Tears:

We do get an indication in "A Dialogue Between the Resolved Soul and

Created Pleasure" that the renunciation of the world takes place in order to gain the superior world of after life. Since this poem is more in the nature of an exercise in the *débat* than a sincere expression of conviction and since the general statement in Marvell takes the line of renunciation because of the world's inadequacies, this statement may be discounted.

The renunciation of what the world has to contribute, even that which is "most fair," leads inevitably to a renunciation of life itself. The lack of significance in life is followed by an increased significance in death. As Marvell says in "An Epitaph upon ----," despite the lady's virtue, "'Twere more significant, She's Dead." This view is openly expressed in "A Dialogue Between the Body and Soul," where both the soul and body long for death which will free each from the tyranny of the other. In "The Coronet" Marvell calls upon God to destroy him and his poems (the fruits of his activity) in order that the serpent lurking there may be destroyed.

Or shatter too with him my curious frame
And let these wither, so that he may die.

The "Drop of Dew" ends its precarious existence by "dissolving" into the "Glories of th' Almighty Sun." "The Unfortunate Lover" becomes fortunate for it is he

Who, though, by the Malignant Starrs,
Forced to live in Storms and Warrs;
Yet dying leaves a perfume here,
And Musick within every Ear.

In "A Dialogue Between Thyrsis and Dorinda" Marvell makes his most

open espousal of death. In this "...way/That leads to Everlasting day" there is "Neither hope nor fear" and "day is ever, but begun."

Death as an antidote for existence is not a solution which Marvell can accept with ease, for death, too, has its other face. In "To His Coy Mistress" Marvell turns the coin over, presenting action as the defier of death, an hundred-and-eighty-degree turn from his usual presentation of death as the defier of action. In "The Picture of Little T. C." and "The Nymph Complaining" death is the destroyer of the innocent and unfulfilled. Since death itself is the creator of the paradox in life, it cannot provide a solution to that paradox. What Marvell searches for is a solution incorporating the attractive elements of death, peace and escape from the world.

The symbols which represent the two faces of Marvell's paradoxical world are the sun and the garden. The sun represents that which gives life, vigor, masculinity, the heat of desire, that which destroys, and God. The garden represents passivity, meditation, femininity, the state of death, and nature. If each series seems incongruous and paradoxical, we must remember that this is just the kind of world which Marvell intends to present. The validity of my equations may be easily established by turning to the poems. The sun as a symbol of vigor and masculinity is used in reference to Cromwell in "The First Anniversary of the Government under O. C."

Cromwell alone with greater Vigour runs,
(Sun-like) the stages of succeeding Suns:

In "On a Drop of Dew" the soul is represented as running "Into the Glories of th' Almighty Sun." The sun is clearly intended as a symbol for God. In "Damon the Mower" the sun is used as a symbol of the heat of desire which is destructive:

Tell me where I may pass the Fires
Of the hot day, or hot desires.

The garden is equated with woman in "The Nymph Complaining." (Does any reader question to what garden Marvell is referring when he has the nymph say, "I have a garden of my own"?) In the "mower" poems the field is often treated as the mower's mistress. The state of death is symbolized by nature in "Thrysis and Dorinda." Of the same nature is the series of garden poems, particularly "The Garden," which is a classic representation of nature as the giver of peace and tranquillity. Other examples might be given for both symbols but these which I have given should demonstrate my point.

It is not enough to demonstrate that Marvell uses these symbols in various ways at various times. The reader must also realize that these symbols often represent two quite paradoxical things at the same time. A step in this direction is taken in the identification of various internal members of the series such as the identification between God and the destructive force of death in "The Coronet." The process is completed when the symbol itself becomes ambiguous and paradoxical as in "To His Coy Mistress" where the sun represents both vigor and the destructive heat of desire (each implicit in the other), or in

"Picture of Little T. C." where the meaning depends upon a three-fold identification between woman, nature, and death. I will discuss this device in relation to these two poems later at some length.

The sun symbol and the garden symbol both achieve dominance in various poems. The sun symbol dominates "To His Coy Mistress," which is probably Marvell's strongest assertion of masculine dominance. The two symbols share equally in the development of "The Coronet." That the garden symbol eventually displaces the paradox created by the sun symbol we know by the fact that Marvell's philosophically most mature poems, "The Garden" and "Upon Appleton House," are exclusively "garden" poems.

The identification of Marvell's garden with the Biblical garden is made for us in "The Coronet." From the definitely hostile view of nature as a temptation of the senses which we find in "A Dialogue between the Resolved Soul and Created Pleasure," Marvell has progressed to a more ambiguous view. Several implications of the garden image are present here. Although the garlands are intended for Christ, they are at the same time "wreaths of Fame and Interest." This garden, too, has its serpent. The use of the garden image in this poem is truly metaphysical, for the meaning controls the symbol. The garden becomes a device for expressing the thought instead of standing in an immediate relation to the thought as it does in "The Garden."

The garden as an idyllic paradise or Eden before the fall is pictured quite charmingly and wistfully by Marvell in "Bermudas." In this land of eternal spring a beneficent God provides both food and salvation without the slightest effort on the part of the inhabi-

tants. That this idea appealed to Marvell as an escape from the troubles which beset England and life in general may be surmised from the fact that the Bermudas are "remote," "unespyed," and "far kinder" than the isle which Marvell inhabits. This idyllic garden appears again in "Thyrsis and Dorinda" in Thyrsis' description of heaven:

There, sheep are full
Of sweetest grass, and softest wooll;
There, birds sing Consorts, garlands grow,
Cold winds do whisper, springs do flow,
There, always is, a rising Sun,
And day is ever, but begun.
Shepherds there, bear equal sway,
And every Nymph's a Queen of May.

The attainment of this paradise is pictured in the most flagrantly escapist terms:

And thou and I'll pick poppies and them steep
In wine, and drink on't even till we weep,
So shall we smoothly pass away in sleep.

The garden is made an escape from the burning fever of desire in "Damon the Mower."

Tell me where I may pass the Fires
Of the hot day, or hot desires.
To what cool Cave shall I descend,
Or to what gelid Fountain bend?

The garden as a suitable retreat from the world is stated explicitly in "The Garden." Escape from the world of public duties and private desires has become a principle of Marvell's philosophy and he finds

the garden a place most conducive to meditation and even to religious experience.

Here at the Fountains sliding foot,
Or at some Fruit-trees mossy root,
Casting the Bodies Vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a bird it sits, and sings,
Then whets, and combs its silver Wings;
And, till prepar'd for longer Flight,
Waves in its Plumes the various light.

The world of death and escape for which Marvell longs in such poems as "A Dialogue between the Body and Soul" and "Thyrsis and Dorinda" he finds simulated in the garden. This garden may be distinguished from the idealized garden of "Bermudas," for it is somewhat idealized but nevertheless quite real. Nature is used in "Bermudas" and "Thyrsis and Dorinda" as well as in "The Coronet" as a symbol for a world of luxurious ease and peace. In "The Garden" and "Upon Appleton House" we find an admission that the world of nature contains in actuality luxurious ease and peace. At this point the garden becomes identified with death and offers the solution which Marvell did not find in death itself. By withdrawal to the garden Marvell may "die" and yet retain that sensibility which enables him to enjoy this state. (Donne finds the same solution in sexual experience.) In actuality Marvell's garden offers no resolution of the paradoxes presented by life; but it offers a situation in which the opposing forces may peacefully co-exist. In the garden the processes of life and death go on unhindered, each conquering the other in succession and gaining immortality through the eternal nature of the process. The solution lies in the acceptance of the paradox.

THE DISCOURSE

The manifestations of Marshall's divided world take many forms. Neither religion, love, nor any activity of life is free from the paradox which cleaves into two parts. Every poem which Marshall writes witnesses the division in the world, but her poems, "On a Drop of Dew" and "A Dialogue between the Body and Soul," take discourse as their subject.

THE POEMS: EIGHT ANALYSES

The structure of "On a Drop of Dew" revolves around a number of manifestations of the dichotomy, any one of which may be identified with any other. Dark and light represent existence and spirit, which in turn represent the limited and the infinite. The body is identified with the dark, substantial, limited side of the dichotomy, but is identified with the light, the spirit, the infinite side of the dichotomy; and the soul partakes of the nature of both, being at once placed within the body and a part of the "heaven" of light.

