Eros Masked and Unmasked: Depictions of Women in Cavalier Poetic Speakers

A Thesis

Presented to

the Faculty of the Graduate School

of Millersville University of Pennsylvania

In Partial Fulfillment

of the Requirements for the Degree

of Master of Arts

By Eugene J. Kobielnik

August 2022

This Thesis for the Master of Arts Degree by

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8/5/22
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ABSTRACT OF THE THESIS

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Millersville University, 2022

Millersville, Pennsylvania

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Amatory poetry from Cavalier Poets Lovelace, Suckling, Herrick, Carew, and Waller shows a striking bifurcation of depictions of women in their poetic speakers. Whereas Worshipers portray women as cruel, unattainable beauties who are sexually unavailable, Philanderers depict women as expendable and interchangeable due to their sexual availability. This marked difference between persona types presents a problem: how can the same poets write such drastically different kinds of love poems? A close read of both poem types, as well as crossover poems in which Worshipers or Philanderers provide advice to each other or women, reveals that the Cavalier Poets fabricated a light, satirical cultural battle between courtly and promiscuous narrators to amuse audiences in taverns and at court. However, further comparison of male Cavalier poetry with female responses from Aphra Behn and Katherine Philips exposes the underlying objectification of women in their approach to romance and sex.

Signature of Investigator **Eugene J. Kobielnik** Date **8/5/22**

Acknowledgments

In a project of this magnitude, there are several people I'd like to thank for their ongoing assistance and encouragement. Foremost, I would like to thank "Laurie," whose assertiveness in class some years back fueled my desire to investigate the Cavalier Poets' amatory lyrics more thoroughly. To Mike-O Martelli I am eternally grateful for breaking down the delicate relationship between gender-related humor and satire during several late-night conversations. Dr. M.P.A. Sheaffer, Dr. Timothy Miller, Dr. Martha Widmayer, and other professors of Literature have inspired me to pursue this and other projects throughout the last twenty-five years by providing essential seventeenth century historical, biographical, sociocultural, and literary backgrounds necessary in understanding the Cavalier Poets and their works. Similarly, Dr. Carla Rineer, Dr. Timothy Mayers, and other professors have challenged my assumptions during my graduate studies, pushing me to think more deeply and rethink my original conclusions. Dr. Nicole Pfannenstiel has been incredibly helpful in my quest to finish my first graduate degree in countless ways. My committee members Dr. Timothy Miller and Dr. Emily Baldys have provided excellent direction in helping me to seek out beneficial resources and shape my final argument. Finally, Dr. Dominic Ording has been immensely helpful in directing and advising my work from the beginning of my project – thank you so much for your support this last year.

In a thesis deconstructing poetry about male depictions of women, I would be remiss not to thank both my mom, Mary Seiple, for her constant support and love, and my wife Salina, without whose help and faith in my ability this project could not have been possible. Thank you both from the bottom of my heart.

Chapter One: Introduction

Misogynist. The word echoed through my mind repeatedly. Laurie had called me a misogynist in class after I expressed enjoyment for the Cavalier poets, early seventeenth century libertines writing songs for the court of King Charles I. Sure, it was true that Suckling, Herrick, and Lovelace wrote degrading lyrics toward women, but the exaggerated villain role was what made their amatory poetry funny. "Anyone taking offense to a Suckling poem about sleeping with multiple women isn't reading it the way it was intended," I had corrected her. To be fair, I later reflected, it probably wasn't a good idea to suggest that she "lighten up" and learn to laugh at the humor. Yes, that was what had provoked her to anger and brought about an accusation of misogyny; I would need to be careful in discussing Cavalier love poetry in the future. But regardless of my coarse approach in responding to Laurie, I determined that there must be a logical argument to be made in defense of Cavalier satire from a literary viewpoint. For this reason, I began reading poetry, criticism, and Theory, reflecting on the nature of satirical humor in my journal, and actively discussing it all with anyone who would listen and share their ideas in return. The present work represents my conclusions from years of research and reflection, reading, and discussion. Of course, it is also an updated response to Laurie's indignation toward my and my poetic tastes.

To dig more deeply into the nuances of seventeenth century satirical love lyrics, it is important first to establish that the Cavalier poets were a small group of royalist noblemen (or in Robert Herrick's case, Anglican clergyman) who gathered at the Caroline court and the taverns in London to drink and share their wit. Living and operating near the top echelons of male-dominated English society, they cultivated ambiguous popular reputations as pleasure-seekers on the prowl, chivalric soldiers for the king's cause, and ardent lovers paying court to blushing

noblewomen. Following in the literary tradition of assuring their ladies' anonymity, the Cavaliers used Classical pseudonyms for the subjects of their poetry: Julia, Castara, Phillis, Sacharissa, Anthea, Althea, Lucasta, Gratiana, Celia, and Lucinda, to name a few. Sometimes the women are unknown to history, as is the case with Lovelace's Lucasta and all of Herrick's many mistresses; others, like Sacharissa and Lucinda refer to specific women whose portraits and biographies can be studied. As H.M. Richmond states in *The School of Love*, Cavalier poets explored with these pseudonymous mistresses the "basic issues and crises available to both the lover and the poet before the final consummation or repudiation is reached" (11). Adopting literary styles and tropes brought from France by Queen Henrietta Maria, they impressed the court and also the local taverns with their witty songs for and about these women. According to Manfred Weidhorn's detailed explanation in *Richard Lovelace*, the Cavalier reputation encompassed an entire range of seemingly contradictory aristocratic masculine roles, including:

> Nobleman trained in the arts and Classical languages, manifesting social polish and physical prowess; "university wit" who is also able to pay court in the most genteel manner to high-born ladies; a man equally at ease in fingering a sword or a recorder, a diplomatic note or a woman's breast; a man enjoying life to the fullest but ready to lay it down with a flourish for God, king, or love, at the drop of a petition or wink of a lady's eye; a man not troubled with the self-examination and complex feelings of the Elizabethan nobleman or the dandy depicted in Donne's love lyrics; a man more worldly and polished, if less intense and conscientious; . . . a Cavalier is thus a later, indeed a final, version of the Renaissance gentleman, Lovelace standing to Charles I as Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh stood to Elizabeth I. Lovelace's is the last English generation brought up under the influence of the Italian Renaissance ideal. Courtier,

> landholder, man of affairs, soldier, scholar, connoisseur of painting, a musician, wit, lover, he turned to poetry as but one accomplishment conferring additional honor, as "recreation for vacant hours." (26-27)

To Weidhorn, Richard Lovelace (a homophone of "loveless") stands out as the epitome of the Cavalier disposition and lifestyle. He meets all three major seventeenth century definitions for the word detailed in the Oxford English Dictionary: "a gay sprightly military man;" "a courtly gentleman, a gallant;" and as an adjective, "careless in manner, off-hand, free and easy" (qtd. in Clayton xv). Of all the Cavalier poets, Richard Lovelace holds the reputation for being the refined gentleman, whom contemporary biographer Anthony à Wood reflected to have been "accounted the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld, a person also of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then . . . much admired and adored by the female sex" (qtd. in Weidhorn 16). In his elegant verse, Lovelace gently embellishes his courteous approach to praising noblewomen. He and his friend Sir John Suckling, the most popular of King Charles' literary devotees, epitomize the Cavalier outlook and lifestyle, each representing a different angle on romantic interactions. Lovelace's poetic domain was clearly "courtly, genteel love and ideal Cavalier sentiments" while Suckling held a monopoly on "flippant, libertine verses" (Weidhorn 99). Yet each ventured into the other's territory, if only briefly, demonstrating versatility: Lovelace could pen graphic verse when he wanted to, and Suckling at least made a few attempts at chivalry in his short career as a poet.

Suckling, Lovelace, and their friend Thomas Carew (a homophone of "carey") all served in one or both of King Charles's Bishops' Wars, with the first decking out his men like peacocks in true Cavalier style. According to seventeenth century biographer John Aubrey, Suckling's company was comprised of "100 very handsome young proper men, whom he clad in white

doubletts and scarlett breeches, and scarlet Coates, hatts, and feathers, well horsed and armed" (qtd. in Squier 28). Cavaliers were also reputed to be chivalrous, dashing, and courteous – especially around the ladies of the court; after all, the queen and those closest to her expected such polite behavior from male courtiers in line with French ways. As will be seen in chapter two, the major Cavalier poets wrote eloquent poetry designed to flatter and elevate such women at court as Lady Carlisle, an important member of Henrietta Maria's intimate circle of friends. The third and final conception of "Cavalier" from the *OED* in wide usage during Carlisle's time is that of effortless, carefree nonchalance and cool cynicism derived from early Renaissance Englishmen interacting with Italian culture and exemplified in different ways by Suckling, Carew, and Lovelace. All three men had been educated in modern and classical languages at Oxford or Cambridge, and Carew in particular had worked extensively for the king's ambassador to Venice, which accounts for the strong Italian influence in his verse (Sadler 12). Their English take on this Italian attitude, modeled for them by John Donne's speakers in poems like "The Indifferent," has transformed to allow for the Cavaliers' flippant swaggering and flirting; this phenomenon will be discussed at greater length in chapter three.

Albeit not quite as well-known today as Suckling, Carew, and Lovelace, Edmund Waller and Robert Herrick were also royalists who wrote similar verse in both the courtly mode of the gallant and the erotic mode of the cynic learned from reading John Donne. Like their fellow satirists, both of them took hits from the instability and eventual abolition of the monarchy throughout the 1640's. "Waller's Plot" to sway London moderates toward the king's side landed him in prison (Gilbert 24). Later, when the Anglican hierarchy was destroyed after Archbishop Laud's public beheading, Herrick was expelled from his post as vicar of Dean prior for thirteen years until the Restoration in 1660 (Clayton 330). Despite such political, legal, and professional

struggles, all Cavaliers wrote brief, witty poems with a humorous feel known as light verse. In *A Glossary of Literary Terms*, M.H. Abrams defines light verse as a literary phrase

> applied to a great variety of poems that use an ordinary speaking voice and a relaxed manner to treat their subjects gaily, or playfully, or wittily, or with good natured *satire*. The subjects of light verse need not be in themselves petty and inconsequential; the defining quality is the tone of voice used, and the attitude of the lyric or narrative speaker toward the subject. (139)

Often these five poets' lighthearted lyrics were set to music by the king's court musician Henry Lawes and sung with accompaniment among the highest nobility of merry England throughout the 1630's, a decade before the country would become torn apart by the bloody Civil Wars between Charles's Cavaliers and the "Roundheads," supporters of Parliament against the king and Anglican Church. But in those earlier, more carefree days, this loosely associated party of poets drank wine, amused and flattered noblewomen, gambled, chased virgins, and saw their stars rise within the king's favor for their verbal artistry and devotion to the Crown. Quite possibly Herrick's many sexual encounters were nothing more than amusing fantasies or wishful thinking, as will be discussed briefly in chapter three**.** Certainly he drank white wine called "sack" heavily before moving to Devonshire to become vicar of Dean Prior, as his two humorous pieces "Farewell to Sack" and "Welcome to Sack" chronicle in verse. These men's social circles overlapped at different times in the beginning of the Caroline period. Herrick visited the same taverns as Jonson, Suckling, and Waller in the 1620's before heading off to Devonshire for a clerical promotion under Archbishop Laud. In a tip of the hat to the beloveds of his poet friends William Habington and Waller, Lovelace immortalized the friendship between Castara, Sacharissa, and his own Lucasta in the poem "You are Deceived." Although it took Carew

twenty years to become a regular at court, by the 1630's his poetry's wit and polish were well known and appreciated by the king and the other Cavaliers, and he himself was even satirized in verse by Suckling in "Upon my Lady Carlisle's Walking in Hampton Court Garden," the poem that opens chapter four. Each of them vehemently supported the king and Anglican hierarchies being called out by Parliamentarians and Puritans, although Waller's approach was more pragmatic during the Interregnum than that of Suckling and Lovelace, who both risked life and fortune for their monarch. In addition to writing many lines in honor or support of the royal family, the Cavalier poets also made it a point to poke fun at their own reputations as swaggering and mischievous but charismatic courtier knights. Often they engaged in good-natured, self-deprecating humor, as in Lovelace's poem "Love Made in the First Age: To Chloris." Investigated closely in chapter three, this poem's speaker has a mischievous method of punishment for Chloris, a woman who refuses to have sexual intercourse with him. A superficial elegance reminiscent of a former age characterizes Caroline poems, but there are also plentiful romping, bawdy ironies consistently evoking laughter to be found among them. As Thomas Clayton summarized, these lyrists "recognize 'high seriousness' as not necessarily to be demanded everywhere in the same measure, kind, and character" (xiii). In their poetry, they donned the garb and manners of courteous aristocratic culture while simultaneously satirizing and glorifying it. Weidhorn suggests that although Cavaliers still possessed some of the magic of their models from the Tudor period, still something has been lost in handing down the literary torch from one generation to the next:

> Though carrying on the nobility of Sidney and Spenser, the generation of Lovelace and Suckling exhibits more the graces than grace; the chivalric stance without the corresponding soul; the gay colors covering a growing hollowness; a dilettantism instead

> of well-roundedness. The Neo-Platonism which for Spenser was a way of comprehending reality becomes now artificial and ornamental, a fashion in polite society. [. . .] Like a last bloom of nobility, this Cavalier generation stands between the serious Elizabethan chivalry and the wittiness, buffoonery, and debauchery of the Rochester circle at the court of Charles II. (27)

Because they emulated his classical style and generally deferred to his sovereignty among fellow poets in London taverns, the Cavalier poets were commonly referred to as the "Sons of Ben" or the "Tribe of Ben." Being thus categorized brought tears of pride to Herrick's cheek and an irreverent smirk to Suckling's, as evidenced in their poems "Epistle Answering to One that Asked to be Sealed of the Tribe of Ben" and "The Wits," respectively. Yet they were equally literary descendants of John Donne as well, learning from his wit and employment of poetic personas, especially the indifferent and ardent lover. This revolutionary use of characters narrating a poem differed radically from Jonson's speakers, which were usually variations of Jonson's own personality. According to "The Seventeenth Century" in *The Oxford Illustrated History of English Literature*,

> The individuality of Donne expressed itself in terms of language, argument, poetic form. While the speaker of the religious poems may be Donne himself, the 'I' of the love poems is, as in all lyric poetry, an imagined speaker, a persona or 'mask' of the poet, who takes up various poses, various moods, not to be identified with the poet himself. Donne sets his mark on each of his poems, but does so through his handling of language and form rather than by self-revelation. In Ben Jonson's poetry, by contrast, the 'I' is always Jonson himself, a figure of massive authority and consistency, who maintains in his three collections of poems a constant attitude to life, language, and poetry. (Vickers 176)

In particular, Donne's use of poetic speakers – distinct personalities narrating his poems – represented a subtle innovation in English literature that would eventually birth the ingenious characterizations of Robert Browning's poems in the nineteenth century. His influence on Cavalier verse can be most clearly felt in their creation of an individual persona for each poem, as well as their collective focus on what Weidhorn calls "the seamy underside of amatory relations" inherited from Donne (99). Thus, as is likely the case with Herrick, the Cavaliers could write salacious lyrics designed to drop jaws in polite society without necessarily engaging in such behaviors: third-person fictional characterization written from first-person viewpoints. Richmond's observation that Herrick "invokes a series of individuals" in his poetry, as opposed to standardized, interchangeable narrators, applies to male Cavalier poets generally. In other words, for Herrick, Suckling, Carew, Lovelace, Waller, and lesser-known poets like William Habington, William Cartwright, and Thomas Randolph, poet and persona should be analyzed as distinct but interrelated personalities, the latter birthed from the imagination of the former but not necessarily to be equated with him. This movement toward speakers in poetry and songs has become an integral part of poetry from the seventeenth century onward. Indeed, since then poetic audiences have had to consider foremost a poem's artistic framing and tone to correctly interpret the credibility and intentions of its persona. Sometimes the connections between author and presentation of subject matter cannot be ignored, however, as this exploration of Cavalier light verse intends to show.

Because these educated and talented verbal artists filtered their messages through fictional personalities, each could write both lewd and gentlemanly rhymes with ease, entertaining drinking companions with the former and coy ladies with the latter. Yet the poems betray a subtle hint of confidence in either literary mode. All the aforementioned bards were

quite comfortable writing courtly lyrics except Suckling, and all of them save Habington, who wrote elevated flattery for "Castara" (Lucy Herbert) exclusively and subsequently married her, enjoyed writing poems glorifying sexual freedom between men and women. Upon reading their poetry, one gets the impression that both ends of the Cavalier amatory spectrum are simultaneously true to the poets themselves somehow. We believe both Waller's pathetic attempts to praise Sacharissa into glancing his way and his seduction attempts with Phillis and other women, and for the most part all of them share this ambiguous quality. Before reading or hearing one of their love poems, one cannot reliably predict whether the speaker will be bragging to his friends about his many sexual successes or pining away for his private goddess with a broken heart. Further, the audience cannot easily figure out which of these extremes is closer to the poet's own disposition. It is only through analyzing the Cavalier poets' attitudes toward and depictions of women that their comfort writing within each mode can be properly understood for what it is. The set of personas loosely associated with men submitting themselves to the whim of women and sacrificing their egos for her amusement and pleasure will be collectively referred to herein as the "Worshiper" because literal and figurative worship of the beloved features so prominently in their poems. Similarly, promiscuous personas who boast about their sexual adventures or attempt to seduce women, chase after young girls, or abandon them after intercourse will be called the "Philanderer." There was a strong sense among the Cavaliers and their ilk that the latter expressed selfish lust, which the Greeks called *eros*, and the former expressed the selfless friendship they called *agape*. In direct contrast to their understanding of these two broadly opposed amatory persona types, the present work will demonstrate that in fact both Philanderer and Worshiper poems are firmly rooted in male lust, and equally revolve around sexual pleasure to the disregard, detriment, and exclusion of women. In satirizing their

own reputations as gallants and womanizers, the Cavalier poets put their objectification of women on full display by exposing their speakers' sexual intentions in portraying women as they do. In satirizing and glorifying the Worshiper, they inadvertently betray mockery of the queen's social circles and superficial attitudes toward love. The noblewomen in Worshiper poems become selfish and haughty. The poetic speaker is lucky to be in the same room with her, so superior is she, and disdain pervades her words, glances, and body language. Weeping with heartache because of her cruelty, nonetheless he continues to kneel before her. In exaggerating the arrogance of the Philanderer beyond reasonable proportions for the sake of humor, they also reveal their glorification of predatory male behaviors toward girls and women. Perhaps the men at the Apollo Room might chuckle at Carew's provocative talk fetishizing barely pubescent girls, but if they were wise they would not allow him around their families.

The remainder of this work has been organized according to increasing overtness and intensity of objectification of women, with the women poets having the final response to put the male poetry into greater perspective. The second chapter opens with a vignette based loosely on Richard Lovelace's poem "Gratiana Dancing and Singing," in which Lovelace's speaker watches a beautiful young noblewoman enjoying herself at court. After the opener, the chapter explores ten other courtly poems by Herrick, Lovelace, Waller, and Carew to reveal the selfish nature of Neoplatonism. Cavalier Worshiper poems, in which the speakers put women up on pedestals, portray them as unattainable goddesses of purity and perfection. Some of these poems contain obsequious worship and flattery; others funnel their submission through fetishistic fixation on body parts; still others vilify the women who reject their romantic desires. The subject of chapter three is Philanderer poetry, introduced by an illustrative description of Carew's notoriously erotic poem "The Rapture," a satirical quest to sneak chaste Celia past Honor, the malicious

giant guarding the entrance to a lover's paradise. As a follow up to this birds-eye view of Carew's audacious poem, analyses of thirteen poems about male promiscuity explore how and why the speakers abuse, neglect, and abandon women and young girls as they do. Seduction verse, poems in which male speakers brag about their sexual experiences, and the seventeenth century obsession with female virginity will all be discussed at length in relation to the poems. Chapter four wraps up the study of male Cavalier poetry with four advice poems by Carew and Suckling supporting either the Philanderer or Worshiper lifestyle and mindset, and begins with a paraphrase of Suckling's poem "Upon My Lady Carlisle's Walking in Hampton Court Garden," a debate between exaggerated forms of himself as Philanderer and his friend Carew as Worshiper. The second half of chapter four provides two women poets a voice: Katherine Philips, poetically active in the first half of the seventeenth century, and Aphra Behn, writing drama and poems in the latter half. Both loosely associated with Cavalier poetry in their own ways, their responses to the male poetry of the day provide crucial insight into seventeenth century Cavalier misogyny. The closing chapter will explore conclusions drawn from careful readings of thirty-seven poems in relation to each other and the culture that produced them. This final analysis will resolve the mystery behind Cavalier poets' ease with both Philanderer and Worshiper perspectives, consider the nature and appropriateness of their satirical humor and reveal the true conflict underlying Cavalier amatory poetry. Chapter five and this thesis will both wrap up with an update on the shift in perspective I experienced after Laurie had called me a "misogynist" in class almost ten years ago.

Chapter Two: The Worshiper Persona

It is 1638, in the English royal court of Charles I and his French queen, Henrietta Maria. The King sits in a sturdy wooden chair on the floor, and the Queen looks gently down to him from a dais. Ladies of the court recline around the queen, pretending not to notice the sly glances of cavaliers. Various wits, talents, courtiers, and musicians congregate in solemn frivolity, enjoying the melody of lute and viol and cheering on dancing nobles. New to the dignified splendor of court, Dick Lovelace excuses himself from flirtatious small talk to breathe in the beautiful Gratiana, singing sweetly with the music and dancing with precision, enthusiasm, and speed. All eyes fix on the lady's "sweet command" of her noble frame. Our young courtier, poetic in disposition, imagines her audience as would-be lovers with "ambitious hopes" crushed under her pretty feet as she finishes her dance, indifferent to the floor "paved with broken hearts." Immediately his mind begins devising Petrarchan comparisons to one, then "all the deities." She is larger than life, more than human, beautiful and terrible to behold and adore – at one's own risk (Clayton 258).

In "Gratiana Dancing and Singing," Lovelace's gentle hyperbole elevates the historically unknown woman Gratiana to a pedestal by reframing a momentary experience of court entertainment as an act of worship on the part of the speaker, one exaggerated version of the poet himself. In doing so, he is actively participating in a poetic tradition that goes back to the eleventh century, to the Troubadours in southern France. These bards celebrated literally the submission of men to women Ovid had mocked in *Ars Amatoria* over a millennium earlier, which consisted of obedience to one's beloved like that of vassal to lord, with the lady's volition in giving her love (Lewis 3). In this new paradigm, which would be the incipient spark in the development of western romantic love, the abject lover throws himself at the mercy of his fickle

mistress's whim, idealizing her in his mind and elevating her in various ways and to various degrees.

In the late twelfth century, this amatory religion of "courtly love" had spread north to north-central France, where it would develop into the Arthurian Romance genre. More importantly for our purposes, it also spread south to Italy where, within another century and a half, two poets from Florence would change the tradition in major ways. First, Dante sublimated his sexual attraction for his young beloved "Beatrice" by idolizing her virginity to the point that the lover, Dante's speaker, undergoes a spiritual metamorphosis from lust to purity merely by spending time with her. Thus "Neoplatonism" merges with the courtly love tradition, as Dante is thought to be uplifted and educated merely by being in the presence of the morally superior woman, whom he adores so much that sexual attainment becomes a concern of the past (Gadol 191). Petrarch adjusts Dante's pure, holy love just a notch in the direction of sublimated sexual attraction. He adores "Laura," his distant and lovely lady through self-deprecating hyperbole and oxymoron; Petrarch's speakers are pathetic, pale or sick, imprisoned, forlorn, and abject without Laura's sacred love; in her absence, they celebrate and revere any of her available personal possessions (Van Remoortel 254; Swann 18). But whereas these two Florentine poets helped to shape amatory lyrics in the "Worshiper" style, it was a Tuscan etiquette book writer who would finally bend the tradition he inherited from Florence into the shape it would take in Elizabethan and Caroline poetry in England.

Castiglione's *The Courtier* directly introduced English aristocrats to Italian courtly ideas. Finished in 1528 by the renowned Renaissance diplomat and author, this book served as a textbook on Neoplatonic courtly love. By the sixteenth century, Humanism had benefited men by allowing some social mobility and freedom of action. However, this change negatively affected

many women by increasing the importance of female chastity to ensure legitimacy of bloodlines so that men could be ensured their mobility and freedom (Gadol 193). Sir Thomas Hoby's English translation over thirty years later would place into aristocratic English hands the way to properly submit to a lady's wishes, as well as the moral expectations on her sexual behavior. (Castiglione 605; xvii). From Castiglione through Hoby, English poets like Wyatt, Sidney, and Spenser took their Italian examples of the idealized and idolized woman, perfect because of her sexual purity, and endlessly praised as morally perfect and divine (Richmond 45; Weidhorn 26). Influenced by both these sincere expressions of Petrarchan obsequiousness and the witty and intelligent lyricism of Jonson and Donne, the Cavalier poets of the early seventeenth century English court lightheartedly laughed at Worshiper conventions without completely reducing them to absurdity. In fact, these courtier poets were catering to the elegant Neoplatonic preferences of Queen Henrietta Maria and her inner circle of noblewomen, most prominently Lucy Hay, the famous "Lady Carlisle" referenced by so many Cavalier poets.

