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THE

COMPLETE POEMS OF CHRISTOPHER HARVEY,

M. A.

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I. MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

II. THE SYNAGOGUE; OR THE SHADOW OF THE TEMPLE.

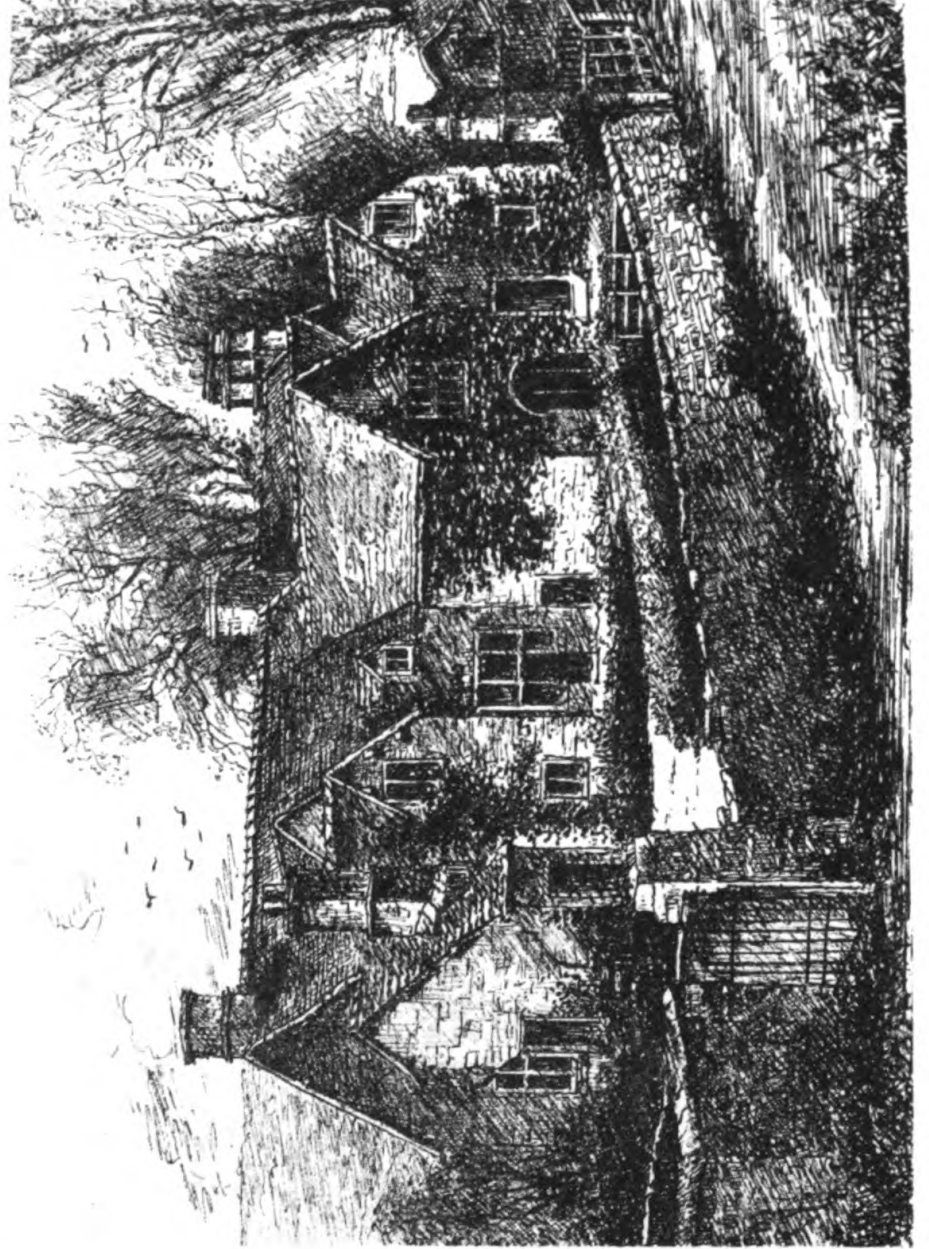
III. SCHOLA CORDIS; OR THE HEART OF ITSELFE GONE  
AWAY FROM GOD, BROUGHT BACK AGAINE TO HIM,  
AND INSTRUCTED BY HIM.

IV. NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS, AND GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

LONDON :  
ROBSON AND SONS, PRINTERS, PANCRAS ROAD, N.W.







**Grammar School, Kingston.**

The Fuller Worthies' Library.

THE COMPLETE POEMS

OF

CHRISTOPHER HARVEY,

M.A.

FOR THE FIRST TIME FULLY COLLECTED AND COLLATED WITH  
THE ORIGINAL AND EARLY EDITIONS ; AND IN QUARTO,  
WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

BEING A

SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUME TO THE COMPLETE WORKS

*IN VERSE AND PROSE*

OF

GEORGE HERBERT.

Edited by the

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,  
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.



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Vertical line of text on the left margin, possibly a page number or header.

TO

THE REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

LONDESBOROUGH RECTORY, MARKET WEIGHTON :

DEAR TO ME AS THE POET OF ' WOOD NOTES AND CHURCH BELLS ;'  
DEARER AS A FRIEND AND FELLOW-WORKER IN REVIVING  
CRASHAW AND HERBERT,  
BY CONJOINTLY MAKING THEIR LATIN AND GREEK  
' SPEAK ENGLISH' FOR THE FIRST TIME ;  
DEAREST OF ALL AS A ' BROTHER BELOVED'  
IN SERVING THE ONE MASTER :

¶ *dedicate*

THIS COLLECTION OF THE POEMS OF A ' SWEET SINGER,' NOT UNWORTHY  
OF THE LOWLY ASSOCIATION WITH GEORGE HERBERT WHICH HE  
CLAIMED ; GRATEFUL TO KNOW THAT I MAY WRITE  
' AUCTOR PRETIOSA FACIT.'

VERY FAITHFULLY,

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.





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Lines to Izaak Walton: . . . . . xxiii-iv







ILLUSTRATIONS IN 4to.

- i. The Grammar School, Kington, Herefordshire: anastatic etching by Rev. W. F. Francis, Great Saxham, Suffolk, after a photograph by Stephens, Kington . . . *facing title-page*

If I am rightly informed, this School has never before been given in any book. As stated in the text (pp. xix.-xx.), it retains still its original quaint and now hoary characteristics. By the kindness of the Rev. C. J. Robinson, M.A., Norton Canon, Weobley—who has done so much to illustrate and elucidate Herefordshire history—I am enabled to furnish the following details concerning this fine old school. It was designed and contracted for in 1622 by John Abel—he finding all materials—for 240*l.*, equal perhaps now to well-nigh 1000*l.* This John Abel was especially skilful in the construction of the timber mansions, 'black and white,' which once were the ornaments of Herefordshire. His chief works were the Town Hall or Market House at Hereford, 1618-20 (long since pulled down); Market House at Leominster, 1633 (still standing, but—American fashion—on a different site); Market Houses at Brecon, Kington, Weobley; new church at Abbey Dore; and the present School. He was of great service to the besieged of Hereford in 1645, in constructing defences and mills to grind their corn. On this account he was made by Charles I. one of his Majesty's carpenters. He died in 1694, in the 97th year of his age. His epitaph—composed by himself, and still to be seen on the tomb which he erected for himself in Sarnesfield churchyard—may interest:

'This craggy Stone a covering is for an Architector's Bed,  
That lofty Buildings raisèd high, yet now lays low his Head.  
His Line and Rule, so Death concludes, are lockèd up in Store;  
Build they who list or they who wist, for he can build no more:  
His house of Clay could hold no longer;  
May Heaven's Joy build Him a stronger.

JOHN ABEL.

Uibe ut bibas in bitam aternam.'

Sir John Hawkins, Knight, the illustrious 'navigator' and discoverer, treasurer of the Navy to Queen Elizabeth, was buried in St. Dunstan's in the East, London; died 12th Nov. 1595. His wife was Margaret Vaughan, Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Elizabeth; daughter of Charles Vaughan of Hargest (by his wife Margaret, daughter of Sir William Vaughan of Talgark); died 2d Feb. 1620. It was by Lady Hawkins's will the Grammar School of Kington was built. I have the greater pleasure in furnishing this Rembrandt-like etching of the ancient Grammar School, in that Wood's blunders in making 'Thomas Harvey,' instead of our Christopher Harvey, its first master, and author

of 'The Synagogue,' have hitherto dissociated our Worthy from it, and robbed him of his renown as the 'imitator' of 'divine Herbert' (see our Memorial-Introduction, pp. xxi.-ii.).

- II. Kington Church: anastatic etching by Rev. W. F. Francis, after photograph by R. Jones, Leominster . . . to face page xvii
- III. Clifton on Dunsmore Church: after a photograph . . . *Ibid.*

It shows no 'spire,' agreeably to Dugdale's account as quoted in Memorial-Introduction, p. xx. In connection with a sculptured muzzled bear on the west side of this church there is a singular tradition about it, which is still quick, to wit, that on one occasion the parishioners of Clifton sold their church Bible to buy a bear to bait. Unfortunately for the myth, the sculpture belongs to the fifteenth century, when Bibles were not used in English churches. The bear is in reality the crest of an old family formerly residing at Clifton, viz. a bear sable holding up the dexter paw, the name of the family being *Bereford*, Barford, or Barfoot. In the year 1648 a John Barford appears as one of the eight freeholders who entered into an agreement with the then Lord of the Manor of Clifton, Sir Richard Lucy, for the enclosure of the open and common lands there, and to this John Barford were allotted 96½ acres of land in lieu of two yards land and a half and two cottage commons. The last of the Barford family at Clifton was married to a Francis about the middle of the last century; and in 1748 Mr. Robert Francis made a present of the communion-plate—a flagon, chalice, and paten—to Clifton Church. These are engraved with the arms of the Barford family and the crest, *a bear passant*. The daughter of this marriage married a Mr. Bristow, and their daughter a Mr. Jenaway. The allotment of land to John Barford in 1648 was offered for sale by the devisees in trust, under the will of the late Mr. Bethuel Grimes Jenaway, in 1870. The ancient mansion of the Barford family was demolished a few years ago. A story is told of a young man of dissipated habits fond of frequenting two public-houses near the church—the Lion and the Bull—who was accosted on one occasion by a friendly adviser in the following words:

'Take heed of the Bull, of the Lion beware;  
If you wish to be happy, turn in at the Bear.'  
(Letter of M. H. Bloxam, Esq., Rugby.)

- IV. Autograph of Christopher Harvey, from the parish register of Clifton on Dunsmore—facsimiled by Miss Newall . . . *Ibid.*

\* \* \* These anastatic etchings are from the press of Mr. Stephen H. Cowell, Ipswich. Whitney Church was carried away by the Wye in 1735-6, and was rebuilt in 1740. The present fabric is thus excluded from these Illustrations.



## PREFACE.

---

FROM 1640 onward to the present decade, 'The Synagogue' of CHRISTOPHER HARVEY has accompanied nearly every edition of 'The Temple' of GEORGE HERBERT, and I was readily persuaded by many spontaneous Correspondents not to sever the venerable association. I have deemed it well, nevertheless, to make the Poems of this Worthy an independent and separate, though companion, volume to the set of Herbert's Works. Nor was there a moment's hesitation as to adding 'Schola Cordis' to 'The Synagogue.' Throughout, 'Schola Cordis' bears the same mint-mark, and is informed with the same lowly, tender, sweet spirit as the better known 'Synagogue.' Perhaps my words toward the close of the Memorial-Introduction will lead some to *prove* that, besides their piety and innocent quaintness, the Poems of Christopher Harvey have qualities that make them worthy of their long association with Herbert. It is possible an unsympathetic reader may feel disposed to liken the placing of 'The Synagogue' and 'Schola Cordis' beside the marble-work of 'The Temple,' to those huts one meets with in classic lands squatting at the foot of once splendid and consecrate temples. I rather like to think of their association as symbolised by the swallows' nests hung in metope or frieze, to their passing stain, perchance, yet by *'immemorial lease of love,'* and the glance of swift and burnished

wing and breast, and the tropic note, vindicating their intrusion—if intrusion it be.

‘The Synagogue,’ as above, was first published in 1640, and then only contained the following :

The Dedication.  
 Subterlinare—A Stepping-Stone, &c.  
 The Church-yard.  
 The Church-stile.  
 The Church-gate.  
 The Church-walls.  
 The Church.  
 The Church-porch.  
 Invitation.  
 Comfort in Extremity.  
 Resolution and Assurance (divided into three stanzas).  
 The Nativity.  
 Vows broken and rewarded [*sic*, but clearly an error for ‘renewed’].  
 Confusion.  
 A Paradox.  
 Inmates.  
 The Curb [4 st.].  
 The Loss.  
 The Search.  
 The Return [7 st.].  
 The Circumcision.  
 Inundations.  
 Sin [5 st.].  
 Travels at Home.

It will thus be seen that in the after-editions there was a very considerable increase in the number of pieces. I. L. addressed his ingenious friend, the author of ‘The Synagogue,’ upon his *additional Church-utensils*. As stated in the relative note, our text is that of the fourth edition, 1661, as the last that could have come under the author’s

own eyes. A return thereto has corrected various errors and restored the genuine orthography. The ninth edition was published in 1709, along with the thirteenth edition of 'The Temple.'