The dichotomy in which the drop of dew is caught is the "flower and the sun." The soul is defined within the "humble flower," the evidence of substance is contrasted with the purity of spirit in that the root and the other flowers are "blowing," "purple," and "green" while the world of the spirit, to which the soul turns in sustaining substance, is the "clear heaven" and "the clear fountain." The soul troubles "lest it give up" by partaking of the impurities of the flower, and the soul turns from the leaves and blossoms to "the pure and circling

I. THE DICHOTOMY

The manifestations of Marvell's divided world take many forms. Neither religion, love, nor any activity of life is free from the paradox which cleaves into two parts. Every poem which Marvell wrote assumes the division in the world, but two poems, "On a Drop of Dew" and "A Dialogue between the Body and Soul," take dichotomy as their subject.

The structure of "On a Drop of Dew" revolves around a number of manifestations of the dichotomy, any one of which may be identified with any other. Dark and light represent substance and spirit, which in turn represent the limited and the infinite. The body is identified with the dark, substantial, limited side of the dichotomy; God is identified with the light, the spirit, the infinite side of the dichotomy; and the soul partakes of the nature of both, being at once closed within the body and a part of the "sphear" of light.

The substance in which the drop of dew is confined is the "Blowing rose." The soul is confined within the "humane flow'r." The lushness of substance is contrasted with the purity of spirit in that the real and the human flowers are "blowing," "purple," and contain "sweat [sweet] leaves and blossoms green;" while the world of the spirit, to which the soul turns in disdain of substance, is the "clear Region" and "the clear Fountain." The dew trembles "lest it grow impure" by partaking of the impurities of the flower, and the soul turns from the leaves and blossoms to "its pure and circling

thoughts." The soul is like manna in that, being connected with both substance and spirit, it is "Congeal'd on Earth" into the solidity of substance, but is freed from this solidity through the power of death. Its freedom is achieved as it "does, dissolving, run/Into the Glories of th' Almighty Sun."

The relationship of the drop of dew (the soul) to light is made clear when it is described as "Orient," which means both "lustrous or pearl-like" and "rising, like the sun." The sun is used throughout the poem as a symbol for God. The soul, "recollecting its own Light," perceives its identity with the clear "Fountain of Eternal Day." The drop of dew, in being exhaled back into the skies, and the human soul, in dissolving into the sun, become united with the light which is their true nature.

The soul is limited in nature, for it is only "that Drop, that Ray/Of the clear Fountain of Eternal Day." Its "little globes extent" is contrasted with the "Sphear" of light of which it was once a part. Yet although limited through its embodiment in substance, the soul gains infinity through its identity with God, for it expresses "The greater Heaven in an Heaven less." Enclosed within itself and shunning, disdaining, or excluding the world of substance, it yet receives "the Day." The life of the soul on earth is reduced to a moment of time, for like the drop of dew which lasts for a morning, it is "loose and easie hence to go," "girt and ready to ascend," and moves "but on a point below." By dissolving into the sun it becomes a

part of eternity.

The principle of identification between the various members of the dichotomy is used to a high degree in this poem. The soul is like the dew in that it is a "drop," like the sun in that it is an entity of light, and like the manna in that it is contained in substance. The sun is identified with the drop of dew in that it is a fountain and becomes like God in its "Glories." The manna is "sacred Dew," is "white" as light, "intire" as the wholeness of eternity, and "congeal'd" as substance. Beginning at any point of departure on the scale of imagery one may run the gamut of associations, for the relationships are reciprocal.

The sun expresses several aspects of the world which are important in a general reading of Marvell. The identity between the sun and God, which is made in this poem, is found again in "The Coronet." Although the dichotomy is clearly presented in the three oppositions of light-dark, substance-spirit, and instant-eternity, the stress on unity is greater than in most of Marvell's poems. This unity is obtainable through the presence of paradox which permits the soul to both "exclude" and "receive," to be "dark beneath, but bright above," and to partake of eternity despite its instant nature.

"A Dialogue between the Soul and Body is concerned with disease and wholeness. The body and soul represent the parts of the familiar Marvellian dichotomy, interpreted in this instance in terms of matter

and spirit or evil and good. The usual interchangeable identities are present as the body represents matter and evil and the soul represents spirit and good. And as usual the situation is complicated to the point that these easy divisions no longer exist at the end of the poem.

The idea of disease is introduced in the first stanza where, although the principal image is that of slavery, the result of slavery is expressed in terms of disease in the blinded eye and deafened ear. While the material nature of the body is made clear in the physical torments which it inflicts upon the soul, the torments which the soul inflicts upon the body are of a spiritual nature such as possession by an "ill Spirit." The figurative diseases which the soul and body inflict upon each other are extended to actual disease in the third stanza. The body through the weakness inherent in its material nature contracts diseases the pain of which the soul, being the sensitive part of man, must endure. The soul, moreover, in its position as guardian of the body, is responsible for preserving from disaster that material half which is its own torment. Health becomes the worst disease of all, for it prolongs the unhappy union.

The physical disease becomes openly equated with spiritual disease in the fourth stanza. The body complains that although it may inflict the physical diseases of cramp, palsy, restilence, and ulcer upon the soul, the soul inflicts more frightful diseases upon the body in the form of "the Cramp of Hope," "the Palsie Shakes of Fear,"

"the Pestilence of Love," and "Hatred's hidden Ulcer." The soul is manic-depressive in that it forces the body to undergo the madness both of joy and sorrow. This insanity is directly referable to the soul, for the body feels that the soul is an "ill Spirit" which possesses it.

Closely related to the idea of disease is the idea of slavery and compulsion. Just as the dungeon restricts the freedom of the human being, so the body is the prison for the more ethereal being of the soul. That it is the very substance of the body which restricts the movement of the soul is made clear in the fact that the soul is bound

With bolts of Bones, that fetter'd stands
In Feet; and manacled in Hands.

The eyes and ears, which are instruments of sensitivity to the gross body, hinder the more sensitive perceptions of the soul by the gross nature of their perceptions. Thus, the eyes of the body "blind" the eyes of the soul, and the ears of the body make deaf the ears of the soul. Actually the only means which the soul has of gaining information are these very imperfect organs. Thus it is "chained" by those instruments of perception and sustenance upon which it must rely, the nerves, the arteries, and the veins. So unfortunate is this situation for the soul that it complains that it is confined in the body only by magic, which is a force of the devil.

The body complains that the soul through its superior wit acts

as jailor for the body. The substance of the body, which would have been content with its lowly state, has been "stretcht wright" in vain strivings. The soul has given life to the substance of the body only in order that the body may undergo death. Thus, the body is in the position of a slave to the soul, which forces it to carry out the soul's salvation. Although the soul has complained of the grossness of the body, the body points out that its capacity for sin is due only to the presence of the soul, which is the source of emotion, memory, and knowledge.

The diseases which plague the body and soul spring from the division between them; the mutual enslavement springs from a lack of harmony in their approach to life. The antithesis of this state, unity and order, is sought by both the body and soul, but not in the only method through which it may be achieved. When the body says, "O who shall me deliver whole," the word "whole" is used in an ambiguous sense to indicate both health and unity; yet this health and unity is impossible without the cooperation of the very soul whose "tyrannic" bonds it seeks to loose. When the soul says, "I feel, that cannot feel, the pain," it indicates that, while the body is dependent upon it for perception, it is yet dependent upon the body for its connection with the world. Paradoxically the body keeps the soul alive through its refusal to die, for the soul must continue to be embodied. The soul as the life spark "warms and moves" the "needless frame" of the body and prevents it from returning to its basic substance. Both body and soul partake of the nature of each other.

This fact paradoxically creates division instead of unity.

The body and soul seek to escape the impasse through death. The body looks for rest while the soul longs to return to the "port" whence it came. The concerns of life, love, hope, joy, and sorrow, are vain in that they are only manifestations of the struggle between body and soul to separate. These are concerns of the soul rather than the body so that in the end the soul despite its sensitivity becomes responsible for sin and for the impasse. The soul has carved out the situation at the expense of the body which is identified with the innocent untouched part of nature.

So Architects do square and hew,
Green Trees that in the Forest grew.

The garden image as used here may be identified with the general use of the garden image in poems of Marvell.

The divided world as presented in "A Dialogue between the Soul and Body" and "On a Drop of Dew" returns always to the primary division between substance and spirit. The most important problem which the division creates is that of death. In both poems a wish for death is expressed, in each case as a solution to the division which exists in the world. Death is paradoxically both problem and solution.

