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 SAMUEL DANIEL

*From Delia*

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When winter snows upon thy golden hairs,  
 And frost of age hath nipped thy flowers near;  
 When dark shall seem thy day that never clears,  
 And all lies with' red that was held so dear;  
 5 Then take this picture which I here present thee,  
 Limned with a pencil<sup>1</sup> not all unworthy.  
 Here see the gifts that God and nature lent thee;  
 Here read thy self and what I suff' red for thee.  
 This may remain thy lasting monument,  
 10 Which happily<sup>2</sup> posterity may cherish.  
 These colors with thy fading are not spent;  
 These may remain when thou and I shall perish.  
 If they remain, then thou shalt live thereby:  
 They will remain, and so thou canst not die.

1592

*From Musophilus<sup>1</sup>*

[IMPERIAL ELOQUENCE]

Power above powers, O heavenly Eloquence,  
 940 That with the strong rein of commanding words  
 Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence  
 Of men's affections, more than all their swords:  
 Shall we<sup>o</sup> not offer to thy excellence *i.e., the English nation*  
 The richest treasure that our wit<sup>o</sup> affords? *intellect*  
 945 Thou that canst do much more with one poor pen  
 Than all the powers of princes can effect,  
 And draw, divert, dispose, and fashion men  
 Better than force or rigor can direct:  
 Should we this ornament of glory then,  
 950 As th' unmaterial fruits of shades,<sup>o</sup> neglect? *the dead*  
 Or should we careless come behind the rest  
 In power of words, that go before in worth,  
 Whenas our accents<sup>o</sup> equal to the best *speech, language*  
 Is able greater wonders to bring forth;  
 955 When all that ever hotter spirits expressed

1. I.e., painted with a brush.

2. Perhaps.

1. *Musophilus*, a poem of 1012 lines that constitutes "a general defense of all learning," is a dia-

logue between Philocosmus ("Lover of the World") and Musophilus ("Lover of the Muses"). The latter clearly speaks for Daniel himself.

Comes bettered by the patience of the North?  
 And who, in time, knows whither we may vent° *vend*  
 The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shores  
 This gain of our best glory shall be sent,  
 960 T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores?° *abundance*  
 What worlds in th' yet unformèd Occident° *i.e., the Americas*  
 May come° refined with th' accents that are ours? *become*  
 Or who can tell for what great work in hand  
 The greatness of our style is now ordained?  
 965 What powers it shall bring in, what spirits command,  
 What thoughts let out, what humors° keep restrained, *caprices*  
 What mischief it may pow'rfully withstand,  
 And what fair ends may thereby be attained?  
 And as for Poesy, mother of this force,  
 970 That breeds, brings forth, and nourishes this might,  
 Teaching it in a loose, yet measured course,  
 With comely motions how to go upright,  
 And fost'ring it with bountiful discourse  
 Adorns it thus in fashions of delight,  
 975 What should I say? since it is well approved  
 The speech of heaven, with whom they have commerce  
 That only seem out of themselves removed  
 And do with more than human skills converse.  
 Those numbers° wherewith heaven and earth are moved, *verses*  
 980 Show weakness speaks in prose, but power in verse.