Each of the primary Cavalier poets seems to have had a favorite mistress whom he assigned as the primary subject of his most elevated praises and most pitiful wailings. Herrick wrote concise, witty, and aesthetically catchy verses for Julia; Carew polished his sincere and metrically precise stanzas for Celia; Waller lightly exaggerated his beloved Sacharissa in praises and complaints; Lovelace elevated Lucasta as divine into absurdity; and Suckling's cynical frame of reference mocks courtly love, even for his lady whom he called Aglaura. These men and minor poets in their vicinity formed overlapping social circles from the royal court to various local taverns. Principally they circulated manuscripts but occasionally followed in Ben Jonson's footsteps by publishing their own works, as his disciple Herrick did with *Hesperides* in 1648.

They affectionately satirized the Neoplatonic values modeled by and expected within the reach of the King and Queen, competing to outdo each other in amplified courtesy and submission.

Cavalier "Worshiper" poems aim to exalt noblewomen to a lesser or greater degree, from extolling their virtues and exaggerating their beauty to outright deification; of course, these poetic attempts require the subjects of exaltation to be depicted in a variety of ways from as many perspectives as there are Worshiper poems. They painted colorful versions of unattainable women as powerful teasers and tormenters of men, rejecting and mistreating them in superior shows of dominance. While they aimed to amuse a primarily female audience of court ladies, a close read of their Petrarchan and Neoplatonic poetry uncovers misogynistic objectification in their portrayal of inaccessible highborn women. Whether holding these women up as wonders to behold, fixating on their body parts or intimate possessions, or characterizing them as omnipotent and vicious, these poetic representations tell us more about the male perspectives than they do about the women they depict.

Following in the footsteps of the Troubadours and their literary descendants, the Cavaliers lifted up their real and imagined noblewomen, submitting to them in a variety of ways. For example, in Herrick's effortlessly metrical poem "To Anthea, Who May Command Him Anything," his persona submits his will entirely to Anthea, a woman who, like all of Herrick's pseudonymous mistresses, may or may not correspond to an actual person. "Bid me to live, and I will live," the poem's first line begins, kicking off a singsong litany of actions he is willing to take at her command in the first two stanzas: live for her, love her, and even purify his heart for her. But in the third stanza, Herrick's speaker reveals that he will equally follow her directive whether she wants his heart to stick around to honor more commands or wither away altogether: "bid it languish quite away, / And 't shall do so for thee." This is the first moment in the poem

when the audience comes to understand the degree to which Herrick is willing to follow the commands of his mistress. The last three stanzas provide his persona an opportunity to lay out how far he's willing to go. In addition to weeping (even without eyes) and despairing, he commits himself to making the ultimate sacrifice at her request in lines 19-20: "bid me die, and I will dare / E'en death to die for thee" (Clayton 75).

Engaging in such sweeping Petrarchan hyperbole, Herrick's persona elevates Anthea to absolute power over his life and death, suggesting she is capable of a range of behaviors from loving and romantic to cruel and even deadly. However, it is important to note that the poem only offers one perspective: that of Herrick's persona, who does not complain about this particular mistress' past cruelty – only her possible future cruelty. The audience does not know anything about Anthea's perspective, goals, desires, or expectations – she is absent, other than in being the recipient of the direct address in the poem. We do not even have a logical reason to believe she wants to toy with or dominate a man, let alone see him weep, despair, or die – in fact, these desires would be highly unusual in anyone, let alone a seventeenth century woman, who was expected to be honest, polite, and well-behaved lest she be accused of "light carriage" or "lack of humility" (Gowing 11).

Yet Cavalier poets submitting to a mistress' slightest whim, as in this poem to Anthea, would suggest that such cruelty was common in women. And though Herrick is clearly exaggerating her power and his surrender to her wishes, the question of why the Cavaliers exaggerated their poetic subjects in this way requires further examination of the poems.

It's a small step from throwing oneself at an aristocratic lady's mercy to portraying her famous home as a shrine to her. Edmund Waller does exactly this in his first of two poems entitled "At Penshurst," lively iambic couplets in the country house genre using the Sidney estate

to reflect his adoration of Lady Dorothy Sidney, to whom he has assigned the pseudonym "Sacharissa," from the Latin word for sugar. In the opening lines, Waller's humbly smitten speaker explains, "Had Sacharissa lived when mortals made / Choice of their deities, this sacred shade / Had held an altar to her power." Sacharissa's calm, semi-divine gracefulness attracts even her environment, making her more a force of nature than a finite human agent. Her own beauty overpowers the rough parts of her surroundings, making everything around her "a garden of a wood" against the disordered designs of nature in her efforts to "impart" beauty and order on the sylvan area surrounding her family's property at Penshurst. Next, Waller's love-struck admirer bends his characterization of Sacharissa out of proportion, creating a cartoonish scene of sorts, as the nearby flora willingly submit to her gentle way of being, placing her in lines as equal with superhuman hero Orpheus, who had also tamed the wild elements and life:

> If she sit down, with tops all towards her bowed,
> They round about her into arbors crowd;
> Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,
> Like some well-marshaled and obsequious band. (Clayton 235)

Sacharissa's dignified and calming presence exemplifies gentle order, with local trees and bushes attentive to her and flexibly compliant with her activity. Further, the speaker magnifies his desire for her by suggesting that even if all these trees were used to create one massive fire, "It could not equalize the hundredth part / Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart."

By desensitizing the readers to such exaggerated comparisons, Waller builds them up to frame his marvelous beloved as a force of nature related to the heavenly spheres so often alluded to in the period's literature: "And in the symmetry of her parts is found / A power like that of harmony in sound." The perfection of her physical beauty is so intense that it resembles the

harmony of the spheres! Overwhelmed with adoration, Waller's persona admits outright that he doesn't deserve her romantic attention, describing the cold reality that his "hopes shall ne'er rise higher / Than for a pardon that he dares admire" (236). Humbly he approaches his beloved, knowing that his place is not by her side, but worshiping her from below her pedestal.

Waller assigned the name "Sacharissa" to his poetic versions of Lady Dorothy Sidney, the noblewoman he pursued from about 1635 to 1638. She rejected his marriage proposal, yet he continued to visit her family estate and circulate manuscripts of his poetry about her in court circles. Of the two "Penshurst" poems, this one may have been written earlier, since the speaker approaches Sacharissa humbly, acknowledging and embracing his Platonic place in her world. He "dares admire" her in full knowledge that she's out of his league romantically, and therefore off-limits sexually. Like Herrick in his poem for Anthea, Waller submits to Sacharissa's disdain, happy for now to remain in his lady's presence and sigh. The poetic narrator depicts his idealized beauty as inspiring even Nature to bow to her like vassals would bow to a lord, and as having the power to bring loveliness and stability to any place she enters. In line with the courtly love tradition, she is free to accept or reject his amorous advances. Consequently, she rejects him, and he accepts such treatment without complaint; the later Penshurst poem will show the persona addressing Sacharissa in a much different light.

At court, Dorothy Sidney was surrounded by enthusiastic ladies eager to try out the new Neoplatonic etiquette of courtesy embraced by the Queen, most notably her aunt, Lucy Hay. The Countess of Carlisle features prominently in Worshiper poems by Herrick, Carew, Waller, Habington, and others; she also shows up in a few poems by Suckling, as shall be seen in chapter four. Historians and literary critics still debate whether "Lady Carlisle" might possibly have held a French-style Platonic *salon* of courtly love. However, it is known for certain that most Cavalier

poets addressed her in a flattering, courtly way, which she apparently enjoyed. As Raymond Anselment observes, "she enjoyed the attentions of suitors and indulged in the fashionable language of love" (218). Thomas Carew's "A New Year's Sacrifice: To Lucinda," exemplifies the common Cavalier fashion of deifying known English noblewomen in verse. Romanizing Lucy's name to "Lucinda," Carew's speaker first exhorts a broader listening audience to pray for her health, happiness, and beauty. He then turns to address the lady herself. True to Petrarchan exaggerated concern over the mistress' least annoyance, he prays, "that no tear / (Unless of joy) may with its briny dew / Discolour on your cheek the rosy hue." He debases himself before her, declaring it blasphemous for him to worship any divinity but her:

> Such cheap and vulgar wishes I could lay
> As trivial offerings at your feet this day,
> But that it were apostacy in me
> To send a prayer to any deity
> But your divine self. (Clayton 176)

Finally, starting in line 17, the persona shifts his attention and speech back to the broader audience, declaring his intentions to "adore her beauteous eyes, and her pure altars dress / With gums and spice of humble thankfulness." And in the following iambic couplet, he directly refers to her as "my goddess," whom he says can "inspire / My frozen bosom with a Delphic fire" (177). This juxtaposition of "frozen" and "fire" recalls the standard Cavalier oxymorons handed down since the troubadours: Lucinda melts Carew's heart with her immortal beauty.

These characterized speakers elevate Anthea, Sacharissa, and Lucinda to lofty, dominant positions in the poems to participate in the Petrarchan discourse that had become so fashionable for the royalist poets to emulate and even satirize. Herrick and Carew speak directly *to* their

mistresses, while Waller speaks *about* his; however, in all three poems, the audience sees only the aspects of these aristocratic ladies that the poet wants to spotlight. Whether she's harmful or helpful, Herrick's poetic speaker will obey Anthea's every whim. Nature itself submits to Sacharissa, who stands in a position to forgive or not forgive Waller's persona merely for admiring her from afar, and Carew's speaker observes sacred rituals to deify Lucinda. All three poems implicitly express the reality that while at least Lucinda and Sacharissa were fair game for courtly social diversions, they were off-limits romantically to the Cavalier poets. This unattainability engenders fetishistic expression, as seventeenth century poets faced with sexual obstacles tended to "rewrite the amatory scenario as the indulgence of male narcissism," creating their own private fantasy with a glove or ribbon in the absence of sexual fulfillment with the lady (Swann 20). Worshipers fixate on a segment of the mistress' body, an intimate item of her personal property, jewelry adorning her body parts, a beloved exotic pet that requires her attention, ordinary activities that men find sexually provocative, or clothing items worn by her. Combs, feet, girdles, grooming, rings, shoes, snakes, ribbons, petticoats, dancing, looking glasses, hair, and gloves all become holy relics, by which we are to understand that if these items are sacred, the lady herself must be a very goddess: perfect, pure, and perpetually beautiful.

Most of the ladies addressed by the Cavalier poets were either known or assumed to have been real based on circumstantial evidence. On the other hand, little is known about whether Herrick's many pseudonymous mistresses were real or imagined, including his favorite lady to address in Petrarchan terms, "Stately Julia, prime of all" (Clayton 6) as he calls her in a poem to be explored in chapter three. Showing up in sixty of his secular poems, Julia usually receives courtly treatment, and "To Julia" is no exception. From the poem's first neat iambic couplet, Herrick's speaker makes it clear that the present expression will focus not on Julia as a whole

person, but segments of her body: “How rich and pleasing thou, my Julia, art / In each thy dainty and peculiar part!” Petrarchan to the core, Herrick’s speaker hyperbolically lifts her up to “queenship” in the third line with a crown of flowers; he then proceeds to focus on adorning each body part with gems to show how precious it is to him:

> About thy neck a carcanet is bound,
> Made of the ruby, pearl, and diamond;
> A golden ring, that shines upon thy thumb;
> About thy wrist, the rich Dardanium.
> Between thy breasts (than down of swans more white)
> There plays the sapphire with the chrysolite. (Clayton 14)

But it is the poem’s final couplet that provides perspective to the poem: “No part besides must of thyself be known, / But by the topaz, opal, chalcedon.” The persona declares that any of Julia’s other body “parts” not previously mentioned can only be known through other precious gems in the manner previously laid out in the poem’s first ten lines. Of course, the word “know” had a second meaning of engaging in sexual intercourse in this seventeenth century context, adding a layer of sexual unattainability to the poem. Read this way, these lines could express at least two different meanings, both worthy of consideration in framing the poem as a whole. On one hand, Herrick could intend to emphasize the reality that other parts of Julia’s body are unavailable to be “known” by admirers like himself, creating an experience of inaccessibility due to the mistress’s sexual purity. Another possible way to interpret these lines is that the only way Julia’s other “parts” could be “known” – whether by this the speaker means experienced perceptually or sexually – would occur as the result of a gift of precious gems. Herrick had spent some time in young adulthood apprenticed to his uncle as a goldsmith (Moorman 41), which certainly would

have affected his appreciation for precious stones, as he included them often in his poetry, and probably enjoyed seeing his favorite Julia adorned with them. This possibility suggests that Julia might require something in return for her time and romantic energy, exchanging her company and possibly sexual favors for jewelry. Or more accurately, this might be how the poet sees and depicts her, possibly from fantasy. In the end, as often with Herrick, the poem's meaning remains ambiguous. As shall be seen with "To Dianeme" in chapter five, Herrick loves to simultaneously put forth separate meanings with the same poem.

Herrick's brief, fetishistic poems about various women's clothes, jewelry, and body parts demonstrate the Petrarchan tendency, as Marjorie Swann scathingly describes it, to "load a poem with fragments of female anatomy" (16). She offers a compelling psychoanalytical argument that Petrarch and his literary descendants fetishized their unattainable mistresses out of fear: "The female form, if uncontrolled by the male imagination, threatens to destroy masculine identity. For Petrarch, the fragmentation of women's bodies becomes a male survival skill" (18). Herrick and other Cavalier poets employ this Petrarchanism for the sake of self-preservation against the specter of rejection by a sexually unattainable woman. "To Julia" exemplifies this approach. The speaker decorates Julia's neck, thumb, wrist, breasts, and other body parts, in effect reducing the woman to a litany of attainable and unattainable fragments of ornate and sacred flesh. Because such fetishization reveals the poet's fear of her, segmentation of Julia's body reads as if he emphasizes every "dainty and peculiar part" of her to avoid the full experience of viewing her as a whole woman. In other words, the poem's persona objectifies Julia by depicting her as separate, adorned body parts, almost as if they're accessories, items connected to the woman, but not *her*. The Cavaliers treated a beloved's items of personal property with great reverence as well, deliberating and drooling over the lady's fan, mirror, muff, glove, ribbon, or anything

intimately connected to her, and which therefore carries her divine essence. Such fetish objects sustain the Worshiper until he is fortunate enough to find himself in the woman's presence again.

Known for observing Petrarchan literary conventions as part of his reputation as a Cavalier courtier poet, Lovelace wrote refined lyrics that exaggerated Worshiper themes, styles, and tropes, including the fetishistic fixation on a woman's intimate possessions. "Ellinda's Glove" epitomizes the somewhat common theme of glove worship, in which poets act out their romantic desires on her glove(s) in her absence, holding, feeling, and kissing its soft fingers as a substitute for the hand. Paying a visit to the fair Ellinda, the poetic speaker arrives at her home in the fourth line to find that "she a gathering flowers and hearts is gone," recalling the troubadours' freedom of romantic and sexual action for noblewomen. We do not know where Ellinda has gone, only that she does not need the speaker's approval or permission to go there, and that wherever she goes, she deliberately attracts the attention of men. He debases himself before her "ermine" glove, consoling it apologetically for its having been "left void to rude possession" in his unrefined company (Clayton 270). Lovelace assures the glove that its "alablaster lady" will return soon, as her delicate hand is the only one small enough to fit in the glove: "if not, what tenant there can fit / The slender turnings of thy narrow room, / But must ejected be by his own doom?" Just as the lady choosing to be elsewhere, around other men, is a rejection of the speaker, so does Lovelace fantasize about being rejected even by Ellinda's glove as fetish object. In the final stanza, he resolves to pay his "daily rents" by softly kissing each finger of her glove. In doing so, he acknowledges that he may not be good enough to court Ellinda or wear her glove but argues that holding and kissing it should be fair game: "For though the lute's too high for me, / Yet servants knowing minikin nor base / Are still allowed to fiddle

with the case" (271). The speaker compares his situation to that of a humble servant forbidden from touching musical instruments themselves but permitted to handle the container holding it.

Thus, chivalrous Lovelace has fully adopted the Medieval stance of the troubadours in depicting Ellinda, his "white" and "alablaster" [sic] mistress. The whiteness of both lady and her "ermine" glove symbolize her sexual virtue, which recalls Dante's adoration of Beatrice for her beauty and chastity. She is so pure that her glove would expel his hand if he tried to force it into the "slender turnings of thy narrow room." The analogous sexual symbolism is obvious: Ellinda is sexually forbidden to the speaker, just as the inside of her glove is off limits to his hand. And for this reason, he takes what he can get out of the situation: the opportunity for romantically handling her glove in her absence. Of course, if substituting a hand in lieu of the whole woman constitutes fetishization, then worship of the glove logically constitutes fetishization twice removed, a substitution for a substitution for a woman. In fetishizing the lady's glove, Lovelace finds a way around her rejection, objectifying her and invalidating her wishes. She is not present to protect her personal property from his fetishistic handling, and although he asks the glove, "then give me leave to leave my rent with thee" in line 11, there is no reason to believe she has given him permission to touch any of her personal possessions while she's away. In fact, most of these Worshiper poems do not allow for the woman to have a voice, whether expressing opinions or even setting boundaries with these speakers.

Herrick's cleverly succinct poem "The Shoe-Tying" serves as a counterexample to this pattern of silenced women, as Anthea asserts herself, effectively stopping an unwanted sexual situation in its incipient stages. The poem begins in the courtly love tradition, as Anthea issues a command to her admirer, but quickly has to set boundaries as he gets too sexually excited:

Anthea bade me tie her shoe;

I did, and kissed the instep, too;

And would have kissed unto her knee,

Had not her blush rebuked me. (Clayton 5)

Deliberately misconstruing his mistress' command as an invitation for closer physical contact, Herrick's speaker has taken the liberty of going a step further, kissing her shod foot. At this point, Herrick's and Anthea's goals seem incompatible: on the surface, he wants to engage in physical – and ultimately sexual – romance with the lady, while her only apparent goal is to have him tie her shoe! From the viewpoint of Herrick's speaker, this bossy but modest woman controls the situation thoroughly. It is she who has initiated contact by imperiously telling him to tie her shoe. When he naturally takes the opportunity to become romantically playful, she endures one kiss on the instep of her shoe, then flashes him a clear red light with a simple blush. As Joshua Scodel observes, such Cavalier portrayal of female unattainability constitutes a "mean of coyness" between sexual restriction and indulgence. According to this perspective, the poets depict women like Anthea and other objects of their desire as coy, chaste, and modest on the surface, but with covert intentions of increasing male desire by stringing them along. For example, Herrick's use of his mistresses' virginally appealing blushes could be read as "essentially reducing all female modesty to a strategy for enhancing her worth as an object of male desire" (Scodel 247). Herrick depicts Anthea as having such manipulative agency that through her feminine wiles, she can bat her eyelashes, flash some shy embarrassment his way, and drive the poetic speaker wild with desire for her. In fact, it is likely because he already knows Anthea is unavailable to him sexually that he began with kissing her foot in the first place; that's how fetishism works.

Since Neoplatonic and Petrarchan modes of discourse between men and women precluded sexual fruition, Cavalier poets fetishize body parts, adornments, and intimate personal items to circumnavigate sexual rejection. In a sense, the male poetic speaker trades his hope for sexual fulfillment with the unavailable lady for devotion to her idealized beauty, concentrated in her comb, glove, shoe, ribbon, jewels, or feet. Because the women themselves represent romantic impossibilities, the only available options are envying, coveting, or revering their possessions or expressing devotion to their feet, hands, breasts, or hair. Yet it is noteworthy that Anthea, Ellinda, and Julia are all depicted as exerting control over Herrick's and Lovelace's personas by simply being unavailable to them sexually, thus creating a brick wall to their goals for sexual fulfillment. Anthea and Julia are forever just out of Herrick's speakers' sexual reach, and Ellinda doesn't even care enough for Lovelace's persona to be present for his visit. Yet as distantly as Herrick and Lovelace portray these women, there is no sense of anything resembling unkindness or cruelty in their actions or attitudes; however, the trope of the cold, distant mistress ruthlessly playing with her many admirers and laughing at their emotional pain certainly follows the Worshiper tradition from Medieval France into seventeenth century England – indeed, it is one of the most prevalent and important themes in Caroline amatory lyrics because it reveals something important about Worshiper poetry as a whole.

The epitome of the Italianate libertine deplored by English moralists of the day, John Suckling wrote uninspired Worshiper poems that rightfully never made it to poetry anthologies. Unlike his contemporaries, Suckling does not seem to have become smitten with anyone to the tune of Waller's Sacharissa, Habington's Castara, or Lovelace's Lucasta; in fact, his personal history is shamed with two rejected attempts at courtship, the second one to Mary Bulkeley, the lady he referred to as "Aglaura" in his poetry and drama. But although he named his most

successful play after her, Suckling doesn't appear to have been terribly heartbroken about her rejection; nor does the play *Aglaura* seem to hint at a particularly worshipful bent toward Bulkeley or anyone else. As Charles L. Squier explains of the poet's amatory experiences, "Nothing in [Suckling's] catalogue points to a deeply romantic temperament" (115). Ever the cynic, Suckling treated "Platonique" interchanges between the sexes with great interest, mocking and deriding the poetic efforts of fellow courtiers immortalizing noblewomen in verse. His two playfully entertaining poems entitled "To His Rival" exemplify this agenda, both describing the same amatory situation: a courtly lover sympathetically addressing a fellow pathetic suitor for the affections of "Desdemona," unnamed until the closing lines of the second poem. Recognizing that the predicament they're in together requires solidarity, the speaker posits a simple plan to the other suitor for the lady's affections in "To His Rival [I]:" they will work together to obey the lady's every whim, praise her qualities as a team, alternate sighs in her presence, and work hard for her approval as if their aspirations will lead to success with her:

> Know first then, we will serve as true
> For one poor smile, as we would do,
> If we had what our higher flame,
> Or our vainer wish could frame. (Suckling 43)

Whereas the typical Worshiper persona merely denies his own sexual desires in obeying the lady's whim, Suckling's persona cleverly articulates this sacrifice for what it is: the futility of sexual aspirations with Desdemona. In other words, Suckling uses this unique amatory rivalry to call out Petrarchanism and Neoplatonism as frustrated sexual desire veiled by a façade of courtly love! A few lines later, Suckling reduces Worshiper conventions to absurdity by suggesting to

his “rival” that the two of them should act in every way as if sexual fruition were a foregone conclusion, rather than the impossibility it is:

> And on these grounds wee’l love as true,
>
> As if they were most sure t’ensue;
>
> And chastly for these things wee’l stay,
>
> As if to morrow were the day. (43)

The two suitors will work together to give her the typical hyperbolic attention, telling her she’s “past compare” and being “ravisht at her wit” until, as a final exaggeration, “paler death / Come with a warrant for our breath” (44). In the entire poem, Suckling’s naïve persona holds to his submissive viewpoint dogmatically, never once questioning his paradigm. In “To His Rival [II],” the speaker explains the mistress’ strategy for inspiring their ardent passion: she will inflate the value of minor interactions with her by keeping sexual engagement firmly off-limits to both men:

> She then by still denying what
>
> We fondly crave, shall such a rate
>
> Set on each trifle, that each kisse
>
> Shall come to be the utmost blisse.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> To make this good, no debts shall be
>
> From service or fidelity;
>
> For she shall ever pay that score,
>
> By onely bidding us do more. (Suckling 44)

Unappreciative, Desdemona will also boss the men around, paying them only in additional orders. She will treat both suitors with disinterest, as she gives each smile and “Ribbon, Fan, or

Muffe" so indifferently "that herself should doubtful be / whether 'twere fortune flung't, or she." And to top it off, she's both moody and fickle, her whim the embodiment of Petrarchan oxymoron: "She shall not like the thing we do / Sometimes, and yet shall like it too" (45). Desdemona perfectly fits the archetype of the cold, distant mistress whose irritability and capriciousness make her impossible to please, forcing the men orbiting her to take solace in fetishizing her personal items like her hair ribbons or handheld fans.

These ironic poems place two "rivals" as companions, fellow initiates that must work together to weather the cruel whims of the haughty mistress Desdemona. This paradigm subverts the traditional one, as the Troubadours seemed more concerned about their suitor-rivals than the mistress or even her husband. Whereas the angle of the first "To His Rival" poem is the speaker's commitment to the character of the obsequiousness to the point mocking the absurdity of Petrarchanism, the second poem directly exposes the lady as a tyrannical emotional manipulator with these suitors. The more distant and unattainable she is, the more flexible and humble the speaker becomes. Between these poems, Suckling ticks off every conventional Worshiper archetype in order to vilify the lady without a single complaint from the speaker in either poem. And in Suckling's true sardonic form, both speakers openly acknowledge her sexual unavailability to these suitors as the source of their servitude and torment. But while Suckling portrays Desdemona as fickle, bossy, and indifferent, some other Cavalier mistresses are depicted as worse, including some iterations of Waller's Sacharissa and Lovelace's Lucasta.