The face of death in these poems is a passive face, and therefore death is more attractive than frightening. Death as a state

of existence always appeals to Marvell, while death as a destructive force repels him. In a later poem, "To His Coy Mistress," the active face of destructive force is more important than the passive face of existence. This poem may be contrasted to the two just analysed in its emphasis on the problem rather than the solution insofar as death is concerned. Marvell is at work with the paradox again, for the two poems whose subject matter is most directly concerned with dichotomy are the two which come nearest to finding a unity.

II. LOVE AS DESTRUCTION

Death, as a participant on both sides of the struggle, is the most important figure in Marvell's divided world. It is manifested oftenest in nature and in love, in each case in both its active and passive states. The destructive nature of love is represented by its flame-like or burning quality. As Damon the Mower says, "O, what unusual Heats are here!" Love as a state of existence similar to death was an idea prevalent in the seventeenth century. The word "die" is frequently used as a pun to indicate both death and sexual experience.

In the three poems which are analysed here, "The Definition of Love," "The Unfortunate Lover," and "To His Coy Mistress," the most important quality of love is its destructive nature.

Through an analogy between the physical universe and his social universe, Marvell creates in "The Definition of Love" the antithesis of the world of love. The precisely ordered qualities of this world indicate a number of opposite qualities in the world of love. Just as the universe (as Marvell sees it) is mathematically exact, so the social order in which he lives is computed with mathematical exactitude. Just as the laws of the physical universe are immutable, so the laws of his social universe may not be transcended.

The demands of society which prevent the lover from obtaining

the object of his affections are personified in Fate. Fate is "jealous" and "envious" of the perfection of the lovers' love for each other. The implication is that in the nature of the world itself one finds a tendency to part, to establish opposites, and to create the paradox. Fate has decreed that these tendencies must be extended to the lovers.

. . . her Decrees of Steel
Us as the distant Poles have plac'd,
Not by themselves to be embraced.

The lover's soul, defying the decrees of Fate and society, has extended itself beyond the bounds placed upon it to fix itself upon a lady of high birth (the object of his love is "strange and high") as the object of its affections. Although the soul by its nature is able to obtain this freedom, the lovers in actuality are prevented from establishing a union by the power of those laws which the soul has managed to escape.

And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended Soul is fixt,
But Fate does Iron wedges drive,
And alwaies crouds itself betwixt.

Just as the paradox that the earth contains both north and south can be removed only in a forced and unnatural way through the use of a planisphere,* so the lovers who represent the poles of the social

*Margoliouth explains that the astrolabe is known as a planisphere because it represents the globe as having both poles "clapt flat together."

world can be united only through a major disruption of their world order.

Unless the giddy Heaven fall,
And Earth some new Convulsion tear;
And us to joyn, the World should all
Be cramp'd into a Planisphere.

The paradox is further complicated by the fact that those lovers who do not live up to the standards of their world, who fail to meet its mathematically exact demands, cannot be prevented from uniting. It is only because of the similarity of these particular lovers' high standards that they are prevented from openly showing their love. The nature of the world is such that it rewards those who do not meet its standards while perfection goes unrewarded.

As Lines so Loves oblique may well
Themselves in every Angle greet:
But ours so truly Paralel,
Though infinite can never meet.

The implication is ever present that another world in which the lovers might be united is possible. Through his very denial of this world's existence Marvell creates its image. This world, perceived by his "extended Soul" in its state of disconnection from the values imposed upon it, is a world in which malicious Fate would be unable to operate. The secret to the impotence of Fate in the new world is that, instead of being mathematically ordered, the new world will be ordered according to the laws of love, which permit the resolution of the paradoxes which the stern laws of mathematics

prevent. While in the new world the lovers remain "distant Poles" (for "loves whole World on us doth wheel"), this in no way prevents their union. Obviously the establishment of such a world depends upon just such a revolution as Marvell describes in stanza six, for it replaces the mathematically rational nature of the world with the irrationality of love. This revolution, which seems to be impossible in the physical universe and unlikely in the social universe, is possible in the universe of the mind, for it is there that the lovers are joined, despite the fact that the stars, the spokesmen for Fate, cry out against the union.

Therefore the Love which us doth bind
But Fate so enviously debarrs,
Is the Conjunction of the Mind,
And Opposition of the Stars.

The social world of the lovers is so rigid that despair is their only hope, for only in accepting the conditions under which they live are they able to perceive the other world of love. Hope, in its inadequacy, would have permitted them to think of establishing a union within the present world. Only through the magnanimity of despair, which denies any possibility of union in their social order, can the image of a world in which love rules be created.

Magnanimous Despair alone
Could show me so divine a thing,
Where feeble Hope could ne'er have flown
But vainly flap its Tinsel Wing.

The violently destructive nature of love is made clear in the process necessary to join the world of rationality to the world of

love. The static nature of the present world is represented by the image of fixed poles. The dynamic world of love is brought into being by a cataclysmic event and then wheels along in space. The lovers, should they defy the laws of their society and establish a union, would create such a world. Both the physical violence of their love and the extreme disruption of the social order would be equivalent to the "convulsion" necessary to establish this world. Their break with the old order would leave them wheeling dramatically through space, just as would a planet which defied the mathematical laws which keep it in its orbit. To make the choice in favor of such a world is obviously dangerous, as Marvell points out in other poems. These lovers do not do so, but accept the order placed upon them and retain only the image of the other world of dynamic love.

In "The Unfortunate Lover" the entire poem centers around the figure of a man undergoing destruction. The tenacity of the lover reminds one of Ransom's Captain Carpenter, another man undergoing destruction. Having noted this resemblance, one is further startled by the similarity between the "numerous fleet of Corm'rants black,/ That sail'd insulting o're the Wrack" and Ransom's crows, who "whet their beaks, clack, clack." The birds in both cases represent the forces of destruction. This resemblance may be used to indicate something in Marvell's poem which might otherwise be overlooked in what seem to be merely extremes of the Petrarchan convention: that the unfortunate lover represents essentially the same qual-

ities in the world which Captain Carpenter represents, the qualities of heroism and irrationality (both Ransom and Marvell would say that they never exist independently). This is not surprising considering that Ransom and Marvell share a belief in the ambiguity of life and the potency of death.

In both poems the presentation of the hero is made in such terms of hyperbole that only its wit enables us to take the poem seriously. The hyperbole is referable to the mock use of two genres, the ballad and the epic. In Ransom's poem the use of the ballad is most important. In fact, the poem is a ballad, although it makes use of several epic qualities. But Marvell, almost in forecast of the coming century, chooses to make the epic the background for his hero. In true epic fashion Marvell takes the hero from the moment of his birth to the moment of his death, but since the hero is important only in his figure of lover, it is his birth as a lover and his death as a lover with which Marvell is concerned. The epic tells the spiritual progress of the hero through love, and all that is necessary to being a hero is performed as he undertakes feats and does battle.

The other literary device which is important to Marvell's poem is the Petrarchan convention. The idea of the lover achieving some kind of spiritual reward through his struggle with love is the very framework of this poem. In this case, however, the heart of the Petrarchan convention is completely missing. The deified woman who is the object of the lover's spiritual love has been eliminated from

this poem entirely. The object through which love works its weal on the lover is personified not in the woman but in nature.

The use of imagery from nature to describe the experience of love begins in the first stanza when a tame, inexperienced kind of love is compared to a garden.

Sorted by pairs, they still are seen
By Fountains cool, and Shadows green.

The lover's birth into mature love, however, is accompanied by violent changes in nature in the person of a storm. The willfulness of love's treatment of the lover is also personified in the storm.

. . . the Seas
Rul'd, and the Winds did what they please.

Nature still retains an ambiguous position in regard to the lover, a position which is made clear in a series of paradoxes. The cormorants receive him into their "cruel Care." The lover is "unfortunate and abject" but an "Heir."

Nature and love as destructive forces become combined in their efforts. The very sources of life are also the sources of death, for while the Cormorants feed the lover they also feed upon him:

Thus while they famish him, and feast,
He both consumed, and increast.

Blood is the symbol both of the lover's passion and of his death, just as the flames which gnaw him are instruments of both desire and destruction. The lesser "flames" of the idyllic garden "do

lose their light" compared with the flame of this lover, who battles the tempest. The ambiguous state in which he exists partakes of two worlds, for he is "Th' Amphibium of Life and Death."

