

B.N.L.

SAMUEL HOLLAND

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EPITHALAMY

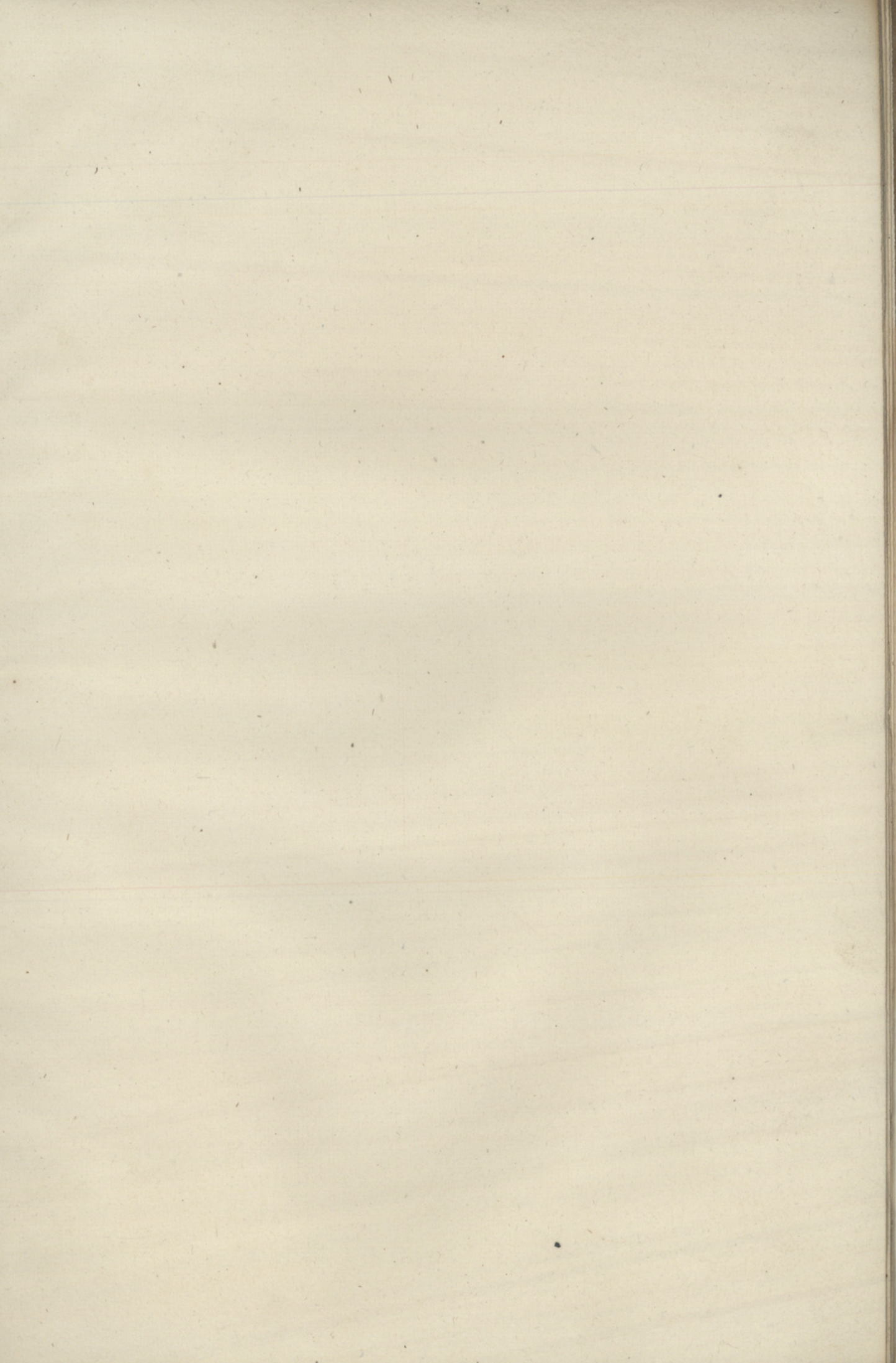
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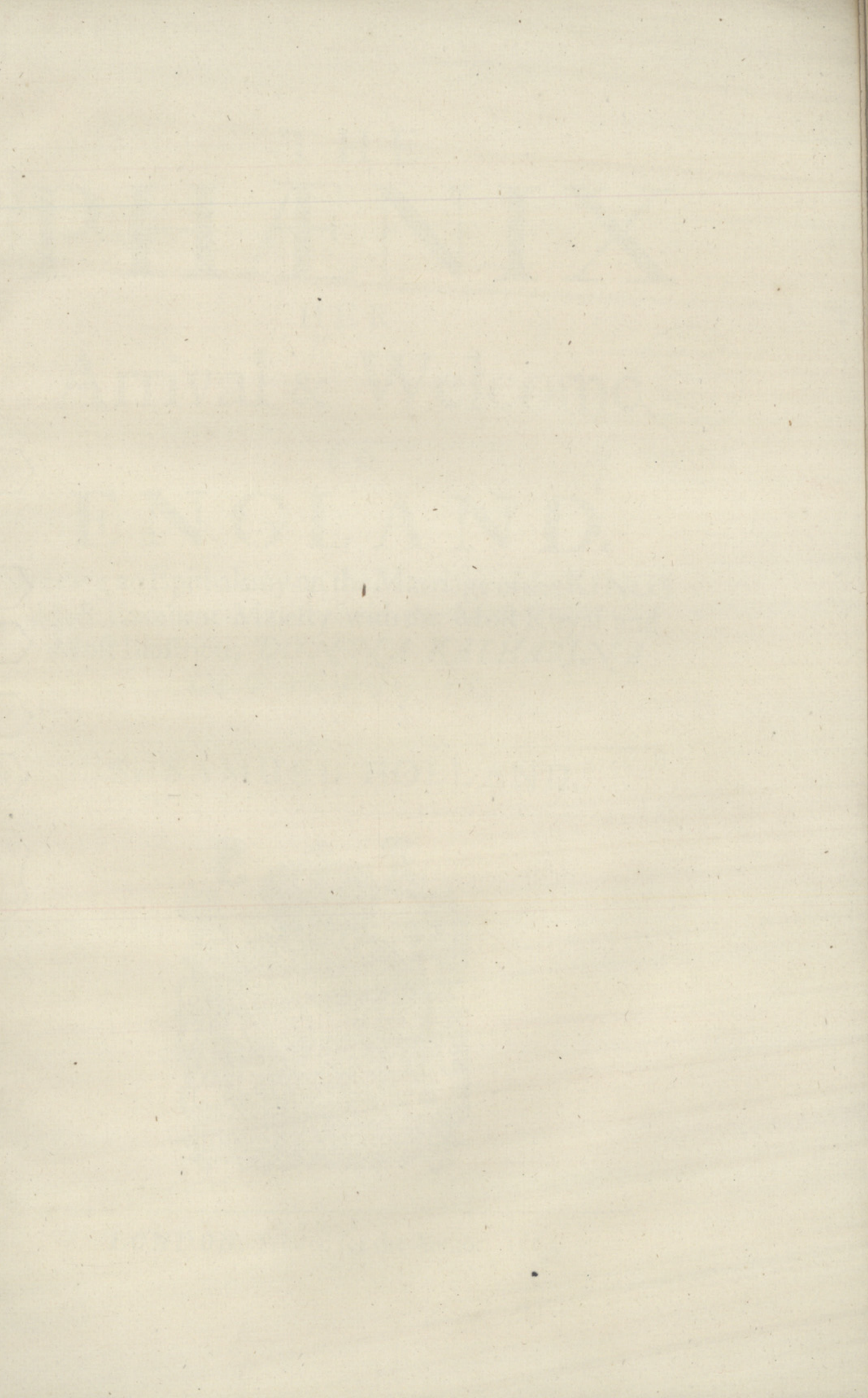
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# THE PHÆNIX