'Schola Cordis' was first published in 1647—title-page on p. 101. By the liberality of HENRY HUTH, Esq., I have been enabled to reproduce its text. For full details on this second volume of Harvey's Verse, the reader is referred to our Memorial-Introduction.

I have now to thank very cordially the following friends and correspondents for services rendered in my work on this Worthy: Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON, as before; W. ALDIS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge; the Rev. WILLIAM LOWE, Bunbury, Cheshire; Haberdashers' Hall, London, through THOMAS WILSON, Esq., Harpenden, St. Albans; the Rev. SAMUEL NEWALL, M.A., Clifton on Dunsmore; the Rev. HENRY DEW, M.A., Whitney; the Rev. JAMES DAVIES, M.A., Moor Court, Kington; M. H. BLOXAM, Esq., Rugby.

The Memorial-Introduction will be found to supply a missing page or two of biography, and the Notes and Illustrations to elucidate things left obscure. The Glossarial Index will reveal the common use of words and turns of phrase of 'The Synagogue' and 'Schola Cordis.' The anastatic etchings of scenes related to Harvey (furnished in the 4to) I owe to the continued interest and well-trained hands of the Rev. W. FRANCIS FRANCIS, Great Saxham, Bury St. Edmunds. With reference to the prose books by Christopher Harvey, described in the Memorial-Introduction (pp. xxviii.-ix.), I should willingly give five guineas for them, assured as I am that they will reveal much of his intellect and heart.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

Park View, Blackburn, Lancashire,  
June 18, 1874.









**Kington Church.**



**Clifton-on-Dunsmore Church.**

*Christoph: Harvey Vicar.*



## MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

CHRISTOPHER HARVEY (OR HARVIE<sup>1</sup>), whose Poems it is my privilege (as with so many of these Worthies) for the first time to bring together, has himself very much to blame that so little has come down to posterity concerning him, and that hitherto he has been confounded with another Harvey, and robbed variously of the honour of contributions to the sacred poetry of England notable in their own humble way. For in a gracious little epistle-dedicatory to Sir Robert Whitney of one of the posthumous expositions (viz. of Psalm lxxxv., 1647) of good Thomas Pierson of Brampton-Brian, he avows that 'long agoe' he had 'put on almost an obstinate resolution never to send' his 'own name to the presse, except it' was 'to bring to light another man's labours.' Hence the anonymous title-pages, epistles, &c., of all he published, with the exception of a treatise hereafter to be noticed. The same epistle contains other references that have enabled me to shed a little more light on the long-dimmed memory than others have done, and to correct mistakes of Anthony a-Wood that have gone on uncorrected, as usual, ever since he made them. The epistle thus opens :

'To the Right Worshipfull my truly noble and thrice most honoured patron, Sir Robert Whitney, Knight.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> As onward it will be found his father's name is sometimes spelt Harvey and Harvy and sometimes Harvie; and so with his own.

<sup>2</sup> Born 1592, buried 15th September 1653. His widow survived him. Her will, dated 14th September 1667, was proved 20th November 1668.

'It is not unknown unto Him, unto Whose eyes all things are naked and opened, that a strong desire doth possesse me (if it be not more proper to call it ambition) of offering to the present age, and leaving to posterity, some publick evidence of that unfeigned thankfulness, which I humbly acknowledge to be due unto you, for your altogether undeserved as well as unexpected at the first, *and now little lesse than twenty years*' continued favour, expressed amongst many other particulars by *three severall presentations unto such Church-livings as were in your power to dispose of*; and those not only so freely, but also so friendly, not granted, but offered, that would be the severest censurer of symonie that ever was chose of purpose a pattern in that particular for patrons perpetually to practise by, the world could not afford him any one that might more truly say than you can, *Nec prece, nec precis.*'

Dated in 1647, the 'little less than *twenty years*' of this epistle takes us back to about 1629, and the '*three severall presentations*' indicated, find partial elucidation at any rate in these Facts: (a) In 1629-30 the following entry occurs in the register of Whitney: 'Anne, the daughter of Christopher Harvey and Margaret his wife, was baptized March 13th, 1630.' Another entry informs us that 'William Huddleston, clerck, Rector of Whitney, was buried December 19th, 1630.' It thus appears that Harvey was living at Whitney before he himself became its rector, which he did upon the death of Huddleston. Probably he was acting as 'assistant' to his predecessor while the old man 'walked' slowly and lingeringly along the valley of the shadow of death. These other 'baptism' entries at Whitney carry us forward to 1639—the first a very remarkable Christian name, but not without suggestiveness in the recollection of Christopher Marlowe's mighty tragedy (1586) of 'Tamburlaine the Greate':

(2) Tamberlane, the sonne of Christopher Harvey, clerck, and Margaret his wife, was baptized July 7, 1633.

(3) John, y<sup>e</sup> sonne of Christopher Harvey, clerck, and Margaret his wife, baptized June 21, 1635.

(4) Robert, the sonne of Christopher Harvey, clerck, and Margaret his wife, was baptized July 30, 1637.

(5) Hellen, the daughter of Christopher Harvey, clerck, and Margaret his wife, was baptized September 22, 1639.

With the last all notice of Christopher Harvey at Whitney ends.

(b) In the original 'Register Booke, or a Perfect Account both of Schoolmasters and Scholars,' &c., of the Grammar School of Kington, Herefordshire, the first entry runs: 'Mem. that the day and yeare in the margin mentioned (A.D. 1632, Septemb. 29), Christopher Harvey, M<sup>r</sup> of Arts, late rector of the parish church of Whitney . . . was, by direction from Captain Anthony Lewes, Esq., one of the executors of the last will and testament of the said Lady [= Dame Margaret Hawkins, widow of the circumnavigator; her maiden name Vaughan], admitted by us the first prælector or head schoolmaster of the said school:

John Vaughan.

James Vaughan, &c.

The word '*late* Rector of Whitney' would seem to show that Harvey had resigned that 'living' in 1632 for the schoolmastership of Kington. His patron-friend Whitney was one of the School's trustees. Perhaps the baptism-entries on to 1639 point to a mild kind of 'symonie,' as noted in the epistle *supra*. Or is the explanation that Harvey resigned Whitney conditionally? He must have continued master at Kington a very short time, being appointed Sept. 29, 1632, while David Meredith was made his successor March 25, 1633. So he seems to have quietly returned to Whitney, as the baptism-entries imply. The importance of this newly-found bit of fact will appear immediately. Meantime, possessors of our quarto will be gratified with a cunningly-rendered anastatic etching of the venerable school, with the hoar of centuries on it now and a

piquant quaintness of look.<sup>1</sup> (c) On 14th November 1639, Christopher Harvey was instituted to the vicarage of Clifton-on-Dunsmore, Warwickshire, on the presentation of Sir Robert Whitney of Whitney. His 'presentation' was coincident with a fact given by Dugdale in his county history of Warwickshire, as follows under Clifton: 'Here was a fair spire steeple, as an eminent landmark, seen over all the part of the countrey in regard of its height and situation of the place; which in the year 1639 was pull'd down to save the costs of its repair' (p. 9, edition 1765, folio). The following baptism entries are from the parish register of Clifton on Dunsmore:

(1) Bridgett and Mary, [twin] daughters of Christopher Harvey and Margaret his wife, were baptized June 12, 1642.

(2) Witney, the son of Christopher Harvey and Margaret his wife, was baptized September 24, 1643; and, alas, 'buried' October 11th, 1643; thus

'No sooner borne then blasted.'

(3) Thomas, the son of Christopher Harvey and Margaret his wife, was baptized February 22, 1645.

Turning back on these 'three severall presentations,' there can be no doubt that they answer throughout to the words of the epistle-dedicatory to the gallant Cavalier Sir Robert Whitney; while another epistle (to exposition by Pierson of Psalm lxxxvii.), 'to the right vertuous and religious, my most honoured ladie, the Ladie Anne Whitney,' similarly acknowledges obligation to this famous daughter of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote.<sup>2</sup> It will be

<sup>1</sup> See note on page xi. *ante*, for information on this school.

<sup>2</sup> I have concluded that Kington School was one of the three 'preferments' to which Harvey alludes, because, though Sir Robert Whitney was not the actual patron, his influence was absolute from his family position and relationship to the Vaughans. It is just

observed, too, that the little son 'Witney' (or Whitney) drew his brief-worn name from his father's friends. But the mastership of Kington Grammar School is most of all to be remembered, seeing that Anthony a-Wood designated *Thomas Harvey* as 'the first master of Kington School,' and, what is worse, 'the author of "The Synagogue," in imitation of divine Herbert.' With an uncharacteristic lack of inquisitiveness, Wood, in chronicling, sub George Turberville ('*Athenæ*,' i. 628, ed. Bliss), translations of Eclogues of Mantuan, remarks: 'The said eclogues were afterwards translated by another hand; but not without the help of that translation of Turberville, though not acknowledged. The person that performed it was Thomas Harvey, who writes himself gent. But whether the same Thomas Harvey who was master of arts, the first master of Kington School in Herefordshire (founded 1620), and the author of "The Synagogue," in imitation of divine Herbert, *I know not*.' It is a pity he did not exercise his usual painstaking, when he would have discovered that Christopher, not Thomas, was 'the first master of Kington School,' and Christopher, not Thomas, Harvey author of 'The Synagogue.' The 'Thomas Harvey, *gent*,' was a translator, with some salt of wit, of various Italian and Latin poets, as 'The Bucolicks of Baptist Mantuan, in Ten Eclogues. Translated out of Latine into English, by Tho. Harvey, Gent' (1656), and 'The Latine Epigrams of John Owen, late one of the Fellows of New Colledge in Oxford. Rendred into English by Thomas Harvey, Gent. Once a Commoner in the Colledge at Winchester' (1677). In the 'Fasti' (ii. 9) there is a notice of 'William Harvey, son of Thomas Harvey, gent, by Joan Halke his wife; born at Folkstone in Kent on the second day of April 1578.' Query, the 'Thomas

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possible that the associated chapel-of-ease with Clifton may have been the third. The Rector of Clifton then drew its revenues.

Harvey, Gent,' *supra*? or was this the great discoverer of the circulation of the blood, renowned Dr. William Harvey? So elsewhere. The invariable occurrence of his name in full to all he published, and the as invariable addition of 'Gent' (that is, gentleman), enable us to set aside in another way Wood's mistake, and also a similar one—of which more in the sequel—on 'Schola Cordis.' Izaak Walton here furnishes undoubtable testimony. In the 'Complete Angler' he quotes a poem from 'The Synagogue' (viz. 13. The Book of Common Prayer, pp. 17-18), and puts in margin to it the name of 'Christopher Harvie;' and that he knew the man is shown by these three things: (1) That he himself wrote a commendatory poem *to his friend* the author of 'The Synagogue' (see it onward). (2) That in the 'Complete Angler' he calls him 'a friend of mine.' (3) That Christopher Harvey in turn addressed a commendatory poem on the 'Complete Angler,' given onward. Further, Walton calls him in the prefix to the poem before 'The Synagogue' 'my reverend friend,' and in the 'Complete Angler' in making the quotation 'a divine.' Now Thomas Harvey was not 'master of Kington School,' and not 'reverend' or 'a divine,' but ostentatiously 'Gent.'

It will summarise the matter to give here successively—(a) the heading of Walton's poem; (b) Walton's words in 'Complete Angler;' (c) Harvey's poem to Walton.

(a) *Heading of Walton's poem to Harvey.*

To my Reverend Friend the Author of 'The Synagogue.'

(b) *Walton's words in 'Complete Angler,' chap. v.*

'*Ven.* I thank you, good master, for your good direction for fly-fishing, and for the sweet enjoyment of the pleasant day, which is, so far, spent without offence to God or man. And I thank you for the sweet close of your discourse with Mr. Herbert's verses, who, I have

heard, loved angling ; and I do the rather believe it, because he had a spirit suitable to anglers, and to those primitive Christians that you love and have so much commended.

' *Pisc.* Well, my loving scholar, and I am pleased to know that you are so well pleased with my direction and discourse. And since you like these verses of Mr. Herbert's so well, let me tell you what a *reverend and learned divine* [in margin, *Ch. Harvie*] that professes to imitate him, and has indeed done so most excellently, hath writ of our Book of Common Prayer, which I know you will like the better, because he is a *friend of mine*, and I am sure no enemy to angling.

"What! Pray'r by th' book? and common? Yes; why not?"'

(c) *Christopher Harvey's poem to Walton, prefixed to second edition of the 'Complete Angler' (1655).*

To the Reader of the Complete Angler.

First, mark the title well ; my friend that gave it  
Has made it good ; this book deserves to have it :  
For he that views it with judicious looks  
Shall find it full of art, baits, lines, and hooks.  
The world the river is ; both you and I  
And all mankind are either fish or fry ;  
If we pretend to reason, first or last  
His baits will tempt us, and his hooks hold fast,  
Pleasure or profit, either prose or rhyme,  
If not at first will doubtlesse take's in time.

Here sits in secret blest Theologie,  
Waited upon by grave Philosophie  
Both naturall and morall ; Historie  
Deck'd and adorn'd with flowers of poetrie,  
The matter and expression striving which  
Shall most excel in worth, yet not seem rich :  
There is no danger in his baits ; that hook  
Will the safest that is surest took.

