KICHARO CRASHAW

The Weeper

Loe where a wounded heart, with bleeding eyes conspire;
Is she a flaming fountaine, or a weeping fire?

Haile, Sister Springs,
Parents of Silver-footed rills!
Ever bubbling things!
Thawing Crystal! Snowy hills!
Still spending, never spent; I mean
Thy faire eyes, sweet Magdalen.

Heavens thy faire eyes bee,
Heavens of ever falling starrs,
"Tis seed-time still with thee
And stars thou sow'st, whose harvest dares
Promise the earth to counter shine
What ever makes Heaven's forehead fine.

But we are deceived all,
Stars indeed they are too true,
For they but seeme to fall,
As heav'n's other spangles doe:
It is not for our Earth and us,
To shine in things so pretious.

Upwards thou dost wepe,
Heav'n's bosome drinkes the gentle streame,
Where the milky Rivers creepe
Thine floats above, and is the cream.
Waters above the Heavens, what they bee,
We're taught best by thy Teares, and thee.

198
Every Morn from hence,
A brisk Cherub something sips,
Whose sacred influence
Adds sweetnes to his sweetest lips,
Then to his Musick, and his song.
Tastes of his breakeast all day long.

Not in the Evening's eyes
When they red with weeping are
For the Sun that dyes,
Sits sorrow with a face so faire:
No where but here did ever meece
Sweetnesse so sadd, sadnesse so sweete.

When sorrow would be scene,
In her brightest Majestie,
(For she is a Queene)
Then is she drest by none but thee.
Then, and only then, she weares
Her proudest Pearls, I meane thy tears.

The dew no more will weepe,
The Primroses pale cheeke to decke,
The dew no more will sleepe,
Nuzzl'd in the Lyllies necke;
Much rather would it be thy teare,
And leave them both to tremble here.

There is no neede at all
That the Balsome-sweating bough
So coyly should let fall
His med'cinable teares; for now
Nature hath learn't t'extract a dew
More soveraigne, and sweet from you.

Yet let the poore drops weep
(Weeping is the ease of woe)
Softly let them creepe,
Sad that they are vanquisht so.
They though to others no reliefe,
Balsom may be for their own griefe.
But can these fair flouds bee
Friends with the bosom fires that fill thee?
Can so great flames agree
Eternall teares should thus distill thee?
O flouds, O fires, O suns, O showers,
Mint, and made friends by loves sweet powers.

'Twas his well pointed dart
That dig'd these wells, and drest this Vine,
And taught that wounded heart,
The way into those weeping Eyne.
Vaine loves avant ! Bold hands forbeare,
The Lamb hath dipt his white foote here.

And now where e're he strayes
Among the Galilacan mountains,
Or more unwelcome wayes,
Hee's follow'd by two faithfull fountaines,
Two walking Baths, two weeping motions;
Portable and compendious Oceans.

O thou thy Lords faire store,
In thy so rich and rare expences,
Even when he show'd most poore.
He might provoke the wealth of Princes,
What Princes wanton'st pride e're could
Wash with silver, wipe with gold.

Who is that King, but he
Who call'st his crowne to be call'd thine,
That thus can boast to be
Waited on by a wandring mine,
A voluntary mint, that strowes
Warm silver showers, where e're he goes?

O preious prodigall!
Faire spend-thrift of thy self! Thy measure
(Mercilesse love!) is all,
Even to the last Pearle in thy treasure:
All places, times, and objects be,
Thy teares sweet opportunity.
Such the maiden Gemme
By the purpling Vine put on
Peepes from her parent stemme
And blushes at the Bridegroome Sun:
This watrie Blossom of thy Eyne,
Ripe, will make the richer Wine.

When some new bright guest
Takes up among the Stars a Roome,
And Heav'n will make a feast
Angells with Chrystall Vyalls come,
And draw from these full eyes of thine,
Their Master's Water; their owne wine.

Golden though he be,
Golden Tagus murmures though;
Were his way by thee,
Content and quiet he would goe:
So much more rich would he esteeme
Thy silver, than his golden streame.

Well does the May that lyes
Smiling in thy cheekes, confesse
The April in thine eyes;
Mutuall sweetnesse they expresse:
No April e're lent kinder showers,
Nor May return'd more faithfull flowers.

O cheekes! Beds of chast loves,
By your own showers seasonably dash't,
Eyes! nests of milkie Doves
In your own wells decently washt.
O wit of love that thus could place,
Fountaine and Garden in one face!

O sweet contest of woes
With loves, of tears with smiles disputing,
O fair and friendly foes
Each other kissing and confuting,
While raine and Sunshine, cheeks and eyes,
Close in kind contrarities.
Does the day-star rise?
Still thy Stars doe fall, and fall;
Does day close his eyes?
Still the fountaine weeps for all:
Let night or day doe what they will,
Thou hast thy taske, thou weepest still.

Does thy song lull the aire?
Thy falling teares keep faithfull time.
Does thy sweet-breath'd praier
Up in clouds of incense clime?
Still at each sigh, that is, each stop,
A bead, that is, a teare doth drop.

At these thy weeping gates
(Watching thy watrie motion)
Each winged moment waites,
Takes his teare, and gets him gon.
By thine eyes tinct enobled thus
Time layes him up: Hee's precious.

Not so long she lived
Shall thy tomb report of thee,
But so long she grieved,
Thus must we date thy memorie:
Others by moments, months, and years
Measure their ages, Thou by tears.

So doe perfumes expire,
So sigh tormented sweets, opprest
With proud unpitying fire;
Such tears the suffering Rose that's vext
With ungentle flames does shed
Sweating in a too warme bed.¹

¹. The whole verse refers to the distillation of perfumes from flowers by heat.
Say ye bright Brothers,
The fugitive sons of those fair eyes
Your fruitfull Mothers,
What make you here? what hopes can tice
You to be borne? what cause can borrow
You from those nests of noble sorrow?

Whither away so fast?
For sure the sordid earth
Your sweetness cannot taste,
Nor does the dust deserve your Birth.
Sweet, whither haste you then? O say
Why you trip so fast away?

We goe not to seeke,
The darlings of Aurora's bed,
The Roses modest cheeke,
Nor the Violets humble head:
Though the fields eyes too weepers bee,
Because they want such teares as wee.

Much lesse meane we to trace,
The fortune of inferior gems,
Prefer'd to some proud face,
Or pearch't upon fear'd diadems:
Crown'd heads are Toyes; We goe to meete,
A worthy object: Our Lord's feet.