

pp. 1-3 'On Glynne' [co. Merioneth]:
O charming rocks delightfull solitude! ...
Polish & perfect all thy soul to make it like his owne.

p. 4 'On the Welch':
The guile & softness of the Saxon race ...
And mounts in glorious & destroying flames.

p. 5 Untitled quatrain in Welsh:
Os pennill y gana nis gwn wrth pwi dwida ...
a chostio imi am fy awen fy mowyd.

Followed by a verse translation:
Dont ask me to sing ...
to a sad Tyburne Psalme.

p. 5 Untitled quatrain in Welsh:
Llankes wen lliw blode yr drain ...
heb feddwl am ei balog.

Followed by a verse translation:
Gay & sweet as blooming rose ...
thats thought on most thats most unseen.

p. 6 Our governours wise, both in nature & times ...
it followes us after our death like damnation.
For another version see p. 17 below.

p. 6 W'are undone, so have nothing to mind but our drinking ...
and swinge the D[ut]ch Sen^t who has basely betray'd us.

p. 7 Th'Almighty Judge has from all ages sent ...
and the prowd warehouse Amsterdam is drown'd.

p. 8 Translation of a Welsh verse:
For Polemony one shillings only paid ...
he must have 2 for bawdy work of Bums.

p. 8 `from the Welch hint to the Tune of Tribban':
When 'ere I cast my eye on ...
Contain'd in loves soft center.

p. 9 `Answer to Philander in the Prime of youth &c':
Thus charming fair ...
whilst pleasure they're enjoying.

p. 9 `To the tune of Tribban':
The gloryes both of Love & war ...
mov'd all from Love & liberty.

p. 10 `To the King enjoys his owne &c /Upon a Sparkes perpetuall impertinence
with this tune & hindring a Ladys singing':
When I wou'd listen to Sylvia's voice ...
That Sylvia knowes how to use a fool.

p. 10 Couplet `from a W[elsh] hint on the ague':
Thou mingled monster shaking humane frame
hast Aetna's earthquake & hast Aetna's flame.
Alternative version of last line:
hast Aetna's snow its Earthquake & its flame.

p. 11 `Anacreontique on a Welch hint of the number of his sonnetts to his mistress
&c. Saith Cowydd y gwnaith o y forfidd fain/a Saith Cowydd a Saith y gian [*recte*
ugain] &c':
When Poetick fire was raisd ...
Sylvia's poetry & mine.

p. 12 `On occasion of quoting some Welch Verses':
Gently approach the melting fair ...
to seque Loves lightning from the cloud.

p. 12 `Englin a Thelin a Tân ag aval &' (cf. e.g. NLW MS 644B, 146^v):
What this winter I desire ...
of kindest fate Ile ask no more.

pp. 13-16 `On the Death of Capt. John Masmores Horse that fell downe dead
starv'd at an Alehouse door while his master for some dayes & nights was drinking
within':
There runs upon the Marsh of Harlech ...
Jack rose to piss, the horse expird.
The subject may be John Maesmor of Maesmor, co. Denb., d. 1704/5 (see will
SA1704/17). Marginal annotations explain allusions in the text.

p. 17 `On the Taxes in Holland upon Christnings [,] marriages, Batchelors &
Funeralls':
Our Governours thrifty to make up their wages ...
it followes us after our death like damnation.
For another version see p. 6 above.

p. 18 `Occasioned by some Welch verses /Gwen i bid yr ader gwilliron [*recte*
gwylltion] &c' [cf. *Hen Benillion* no. 294]:
Happy the free brisk widdowers of the air ...
& find no curtain lecture in their nest.

pp. 19-20 `On the French K[ing, ?Louis XIV]':
Hail happy Lewis thou art strangely great! ...
must serve their master tho' they damne their souls.

pp. 20-3 `An Allusion to the foregoing Verses made on the Republic of Genoa
discontented with their Doge & the Dutch for encroaching on their trade in the time of

their war with the Duke of Savoy':
It is not N--'s virtue nor his fate ...
and mounts in glorious tho' destroying flames.

p. 23 `Pastor Fido Atto primo Scena quinta[:] Satiro':

Lascia lascia le Lagrime e i sospiri ...

