

Friendship's Mystery

XVII. Friendship's Mystery, To my dearest Lucasia. Set by Mr. Henry Lawes.

1.

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

2.

For though we were design'd t'agree,
That Fate no liberty destroyes,
But our Election is as free
As Angels, who with greedy choice
Are yet determin'd to their joyes.

3.

Our hearts are doubled by the loss,
Here Mixture is Addition grown;
We both diffuse, and both ingross:
And we whose Minds are so much one,
Never, yet ever, are alone.

4.

We count our own captivity
Than greatest thrones more innocent:
'Twere banishment to be set free,
Since we wear fetters whose intent
Not Bondage is, but Ornament.

5.

Divided joyes are odious found,
And griefs united easier grow:
We are our selves but by rebound,
And all our Titles shuffled so,

Both Princes and both Subjects too.

6.

Our Hearts are mutual Victims laid,
While they (such power in Friendship lies)
Are Altars, Priests, and Off'rings made:
And each Heart which thus kindly dies,
Grows deathless by the Sacrifice.

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Mutual Affection between *Orinda* and *Larinda*.

Come, my *Larinda*, first see for that miracles men hath do more by wonder
and by prodigies to the fierce rigour of the world her's grace, there's a Religion in our Love.

(a) For though we were despoil'd of grace,
That makes us liberty of grace,
But our Election is free
As Angels, who with greedy choice
Are yet despoil'd of their joy.

(b) Our hearts are double by their fate,
We're made in addition grown,
We both divide, and both improve,
And we whose minds are for much more,
Never, yet ever are single.

(c) We court our own captivity,
Then Thracian more profane innocent,
To see our chains to be for free,
When we think we're in their interest
Not bondage to be in their hand.

(d) Divided joys are tedious found,
And gladness is our sorrow,
We are our selves by reason;
And all our selves divided find
Both Princes, and both Subjects bound.

(e) Our hearts are mutual victims laid,
Which they such power in friendship lies,
Are Altars, Priests, and Off'rings made,
And each heart which thus kindly dies,
Grows deathless by the sacrifice.