The unfortunate lover may be said to stand, just as Captain Carpenter stands, for man at his best. Although there is something vain and ridiculous about his heroic efforts to battle the universe, these efforts retain something of nobility. The only place in which this heroic love achieves real nobility, Marvell says somewhat sadly and mostly cynically, is in story. (In "Captain Carpenter" Ransom makes this statement implicit in the poem which is a myth.)

The Marvellian estimate of man is "In a Field Sable a Lover Gules:" a bloody lover in a black field. This line, in which the lover becomes his own coat of arms, is a summary of the relationship between love and death. The red and black which are the lover's colors represent passion, blood, and death. By the very fact of his being a lover, the unfortunate lover must necessarily come to a violent end.

One might say of "To His Coy Mistress" that each of the three sections of the poem is governed by a physical principle; the first by expansion, the second by contraction, and the third by propulsion. In any case the poem might be expressed through the use of a common equation from physics, $d = rt$, for it is concerned with the movement of a body through space and time. That the entities of space

and time are its principal modes of expression is made clear in the first line: "Had we but World enough, and Time." In the first section of the poem these entities are expanded to hyperbole. Within the dimension of space the entire world becomes the domain of the lovers. Their love is "vaster than Empires." Within the dimensions of Time all history becomes the lovers' province. They are projected both backwards and forwards through time as their love originates before the Flood and continues until the "last Age" of the world.

In the second section the utter futility of the hyperbole is made apparent by a sharp contraction of the world of time and space in which the lovers live. "Times winged Charriot" approaches close on their heels. The lady is reminded that the "Desarts of vast Eternity" which "Yonder all before us lye" are actually on the other side of the boundary. Between this world and that lie the narrowest confines of all, the "marble Vault." All values and materials are closed within these walls of time and space. Neither beauty, virginity, honor, lust, nor his "ecchoing Song"* will survive those limits fixed for them by time.

In the final section of the poem the entity of time is contracted to an instant and the motion which was introduced in "Times winged

*It is interesting that Marvell nowhere makes that claim which most poets make: that the world of time and space is conquered through their art. This is consistent with his total world view as I explain above.

Charriot hurrying near" is picked up and used to propel the poem to its climax. Youth and beauty are as transitory as "morning dew" and the fires of the soul are "instant." Time is to be devoured "at once." The spacial world of the lovers is contracted to the ball which their bodies form as they make love. In this sharply contracted world energy is generated which propels even the sun forward. But the irony is that it is "our Sun," the sun of the lovers' lives, which is being sped towards its end. Although time may not be slowed down, its speed may be increased and the gain from life is also increased. Thus the distance which the body moves in its race to death is directly proportional to that rate at which it moves through time.

The opposition between the instant and eternity which is at the core of this poem may be equated with the opposition between life and death. And as always with Marvell, man's values when placed in the perspective of eternity become ridiculous.

The Graves a fine and private place,
But none I think do there embrace.

Whatever man attempts is futile. His activity serves only to hasten his end. The use of "rate" in line twenty indicates this duality in an ironic tone, for it clearly means both "rate of speed" and "cost." Marvell's plea to "Rather at once our Time devour,/Than languish in his slow-chaunt pow'r" represents this irony. Although the lovers "devour" or use up time, actually this only enables Time to devour them. In the act of destroying the instant of time they succumb to the eternity of time which lies just ahead.

Love is the specific activity of man which is the subject of this poem. The span of time which it occupies in man's life is identified as "Love's Day." The essentially destructive nature of the activity of love is made clear. The "instant Fires" of desire burn life away in an instant. Lust turns to ashes. The act of love may be compared to the state of death, for there "Worms shall try/That long preserv'd Virginity." The lovers are like "am'rous birds of prey," for they devour the lives of themselves and of one another. The pleasure which is gained they gain at their own expense and only by tearing "with rough strife,/Through the Iron gates of Life." Since their love endures for only a day or even for an instant, the sun of that day is both the sun of their desire and the destructive force of time. As their desire speeds towards its consummation, the sun of life runs towards its end.

Who, we might ask, will be willing to pay such a price for pleasure? and does this poem really advocate that we "sport us while we may?" The answer to the latter question is "yes" and may be explained by the answer to the first question. The nature of life as Marvell sees it is such that whatever pleasure one obtains must be wrenched from the jaws of time. Only at the sacrifice of youth and even life itself are we able to spend that strength and sweetness which make life worth living. The choice is this: to tear pleasure from life, live it to the fullest, and die; or to renounce pleasure, live an austere life, and die. The difference is

simply one of rate. Marvell makes a plea to the mistress to make the choice which he has made. Let us not, he says, love or live "at lower rate."

The tone of the last two thirds of the poem is not so much ironically witty as ironically tragic. His perception of the instant of time having been quickened to poignant sharpness, Marvell is able to see man in the tragic light. Possessing strength which is his own destruction, blocked at every turn by walls of irony, man is yet able to tear valiantly through the gates of life, accepting death as the inevitable result of his condition. This expression, a unique one for Marvell, accounts for the fact that "To His Coy Mistress" is the most universally moving of his poems.

In these three poems we see that although the struggle with death is heroic, it is futile. The two lovers who choose to struggle with death die violently; the third in refusing to enter the fray gains time, but it is the time of a static world whose creative power has disappeared.

Paradoxically activity is meaningful because in this way time is spent heroically, and meaningless because it ends in death. The lover of "The Definition of Love" and the lover of "To His Coy Mistress" are equals in Marvell's divided world, for, although they make opposite choices, they are alike in having seen "Deserts of Vast Eternity." They have grasped the only comfort left to man, self-knowledge, and in realizing the nature of their position in the universe they are able to cope with death.

III. THE GARDEN

Nature like love is both destroyer and refuge from destruction. The garden, itself, although sometimes representing destructive forces, is usually identified with death as an escape. In these cases it becomes somewhat idealized and presents the passive and peaceful aspects of nature.

The three poems which are discussed below include both kinds of gardens. "A Picture of Little T. C." shows nature as a destructive force, while "The Nymph Complaining" and "The Garden" show nature as an escape from the active life.

The diverse elements introduced into "A Picture of Little T. C." are held together by the imagery of rulers and courts. The opening lines refer to the lack of ostentation in this court:

See with what simplicity
This Nymph begins her golden daies!

The court is only a lawn and the Nymph is a child, we discover, but Marvell continues the game. He uses "aspect" instead of "face" as a word more suitable to the dignity of rulers who are often looked upon and whose countenances indeed represent aspects rather than faces. Little T. C. is pictured as a giver of laws enforced by her "command severe," and then as a triumphant conqueror despising her enemies who yield. Marvell asks for more justice than this from the young ruler

as he pleads, "Reform the errors of the Spring" and "spare the Buds."

Marvell no doubt has in mind the ostentation and injustices of the courts of his day; but his use of such imagery is not satiric but playful and is calculated to disguise the basically serious nature of his statement. (Ben Jonson and in our day John Crowe Ransom are masters of this device.) In Marvell's poem the imagery refers to three situations: The actual situation at hand in which the child holds court among the flowers; the situation which Marvell foresees when T. C. as an attractive young girl holds court among her beaux; and the analogous situation of real court life which Marvell creates in his imagination.

The use of court imagery is scarcely more than a device incorporating elements of other subjects which Marvell wants to discuss but which seem disparate. If we look beyond the framework we see another principle of organization revolving around woman, nature, and death. The first step in this organization involves an identification between woman and nature. T. C. is identified as a Nymph, one of the divinities of wood and field, and is placed in a conventional pastoral setting. Her playmates are roses (to harmonize with the framework of court imagery since the rose was queen of the flowers in the elaborate system of the century). T. C. is like the flowers, for "every verdant thing/Itself does at thy Beauty charm." As a divinity of nature, T. C. is called upon to reform the errors which Spring has permitted in the world of nature. These errors are pecu-

liarily womanly: The tulips lack perfume although they are fair to look upon, and the roses which are both fair and sweet-smelling are armed with thorns. The identification is completed when T. C. is referred to as a "beauty of the Woods" and when her death is directly identified with the breaking of a blossom.

The second step occurs simultaneously with the first in the identification between woman and death. In conventional Petrarchan terms woman is the cause of the lover's death by her refusal to yield her charms.

O then let me in time compound,
And parly with those conquering Eyes;
Ere they have try'd their force to wound,
Ere, with their glancing wheels, they drive
In Triumph over Hearts that strive.