Whereas Waller's first country house poem about Penshurst consisted purely of self-effacing infatuation, the second one depicts his now familiar mistress Sacharissa as haughty and mean. Framing the Sidney family property as taking his side in his efforts at romance, Waller's

tormented persona directly addresses her in a loud and woeful lament. Once again, the beeches are bowing, but this time in sympathy to Waller rather than to the exalted mistress of the place:

> When to the beeches I report my flame,
>
> They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.
>
> To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers
>
> With loud complaints, they answer me in showers. (Maclean 236)

Penshurst itself weeps in sympathy with the speaker, who admonishes his beloved for her cruelty, pride, and "deafness" to his requests for love in lines 7 and 8: "To thee a wild and cruel soul is given, / More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heaven!" Using this dramatic loss of self-control to propel him into passion, he builds an argument calling out Sacharissa for her heartlessness. First, he compares her unfavorably with the romantic legacy of her great uncle, Sir Philip Sidney, who had written Petrarchan love sonnets in the prior generation: "Love's foe professed, why dost thou falsely feign / Thyself a Sidney?" Nor is Sacharissa's immediate family off limits in Waller's scheme to make her feel outnumbered. He shames her for not being able to "hold both chastity and love" like her mother, who cannot in fact be her mother after all, since

> Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
>
> In joy and bounty, be supposed to bring
>
> One so destructive. To no human stock
>
> We owe this fierce unkindness, but the rock,
>
> That cloven rock produced thee. (236)

She is born from the rocks, so hard is her heart; she's depicted as "destructive," of "no human stock," and as showing "fierce unkindness" in her hyperbolic rejection of the speaker. Yet even still, he refuses to walk away from Sacharissa, admitting that he will continue to keep his

romantic passion for her alive by fantasizing about her: “But with my own breath still foment the fire / With flames as high as fancy can aspire.” So pitiful is the speaker’s lament that the Greek god “Apollo, president of verse” magically appears to advise him , “hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea,” to leave his intended beloved behind and take his chances on the turbulent oceans. He cries out one last time in an apostrophe, bewailing his mistreatment:

> Ah, cruel nymph! From whom her humble swain
> Flies for relief unto the raging main,
> And from the winds and tempests does expect
> A milder fate than from her cold neglect.

And so horrible is her disdain for Waller that regardless of the life-threatening storms and dangers of the open waters, he knows he will be safer in a ship at sea than with her. And even after having to deal with all this cruelty from his haughty mistress, this horrible rejection of his unrequited romantic aspirations that have him running “for relief unto the raging main,” Waller’s speaker confesses that he will be selflessly thinking only of her best interests in the matter:

> Yet there he’ll pray that the unkind may prove
> Blest in her choice; and vows this endless love
> Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
> But from those gifts which heaven has heaped on her. (237)

A victim of her hard heart, he loves her so selflessly that he only wants her to be happy; he will continue to love her from afar, not for “what she can confer” on him, but because of how wonderful she is. Waller’s infatuated speaker will handle whatever his beloved dishes out.

Sacharissa’s depiction as hardhearted and cruel could only derive from a place of entitlement and privilege, a male-centered view of Waller’s failed courtship of Dorothy Sidney.

For at least three years, he paid court to her, visiting her at Penshurst and circulating poems about her among the lesser nobility, an audience of people who knew both Waller and Sidney personally. As daughter of the Earl of Leicester, she outranked the poet socially; her parents probably steered her away from Waller and other untitled suitors, toward the Earl of Sunderland. By the same token, there is also no suggestion at all that she reciprocated his passion in the least; in fact, if we believe him, she was "haughty and cold" toward him (Gilbert 19). Yet rather than walk away from her and respect her decision, he persisted in advancing the narrative that she *should* want to be with him romantically, that her great uncle the poet, her family, and even the property itself agree that they should be together. In effect, he ignores her lack of romantic love for him altogether and attempts to shame her into loving him, as Waller scholar and critic Jack G. Gilbert explains:

> Waller takes his case against Sacharissa to the public and to the court of highest authority. He aligns himself with the erotic deer and trees and gods at Penshurst, Sacharissa's country home, invokes her uncle, Sir Philip Sidney, and enlists thereby the sympathy of his polite readers, who share Sir Philip's value. Sacharissa is excluded from the aureate communion. (64)

So once again, the female subject of a Cavalier poem has no voice; the discourse between Waller, the Sidney family, and the public precluded Dorothy from participating in the conversation, so she had no ability to defend herself or provide her side. This obviously unsuccessful but rhythmically elegant attempt at emotionally manipulating Sacharissa into submission ends with an attempt to cover up the truth already well known to the reader: that the speaker is characterizing her as proud, cruel, haughty, hardhearted, and disdainful because he isn't getting what he wants from her. Logically, for this to be true, she would have a moral

responsibility to feel romantic love for him, as if the whole world should ideally revolve around his desires and ignored hers. Like Desdemona, Sacharissa is depicted as cruel because she's unattainable romantically and certainly sexually. She is "destructive" to him and his life in a metaphorical sense. On the other hand, Lucasta in Lovelace's "Lucasta's World: an Epode" is destructive in the literal sense.

According to Thomas Clayton, Lovelace created the pseudonym "Lucasta" from combining the Latin *lux* (light) and *casta* (chaste), meaning "chaste light" (255). Although there are some colorful stories about who she might be by early biographers like Anthony à Wood, literary scholars agree that she was most likely an actual noblewoman known by the poet who appeared at court among Dorothy Sidney, Lady Carlisle, and Lucy Herbert, Habington's "Castara." Lucasta appears in twenty-seven of his poems, all Petrarchan. Her name invokes thoughts of religious purity and chastity, appropriate to a noblewoman out of romantic and sexual reach for a courtier poet. In "Lucasta's World," the traditional hyperbolic concern for obeying the mistress' slightest whim is further exaggerated out of proportion such that the entire world responds to her slightest displeasure. However, it is not only the poetic speaker who must endure her tyrannical fits of anger, but all of humanity: "Lucasta sighed, when she did close / The world in frosty chains!" (277). So powerful is she that even her mere sigh of frustration, boredom, or disappointment effects "frosty chains" on the world, and her frown freezes the blood of helpless onlookers. Relying on the standard "ice and fire" oxymorons so comfortable in Petrarchan Worshiper poetry, Lovelace's speaker describes Lucasta as dissatisfied with the frozen state of the world, lashing out suddenly in another act of destruction to establish the supremacy of her fancy:

Then moved, and with a sudden flame

Impatient to melt all again,

Straight from her eyes she lightning hurled,

And earth in ashes mourns. (277)

But the worst damage she does is with her romantic rejection of several men, as even the sun, "warmed not the hearts her nice / Disdain had first congealed to ice." The men of earth are powerless against Lucasta's violent supernatural mood swing; however, luckily some unknown factor suddenly causes her to smile again: "Fate but one way allows: behold / Her smiles' divinity!" All will be well in the world because once again, Lucasta is smiling. Everyone is once again safe from her destructive dissatisfaction and life can go back to normal because she is happy: "Thus earth, from flames and ice reprieved, / E'er since hath in her sunshine lived." Of course the lesson learned from Lucasta's near-apocalyptic mood swing is that she is to be kept happy at all costs. She is depicted not as a woman, but as a child throwing a temper tantrum.

Lovelace's humorous treatment of Worshiper conventions and themes in "Lucasta's World" satirizes courtly male obsequiousness to the point that the lady's sighs and frowns are to be feared by all, and earth can only be "reprieved" from all her damage when she's smiling. He characterizes Lucasta as a beautiful goddess capable of causing great suffering when things aren't to her liking. Like Waller's "cruel," "deaf," and "proud" Sacharissa, Suckling's ridiculously elevated Desdemona, and so many other Cavalier mistresses exaggerated into absurdity, she serves as the poet's embodiment of entitled female narcissism. From the speaker's viewpoint, she is the impossible to please woman so far above him that he is lucky to be in her presence at all. Lucasta's name itself, and Lovelace's Neoplatonic treatment of her across almost thirty poems, suggest that to the poet, her virginity is an important part of her depiction as various versions of virtue and divinity. In true Petrarchan form, she is out of his reach sexually, both because she is the "chaste light" and because she holds the speaker in such contempt. And it is this romantic rejection that fuels the persona's

capricious portrayal of her: because she is not sexually available to him, she is omnipotently selfish and destructive. By default, the poetic speakers assume and assign ill intentions to any women who reject them romantically. In effect, they are not "worshiping" these women at all, but objectifying them and punishing them for being sexually unavailable.

The Cavaliers could not fathom the idea that women legitimately might not be interested in being their lovers. They framed reality to make their own goals seem healthy and reasonable, positing the women as unreasonable and mean-spirited, even while drooling up at their mistresses' divine pedestals. Ultimately, the Worshiper persona's goal is sexual, and his obsequiousness results from failure to achieve that goal. Thus, although Petrarchan overtures seem self-deprecating, in fact their covert purpose is men's pleasure. Now that courtly worship has been exposed as veiled objectification, it will not be a difficult transition to examine these same poets' particular brand of erotic lyrics. As shall be seen in chapter three, the adoring and devoted Lovelace, Waller, and Carew behave quite differently away from Lucasta, Sacharissa, and Celia, and Suckling and Herrick reveal their true areas of poetic skill in creatively expressing their promiscuity.

Chapter Three: The Philanderer Persona

Tom Carew boldly rushes Celia through the air toward "the giant, Honour." Flying under the legs of "the huge Colossus," our experienced guide charmingly nudges his virginal mistress to bypass the "stalking pageant" and then enjoy the pleasures of "Love's Elysium." In this erotic paradise, the ardent lover and his increasingly receptive lady witness firsthand Venus, the "Queen of Love, Innocence, Beauty, and Nature," declaring that there must be no limits to romantic desire here. Soon Celia's "bared snow" breasts and "unbraided gold" hair are unraveled for the poet's delight, and his "enfranchised hand" caresses her "naked polished ivory" and eventually, her "virgin treasure." In the coolness of a hidden copse of cypress trees, they lie down on a mattress of "fresh myrtles" and roses, with the soft feathers of "Venus' doves" under their heads as they twist their "panting limbs" together. Across the land, references to marriage, chastity, or lustfulness become "vain and empty words." Everyone seeks pleasure as they like, and famous historical and legendary women of virtue engage openly in sexual acts. Once disdainful, Laura now embraces Petrarch's "learned arms;" chaste Lucrece learns to bend her "pliant body" into different sexual positions, and Daphne transforms herself from a laurel tree back to a girl again, running to "the youthful Sun" Apollo on "swift foot." Even the surrounding landscape of Elysium itself exudes passion, as the "bubbling stream" romances the shore, the "enamoured chirping wood-choir" worships Cupid, god of romantic love, and "gentle western winds" breeze through the lands, providing soft music to the "dancing shade." Under these "close boughs," Carew and Celia rest after an afternoon of lovemaking until the "soft murmurs" of the wind wake them up again for more amorous "active play" (Clayton 182-187).

In "A Rapture," Carew's persona is free to explore every pleasure he can imagine with "Celia" and other young maidens. Once they get past "the giant, Honour," seducers and

mistresses are no longer restrained by seventeenth century sexual mores; they can spend their days enjoying each other's bodies without shame, fear, or guilt of any kind. Both Carew and Celia are free to seek out as many sexual partners as they like. In "Love's Elysium," the women and girls are always eager for sexual activity; it is a playground for promiscuous men and seducers, with virgins aplenty. This paradise of male fantasy is part of a broader tradition of poetry about seduction and promiscuity that goes back to classical times, a tradition in which male poets depict their female targets as interchangeable sexual objects because from their lens, such women and girls are unimportant and ultimately, expendable.

If Ovid played a crucial role in the development of Worshiper tropes, he is doubly important to Philanderer poetry. From Ovid, the western poetic tradition learned much about seduction verse, most importantly through the examples of male deities like Apollo and especially Jupiter, depicted as "falling in love with one woman after another and descending to all manner of tricks to hide his infidelity" (Hamilton, *Mythology* 21). From him and some more obscure classical poets that European lyric poets would later translate works recalling a golden age of free sexuality, eroticizing the classical deities, and seducing women in verse (Richmond 58; Rollin 105; Squier 104; Sadler 18). Horace wrote amatory poetry for so many different women that Edith Hamilton called their reality into question! "It is more than doubtful whether any woman ever cost him a pang," she explains, because

> He was never what we would call in love. To our notions a lover, and certainly a poet-lover, must waste, at least a little, in despair and Horace never did, not even a very, very little. He had an exceedingly pleasant time with all of them. He must have had a wonderful skill in detaching himself from one lovely lady to pass on to another, for there is never a hint of any of the usual accompaniment of such behavior, tears, reproaches, a

broken heart or two. In fact, they are incredible face to face with Horace. (Hamilton, *The Roman Way* 126)

From easygoing Horace and cynical Martial the Europeans inherited the universal exhortation to enjoy life's pleasures and not waste precious time, a lesson which they, in turn, would pass on to the objects of their passion. And the theme in Catullus' invitation to Lesbia, "Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque Amemus" (Let us live, my Lesbia, and let us love), would be translated, emulated, and expanded a millennium and a half later by Englishmen (Richmond 14-16). But centuries before that, French and Italian libertines would garner inspiration from their classical role models in a time when rules for women's sexuality were becoming more stringent.

Building upon a foundation of medieval French and Italian etiquette books, Baldassare Castiglione included in *The Courtier* some emerging ideas about the importance of submission and chastity for women in an emerging societal paradigm that promised men greater pursuit of freedom and happiness. He concerned himself with proper behavior, including prescriptive gender roles. Describing the ideal male courtier, he defined the Italian virtue of *sprezzatura*, the easygoing, effortless grace that embodies the worldly Renaissance man's approach to everything from writing verse to courting ladies or even interacting with royalty. Castiglione was referring to what modern Americans call "coolness" in the sense of presenting an agreeable smile, smooth tongue, and easy feel in social interactions. However, Sir Thomas Hoby's 1570 English translation famously rendered sprezzatura as "recklessness," exaggerating grace and charm into the sense of arrogance, indifference, and irresponsibility that courtiers would adopt in their social interchanges (Castiglione 289; Abrams, et al., *Norton* 577). And part of emulating Italian manners included behaviors called out by didactic writer Roger Ascham as "wanton living" in his declamation of Italian mannerisms and attitudes in England, "The Italianate Englishman"

(*Norton* 569). This trend among English aristocrats would engender Philanderer poetry from the cavaliers, the truly "reckless," swaggering seducers of the Caroline court.

Cavalier Philanderer poetry was also influenced by French and Italian libertine poets from the early to middle sixteenth century. Pierre de Ronsard and Torquato Tasso experimented with using classical *carpe diem* themes to pursue sexual partners in verse (Sadler 18; Richmond 60-63; 163). Ronsard's contemporary, the philosopher Montaigne, wrote longingly about the greater pleasure he considered to have existed in primitive times, when people were free to engage each other sexually (Weidhorn 114). Later French poets Theophile de Viau and St. Amant took the idea passed down from Ovid to Montaigne to create the model of "primitive sexual golden age" poetry that Lovelace, Carew, and their ilk would imitate in the first half of the seventeenth century, having encountered these themes through the French poetry brought to the Caroline court by Queen Henrietta Maria (115). But just as with Petrarchan flavored Worshiper poetry, the greatest direct influence on cavalier songs about sexual conquest came not from broader European or classical literature, but from the generations of English poets immediately preceding Herrick, Lovelace, Suckling, Carew, and Waller.

At the end of the sixteenth century, Christopher Marlowe had extended Catullus' theme of romantic invitation to Lesbia in "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love." Marlowe's speaker addresses an unknown mistress, welcoming her to enjoy his attentions, which include shaping the wonders of nature to give her pleasure. Immediately, other poets responded to Marlowe imitating his meter. Most famously, Walter Raleigh's "Nymph's Reply" gives a voice to Marlowe's mistress, now an unwilling nymph. Similarly, John Donne's "The Bait" parodies Marlowe's original by drawing a comparison between romantic attraction and fishing (Richmond 14-22). His poems about seduction are perhaps the single greatest influence on cavalier poetry of

the libertine flavor (Weidhorn 106). But it is Ben Jonson's song "Come, My Celia," appearing in his most famous play *Volpone*, that sets the paradigm for cavalier enticements to love (Richmond 59), including this chapter's opening vignette from Carew's "A Rapture." In Jonson's version, an older and less desirable man attempts to prey upon the beautiful, young Celia. It is easy to imagine Carew's fast-talking speaker, experienced in the ways of the world, pulling his mistress (another Celia) by the hand to his paradise. And it is in this satirical vein that Carew and his late Renaissance contemporaries wrote their invitations to love; as Richmond pointed out, "When the high Renaissance attempts literary seduction it does so with tongue-in-cheek, rarely in the bitter earnest of sexual desire" (58).

These poetic expressions of licentiousness came together, filtered through Jonson and especially Donne, in the poetry of the Cavaliers, sometimes known to literary historians as the "sons of Ben." Although traditionally Donne's works have been categorized as opposite of the songs of Lovelace and his ilk, twentieth century scholarship has begun to situate him as an important influence, as they read, admired, and emulated aspects of his works, especially in treatment of indifference and seduction (Clayton xvi; Weidhorn 99). Like Donne, Robert Herrick served as an Anglican priest while writing both religious and lustful poems; however, whereas Donne wrote metaphysical conceits that drew sophisticated comparisons between unlike things, Herrick wrote a diverse set of direct, concise, and bawdy poems. He considered himself a disciple and literary descendant of Ben Jonson, as did Carew, who wrote polished, witty poetry like his master, except flavored with eroticism. Lovelace and Suckling wrote naughty satirical humor poking fun at and glorifying acts of seduction and womanizing; Lovelace's playfully promiscuous lyrics can be distinguished from Suckling's open glorification of philandering. Edmund Waller wrote seduction lyrics for Phillis and other ladies when he wasn't deifying

Sacharissa. These five Cavalier poets and their ilk wrote Philanderer poems to satirize their own reputations as libertines. They wrote to amuse primarily their inner circle: an audience of aristocratic men at court and in taverns. A close read of such poems shows their intent: to lightly satirize some horrific misogyny by making light of tricking women and girls into sexual acts and abandoning them afterwards. In fact, a few of these poems even go so far as to glorify or chuckle in the presence of atrocities like rape and pedophilia. In that way, these poems expose individual and societal male perspectives in their various portrayals of women.

In the tradition of Donne and his literary ancestors, the Cavalier poets wrote about real, attempted, and imagined seductions, in which they take advantage of their privilege as men in different ways. Some of these lyrics are overt and unmistakable pleas for sexual indulgence; on the other hand, some are so subtle as to give advice to unmarried young women and girls to live life to the fullest in the vein of Horace and the *carpe diem* tradition, veiling sexual desire in a paternalistic, familiar tone of concern. Waller's "Go, Lovely Rose" is a heavily restrained plea for love designed to bring the speaker within proximity of his mistress – in this case, the familiar Sacharissa from chapter one. In the opening stanzas, Waller's persona sends a rose to his shy mistress to tell her that she is more beautiful than the rose. He builds his argument from analogy: just as the "lovely rose" can only be properly praised if it is out in the open so people can see it, the same is true of her. In the third stanza comes the persona's indirect invitation to draw the lady from the coyness of her private hiding place so she can be admired:

> Small is the worth
> Of beauty from the light retired;
> Bid her come forth,
> Suffer herself to be desired,

And not blush so to be admired. (Maclean 246)

The speaker's plea is simple and direct: *allow me to admire you instead of hiding your beauty away.* He seems to believe this line of reasoning is universally and self-evidently beneficial, that if she knows what's best for her, she will listen to the wisdom of his advice. He takes for granted that Sacharissa will be moved by his argument but fails to see that his intended beloved may not be concerned about being admired by him at all! In the final stanza, Waller commands the rose to die to teach his beloved a lesson about how short and precious life is for the world's rarities such as herself: "How small a part of time they share, / That are so wondrous sweet and fair!" Because he knows Sacharissa is hiding herself away from his lustful gaze, Waller's speaker attempts to get her to open up to him, to smile, to live and enjoy the day. Such a mild appeal to "seize the day" barely raises an eyebrow of sexual suspicion, as there's no apparent attempt to seduce the woman on the surface. Modeled on Martial's "I, Felix Rosa," a romantic epigram for another man, the poem is steeped in the tradition of sexual pleas, but restrained by the Christian sexual mores of the age. An Anglican clergyman, Robert Herrick also enforces the same Christian sense of restraint on his carpe diem themed lyrics, including his famous "To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time," which can be read as a veiled seduction poem as well (Richmond 65).

One slight difference between Waller's "Go, Lovely Rose" and Herrick's "To the Virgins" is that the speaker in the former merely attempts to get closer to his mistress, with a hope to marry her eventually, while Herrick's speaker urges his audience of "virgins" to get married – to anyone – before it's too late. In one of the most famous first lines in English poetry, Herrick's speaker takes a wise, detached tone in advising girls and young women to "gather ye rosebuds while ye may," lest they realize too late that they've wasted their lives, like the recently blooming but soon dying flower. According to Herrick, youth is better than old age, and things

worsen from there: “But being spent, the worse and worst / Times still succeed the former.” In the closing stanza, Herrick’s speaker reveals the ostensible reason for his concern:

Then be not coy, but use your time;

And while ye may, go marry:

For, having lost but once your prime,

You may for ever tarry. (Clayton 56)

If these young women are too bashful and go too far out of their way to avoid romance, they will miss their opportunity, and like the rose, they will wither, stuck forever beyond their “prime” years. On the surface, Herrick’s advice seems almost parental: *I don’t want to see you alone and unhappy*. A closer reading of the poem reveals that his argument centers on the virgins’ youth and beauty. His argument paraphrases to something like: *you had better jump in and enjoy romance while you still can, because sooner than you think, you’ll be older and less beautiful, and no man will want to marry you.* While Waller’s poem openly urges Sacharissa to bring herself out into the light “to be admired” by his eager and lusty speaker, Herrick’s message appears as a selfless suggestion, yet underlying the entire one-sided conversation is the idea that these virgins could be put to better use – if not by Herrick, then by other men. He pretends to look out for her when in fact he is looking out for himself and other men.

At first glance, it may seem a stretch to categorize such *carpe diem* themed poems as veiled attempts at seduction. Yet these speakers’ approach in choosing not to outright ask for sexual favors is itself strategic: restraint shown when the desired target of flirting might not be as amenable to such advances as would be other women. The objective of getting her into bed must therefore be sublimated into an attempt to get closer to her in any way possible, and what better way to achieve this adapted aim than to provide her with solid advice about her life? If she’s

willing to open up and live her life, then the speakers move one step closer to getting what they want, whether or not they articulate those desires. According to Herrick scholar Roger B. Rollin, "Seize the day" advice becomes a nuanced sidestep to avoid sexual failure and maintain hopes of success: "Seduction is still a kind of game, and the argument from carpe diem is a particular gambit in such a game" (100). And of course, such a line of reasoning in the seventeenth century recalls classical precedents, as H. M. Richmond establishes in detail in *School of Love*: "One of the more gracious and long-lived of the pagan arguments for indulgence which might be advanced by a classical poet to his reluctant lady depends on analogies showing how fleeting an opportunity is given to women to make any choice at all" (59). Yet after the Middle Ages, such admonitions to stop wasting time and start living it up required the European poet to either take on the guise of concerned counselor – as with the two previous poems analyzed – or else "pretend he has no knowledge of the teachings of Christianity, if he is to maintain his [Classical] models' predatory intentions" (71). And it is this latter approach that most commonly characterizes cavalier seduction poems, as boldly empowered speakers attempt to persuade one or more mistresses to engage in romantic and ultimately sexual behavior.

One of the hallmarks of the English misunderstanding of *sprezzatura* is that cavalier poets brazenly owned, exaggerated, and glorified male sexual situations and behaviors that would ordinarily carry the expectation of shame or moralizing in response. Quite the apprehension for seventeenth century men, impotence prevailed in male minds because it was thought to lead to female promiscuity and cuckoldry and could even be grounds for a marital annulment if the unsatisfied wife could prove herself a virgin sometime after the wedding night (36). In addition, it was commonly thought to be curable only by magic, which Herrick makes use of in his poem "To His Mistresses" (22). The aged, impotent speaker wastes no time getting

right to the point in directing his multiple girlfriends to pull together and rekindle his former virility, via supernatural means if necessary:

> Help me! Help Me! Now I call
>
> To my pretty witchcrafts all:
>
> Old I am, and cannot do
>
> That I was accustomed to.
>
> Bring your magics, spells, and charms,
>
> To enflesh my thighs and arms. (Clayton 5)

Not only does Herrick's "dry-decrepit" speaker assume his several mistresses want to help him fix his sexual dysfunction, but he also places the responsibility for solving his problem on them. Further, he speaks to them not humbly, as a supplicant asking for assistance in kindness, but as a superior speaking to subordinates. It's as if his confidence in his directives to the women is all the argument he need make to convince these mistresses they have a responsibility to engage him sexually. In lines 11-14, Herrick's persona urges his girlfriends to seek out magical baths like the mythological figure Aeson had to restore his youth so he can reward them sexually:

> Find that med'cine (if you can)
>
> For your dry-decrepit man,
>
> Who would fain his strength renew,
>
> Were it but to pleasure you.