Nor are we caught alone, but (which is best)  
We shall be wholsom and be toothsom drest :  
Drest to be fed, not to be fed upon ;  
And danger of a surfet here is none.



The solid food of serious contemplation  
 Is sauc'd here with such harmlesse recreation,  
 That an ingenuous and religious minde  
 Cannot inquire for more than it may finde  
 Ready at once prepar'd, either t' excite  
 Or satisfie a curious appetite.

More praise is due; for 'tis both positive  
 And truth, which once was interrogative,  
 And utter'd by the poet then in jest,

*Et piscatorem piscis amare potest.*

C. H., Master of Arts.

It may be safely assumed, with all this concurrent evidence, that Anthony a-Wood, misinformed as to Thomas Harvey having been 'the first master of Kington School,' was also misinformed on the authorship of 'The Synagogue,' much as he was in assigning the well-known Poems of Southwell to John Davies of Hereford.

Another line of research has yielded us additional Facts, that go to give definiteness to an indefinite statement of Wood, and to explain how it came to pass that our Worthy is found in Herefordshire, viz. at Whitney and Kington.

First of all, in preparing our Memoir of learned and saintly SAMUEL TORSHELL—for the reprint in Nichol's Puritan Commentaries of Stock and Torshell on Malachi (1865)—I discovered that a Christopher Harvey was the 'preacher' at Bunbury, Cheshire, in association with 'holy' William Hinde, the golden-penned biographer of John Bruen of Bruen-Stopford. This Christopher Harvey I find from the ancient Records of the Haberdashers' Company of London, in whom vests the 'presentation' to Bunbury, must have been among the first, if not the very first, preacher and schoolmaster (both apparently united in one) of the place, founded by moneys and lands 'delivered' and 'conveyed' to the 'master and wardens' by one of their own members, 'Mr. Thomas Aldersey,' as appears by these extracts :

(1) 1594. 'Mr. T. Aldersey delivered to the Mr. [master] and wardens the some of £300, to the use of the company for ever, to be employed in purchasing of land or otherwise, as to the Mr., wardens, and assistants of the worshipful company for the tyme being, or the more part of them, shall seem good in their discretion, they giving yearly for ever £viii. to eight poor householders of the company, according to former order taken in that behaulf; the same to be yearly distributed thereto forever, by his appointment, on the morrow of the elecson of the master and wardens of this worshipful company, and the first payment to be on the morrow after the next elecson daie now next comynge; and it is ordered that the master and wardens shall set the seale of the house for the sealing of such counterparts of wryting and other things as is needful to be done about Mr. Aldersey's busyness, touchinge the tythes of Bunbery and other lands that are to be conveyed to the use of the free schoole there; and this is to be their warrant on that behaulf.'

(2) 2d November 1597. 'At the request of Mr. John Aldersey, and for the better despatch of the business of Mr. Aldersey's schoole and other things touching that corporacion in Cheshire, it is ordered that a letter of attorney shalbe made from the governors of the said school to one John Aldersey of Spurstowe, in the county of Chester, gentleman, to collect the rents and revenues of the land assured to that corporacion by Mr. John Aldersey, wherein it is thought convenyent that there shalbe conteyned a covenant on the behaulf of the said John Aldersey, that he shall well and trulie paie and destribute out of his receipts such somes of money to the preacher, the schoole-master, and others in the parish of Boneburie, as is thereto paid and distributed according to the order sett downe and provided in that behaulf; and that he shall accompt yearly for the same and the residue of his receipts, with proviso that the same letter of attourney shall not stand

any longer in force than it shall seem good to the governors aforesaid.'

Then specifically :

(3) 14th July 1600. 'First [=the first business before the Court that day], on reading of a letter sent to our master and wardens from Mr. Christopher Harvie, Mr. Aldersey's preacher at Bunbury in Cheshire, containing the names of the schollers and the order of their proceeding and the state of the school there, it is ordered that a letter shalbe sent unto him from our master and wardens in answer thereof, desyringe him to persevere and continue his care unto the schoole, as he hath already done according to the trust reposed in him.'

These extracts are all of distinct statement remaining in the old records—searched diligently backward to 1590—and they leave the date of the first preachingship and the date of the appointment of Christopher Harvey undeterminable. But it seems clear that in 1600 he was the preacher, and probably was at once given the post by Mr. Aldersey in 1594-5. I fix on 1594-5, because the letters patent of Queen Elizabeth are dated 2d January 1594; the lease A.D. 1595; and Thomas Aldersey's own will 20th February 1595. Then in the statutes 'prescribed, limited, and ordained by Thomas Aldersey, citizen and haberdasher,' Article 12 reads: 'Item: the preacher for the time being shall have and enjoy for his dwelling-house that messuage or tenement with the appurtenances and all the lands which he, the said Thomas Aldersey, purchased of Thomas Bonebury, Esq., all which he now uses, *and occupied by Christopher Harvey the preacher*, their or his assignes.' This must have been before 1595. Unfortunately the registers of the church—a very fine miniature-cathedral one—of Bunbury are fragmentary, and do not include 1597. Among the earliest entries is the burial of the good preacher :

1601, 23 N[ovember], Xtopher Harvy, preachr of Bunb.

But though we are thus deprived of the satisfaction of finding the 'baptism' of our Christopher Harvey in the register, it will be immediately seen that he was certainly son of the preacher of Bunbury. Wood describes him as 'a minister's son of Cheshire,' and that he was 'aged sixteen years' in 1613, which gives his birth as 1597, or exactly in agreement with the preceding data.<sup>1</sup>

A further entry in the Bunbury register makes the identity still more certain, viz. the following:

Matrimonia, 1608 [=1609 according to our style].

Feb. 21. Thomas Pierson of Waverham, presbyter, and Ellen Harvie of Bunburie, Wid[ow].

This 'Thomas Pierson' of Waverham was the afterwards celebrated Thomas Pierson of Brampton-Brian, the editor of the Works of William Perkins, the chosen friend of the Harleys, and the 'savoury' expositor of certain of the Psalms. Here is explained our Christopher Harvey's migration to Herefordshire and his loving publication of Pierson's expositions. His mother in her widowhood having become Pierson's wife, Master Christopher, born in 1597, would be in his twelfth year at the date of the marriage. His stepfather Pierson loved him as his own child—all the more, perchance, that he had none of his own—and the epistles-dedicatory to the posthumously published expositions show that Harvey reciprocated the affection, not to say that he revered him with pathetic wistfulness. It is extremely satisfying to have been enabled thus by widely-gleaned memoranda to recover the personality of the 'sweet singer' of 'The Synagogue.'<sup>2</sup> No

<sup>1</sup> One separate sheet at Bunbury contains the baptism-entries to 1578. There is then a gap, and the regular entries are not resumed until 1598.

<sup>2</sup> The following entries at Bunbury are placed here as they probably belong to the same family of Harveys:

*Sepultura.*

1619. May 20. John, the son of James Harvy of Bunbury.

doubt our Worthy was first of all educated in the Grammar School of Bunbury, with his venerable father's eye on him. The 'Athenæ' and 'Fasti' furnish these further Facts: that Christopher Harvey 'became a batler [=poor scholar: and be it remembered, Jeremy Taylor was entered *pauper scholaris*] of Brasen-nose Coll. in 1613, aged [as *supra*] 16 years; took the degrees in arts [Bachelor of Arts, May 10, 1617; 'Fasti,' i. 369], that of master being completed 1620 [May 10; 'Fasti,' i. 393]; holy orders; and at length was made Vicar of Clifton [with Dunsmore] in Warwickshire.' Wood also records the following work by him: 'The Right Rebel. A Treatise discovering the true Use of the Name by the Nature of Rebellion, with

*Baptismata.*

1620. June 11. Mary, the daughter of James Harvy of Woodward Green.

1627. August 6. John, the son of John Harvey of Tearton [=Tiverton].

1628. Jan. 18. Elizabeth, the daughter of James Harvey of Calveley.

*Matrimonia.*

1605. Jan. 28. John Smith and Margaret Harvey.

1618 (n.s. 1619). January 4. James Harvy and Elizabeth Jones, both of this parish.

1629. Septem. 13. John Williamson of Burwardsley, and Jane Harvie of Tilston.

It may be permitted me to refer to my full Memoir of Pierson in the reprint of his Expositions of certain Psalms (1868. Nichol's Puritan Commentaries), where, for the first time, a noticeable life is adequately treated. With reference to the elder Christopher Harvey of Bunbury, it is interesting and pleasant to know that an eminent successor of his—Samuel Torshell—remembered him in his noble sermon at the funeral of Mr. John Moulson of Hargrave, at Bunbury ('Home of Mourning' (1672), sermon xx.); e.g. 'He began to sort himself with the gravest company, chiefly with that learned and godly Master Christopher Harvey, sometime incumbent in this church, to whom he was dear.'

the Properties and Practices of Rebels. Applicable to all both old and new Phanatics. Lond. 1661 (oct.)' . . . 'Faction supplanted: or, a Caveat against the ecclesiastical and secular Rebels, in two Parts. 1. A Discourse concerning the Nature, Properties, and Practices of Rebels. 2. Against the Inconstancy and inconsistent Contrariety of the same Men's Pretensions and Practices, Principles and Doctrines. Lond. 1663 (oct.); pen'd mostly in 1642, and finished 3 Ap. 1645.' He remarks of the latter: 'This book, I suppose (for I have not seen it or the other), is the same with the former, only a new title put to it, to make it vend the better.' Further: 'Another book goes under his name, called "Conditions of Christianity," printed at Lond. in two; but that, or any other besides, I have not yet seen.' Wood also notices his publication of Pierson's Expositions ('Athenæ,' iii. 538). No more than Wood have I succeeded in finding either of the two books named; but Pickering's *Herbert* (1853, vol. ii. p. 291) to the first title-page prefixes 'ΑΦΗΝΙΑΣΤΗΣ or . . .,' and gives the name and publisher and collation in full: 'by *Christopher Harvey*, Vicar of *Clifton*, in the county of *Warwick*. Lond. Printed for *R. Royston*, Bookseller to his sacred Majesty, 1661;' oct. p. 176, besides title, dedication (to Sir Geoffery Palmer, Knight and Bart.), and preface, eight leaves.

It is vexatious that the 'Right Rebel' and 'Conditions' should thus have disappeared.

Harvey was fortunate in all his locations (if an Americanism be permitted), from his Bethlehem-like birth-place in antique Bunbury to his pleasant rectory on the Wye at Whitney and his school at Kington, and finally in semi-historical Clifton - on - Dunsmore on the rocky shores of the Avon. These outward facts alone survive in relation to the last—viz. (a) In 1653, under a decree of the Court of Chancery, he was appointed a trustee of neighbouring Rugby School by the designation of Christopher Harvey, Esquire, of Clifton, it having been not

then unusual to designate well-born clergymen as 'Esquire,' as witness burial-entry of George Herbert. (b) The register under 4th of April 1663 enters, 'buried Mr. Christopher Harvey, Vicar of Clifton.' (c) There is no monument to his memory; but in the churchyard, south of the chancel, and not many feet from it, is a low flat tomb, with a moulding on the verge, of the seventeenth century. This tomb is uninscribed, but is supposed by an antiquary in the neighbourhood to have covered the remains of Christopher Harvey. Within the church of Clifton nothing remains of the early woodwork or church furniture, even the ancient font, in which Thomas Carte the historian—a native of Clifton—was baptised by immersion, being gone; but externally it is the same as in Harvey's time.<sup>1</sup> I do not doubt, accordingly, that our anastatic etching of it after a photograph (in 4to) will be acceptable. Curiously enough there is a chapel-of-ease to the mother-church of Clifton—Brownsever Chapel—considered by competent authority to have been erected in the eleventh or twelfth century, very similar in size and general appearance to the church of George Herbert at Bemerton.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Carte baptised all his family by immersion. See below for more on successors of Harvey.

<sup>2</sup> The present Incumbent of Clifton-on-Dunsmore (Rev. Samuel Newall, M.A.) has communicated to me various interesting memoranda on three of his predecessors. This is scarcely the place for utilising them in full, but their names and a little more may be recorded here: (a) Samuel Carte, Prebendary of Lichfield, was inducted into the vicarage on 27th March 1684. He is still remembered as an accomplished antiquary, but mainly as the father of Thomas Carte the Historian of Ormonde. (b) Bartholomew Fox, inducted into the vicarage on 4th September 1733. He claimed to be a descendant of the martyrologist. He was interred 3d April 1780. (c) The Rev. J. H. C. Moor, B.D., was curate and vicar from June 1803 to March 1853. A vol. of his 'Sermons' was published in 1855. Pickering's Herbert (1853: vol. ii. p. 291) mistakenly names him Vicar of Rugby. It may be added that Edward Cave, the first

The authorship of 'The Synagogue' having been vindicated for Christopher Harvey as against the blunder of Anthony a-Wood in assigning it to Thomas Harvey, Gent, it is only required that the Facts be told concerning 'Schola Cordis.' Like 'The Synagogue'—as we have seen—'Schola Cordis' was issued anonymously in 1647. A second edition was also published anonymously in 1664, 'for Lodowick Lloyd at the Castle in Cornhill.' A third edition appeared in 1675, and on its title-page after 'Emblems' comes—'by the *Author* of the SYNAGOGUE annexed to Herbert's poems. Whereunto is Added, The Learning of the Heart, by the same Hand. The third edition. London, Printed for Lodowick Lloyd.' 'The Learning of the Heart' was given in the 1647, and I have seen it in copies of that of 1664, though not named in either of their title-pages. It will be observed that the same publisher issued both the second and third editions. All the three engraved titles are different; but the 'Emblems' themselves—of which more anon—are from the same plates.