Just as he is happy who is able to salvage something from the inexorable jaws of death (see "To His Coy Mistress"), so is the lover happy

who can
Appease this virtuous Enemy of Man!

Just as she will later slay the hearts of men, little T.C. breaks the flowers and ends their short lives "in their prime."

The third identification, that between nature and death, is confined to a cryptic line in the third stanza; but the irony of the statement depends upon its proper reading.

Lest Flora angry at thy crime,
To kill her Infants in their prime,
Do quickly make th' Example Yours;
And, ere we see,
Nip in the blossome all our hopes and Thee.

In this stanza nature becomes the revenging power of death.

Lest the reader think that the further interpretation is an overreading of the poem, it is necessary to explain that "Little T. C." is an unsuccessful poem in that while all the implications of Marvell's world view are present, they are never resolved into a statement. It is up to the reader to supply resolution by cross-reference in the poem itself. The remaining conclusions are firmly grounded in the poem.

The statement that "nature becomes the revenging power of death" may be inverted to read "the revenging power of death is nature." In other words death does not come from an outside force, but from forces implicit in the nature of the living thing. The violets are short-lived, not because an unkind personified nature mows them down, but because the time of all living things is measured and the violet has been allowed a shorter span. Yet ironically those things which are as frail and tender as violets, the very "Darling of the Gods," are nipped in the bud, as though an unkind world would not allow them to live out their granted time. And ironically again the power of rulers, the tyranny of mistresses, and the cruelty of little girls all come to their end through that power more tyrannical and cruel than any other, death. So while the poet looks forward to witnessing T. C.'s triumphs from the peace of death:

Let me be laid,
Where I may see those Glories from some shade.

he also perceives that those triumphs are nothing, since they may be

undermined in their infancy. Thus, he pleads for moderation from the forces of destruction whether they be rulers, mistresses, children, or death, so that his hopes (the hopes which a supporter of a pretender to the throne entertains, the hopes which the lovers of a young beauty entertain, and the hopes about the preservation of the young and beautiful which Marvell entertains) will not also perish.

At the core of "The Nymph Complaining for the death of her Faun" is an opposition between the masculine principle and the feminine principle, both of which are represented in the fawn itself. The "wanton Troopers" first draw the wrath of the nymph as she calls them "ungentle men!" for shooting her fawn. In turn "unconstant Sylvio" is identified with the masculine principle and the nymph's opposition is made clear in her disdain of the "love of false and cruel men."

In order to develop an integrated interpretation of this poem it is necessary to view it in an ironic light. The use of irony is after all a common device in the dramatic monologue, the form which this poem assumes. If we grant a basic masculine-feminine opposition in the poem, it is necessary to go further and make an assumption about the relationship between the nymph and Sylvio: that Sylvio has gone away because his attempts at seduction were spurned by the nymph. If the nymph's wrath is aroused only because Sylvio has left her, the destructive masculine principle is eliminated insofar

as Sylvio is concerned, and no analogy can be drawn between her situation with Sylvio and the fawn's situation with the troopers. It is unlike Marvell to include two unrelated events in a poem without providing a connection. Moreover, with the masculine principle of destruction eliminated the symbolism of chastity has no link with the rest of the poem. Marvell is far too good a craftsman to permit this to happen. He has indicated through the use of words such as "lilies," "Diana," "saints," even through the use of explicit words like "pure" and "virgin," that the subject of the poem is chastity. For this reason it is obvious that the conflict between the nymph and Sylvio must be a conflict between the destructive principle and chastity.

The basic masculine-feminine opposition involves an activity-passivity opposition as well. The troopers are "wanton" because they are active in their capacity of riding about and shooting. Sylvio, himself a "Huntsman," is the object of the nymph's wrath because he was not content to accept the status quo in their relationship and has moved on to greener fields. His attitude may be contrasted with the passive attitude of the nymph:

Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away,
With this; and very well content,
Could so mine idle Life have spent.

The fawn itself possesses the masculine principle of activity.

(This very trait paradoxically attracts the nymph.)

For it was full of sport; and light
Of foot, and heart; and did invite,
Me to its game. . .

The fawn takes the place in the nymph's affections of Sylvio, who was no doubt spurned when he invited the nymph to his game. She is able to accept the fawn's activity and playfulness because at the same time she identifies the fawn's gentleness with her own feminine principle. In contrast to Sylvio:

This waxed tame, while he grew wild.

The troopers in being an active part of life are at the same time destructive and death-dealing. Through its death, the fawn, having lost its capacity for activity, becomes associated with the other side, the side with which the nymph identifies herself. This group encompasses martyrs, lilies, roses, swans, turtledoves, lambs, ermines, and virgins.

In the identification of the nymph and the fawn with the garden the feminine principles of beauty and frailty are urged. When the nymph says, "I have a garden of my own," the line ironically refers to the nymph's charms as well as to her place of habitation. The roses and lilies of this symbolical garden represent the qualities which are paradoxically present in the nymph herself. Her warm beauty is as lush as a rose, but like the lily she is cold and pure. The fawn feeds upon the roses and lilies (just as it feeds up-

as an offering, not to the Christian god from whom the imagery up to this point has derived, but rather to Diana, the goddess of chastity.

The nymph and the fawn become identified with whatever is innocent and tender in the world. As the fawn dies:

The Tears do come
Sad, slowly dropping like a Gumme.
So weeps the wounded Balsome.

They are further identified with the "brotherless [unprotected] Heliades." The fawn is in actuality one of the gentle, white animals of the fields and forests. The nymph thinks of herself as akin to these.

Now my sweet Faun is vanish'd to
Whether the Swans and Turtles go:
In fair Elizium to endure,
With milk-white Lambs, and Ermins pure.

Although it may appear that Marvell is making a case for purity, and although it is undoubtedly true that he has deep sympathy for the pure, frail things of the world which must die or be destroyed, the other side is subtly presented through the nymph herself. The irony implicit in the structure of the poem undercuts many of the nymph's own statements. Although she says of the troopers that she "never wisht them ill,/Nor do I for all this; nor will" and although she calls upon heaven to forgive them, she comes around to the view within a few lines that the sin is so great that the troopers will never be clean. The nymph is not so pious as she would have us imagine. There is much in her character that is small and spiteful. This is indicated in the very next section, for although she says,

"O I cannot be/Unkind t' a beast that loveth me," she proceeds to make disdainful comments about that lover who was more than a beast, ending with a praise of the fawn and a disparagement of Sylvio.

Thy love was far more better then
The love of false and cruel men.

The state of chastity is not so attractive as the nymph may make it sound. Because of her own standards of virtue, the nymph has so overgrown her natural warmth with protective coloring that it resembles a wilderness.

I have a Garden of my own,
But so with Roses over grown,
And Lillies, that you would it guess
To be a little Wilderness.

This state of seclusion from the warmth and activity of life is actually no better than death itself, as these lines about the fawn in the garden indicate:

Its pure virgin Limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of Lillies cold.

The fawn inevitably comes to this death-like state because it is impossible for it to continue developing in both directions. As its activity and force increased, it would have become as unattractive to the nymph as Sylvio. Its urge to live would have drawn it into the world, just as did Sylvio's.

Had it liv'd long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so
As Sylvio did: his Gifts might be
Perhaps as false or more than he.

The nymph's love for the fawn is an affectation to mask her need for the more vigorous love of Sylvio. Her insincerity is made clear in the heights of hyperbole which she reaches in lamenting the fawn's death. She intends to place a statue of herself upon its grave.

That I shall weep though I be Stone.

The irony is that although she is stone, she still can weep. By severing her ties with the living world, she is no more than a statue of stone; but her need for this world is such that she weeps as her last frail tie is cut through the death of the fawn. The deception which the nymph has practiced on herself in accepting the fawn's affection in place of what life has to offer is indicated in the irony of the last lines of the poem.

For I would have thin image be
White as I can, though not as Thee.

Although she believes that the statue of the fawn though made of alabaster will never be as white as the fawn itself, in actuality the fawn itself was never as white as the alabaster image which she made of it.

The divided world is represented in this poem in the forms of innocence and destruction. Destruction is personified in the active, masculine side of life, while innocence is personified in the passive,

feminine side of life. Both the garden and the nymph represent a world of escape and seclusion resembling death. Both the death of their world of escape and the destructive death of the antithetical world possess certain attractive qualities. Active death has the virtue of vitality, while passive death has the virtue of peace. The garden of the nymph, although it provides an escape from the harsh realities of the world, lacks the warmth of life.