Herrick's speaker makes his closing argument: *if all of you help to restore my sexual abilities by curing me of impotence, I will please you all sexually*. It is important to note that he is the one seeking their sexual attention, and not the other way around; therefore, it seems reasonable to conclude that restoring his virility is more important to him than it is to these mistresses, and that

his concluding promise to "pleasure" them is nothing more than an attempt at sexual bargaining so he can get what he wants. This expectation of sexual help is just a step away from the traditional logical arguments for sex, an extremely popular cavalier theme.

Often such seductive reasoning follows the tone and meter of the invitations to love that go back beyond Donne, Raleigh, and Marlowe to Catullus. One example is Carew's poem "A Rapture," used in the opening vignette for this chapter, which begins with the same direct conciseness as other poems in the genre: "I will enjoy thee now, my Celia, come / And fly with me to Love's Elysium" (Clayton 182). Another is Waller's "To Phillis," in which the speaker takes a similar approach to Herrick's in the previous poem, one of a male authority motivating female subordinates to sexual action: "Phyllis! Why should we delay / Pleasures shorter than the day?" (Maclean 242). This direct and frank style of addressing Phyllis with such intensity in the first couplet recalls Catullus' overtures to Lesbia and their more recent incarnations in Marlowe and those who responded to him. Briefly Waller's l usty speaker dips into a traditional *carpe diem* motif, then points out in lines 7 and 8 that even if the lovers had all the time in the world, love itself is fleeting: "Or, would youth and beauty stay, / Love hath wings, and, and will away." The persona argues that this transient nature of life and love is the reason they're together, and therefore sexual fruition should logically follow between them. Of course, Waller's speaker employs a non sequitur fallacy: the reality that the sweetness of youth and the intensity of passion will eventually fade does not imply that Phyllis should have sex with him. In advancing such a flawed argument, he depicts her as lacking in discernment and logical ability. He also fallaciously places her past and future promiscuity on equal terms with his own, ignoring the sexual double standard as if a woman's sexual activity were as free as a man's:

Let not you and I inquire

What has been our past desire;

On what shepherds you have smiled,

Or what nymphs I have beguiled;

Leave it to the planets too,

What we shall hereafter do. (242)

Both of them have had their dalliance, he explains to her, and both will move along to other partners, and that's perfectly fine; the most important thing is to live in the present moment: "For the joys we now may prove, / Take advice of present love." The deliberate literary allusion to "shepherds" and "nymphs" in lines 17 and 18 constitute a reverent nod to Marlowe and Raleigh, establishing Waller's concise poem firmly in the "invitation to love" subgenre of Roman-influenced English seduction poetry. Like Marlowe and Carew, Waller deprives his intended sexual partner of any voice at all and assumes she has some level of romantic interest in him, though there is no evidence of her interest or consent, nor any concern for either, in the poem's text. The persona simultaneously sets boundaries on romantic attachment with Phyllis by establishing the impermanence of their encounters too, so he's not promising to love her forever by a long shot. In pretending for the sake of argument that their respective sexual playing fields are equal, that they are each free to pursue other "shepherds" and "nymphs" as they see fit, Waller's persona attempts to gaslight her into thinking she can have sex without consequences, when in fact the penalties for casual sex will undoubtedly be more severe for her than for him. As Laura Gowing explains in *Gender Relations in Early Modern England*, women bore most of the responsibility for sexual encounters, as merely "to accuse a woman of unchastity undermined her whole character" (63). Given ineffective methods of contraception, she could find herself with child, face diminished opportunities for marriage, suffer ruined reputation, or all of the

above outcomes, since seventeenth century English society judged women's premarital sexual relations much more harshly than they did those of men (Gowing 21; 28). Such was the double standard in sexual relations with which western civilization has struggled to the present day.

The same double standard held for extramarital relations too, as Cavalier poetry sometimes posited a similar approach to persuade women to commit adultery on their fiancées or husbands. In Lovelace's short poem "Depose," a new Philanderer persona privately makes a spirited case for infidelity by arguing from analogy that her ring alone shouldn't preclude her from enjoying sexual relations with him:

> Depose your finger of that ring,
>
> And crown mine with 't awhile
>
> Now I restore 't—Pray does it bring
>
> Back with it more of soil?
>
> Or shines it not as innocent,
>
> As honest, as before 'twas lent? (Clayton 106)

The most elegant of Cavalier poets draws on the ring's many sophisticated layers of symbolism: the ring as crown, as the lady surrenders her sovereignty to the amorous speaker; the ring's luster as a symbol of purity and honesty; the ring as symbol of commitment – which may be temporarily disregarded if taken off her finger; and finally, the ring and finger as obvious physiological symbols of the sexual act he hopes to achieve with her. Her ring could symbolize either a premarital engagement or marriage in the seventeenth century, just as it does today. Since Lovelace cavorted with England's highest nobility, quite possibly his seducee had married to improve her family's status, as "gentry and noble couples were expected to follow their parents' wishes in the matter of marriage" (Crawford and Gowing 163). *See*, the speaker argues,

when I place the ring back on your finger, it's just as clean and innocent as it was before. He follows up in the second and final stanza with an admonition that she has a moral responsibility to "enrich" him with sexual favors because it's wrong to withhold help to others in ways that also benefit you:

> So then enrich me with that treasure,
>
> Will but increase your store,
>
> And please me, fair one, with that pleasure
>
> Must please you all the more:
>
> Not to save others is a curse
>
> The blackest, when y' are ne'er the worse. (107)

As Lovelace scholar Manfred Weidhorn notes, the persona's promise to enhance her "store" in line 8 serves as an ambiguous symbol in the poem: "'Increase of store' refers to life experience as well as to sexual bliss. It can also mean pregnancy – though the woman is not meant to think of this last possibility: the lover winks past her shoulder at the reader" (Weidhorn 107). But for a seventeenth century Englishwoman, becoming pregnant with another man's child would not have been a matter of amusement! His confident assertions also rely on ridiculous logic. First, he claims that extramarital sex with him will be more satisfying for her than it will be for him, possibly suggesting she's not sexually satisfied in her current relationship (which could include chastity). He also draws a false equivalence between sex and rescuing people to make his case. Of course, the speaker's assumptions and arguments derive from his selfish desires; he would posit any argument that would advance his cause without regard to logical reasoning. In effect, he treats the woman as if such humorous attempts at logical comparison will be successful, either because she's not smart enough to refute his reasoning, or else because she's so amused that she

won't care about consequences. Either way, Lovelace's speaker is certainly condescending to her on at least one level, as is the case with Cavalier poetry's attitudes toward women generally.

All five of these seduction poems and many others written by the Cavalier poets represent actual seductions exaggerated for humor. In each poem, the speaker attempts his seduction with confidence that his efforts will be successful by virtue of his rhetoric and especially because the woman in question will be vulnerable to his strategy. Herrick and Waller depict Sacharissa and the virgins as coy and naïve; they portray Phyllis and the mistresses as lustful and eager to engage sexually; finally, Lovelace's committed woman must be either gullible or silly in her attention to his speaker. These women or girls, the targets of the speakers' seduction efforts, are susceptible to the logical tricks, fancy wordplay, and authoritative mentorship of the men who ultimately only want one thing. In each of these and other Philanderer poems, the woman's personality forms around the man's needs; she is depicted however the speaker needs to portray her to get what he wants – sex. His imagination creates her in such a way as to fulfill the poet's selfish fantasies, either in hopes of seduction or else being able to flaunt and glorify his sexual conquest of her, as will be the case in the next several poems analyzed.

Cavalier poets satirized promiscuous male behavior in multiple ways from novel angles to keep the humor fresh and alive. As has been seen in "To His Mistresses," Herrick creates in his lyrics the sense of his having multiple sexual partners at the same time. Indeed, there is speculation among scholars of his work that Julia and Herrick's thirteen other pseudonymous mistresses may not have even existed, and that he wrote to these various pastoral ladies to exercise his wit and amuse his friends. According to Frederic Moorman, nineteenth century Herrick biographer and critic, there doesn't appear to be any "sufficient reason for supposing that Julia had any more real existence than Corinna, Anthea, or any of the other classically named

mistresses to whom the poet makes love" (60). Whatever the case may be concerning his sex life, in the poem "Upon the Loss of His Mistresses," an exaggerated Herrick laments the loss of his many girlfriends, naming and defining each one of his seven "dainty mistresses" individually:

> Stately Julia, prime of all;
> Sappho next, a principal;
> Smooth Anthea, for a skin
> White and heaven-like crystalline;
> Sweet Electra, and the choice
> Myrrha, for the lute and voice;
> Next Corinna, for her wit,
> And the graceful use of it;
> With Perilla, all are gone. (Clayton 6)

Fully half of Herrick's catalog of poetic mistresses are lumped together in this poem as supposed sexual partners within the same time frame. The promiscuous speaker provides positive attributes of the women revolving around his romantic attraction to them: well-known Julia, who shows up in sixty poems in Herrick's *Hesperides*, is "prime of all;" Sappho is a person of status and importance; Anthea's skin is smooth and white; Electra is sweet; Myrrha has musical talent; Corinna is witty; all we know about Perilla is that she, too, is "gone" like the others, and "Only Herrick's left alone" to die without the love of his seven former romantic interests. The humor in Herrick's poem is supposed to reside in the irony of his writing about losing love – an understandable lamentation – but in this instance with a plurality of lovers. Just as Herrick made a sly nod toward casual promiscuity by gathering his "pretty witchcrafts all" in "To His Mistresses," in this poem, Herrick's speaker exaggerates his sexual ability, prowess, and

stamina, casually mentioning losing *seven* mistresses the same way someone else might mention being dumped by a love interest. Herrick lists his lovers in a litany reminiscent of the poems of his mentor Ben Jonson's Roman idol; Horace, according to classicist Edith Hamilton, "must have had a wonderful skill in detaching himself from one lovely lady to pass on to another, for there is never a hint of any of the usual accompaniments of such behavior" (*The Roman Way* 126). Herrick's name-dropping of his many girlfriends in one short poem recalls the variety of his literary ancestor, who wrote about "pretty names of pretty ladies he declares he had succumbed to: Phyllis and Lyce and Cinara and Leuconoe, Pyrrha, Chloe, Glycera, Neaera, Lalage, and many another." Nothing shouts "philanderer" like a man listing out his many sexual partners. This theme of loss used as a serious background for satirical humor comes up time and time again in Cavalier poetry.

In "Sonnet I," Suckling's speaker points out a former lover to a male friend, objectively contemplating his loss of passion for her: "Dost see how disregarded now / That piece of beauty passes?" His reference to the female passerby as "that piece of beauty" in the poem's second line reduces her to nothing more than a sexual object. This designation is overshadowed by the cynical irony of Suckling's claim to be disregarding a woman he's pointing out and discussing! Having set the tone of overt objectification, he refers to her using the pronoun "that," clarifying immediately afterwards it is a face that he has reduced her to, a "red-and-white:"

> There was a time when I did vow
>
> To that alone;
>
> But mark the fate of faces:
>
> That red-and-white works now no more on me
>
> Than if it could not charm or I not see. (Clayton 228)

He muses almost philosophically on “the fate of faces” in line 5, observing that her sexual attractiveness, which used to hold his attention, is now a moot point. The second stanza establishes that she’s still beautiful, and he’s still full of lust, causing him confusion in lines 13 and 14: “Oh, some kind power unriddle where it lies, / Whether my heart be faulty, or her eyes.” Two thirds of the way through the poem, Suckling’s speaker finally switches pronouns from the neuter demonstrative “that” to be described by the feminine possessive adjective “her” in line 14, then elevated to personhood with “she” at the beginning of the final stanza. Alluding to death as the universal Renaissance symbol for sexual release, Suckling’s detached analyzer reflects in lines 15 to 19 that “She every day her man doth kill, / And I as often die,” so neither her beauty nor his sex drive are in question – so why doesn’t he feel passionate toward her anymore? Suckling’s persona once again offers his friend a philosophical explanation in the poem’s final couplet: “Sure Beauty’s empires, like to greater states, / Have certain periods set, and hidden fates.” In other words, Suckling reflects, the real culprit is the transient nature of sexual attraction itself! Perhaps the most ironic thing about the speaker’s thoughtful conclusion is that it sums up quite well the poet’s own indifference toward committed romantic relationships with individual women, a poetic relationship recalling the sexual indifference popularized in ancient times by Horace and brought to early modern England by John Donne. In short, Suckling’s philosophical validation of losing interest in one woman’s attractiveness attempts to support logically the male obsession with sexual variety, a topic which he approaches from every angle his lustful, cynical, and irreverent mind can conceive.

Suckling’s outrageous speaker in “The Constant Lover” boasts his proud devotion to one woman – for “three whole days” now and speculates in the third and fourth lines that he might stay faithful “three more / If it prove fair weather.” In fact, he explains, throughout all time there

never will be “such a constant lover” as he will be. He continues to explain that the credit for his sudden singlemindedness lies not in his own merits, but in those of the lady:

> But a pox upon ‘t, no praise
>
> There is due at all to me:
>
> Love with me had made no stay,
>
> Had it any been but she. (Clayton 232)

Predictably, Suckling is not talking about the woman’s intelligence, creativity, or friendly disposition, but her sexual attractiveness. Had he been spending time and energy with anyone other than “that very very face, / There had been at least ere this / A dozen dozen in her place.” One way to read this last stanza is to bend reality to cartoonish proportions to allow the possibility of a man having over one hundred forty four sexual partners in three days; another is to acknowledge the speaker as exaggerating his sexual prowess beyond reason for the sake of humor. Either way, Suckling’s persona oozes arrogance. In fact, the underlying premise of the poem seems to be that the speaker’s default setting is extreme and proud promiscuity. His self-description as monogamist for his three days of singular devotion casts him in the role of mocking not only himself but romantic exclusivity itself. In his ridiculous feigned attempt to praise his temporary beloved, he devalues women as expendable and interchangeable. Of course, this misogynistic attitude pervades Cavalier poetry. Even primarily Neoplatonic songwriters like Richard Lovelace are capable of arrogant, condescending treatment of a woman in pursuit of erotic variety; after all, most of the Cavalier poets were libertines themselves.

Suckling’s “The Constant Lover” bears strong similarities to “The Scrutiny,” in which Lovelace’s speaker opens with a defense, turning a critique around on the woman whom he is about to abandon the morning after sex: “Why should you swear I am forsworn, / Since thine I

vowed to be?" he asks a confused woman, adding that the promises of love and commitment he made to her were long ago, during the previous night (Clayton 259). This first exaggeration in a poem of hyperbolic stretches recalls Suckling's "dozen dozen" lovers. In lines 6 and 7, Lovelace's oversexed and overconfident persona asks the tear-filled young woman rhetorically to confirm that he has kept his faith: has he not "loved thee much and long, / A tedious twelve hours' space?" The audience imagines Lovelace reading his short poem with rolled eyes and condescending voice, asserting that he has done this woman a favor by having sex with her for a "tedious" half a day. To add insult to injury, he doubles down on his position by pointing out that by staying with her alone, he would not only be injuring other women by his absence, but also keeping her from other sexual encounters as well. Others may find nothing "but all joy in thy brown hair," but he must roll along to "the black and fair," women of all hair colors from black to light blonde, figurative language for a variety of different kinds of women denoting his high sexual activity. And once again another Cavalier speaker justifies his behavior by suggesting the woman in question go off and enjoy her own sexual experiences, another denial of the sexual double standard that would obviously have made such encounters much more dangerous for her than for him. Lovelace's Philanderer compares his adventuring in lines 14 and 15 to that of "skilful min'ralists that sound / For treasure in unploughed-up ground." This mining metaphor not only objectifies women by comparing them to inanimate rock and dirt, but also insinuates that the speaker's primary targets of sexual pursuit are virgins with "unploughed-up" bodies. The final stanza may be the most overtly disrespectful of the entire poem:

> Then if, when I have loved my round,
>
> Thou prov'st the pleasant she,
>
> With spoils of meaner beauties crowned,

I laden will return to thee,

Ev'n sated with variety. (259)

This effort at giving her consolation and hope for his betrayal must fail utterly – indeed the tongue-in-cheek suggestion in the final line that she wait around for him to become "sated with variety" overtly expresses disregard for the woman, now that he has gotten what he wanted from her. Lovelace's use of Donnean logic here is anything but fair and rational, and in fact mocks the woman on every level possible with his reasoning.

All of these women and girls unfortunate enough to find themselves within the vicinity of these speakers are, at the very least, presented as expendable and interchangeable. Although Herrick's "dainty mistresses" are depicted as beautiful, intelligent, and talented, his audience recognizes his true intent in bragging about his promiscuity before too long. The subjects and addressees of the other three poems are all physically attractive, but other than that they are not worth honest and respectful treatment in the least. Suckling's main concern with the woman in "Sonnet I" is that she can no longer excite him sexually; implausibly promiscuous herself, she has been discarded as yesterday's news. Her only value to him now is as a mystery to be solved in retrospect. The woman described as "that very, very face" in his poem "The Constant Lover" is portrayed as amazing and beautiful for no other reason than to serve as a platform for him to boast about his own lifestyle of sexual agility – which in effect devalues her and all women in the overall scheme. And Lovelace deliberately chooses not to take seriously his "Lady" from "The Scrutiny" as she assertively stands up to him for what would have been a serious offense in the seventeenth century: promising a woman committed love in return for sex in advance of marriage. As Gowing points out, pregnant single girls and women often had to take men to court to prove they had been proposed to: "The acceptance of rings and other gifts could be a key piece

of evidence that a woman had accepted a proposal. [. . .] Sex continued to be the one binding event that made a conditional contract firm" (35). Lovelace taunts the woman he had previously promised to love with the update that she exercised poor judgment. He opts to burden his own responsibility for being "forsworn" on her naiveté, when in fact he has deliberately lied to her to get her into bed, then abandoned her. In short, these men portray the women however they like without any concern for moral or social judgment. The women's opinions are irrelevant to the speakers because they are powerless in the situation and no longer serve the men's needs. Dealing honestly with women, considering women's feelings, and showing concern for the consequences women must face after sex lose importance in these lyrics; they can be deceived, abandoned, mistreated, and mocked by the speakers for entertainment. And although these poems are certainly among the worst Philanderer works analyzed so far, the most horrible have yet to be examined, as many others explicitly revolve around the Cavalier obsession with virginity so briefly alluded to in "The Scrutiny," "A Rapture," and "To the Virgins."

By the Caroline period, a rich poetic tradition brought from France by the Queen and recalling an imaginary earlier age of sexual freedom had emerged. Lovelace's "Love Made in the First Age" epitomizes the genre's Cavalier expression. Chloris listens to the speaker's rendition of history, "When cursed No stained no maid's bliss, / And all discourse was summed in Yes, / And nought forbad, but to forbid." Virginal young girls were not held back, in other words, from the joys of sexual expression by pesky rules about saving themselves for marriage. In essence, this ten-stanza poem lectures innocent Chloris about how the world would be slightly better if she would just do her part to help put things back to the way they used to be. The speaker provides a caricatured scene with the boy-god Cupid (Love) metaphorically empowering children to enjoy each other:

Love, then unstinted, Love did sip,

And cherries plucked fresh from the lip;

On cheeks and roses free he fed;

Lasses like autumn plums did drop,

And lads indifferently did crop

A flower and a maidenhead. (Clayton 303)

Nobody had to worry about keeping their virginity back in the good old days, he tells her. The "lads" approach these young "lasses" casually because virgins surround him in every direction, just as Love himself makes good use of "cherries plucked fresh from the lip" in line 14. This scenario represents Lovelace's ideal sexual paradise, procuring easy access to virgins for males starting in youth. The poem otherwise continues to map out the paradise poor Chloris loses by so guarding her virginity; in the final stanza, Lovelace's speaker admonishes Chloris, ultimately revealing that he does not need her to enjoy sexual climax:

Now, Chloris! Miserably crave

The offered bliss you would not have,

Which evermore I must deny;

Whilst ravished with these noble dreams,

And crowned with mine own soft beams,

Enjoying of myself I lie. (303)

No doubt Lovelace assumes this final ironic twist – that he has written the entire poem while in bed masturbating – will bring laughter to his audience. In feigning an attack on Chloris' ego, Lovelace's speaker makes a pathetic fool of himself, and his typical Cavalier arrogance makes such an admission even more humorous in the audience's eyes. Quite possibly Chloris is a young

girl; definitely she is a virgin and has put up resistance to the speaker's advances – otherwise he would not need to make such elaborate arguments to convince her, nor would he spitefully "reject" her in the final stanza. Regardless, his final admission, "Enjoying of myself I lie," is spoken to a young, clearly unwilling and uninterested female, constituting what would be a form of verbal sexual abuse if it happened in reality. The misogyny in the poem as a whole lies in the fact that Chloris' perspective and needs are not represented or accounted for at all; reality is bent in such a way that men can do whatever they want, and there's no blame or shame. As has been seen many times, this lack of concern for women and girls pervades seventeenth century Philanderer poetry. And whereas Lovelace's poem drops hints betraying the Cavalier fixation on pursuing sex with virgins, other lyrics by Herrick and Carew state their fascination more directly.

From the first stanza, the lighthearted speaker in Herrick's "The Poet Loves a Mistress, But Not to Marry" makes clear that he is a promiscuous lover on the prowl for sex with young virgins, a delicacy for which he is even willing to pay:

> I do not love to wed,
> Though I do like to woo;
> And for a maidenhead
> I'll bed and buy it, too. (Clayton 106)

For the next two stanzas, he posits himself as an unrestrained rooster, providing details on his carefree flirting and wooing with multiple innocents. The "maids that never vary" from line 6 show how these virginal girls and women are insignificant and interchangeable to him; ultimately, they are nothing more than "hens" to be used for his personal sexual enjoyment:

> I'll hug, I'll kiss, I'll play,
> And cock-like hens I'll tread,

And sport it any way

But in the bridal bed.

Three times in this flighty poem, Herrick's mischievous persona mentions that he has no intentions of getting married to any one of these many girls with whom he loves to "sport" in his leisure time. And just as he and the other Cavalier poets deliberately employ fallacious logic for the sake of seduction, Herrick puts forward a slippery, male-centered argument against traditional monogamy and marriage in the final two stanzas. No man, he argues in line 16, should lower himself to the poverty of monogamy, "that single may have any," nor would any man in his right mind prefer sex with only one "maid" when he could have "two or three." But this argument constitutes a false analogy between choosing romantic partners and collecting some form of material possession, for which gaining more would usually be better. In addition, his argument rests upon not only the assumption that every man prefers casual flirtation and sex over a committed relationship with one woman, but also that women are nothing more than objects of men's sexual pleasure, to be used and abandoned as men see fit. No doubt this catchy song earned Herrick many a chortle in London taverns in the 1620's (Moorman 54), as men sang along in jest, deploring fidelity for laughs and imagining themselves the kinds of rogue lovers Herrick and his ilk championed. Unlike Lovelace's "The Scrutiny," Herrick has made no pretense to wanting a committed monogamous relationship. Instead, he stays true to his anti-marital, exploitative theme throughout the poem, using it to fuel his hedonistic singalong. But Herrick approaches his poetic exploitation of inexperienced girls and women from various angles in different poems. As will be seen in the analysis of a poem addressed to Electra, another one of his many literary lovers, he also draws on a vast knowledge of classical stories of the most powerful gods seeking out love with defenseless young mortal girls as an authoritative

justification for not only poems about male sexual freedom, but also the strong Cavalier interest in virgins, a fascination apparently shared by the ancients as well.