HER

Arrival & Welcome



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TO

# ENGLAND.

It being an Epithalamy on the Marriage of the **KINGS**  
Most Excellent Majesty with the Most Royal and  
Most Illustrious *DOÑA KATHARINA*  
OF *PORTUGAL*.

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By **SAMUEL HOLLAND.**

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LONDON, Printed for the Author. 1663.

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PHARMIX



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**W**onders get Wonders, and their glorious Birth  
 Increase new numbers both in Heav'n and Earth;  
 Though *Charles* the First this present Age did call  
 A Mirrour, and a Miracle to all;  
 Yet 'twas the top and height of his Renown  
 He got so brave a Prince to heir his Crown;  
 And 'tis the Joy and Honour of his Son  
 To trace those Glories *Charles* the First had done;  
 To his Renown it was he did advance  
 The English Lyons with the Flow'rs of *France,*

And to the Honours of his Son we all  
 Ascribe this Marriage made with *Portugal*.  
 Great *CHARLES* the Second, who is King of Hearts  
 And King of Arms, as well as King of Arts,  
 To bless this Nation by a Knot divine  
 Is married to the matchless *KATHARINE*.  
 Great *CHARLES* the Second whom Fames Trumpet rings  
 To be the Wonder and Delight of Kings,  
 Is joyn'd to Her whom Heav'n's rich Mint did coyne  
 For *Englands* Queen, the Noble *KATHARINE*.  
 Great *CHARLES* the Second, Second unto none  
 In Goodness, Greatness, and Religion,  
 Hath met a Noble Parallel, whose Line  
 Answers His own, the Accomplish'd *KATHARINE*.  
 Great *CHARLES* the Second, like another Sun  
 Whose radiant Glories through all *Europe* run,  
 Hath chose One with Him in His Orbe to shine  
 Bright as Himself, the Beauteous *KATHARINE*.  
 But since the Course of Heav'n and Nature shuns  
 The levelling Splendour of two equal Suns;  
 Therefore their Rival Lustres to atone,  
 Wedlock hath ty'd these Sacred Lights in one:  
 And now since *Venus* is new joyn'd to *Mars*,  
 Be they the Envy of all other Stars;  
 Let them on Earth of Blessings find such store,  
 Till Earth can ask, or Heav'n scarce grant them more.  
 Loe where that *Tagus* who but lately roll'd  
 His glittering waters intermixt with Gold,  
 And proudly flowing with a vain Desire  
 In his own Channels did himself admire,  
 Now pale with Grief, he his own Joyes disclames,  
 To see his Glories in the lap of *Thames*;  
 His richest treasure, and more precious far,  
 More pure in substance, and in show more fair,  
 Then all the glory of the weighty Oare  
 That shines in spangles on his wealthy shore,

Is now (transported) from fair *Lisbon* come,  
This Isle to make the Queen of Christendome.

See where she comes her Beauties do adorn,  
And lend new splendors to the blushing Morn,  
The Vigour of her rays, which conquering flies,  
Dazzles the Sun to look upon her eyes ;  
There needs no Ribbands to adorn her hair,  
The laughing Stars in knots are radiant there.

The Graces are her Ushers, and do strow  
Roses before her where so e're she go,  
And a long train of Virtues hand in hand  
In Order all behind her do attend.

No sooner shipp'd for *England*, she set sail,  
But *Neptune* sent forth a tempestuous Gale,  
When loe her Beauties i'th Seas highest Rage  
Soon strook a Calm, and did their wrath asswage.

At which loud *Triton* did his suit prefer  
To entertain him for her Trumpetter,  
And many a Mermaid did attend upon her  
And humbly crav'd to be her Maids of Honour ;

The Dolphins near her shoal'd, and with their train  
Swept the salt foame, and cut the curled Main ;  
So great the Tumult, one might well suppose  
From Love, not Rage, the late high Tempest rose ;

The Waves t'enjoy her sight no pains did spare  
To leap into the Element of Air,  
The Air to bear so fair a burden fain,  
Would change it's place and nature with the Main,

Whiles Winds that struggled who should most have crown'd her,  
So sinn'd in Zeal, that they almost had drown'd her.  
And now arriv'd, Saint *Michaels* Mount must be  
The place of Fame, where happy Destinie

Decree'd that first this Princess should be found  
To plant her foot upon the English Ground.  
Now all things smil'd, and did conspire outright  
To mingle Royal Greatness with Delight ;