In "The Garden" we find the state in which the body, mind and soul are united through the pleasures of nature. Each of the three divisions finds here a quality which it seeks which corresponds to a quality in the outer world. For the body there is passion; for the mind there is order; for the soul there is peace. The structure of the poem consists in a neat counter-play between these pleasures as enjoyed in the world of men and as enjoyed in the garden.

The sensuous pleasures which the garden bestows upon the body are contrasted with the pleasures which lovers enjoy with their mistresses. The white and red of stanza three are borrowed from the Petrarchan convention where these terms were traditionally used to describe the mistress' complexion. The green of the garden is described as "am'rous" to associate it with passion in place of the traditional colors. In this way the first of the sensuous qualities of the garden, its appeal to sight, is presented.

How far these Beauties Hers exceed!

The "cruel Flame" of desire does not burn the lovers of gardens, for their green passion is a cool, restoring one rather than a destructive one. A love affair with a garden does not involve the kind of spend-thrift attitude toward strength and sweetness which a love affair with a mistress involves. The essentially passive nature of the sensual response to nature is made apparent in the fifth stanza where the grapes crush themselves upon the lover's mouth and "The Nectaren, and curious Peach,/Into my hands themselves do reach." The garden assumes a more aggressive role until at last it is pictured as drawing the lover into the enjoyment of its sensuous beauties.

Insнар'd with Flow'rs, I fall on Grass.

These beauties appeal to the taste and touch as well as to the sight. The garden lover's disassociation from the destructive race to death which the lover of the coy mistress undertakes is made apparent in stanza four:

When we have run our Passions heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.

The garden usurps the place of the mistress, for in the following line the pun on "helpmeet" makes the garden a wife. The garden is perfection itself, for no matter how often enjoyed, it remains "pure" and "sweet."

After a Place so pure, and sweet,
What other Help could yet be meet!

In the garden the mind finds that order which is its chief delight. The vain strivings of men in the outer world, who ignore many aspects of life in trying to achieve some particular goal, are contrasted to the whole experience available in the garden. In winning "the Palm, the Oke, or Bayes," man finds that he has taken the garlands from a single tree in place of the ordered beauty of nature in which "all Flow'rs and all Trees do close/To weave the Garlands of repose." In the order of the garden the mind discovers the principle which orders its own being, so that its pleasure in the garden is philosophical.

The Mind, that Ocean where each kind
Does streight its own resemblance find;

The mind through its imaginative powers takes the order of the garden and uses it to create "other Worlds, and other Seas," or new orders. In this way the raw sensuous material of the garden is transformed into thought. The radical change in its nature is considered to be annihilation but the end product can be identified with the raw material through its greenness. The order of the garden is symbolized in the sundial of herbs and flowers which the gardener has so carefully arranged. The garden itself is like this dial in that a higher Gardener has measured out time through its sequences of growth. The order of the dial and the order of the garden are related to the order of the universe in their common experience of time. The superiority of this natural order is demon-

strated in that "Society is all but rude,/To this delicious Solitude." The order of society is actually a rustic, or not very highly developed order, compared with the exquisite order of nature.

The totality of experience which exists in the garden provides the soul with the repose which essential to its well-being. This repose is compounded of quiet and innocence, which are identified as "sacred Plants" in the garden. The "busie Companies of Men" in which Marvell has sought repose contain neither quiet nor innocence. In the garden, however, the soul is able to break free from those connections with society which prevent it from obtaining innocence. In doing so it becomes like a bird and, casting "The Bodies Vest aside," indulges in the song of its own unhampered being. No longer chained and manacled by the desires and frustrations of the body, it achieves complete freedom.

The state of existence in the garden is like the state of death in that many of the concerns of the world are negligible here. Both the vain striving for honor and the destructive race with passion do not exist in the garden. The dichotomy between body and soul no longer exists, for through the pleasures of the garden the body is transformed into soul. The pleasures which the body enjoys in the garden reduce the powers of the mind in that they prevent it from introducing false intellectual complications into the order of the garden, but at the same time the mind is strengthened to the point that the whole material of the garden is turned into thought. Thus, the state of existence in the garden, though like death in its aspects of peace and passivity, is superior to death in that the mind is

able to comprehend and enjoy its significance. The active, destructive nature of death disappears in the garden experience to leave only the attractive elements of death. Time, instead of devouring and being devoured, is extended and measured out in the cycles of herbs and flowers.

The resolution of the paradoxical nature of death which occurs in the garden is implied in the garden's greenness. Unlike the white of purity and the red of destructive passion, which are the symbols of sexual love and which can never exist in harmony, the greenness of the garden represents both passion and purity and resolves the paradox in its own existence. The "green Thought" into which the material of the garden is turned is both purified of sophistry and impregnated with imagination. The garden lover is enabled to partake of these qualities of the garden, because in his experience in the garden he becomes identified with the garden itself. Just as Daphne turned into laurel and Syrinx turned into a reed, so the mind of the garden lover is transformed into a "green Thought" and his soul becomes like a bird. Through this identification he becomes a part of the order of nature, as he might through death, and just as in death, the division in the world is healed. As the world is made whole, its ambiguities, though still existing simultaneously, become acceptable.

The view of nature as presented in the three gardens of these three poems progresses from a negative attitude to a positive atti-

tude. The garden of "Little T. C." represents nature as a destructive force. In "The Nymph Complaining" nature assumes a more ambiguous role, possessing both the attractive and unattractive qualities of death. In "The Garden" Marvell progresses to a realization, expressed in the first stanzas of the poem, that the active side of life, which had seemed attractive heretofore for its vitality, could be discounted entirely. In the state of nature which this idealized garden represents only the attractive aspects of death remain.

THE FINAL STATEMENT

We have progressed through the poems by such the same way that Merrill must have progressed as he wrote them: from an irresolvable conflict to a resolution. Although a subtle alteration in tone takes place between "On a Day of Jew" and "The Garden," Merrill's primary concern remains the same. These preliminary or working tools with which we set out have been substantiated by the poems.

THE FINAL STATEMENT

In "The Garden" we find the same dichotomy, the same presentation of the world, the same distinction between activity and passivity which we find in the early poems. The same sharp line is drawn between what constitutes the two sides of the divided world. Just as in "On a Day of Jew," the emphasis is on obtaining order and unity.

The difference between "On a Day of Jew" and "The Garden" may be summed up in one word: experience. Merrill always begins with the assumption that his perception of reality is correct. The tension in his poems revolves around another question: What is the correct choice to make in the divided world? Is activity with vitality and destruction preferable to passivity with order and slow death? The difference between "On a Day of Jew" and "The Garden" comes from the fact that the questions are answered in the first case with theory and in the second with experience. This experience is not only that which takes place in the garden, but that which we have undergone with Merrill in our progression through the poems.

THE FINAL STATEMENT

We have progressed through the poems in much the same way that Marvell must have progressed as he wrote them: from an irreconcilable conflict to a resolution. Although a subtle alteration in tone takes place between "On a Drop of Dew" and "The Garden," Marvell's primary conception of reality remains the same. Those premises or working tools with which we set out have been substantiated by the poems.

In "The Garden" we find the same dichotomy, the same renunciation of the world, the same distinction between activity and passivity which we find in the early poems. The same sharp line is drawn between what constitutes the two parts of the divided world. Just as in "On a Drop of Dew," the emphasis is on obtaining order and unity.

The difference between "On a Drop of Dew" and "The Garden" may be summed up in one word: experience. Marvell always begins with the assumption that his perception of reality is correct. The tension in his poems revolves around another question: What is the correct choice to make in the divided world? Is activity with vitality and destruction preferable to passivity with peace and slow death? The difference between "On A Drop of Dew" and "The Garden" comes from the fact that the questions are answered in the first poem with theology and in the second with experience. This experience is not only that which takes place in the garden, but that which we have undergone with Marvell in our progression through the poems.

Marvell knows that peace in the garden is preferable to activity in the world because he has experienced fiery passions and vain strivings. Through this experience he makes for himself the choice in favor of retirement.

It is inevitable that this is the final choice, for throughout the poems the emphasis has been on the search for an escape. Escape by its very nature incorporates the elements of peace and passivity. The garden is a particularly attractive place to which to escape because the vitality of the active world is not entirely lost. Through the perception of his identity with the world of nature, Marvell gains a kind of vitality. As he says in a poem which continues the thought expressed in "The Garden," "I was myself but an inverted tree." Destructive passion is renounced and the divided world is made whole when man returns to the order of nature.