Mr. W. C. Hazlitt in his 'Bibliography of Old English Literature' commits several errors about 'Schola Cordis.' First of all, he places it under Thomas Harvey, on the allegation that while Sir John Hawkins ascribed the book and 'The Synagogue' to Christopher Harvey, he is opposed by Wood in this assertion. Neither Wood nor Hawkins so much as names 'Schola Cordis.' Moreover if Mr. Hazlitt accepted Wood's imagined assignment of 'Schola Cordis' to Thomas Harvey, why did he not place 'The Synagogue' also under his name? There is not a shadow of proof that Thomas Harvey ever claimed one syllable of 'Schola Cordis.' He put his own name in full to all his books. He was also

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Sylvanus Urban of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' and whose life Dr. Johnson wrote, was a native of the township of Newton in Clifton parish, having been born in a house which is still called Cave's Inn. The old Clifton Vicarage is now used as a farmhouse.



still living in 1675, when the third edition was published. But indeed his non-authorship of 'The Synagogue,' *ceteris paribus*, involves his non-authorship of 'Schola Cordis.' Internally no one could for a moment imagine the meretricious translator of 'Mantuan' writing one line of 'Schola Cordis.' Modern reprints of 'Schola Cordis' in 1808, 1812, 1823, and even so recently as 1866, misled by the word 'Emblems' and a very superficial resemblance in the opening of the first Emblem to his well-known Emblems, boldly as ignorantly put the name of Francis Quarles on the title-page. This odd blunder is one of the 'Curiosities of Literature' worthy of a place in a revised D'Israeli. It is only a typical example of how hastily and perfunctorily much editorial work is done.

'Schola Cordis' derives its engravings—very poor as a whole—from the Dutch Haeften, with the exception of i. ii. and iii., engraved by William Marshall. To Haeften also belong the hexameters and texts from iv. to xlvii. Whose those of i. to iii. are does not appear; nor is it of any moment. The texts of these three, unlike the rest, are not from the Vulgate. With reference to the Verse—called Odes and Epigrams—an examination of Haeften shows that Harvey took from him only the general idea and the subjects and texts (exclusive of i. to iii.). The Odes and Epigrams are his own. These details may interest, as showing Haeften's and Harvey's plans and (apparent) reasons for arranging their quotations and texts as they have done:

Lib. i. This is a kind of introduction to 'The School,' the 'Emblems' commencing with Lib. ii.

Lib. ii. *Aversi Cordis ad Deum conversio et directio*. Prima Classis: *Cordis Aversio*, Embl. i.-vii.—iv.-10, Harvey; Secundi Classis: *Cordis Reversio et Expurgato*, Embl. viii.-xiv.—xi.-xvii., Harvey; Tert. Classis: *Cordis Oblatio et Examen*, Embl. xv.-xx—xviii.-xxiii., Harvey.

Lib. iii. *Dei erga Cor humanum beneficia*. Quarta Clas-

sis: Cordis Illuminatio et Spiritualis Profectus, Embl. xxi.-xxxi., *i.e.* Cor renov.—C. dilatio; Quinta Classis: Cordis perfectio et cum Christo Unio, Embl. xxxii.-xxxix., *i.e.* C. inhab.—C. Quies.

Lib. iv. Exercitatio Cordis in Christi Passione Præfatio. De utilitate medilandi passionem Domini nostri Jesu Christi. Sexta Classis: Peregrinatio Cordis cum Christi Patiente, Embl. xl.-xlvii., *i.e.* Baln. C.—Compunct. C.; Septima Classis: Cordis cum Cruce et Crucifixo Conformatio, Embl. xlvi.-lv., *i.e.* C. in cruce exp.—Thal. C. &c.

I have not put in the Harvey numbers in books iii. iv. because then the arrangement begins to vary, and while i.-xxviii. of *Hæften* run parallel with iv.-xxxii. of Harvey and in same order, there are subsequently differences; *e.g.* the engraving in Harvey opposite xxxi. is a reduplication by error of xli. Then xxx. Cordis Scalæ is xxxvii. Harvey; xxxi. is xxxv.; xxxii. is xxxiv.; xxxiv. is xxxiii.; xxxv. is xxxvi.; xxxvi. is xxxii.; xxxvii. is xxxviii.; xxxviii. is xxxix.; and so on one in advance in Harvey to xlv.—xlvi.; then xlvii. is xlvi.; lii. is xlvii. Harvey omits the following altogether:

xxix. Cordis Protectio: Dedisti eis scutum cordis laborem tuum (Thren. iii. 65).

xxxiii. Obsignatio Cordis: Pone me ut signaculum, super cor tuum (Cant. viii. 6).

xlv. Pictura Cordis ex sindone Veronicæ expressa: Signatum est super nos lumen vultus tui Domine (Psal. iv. 7).

xlvi. Cor Phiala Christo sitiendi: Dabo tibi poculum ex vino condito (Cant. viii. 2).

xlvi. Cordis in cruce expansio: In simplicitate cordis quærite illum (Sap. i. 1).

xlvi. Crucis in corde Plantatio: Plantatio Domino ad glorificandum (Isaice lxi. 3).

l. Dedicatio Cordis Titulo Crucis: Titulus Domini

juxta terminum altaris erit in signum et in testimonium Domino exercituum (Isaice xix. 19).

li. Apertio Cordis Lanceâ Longini : Vulnerata charitate ego sum (Cant. ii. 5).

liii. Azylum Cordis in latere vulnerato : Esto quasi columba nidificans in summo ore foraminis (Jerem. xlviii. 28).

liv. Speculum Cordis in quinque vulneribus : Inspice et fac secundum exemplar quod tibi in monte monstratum est (Exod. xxv. 40).

lv. Thalamus Cordis in Christi sepulchro : Consepulti sumus cum Christo (Rom. vi. 4).

The engraved frontispiece (or title-page) of Harvey's 'Schola Cordis' is an exceedingly poor and reversed copy of Haeften's. The 'Emblems' in Haeften are far superior to those in Harvey's book—indeed those in Haeften of 1629 are wonderfully soft. Those of 1663, though from the same plates, are so inferior that they must have been used in intermediate editions and often retouched. Van Lochem in Harvey seems to have traced his from the back, at least xviii.-xxix. and xlvii. are reversed. The rest are not reversed, but must have all been traced in the principal parts and occasionally in a glass; for though the faces differ, and there are slight variations in the hair and of the back-placed foot, yet the general resemblance in the proportions and attitudes of the figures and the folds of flying scarfs is too close to be accounted for by mere copying by eye.

One cannot quite understand why Harvey omitted some that he has omitted, as for instance Haeften's xxxiii. *Obsignato cordis*, &c.; but he appears in all the other cases to have avoided any Emblem with a cross or such representations as contained the inscription *INRI* as l., or the wounded body of Christ, liii.-iv. Yet he has illustrated one of the Emblems showing the 'five wounds.' It is a pity he did not take lv. with its *Consepulti sumus cum Christo*, together with the rest of the passage, or it and

then the rest of the passage as a final Emblem. He would thereby have had a better close and ending of the whole.

It is characteristic of Harvey's humble self-estimate that in 'The Synagogue' he sought to 'imitate' with distant footstep 'The Temple,' and that in 'Schola Cordis' he accepted the Emblems and texts of Hæften. This modesty of his similarly leads him to adopt even Herbert's oddities of form, as his Easter Wings, which in Harvey is reproduced in Ode xxxviii. (pp. 208-10) and in Ode xxxvii. (pp. 205-7). His notices of himself are likewise shaped on Herbert's of himself, *e.g.* p. 149. So throughout; and yet equally throughout there is evidence of a very distinct individuality, as well as of a singularly holy and consecrate life. The 'tune' of the Poetry may be no more than that of a 'singing brook' under the leaves, yet is it a God-given 'tune,' with melodies and harmonies and changes to the listening and stooped ear.

Turning to 'The Synagogue,' these additional notes of Coleridge—additional to those incorporated in our Notes and Illustrations—on certain of the poems in it are of value :

P. 46, The Nativity, &c. The only poem in 'The Synagogue' which possesses *poetic* merit; with a few changes and additions this would be a striking poem.

Mr. C[oleridge] proposes to substitute the following for the fifth to the eighth line :

' To sheath or blunt one happy ray,  
That wins new splendour from the day.  
This day that gives the power to rise,  
And shine on hearts as well as eyes;  
This birthday of all souls, when first  
On eyes of flesh and blood did burst  
That primal great lucific light,  
That rays to thee, to us gave sight.'

P. 56, Whitsunday. The spiritual miracle was the descent of the Holy Ghost; the outward the wind and the tongues; and so St. Peter himself explains it. That each

individual obtained the power of speaking all languages, is neither contained in nor fairly deducible from St. Luke's account.

P. 59, 'All reason doth *transcend*.' Most true; but not *contradict*. Reason is to faith as the eye to the telescope. (Coleridge's Notes, from Pickering's Herbert, 1835, onward).

P. 10, 'The best and most forcible sense of a word is often that which is contained in its etymology. The author of the poems ("The Synagogue") . . . gives the original purport of the word integrity :

"Next to sincerity, remember still  
Thou must resolve upon *integrity*.  
God will have *all* thou hast—thy mind, thy will,  
Thy thoughts, thy words, thy works."

And again, after some verses on constancy and humility, the poem concludes with :

"He that desires to see  
The face of God, in his religion must  
Sincere, *entire*, constant, and humble be."

('The Friend,' vol. i. p. 53, edition 1837.)

I must demur to the *dictum* that The Nativity is the only poem of 'The Synagogue' of 'poetic merit' as I must prefer Harvey's own simpler if rugged lines to the Coleridge version. The student will find several other complete poems of true 'poetic merit,' and many a line and epithet and quaint conceit such as only a real Maker could have given us. I have always deemed the opening of 17. Communion Plate as demonstrative of an imaginative faculty in *kind* resembling Herbert and Vaughan's. The noblest use of gold is surely very fine. Then his entitling the Book of God as the 'god of books' (p. 21) is very memorable, and has been often since misassigned to others.

The Notes and Illustrations to the poems and the Glossarial Index will guide to a goodly number of some-

what out-of-the-way words and phrases and compound epithets and conceits which are common to 'The Synagogue' and 'Schola Cordis.' The rhythm and entire *mode* of expression are also alike. The student-reader will be abundantly rewarded if he give an hour or two to study the thinking and the feeling of Odes ix. xiv. xvi. xvii. xviii. xix. xxiii. xxv. xxvi. xxviii. and xxx. There are subtleties and daintinesses in all of these—to name no more—that seem to me exquisite.

Altogether this Worthy stands out a very venerable and lovable man and a genuine Singer, as well as of 'the godly best divines' whose 'lives,' as old Samuel Rowlands sang in his 'Fooles Bolt is Soone Shot' (1614),

'according to their doctrine shine,  
That have not their religion all in tongue.'

As a Poet his note is true as a singing-bird's, and there is throughout the felt presence of The Master. And so to shy, modest, hiding Christopher Harvey may there be given all kindest greeting and welcome by a new and enlarged circle of friends! If comparisons with Herbert as a Poet show him far beneath him, let Timothe Kendall's pleading (1577) avail:

'Now, reader, lende thy listyning eare,  
And after synging larke,  
Content thy self of chattyng crow  
Some homely notes to marke.'

('Trifles.')

Altogether and intrinsically the gentle Singer of 'The Synagogue' and of 'Schola Cordis' will abundantly reward sympathetic days spent over his lowly pages. Be it remembered that one of his poems, Of the Book of Common-prayer, was in the mind of Elia when he thus wrote to Coleridge, 28th October 1796: 'Among all your quaint readings, did you ever light upon Walton's "Complete An-

gler"? I asked you the question once before ; it breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity, and simplicity of heart ; *there are many choice old verses interspersed in it* ; it would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it ; it would christianise every discordant angry passion : pray make yourself acquainted with it.' Charles Lamb rarely mis-estimates or exaggerates.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.



I.

THE SYNAGOGUE;

OR

THE SHADOW OF THE TEMPLE.



NOTE.

Opposite is given the title-page of the last edition of the Synagogue published during the author's lifetime; and which is our text. See our Preface and Memorial-Introduction for account of other editions, original, early, and modern. G.

THE  
SYNAGOGUE,  
OR,  
THE SHADOW  
OF THE  
TEMPLE.

Sacred Poems, and  
Private Ejaculations.

In imitation of

Mr. George Herbert.

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PLIN. SEC. lib. i. Ep. 5.

Stultissimum credo ad imitandum non optima  
quæque proponere.

I do esteem't a folly not the least  
To imitate examples not the best.

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The fourth Edition, corrected  
and enlarged.

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LONDON,

Printed for *Philemon Stephens*, at the guilded  
Lyon in *St. Pauls Church-yard*. 1661.

[12mo.]

*To the Author.*

He that doth imitate must comprehend  
Verse, matter, order, titles, spirit, wit ;  
For these our Church-Poet doth intend,  
And he who hath this Imitation writ.