The Month is *May*, and the dress'd Spring doth stand  
 In all it's pride to welcome her to land.  
 Here having taken some days rest to ease  
 Her Body weary of the churlish Seas,  
 A winged Grove of Frigots doth convey  
 Her Sexes Glory unto *Portsmouths* Bay :  
 Here did our Fears cast Anchor, to implore  
 The Pilots Conduct on the Seas no more ;  
 Now Bon-fires heat the Air, Healths drench the Earth,  
*Portsmouth* the Center, and the Stage of Mirth ;  
 Some use their tongues, and speak their Mirth in Fancies,  
 Others their feet, and tread their Joys in Dances :  
 Now Youth, and Beauty, State, and Pomp do greet,  
 And Peace and Plenty walk in every Street,  
 And from above, Heav'ns Blessings more t'unfold,  
 It hails down Pearls, and rains down rigorous Gold.  
*Portsmouth's* the place where first His Majestie  
 His Royal Spouse Queen *Katharine* must see ;  
 For though 'twas *Corunna* to the Queen did bring  
 The happy fight of *England*, yet the King  
 (But when her Picture did present the same)  
 Ne're saw his Queen till she to *Portsmouth* came.  
 The holy knot was ty'd here in a blest  
 And solemn Marriage, here the King possesseth  
 Earth pure as Heaven, and stain'd with no Alloy,  
*Braganzaes* Glories, and *Terezaes* Joy.  
 Now like two glorious Lamps may their Flames rise  
 Pure, and erect, until they touch the Skies ;  
 May their rich splendour be by Age more bright,  
 And grace the World with their United Light ;  
 May their Loves be a Sacrifice t'attone  
 Their Peoples Rage, and make their hearts but one :  
 May the Church flourish in her Truth, and Train,  
 And be as white as Innocence again :  
 May those who scorn'd us in our late distress  
 Now fear, and wonder at our Happiness ;

(7)

May every Street, and every Countreys Green  
Ring with the Trophies of our King and Queen;  
And may the thunder of their Armes chastise  
And judge 'twixt all both Friends and Enemies,  
T'advance the Good, and humble those are Fierce,  
And give new Laws unto the Universe.