On a Drop of Dew

See how the Orient Dew,
 Shed from the bosom of the Morn,
 Into the blowing breeze,
 Yet careless of its morning dew,
 For the clear Region where it flows
 Found in its self enclosed
 And in the little Globes Orient,
 Frames as it can its native Element,
 Now in the purple dew's dress slight,
 Scabbie touching touching where it lies,
 But gazing back over the Skies,
 Shines with a powerful Light
 Like its own Day,
 Because so long distill'd from the Sphere,
 Heartless it rudies and unsees,
 Working lost it grows impure
 Till the sun's Day gives it's Day,
 And so it's back again,
 To the clear Fountain of Eternal Day,
 Could it within the human Dew's be such,
 Remembering still its former height,
 When the moist leaves and blossoms green,
 And, recollecting its own Light,
 Dews in its pure and stretching thoughts, express
 The greater Heaven in an Heaven lost,
 In how e'er a Figure wear,
 Every way it turns away
 To the World's excluding round,
 Yet receiving in the Day,
 Dark beneath, but bright above,
 Rare distilling, there is love,
 How loose and how's hence is got
 How fit and ready to ascend,
 Having but on a point below,
 It all about does upwards best,
 Such did the Moon's sacred Dew distill;
 White, and soft, though congel'd and still,
 Congel'd on Earth, but does, dissolving, run
 Into the Glories of the Alchymy Sun.

APPENDIX: POEMS

... of the clear Fountain of Eternal Day,
 Could it within the human Dew's be such,
 Remembering still its former height,
 When the moist leaves and blossoms green,
 And, recollecting its own Light,
 Dews in its pure and stretching thoughts, express
 The greater Heaven in an Heaven lost,
 In how e'er a Figure wear,
 Every way it turns away
 To the World's excluding round,
 Yet receiving in the Day,
 Dark beneath, but bright above,
 Rare distilling, there is love,
 How loose and how's hence is got
 How fit and ready to ascend,
 Having but on a point below,
 It all about does upwards best,
 Such did the Moon's sacred Dew distill;
 White, and soft, though congel'd and still,
 Congel'd on Earth, but does, dissolving, run
 Into the Glories of the Alchymy Sun.

On a Drop of Dew

See how the Orient Dew,
Shed from the Bosom of the Morn
Into the blowing Roses,
Yet careless of its Mansion new;
For the clear Region where 'twas born
Round in its self incloses:
And in its little Globes Extent,
Frames as it can its native Element,
How it the purple flow'r does slight,
Scarce touching touching where it lies,
But gazing back upon the Skies,
Shines with a mournful Light;
Like its own Tear,
Because so long divided from the Sphear.
Restless it rouses and unsecure,
Trembling lest it grow impure:
Till the warm Sun pittie it's Pain,
And to the Skies exhale it back again.
So the Soul, that Drop, that Ray
Of the clear Fountain of Eternal Day,
Could it within the humane flow'r be seen,
Remembring still its former height,
Shuns the sweat leaves and blossoms green;
And, recollecting its own Light,
Does in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater Heaven in an Heaven less.
In how coy a Figure wound,
Every way it turns away:
So the World excluding round,
Yet receiving in the Day.
Dark beneath, but bright above:
Here disdainig, there in Love,
How loose and easie hence to go:
How girt and ready to ascend.
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upwards bend.
Such did the Manna's sacred Dew destil;
White, and intire, though congeal'd and chill.
Congeal'd on Earth: but does, dissolving, run
Into the Glories of th' Almighty Sun.

A Dialogue between the Soul and Body

Soul. O who shall, from this Dungeon, raise
A Soul inslav'd so many ways?
With bolts of Bones, that fetter'd stands
In Feet; and manacled in Hands.
Here blinded with an Eye; and there
Deaf with the drumming of an Ear,
A Soul hung up, as 'twere, in Chains
Of Nerves, and Arteries, and Veins.
Tortur'd besides each other part,
In a vain Head, and double Heart.

Body. O who shall me deliver whole,
From bonds of this Tyrannic Soul?
Which, stretcht upright, impales me so,
That mine own Precipice I go;
And warms and moves this needless Frame:
(A Fever could but do the same.)
And, wanting where its spight to try,
Has made me live to let me dye.
A Body that could never rest,
Since this ill Spirit it possest.

Soul. What Magick could me thus confine
Within anothers Grief to pine?
Where whatsoever it complain,
I feel, that cannot feel, the pain.
And all my Care its self employes,
That to preserve, which me destroys:
Constrain'd not only to indure
Diseases, but, whats worse, the Cure:
And ready oft the Port to gain,
Am Shipwrackt into Health again.

Body. But Physick yet could never reach
The Maladies Thou me dost teach;
Whom first the Cramp of Hope does Tear:
And then the Palsie Shakes of Fear.
The Pestilence of Love does heat:
Or Hatred's hidden Ulcer eat.
Joy's chearful Madness does perplex:
Or Sorrow's other Madness vex.
Which Knowledge forces me to know;
And Memory will not foregoe.
What but a Soul could have the wit
To build me up for Sin so fit?
So Architects do square and hew,
Green Trees that in the Forest grew.

The Definition of Love

My Love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis for object strange and high:
It was begotten by despair
Upon Impossibility.

Magnanimous Despair alone
Could show me so divine a thing,
Where feeble Hope could ne'r have flown
But vainly flapt its Tinsel Wing.

And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended Soul is fixt,
But Fate does Iron wedges drive,
And alwaies crouds it self betwixt.

For Fate with jealous Eye does see
Two perfect Loves; nor lets them close:
Their union would her ruine be,
And her Tyrannick pow'r depose.

And therefore her Decrees of Steel
Us as the distant Poles have plac'd,
(Though Loves whole World on us doth wheel)
Not by themselves to be embrac'd.

Unless the giddy Heaven fall,
And Earth some new Convulsion tear;
And, us to joyn the World should all
Be cramp'd into a Planisphere.

As Lines so Loves oblique may well
Themselves in every Angle greet:
But ours so truly Paralel,
Though infinite can never meet.

Therefore the Love which us doth bind,
But Fate so enviously debarrs,
Is the Conjunction of the Mind,
And Opposition of the Stars.

The unfortunate Lover

Alas, how pleasant are their days
With whom the Infant Love yet plays!
Sorted by pairs, they still are seen
By Fountains cool, and Shadows green.
But soon these Flames do lose their light,
Like Meteors of a Summers night:
Nor can they to that Region climb,
To make impression upon Time.

'Twas in a Shipwrack, when the Seas
Rul'd, and the Winds did what they please,
That my poor Lover floting lay,
And, e're brought forth, was cast away:
Till at the last the master-Wave
Upon the Rock his Mother drave;
And there she split against the Stone,
In a Cesarian Section.

The Sea him lent these bitter Tears
Which at his Eyes he alwaies bears.
And from the Winds the Sighs he bore,
Which through his surging Breast do roar.
No Day he saw but that which breaks,
Through frightened Clouds in forked streaks.
While round the ratling Thunder hurled,
As at the Fun'ral of the World.

While Nature to his Birth presents
This masque of quarrelling Elements;
A num'rous fleet of Corm'rants black,
That sail'd insulting o're the Wrack,
Receiv'd into their cruel Care,
Th' unfortunate and abject Heir:
Guardians most fit to entertain
The Orphan of the Hurricane.

They fed him up with Hopes and Air,
Which soon digested to Despair.
And as one Corm'rant fed him, still
Another on his Heart did bill.
Thus while they famish him, and feast,
He both consumed, and increast:
And languished with doubtful Breath,
The Amphibium of Life and Death.

And now, when angry Heaven wou'd
Behold a spectacle of Blood,
Fortune and He are call'd to play
At sharp before it all the day:
And Tyrant Love his brest does ply
With all his wing'd Artillery.
Whilst he, betwixt the Flames and Waves,
Like Ajax, the mad Tempest braves .

See how he nak'd and fierce does stand,
Cuffing the Thunder with one hand;
While with the other he does lock,
And grapple, with the stubborn Rock:
From which he with each Wave rebounds,
Torn into Flames, and ragged with Wounds.
And all he saies, a Lover drest
In his own Blood does relish best.