O glory of the time ! best English singer !  
Happy both he the hand, and thou the Finger !

R. L[angford of Gray's Inn, Counsellor of Law].



## THE SYNAGOGUE.

### 1. SUBTERLIMINARE.<sup>1</sup>

Dic, cujus Templum? Christi. Quis condidit? Ede.  
Condidit Herbertus. Dic, quibus auxiliis?  
Auxiliis multis: quibus haud mihi dicere fas est.  
Tanta est ex dictis lis oriunda meis.  
Gratia, si dicam, dedit omnia; protinus obstat 5  
Ingenium, dicens cuncta fuisse sua.  
Ars negat, et nihil est non nostrum dicit in illo;  
Nec facile est litem composuisse mihi.  
Divide: materiam det gratia, materiaeque  
Ingenium cultus induat arsque modos. 10  
Non: ne displiceat pariter res omnibus ista,  
Nec sortita velint jura vocare sua.  
Nempe pari sibi jure petunt cultusque modosque  
Materiamque ars et gratia et ingenium.  
Ergo, velit si quis dubitantem tollere elenchum, 15  
De Templo Herberti talia dicta dabit.  
In Templo Herbertus condendo est gratia totus,  
Ars pariter totus, totus et ingenium.  
Cedite Romanae, Graiiae quoque cedite Musae;  
Unum par cunctis Anglia jactat opus. 20

<sup>1</sup> The figures <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, &c., refer to Notes and Illustrations at p. 90 et seq. G.

## 2. A STEPPING-STONE

TO THE THRESHOLD OF MR. HERBERT'S CHURCH-PORCH.

What church is this? Christ's church. Who builded it?  
 Master George Herbert. Who assisted it?  
 Many assisted; who I may not say,  
 So much contention might arise that way.  
 If I say Grace gave all, Wit straight doth thwart,<sup>2</sup> 5  
 And says, 'All that is there is mine;' but Art  
 Denies, and saies, 'There's nothing there but's mine.'  
 Nor can I easily the right define.  
 Divide; say, Grace the matter gave, and Wit  
 Did polish it: Art measur'd and made fit 10  
 Each sev'ral piece, and fram'd it altogether.  
 No, by no means; this may not please them neither:  
 None's well contented with a part alone,  
 When each doth challenge all to be his own.  
 The matter, the expressions, and the measures, 15  
 Are equally Art's, Wit's, and Grace's treasures.  
 Then he that would impartially discuss  
 This doubtful question must answer thus:  
 In building of his Temple Master Herbert  
 Is equally all grace, all wit, all art. 20  
 Roman and Grecian Muses, all give way;  
 One English poem darkens all your day.

## 3. THE DEDICATION.

Lord, my first-fruits should have been sent to Thee ;  
     For Thou, the tree  
 That bare them, only lentest unto me.

But while I had the use, the fruit was mine ;  
     Not so divine, 5  
 As that I dare presume to call it Thine.

Before 'twas ripe it fell unto the ground ;  
     And since, I found  
 It bruised in the dirt ; nor clean nor sound.

Some I have pick'd and wip'd, and bring Thee now : 10  
     Lord, Thou know'st how  
 Gladly I would, but dare not it avow.

Such as it is, 'tis here. Pardon the best ;  
     Accept the rest :  
 Thy pardon and acceptance maketh blest. 15

## 4. THE CHURCHYARD.

Thou that intendest to the church to-day,  
 Come, take a turn or two, before thou go'st,  
 In the Churchyard ; the walk is in thy way.  
 Who takes best heed in going, hasteth most ;  
     But he that unprepared rashly ventures 5  
     Hastens perhaps to seal his death's indentures.

## 5. THE CHURCH-STILE.

Seest thou that Stile? Observe, then, how it rises,  
 Step after step, and equally descends :  
 Such is the way to win celestial prizes ;  
 Humility the course begins and ends.

Wouldst thou in grace to high perfections grow ? 5  
 Shoot thy roots deep, ground thy foundations low.

Humble thyself, and God will lift thee up ;  
 Those that exalt themselves He casteth down ;  
 The hungry He invites with Him to sup,  
 And cloaths the naked with His robe and crown. 10

Think not thou hast what thou from Him wouldst  
 His labour's lost, if thou thyself canst save. [have ;

Pride is the prodigality of grace,  
 Which casteth all away by griping all ;  
 Humility is thrift, both keeps its place, 15  
 And gains by giving ; riseth by its fall :  
 To get by giving, and to lose by keeping,  
 Is to be sad in mirth, and glad in weeping.

## 6. THE CHURCH-GATE.

Next to the Stile, see where the Gate doth stand ;  
 Which, turning upon hooks and hinges, may  
 Eas'ly be shut or open'd with an hand,  
 Yet constant to its center still doth stay ;

And fetching a wide compass round about, 5  
Keeps the same course and distance, never out.

Such must the course be that to heaven tends ;  
He that the gates of righteousness would enter  
Must still continue constant to his ends,  
And fix himself in God, as in his center ; 10  
Cleave close to Him by faith ; then move which way  
Discretion leads thee, and thou shalt not stray.

We never wander till we loose our hold = let go  
Of Him that is our Way, our Light, our Guide ;  
But when we grow of our own strength too bold, 15  
Unhook'd from Him, we quickly turn aside.  
He holds us up whilst in Him we are found ;  
If once we fall from Him, we go to ground.

## 7. THE CHURCH-WALLS.

Now view the Walls ; the church is compass'd round  
As much for safety as for ornament ;  
'Tis an inclosure, and no common ground ;  
'Tis God's free-hold, and but our tenement.  
Tenants at will, and yet in tail,<sup>3</sup> we be ; 5  
Our children have the same right to't as we.

Remember there must be no gaps left ope  
Where God hath fenc'd, for fear of false illusions.  
God will have all, or none ; allows no scope  
For sin's incroachments or men's own intrusions. 10





Only the Spirit's<sup>s</sup> *aqua regia* doth  
Discover it to be but painted froth.

## 9. THE CHURCH-PORCH.

Now, ere thou passest further, sit thee down  
In the Church-Porch, and think what thou hast seen ;  
Let due consideration either crown  
Or crush thy former purposes : between  
    Rash undertakings and firm resolutions           5  
    Depends the strength or weakness of conclusions.

Trace thy steps backward in thy memory ;  
And first resolve of what thou heardest last,<sup>9</sup>  
Sincerity : it blots the history  
Of all religious actions, and doth blast           10  
    The comfort of them, when in them God sees  
    Nothing but outsides of formalities.

In earnest be religious, trifle not,  
And rather for God's sake than for thine own ;  
Thou hast robb'd Him, unless that He have got   15  
By giving, if His glory be not grown  
    Together with thy good : who seeketh more  
    Himself than God would make His roof his floor.

Next to sincerity, remember still  
Thou must resolve upon integrity :           20  
God will have all thou hast—thy mind, thy will,  
Thy thoughts, thy words, thy works. A nullity

It proves, when God, that should have all, doth find  
That there is any one thing left behind.

And having giv'n Him all, thou must receive        25  
All that He gives ; mete His commandment ;  
Resolve that thine obedience must not leave  
Until it reach unto the same extent :

For all His precepts are of equal strength,  
And measure thy performance to the length.        30

Then call to mind that constancy must knit  
Thine undertakings and thine actions fast :  
He that sets forth tow'rds heaven, and doth sit  
Down by the way, will be found short at last.

Be constant to the end, and thou shalt have        35  
An heavenly garland, though an earthly grave.

But he that would be constant must not take  
Religion up by fits and starts alone,        =only, merely  
But his continual practice must it make ;

His course must be from end to end but one :        40  
Bones often broken and knit up again        [gain.  
Lose of their length, though in their strength they

Lastly, remember that humility

Must solidate<sup>10</sup> and keep all close together.

What pride puffs up with vain futility        45  
Lyes open and expos'd to all ill weather ;

An empty bubble may fair colours carry,  
But blow upon it, and it will not tarry.

Prize not thine own too high, nor under-rate  
 Another's worth, but deal indifferently ; 50  
 View the defects of thy spiritual state,  
 And others' graces, with impartial eye :  
     The more thou deemest of thyself, the less  
     Esteem of thee will all men else express.

Contract thy lesson now, and this is just 55  
 The sum of all ;—he that desires to see  
 The Face of God, in his religion must  
 Sincere, entire, constant, and humble be.  
     If thus resolvèd, fear not to proceed ;  
     Else the more haste thou mak'st, the worse thou'lt  
         speed. 60

## 10. CHURCH-UTENSILS.

Betwixt two dang'rous rocks, Prophaneness on  
 Th' one side, on th' other Superstition,  
     How shall I sail secure ?  
     Lord, be my steersman, hold my helm,  
     And then, though winds with waves orewhelm 5  
         My sails, I will endure  
 It patiently. The bottom of the sea  
 Is safe enough, if Thou direct the way.  
 I'll tug my tacklings then, I'll ply mine oars,  
 And cry, ' A fig for fear !' He that adores 10  
     The giddy multitude

So much as to despise my rhymes  
 Because they tune not to the times,  
 I wish may not intrude  
 His presence here. But they (and that's enough) 15  
 Who love God's House will like His household stuff.

## 11. THE FONT.

'The Font,' I say. 'Why not? And why not near  
 To the church-door?' 'Why not of stone?'  
 'Is not that blessèd fountain open'd here,  
 From whence that water flows alone [Zech. xiii. 1  
 Which from sin and uncleanness washeth clear?' 5

'And may not beggars well contented be  
 Their first alms at the door to take?  
 Though, when acquainted better, they may see  
 Others within that bolder make :  
 Low places will serve guests of low degree.' 10

'What! Is He not the rock, out of whose side  
 Those streams of water-bloud run forth? 1 Cor. x. 4  
 Th' elect and precious corner-stone well try'd?  
 Though th' odds be great between their worth,  
 Rock-water and stone-vessels are ally'd.' 15

But call it what, and place it where you will,  
 Let it be made indifferently  
 Of any form or matter; yet, untill  
 The blessèd Sacrament thereby  
 Impairèd be, my hopes you shall not kill. 20

To want a complement<sup>11</sup> of comliness  
 Some of my comfort may abate,  
 And for the present make my joy go less ;  
 Yet I will hug mine homely state,  
 And poverty with patience richly dress. 25

Regeneration is all in all ;  
 Washing or sprinkling but the sign  
 The seal, and instrument thereof ; I call  
 The one as well as the other mine,  
 And my posterity's, as fœderal.<sup>12</sup> 30

If temporal estates may be convey'd  
 By cov'nants on condition  
 To men and to their heirs ; be not afraid,  
 My soul, to rest upon  
 The covenant of grace, by Mercy made. 35

Do but thy duty, and rely upon't,  
 Repentance, faith, obedience,  
 Whenever practis'd truly, will amount  
 To an authentick evidence,  
 Though th' deed were antidated at the Font. 40

12. THE READING-PUE.<sup>13</sup>

Here my new-enter'd soul doth first break fast,  
 Here seasoneth her infant tast,  
 And at her mother-nurse the Church's dug  
 With lab'ring lips and tongue she tugs,

For that sincere milk, which alone doth feed 5

Babes new-born of immortal seed ;

Who, that they may unto perfection grow,

Must be content to creep before they go.

They that would reading out of church exclude

Sure have a purpose to obtrude 10

Some dictates of their own, instead of God's

Revealèd will, His Word. 'Tis odds,

They do not mean to pay men currant coyn,

Who seek the standard to purloyn,

And would reduce all tryals to their own, 15

But touch-stones, ballances, and weights alone.<sup>14</sup>

What reasonable man would not misdoubt

Those comments that the text leave out ?

And that their main intent is alteration,

Who doat so much on variation, 20

That no Set Forms at all they can endure

To be prescrib'd, or put in ure ? =use

Rejecting bounds and limits is the way,

If not all waste, yet common all to lay.

But why should he that thinks himself well grown 20

Be discontent that such a one

As knows himself an infant yet, should be

Dandled upon his mother's knee,

And babe-like fed with milk, till he have got

More strength and stomach ? Why should not 30

Nurslings in church, as well as weanlings, find  
Their food fit for them in their proper kind ?

Let them that would build castles in the air  
Vault thither without step or stair ;  
Instead of feet to climb, take wings to flie, 35  
And think their turrets top<sup>15</sup> the skie.  
But let me lay all my foundations deep,  
And learn, before I run, to creep.

Who digs through rocks to lay his ground-works low  
May in good time build high and sure, though slow.

To take degrees *per saltum*, though of quick 41  
Dispatch, is but a truant's trick.

Let us learn first to know our letters well,  
Then syllables, then words to spell,  
Then to read plainly, e're we take the pen 45  
In hand to write to other men.

I doubt their preaching is not always true  
Whose way to th' pulpit's not the Reading-pue.

### 13. THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

'What ! Pray'r by th' book ? and Common ?

'Yes. Why not ?

'The Spirit of grace  
And supplication  
Is not left free alone 5  
For time and place ;



But manner too.' 'To read or speak by rote  
 Is all alike to him that praies  
 With's heart what with his mouth he saies.'

'They that in private by themselves alone      10  
     Do pray, may take  
     What liberty they please  
     In choosing of the waies  
     Wherein to make  
 Their souls' most intimate affections known      15  
     To Him that sees in secret, when  
     Th' are most conceal'd from other men.