For his short, bold poem "To Electra," Herrick employs a more direct speaker who immediately declares that he will approach his intended sexual target quickly and powerfully: "I'll come to thee in all those shapes / As Jove did when he made his rapes" (Clayton 36). He then immediately walks back his shocking verbal abuse by explaining in line 5 that he will not appear in a barrage of "thunder and lightning" as he did Dionysus' mother Semele. Instead, his strategy of attaining sex with her will be to "talk with thee familiarly," to entice her, as he did with multiple young girls and women from mythological stories. The brazen speaker assumes that Electra will follow along with whatever course of action he decides for their romantic play, just as the young girls Europa, Io, and Danae submitted to every wish of the king of the gods. Indeed, like so many Cavalier mistresses, Electra herself has no voice in the poem. However, she is portrayed as having no boundaries, utterly willing to do whatever he wants sexually:

> Which done, then quickly we'll undress
> To one and th'other's nakedness,
> And ravished plunge into the bed
> (Bodies and souls commingled). (36)

Again, Herrick's speaker tells Electra exactly what will happen and how it will all transpire. The overarching conceit of Herrick's poem is the Classical allusion to Jove's many "rapes." The chief of the Greco-Roman deities perpetually found reasons to make visits to young virgins in various forms to seduce them into falling prey to his insatiable sexual urge. In *Mythology*, her invaluable and comprehensive collection of Classical myths, Edith Hamilton explicitly lays out his many calculated sexual conquests. She explains that most likely the exploits of several

masculine archetypes combined into one incredibly successful philanderer-god. Hamilton describes Europa, whom Jove approached as a bull in a group of "girls," as both "maiden" and "girl" herself (81); Io, whom he transformed to a heifer to hide her from Juno, she designates also as "girl" and "maid (77);" He visited Danae, imprisoned underground by her father to protect her chastity, in the form of a shower of gold (154). Thus, by taking on the tone and sexual strategies of Zeus, Herrick most likely intends to seduce a virginal young girl through force. Just as the ancient poets had no problem asserting the male prerogative through the example of the gods, so also the Cavaliers take control of such sexual freedom for themselves, emulating the divine atrocities as if there's no moral imperative to the contrary. In fact, in the early modern period, rape was considered "a crime of great severity" according to Laura Gowing, on par with robbery and murder, although she acknowledges that "force often seems integral to early modern descriptions of sex" (19). Most importantly, in "To Electra," Herrick's casual mention of rape to impose seduction speaks to his tone deafness on such an atrocious violation of a young girl's autonomy. And Herrick isn't the only Caroline poet who hides nefarious designs in the mythological tradition of deities forcing themselves on young virgins; indeed, this theme pervades the worst of Cavalier poetry, including the sordid follow up to "The Rapture,"

Carew's poem "The Second Rapture" measures not even a third of "The Rapture" that serves as this chapter's opening vignette, yet packs quite the toxic punch to modern audiences due to the nature of the relationship between lover and beloved described therein. In the first six lines, Carew's pensive speaker seems to wax philosophical, refuting the usual claims that reputation, wealth, longevity, or family and social connections create happiness; all of these things, he explains in line 6, are "But shadows of felicity" (Clayton 211). His ironic inclusion of friends and family sets up the audience for what comes next. At this point, a very different

speaker from that of Carew's Worshiper poetry, and indeed far more sinister than any exaggerated version of Carew seen previously, prescribes true happiness for himself in the form of a young virgin barely blooming into pubescence:

> Give me a wench about thirteen,
> Already voted to the queen
> Of lust and lovers, whose soft hair,
> Fanned with the breath of gentle air,
> O'erspreads her shoulders like a tent,
> And is her veil and ornament. (211)

The lusty, older persona's philosophical ideal is a checklist of requirements for this ideal thirteen-year-old girl to meet, starting with devotion to Aphrodite: so although she's young, she should be prepared to make love to him, an older man of "threescore years and longer," over sixty years old! According to Lynn Sadler's scholarship on Carew's life and works, "the age of his chosen mate . . . has caused some modern critics to recoil, though in Carew's day, thirteen was still a proper age for young girls to marry. [. . .] The problem is that he is offensive to some because he obviously is not thinking of marriage and because he sings his couplets so disarmingly" (68-69). Although Sadler is correct that Carew hoodwinks his audience "disarmingly" with pleasing verses, perhaps "offensive to some" might not be an appropriate evaluation of Carew's light satirical glorification of a scenario that today would amount to a senior citizen forcing himself on a seventh-grade girl. Carew's awareness that she is too young to consent to such an arrangement shines through in his allusion to the supreme Olympian rapist, as her physical attractiveness, "Makes Jove invent a new disguise, / In spite of Juno's jealousies." Her physical attributes denote youth: the girl's "soft hair," "bright eye," and "snowy breasts" in lines 9, 17, and 19 all help to restore the sexagenarian's sexual virility in a way reminiscent of Herrick's "To His Mistresses." The speaker returns to this necessity three

times throughout the course of the poem: first, he mentions in lines 13 and 14 that her "tender touch will make the blood / Wild in the aged and the good." He then points out that her kisses "renew the age," and finally, bridges to the poem's concluding couplets by reminding his audience that her "every part doth re-invite / The old decayed appetite." This poem's aged speaker doesn't care one way or another whether this girl consents to his advances and fulfillment of his pleasure; his only concern is that he can attain sexually this young, pretty virgin, "in whose sweet embraces I / May melt myself to lust, and die." Thinking to get a laugh from his audience, Carew exaggerates the arrogant, selfish old lecher, poking fun at the double meaning of "die" as both ceasing to live and experiencing sexual orgasm. In so doing, he relegates the "wench of thirteen" to nothing more than an object for the speaker's perverted and controlling desires.

As has been seen, the Cavalier poets obsessed over young, sexually inexperienced girls and women; the few examples provided here serve as a mere sample, as it would require a volume to explore Herrick's poems referencing virginity alone. It may take the modern reader of early seventeenth century literature by surprise to experience the comfort with which Herrick, Carew, Lovelace, and the others represent themselves as perverted older men preying on girls without any responsibilities to their wellbeing. Perhaps these men saw virgins as the ideal sexual partners and depicted them as fantasies, fruit ripe for the plucking: "cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe," as Herrick sings slyly about his "Julia's lips" in another poem (Clayton 8). These maidens are portrayed through the lens of how they respond to sexual advances; to Philanderer speakers they are nothing more than switches set to yes or no. Chloris utters "cursed no," and is thus contrasted with girls from a better time who weren't so difficult. On the other hand, passive Electra is going to allow her lover free reign over her body, submitting to him like so many young girls did with Jove in his "rapes" when the world was younger. Carew's "wench of thirteen" serves as nothing more than a sexy young female body into which he can orgasm. The poets represent these young

virgins as attractive and desirable in every way while once again depriving them of perspectives or voices in the poetry. Even Chloris' refusal to sleep with Lovelace's speaker is twisted into humorous mockery of her position. After all, each persona's only goal is to attain sexual relations with his target virgin; respecting her individuality, appreciating her intellect, encouraging her growth, protecting her from harm, and enjoying conversation with her are not part of the Cavalier agenda. She is not a lady of high birth, so such pretenses are unnecessary.

Poetry glorifying promiscuity comes down to sexual attainment. Women or girls whom the poetic speakers can get into bed are often portrayed as gullible, foolish, and most importantly, expendable. Once they achieve their goals, the speakers move along to their next romantic conquests or to London taverns where they can share those exploits with fellow poets and drinking buddies. In turn, the male fellowship considers the shared narratives about these women and girls humorous. The confidence with which these speakers share their lustful observations is blown out of proportion to the point of absurdity as these swaggering aristocrats articulate their own pleasure as top priority. Whereas chapters two and three analyzed both the servile Worshiper and the arrogant Philanderer, chapter four will begin by exploring advice poems, usually inspired by imaginary meetings between the two personas. The second half of the chapter will detail two important seventeenth century women whose poetry both responds powerfully to Cavalier lyrics and helps to put it into perspective by comparison.

Chapter Four: Interactions and Responses

Two court gallants swagger leisurely through "Hampton Court Garden," engrossed in debate about their most recent encounter with the eminent Lady Carlisle. Carew grins at his lewd friend's arguments against the lady's divinity with a mixture of shock and titillation, as Suckling contends that "the flowers" blooming in her presence, the "music when she talked," and "rare perfumes" that follow her have been created by his fellow cavalier's overblown imagination. Carew responds playfully, attacking his opponent's awareness: he calls Suckling "dull and insensible" and asks how the libertine could not be impacted by being in the presence of "a thing so near a deity." Predictably, Suckling doubles down, confessing that his attention in the interchange was devoted solely to undressing the fashionable noblewoman with his eyes, "in spite of masks and hoods." Looking around to make sure nobody has heard his reckless cohort's blasphemous fantasy, Carew the Worshiper takes a more serious tone, advising him of the "great danger in that face," the risk in ogling "her leg and thigh," and the impropriety in concerning himself with the lady's "parts that are more dear." Of course, Sir John has the last word in the repartee, insisting to Carew's incredulous amusement that he has encountered "no danger, no divinity" in Lady Carlisle's presence. In fact, he says, had he gotten closer to her, he might have "ventured hard to drink" from the "lovely fountain" held up by her beautiful legs, "where fools with ease go in and out." Philanderer has placed Worshiper firmly in checkmate as the two laughing cavaliers continue down the walkway the royal palace, diverting their conversation to other forms of frivolity available to rising courtiers within sight of the English throne (Clayton 221-222).

Of course, "T.C." and "J.S." caricatured by Suckling in "Upon My Lady Carlisle's Walking in Hampton Court Garden," spotlight two friends' banter on engaging women

romantically; his goal is to deride Neoplatonism, the latest French fashion championed by Carew. According to Charles L. Squier, the 1646 publication of *Fragmenta Aurea* left out the final stanza, possibly due to its "indecent libel" of Lady Carlisle. This omission left Carew's Worshiper persona closing the poem; However, as Squier claims, Suckling undoubtedly intended these final lines to be included, as it "strengthens the formal symmetry of the poem and increases the 'flyting' quality of it." (111). Another consequence of Suckling's original design for the poem is that his persona reclaims the final word, in effect making him the victor in this witty dispute over amatory strategy. Anti-Platonic rhetoric prevails over Neoplatonism; Carew must concede the point as Worshiper and Philanderer laugh off their physical attraction for the lady.

Just as the Cavaliers represented their sexual proximity to women by means of either Neoplatonic or what Suckling called "antiplatonique" amatory poetry, so too did they write verse in which obsequious subject and indifferent playboy engage each other's lifestyles in some way. Like Suckling's dialogue about Lady Carlisle's virtues, such poems ultimately took a position on affairs of love. The poetic speaker situated himself in the role of the older, more experienced friend wiser in the ways of the world and providing mentorship and direction to an eager and less experienced listener. Of course, this benevolent guidance always comes from male poetic speakers, usually directed toward younger males, ostensibly an attempt to help them get what they really want by remembering some commonsense things about romance. And the lessons taught by the speakers reinforce cultural gender relations as a younger generation of men is directed to lift the veil of chivalry and give in to the way the way things are "supposed to be." In framing these poems around reinforcing male power, the cavalier poets ignore, deny, or control women's voices, depicting them as haughty, desperate, or naïve as needed. For that reason, the present chapter will explore not only male advice poems by Suckling and Carew, but also

relevant poetic responses written by traditionally underappreciated seventeenth century women poets loosely associated with the Cavaliers.

The choice to combine these two polar attitudes toward objectifying women into one poem likely evolved out of a need for novelty. After all, the goal is to entertain the audience, and there are only so many ways a cavalier poet can put a woman up on a pedestal or dismissively abandon her after sex. While all five major cavalier poets fused or brought together Worshiper and Philanderer in some way, Suckling in particular derived great pleasure from juxtaposing the two attitudes to allow the arrogant, cynical mentor persona to emerge in his advice poetry. Perhaps Suckling's most famous poem, "Why So Pale" from his play *Aglaura* shows Suckling at his most ostentatious and exaggerated. Taking pity on a poor Petrarchan weeper, the poem's persona advises his young friend that if he's not good enough for a woman at his best, then she's inflexible, so he shouldn't bother trying to impress her:

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?

Prithee why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail?

Prithee why so pale? (Clayton 237)

These rhetorical questions prompt the "fond lover" to question his strategy with a supercilious woman, as the speaker suggests that he abandon his melancholy lovesickness and speak freely and confidently rather than sulking in silence in the poem's second stanza:

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?

Prithee why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothin do't?

Prithee why so mute?

In the poem's final stanza, the speaker transforms/transmutes his inquiries to a lesson, directly counseling the "young sinner" to abandon such a fruitless and gloomy style of pursuing the unworthy woman for the sake of his own dignity. The bigger lesson, however, is the speaker's example of showing indifference toward an uninterested woman:

Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,

This cannot take her;

If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her:

The devil take her.

In other words, Suckling's Philanderer advises the suffering Worshiper, servility with women is a technique intended to achieve the goal of gaining the lady's amorous attentions; however, his sighs, tears, and other affectations are counterproductive. Moreover, there's a feeling underlying the poem that his goal itself is faulty, an implication that the miserable wretch of a boy should instead seek pleasure with such women rather than follow them around in reverent awe and profound sadness, and failing that, "the Devil take her." Squier rightly points out the double sexual meaning in the word "take," the common idiom in this case applied specifically to a woman, flippantly *suggesting that he doesn't care one way or another if she's raped by the Devil.* He further explicates these lines: "if she does not return a man's love, if she does not react as a flesh-and-blood human being, she will be left behind" (Squier 130). Here, Suckling has taken off his proverbial gloves and revealed his strong distaste for Neoplatonic endeavors in love outright; he sees them as a waste of any man's time and energy to fawn over any woman from

afar. Because she will not give the poem's addressee what he really wants (i.e. sex), the speaker portrays her as inflexible, then supercilious. He ultimately discards her as unworthy – in fact, she's so undeserving that the persona thinks it funny to think the Devil might "take her." And like a different poem by Carew, such a bluntly narcissistic angle on how men should treat women reinforces the Cavalier focus on dominating women to get what they want.

Whereas Suckling's song provides advice on how to interact with women, Carew's equally short poem "Boldness in Love" specifically helps a romantic disciple to improve in both his attainment and performance of sexual encounters. The mentor speaking instructs his disciple to take note of the lesson nature teaches about engaging in physical love: the "bashful morn" fails to convince the "amorous marigold" to open herself because his strategy is full of "sighing blasts and weeping rain," but the full noon sun is much more successful:

> But when the planet of the day
> Approacheth with his powerful ray,
> Then she spreads, then she receives
> His warmer beams into her virgin leaves. (Clayton 179)

The sexual metaphors here are obvious. The virginal marigold takes in the bold, potent sun in the kind of sexual imagery Carew is famous for. Like the "bashful morn," a sad or shy lover "never shalt enjoy / The just reward of a bold lover." The keys to attaining a woman sexually, the persona instructs in lines 13 to 16, are confidence and expressions of devotion:

> But when with moving accents thou
> Shalt constant faith and service vow,
> Thy Celia shall receive those charms
> With open ears, and with unfolded arms.

Once again, the advice is designed to help the cautious wooer double check his strategic efficacy. Through the marigold metaphor, the advisor characterizes women in terms of their physical rejection of timorous love, their eager reception of potency and force, and their susceptibility to the "charms" of being promised commitment. As has been seen in chapter three, it was common for seventeenth century men to commit to relationships, even permanent ones, to get women into bed. These poems advising abandonment of Petrarchan ways spotlight differing attitudes. They represent not so much a dichotomy of "Philanderer versus Worshiper" as men directly strategizing to help other men get around the obstacle of consent on the part of women and girls within reach. However, the Cavaliers used other strategies in advice poems to achieve the same literary objectives, including the use of satire.

For Suckling, antifruition poems represented yet another creative outlet for his stalwart defense of cavalier promiscuity. One such persona in "Against Fruition" offers his pupil arguments that run counter to the poet's lifestyle, reputation, and proclaimed identity as a libertine to mock the Neoplatonic treatment of women in fashion within Queen Henrietta Maria's inner circle of talents. He ascends his cartoonish soapbox in a silly display of false advice about love determined to produce another Worshiper. Directing this "fond youth" to focus his energies on maintaining "virtuous joys" in the first three lines, he deliberately posits the false analogy that enjoying sexual release is on par with overeating to the point of becoming overweight: "Who thinks he shall be happier for that / As reasonably might hope he should grow fat / By eating to a surfeit" (Clayton 224). Suckling's ironic speaker continues by refuting the argument that sex between men and women is necessary for perpetuating humanity on the grounds that if more children exist, "So must bread, too; but since there are enough / Born to the drudgery, what need we plough?" Making even more children, he argues, entails needing more food. And since there

are plenty of children already, there's no need to "plough," a sexual metaphor also used by Suckling's privileged friend Dick Lovelace in "The Scrutiny." In the fourth stanza, his fallacious reasoning climaxes by making specious claims about the nature of pleasure fulfillment itself:

> Women enjoyed (whats'e'er before th'ave been)
> Are like romances read, or sights once seen;
> Fruition's dull, and spoils the play much more
> Than if one read or knew the plot before;
> 'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear:
> It were not heaven, if we knew what it were. (225)

Although it may be true that there's a certain rush in the uncertainty of sexual attainment, it doesn't make sense logically to suggest that sexual pleasure ruins enjoyment like spoilers for a play! A more accurate metaphor for sex would be the play itself. Not to mention the juxtaposition of referring to sex as "dull" is exaggerated out of proportion for the sake of humor, as Suckling's audience would have chuckled at hearing the lusty poet's ludicrous claims to boredom. Yet the argument is wittily complex because it cannot be dismissed out of hand; as Squier points out, "the paradoxical libertine position that pleasure is greatest unconsummated can't be refuted by a simple denial on standard libertine grounds" (118). Not only do his arguments evade easy deconstruction, but they also simultaneously satirize the Worshiper on full display by reducing his entire outlook to absurdity. In having the Petrarchan speaker embellish his position to the point of silliness, he tears it apart in vicious mockery. Interestingly, the first two lines of this stanza also contain direct commentary about women: once the poem's "fond lover" has achieved sexual relations with a woman, her importance decreases. Here, the older, apparently wiser man suggests that women are only to be valued until sex. In doing so, he

reinforces such devaluation to a younger generation of men. His frank explanation overtly supports the conclusions reached throughout this work thus far, that Cavalier poetic speakers treat women differently depending on whether they're able to have sex with them.

Another advice poem from the viewpoint of a Worshiper, Carew's "Good Counsel to a Young Maid" focuses on helping a young virgin to use relations between the sexes to her benefit. Adopting the persona of the concerned man of the world taking an adolescent girl into his protection, Carew advises his innocent subordinate not to get caught up in the "false tide" of her would-be lover's passion for her, since "beauty takes a foil from woe." Even if she's careful, showing "pity's fair disguise" to a guy will result in catching her off guard despite best intentions. This first half of the poem consists of straightforward but gentle observations about life and love, establishing the speaker's credibility with his audiences. The next two stanzas escalate the lesson to seriousness, as the speaker details how easy it is for a girl to go astray, as well as the dangers associated with such mistakes:

> Nets of passion's finest thread,
> Snaring poems, will be spread,
> All to catch thy maidenhead.
>
> Then beware, for those that cure
> Love's disease, themselves endure
> For reward a calenture. (Clayton 160)

Thus the second half of Carew's poem establishes that if she does allow herself to pity a man, she will become embroiled in an unending contest to avoid giving away her virginity. She will lose, leading to "calenture," a horrible fever causing delirious behavior. While it should be

acknowledged that his reminder about men's goals for her was likely sound advice, he also follows it up by exaggerating that she will become horribly sick after she has sex. This fifth stanza could be interpreted at least two different ways. If he's exaggerating here for the sake of satirical humor, meaning that everyone who has sex will become seriously ill, then the speaker's credibility as a concerned counselor stands in question as he advises her to look out for men trying to take her chastity. In this paradigm, the speaker's reason for taking the role of counselor becomes suspect. It is also possible he is being sincere, either referring to the possibility of contracting a sexually transmitted disease or becoming pregnant and thus enduring morning sickness. The final stanza doesn't provide any hints as to the speaker's earnestness, other than to point out that it's better for her boyfriend to suffer in sexual denial than for her to be embarrassed every time he's around: "Rather let the lover pine, / Than his pale cheek should assign / A perpetual blush to thine." Emphasis on moving the suitor to "pine," or suffer, recalls the highly sexual games played between forlorn troubadours and highborn Frenchwomen five centuries earlier in Provençal. Carew's didactic or satirical intentions in this poem are, however, a moot point since the poet advising a girl to beware men out to ruin her on one page of his *Poems* brags about raping a thirteen-year-old girl in another. Nobody writing the latter poem should be considered worthy to write advice poetry, however sincere, for young maidens, and by default his seemingly altruistic tone and message are and should be suspect. After all, the Cavaliers were all notoriously promiscuous, Carew not excluded.

All four advice poems legitimize and take stances on the divide between the two primary amatory personas. Both "Why So Pale" and "Boldness in Love" feature Philanderer speakers attempting to convince Worshipers that timid tears and sighs, soft compliments, and amorous self-restraint are foolish strategies for getting what a man ultimately wants from a woman: access

to sexual pleasure. Master teaches apprentice the belief that *women are not as important as you think they are*. "Against Fruition" and "Good Counsel to a Young Maid" involve their speakers directing others toward playing some role in a Worshiper scenario, the former mockingly and the latter with obscured intent, but both impossible to take seriously as advice. According to Scodel, Suckling treats the Neoplatonism he's ironically promoting as a "trick to make men imagine women more desirable than they are" (Scodel 257). And whereas his speaker is a caricature designed to ridicule obsequiousness toward women, it's not a stretch in the least to imagine Carew's speaker coincidentally benefiting from interactions with his "young maid." Just as Herrick's persona in "To the Virgins" had exhorted young girls to throw themselves into amorous play and "while ye may, go marry" with Herrick looking on in lustful delight, so also Carew's persona may have ulterior designs in mind. Scodel's aforementioned "mean of coyness" applies here, as Carew's persona is likely attempting to create an unattainable girl to increase his own desire as opposed to legitimately mentoring her for her own best interests. In other words, even the poems promoting Petrarchan love suggest that the goal of worshiping women is to help men get their sexual needs met through excruciating denial. Once again, women are portrayed as objects of men's pleasure; Neoplatonic male pleasure is just flavored differently than promiscuous male pleasure. And not surprisingly, in addition to women's voices being strikingly absent from these advice poems (and Cavalier love poetry generally), they are also depicted as far less important than men in every way. Suckling's dismissive line "The Devil take her!" paints a picture of a woman not worth one more second of consideration by the poem's male protagonists. As has been seen, they do not care what happens to her. Carew's Celia and other virgins only respect sexually aggressive men who aren't afraid to take what belongs to them sexually. The speaker's argument inadvertently provides a clear justification for rape on grounds

of misconstrued sexual needs of women. Suckling's women in his anti-fruition poem are disposable after use, like "romances read." In his narrative, they become nothing more than objects of men's sexual gratification. Carew characterizes his "tender maid" as precious enough to protect, unlike the unprotected women in his other poems. All five major Cavalier poets proved themselves highly capable of writing in both Worshiper and Philanderer modes, as French tastes brought to English courtiers by the Queen included both the elegant and the salty. They poked fun at these two primary modes of romance, pitting them against each other to evoke aristocratic laughter. The deepest and greatest conflict here, however, lies not between Philanderer and Worshiper personas, but elsewhere, as shall be seen in chapter five.

Because royalist poets in the early seventeenth century so thoroughly ignored and misconstrued women's perspectives, it seems especially crucial to compare their amatory poetry with similar responses from women who admired and responded to Cavalier lyrics, and who were loosely associated with them and at least somewhat appreciated by them in return. Both Katherine Philips and Aphra Behn supported their respective monarchs: the former, Charles I in the first half of the seventeenth century, and both a restored Charles II in the second half (Ross and Scott-Baughman 149; Link 34). Each had connections and reverence for her generation's Cavaliers. Philips emulated Lovelace and Herrick poetically, while befriending Abraham Cowley and collaborating with Cavalier musician Henry Lawes. (Ross and Scott-Baughman 149; Fraser 337). Behn took prominence in the notorious court circle of Restoration poets led by John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. Of course, both women have been underappreciated in their times and even today, although their poetic subject matters, social commentaries, lyrical styles, and critical receptions differed greatly. Philips, an adolescent during the escalating Civil Wars of the 1640's, maintained a firm devotion to the royalist cause despite being raised Puritan and

marrying a supporter of Cromwell; her audience would eventually include the Duchess of York and a restored Charles II. Enamored of chivalric pedestals for women, she collaborated with others to form the "Society of Friendship," a primarily female coterie of Neoplatonic artistic expression, for whom she wrote the bulk of her poems. Imitating her favorite contemporary poets' use of pastoral pseudonyms from Classical names to immortalize women, she called herself "Orinda," then assigned "Rosania," "Ardelia," "Lucasia," and others to her circle of intimates. While the male Cavalier poets often recycled or borrowed pseudonyms in homage to other poets or for the sake of literary tradition, "The Matchless Orinda" chose names that do not appear in other Cavalier poetry, attesting to her uniqueness among literary talents of the day. Most of her poems, including "Friendship's Mysteries, to My Dearest Lucasia," elevate friendship and love between women in Petrarchan terms, relishing in many of the same poetic devices as her male counterparts: hyperbole, paradox, free election of lovers, praise of nobility, friendship, and beauty, deification, and love as a religious experience. Offering her own unique take on the invitation to "come" and love the speaker popularized by Marlowe, Raleigh, Donne, and the Cavaliers, Philips establishes her Worshiper persona in the first stanza:

> Come, my Lucasia, since we see
> That miracles men's faith do move
> By wonder and by prodigy,
> To the dull angry, world let's prove
> There's a Religion in our Love. (Ross and Scott-Baumann 156)

The speaker is creating a bond with her friend, forming an alliance against the "dull, angry world." In their friendship, she tells Lucasia in lines 8-10, "our election is as free / As angels' who, with greedy choice, / Are yet determined to their joys." It may be recalled from chapter two

that unrestricted "election" of lover and beloved is a requirement for courtly love. In addition, the comparison of the two friends to angels shows up in several seventeenth century Neoplatonic poems, including Lovelace's "To Althea, from Prison." She also employs paradox expertly to represent the idea that by losing their hearts to each other, "We both *diffuse*, and both *engross*," a brilliant line with a double meaning, since both "diffuse" and "engross" can be transitive or intransitive verbs: [*when we give ourselves to each other*], *we each dissolve both of us, and we each enlarge both of us*, and *we both become dissolved, and we both become enlarged*. Once again touching upon the Worshiper trope of spiritual unity between two commingled souls, the speaker bears her soul to express the fulfillment found in love: "And we, whose minds are so much one, / Never, yet ever, are alone." The last half of the poem plays with three conventional Neoplatonic themes: willing captivity, vassalage, and even religious ritual:

> 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.