La miri si, ma non l'adopri il vago.

Extract from Act i, scene v, of the Italian verse drama *Il pastor fido* (1590) by Giovanni Battista Guarini.

p. 24 [The foregoing verses] `Thus Translated or rather Paraphras'd':

When y'are tormented by an amorous flame ...

In Love that virtue soon becomes a vice.

This version appears to be independent of the various published English translations of *Il pastor fido* published in the 17th cent.

p. 25 `Extempore to Miss Elizabeth Owen to desire her to begin to write letters':

The Soldier e're he goes to mortall harmes ...

if the proud Amazons such weapons weild [corrected from `yeild'].

The subject may be the Elizabeth Owen, who married, post 1731, Sir Thomas Longueville, 4th bart., as his second wife.

pp. 26, 28 `Bess of Bedlam admirably set in musick by Harry Purcell the Author not knowne':

From silent shades & from the Elysian groves ...

In her thoughts is as great great [*sic*] as a king.

Published in John Playford, *Choice Ayres & Songs*, book iv (1683, Wing 2460), pp. 45-7; see also Crum F747.

p. 27, 29 `A mad Imitation of Bess of Bedlam To the same tune & keeping the same rimes':

From wealth & peace in Brittain's Oaken groves ...

We are sold by a Parl[ia]ment to their Du[tch] king.

f. 31 Translations from Welsh poetry:

Swift as a Hind I skip'd the knot to tye ...

Birds to get loose aren't have [*recte* half] so swift or pleas'd.

Probably based on the englyn `Cerais a hedais fel hydd - o'm rhwym...' (cf. MS Llanstephan 166, 246).

My love was too apparent to conceal ...

Since not ourselves alone but others we must please.

See what a weight your sex has always bin ...

To plague or please e'en be a weight your self.

Tell me my freind what kind of Housewives this? ...

rather heap fire, nay Hornes upon my pate.

p. 32 Each day rolls on full fraught with urging cares ...
the Triffles or the Lumber of our life.

p. 33 `The faint description of a reall dream':
If feuer'd sences such vast pleasure take ...
then all th'Arabian Prophets charming store.

p. 34 `Mrs Kath[erine] Phillips her verses on the Soul, the 2 last lines thus
Paraphras'd. the lines are these - who yeild to all that does their Souls convince/shall
never need another Law':
When e're wrong notions take the place of Truth ...
Since their owne souls can give them best advice.
See also Patrick Thomas (ed.), *The Collected Works of Katherine Philips. The
Matchless Orinda*, vol. i (Stump Cross, 1990), pp. 188, 300, 371-2 (includes complete
text of present poem).

p. 35 `To the Tune she flyes she flyes in vain from Love &c':
My free my easy mind my heart alas is won ...
within my soul it shines alone, to all the world 'tis night.

p. 36 `Imitation and answer of a Welch Engling':
When my life's winters come, & age has shed ...
I who without the fair can scarce a moment pass.

Answer to the above:
If Temperance my vigour can't prolong ...
as youth & charming sence appear'd before.

p. 37 `Englings Paraphras'd':
Heavy are hardest stones; more heavy Lead ...
except a Lout who has o're plaid his part.

When winters frost & snow keeps back the spring ...
chirp & rejoice, & prune her self in love.

p. 38 `Love is a sly & slippery trick &c otherwise Turnd':
O Love if thou art virtue or if sin ...
but wilt get out where all mankind gets in.

p. 38 `from a W[elsh] hint':
To kindest meanings only Turne my words ...
and things are still best thought on by the best.

p. 38 `Eng[lyn] Paraphrasd':
sweetly sleeping in my bed ...
I'de what I pleas'd, & what I'me sure pleas'd her.

p. 39 `Another [englyn paraphrased]'
Restless with passion once I left my bed ...

and left my Jilting Miss to know the sheets.

p. 39 `Englings kind of Riddles':
Heaven has bestow'd upon poor mortall wight ...
tho we can hardly get beyond the Porch.

p. 40 `Another Eng[lyn] Riddle':
The Cover'd Shore of Love's sweet Oceans seen ...
while safe I landed in the port of Joyes.