But he that unto others leads the way  
     In publick pray'r  
     Should choose to do it so      20  
     As all that hear, may know  
     They need not fear  
 To tune their hearts unto his tongue, and say  
     Amen ; nor doubt they were betray'd  
     To blaspheme, when they should have pray'd.      25

Devotion will adde life unto the letter ;  
     And why should not  
     That which authority  
     Prescribes esteemèd be  
     Advantage got?      30

If the pray'r be good, the commoner the better ;  
     Pray'r in the Churche's words, as well  
     As sense, of all pray'rs bears the bell.<sup>16</sup>

## 14. THE BIBLE.

The Bible; that's the Book. The Book indeed,  
 The Book of Books ;  
 On which who looks,  
 As he should do, aright, shall never need  
 Wish for a better light 5  
 To guide him in the night ;

Or, when he hungry is, for better food  
 To feed upon  
 Than this alone,  
 If he bring stomach and digestion good ; 10  
 And if he be amiss,  
 This the best physick is.

The true panchreston<sup>17</sup> 'tis for ev'ry sore  
 And sickness, which  
 The poor and rich 15  
 With equal ease may come by : yea, 'tis more ;  
 An antidote as well  
 As remedy 'gainst hell.

'Tis heaven in perspective ;<sup>18</sup> and the bliss  
 Of glory here, 20  
 If anywhere,  
 By saints on earth anticipated is ;  
 Whilst faith to ev'ry word  
 A being doth afford.

It is the looking-glass of souls, wherein 25  
     All men may see  
     Whether they be  
 Still, as by nature th' are, deform'd with sin ;  
     Or in a better case,  
     As new-adorn'd with grace. 30

'Tis the great magazine of spir'tual arms,  
     Wherein doth lye  
     Th' artillerie  
 Of heaven, ready-charg'd against all harms  
     That might come by the blowes 35  
     Of our infernal foes.

God's cabinet of reveal'd counsel 'tis ;  
     Where weal and woe  
     Are order'd so,  
 That every man may know which shall be his ; 40  
     Unless his own mistake  
     False application make.

It is the index to eternity ; = pointer  
     He cannot miss  
     Of endless bliss 45  
 That takes this chart to steer his voyage by ;  
     Nor can he be mistook  
     That speaketh by this book.<sup>19</sup>

A book to which no book may be compar'd  
     For excellence ; 50  
     Pre-eminence

Is proper to it, and cannot be shar'd ;  
 Divinity alone  
 Belongs to it or none.

It is the Book of God. What if I should 55  
 Say, god of books ?  
 Let him that looks

Angry at that expression, as too bold,  
 His thoughts in silence smother  
 Till he finds such another. 60

## 15. THE PULPIT.

'Tis dinner-time ; and now I look  
 For a full meal. God send me a good cook :<sup>20</sup>  
 This is the dresser-bord ; and here  
 I wait in expectation of good chear.

I'm sure the Master of the house 5  
 Enough to entertain His guests allows ;  
 And not enough of some one sort alone,  
 But choyce of what best fitteth every one.

God grant me taste and stomach good ;  
 My feeding will diversifie my food ; 10

'Tis a good appetite to eat,  
 And good digestion that makes good meat :  
 The best food in itself will be,  
 Not fed on well, poyson, not food, to me ;  
 Let him that speaks look to his words ; my ear 15  
 Must careful be both what and how I hear.

'Tis manna that I look for here,  
 The bread of Heaven, Angels' food. I fear  
 No want of plenty, where I know  
 The loaves by eating more and greater grow ; 20  
 Where nothing but forbearance makes  
 A famine ; where he only wants that takes  
 Not what he will ; provided that he would  
 Take nothing to himself but what he should.

Here the same fountain poureth forth 25  
 Water, wine, milk, oyl, honey ; and the worth  
 Of all transcendent, infinite  
 In excellence, and to each appetite  
 In fitness answerable ; so  
 That none needs hence unsatisfièd go, 30  
 Whose stomach serves him unto any thing  
 That health, strength, comfort, or content can bring.

Yea, dead men here invited are  
 Unto the Bread of life, and whilst they spare  
 To come and take it, they must blame 35  
 Themselves, if they continue still the same.  
 The body's fed by food, which it  
 Assimilates and to itself doth fit ;  
 But that the soul may feed, itself must be  
 Transformed to the Word, with it agree. 40

To milk the strongest men must be  
 As new-born babes, whenever they it see,

Desiring, not despising it.  
 For strong meat babes must stay, and strive to fit  
 Themselves in time, until they can 45  
 Get by degrees (which best beseem a man)  
 Experience-exercisèd senses, able  
 Good to discern from evill, truth from fable.

Here I will wait, then, till I see  
 The steward reaching out a mess for me ; 50  
 Resolve I'll take it thankfully,  
 Whate'er it be, and feed on't heartily.  
 Although no Benjamin's choice mess,  
 Five times as much as others', but far less ;  
 Yea, if't be but a basket full of crums, 55  
 I'll bless the hand from which, by which, it comes.

Like an invited guest, I will  
 Be bold, but mannerly withal ; sit still  
 And see what th' Master of the feast  
 Will carve unto me, and account that best 60  
 Which He doth choose for me, not I  
 Myself desire : yea, though I should espy  
 Some fault in th' dressing, in the dishing, or  
 The placing, yet I will not it abhor.

So that the meat be wholesome, though 65  
 The sauce shall not be toothsome,<sup>21</sup> I'll not go  
 Empty away, and starve my soul,  
 To feed my foolish fancy ; but controul

My appetite to dainty things,  
 Which oft, instead of strength, diseases brings ; 70  
 But if my Pulpit-hopes shall all prove vain,  
 I'll back unto the reading-pue again.

## 16. THE COMMUNION-TABLE.

Here stands my banquet ready, the last course  
 And best provision,<sup>22</sup>  
 That I must feed upon  
 Till death my soul and body shall divorce  
 And that I am 5  
 Call'd to the marriage-supper of the Lamb.  
 Some call 't the Altar, some the Holy Table :  
 The name I stick not at ;  
 Whether 't be this or that,  
 I care not much, so that I may be able 10  
 Truly to know  
 Both why it is and may be callèd so.  
 And for the matter whereof it is made,  
 The matter is not much,  
 Although it be of tuch,<sup>23</sup> 15  
 Or wood, or mettal, what will last or fade,  
 So vanity  
 And superstition avoided be.  
 Nor would it trouble me to see it found  
 Of any fashion 20  
 That can be thought upon,—

Square, oval, many-angled, long, or round ;  
     If close<sup>24</sup> it be,  
 Fixt, open, moveable, all's one to me.  
 And yet, methinks, at a Communion  
     In uniformity  
     There's greatest decency,  
 And that which maketh most for union ;  
     But needlessly  
 To vary tends to th' breach of charity.      30  
 Yet, rather than I'll give, I will not take  
     Offence, if it be given ;  
     So that<sup>25</sup> I be not driven  
 To thwart authority, a party make  
     For faction,      35  
 Or side but seemingly in th' action.  
 At a Communion I wish I might  
     Have no cause to suspect  
     Any, the least, defect  
 Of unity and peace, either in sight      40  
     Apparently,      = visibly  
 Or in men's hearts concealèd secretly.  
 That which ordainèd is to make men one  
     More than before they were  
     Should not itself appear,      45  
 Though but appear, distinctly divers.   None  
     Too much can see  
 Of what when most, yet but enough can be.



If others will dissent and vary, who  
 Can help it? If I may, 50  
 As hath been done alway  
 By th' best and most, I will myself do so :  
 Of one accord  
 The servants should be of one God, one Lord.

## 17. COMMUNION-PLATE.

Never was gold or silver gracèd thus  
 Before :  
 To bring this Body and this Blood to us  
 Is more  
 Then to crown kings, 5  
 Or be made rings  
 For star-like diamonds to glitter in.

No precious stones are meet to match this bread  
 Divine ;  
 Spirits of pearls dissolvèd would but dead<sup>26</sup> 10  
 This wine :  
 This heav'nly food  
 Is too-too good  
 To be compar'd to any earthly thing.

For such inestimable treasure can 15  
 There be  
 Vessels too costly made by any man ?  
 Sure he

THE SYNAGOGUE.	27
That knows the meat	
So good to eat	20
Would wish to see it richly servèd in.	
Although 'tis true that sanctitie's not ty'd	
To state,	
Yet sure Religion should not be envy'd	
The fate	25
Of meaner worth,	
To be set forth	
As best becomes the service of a King.	
A King unto Whose Cross all kings must vail <sup>27</sup>	
Their crowns,	30
And at His beck in their full course strike sail ;	
Whose frowns	
And smiles give date	
Unto their fate,	
And doom them either unto weal or woe.	35
A King Whose will is justice, and Whose word	
Is pow'r	
And wisdom both ; a King, Whom to afford	
An hour	
Of service truly	40
Perform'd and duly,	
Is to bespeak eternity of bliss.	
When such a King offers to come to me	
As food,	
Shall I suppose His carriages can be	45



But 'tis no matter ; if men censure me,  
 They but my fellow-servants are :  
 Our Lord allows us all like liberty. 15  
 I write, mine own thoughts to declare,  
 Not to please men ; and if I displease any,  
 I will not care, so they be of the many.<sup>29</sup>

## 19. THE SEXTON.

The churche's key-keeper opens the door  
 And shuts it, sweeps the floor,  
 Rings bells, digs graves and fills them up again ;  
 All emblems unto men  
 Openly owning Christianity, 5  
 To mark, and learn many good lessons by.

O Thou that hast the Key of David, Who  
 Open'st and shuttest so  
 That none can shut or open after Thee,  
 Vouchsafe Thyself to be 10  
 Our souls' doorkeeper by Thy blessèd Spirit ;  
 The lock and key's Thy mercy, not our merit.

Cleanse Thou our sin-soyl'd souls from th' dirt and dust  
 Of every noysome lust  
 Brought in by the foul feet of our affections ; 15  
 The beesome<sup>30</sup> of afflictions,  
 With th' blessing of Thy Spirit added to it,  
 If Thou be pleas'd to say it shall, will do it.

Lord, ringing changes all our bells hath marr'd,  
                     Jangled they have and jarr'd                      20  
 So long, they're out of tune and out of frame ;  
                     They seem not now the same.  
 Put them in frame anew, and once begin  
 To tune<sup>31</sup> them so, that they may chime all in.  
  
 Let all our sins be buri'd in Thy grave,                      25  
                     No longer rant and rave,  
 As they have done, to our eternal shame,  
                     And th' scandal of Thy name.  
 Let's as door-keepers in Thine house attend,    Ps. lxxxiv. 10  
 Rather than th' throne of wickedness ascend.                      30

## 20. THE CLERK.

The church's Bible-Cleark attends  
                     Her utensils, and ends  
                     Her prayers with Amen ;  
 Tunes Psalms, and to the Sacraments  
                     Brings in the elements,                      5  
                     And takes them out again ;  
 Is humble-minded and industrious-handed ;  
 Doth nothing of himself, but as commanded.  
  
 All that the vessels of the Lord  
                     Do bear, with one accord                      10  
                     Must study to be pure

As they are : if His holy eye  
 Do any spot espy,  
 He cannot it endure,  
 But most expecteth to be sanctifi'd<sup>32</sup> 15  
 In those come nearest Him, and glorifi'd.

Psalms then are alwaies tunèd best  
 When there is most exprest  
 The holy penman's heart ;  
 All musick is but discord where 20  
 That wants, or doth not bear  
 The first and chiefest part :  
 Voices without affections answerable,  
 When best, to God are most abominable.

Though in the blessèd Sacraments 25  
 The outward elements  
 Are but as husks and shells,  
 Yet he that knows the kernel's worth,  
 If even those send forth  
 Some aromatick smels,<sup>33</sup> 30  
 Will not esteem it waste, lest, Judas-like,  
 Through Marie's side he Christ Himself should strike.

Lord, without Whom we cannot tell  
 How to speak or think well,  
 Lend us Thy helping hand, 35  
 That what we do may pleasing be,  
 Not to ourselves, but Thee,  
 And answer Thy command : =agree with

So that, not we alone, but Thou mayst say  
 Amen to all our pray'rs, pray'd the right way. 40

## 21. THE OVERSEER OF THE POOR.

The Church's Almoner takes care that none  
     In their necessity  
     Shall unprovided be  
 Of maint'nance or employment; those alone  
     Whom careless idleness 5  
     Or riotous excess  
 Condemns to needless want, he leaves to be  
 Chasten'd a while by their own povertie.

Thou, gracious Lord, rich in Thyself, dost give  
     To all men lib'rally, 10  
     Upbraiding none; Thine eye  
 Is open upon all; in Thee we live,  
     We move, and have our being:  
     But there is more than seeing  
 For th' poor with Thee; they are Thy special charge; 15  
 To them Thou dost Thine heart and hand enlarge.<sup>34</sup>

Four sorts of poor there are, with whom Thou deal'st—  
     Though alwaies diff'rently—  
     With such indiff'rency, = impartiality  
 That none hath reason to complain; Thou heal'st 20  
     All those whom Thou dost wound;  
     If there be any found

Hurt by themselves, Thou leav'st them to endure  
The pain, till th' pain render them fit for cure.