By sacrificing their hearts for mutual love and friendship, both women attain immortality.

Just as Herrick, Suckling, Carew, and others wrote about Lady Carlisle and others, Philips also wrote verse in praise of important noblewomen like Alice Vaughan, Countess of Carbery. In Petrarchan hyperbole, her fawning persona in "To the Right Honorable Alice, Countess of Carbery" declares the Countess to be the brilliant sun that has brought daylight back to the country. Like male Cavaliers, she extends the metaphor to the extreme of deification in describing her presence: "Like men into a sudden lustre brought, / We justly feared to gaze more

then we ought" (186). Like the omnipotent protagonist of Lovelace's "Lucasta's World," she is awesome and dangerous to behold. Few can handle her brightness, and those who seek to "honour" her instead "injure" her in the attempt, paradoxical verbs Petrarch and his ilk would certainly appreciate. In comparing her Society of Friendship's zeal for the noblewoman to religious sentiment, the adoring speaker nods reverently toward her Christian God before expressing their utter devotion to her:

> But as the Deity slights our expense,
> And loves devotion more than eloquence:
> So 'tis our confidence you are divine,
> Makes us at distance thus approach your shrine. (Ross and Scott-Baumann 186)

No less than Carew with Celia, Waller with Sacharissa, Lovelace with Lucasta, Herrick with Julia, or Cavalier poets generally with Lady Carlisle, Katherine Philips deifies her noble subject. She declares the Society of Friends will fear and respect her as they would a very goddess. The poem's final stanza humbly implores of her and her brilliance, "To these sad groves such a refreshment bring, / That the despised country may be grown, / And justly too, the envy of the town." Bringing the poem's escalating hyperbole to a close at the end of the final stanza, Philips declares in the poem's last four lines that even her esteemed friend's brief visit today will create a permanent effect in Wales:

> That so when all mankind at length have lost
> The virtuous grandeur which they once did boast,
> Of you like pilgrims they may here obtain
> Worth to recruit the dying world again.

Philips' speakers in both poems lift up her friends Lucasia and the Countess of Carbery in a way similar to male Worshiper poets in her day elevating their beloveds. In fact, this quality of openhearted praise and selfless love for other women pervades Orinda's poetry. Yet something is distinctively different about her deification of women: her speakers do not expect the women she immortalizes in verse to reciprocate her love, nor does she suffer endlessly over the women in the neighborhood or noblewomen who doesn't want to join her friend group or hear her praises – rather, she chooses women with an interest in deep, reciprocated respect and admiration, presumably leaving alone uninterested ones. There is no vilification of women out of her reach, no preoccupation with her friends' physical aspects or body parts, and no reduction of her love interest to a mere physical object, however precious. In contrast to the male Cavalier Worshipers' endless suffering in their deities' presence, Philips' speaker so enjoys Lucasia's company that they are as one spiritual entity. These distinctions clarify the central divide between male and female Worshiper poems. Unlike their caged sexual fervor, her fires aren't empowered by a restrained but severely strained entitlement for physical expression of love that causes endless suffering. Philips praised the women she admired without lust or entitlement; for this reason, her works were well received by her primarily female audience; she published her *Poems* the year of her death, *and literature anthologies have been largely ignoring them or relegating them to perfunctory inclusion ever since*.

Aphra Behn, on the other hand, faced a perpetual uphill battle with literary critics ignoring male playwrights' and poets' eroticism to condemn *her* as lewd. They attacked both her works and character repeatedly throughout her career, but never more ferociously than in 1673. Lack of critical appreciation, to say the least, prompted Behn to fire back at her critics' sexist responses to her play *The Dutch Lover,* as Behn biographer and scholar Frederick Link explains:

> She attacked the critics, who, she felt, had objected only because of her sex. Her defense had to be made again and again in her career; the Grub Street hacks apparently resented a woman's presence in their world. The attack was usually on both: they implied she was a strumpet, and called her works lascivious. Thus she had to defend her plays against the charge of indecency, not because they were any more indecent than other comedies of the period, but because women were not supposed to write bawdy on equal terms with men. (Link 22-23)

Perhaps her most commonly anthologized poem, "I Led My Silvia to a Grove" presents a male speaker sharing the story of his successful romantic endeavors with Silvia, his beloved. Taking her by the hand, he brings her "to a grove, / Where all the boughs did shade us," a secret place where nobody could find and disturb them, where even the sun itself "could not have betrayed us." Once properly hidden in their private grove, the lovers collide with passion:

> Down there we sat upon the moss,
> And did begin to play,
> A thousand wanton tricks to pass,
> The heat of all the day.
> And many kisses I did give,
> And she returned the same
> Which made her willing to receive,
> That which I dare not name. (Rudrum, et al. 447)

As their foreplay crescendos into passionate intensity, the speaker and Silvia return each other's "many kisses," and he becomes cognizant that's she is "willing to receive" him sexually. Notably, Behn's designation of "that which I dare not name" reads as far less graphic than any of

several sexual metaphors used by Herrick, Carew, Suckling, or her contemporary and friend, the Earl of Rochester. As this poem appeared in variant form in *The Dutch Lover*, no doubt it was a focal point for critics who disliked the idea of a female poet describing unmarried sex so overtly. Behn's eager protagonist continues, explaining that it wasn't difficult to persuade Silvia to make love with him: "On her that was already fired: / 'Twas easy to prevail." Borrowing from the military imagery of seduction sometimes appearing in Cavalier poetry, the metaphor of sexual conquest becomes not an act of force but rather of understood consent in this seeming anomaly. The version of this amusingly titillating poem that appeared in Behn's play is titled "The Willing Mistress," and features Silvia as the speaker. With changed perspective and narrator, the play's first line begins, "Amyntas led me to a grove," but the poem's basic narrative remains the same. The two narrators' accounts of their shared sexual experience confirm each other's details, verifying Amyntas' claims that Silvia has willingly accepted and returned his love. Perhaps the only noteworthy difference between these two versions is the description of "my greedy eyes" by the male speaker designated as "his charming eyes" by the female speaker; in both cases, "they" communicated his contagious passion:

> He did but kiss and clasp me round,
> Whilst they his thoughts expressed,
> And laid me gently on the ground;
> Oh! – who can guess the rest? (Behn 20-21)

Behn hints at the mysterious nature of their sexual engagement without figuratively or explicitly representing the act in the poem's final line, as Herrick, Carew, or especially Suckling or Rochester might have. That said, it is difficult not to read the "Oh!" immediately following the confession that her male lover "laid me gently on the ground" as a gasp accompanying the

initiation of the sex act! Most importantly, both lovers are enjoying themselves. Silvia follows Amyntas eagerly to their secret natural hideaway to make love. She is a willing sexual partner; her consent is never in question for a second, so what she does with her boyfriend is nobody's business but her own. Silvia's and Amyntas' diversions on a summer afternoon constitute a validation of women's sexuality, Behn's more balanced response to seventeenth century male erotic lyrics. In place of the profligate sex fiend bent on using, abusing, and discarding a woman unfortunate enough to catch his sights, her "bawdy" poem features a man full of vim and vigor who only desires sexual encounters with a "willing mistress," one not being duped with false promises of marriage, harassed into submission by guilt trips and pleas, or physically forced. And as with her poetry generally, Behn manages such consensual amorous sport with a witty, musical levity to rival or surpass Suckling and Lovelace in aesthetic quality.

As has been discussed in chapter three, impotence held an important place in seventeenth century male sexual anxieties, with poets like Herrick evading the humiliation of disclosure by producing self-denigrating light verse. Just as he and his contemporary "Sons of Ben" satirized all kinds of perceived deficiencies in women from supercilious frigidity to faded beauty or clingy desperation, so too did Behn make light of male sexual inability in her famous response to Philanderer poetry, "The Disappointment." This lengthy poem of fourteen stanzas begins like a traditional male romantic narrative. Lysander, "by an impatient passion swayed," approaches an apparently hesitant Cloris, "who could defend herself no longer" from his advances. Like Amyntas and Silvia, seducer and yielder soon find themselves "in a lone thicket made for love," a secret, hidden place that seems to mirror her coy indecision:

Silent as yielding maid's consent,

She with charming languishment,

Permits his force, yet gently strove;

Her hands his bosom softly meet,

But not to put him back designed,

Rather to draw 'em on inclined. (Rudrum, et al. 453)

Unlike Silvia's eager response to Amyntas, Cloris feigns resistance not to push Lysander away, but to inspire even greater intensity in his advances. Her strategy of sexual obfuscation works: "Her bright eyes sweet, and yet severe, / Where love and shame confus'dly strive, / Fresh vigor to Lysander give." And just as his passion approaches the point of no return, Cloris makes one final, contrived attempt to protect her virginity in the third stanza:

And breathing faintly in his ear,

She cried—*Cease, cease—your vain desire*

Or I'll call out—What would you do?

My dearer honour even to you

I cannot, must not give.

The poem's narrator-speaker makes it clear to the audience that Cloris wants Lysander sexually but feigns coyness to increase his fervor. In line 14, she "permits his force, yet gently strove" with him. She places her hand on his chest to encourage his advances; her eyes seem to allow and forbid him at the same time; she whispers her objections "faintly in his ear" in line 24. Knowing her protestations and threats to be coyness designed to ignite his passion further, he advances with foreplay, and she gives in, submitting herself to be conquered sexually: "All her unguarded beauties lie / The spoils and trophies of the enemy" (454). She has put forth the appropriate resistance to his fast moves and is now prepared for sex. Having gotten past her defenses in the fifth stanza, Lysander reaches down to "that fountain where delight still flows, / And gives the universal world repose," a metaphor echoing Suckling's description of Lady

Carlisle's "lovely fountain." As he kisses and touches her, Cloris lies "half dead and breathless," completely unable to resist him. Of course, Behn is building up her audience's expectations before the rising action of the poem comes to a crest: he has this "loved maid" before him, prone, naked, and helpless. There is no doubt that Lysander is going to enjoy sex with Cloris, so he imbibes her beautiful body one last time in the seventh stanza as she gives herself to him completely:

> He saw how at her length she lay,
> He saw her rising bosom bare;
> Her loose thin robes, through which appear
> A shape designed for love and play;
> Abandoned by her pride and shame,
> She does her softest joy dispense.

Lysander watches Cloris' body as she gives him her "softest joys" in line 66. The sexual tension builds extraordinarily. At this crucial moment, Behn reminds her audience of the girl's virginity; recall from chapter three that nothing excited a Cavalier more than an eager maiden. At this point, Lysander's situation couldn't possibly be any better, although as Cloris submits herself to him, he soon discovers that it will soon be worse by the end of the stanza:

> Off'ring her virgin-innocence
> A victim to love's sacred flame;
> While the o'er-ravished shepherd lies
> Unable to perform the sacrifice.

Uncertain what to do, the horrified young man takes decisive action in the eighth and ninth stanzas. First, he hopes the act of getting on top of her will produce helpful results: "heaven all opened to his view, / Mad to possess, himself he threw / On the defenceless lovely maid." When

that fails, he attempts to masturbate to prepare himself for Cloris, but his excitement precludes him from erection:

> In vain th' enraged youth essayed
> To call its fleeting vigor back,
> No motion 'twill from motion take;
> Excess of love his love betrayed:
> In vain he toils, in vain commands;
> The insensible fell weeping in his hand.

Despairing, Lysander vacillates between anger and humiliation as he loses his reason in the agony of disempowered sexual frustration in Behn's tenth stanza. And it is about this time that helpless Cloris, more eager than ever, unknowingly reaches out her "timorous hand" to touch his flaccid penis, instantly responding with a kneejerk reaction of horror and revulsion:

> But never did young shepherdess,
> Gath'ring of fern upon the plain,
> More nimbly draw her fingers back,
> Finding beneath the verdant leaves a snake. (455)

Behn's objective speaker sits above the exaggerated action of her humorous scenario, allowing unfolding events to speak for themselves. A disillusioned Cloris pulls back her hand, and "like lightning through the grove she hies / Or Daphne from the Delphic god," recalling Daphne's flight from Apollo's attempt to forcefully violate the chastity of the "young huntress" (Hamilton, Mythology 122). One may rest assured she will not be returning to this hiding spot for love again with Lysander, who throws his feelings of inadequacy and rage into cursing. His declamations target first the gods, then,

He cursed his birth, his fate, his stars;

But more the shepherdess's charms,

Whose soft bewitching influence

Had damned him to the hell of impotence.

So the uncomfortable but humorous poem ends with the miserable young man blaming everyone except himself, most of all the young girl Cloris for her "soft bewitching influence." Lysander's finger pointing to deflect from his own sexual inefficacy places a spotlight back on men's faults. Behn enters the satirical ring ready to show that if men can critique women for their faults, then women can do the same in return. In fact, the entire poem is designed to make seventeenth century men squirm with nervous laughter as their fondest sexual desires are shattered without mercy by the poet's wit. Her poem also provides a distinctly female response to certain aspects of Cavalier misogyny. Herrick's entitled notion in "To His Mistresses" that women's role in sex is to cure male impotence meets Behn's notion that those women's sexual needs matter too. Suckling's flippant boredom upon seeing a former lover because he's seen her face too many times in poems like "Sonnet I" meets Behn's disillusioned maiden responding to her lover's impotence in terror and disgust. Carew's depraved lightness with his buddies, "give me a wench about thirteen" meets Behn's once eager but now dissatisfied virgin fleeing the fool who could not perform for excitement. Thus, in every way "The Disappointment" stands as the perfect response to male Cavalier Philanderer poetry.

In "A Country Life," Katherine Philips pens some general advice about reputation, romance, wealth, happiness, status, and other aspects of life in the modern world. The first twenty-four lines reflect on an earlier, better epoch of country living from her perspective. Unlike male Cavalier poetry about sexual indulgence in a promiscuous golden fantasy, however,

Philips declares in lines 13 and 14 that her nostalgic former age "did entertain / No passion but of love," subverting her fellow royalist poets' obsession with free love of yore. She extols the enjoyment to be found in simplicity and solitude, deconstructs ambition and social hierarchies, and even delves into amatory matters. Although not necessarily the poem's focus, her eight lines of advice about love take a strong but predictable stance on the Worshiper and Philanderer dichotomy. Detailing the comforts and diversions indulged in by people of her day, Philips' wise and balanced speaker declares that her own preferences comprise simpler forms of happiness:

> Let some in courtship take delight,
>
> And to th'Exchange resort;
>
> There revel out a winter's night,
>
> Not making love, but sport.
>
> These never knew a noble flame,
>
> 'Tis lust, scorn, or design:
>
> While vanity plays all their game,
>
> Let peace and honour mine. (Ross and Scot-Baumann 191)

In other words, she remains content with her life without frequenting the London shops in "The Exchange," seeking out frivolous temporary romances or sexual encounters, or otherwise engaging in vain pursuits of the modern world. At first glance, it may appear that Philips' persona advocates for the Worshiper lifestyle in these lines; after all, she adored and emulated Neoplatonic ideals in her relationships and poetry. The poet cannot advocate, approve of, or tolerate Philanderers in her moral code. She distances herself from the fashions and revelry, the "lust" in their romantic interchanges, and the "vanity" behind it all. Yet upon closer look, there are hints in these lines that she equally holds the courtly love tradition at arm's length as well.

She leaves the "delight" of "courtship" to others, allowing them to visit their fancy haberdasheries and tailor shops in London to impress each other in courtly fashion. She contrasts the lot of them, lusty or obsequious, who "never knew a noble flame," but rather engaged in "lust, scorn, or design." Here, manipulative intent or "design" in romantic interludes or relationships is placed on equal par with both the Philanderer's "lust" and the "scorn" poured upon the Worshiper by his unattainable mistress. Philips' detached advisor wants nothing to do with either of these approaches to love in her romantic expression. Since her poetry for her female friends contains multiple enthusiastic and convincing nods to Worshiper literary tropes and devices, it seems likely that in "A Country Life," Philips is specifically distancing herself from lustful or chivalric engagements with *men*.

Women's voices are barely imagined in male Cavalier poetry, and they are portrayed negatively in different ways, depending on whether the poetic speakers can have sex with them. Analyzing seventeenth century women's responses to such poetry speaks volumes about its inherent misogyny. Philips' Worshiper poetry shows what true admiration and praise look like, devoid of underlying sexual entitlement or intent. She exposes the Petrarchan overtures of the male Cavaliers for their inherent erotic friction, as the men are willing to do anything to please the mistress who will not sleep with them whereas Philips' poetic speaker adores and flatters her Society of Friends without expectation or suffering involved. Her poetry shows that, for these male poets, deification of women is ultimately about sex. Being truly devoted to and passionate for someone does not entail fetishizing, villainizing, or even deifying them. Similarly, Behn's speakers validate women's sexuality without pretending the double standard doesn't exist, as Suckling and his compatriots repeatedly do. Cloris must feign resistance to Lysander's attempts for four stanzas even if she wants him because girls are not supposed to want sex. On the other

hand, Silvia welcomes Amyntas' advances. Different though their situations may be, consent is not in question for either of them because Behn gives them voices in her poems. In addition, she launches an attack literally below the belt in "The Disappointment," clearly a response to the Cavalier poems declaiming women for their perceived imperfections, many of them revolving around sex in some way or another. Unlike such bawdy poetry by seventeenth century male poets, however, Behn was punished by literary critics because "women were not supposed to write bawdy on equal terms with men" (Link 23). In other words, English culture supported men writing to humiliate and denigrate women, but not women doing the same in reverse. Thus, by reading the women's poetry, the misogynistic axiom supporting male Cavalier poetry becomes more obvious by comparison. This is true for both Worshiper and Philanderer verse, and when the two kinds of personas intersect, their depictions of women will be not only to objectify women for sexual gratification, but also to reinforce and maintain the social structures that allow such misogyny to deprive women of authentic voices in the discourse of seventeenth century poetry. For this reason, it is vital that Katherine Philips, Aphra Behn, and dozens of other women poets of that century be read more than they traditionally have been in university.

Chapter Five: Conclusion

In some Cavalier love poems, the phrasing and arrangement of ideas is so carefully written that the speaker can be interpreted as a Worshiper or Philanderer. Although all the poets dabbled in this ability, Robert Herrick in particular enjoyed using double entendres to force his audience to squint and look at lines again. His poem "To Dianeme" separately plays both personas at the same time, shrewdly creating eighteen lines that might be considered two entirely different poems, except for the identical wording. One reading involves viewing the speaker as a forlorn worshiper starved for his aloof mistress's attention. But alas! Yestereve she frowned, pushing him out into the lonely night. Today, true to dramatic Petrarchan form, he begs her for mercy, stating he would prefer death over the torment of being outside her love; since she has already harmed him beyond repair, he exclaims, she may as well finish the job and kill him. All he humbly asks as his final meal of sorts is one kiss, which will send him happily to his grave:

Dear, though to part it be a hell,
Yet Dianeme now farewell:
Thy frown (last night) did bid me go;
But whither, only grief does know.
I do beseech thee, ere we part
(If merciful as fair thou art;
Or else desir'st that maids should tell
Thy pity by love's chronicle),
O Dianeme, rather kill
Me than to make me languish still!
'Tis cruelty in thee to th' height

Thus, to wound, not kill outright.

Yet there's a way found (if thou please)

By sudden death to give me ease;

And thus devised, do though but this,

Bequeath to me one parting kiss;

So sup'rabundant joy shall be

The executioner of me. (Clayton 17)

The poem's ambiguity centers on the double meaning of the words "death" and "kill," which were common seventeenth century metaphors for sexual climax and bringing someone to orgasm, respectively. Interpreted through an erotic rather than submissive lens, the speaker in the poem suffers torment because his beloved looked upon him with disapproval, rejecting his passionate desires and forcing him out into the world. However, before he heads out, he calls upon her to pity him and help to resolve his sexual frustration, since it is heartless to tease him to get him worked up and then not do anything sexual for him. If she is willing, he tells her, oral sex would help make him a very happy man and take care of his frustration. So subtly does Herrick intertwine the two meanings that perhaps readers stumbling upon Herrick's brand of wit for the first time might wonder if his brief little expressions represent coincidence or sly intent. But if one incident can be brushed off as coincidence, several occurrences signify a pattern, and Herrick undoubtedly plays with the connections between the releases of death and climax in his works. Certainly there are sufficient examples throughout *Hesperides* to corroborate his interest in flirting with and seducing women, at least in his mind and on paper; he can't credibly claim innocence, nor would he. But what is most interesting about this poem from the perspective of this thesis is that it is even *possible* for Herrick to create such a perfectly ambiguous poem with

meanings directly opposed to each other within the Cavalier cultural paradigm. While it is true that clever lyric poets could make use of second meanings for words like "know" for sexual intercourse, "kiss" to refer to oral sex or "kill" to mean providing sexual release, still such a forked binary of interpretations could only be possible if the two situations are somehow similar enough for puns to create doubly meaningful expressions within that context. Logically speaking, the Worshiper and Philanderer personas must be similar enough in the first place for a poem to be interpretable as either. Unsurprisingly, this similarity is the same underlying element that has been analyzed in the second, third, and fourth chapters: lyrics of obsequious worship, promiscuous philandering, and male bonding through advice-giving about either romantic style all objectify women. In pressing her for oral sex despite his recent sexual rejection, he refuses to abide by her sexual boundaries. Similarly, if he presses her for kisses before leaving when he full well knows she disdains him, he is attempting to manipulate her to romantic pity, again failing to respect her needs as a person. Whether the speaker intends to harass her for a kiss or beg her for oral sex, both interpretations of "To Dianeme" proceed from a desire to disregard her obvious lack of interest in physical connection with him. Viewed this way, both major types of Caroline love lyrics present two sides of the same coin of female objectification.

Through depictions of female subjects, the Cavalier poets created a binary separating submission by Worshiper personas from promiscuity by Philanderer personas. This bifurcation is artificial in nature, created by the Cavaliers to make fun of themselves and each other in easy days fueled by wine, passion, and privilege while believing they cared about chivalry. The two seemingly opposed definitions of "Cavalier" from the *OED* discussed in chapter one, the first denoting libertinism and the other gallantry, both define the same group of individuals. Cavaliers imposed themselves on women differently, their strategies aligned to each individual situation

flexibly as needed. Worshiper poems put forth men humiliating themselves before sexually unattainable mistresses, while Philanderer poems display men strutting around like peacocks after bedding girls or women they could convince, trick, or coerce. Either way, their collective treatment of women revolves around whether those women are willing to sleep with them. Thus, the difference in how they devalue women – whether by treating her as a mean-spirited destroyer for rejecting him or an easy conquest for giving in – depends wholly on her ability to say "no" to his advances and have her assertion respected. As noblewomen, Lucinda and Sacharissa stood in a much better position to set boundaries with a man in an aristocratic courtier poet's milieu than servant girls in his household, peasant women struggling to pay the king's taxes, or tavern workers in town bringing drinks to a rowdy gang of braggarts and perverts who share common outlooks on female consent. Their reputations as abusers of women are well established and most likely founded. This disparate treatment of women based on their social class and political status goes back to the medieval beginnings of courtly love. Twelfth century writer Andreas Capellanus codifies the accepted rules for men to court and treat ladies, geared toward submitting to the Worshiper role. But when the subject of romance with poor women arises, the rules are different:

> If you should . . . fall in love with a peasant woman, be careful to puff her up with lots of praise and then, when you find a convenient place, do not hesitate to take what you seek and to embrace her by force. For you can hardly soften their outward inflexibility so far that they will grant you their embraces quietly or permit you to have the solaces you desire unless first you use a little compulsion as a convenient cure for their shyness. (Capellanus 24)

And just as it always had been acceptable before the late English Renaissance, mistreating women from a lower background was the prerogative of noblemen. The same men who vowed

their utter devotion to one lady through tear-filled eyes saw no problem with driving lower class women toward uncomfortable situations to satisfy their own lust. Like the troubadours five centuries earlier and all noblemen since their time to the seventeenth century, the Cavaliers were able to be – and represent in their poetry – both Worshiper and Philanderer because ultimately these are two expressions of the same basic drive toward misogyny; the difference lay in the ability of the women they targeted to assert their wills in response to amatory pursuit.

