

Two poems by Katherine Philips

An Answer to another persuading a Lady to Marriage.

1. Forbear bold Youth, all's Heaven here,

And what you do aver,

To others Courtship may appear,

'Tis Sacrilege to her.

2. She is a publick Deity,

And were 't not very odd

She should depose her self to be

A petty Houshold God?

3. First make the Sun in private shine,

And bid the World adieu,

That so he may his beams confine

In complement to you.

4. But if of that you do despair,

Think how you did amiss,

To strive to fix her beams which are

More bright and large than this.

Friendship's Mystery, To my dearest Lucasia.

1. Come, my Lucasia, since we see

That Miracles Mens faith do move,

By wonder and by prodigy

To the dull angry world let's prove

There's a Religion in our Love.

2. For though we were design'd t'agree,

That Fate no liberty destroyes,

But our Election is as free

As Angels, who with greedy choice

Are yet determin'd to their joyes.

3. Our hearts are doubled by the loss,

Here Mixture is Addition grown;

We both diffuse, and both ingross:

And we whose minds are so much one,

Never, yet ever are alone.

4. We court our own Captivity

Than Thrones more great and innocent:

'Twere banishment to be set free,

Since we wear fetters whose intent

Not Bondage is, but Ornament.

5. Divided joyes are tedious found,

And griefs united easier grow:

We are our selves but by rebound,

And all our Titles shuffled so,

Both Princes, and both Subjects too.

6. Our Hearts are mutual Victims laid,

While they (such power in Friendship lies)

Are Altars, Priests, and Offerings made:

And each Heart which thus kindly dies,

Grows deathless by the Sacrifice.