Some in the world are poor, but rich in faith ;      25  
    Their outward poverty      *St. James ii. 5*  
    A plentiful supply  
Of inward comforts and contentments hath ;  
    And their estate is blest  
    In this above the rest,—      30  
It was Thy choice whilst Thou on earth didst stay,  
And hadst not whereupon Thy head to lay.

Some 'poor in spirit' in the world are rich,  
    Although not many such ;  
    And no man needs to grutch      35  
Their happiness, who to maintain that pitch  
    Have an hard task in hand,  
    Nor eas'ly can withstand  
The strong temptations that attend on riches :  
Mountains are more expos'd to storms than ditches.      40

Some rich in th' world are spiritually poor,  
    And destitute of grace ;  
    Who may perchance have place  
In the church upon earth ; but Heaven's door  
    Too narrow is t' admit      45  
    Such camels in at it,  
Till they sell all they have, that field to buy  
Wherein the true treasure doth hidden lye.      *Matt. xiii. 44*



Some sp'ritually poor and destitute  
 Of grace in th' world are poor, 50  
 Begging from door to door,  
 Accursèd both in God's and man's repute ;  
 Till, by their miseries  
 Tutor'd, they learn to prize  
 Hungring and thirsting after righteousness, 55  
 Whilst they're on earth, their greatest happiness.

Lord, make me ' poor in spirit,' and relieve  
 Me how Thou wilt Thyself ;  
 No want of worldly pelf  
 Shall make me discontented, fret, and grieve. 60  
 I know Thine alms are best ;  
 But, above all the rest,  
 Condemn me not unto the hell of riches,  
 Without Thy grace to countercharme<sup>35</sup> the witches.

## 22. THE CHURCHWARDEN.

The Churche's Guardian takes care to keep  
 Her buildings alwaies in reparaire ;  
 Unwilling that any decay should creep  
 On them before he is aware :  
 Nothing defac'd, 5  
 Nothing displac'd  
 He likes ; but most doth long and love to see  
 The living stones order'd as they should be.

Lord, Thou not only Supervisor art  
     Of all our works, but in all those      10  
 Which we dare own, Thine is the chiefest part ;  
     For there is none of us that knows  
         How to do well ;  
         Nor can we tell  
 What we should do, unless by Thee directed :      15  
 It prospers not that's by ourselves projected.  
 That which we think ourselves to mend, we mar,  
     And often make it ten times worse ;  
 Reforming of religion by war  
     Is th' chymick blessing<sup>36</sup> of a curse.      20  
         Great odds it is  
         That we shall miss  
 Of what we lookèd for ; Thine ends cannot  
 By any but by Thine own means be got.  
 'Tis strange we so much dote upon our own      25  
     Deformity, and others scorn,  
 As if ourselves were beautiful alone ;  
     When that which did us most adorn  
         We purposely  
         Choose to lay by,      30  
 Such decency and order as did place us  
 In high'st esteem, and guard as well as grace us.  
 Is not Thy daughter glorious within,      Ps. xlv. 13, 14  
     When cloath'd in needle-work without ?  
 Or is't not rather both their shame and sin      35

That change her robe into a clout  
 Too narrow and  
 Too thin to stand  
 Her need in any stead, much less to be  
 An ornament fit for her high degree ? 40  
 Take pity on her, Lord, and heal her breaches ;  
 Clothe all her enemies with shame ;  
 All the despight that's done unto her reaches  
 To the dishonour of Thy name.  
 Make all her sons 45  
 Rich precious stones,  
 To shine each of them in his proper place,  
 Receiving of Thy fulness grace for grace.

## 23. THE DEACON.

'The Deacon ! That's the minister.'  
 ' True, taken gen'rally,<sup>37</sup>  
 And without any sinister  
 Intent, us'd specially ;  
 He's purposly ordain'd to minister 5  
 In sacred things t' another officer.  
 At whose appointment, in whose stead,  
 He doth what he should do  
 In some things, not in all ; is led  
 By law and custom too ; 10  
 Where that doth neither bid nor forbid, he  
 Thinks this sufficient authority.

Loves not to vary, when he sees  
     No great necessitie ;  
 To what's commanded he agrees                   15  
     With all humility ;  
 Knowing how highly God submission prizes,  
 Pleas'd with obedience more than sacrifices.' 1 Sam. xv. 22

Lord, Thou didst of Thyself profess  
     Thou wast as one that serv'd,                   20  
 And freely choosest to go less,                St. Luke xxii. 27  
     Though none so much deserv'd.  
 With what face can we, then, refuse to be  
 Entred Thy servants in a low degree ?

Thy way to exaltation                               25  
     Was by humilitie ;  
 But we, proud generation,  
     No diff'rence of degree  
 In holy orders will allow ; nay more,  
 All holy orders would turn out of door.               30

But if Thy precept cannot do't,  
     To make us humbly serve,  
 Nor Thy example added to't,  
     If still from both we swerve ;  
 Let none of us proceed,<sup>38</sup> till he can tell               35  
 How t' use the office of a deacon well.

Which by the blessing of Thy Spirit,  
     Whom Thou hast left to be

Thy vicar here, we may inherit,  
 And minister to Thee, 40  
 Though not so well as Thou mayst well expect,  
 Yet so as Thou wilt pleasèd be t' accept.

## 24. THE PRIEST.

The Priest I say ; the Presbyter I mean,  
 As now-a-daies he's call'd  
 By many men ; but I choose to retain  
 The name wherewith instal'd  
 He was at first in our own mother-tongue ; 5  
 And doing so, I hope I do no wrong.

The Priest, I say, 's a middle-officer  
 Between the bishop and  
 The deacon ; as a middle-offerer,  
 Which in the church doth stand 10  
 Between God and the people, ready prest,<sup>39</sup>  
 In the behalf of both to do his best.

From Him to them offers the promises  
 Of mercy which He makes ;  
 For them to Him doth all their faults confess ; 15  
 Their prayers and praises takes,  
 And offers for them at the throne of grace,  
 Contentedly attending his own place. =awaiting

The Word and Sacraments, the means of grace,  
 He duly doth dispence, 20

The flourishes of falshood to deface  
 With truth's clear evidence,  
 And sin's usurpèd tyranny suppress  
 B' advancing righteousness and holiness.

The publick censures <sup>40</sup> of the Church he sees 25  
 To execution brought;  
 But nothing rashly of himself decrees,  
 Nor covets to be thought  
 Wiser than his superiours; whom alwaies  
 He actively or passively obeys. 30

Lord Jesus, Thou the Mediator art  
 Of the New Testament,  
 And fully didst perform Thy double part  
 Of God and man, when sent  
 To reconcile the world, and to atone<sup>41</sup> 35  
 'Twixt it and heaven, of two making one.

Yea, after the order of Melchisedeck Ps. cx. 4  
 Thou art a Priest for ever;  
 With perfect righteousness Thyself dost deck,  
 Such as decayeth never. 40  
 Like to Thyself make all Thy priests on earth,  
 Bless'd fathers to Thy sons of th' second birth.

Thou cam'st to do the will of Him that sent Thee,  
 And didst His honour seek  
 More than Thine own; well may it, then, repent Thee,  
 Being Thyself so meek, 46

To have admitted them into the place  
Of sons, that seek their fathers to disgrace.

Lord, grant that the abuse may be reform'd  
    Before it ruine bring 50  
Upon Thy poor despisèd Church, transform'd  
    As if 'twere no such thing ;  
Thou that the God of order art, and peace,  
Make curs'd confusion and contention cease.

## 25. THE BISHOP.

'The Bishop?' 'Yes, why not? What doth that name  
Import that is unlawful or unfit?  
To say the Overseer is the same  
In substance, and no hurt, I hope, in it ;  
    But sure if men did not despise the thing, 5  
    Such scorn upon the name they would not fling.

Some priests—some presbyters I mean—would be  
Each overseer of his sev'ral cure ;  
But one superiour, to oversee  
Them altogether, they will not endure : 10  
    This the main diff'rence is that I can see,—  
    Bishops they would not have, but they would be.

But who can show of old that ever any  
Presbyteries without their bishops were?  
Though bishops without presbyteries many<sup>42</sup> 15  
At first must needs be almost every where ;

That presbyters from bishops first arose,  
 T' assist them, 's probable, not these from those.

However, a true bishop I esteem  
 The highest officer the Church on earth 20  
 Can have, as proper to itself, and deem  
 A Church without one an imperfect birth,  
     If constituted so at first ; and maim'd,  
     If whom it had, it afterwards disclaim'd.

All order first from unity ariseth, 25  
 And th' essence of it is subordination ;  
 Whoever this contemns, and that despiseth,  
 May talk of, but intends not, reformation :  
     'Tis not of God, of nature, or of art,  
     T' ascribe to all what's proper to one part. 30

To rule, and to be rulèd, are distinct ;  
 And sev'ral duties sev'rally belong  
 To sev'ral persons,<sup>43</sup> can no more be linkt  
 In altogether, than amidst the throng  
     Of rude unruly passions in the heart, 35  
     Reason can see to act her sovereign part.

But a good bishop, as a tender father,  
 Doth teach and rule the Church, and is obey'd  
 And reverenc'd by it ; so much the rather,  
 By how much he delighteth more to lead 40  
     All by his own example in the way,  
     Then punish any when they go astray.



Lord, Thou the Bishop and Chief Shepherd art  
 Of all that flock which Thou hast purchasèd  
 With Thine own blood ; to them Thou dost impart 45  
 The benefits which Thou hast merited,  
     Teaching and ruling, by Thy blessèd Spirit,  
     Their souls in grace, till glory they inherit.

The stars which Thou dost hold in Thy right hand,  
 The angels of the churches, Lord, direct     Rev. i. 16 50  
 Clearly Thy holy will to understand,  
 And do accordingly : let no defect  
     Nor fault, no not in our new politicks,  
     Provoke Thee to remove our candlesticks ;

But let Thy Urim and Thy Thummim be             55  
 Garments of praise t' adorn Thine holy ones ;  
 Light and perfection let all men see  
 Brightly shine forth in those rich precious stones,  
     Of whom Thou wilt make a foundation,  
     To raise Thy new Hierusalem upon.             60

And, at the brightness of its rising, let  
 All nations with Thy people shout for joy ;  
 Salvation for walls and bulwarks set  
 About it, that nothing may it annoy.  
     Then the whole world Thy diocess shall be,     65  
     And bishops all but suffragans to Thee.'

[Ezra iii. 12, 13; Neh. xii. 43; Job xxxviii. 7

## 26. CHURCH-FESTIVALS.

Marrow of time ; eternity in brief	
Compendiums epitomis'd ; the chief	
Contents, the indices, the title-pages	
Of all past, present, and succeeding ages ;	
Sublimate graces, antidated glories ;	5
The cream of holiness ;	
The inventories	
Of future blessedness ;	
The florilegia <sup>44</sup> of celestial stories ;	
Spirits of joys ; the relishes and closes	10
Of angels' musick ; pearls dissolvèd ; roses	
Perfumèd ; sugar'd honey-combs ; delights	
Never too highly priz'd ;	
The marriage rites,	
Which, duly solemniz'd,	15
Usher espousèd souls to bridal nights ;	
Gilded sunbeams ; refinèd elixirs,	
And quintessential extracts of stars ;—	
Who loves not you, doth but in vain profess	
That he loves God, or heaven, or happiness. <sup>45</sup>	20

27. THE SABBATH, OR LORD'S DAY.<sup>46</sup>

Haile,	Vaile
Holy	Wholly
King of daies,	To thy praise,
The emperour,	For evermore

Or universal	Must the rehearsal	5
Monarch of time, the week's	Of all that honour seeks,	
Perpetual dictatour.	Under the world's Crea-	
Thy	My	[tour.
Beauty	Duty	
Far exceeds	Yet must needs	10
The reach of art	Yield thee mine heart,	
To blazon <sup>47</sup> fully ;	And that not dully ;	
And I thy light eclipse,	Spirits of souls, not lips	
When I most strive to raise	Alone, are fit to praise	
	[thee.	[thee.
What	That	15
Nothing	Slow thing	
Else can be,	Time by thee	
Thou only art ;	Hath got the start,	
Th' extracted spirit	And doth inherit	
Of all eternity,	That immortality	20
By favour antedated.	Which sin anticipated.	

O

That I  
 Could lay by  
 This body so, 25  
 That my soul might be  
 Incorporate with thee,  
 And no more to six daies owe !

## 28. THE ANNUNCIATION, OR LADY-DAY.

Unto the musick of the sphears  
Let men and angels joyn in consort<sup>48</sup> theirs.  
So great a messenger  
From heaven to earth  
Is seldom seen 5  
Attir'd in so much glory ;  
A message welcomer,  
Fraught with more mirth,  
Hath never been  
Subject of any story. 10  
This by a double right, if any, may  
Be truly stil'd the world's birthday.  
The making of the world ne'er cost  
So dear, by much as to redeem it lost.  
God said but ' Let it be,' 15  
And ev'ry thing  
Was made straightway  
So as He saw it good ;  
But ere that He could see  
A course to bring 20  
Man, gone astray,  
To the place where he stood,  
His wisdom with His mercy, for man's sake,  
Against His justice part did take.  
And the result was this daie's news, 25  
Able the messenger himself t' amuse,<sup>49</sup>

As well as her, to whom  
     By him 'twas told St. Luke, i. 34  
     That though she were  
 A Virgin pure, and knew 30  
 No man, yet in her womb  
     A Son she should  
     Conceive and bear,  
     As sure as God was true';  
 Such high place in His favour she possessèd, 35  
     Being among all women blessèd.  
  