While poet and persona are distinct entities that should be treated separately, in the case of the Cavaliers it is important to look closely at the kind of men they were based on available biographical anecdotes about their lives and reputations. Chapter two explored how they engaged in courtly behavior in the presence of ladies; a glance at their lives reveals pleasure-seeking. Herrick may or may not have seduced a variety of nearby girls and women to fulfill his sexual pleasure. Frederic Moorman suggests the possibility that he may have had an illegitimate child with a girlfriend of sorts, Dorothy Parsons, based on some ambiguous wording in legal documentation in an official complaint of "bastardy" (93-95). Yet it is only fair to provide his own words on the matter from *Hesperides*, his own volume of secular poems: "Chaste I lived, without a wife; / That's the story of my life" and again later, "To his book's end this last line he'd have placed; jocund his muse was, but his life was chaste" (qtd. in Moorman 95). Whether Herrick intends these lines as ironic humor, sincere admission of poetic license in his works, or disassociation from an earlier hedonism to protect his reputation as a clergyman is a matter of conjecture. Suckling held such a poor reputation in England for every vice from gambling and drinking to brawling and womanizing that Sir Henry Willoughby sought the king's support to free his daughter from an agreement to marry him! The conflict escalated to gang violence between the Suckling and Willoughby factions, and "serves as a reminder that the elegant, silken

courtier painted by Anthony Van Dyck was not just capable of a street brawl but of mendaciously boasting about it" (Squier 24). Carew reportedly held "a reputation for licentiousness such that his poems were blasted in Parliament as part of the traffic of pornography afoot in London," and "like many of his peers at Charles I's court, Carew was reputed to be a profligate and a libertine (Sadler 15-16). Recall from chapter two that Waller continued to visit and attempt to gain the love of Lady Dorothy Sidney after she had rejected his offers at love. To make things worse, he wrote poetry accusing her of cruelty in her unrequited love and circulated it publicly amongst their noble friends and appealed to the Sidney family for support. This aggressive move was much more dangerous to her autonomy in seventeenth century England than it would be today given the arranged nature of aristocratic marriages. Lovelace, that epitome of genteel Cavalier courtliness, went to his grave "a lover without a wife or scion" according to Weidhorn, who specifically identifies him as "quite the philanderer" in his brief survey of the poet's life (25-29). These men, whose reputations as womanizers precede knowledge of their poems, made light of objectifying women in light verse that evoked laughter.

In all cases except William Habington, who wrote love poetry solely for his beloved-turned-wife Lucy Herbert, the Cavaliers don the mask of chivalric intent to cover their deeper misogynistic outlook. Although they portrayed literary submission to unavailable women as restrained passion in the name of respecting their whims, in fact their "love" for these women was anything but respectful. In pretending their self-deprecation and ego-dissolution were selfless acts of giving with no expectations in return, they packaged and presented their deference as if it were like the *agape* love promoted by Anders Nygren in the nineteenth century: self-sacrificing love in which an individual renounces their own ego out of pure, selfless love for the other. However, Worshiper poetry betrays itself as self-serving at every turn, as such fawning

obedience to the woman's whim only comes about when women are not sexually available; even then, the poets pressure their targeted goddesses by means of complaints of emotional pain, accusations of heartlessness, and appeals to the wider social audience. In addition, they display their humiliation only as a sly means of gaining the woman's romantic attention on any level possible, a refusal to accept boundaries. These poets and their speakers value women only for their attractiveness and the pleasure they gain from an agonizing proximity to sexual intercourse. There is nothing selfless about either the courtly admirer flattering Lady Carlisle or his poetic persona throwing himself on a lady's mercy for a hint of attention. Both value their objects of affection only for what the respective beloveds can offer, which is self-serving. Nygren differentiates such forms of self-interested love from the selfless love of *agape*, which "has nothing to do with the kind of love that depends on the recognition of a valuable quality in its object. Agape does not recognize value, but creates it" (Nygren 78). Late Renaissance chivalry promoted such value-seeking and self-interest masked as value-creation as love. Under the chivalric mask hid a man with designs on playing the long game to draw the woman closer to him. Poems written with sincerely selfless love would look much more like Katherine Philips' poems for Lucasia or Rosania than Edmund Waller's lyrics praising Lady Dorothy Sidney's beauty and lamenting her disdain for him. Interestingly, historian Antonia Fraser recounts a story about Waller running into Sacharissa almost four decades later, upon which she "asked Waller when he would write some more poetry for her. The poet is said to have replied: 'When you are as young again, madam, and as handsome as you were then'" (276). If true, this anecdote shows that the ultimate goal of the Worshiper requires sexual attraction. But even if the story has been fabricated or embellished, and Waller's designs were as selfless as he asserted, the same poet still had a side that chased other women to seduce and then forget them in Sacharissa's absence.

Although placing undue responsibility on the lady, Dr. Samuel Johnson passes down Waller's legacy for promiscuity to modern readers, observing that his "high-born dame . . . drove him away to solace his disappointment with Amoret or Phillis" (qtd. in Maclean 429). *Eros*, or sexual love, drives Waller and his fellow Cavalier poets to adopt the mask of chivalry.

The ability to restrain one's sexual urges around one woman while pursuing others about town and country does not signify selfless love; rather, it represents forced disciplined and veiled misogyny. And what is true of Waller in this case is true also of all Cavalier poets, who doffed their hats for some ladies while abusing and abandoning others based on acquisition of pleasure. All their amatory pursuits are filtered through their desired ends, and everything they say or do around their targeted women constitutes an attempt to impress, push, or finagle their way as close as they can possibly come to sex. Each puts forth serious efforts leading to the culminating reward or punishment dichotomized by Richmond as "the final consummation or repudiation" (11). Whether they succeed or fail determines their depictions of women, since the poets exaggerated their erotic and courtly experiences in their satirical light verse. Despite common cultural perceptions promoted by the Cavaliers, Worshiper and Philanderer personas do not oppose one another. Worshiper personas are trendy, socially acceptable masks worn by those Philanderers who were not as flamboyant in their misogyny as Suckling. Nobody thought twice about hearing a lewd drinking song by Lovelace one day, then a fond outpouring for his divine Lucasta the next; audiences accepted both literary modes as amusing courtly entertainment in a time and place that assigned secondary status to women at best. In fact,

Cavalier poetry is not about the conflict between ardent lovers and indifferent lovers; it expresses the sexual friction between men and women from male perspectives, some of them arrogant and some passive, but all of them objectifying women in their own ways. Not only did

the Cavalier poets mistreat the women around them, but they also made it into a socially acceptable form of humorous amusement under the protection of satire, specifically Horatian, or light, satire, in which

> the speaker manifests the character of an urbane, witty, and tolerant man of the world, who is moved more often to wry amusement than to indignation at the spectacle of human folly, pretentiousness, and hypocrisy, and who uses a relaxed and informal language to evoke from readers a wry smile at human failings and absurdities—sometimes including his own. (Abrams 276)

That the Cavaliers felt their mistreatment of women was humorous enough to treat lightly, as a minor vice to laugh at, reveals predominating seventeenth century cultural ideas about women. Their collective corpus of amatory songs and poetry reveals an in-group of misogynists at the top of the English sociopolitical hierarchy joking in verse and laughing publicly about their sexual abuse of young girls, fetishization of court ladies, and in some cases, stalking of clearly uninterested noblewomen. The most appropriate kind of satire for such toxicity toward women would be Juvenalian satire, the angry stance of "serious moralist[s] who . . . decry modes of vice and error which are no less dangerous because they are ridiculous, and who undertakes to evoke from readers contempt, moral indignation, or an unillusioned sadness at the aberrations of humanity" (276). As a helpful analogy, a man who physically abuses his children while drunk writing a catchy song about drinking whiskey and attacking his children with a belt should raise eyebrows of concern rather than wine cups and laughter. Such horrible treatment of others should not be glorified in lightness, and especially not by the abuser himself. Similarly, the Cavaliers are not rightfully in positions to satirize their own horrible reputations and behaviors,

and writing such poems and songs amounts to entitled arrogance on their part, an abuse of their status as men in male-dominated late Renaissance England.

Until recently, there has been little critical reference or commentary on the Cavalier poets' misogyny, mostly because their critics over the centuries have so appreciated the verbal talent found in their best lyrics that they glossed over the questionable lines and poems to focus on well-constructed phrasing and clever wordplay. Neglecting to mention any moral angle on their poetry other than consistently upholding their integrity, Cavalier scholar and enthusiast Earl Miner praises the light touch of their "aesthetic stance . . . between those of Donne and of Dryden" (3). The first volume of *Norton* refers to their poetry as "playful, sophisticated, sometimes delicate," and points out they are at ease with the "elegant love lyric," whose "verses are characterized by urbanity, smoothness, and . . . attention to classical models," adding as an afterthought that their works are also "sometimes licentious" (1219; 1226). H.M. Richmond casually discusses the plea for love in Waller's subtle seduction poem "Go, Lovely Rose," referring to it as "graceful, and even convincing" but without further commentary (16-17). Brian Vickers refers to Herrick's "smoothness and grace" as well as his lyrics' "coherence and poise," wrapping up his adoration with the bold claim that he "never wrote an ugly line" (186). Such literary experts have focused almost entirely on the aesthetic quality of concise and well-polished lines rather than addressing the objectification of women in any way. Just as the low status of seventeenth century women allowed and supported these poets in safely laughing off their own harmful faults and vices, so too the above critics' comprehensive failures to acknowledge Cavalier sexism on any level speaks to the continued low status of women since the Caroline period. No reasonable literary critics today would discuss *Lolita* in purely artistic terms without filtering their analyses through the lens that the narrator is a pedophile; to do so would be

irresponsible. Similarly, anyone who writes about Huckleberry Finn must contextualize the novel within the framework of slavery and racism. And if Nabokov had been a child molester, or Twain a klansman, their books could not be touted as literary masterpieces today, regardless of excellent phrasing, sharp wit, or entertaining episodes. Characterization and persona cannot create cover for harmful mindsets and behaviors, literary genius aside.

Perhaps the Cavalier poets will find themselves less popular in literary anthologies in the decades to come for this very reason; if studied, they could be read and discussed with the lens of their treatment of women in mind, and with sensitivity. Men's failure to listen to frustration from female students like Laurie from chapter one's opening vignette will lead to anger because for her, objectification of women is not just a leisurely topic of discussion, but a legitimate obstacle to equality. For her, Carew glorifies pedophilia, Waller stalks his beloved, Herrick fantasizes about virgins, Lovelace seduces women, and Suckling corrupts younger men. Meanwhile, literary experts swoon over their playful and delicate phrasing while ignoring Philips and Behn. Readers who prioritize poetic talent over problematic elements like sexism should listen to classmates insisting that pretty lyrics written by men objectifying and mistreating women or girls do not sound as lovely from female perspectives. Failure to hear that reasoning is itself a form of misogyny, and if they are fortunate, Laurie or someone with her assertiveness and passion will arrive to make that logical connection for them.

Appendix
Full Texts of Poems Analyzed

Appendix: Chapter Two Poems

"Gratiana Dancing and Singing"

See with what constant motion,
Even and glorious as the sun,
    Gratiana steers that noble frame,
Soft as her breast, sweet as her voice
That gave each winding law and poise,
  And swifter then the wings of Fame.

She beat the happy pavement
    By such a star made firmament,
Which now no more the roof envies,
But swells up high with Atlas ev'n,
Bearing the brighter, nobler Heav'n,
  And in her all the Deities.

Each step trod out a lover's thought
    And the ambitious hopes he brought,
Chained to her brave feet with such arts,
Such sweet command, and gentle awe,
As when she ceased, we sighing saw
  The floore lay paved with broken hearts.

So did she move, so did she sing,
    Like the harmonious spheres that bring
Unto their rounds their music's aid;
Which she performed such a way,
As all th' enamoured world will say
  The Graces danced, and Apollo played.

Richard Lovelace (Clayton 258)

"To Anthea, Who May Command Him Anything"

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see;
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me;
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

Robert Herrick (Clayton 75)

Appendix: Chapter Two Poems

"At Penshurst" [I]

Had Sacharissa lived when mortals made
Choice of their deities, this sacred shade
Had held an altar to her power, that gave
The peace and glory which these alleys have;
Embroidered so with flowers where she stood,
That it became a garden of a wood.
Her presence has such more than human grace,
That it can civilize the rudest place;
And beauty too, and order, can impart,
Where nature ne'er intended it, nor art.
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
No less than those of old did Orpheus' lyre;
If she sit down, with tops all towards her bowed,
They round about her into arbors crowd;
Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,
Like some well-marshaled and obsequious band.
Amphion so made stones and timber leap
Into fair figures from a confused heap;
And in the symmetry of her parts is found
A power like that of harmony in sound.
    Ye lofty beeches, tell this matchless dame,
That if together ye fed all one flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart.
Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sidney's birth; when such benign,
Such more than mortal-making stars did shine,
That there they cannot but forever prove
The monument and pledge of humble love;
His humble love whose hopes shall ne'er rise higher
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

Edmund Waller (Maclean 235-236)

"A New Year's Sacrifice: To Lucinda"

Those that can give, open their hands this day;
Those that cannot, yet hold them up to pray,
That health may crown the seasons of this year,
And mirth dance round the circle; that no tear
(Unless of joy) may with its briny dew
Discolour on your cheek the rosy hue;
That no access of years presume t' abate
Your beauty's ever-flourishing estate.
  Such cheap and vulgar wishes I could lay
As trivial offerings at your feet this day,
But that it were apostacy in me
To send a prayer to any deity
But your divine self, who have power to give
Those blessings unto others, such as live
Like me, by the sole influence of your eyes,
Whose fair aspects govern our destinies.
  Such incense, vows, and holy rites, as were
To the involved serpent of the year
Paid by Egyptian priests, lay I before
Lucinda's sacred shrine, whilst I adore
Her beauteous eyes, and her pure altars dress
With gums and spice of humble thankfulness.
  So may my goddess from her heaven inspire
My frozen bosom with a Delphic fire,
And then the world shall, by that glorious flame,
Behold the blaze of thy immortal name.

Thomas Carew (Clayton 176-177)

"To Julia"

How rich and pleasing thou, my Julia, art
In each thy dainty and peculiar part!
First, for thy queenship, on thy head is set
Of flowers a sweet commingled coronet;
About thy neck a carcanet is bound,
Made of the ruby, pearl, and diamond;
A golden ring, that shines upon thy thumb;
About thy wrist, the rich Dardanium.
Between thy breasts (than down of swans more white)
There plays the sapphire with the chrysolite.
No part besides must of thyself be known,
But by the topaz, opal, chalcedon.

Robert Herrick (Clayton 14)

Appendix: Chapter Two Poems

"Ellinda's Glove"

Thou snowy farm with thy five tenements!
Tell thy white mistress here was one
That called to pay his daily rents;
But she a gathering flowers and hearts is gone,
And thou left void to rude possession.

But grieve not, pretty ermine cabinet,
Thy alabaster lady will come home;
If not, what tenant can there fit
The slender turnings of thy narrow room,
But must ejected be by his own doom?

Then give me leave to leave my rent with thee:
Five kisses, one unto a place;
For though the lute's too high for me,
Yet servants knowing minikin nor base
Are still allowed to fiddle with the case.

Richard Lovelace (Clayton 270-271)

"The Shoe-Tying"

Anthea bade me tie her shoe;
I did, and kissed the instep, too;
And would have kissed unto her knee,
Had not her blush rebuked me.

Robert Herrick (Clayton 5)

"To His Rival [I]"

My dearest Rival, least our Love
Should with excentrique motion move,
Before it learn to go astray,
Wee'l teach and set it in a way,
And such directions give unto't,
That it shall never wander foot.
Know first then, we will serve as true
For one poor smile, as we would do,
If we had what our higher flame,
Or our vainer wish could frame.
Impossible shall be our hope;
And Love shall onely have his scope
To joyn with Fancy now and then,
And think what Reason would condemn:
And on these grounds wee'l love as true,
As if they were most sure t'ensue;
And chastly for these things wee'l stay,
As if to morrow were the day.
Mean time we two will teach our hearts
In Lovers burdens bear their parts:
Thou first shall sigh, and say shee's fair,
And I'le still answer, past compare;
Thou shalt set out each part o'th'face,
While I extol each little grace;
Thou shalt be ravish at her wit,
And I, that she so governs it;
Thou shalt like well that hand, that eye,
That lip, that look, that majesty;
And in good language them adore:
While I want words, and do it more.
Yea we will sit and sigh a while,
And with soft thoughts some time beguil;
But straight again break out, and praise
All we had done before, new-waies.
Thus will we do till paler death
Come with a warrant for our breath;
And then whose fate shall be to die
First of us two, by Legacy
Shall all his store bequeath, and give
His love to him that shall survive;
For no one stock can ever serve
To love so much as shee'l deserve.

John Suckling (Suckling 43-44)

Appendix: Chapter Two Poems

"To His Rival [II]"

Now we have taught our Love to know
That it must creep where't cannot go,
And be for once content to live,
Since here it cannot have to thrive;
It will not be amisse t'enquire –
What fuel should maintain this fire:
For fires do either flame too high;
Or where they cannot flame they die.
First then (my half but better heart)
Know this must fully be her part:
(For thou and I, like Clocks, are wound
Up to the height, and must move round;)
She then by still denying what
We fondly crave, shall such a rate
Set on each trifle, that a kisse
Shall come to be the utmost blisse.
Where sparks and fire do meet with tinder,
Those sparks meer fire will still engender:
To make this good, no debt shall be
From service or fidelity;
For she shall ever pay that score,
By onely bidding us do more:
So (though she still a niggard be)
In graceing, where none's due, shee's free.
The favors she shall cast on us,
(Least we should grow presumptuous)
Shall not with too much love be shown,
Nor yet the common way still done;
But ev'ry smile and little glance
Shall look half lent, and half by chance:
The Ribbon, Fan, or Muffe that she
Would should be kept by thee or me,
Should not be giv'n before too many,
But neither thrown to's, when there's any;
So that herself should doubtful be
Whether 'twere fortune flung't, or she.
She shall not like the thing we do
Sometimes, and yet shall like it too;
Nor any notice take at all
Of what, we gone, she would extol:
Love she shall feed, but fear to nourish,
For where fear is, love cannot flourish;
Yet live it must, nay must and shall,
While Desdemona is at all:
But when she's gone, then Love shall die,
And in her grave buried lie.

John Suckling (Suckling 44-45)

"At Penshurst" [II]

While in the park I sing, the listening deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear.
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.
To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers
With loud complaints, they answer me in showers.
To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heavens!
Love's foe professed, why dost thou falsely feign
Thyself a Sidney? from which novel strain
He sprung that could so far exalt the name
Of love, and warm our nation with his flame,
That all we can of love or high desire
Seems but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire.
Nor call her mother, who so well does prove
One breast may hold both chastity and love.
Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
In joy and bounty, be supposed to bring
One so destructive. To no human stock
We owe this fierce unkindness, but the rock,
That cloven rock produced thee, by whose side
Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
Of such stern beauty, placed those pleasant springs,
Which not more help than that destruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone
I might, like Orpheus, with my numerous moan
Melt to compassion; now, my trait'rous song
With thee conspires to do the singer wrong,
While thus I suffer not myself to lose
The memory of what augments my woes,
But with my own breath still foment the fire
With flames as high as fancy can aspire.
    This last complaint the indulgent ears did pierce
Of just Apollo, president of verse;
Highly concerned that the Muse should bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to sing,
Thus he advised me: "On yon aged tree
Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea,
That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some truce, at least, may with this passion find."
Ah, cruel nymph! From whom her humble swain
Flies for relief unto the raging main,
And from the winds and tempests does expect
A milder fate than from her cold neglect;
Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove
Blest in her choice; and vows this endless love
Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
But from those gifts which heaven has heaped on her.

Edmund Waller (Maclean 236-237)

Appendix: Chapter Two Poems

“Lucasta’s World: An Epode”

Cold as the breath of winds that blow
To silver shot descending snow,
        Lucasta sighed, when she did close
            The world in frosty chains!
    And then a frown to rubies froze
        The blood boiled in our veins,
Yet cooled not the heat her sphere
Of beauties first had kindled there.

Then moved, and with a sudden flame
Impatient to melt all again,
        Straight from her eyes she lightning hurled,
            And earth in ashes mourns;
    The sun his blaze denies the world,
        And in her lustre burns,
Yet warmed not the hearts her nice
Disdain had first congealed to ice.

And now her tears nor grieved desire
Can quench this raging, pleasing fire;
        Fate but one way allows: behold
            Her smiles' divinity!
    They fanned this heat, and thawed that cold,
        So framed up a new sky.
Thus earth, from flames and ice reprieved,
E'er since hath in her sunshine lived.

Richard Lovelace (Clayton 277)

Appendix: Chapter Three Poems

"A Rapture"

I will enjoy thee now, my Celia, come
And fly with me to Love's Elysium:
The giant, Honour, that keeps cowards out,
Is but a masquer, and the servile rout
Of baser subjects only bend in vain
To the vast idol, whilst the nobler train
Of valiant soldiers daily sail between
The huge Colossus' legs, and pass unseen
Unto the blissful shore. Be bold and wise,
And we shall enter: the grim Swiss denies
Only tame fools a passage, that not know
He is but form, and only frights in show
The duller eyes that look from far; draw near,
And thou shalt scorn what we were wont to fear.
We shall see how the stalking pageant goes
With borrowed legs, a heavy load to those
That made and bear him; not as we once thought
The seed of gods; but a weak model wrought
By greedy men that seek t' enclose the common
And within private arms impale free woman.
Come, then, and mounted on the wings of Love
We'll cut the flitting air, and soar above
The monster's head, and in the noblest seats
Of those blest shades quench and renew our heats.
There shall the Queen of Love, and Innocence,
Beauty, and Nature, banish all offence
From our close ivy-twines; there I'll behold
Thy bared snow and thy unbraided gold;
There my enfranchised hand on every side
Shall o'er thy naked polished ivory slide.
No curtain there, though of transparent lawn,
Shall be before thy virgin-treasure drawn;
But the rich mine, to the enquiring eye
Exposed, shall ready still for mintage lie,
And we will coin young Cupids. There a bed
Of roses and fresh myrtles shall be spread
Under the cooler shade of cypress groves,
Our pillows of the down of Venus' doves,
Whereon our panting limbs we'll gently lay
In the faint respites of our active play,
That so our slumbers may in dreams have leisure
To tell the nimble fancy our past pleasure;
And so our souls, that cannot be embraced,
Shall the embraces of our bodies taste.
Meanwhile the bubbling stream shall court the shore;
Th' enamoured chirping wood-choir shall adore
In varied tunes the deity of Love;
The gentle blasts of western winds shall move
The trembling leaves, and through their close boughs
breathe
Still music, whilst we rest ourselves beneath
Their dancing shade; till a soft murmur, sent
From souls entranced in am'rous languishment,
Rouse us, and shoot into our veins fresh fire,
Till we in their sweet ecstasy expire.
Then, as the empty bee, that lately bore
Into the common treasure all her store,
Flies 'bout the painted field with nimble wing,
Deflow 'ring the fresh virgins of the spring,
So will I rifle all the sweets that dwell
My bag with honey, drawn forth by the power
Of fervent kisses, from each spicy flower.
I'll seize the rose-buds on their perfumed bed,
The violet knots, like curious mazes spread
O'er all the garden, taste the ripened cherry,
The warm firm apple, tipped with coral berry;
Then will I visit, with a wandering kiss,
The vale of lilies and the bower of bliss;
And, where the beauteous reason doth divide
Into two milky ways, my lips shall slide
Down those smooth alleys, wearing as I go
A tract for lovers on the printed snow;
Thence climbing o'er the swelling Apennine
Retire into thy grove of eglantine,
Where I will all those ravished sweets distil
Through love's alembic, and with chemic skill
From the mixed mass one sovereign balm derive,
Then bring that great elixir to thy hive.
Now in more subtile wreaths I will entwine
My sin'wy thighs, my legs and arms, with thine;
Thou like a sea of milk shalt lie displayed;
Whilst I the smooth, calm ocean invade
With such a tempest as when Jove of old
Fell down on Danae in a storm of gold:
Yet my tall pine shall in Cyprian strait
Ride safe at anchor, and unlade her freight;
My Rodder with thy bold hand, like a tried
And skillful pilot, thou shalt steer, and guide
My bark into love's channel, where it shall
Dance, as the bounding waves do rise and fall.
Then shall thy circling arms embrace and clip
My willing body, and thy balmy lip
Bathe me in juice of kisses, whose perfume
Like a religious incense shall consume,
And send up holy vapours to those powers
That bless our loves and crown our sportful hours,
That with such halcyon calmness fix our souls
In steadfast peace as no affright controls.
There no rude sounds shake us with sudden starts;
No jealous ears, when we unrip our hearts,
Suck our discourse in; no observing spies

Appendix: Chapter Three Poems

This blush, that glance, traduce; no envious eyes
Watch our close meetings; nor are we betrayed
To rivals by the bribed chambermaid.
No wedlock bonds unwreathe our twisted loves;
We seek no midnight arbour, no dark groves,
To hide our kisses; there the hated name
Of husband, wife, lust, modest, chaste, or shame,
Are vain and empty words, whose very sound
Was never heard in the Elysian ground.
All things are lawful there that may delight
Nature or unrestrained appetite;
Like and enjoy, to will and act, is one:
We only sin when Love's rites are not done.
    The Roman Lucrece there reads the divine
Lectures of love's great master, Aretine,
And knows as well as Lais how to move
Her pliant body in the act of love.
To quench the burning ravisher, she hurls
Her limbs into a thousand winding curls,
And studies artful postures, such as be
Carved on the bark of every neihb'ring tree
By learned hands that so adorned the rind
Of those fair plants, which as they lay entwined
Have fanned their glowing fires. The Grecian Dame.
That in her endless web toiled for a name
As fruitless as her work, doth there display
Herself before the Youth of Ithaca,
An th' amorous sport of gamesome nights prefer
Before dull dreams of the lost Traveler.
Daphne hath broke her bark, and swift foot
Which th' angry gods had fastened with a root.
To the fixed earth doth now unfettered run
To meet th' embraces of the youthful Sun:
She hangs upon him like his Delphic lyre;
Her kisses blow the old and breathe new fire;
Full of her god, she sings inspired lays,
Sweet odes of love, such as deserve the bays,
Which she herself was. Next her, Laura lies
In Petrarch's learned arms, drying those eyes
That did in such sweet smooth-paced numbers flow
As made the world enamoured of his woe.
These, and ten thousand beauties more, that died
Slave to the tyrant, now enlarged deride
His cancelled laws, and for their time mis-spent
Pay into Love's exchequer double rent.
    Come then, my Celia, we'll no more forbear
To taste our joys, struck with a Panic fear,
But will depose from his imperious sway
The proud usurper and walk free as they,
With necks unyoked; nor is it just that he
Should fetter your soft sex with chastity;
Which Nature made unapt for abstinence;
When yet this false imposter can dispense
With human justice, and with sacred right,
And maugre both their laws command me fight
With rivals, or with em'lous loves, that dare
Equal with thine their mistress' eyes or hair:
If thou complain of wrong, and call my sword
To carve out thy revenge, upon that word
He bids me fight and kill, or else he brands
With marks of infamy my coward hands;
And yet Religion bids from bloodshed fly,
And damns me for that act. Then tell me why
    This goblin Honour, which the world adores,
  Should make men atheists, and not women whores.