This is the only Banneret
That ever Love created yet:
Who though, by the Malignant Starrs,
Forced to live in Storms and Warrs:
Yet dying leaves a Perfume here,
And Musick within every Ear:
And he in Story only rules,
In a Field Sable a Lover Gules.

To his Coy Mistress

Had we but World enough, and Time,
This coyneſſe Lady were no crime.
We would ſit down, and think which way
To walk, and paſſ our long Loves Day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges ſide
Should'ſt Rubies find: I by the Tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood:
And you ſhould if you pleaſe reſuſe
Till the Converſion of the Jews.
My vegetable Love ſhould grow
Veaſter then Empires, and more ſlow.
An hundred years ſhould go to praife
Thine Eyes, and on thy Forehead Gaze.
Two hundred to adore each Breaſt:
But thirty thouſand to the reſt.
An Age at leaſt to every part,
And the laſt Age ſhould ſhow your Heart.
For Lady you deſerve this State;
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I alwaies hear
Times winged Charriot hurrying near:
And yonder all before us lye
Deſerts of vaſt Eternity.
Thy Beauty ſhall no more be found;
Nor, in thy marble Vault, ſhall ſound
My ecchoing Song: then Worms ſhall try
That long preſerv'd Virginitie:
And your quaint Honour turn to duſt;
And into aſhes all my Luſt.
The Grave's a fine and private place,
But none I think do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hew
Sits on thy ſkin like morning dew,
And while thy willing Soul tranſpires
At every pore with inſtant Fires,
Now let us ſport us while we may;
And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
Rather at once our Time devour,
Than languish in his ſlow-chapt pow'r.
Let us roll all our Strength, and all
Our ſweetneſſe, up into one Ball:
And tear our Pleaſures with rough ſtrife,
Thorow the Iron gates of Life.
Thus, though we cannot make our Sun
Stand ſtill, yet we will make him run.

The Picture of little T. C. in a Prospect
of Flowers

See with what simplicity
This Nimph begins her golden daies!
In the green grass she loves to lie,
And there with her fair Aspect tames
The wilder flow'rs, and gives them names:
But only with the Roses plays;
 And them does tell
What Colour best becomes them, and what Smell.

Who can foretel for what high cause
This Darling of the Gods was born!
Yet this is She whose chaster Laws
The wanton Love shall one day fear,
And, under her command severe,
See his Bow broke and Ensigns torn.
 Happy, who can
Appease this virtuous Enemy of Man!

O then let me in time compound,
And parly with those conquering Eyes;
Ere they have try'd their force to wound,
Ere, with their glancing wheels, they drive
In Triumph over Hearts that strive,
And them that yield but more despise.
 Let me be laid,
Where I may see thy Glories from some shade.

Mean time, whilst every verdant thing
It self does at thy Beauty charm,
Reform the errours of the Spring;
Make that the Tulips may have share
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;
And Roses of their thorns disarm:
 But most procure
That Violets may a longer Age endure.

But O young beauty of the Woods,
Whom Nature courts with fruits and flow'rs,
Gather the Flow'rs, but spare the Buds;
Lest Flora angry at thy crime,
To kill her Infants in their prime,
Do quickly make th' Example Yours;
 And, ere we see,
Nip in the blossome all our hopes and Thee.

The Nymph complaining for the death of her Faun

The wanton Troopers riding by
Have shot my Faun and it will dye.
Ungentle man! they cannot thrive
To kill thee. Thou neer didst alive
Them any harm: alas nor cou'd
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wisht them ill;
Nor do I for all this; nor will:
But if my simple Pray'rs may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will Joyn my Tears
Rather than fail. But, O my fears!
It cannot dye so. Heavens King
Keeps register of every thing:
And nothing may we use in vain.
Ev'n Beasts must be with justice slain;
Else Men are made their Deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the Heart,
Yet could they not be clean: their Stain
Is dy'd in such a Purple Grain.
There is not such another in
The World, to offer for their Sin.

Unconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well)
Ty'd in this silver Chain and Bell,
Gave it to me: nay and I know
What he said then; I'me sure I do.
Said He, look how your Huntsman here
Hath taught a Faun to hunt his Dear.
But Sylvio soon had me beguil'd.
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
And quite regardless of my Smart,
Left me his Faun, but took his Heart.

Thenceforth I set my self to play
My solitary time away,
With this: and very well content,
Could so mine idle life have spent.
For it was full of sport; and light
Of foot, and heart; and did invite,
Me to its game; it seem'd to bless
Its self in me. How could I less
Than love it? O I cannot be
Unkind, t' a Beast that loveth me.

Had it liv'd long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so
As Sylvio did: his Gifts might be
Perhaps as false or more than he.
But I am sure, for ought that I
Could in so short a time espie,
Thy Love was far more better then
The love of false and cruel men.

With sweetest milk, and sugar, first
I it at mine own fingers nurst.
And as it grew, so every day
It wax'd more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a Breath! And oft
I blusht to see its foot more soft,
And white, (shall I say then my hand?)
NAY any Ladies of the Land.

It is a wond'rous thing, how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet.
With what a pretty skipping grace,
It oft would challenge me the Race:
And when 'thad left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay.
For it was nimbler much than Hindes;
And trod, as on the four Winds.

I have a Garden of my own,
But so with Roses over grown,
And Lillies, that you would it guess
To be a little Wilderness.
And all the Spring time of the year
It onely loved to be there.
Among the beds of Lillyes, I
Have sought it oft, where it should lye;
Yet could not, till it self would rise,
Find it, although before mine Eyes.
For, in the flaxen Lillies shade,
It like a bank of Lillies laid.
Upon the Roses it would fee,
Until its Lips ev'n seem'd to bleed:
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those Roses on my Lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On Roses thus its self to fill:
And its pure virgin Limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of Lillies cold.
Had it liv'd long, it would have been
Lillies without, Roses within.

O help! O help! I see it faint:
And dye as calmely as a Saint.
See how it weeps. The Tears do come
Sad, slowly dropping like a Gumme.
So weeps the wounded Balsome: so
The holy Frankincense doth flow,
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such Amber Tears as these.

I in a golden Vial will
Keep these two crystal Tears: and fill
It till it do o'reflow with mine;
Then place it in Diana's Shrine.

Now my Sweet Faun is vanish'd to
Whether the Swans and Turtles go:
In fair Elizium to endure,
With milk-white Lambs, and Ermins pure.
O do not run too fast: for I
Will but bespeak thy Grave, and dye.

First my unhappy Statue shall
Be cut in Marble; and withal,
Let it be weeping too: but there
Th' Engraver sure his Art may spare;
For I so truly thee bemoane,
That I shall weep though I be Stone:
Until my Tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there.
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest Alabaster made:
For I would have thine Image be
White as I can, though not as Thee.

THE GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the Palm, the Oke, or Bayes;
And their uncessant Labours see
Crown'd from some single Herb or Tree.
Whose short and narrow verged Shade
Does prudently their Toyles upbraid;
While all Flow'rs and all Tress do close
To weave the Garlands of repose.

Fair quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy Sister dear!
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busie Companies of Men.
Your sacred Plants, if here below,
Only among the Plants will grow.
Society is all but rude,
To this delicious Solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond Lovers, cruel as their Flame,
Cut in these Trees their Mistress name.
Little, Alas, they know, or heed,
How far these Beauties Hers exceed!
Fair Trees! where s'eer your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our Passions heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The Gods, that mortal Beauty chase,
Still in a Tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that She might Laurel grow.
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a Nymph, but for a Reed.

What wond'rous Life is this I lead!
Ripe Apples drop about my head;
The Luscious Clusters of the Vine
Upon my Mouth do crush their Wine;
The Nectaren, and curious Peach,
Into my Hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on Melong, as I pass,
Insnar'd with Flow'rs, I fall on Grass.

Mean while the Mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness:
The Mind, that Ocean where each kind
Does streight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other Worlds, and other Seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green Thought in a green Shade.

Here at the Fountains sliding foot,
Or at some Fruit-trees mossy root,
Casting the Bodies Vest aside,
My Soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a Bird it sits, and sings,
Then whets, and combs its silver Wings;
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its Plumes the various Light.

Such was that happy Garden-state,
While Man there walk'd without a Mate:
After a Place so pure, and sweet,
What other Help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a Mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two Paradises 'twere in one
To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful Gardner drew
Of flowers and herbes this Dial new;
Where from above the milder Sun
Does through a fragrant Zodiack run;
And, as it works, th' industrious Bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome Hours
Be reckon'd but with herbes and flow'rs!