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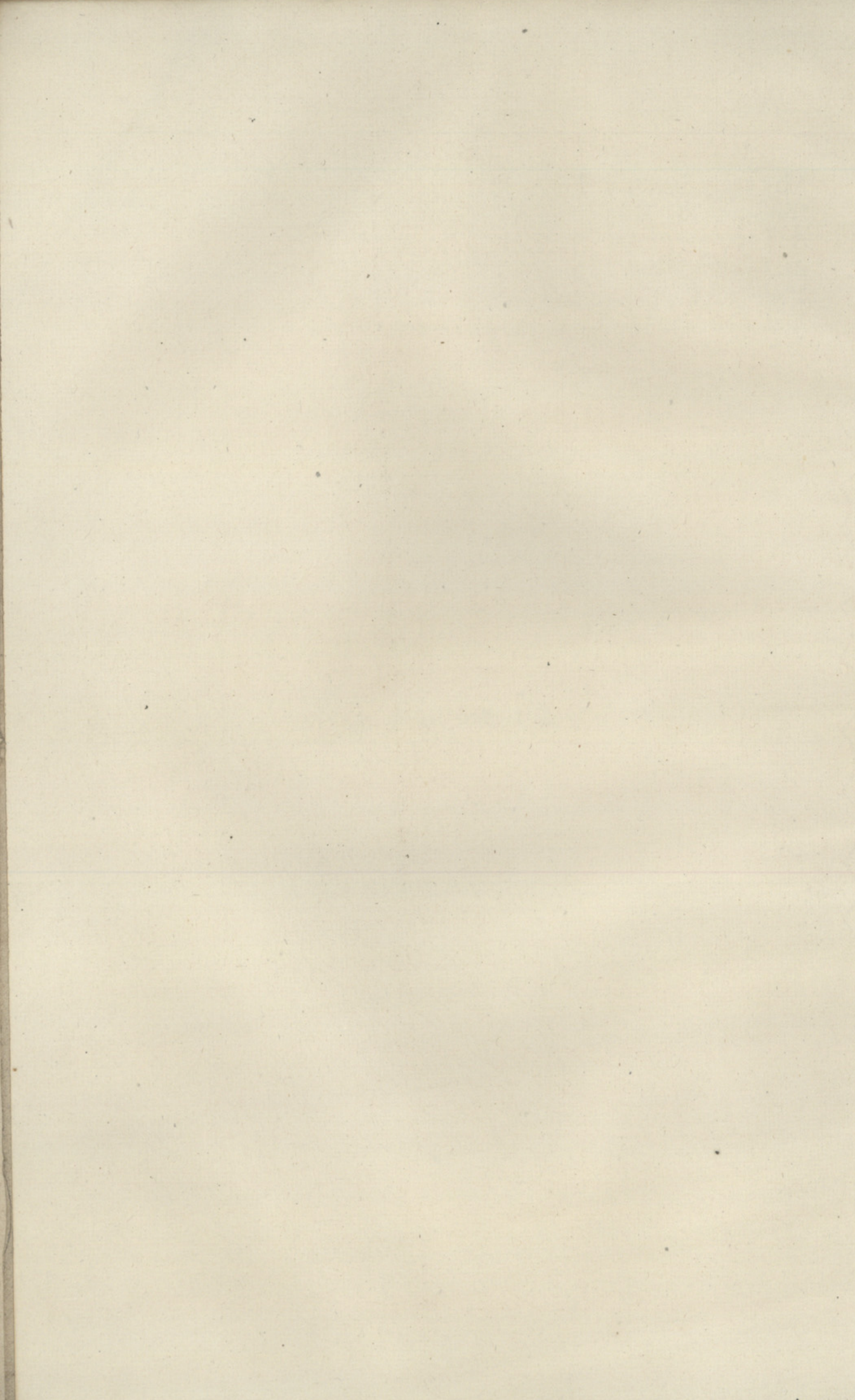
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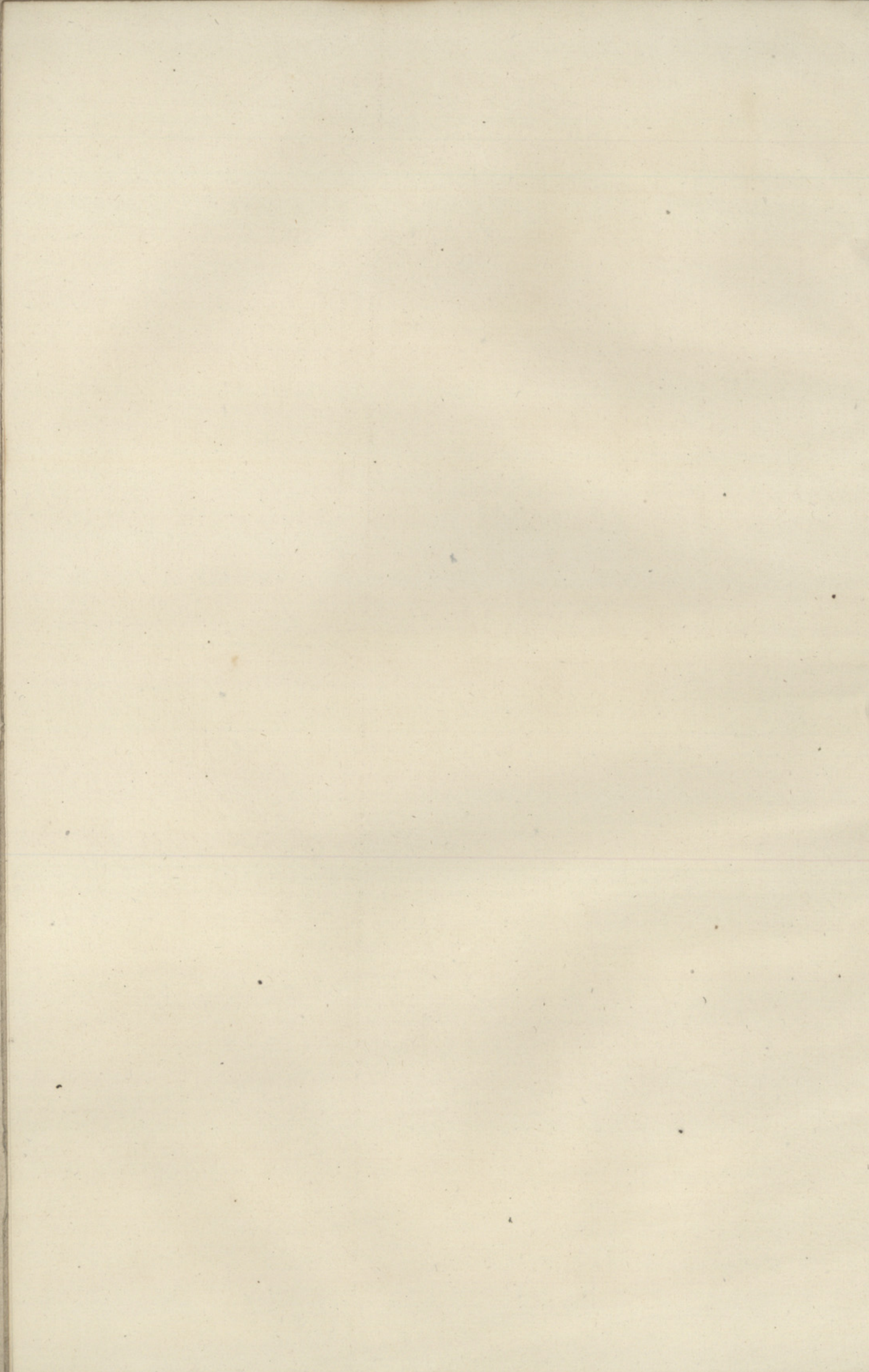
My every Secret, and every Countrey Green  
Bring with the Trophies of our King and Queen  
And may the thunder of their Arms chastise  
And judge twice all both Friends and Enemies  
Advance the Good, and humble those are Foes,  
And give new Laws into the Universe.

