SAMUEL DANIEL

From Delia

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;
Then take this picture which I here present thee,
Limned with a pencil1 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,
Which happily2 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.

From Musophilus1

Power above powers, O heavenly Eloquence,
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 not offer to thy excellence
The richest treasure that our wit affords?
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,
As th' unmaterial fruits of shades, neglect?
Or should we careless come behind the rest
In power of words, that go before in worth,
Whenas our accents equal to the best
Is able greater wonders to bring forth;

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 dialogue 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

The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent,

*T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores?*

What worlds in th' yet unformèd Occident

May come refined with th' accents that are ours?

Or who can tell for what great work in hand

The greatness of our style is now ordained?

What powers it shall bring in, what spirits command,

What thoughts let out, what humors keep restrained,

What mischief it may pow'rfully withstand,

And what fair ends may thereby be attained?

And as for Poesy, mother of this force,

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,

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,

Show weakness speaks in prose, but power in verse.