Thomas Carew (Clayton 182-187)

"Go, Lovely Rose"

    Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me
    That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
    How sweet and fair she seems to be.

    Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
    That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
    Thou must have uncommended died.

    Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
    Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
    And not blush so to be admired.

    Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
    May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share,
    That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

Edmund Waller (MacLean 246)

Appendix: Chapter Three Poems

"To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time"

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
  Old time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles today
  Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
  The higher he's a getting;
The sooner will his race be run,
  And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
    When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
    Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time;
    And while ye may, go marry:
For, having lost but once your prime,
    You may for ever tarry.

Robert Herrick (Clayton 56)

"To His Mistresses"

Help me! Help Me! Now I call
To my pretty witchcrafts all:
Old I am, and cannot do
That I was accustomed to.
Bring your magics, spells, and charms,
To enflesh my thighs and arms:
Is there no way to beget
In my limbs their former heat?
Aeson had (as poets feign)
Baths that made him young again;
Find that med'cine (if you can)
For your dry-decrepit man,
Who would fain his strength renew,
Were it but to pleasure you.

Robert Herrick (Clayton 5)

"To Phillis"

Phyllis! Why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or, would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and, and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than Time;
Change in love to heaven does climb.
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.
    Phyllis! To this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two.
Let not you and I inquire
What has been our past desire;
On what shepherds you have smiled,
Or what nymphs I have beguiled;
Leave it to the planets too,
What we shall hereafter do;
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

Edmund Waller (MacLean 242)

"Depose"

Depose your finger of that ring,
  And crown mine with 't awhile
Now I restore 't—Pray does it bring
  Back with it more of soil?
Or shines it not as innocent,
As honest, as before 'twas lent?

So then enrich me with that treasure,
  Will but increase your store,
And please me, fair one, with that pleasure
  Must please you all the more:
Not to save others is a curse
The blackest, when y' are ne'er the worse.

Richard Lovelace (Weidhorn 106-107)

Appendix: Chapter Three Poems

"Upon the Loss of His Mistresses"

I have lost, and lately, these
Many dainty mistresses:
Stately Julia, prime of all;
Sappho next, a principal;
Smooth Anthea, for a skin
White and heaven-like crystalline;
Sweet Electra, and the choice
Myrrha, for the lute and voice;
Next Corinna, for her wit,
And the graceful use of it;
With Perilla, all are gone;
Only Herrick's left alone,
For to number sorrow by
Their departures hence and die.

Robert Herrick (Clayton 6)

"Sonnet I"

Dost see how unregarded now
That piece of beauty passes?
There was a time when I did vow
To that alone;
But mark the fate of faces:
That red-and-white works now no more on me
Than if it could not charm or I not see.

And yet the face continues good,
And I have still desires,
Am still the selfsame flesh and blood,
As apt to melt
And suffer from those fires;
Oh, some kind power unriddle where it lies,
Whether my heart be faulty, or her eyes.

She every day her man doth kill,
And I as often die;
Neither her power, then, nor my will
Can questioned be;
What is the mystery?
Sure Beauty's empires, like to greater states,
Have certain periods set, and hidden fates.

John Suckling (Clayton 228)

"The Constant Lover"

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together,
And am like to love three more,
If it hold fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But a pox upon 't, no praise
There is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stay,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she
And that very very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.

John Suckling (C 232)

Appendix: Chapter Three Poems

"The Scrutiny"

Why should you swear I am forsworn,
Since thine I vowed to be?
Lady, it is already morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

Have I not loved thee much and long,
A tedious twelve hours' space?
I must all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Could I still one upon thy face.

Not but all joy in thy brown hair
By others may be found;
But I must search the black and fair,
Like skilful min'ralists that sound
For treasure in unploughed-up ground.

Then if, when I have loved my round,
Thou prov'st the pleasant she,
With spoils of meaner beauties crowned,
I laden will return to thee,
Ev'n sated with variety.

Richard Lovelace (Clayton 259)

"Love Made in the First Age"
To Chloris

In the nativity of time,
Chloris, it was not thought a crime
In direct Hebrew for to woo.
Now we make love as all on fire,
Ring retrograde our loud desire,
And court in English, backward, too.

Thrice happy was that golden age,
When compliment was construed rage,
And fine words in the centre hid,
When cursed No stained no maid's bliss,
And all discourse was summed in Yes,
And nought forbad, but to forbid.

Love, then unstinted, Love did sip,
And cherries plucked fresh from the lip;
On cheeks and roses free he fed;
Lasses like autumn plums did drop,
And lads indifferently did crop
A flower and a maidenhead.

Then unconfined each did tipple
Wine from the bunch, milk from the nipple;
Paps tractable as udders were;
Then equally the wholesome jellies
Were squeezed from olive-trees and bellies,
Nor suits of trespass did they fear.

A fragrant bank of strawberries,
Diapered with violets' eyes,
Was table, tablecloth, and fare;
No palace to the clouds did swell:
Each humble princess then did dwell
In the piazza of her hair.

Both broken faith and th' cause of it,
All-damning gold, as damned to th' Pit;
Their throth, sealed with a clasp and kiss,
Lasted until the extreme day
In which they smiled their souls away,
And in each other breached new bliss.

Because no fault, there was no tear;
No roan did grate the granting ear,
No false foul breath their del'cate smell;
No serpent kiss poisoned the taste;
Each touch was naturally chaste,
And their mere sense a miracle.

Naked as their own innocence,
And unembroidered from offence
They went, above poor riches gay;
On softer than the cygnet's down
In beds they tumble of their own,
For each within the other lay.

Thus did they live, thus did they love,
Repeating only joys above;
And angels were, but with clothes on,
Which they would put off cheerfully,
To bathe them in the Galaxy,
Then gird them with the heavenly zone.

Now, Chloris! Miserably crave
The offered bliss you would not have,
Which evermore I must deny;
Whilst ravished with these noble dreams,
And crowned with mine own soft beams,
Enjoying of myself I lie.

Richard Lovelace (Clayton 303)

Appendix: Chapter Three Poems

"The Poet Loves a Mistress, But Not to Marry"

I do not love to wed,
Though I do like to woo;
And for a maidenhead
I'll bed and buy it, too.

I'll praise and I'll approve
Those maids that never vary;
And fervently I'll love,
But yet I would not marry.

I'll hug, I'll kiss, I'll play,
And cock-like hens I'll tread,
And sport it any way
But in the bridal bed.

For why? That man is poor
Who hath one but many;
But crowned he is with store
That single may have any.

Why then, say, what is he
(To freedom so unknown)
Who having two or three,
Will be content with one?

Robert Herrick (Clayton 106)

"To Electra"

I'll come to thee in all those shapes
As Jove did when he made his rapes:
Only I'll not appear to thee
As he did once to Semele.
Thunder and lightning I'll lay by,
To talk with thee familiarly.
Which done, then quickly we'll undress
To one and th'other's nakedness,
And ravished plunge into the bed
(Bodies and souls commingled)

Robert Herrick (Clayton 36)

"The Second Rapture"

No, worldling, no, 'tis not thy gold,
Which thou dost use but to behold;
Nor fortune, honour, nor long life,
Children, or friends, nor a good wife,
That makes thee happy: these things be
But shadows of felicity.
Give me a wench about thirteen,
Already voted to the queen
Of lust and lovers, whose soft hair,
Fanned with the breath of gentle air,
O'erspreads her shoulders like a tent,
And is her veil and ornament;
Whose tender touch will make the blood
Wild in the aged and the good;
Whose kisses, fastened to the mouth
Of threescore years and longer slouth,
Renew the age, and whose bright eye
Obscures those lesser lights of sky;
Whose snowy breasts (if we may call
That snow that never melts at all)
Makes Jove invent a new disguise,
In spite of Juno's jealousies;
Whose every part doth re-invite
The old decayed appetite;
And in whose sweet embraces I
May melt myself to lust, and die.
    This is true bliss, and I confess
    There is no other happiness.

Thomas Carew (Clayton 211)

Appendix: Chapter Four Poems

"Upon My Lady Carlisle's Walking in Hampton Court Garden"

Dialogue
T.C. J.S

T.C.
Didst thou not find the place inspired,
And flowers, as if they had desired
No other sun, start from their beds,
And for a sight steal out their heads?
Heardst thou not music when she talked?
And didst not find that as she walked
She threw rare perfumes all about,
Such as bean-blossoms newly out
Or chafed spices give? —

J.S.
I must confess those perfumes, Tom,
I did not smell, nor found that from
Her passing by aught sprung up new:
The flowers had all their birth from you;
For I passed o'er the selfsame walk,
And did not find a single stalk
Of any thing that was to bring
This unknown-after after-spring.

T.C.
Dull and insensible, couldst see
A thing so near a deity
Move up and down, and feel no change?

J.S.
None and so great were alike strange:
I had my thoughts, but not your way;
All are not born, sir, to the bay.
Alas, Tom, I am flesh and blood,
And was consulting how I could
In spite of masks and hoods descry
The parts denied unto the eye;
I was undoing all she wore,
And had she walked but one turn more,
Eve in her first state had not been
More naked, or more plainly seen.

T.C.
'Twas well for thee she left the place,
For there's great danger in that face;
But hadst thou viewed her leg and thigh,
And upon that discovery
Searched after parts that are more dear
(As fancy seldom stops so near),
No time or age had ever seen
So lost a thing as thou hadst been.

J.S.
Truth, in her face I could descry
No danger, no divinity.
But since the pillars were so good
On which the lovely fountain stood,
Being once come so near, I think
I should have ventured hard to drink.
What ever fool like me had been
If I'd not done as well as seen?
There to be lost why should I doubt,
Where fools with ease go in and out?

John Suckling (Clayton 221-222)

"Why so Pale and Wan?"

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothin do't?
Prithee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her.

John Suckling (Clayton 237)

Appendix: Chapter Four Poems

"Boldness in Love"

Mark how the bashful morn in vain
Courts the amorous marigold
With sighing blasts and weeping rain,
Yet she refuses to unfold.
But when the planet of the day
Approacheth with his powerful ray,
Then she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.
So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy;
If thy tears and sighs discover
Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy
The just reward of a bold lover;
But when with moving accents thou
Shalt constant faith and service vow,
Thy Celia shall receive those charms
With open ears, and with unfolded arms.

Thomas Carew (Clayton 179)

"Good Counsel to a Young Maid"

Gaze not on thy beauty's pride,
Tender maid, in the false tide
That from lovers' eyes doth slide.

Let thy faithful crystal show
How thy colours come and go:
Beauty takes a foil from woe.

Love, that in those smooth streams lies
Under pity's fair disguse,
Will thy melting heart surprise.

Nets of passion's finest thread,
Snaring poems, will be spread,
All to catch thy maidenhead.

Then beware, for those that cure
Love's disease, themselves endure
For reward a calenture.

Rather let the lover pine,
Than his pale cheek should assign
A perpetual blush to thine.

Thomas Carew (Clayton 160)

"Against Fruition I"

Stay here, fond youth, and ask no more, be wise:
Knowing too much long since lost Paradise;
The virtuous joys thou hast, thou wouldst should still
Last in their pride; and wouldst not take it ill
If rudely from sweet dreams (and for a toy)
Th'wert waked? He wakes himself that does enjoy.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but destroys,
And, while it pleases much the palate, cloys;
Who thinks he shall be happier for that
As reasonably might hope he should grow fat
By eating to a surfeit: this once past,
What relishes? Ev'n kisses lose their taste.

Urge not 'tis necessary. Alas, we know
The homeliest thing which mankind does is so;
The world is of a vast extent we see,
And must be peopled: children then must be;
So must bread, too; but since there are enough
Born to the drudgery, what need we plough?

Women enjoyed (whats'e'er before th'ave been)
Are like romances read, or sights once seen;
Fruition's dull, and spoils the play much more
Than if one read or knew the plot before;
'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear:
It were not heaven, if we knew what it were.

And as in prospects we are there pleased most
Where something keeps the eye from being lost
And leaves us room to guess, so here restraint
Holds up delight, that with excess would faint.
They who know all the wealth they have are poor;
He's only rich that cannot tell his store.

John Suckling (Clayton 224-225)

Appendix: Chapter Four Poems

"Friendship's Mystery, To My Dearest Lucasia"

Come, my Lucasia, since we see
That miracles men's faith do move
By wonder and by prodigy,
To the dull angry, world let's prove
There's a Religion in our Love.

For though we were designed t'agree
That Fate no liberty destroys,
But our election is as free
As angels' who, with greedy choice,
Are yet determined to their joys.

Our hearts are doubled by their loss,
Here mixture is addition grown,
We both diffuse, and both engross
And we, whose minds are so much one,
Never, yet ever, are alone.

We count 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.

Divided joys 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.

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.

Katherine Philips (WPOTECW 156)

"A Country Life"

How sacred and how innocent
A country life appears,
How free from tumult, discontent,
From flattery or fears!
This was the first and happiest life,
When man enjoyed himself;
Till pride exchanged peace for strife,
And happiness for pelf.
'Twas here the poets were inspired,
And sang their mysteries;
And while the listening admired,
Men's minds did civilize.
That golden age did entertain
No passion but of love;
The thoughts of ruling and of gain
Did ne'er their fancies move.
None then did envy neighbour's wealth,
Nor plot to wrong his bed:
Happy in friendship and in health,
On roots, not beasts, they fed,
They knew no law nor physic then,
Nature was all their wit,
And if there yet remain to men
Content, sure this is it.
What blessings doth this world afford
To tempt or bribe desire?
For courtship is all fire and sword,
Who would not then retire?
Then welcome dearest Solitude,
My great felicity;
Though some are pleased to call thee rude,
Thou art not so, but we.
Such as do covet only rest,
A cottage will suffice:
Is it not brave to be possessed
Of earth, but to despise.
Opinion is the rate of things,
From hence our peace doth flow,
I have a better fate than kings,
Because I think it so.
When all the stormy world doth roar,
How unconcerned am I?
I cannot fear to tumble lower
That never could be high.
Secure in these unenvied walls
I think not on the state,
And pity no man's case that falls
From his ambition's height.

Appendix: Chapter Four Poems

Silence and innocence are safe;
A heart that's nobly true
At all these little arts can laugh
That do the world subdue.
While others revel it in state,
Here I'll contented sit,
And think I have as good a fate
As wealth and pomp admit.
Let some in courtship take delight,
And to th'Exchange resort;
There revel out a winter's night,
Not making love, but sport.
These never knew a noble flame,
'Tis lust, scorn, or design:
While vanity plays all their game,
Let peace and honour mine.
When the inviting spring appears,
To Hyde Park let them go,
And hasting thence be full of fears
To lose Spring Garden show.
Let others (nobler) seek to gain
In knowledge happy fate,
And others busy them in vain
To study ways of state.
But I, resolved from within,
Confirmed from without,
In privacy intend to spin
My future minutes out.
And from this hermitage of mine
I banish all wild toys,
And nothing that is not divine
Shall dare to tempt my joys.
There are below but two things good,
Friendship and honesty,
And only those alone I would
Ask for felicity.
In this retired integrity,
Free from both war and noise,
I live not by necessity,
But wholly by my choice.

Katherine Philips (WPOTECW 190-192)

"To the Right Honorable Alice, Countess of Carbery, on her Enriching Wales with Her Presence"

1.

As, when the first day dawned, man's greedy eye
Was apt to dwell on the bright prodigy,
Till he might careless of his organ grow,
And so his wonder prove his danger too:
So when our country (which was deemed to be
Close-mourner in its own obscurity,
And in neglected chaos so long lay)
Was rescued by your beams into a day,
Like men into a sudden lustre brought,
We justly feared to gaze more then we ought.

2.

From hence it is you lose most of your right,
Since none can pay't, nor durst do't if they might.
Perfection's misery 'tis that art and wit,
While they would honour, do but injure it.
But as the Deity slights our expense,
And loves devotion more than eloquence:
So 'tis our confidence you are divine,
Makes us at distance thus approach your shrine,
And thus secured, to you who need no art,
I that speak least my wit, may speak my heart.

3.

Then much above all zealous injury,
Receive this tribute of our shades from me,
While your great splendour, like eternal spring,
To these sad groves such a refreshment bring,
That the despised country may be grown,
And justly too, the envy of the town.
That so when all mankind at length have lost
The virtuous grandeur which they once did boast,
Of you like pilgrims they may here obtain
Worth to recruit the dying world again.

Katherine Philips (WPOTECW 186)

Appendix: Chapter Four Poems

"The Disappointment"

I

One day the amorous Lysander,
By an impatient passion swayed,
Surprised fair Cloris, that loved maid,
Who could defend herself no longer.
All things did with his love conspire;
That gilded planet of the day,
In his gay chariot drawn by fire,
Was now descending to the sea,
And left no light to guide the world,
But what from Cloris' brighter eyes was hurled.

II

In a lone thicket made for love,
Silent as yielding maid's consent,
She with charming languishment,
Permits his force, yet gently strove;
Her hands his bosom softly meet,
But not to put him back designed,
Rather to draw 'em on inclined:
Whilst he lay trembling at her feet,
Resistance 'tis in vain to show;
She wants the power to say—*Ah What d'ye do?*

III

Her bright eyes sweet, and yet severe,
Where love and shame confus'dly strive,
Fresh vigor to Lysander give;
And breathing faintly in his ear,
She cried—*Cease, cease—your vain desire*
Or I'll call out—What would you do?
My dearer honour even to you
I cannot, must not give—retire,
Or take this life, whose chiefest part
I gave you with conquest of my heart.

IV

But he as much unused to fear,
As he as capable of love,
The blessed minutes to improve,
Kisses her mouth, her neck, her hair;
Each touch her new desire alarms,
His burning trembling hand he pressed
Upon her swelling snowy breast,
While she lay panting in his arms.
All her unguarded beauties lie
The spoils and trophies of the enemy.

V

And now without respect or fear,
He seeks the object of his vows,
(His love no modesty allows)
By swift degrees advancing—where
His daring hand that altar seized,
Where gods of love do sacrifice.
That awful throne, that paradise
Where rage is calmed, and anger pleased,
That fountain where delight still flows,
And gives the universal world repose.

VI

Her balmy lips encount'ring his,
Their bodies, as their souls, are joined;
Where both in transports unconfined
Extend themselves upon the moss.
Cloris half dead and breathless lay;
Her soft eyes cast a humid light,
Such as divides the day and night;
Or falling stars, whose fires decay:
And now no signs of life she shows,
But what in short-breathed sighs returns and goes.

VII

He saw how at her length she lay,
He saw her rising bosom bare;
Her loose thin robes, through which appear
A shape designed for love and play;
Abandoned by her pride and shame,
She does her softest joy dispense,
Off'ring her virgin-innocence
A victim to love's sacred flame;
While the o'er-ravished shepherd lies
Unable to perform the sacrifice.

VIII

Ready to taste a thousand joys,
The too transported hapless swain
Found the vast pleasure turned to pain;
Pleasure which too much love destroys:
The willing garments by he laid
And heaven all opened to his view,
Mad to possess, himself he threw
On the defenceless lovely maid.
But Oh what envying god conspires
To snatch his power, yet leave him the desire!

Appendix: Chapter Four Poems

IX

Nature's support, (without whose aid
She can no human being give)
Itself now wants the art to live;
Faintness its slack'ned nerves invade:
In vain th' enraged youth essayed
To call its fleeting vigor back,
No motion 'twill from motion take;
Excess of love his love betrayed:
In vain he toils, in vain commands;
The insensible fell weeping in his hand.

X

In this so amorous cruel strife,
Where love and fate were too severe,
The poor Lysander in despair
Renounced his reason with his life:
Now all the brisk and active fire
That should the nobler part inflame,
Served to increase his rage and shame,
And left no spark for new desire:
Not all her naked charms could move
Or calm that rage that had debauched his love.

XI

Cloris returning from the trance
Which love and soft desire had bred,
Her timorous hand she gently laid
(Or guided by design or chance)
Upon that fabulous Priapas,
That potent God, as poets feign;
But never did young shepherdess,
Gath'ring of fern upon the plain,
More nimbly draw her fingers back,
Finding beneath the verdant leaves a snake:

XII

Then Cloris her fair hand withdrew,
Finding that god of her desires
Disarmed of all his awful fires,
And cold as flow'rs bathed in the morning-dew.
Who can the nymph's confusion guess?
The blood forsook the hinder place,
And strewed with blushes all her face,
Which both disdain and shame expressed:
And from Lysander's arms she fled,
Leaving him fainting on the gloomy bed.

XIII

Like lightning through the grove she hies,
Or Daphne from the Delphic god,
No print upon the grassy road
She leaves, t' instruct pursuing eyes.
The wind that wantoned in her hair,
And with her ruffled garments played,
Discovered in the flying maid
All that the gods e'er made, if fair.
So Venus, when her love was slain,
With fear and haste flew o'er that fatal plain.

XIV

The nymph's resentments none but I
Can well imagine or condole:
But none can guess Lysander's soul,
But those who swayed his destiny.
His silent griefs swell up to storms,
And not one god his fury spares;
He cursed his birth, his fate, his stars;
But more the shepherdess's charms,
Whose soft bewitching influence
Had damned him to the hell of impotence.

Aphra Behn (*Broadview* 453-455)

Appendix: Chapter Four Poems

"I Led My Silvia to a Grove"

I led my Silvia to a grove,
Where all the boughs did shade us
The sun itself, though it had strove
It could not have betrayed us.
The place secured from human eyes
No other fear allows,
But when the winds do gently rise;
And kiss the yielding boughs.

Down there we sat upon the moss,
And did begin to play,
A thousand wanton tricks to pass,
The heat of all the day.
And many kisses I did give,
And she returned the same
Which made her willing to receive,
That which I dare not name.

My greedy eyes no aids required,
To tell their amorous tale,
On her that was already fired:
'Twas easy to prevail.
I did but kiss and clasp her round,
Whilst they my thought expressed,
And laid her gently on the ground:
Oh! who can guess the rest.

Aphra Behn (*Broadview* 447)

"The Willing Mistress"

Amyntas led me to a grove,
Where all the trees did shade us;
The sun itself, though it had strove,
Yet could not have betrayed us.
The place secure from human eyes,
No other fear allows,
But when the winds that gently rise
Do kiss the yielding boughs.

Down there we sat upon the moss,
And did begin to play
A thousand wanton tricks, to pass
The heat of all the day.
A many kisses he did give,
And I returned the same:
Which made me willing to receive
That which I dare not name.

His charming eyes no aid required,
To tell their amorous tale;
On her that was already fired,
'Twas easy to prevail.
He did but kiss and clasp me round,
Whilst they his thoughts expressed,
And laid me gently on the ground;
Oh! – who can guess the rest?

(Aphra Behn's *The Dutch Lover* 20-21)

Appendix: Chapter Five Poems

"To Dianeme"

Dear, though to part it be a hell,
Yet Dianeme now farewell:
Thy frown (last night) did bid me go;
But whither, only grief does know.
I do beseech thee, ere we part
(If merciful as fair thou art;
Or else desir'st that maids should tell
Thy pity by love's chronicle),
O Dianeme, rather kill
Me than to make me languish still!
'Tis cruelty in thee to th' height
Thus, to wound, not kill outright.
Yet there's a way found (if thou please)
By sudden death to give me ease;
And thus devised, do though but this,
Bequeath to me one parting kiss;
So sup'rabundant joy shall be
The executioner of me.

Robert Herrick (Clayton 17)

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