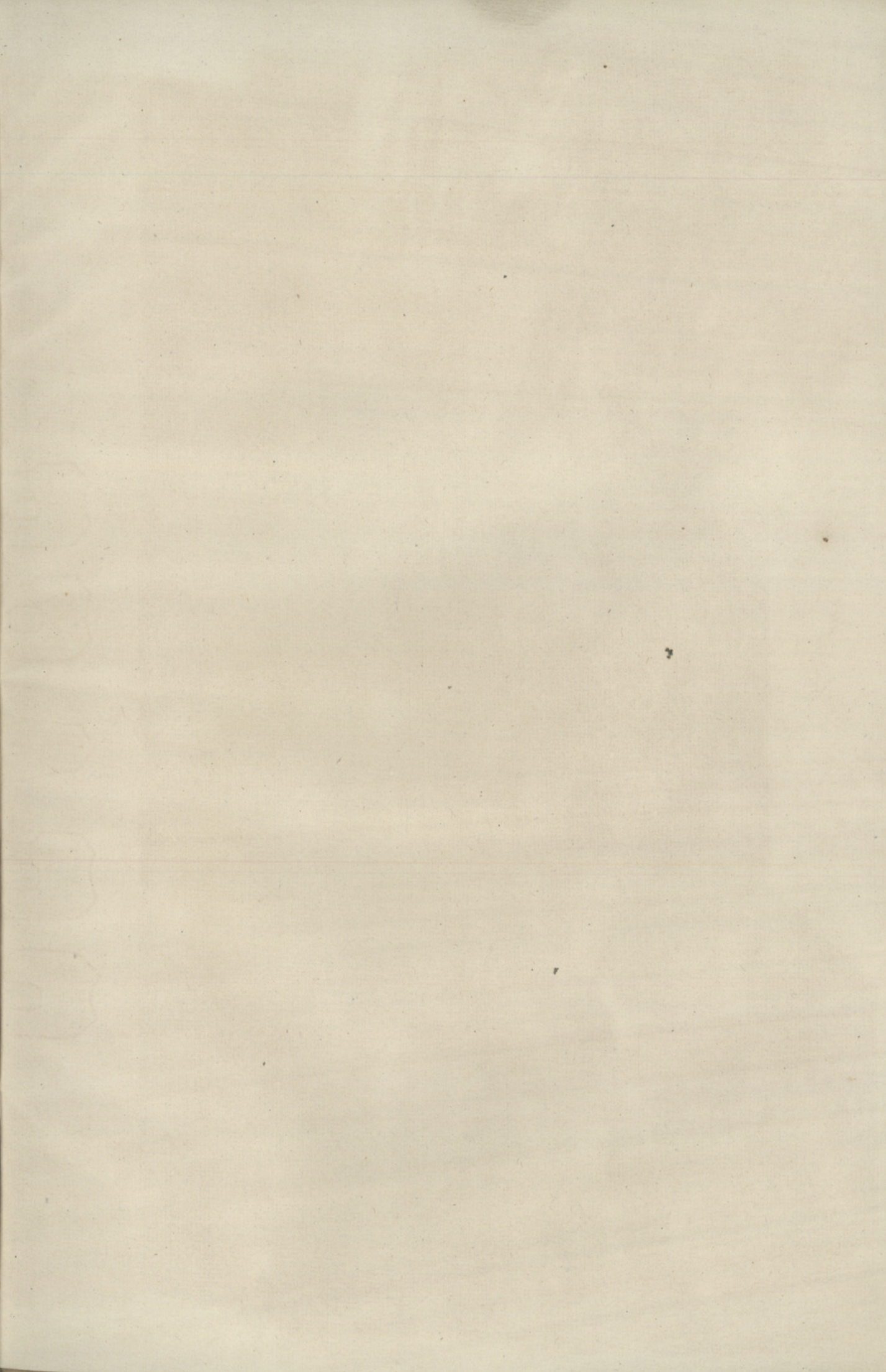


















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