

# Various Poems

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## The Phoenix and Turtle

Let the bird of loudest lay  
On the sole Arabian tree  
Herald sad and trumpet be,  
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

5 But thou shrieking harbinger,  
Foul precurrer of the fiend,  
Augur of the fever's end±±  
To this troupe come thou not near.

10 From this session interdict  
Every fowl of tyrant wing  
Save the eagle, feathered king.  
Keep the obsequy so strict.

15 Let the priest in surplice white  
That defunctive music can,  
Be the death-divining swan,  
Lest the requiem lack his right.

20 And thou treble-dated crow,  
That thy sable gender mak'st  
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,  
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:  
Love and constancy is dead,  
Phoenix and the turtle fled  
In a mutual flame from hence.

25 So they loved as love in twain  
Had the essence but in one,  
Two distincts, division none.  
Number there in love was slain.

30       Hearts remote yet not asunder,  
Distance and no space was seen  
      'Twixt this turtle and his queen.  
      But in them it were a wonder.

      So between them love did shine  
      That the turtle saw his right  
35      Flaming in the Phoenix' sight.  
      Either was the other's mine.

      Property was thus appalled  
      That the self was not the same.  
      Single nature's double name  
40      Neither two nor one was called.

      Reason, in itself confounded,  
      Saw division grow together  
      To themselves, yet either neither,  
      Simple were so well compounded

45      That it cried `How true a twain  
      Seemeth this concordant one!  
      Love hath reason, reason none,  
      If what parts can so remain.'

      Whereupon it made this threne  
50      To the phoenix and the dove,  
      Co-supremes and stars of love,  
      As chorus to their tragic scene.

### *Threnos*

      Beauty, truth, and rarity,  
      Grace in all simplicity,  
55      Here enclosed in cinders lie.

      Death is now the phoenix' nest,  
      And the turtle's loyal breast

To eternity doth rest.

60 Leaving no posterity  
'Twas not their infirmity,  
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem but cannot be,  
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she.  
Truth and beauty buried be.

65 To this urn let those repair  
That are either true or fair.  
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.