p. 40 `Another riddle':
My relation is buried before she is dead ..
there peeps out of the grave her pert ticklish red nose.

p. 40 `Another riddle':
Goe vigorous spark & enter nature's grove ...
Be thyne alone the Crime yet Credit too.

p. 41 `Englings':
Take dearest this last parting fervent kiss ...
or from a choicer Treasury below.

p. 41 `Another [englyn]':
Under my breast has Cupid struck his dart ...
On all enjoyments plagues too fast persue.

p. 41 `Another but the Welsh was turnd from English first':
Feirce is my Expectation as my Love;
may all be thrown into my rivalls armes.

p. 42 `Another [?adapted from] the Welsh':
A feeble old Wittall ...
& get Jolly brown bastards.

p. 42 `Another [?adapted from] the W[elsh]':
The New Bishop appears ...
with his book & Lawn sleeves.

p. 42 `Another [?adaptation from the Welsh]':
Fair yeild to none but a young handsome swain ...
is a course Lowring (though a wealthy) clowne.

p. 43 `To Mrs E. O.':
my fair Dorinda when so ere you love ...
his sence & worth will sweeten hardest fate.
The subject may be Elizabeth Owen, daughter of Richard Lyster of Moynes Court, co.
Monmouth, who married the Rev. Lewis Owen of Barking and Wrexham.

p. 43 `Another [?adaptation from the Welsh]':
In a pleasant private grove ...

Till he that caus'd will cure my smart.

p. 43 `Another [?adaptation from the Welsh]:
Too Loving man in vain from beauty flyes ...
Nature revolts, we're beat with our owne armes.

p. 44 `Another [?adaptation from the Welsh]:
what a hard fate even attends my dreams ...
the thing that gives life to my soul, because it gives some shame.

p. 44 `Another [?adaptation from the Welsh]:
In May's sweet month I thought a kiss was good ...
a dangerous Monarch of unbounded power.

p. 44 `Another [?adaptation from the Welsh]:
Tho but a wood and rolling river part ...
We'de be one body as we are one mind.

p. 45 `Another [?adaptation from the Welsh]:
Had I the riches of an Easterne nation, ...
and thinke no monarch happyer then I.

p. 45 `Another [?adaptation from the Welsh]:
A stately mansions in a pleasant grove ...
th'unequall match no hopes gives of delight.

p. 45 `Another [?adaptation from the Welsh]:
for one brisk Salmon with a frisking Tayle ...
But knaves impertinent & false abound.

p. 46 `Another [?adaptation from the Welsh]:
Upon the Lovely Sex of all degrees ...
pleasure & thought should gently flow alike.

pp. 46-7 `Another [?adaptation from the Welsh]:
Woman's the choicest peice of the Creation ...
Kind death, or kinder man to my releif.

p. 47 `Upon the Rain at Night Ap[ril] 15, [16]97 after a long drouth with mists':
The greedy Earth like a parch'd widdow lyes ...
and all ore smiles declares her sparkling Joyes.

p. 48 `ThoW she is sister of the Sun by the same father & borne of the morning':
See, she breakes forth with more then human grace, ...
a kin to all the progeny of Light.

p. 48 `Coilleo part o eireo mwin &c':
Much sweet & charming courtship had the youth ...
That man shoud prove Lover, & constant too.

Dedicated to `Mrs Ell. Ll.', perhaps Elizabeth (*née* Wynn) of Brogyntyn (d. 1696), who married John Lloyd. Cf. *Hen Benillion* no. 331.

p. 49 `Proper wit ddew a Llineodd &c':
Exactest art can't forme a Nymph so fair ...
Love but like me, & double ev'ry charme.
Dedicated to `E.Ll.', perhaps Elizabeth Lloyd (*née* Wynn).

p. 49 `Attachwy Llonni Lluggad &c':
A health my Sylvia to those roguish eyes ...
lets laugh, drink kiss [corrected from `wish'], then quench our amorous fires.
Dedicated to `Lad[y] O[?wen], possibly Margaret (*née* Wynn, 1663-1727), wife of Sir Robert Owen of Clennau and Brogyntyn.