 But blest especially in this,  
 That she believ'd ; and for eternal bliss  
     Reli'd on Him Whom she  
     Herself should bear, 40  
     And her own Son  
 Took for her Saviour.  
 And if there any be,  
     That when they hear—  
     As she had done— 45  
     Sute their behaviour, St. Luke i. 38  
 They may be blessèd as she was, and say,  
     'Tis their Annunciation-day. St. Luke xi. 48

29. THE NATIVITY, OR CHRISTMAS-DAY.<sup>50</sup>

Unfold thy face, unmask thy ray,  
 Shine forth, bright sun,<sup>51</sup> double the day ;  
 Let no malignant misty fume,  
 Nor foggy vapour, once presume

THE SYNAGOGUE.

47

To interpose thy perfect sight 5  
 This day, which makes us love thy light  
 For ever better, that we could<sup>52</sup>  
 That blessèd object once behold,  
 Which is both the circumference  
 And centre of all excellence ; 10  
 Or rather neither, but a treasure  
 Unconfinèd, without measure ;  
 Whose center and circumference—  
 Including all preheminance,  
 Excluding nothing but defect, 15  
 And infinite in each respect—  
 Is equally both here and there,  
 And now, and then, and every where,  
 And always one, Himself the same,  
 A Being far above a name. 20  
 Draw nearer, then, and freely poure  
 Forth all thy light into that houre  
 Which was crownèd with His birth,  
 And made heaven envy earth.  
 Let not His birthday clouded be 25  
 By Whom thou shinest, and we see.

30. THE CIRCUMCISION, OR NEW YEAR'S-DAY.

Sorrow betide my sins ! Must smart so soon  
 Seize on my Saviour's tender flesh, scarce grown  
 Unto an eighth-daie's age ?  
 Can nothing else asswage

The wrath of Heaven but His infant blood ? 5  
 Innocent Infant, infinitely good !  
 Is this Thy welcome to the world, great God ?  
 No sooner born but subject to the rod  
     Of sin-incensèd wrath ?  
     Alas, what pleasure hath 10  
 Thy Father's justice to begin Thy passion  
 Almost together with Thine incarnation ?  
 Is it to antedate Thy death ? t' indite  
 Thy condemnation Himself, and write  
     The copy<sup>53</sup> with Thy blood, 15  
     Since nothing is so good ?  
 Or is't by this experiment to try  
 Whether Thou beest born mortal and canst die ?  
 If man must needs draw blood of God, yet why  
 Stayes he not till Thy time be come to die ? 20  
     Didst Thou thus early bleed  
     For us to show what need Rom. ii. 29 ; Phil. iii. 3  
 We have to hasten unto Thee as fast,  
 And learn that all the time is lost that's past ?  
 'Tis true we should do so : yet in this blood 25  
 There's something else that must be understood :  
     It seals Thy covenant,  
     That so we may not want  
 Witness enough against Thee that Thou art  
 Made subject to the Law, to act our part. 30

The sacrament of Thy regeneration  
 It cannot be ; it gives no intimation  
     Of what Thou wert, but we :<sup>54</sup>  
     Native impurity,  
 Original corruption, was not Thine,  
 But only as Thy righteousness is mine.

35

In holy Baptism this is brought to me,  
 As that in Circumcision was to Thee ;  
     So that Thy loss and pain  
     Do prove my joy and gain.

40

Thy circumcision writ Thy death in blood ;  
 Baptism in water seals my livelihood.<sup>55</sup>

O blessèd change ! Yet, rightly understood,  
 That blood was water, and this water's blood.<sup>56</sup>

    What shall I give again

45

    To recompence Thy pain ?

Lord, take revenge upon me for this smart ;  
 To quit<sup>57</sup> Thy foreskin, circumcise my heart.<sup>58</sup> Rom. ii. 29

### 31. THE EPIPHANY, OR TWELFTH-DAY.

Great, without controversie great,  
     They that do know it will confess  
     The 'mystery of godliness,'  
 Whereof the Gospel doth intreat.

1 Tim. iii. 16

God in the flesh is manifest,  
     And that which hath for ever been

5



Invisible may now be seen—

Th' eternal Deity new drest.

Angels to shepherds brought the news ;

And wise men, guided by a star

10

To seek the sun, are come from far :

Gentiles have got the start of Jews.

Mal. iv. 2

The stable and the manger hide

His glory from His own ; but these,

Though strangers, His resplendent rayes

15

Of majesty divine have spy'd.

Gold, frankincense, and myrrhe they give ;

And worshipping Him plainly show

That unto Him they all things owe,

By Whose free gift it is they live.

20

Though clouded in a vail of flesh,

The Sun of Righteousness appears,

Melting cold cares and frosty fears,

And making joyes spring up afresh.

O that His light and influence

25

Would work effectually in me

Another new Epiphany,

Exhale and elevate me hence !

= draw out

That, as my calling doth require,

Star-like I may to others shine,

30

And guide them to that Sun divine

Whose daylight never shall expire.

## 32. THE PASSION, OR GOOD FRYDAY.

This day my Saviour dy'd : and do I live ?  
     What, hath not sorrow slain me yet ?  
 Did the immortal God vouchsafe to give  
     His life for mine, and do I set  
 More by my wretched life than He by His,           5  
 So full of glory and of bliss ?

Did His free mercy and meer love to me  
     Make Him forsake His glorious throne  
 And mount a cross, the stage of infamy,  
     That so He might not die alone,       Mark xv. 27   10  
 But dying suffer more through grief and shame  
 Than mortal men have pow'r to name ?

And can ingratitude so far prevail  
     To keep me living still ? Alas,  
 Methinks some thorn out of His crown, some nail,   15  
     At least His spear, might pierce and pass  
 Thorow and thorow till it riev'd mine heart,  
 As the right death-deserving part.

And doth He not expect it should be so ?  
     Would He lay down a price so great,           20  
 And not look that His purchases should grow  
     Accordingly ? Shall I defeat  
 His just desire ? O no, it cannot be ;  
 His death must needs be death to me.

My life's not mine, but His ; for He did die           25  
     That I might live ; yet dièd so,  
 That being dead He was alive ; and I  
     Thorow the gates of death must go  
 To live with Him ; yea, to live by Him here  
 Is a part in His death to bear.                   Rom. vi. 3-6   30

Die then, dull soul ; and if thou canst not die,  
     Dissolve thyself into a sea  
 Of living tears ; whose streams may ne'r go dry,  
     Nor turnèd be another way,  
 Till they have drown'd all joyes but those alone   35  
 Which Sorrow claimeth for its own.

For sorrow hath its joyes ; and I am glad  
     That I would grieve if I do not,<sup>59</sup>  
 But if I neither could nor would be sad  
     And sorrowful this day, my lot                   40  
 Would be to grieve for ever with a grief  
 Uncapable of all relief.

No grief was like that which He griev'd for me,  
     A greater grief than can be told ;  
 And like my grief for Him no grief should be,   45  
     If I could grieve so as I would ;  
 But what I would, and cannot, He doth see,  
 And will accept, that dy'd for me.

Lord, as Thy grief and death for me are mine—  
     For Thou hast given them unto me—           50

So my desires to grieve and die are Thine,  
 For they are wrought only by Thee.  
 Not for my sake, then, but Thine own, be pleas'd  
 With that which Thou Thyself hast rais'd.

## 33. THE RESURRECTION, OR EASTER-DAY.

Up, and away ;  
 Thy Saviour's gone before :  
 Why dost thou stay,  
 Dull soul? Behold, the door  
 Is open, and His precept bids thee rise, 5  
 Whose pow'r hath vanquisht all thine enemies.

Say not, I live,  
 Whilst in the grave thou ly'st : Col. ii. 13  
 He that doth give  
 Thee life would have thee prize 't 10  
 More highly than to keep it buri'd where  
 Thou canst not make the fruits of it appear.

Is rottenness  
 And dust so pleasant to thee,  
 That happiness 15  
 And heaven cannot wooe thee  
 To shake thy shackles off, and leave behind thee  
 Those fetters which to death and hell do bind thee?

In vain thou say'st  
 Thou'rt bury'd with thy Saviour, 20  
 If thou delay'st

To show by thy behaviour  
 That thou art risen with Him : till thou shine  
 Like Him, how canst thou say His light is thine ?  
[Col. ii. 12

Early He rose, 25  
 And with Him brought the day,  
 Which all thy foes  
 Frighted out of the way ;  
 And wilt thou sluggard-like turn in thy bed,  
 Till noon-sun beams draw up thy drowsie head ? 30  
[Proverbs vi. 9

Open thine eyes,  
 Sin-seisèd<sup>60</sup> soul, and see  
 What cobweb-tyes  
 They are that trammel thee ;  
 Not profits, pleasures, honours, as thou thinkest, 35  
 But loss, pain, shame, at which thou vainly winkest.

All that is good  
 Thy Saviour dearly bought  
 With His heart's bloud ;  
 And it must there be sought, 40  
 Where He keeps residence Who rose this day :  
 Linger no longer, then ; up, and away.

## 34. THE ASCENTION, OR HOLY THURSDAY.

Mount, mount, my soul, and climbe, or rather flye,  
 With all thy force on high :

Thy Saviour rose not only, but ascended ;  
     And He must be attended  
 Both in His conquest and His triumph too.      5  
     His glories strongly wooe  
 His graces to them, and will not appear  
 In their full lustre untill both be there  
  
 Where He now sits, not for Himself alone,  
     But that upon His throne      10  
 All His redeemèd may attendants be,  
     Robèd and crown'd as He.  
 Kings without courtiers are 'lone men, they say ;  
     And do'st thou think to stay  
 Behind on earth, whilst thy King reigns in heaven, 15  
 Yet not be of thy happiness bereaven ?  
  
 Nothing that thou canst think worth having's here ;  
     Nothing is wanting there  
 That thou canst wish to make thee truly blest ;  
     And, above all the rest,      20  
 Thy life is hid with God in Jesus Christ,      Col. iii. 3  
     Higher than what is high'st.  
 O grovel, then, no longer here on earth,      Heb. i. 4, &c.  
 Where mis'ry every moment drowns thy mirth.  
  
 But tour,<sup>61</sup> my soul, and soar above the skyes,      25  
     Where thy true treasure lies :  
 Though with corruption and mortality  
     Thou clogg'd and pinion'd be,

Yet thy fleet thoughts and sprightly wishes may  
 Speedily glide away. 30  
 To what thou canst not reach, at least aspire ;  
 Ascend, if not in deed, yet in desire.

## 35. WHIT-SUNDAY.

Nay, startle not to hear that rushing wind,  
 Wherewith this place is shaken ;<sup>62</sup>  
 Attend a while, and thou shalt quickly find  
 How much thou art mistaken,  
 If thou think here 5  
 Is any cause of fear.

Seest thou not how on those twelve rev'rend heads  
 Sit cloven tongues of fire ?  
 And as the rumor of that wonder spreads,  
 The multitude admire =wonder 10  
 To see it, and  
 Yet more amazèd stand

To hear at once so great variety  
 Of language from them come,  
 Of whom they dare be bold to say they be 15  
 Bred nowhere but at home,  
 And never were  
 In place such words to hear.

Mock not, prophane despisers of the Spirit,  
 At what's to you unknown ; 20

This earnest<sup>63</sup> He hath sent, Who must inherit  
 All nations as His own ;  
 That they may know  
 How much to Him they owe.

Now that He is ascended up on high 25  
 To His celestial throne,  
 And hath led captive all captivity,  
 He'll not receive alone,  
 But likewise give  
 Gifts unto all that live,— 30

To all that live by Him, that they may be,  
 In His due time, each one  
 Partakers with Him in His victory ;  
 Nor He triumph alone,  
 But take all His 35  
 Unto Him where He is.

To fit them for which blessèd state of glory,  
 This is His Agent here ;  
 To publish to the world that happy story,  
 Alwaies and everywhere, 40  
 This resident  
 Embassadour is sent,

Heaven's legier<sup>64</sup> upon earth, to counter-work  
 The mines that Satan made, \*  
 And bring to light those enemies that lurk 45  
 Under sin's gloomy shade ;



That hell may not  
Still boast what it hath got.

Thus Babel's curse, confusion, is retriev'd ;  
Diversity of tongues 50  
By this division of the Sp'rit reliev'd ;  
And to prevent all wrongs,  
One faith unites  
People of different rites.

O let His intertainment, then, be such 55  
As doth Him best befit !  
Whatever He requireth, think not much  
Freely to yield Him it ;  
For who doth this  
Reaps the first-fruits of bliss. 60

## 36. TRINITY SUNDAY.

Grace, wit, and art, assist me ; for I see  
The subject of this daie's solemnity  
So far excels in worth,  
That sooner may  
I drain the sea, 5  
Or drive the day  
With light away,  
Than fully set it forth ;  
Except you joyn all three to take my part,  
And chiefly grace fill both my head and heart. 10

Stay, busie soul, presume not to enquire  
 Too much of what angels can but admire,     wonder at  
     And never comprehend ;  
         The Trinity  
         In Unity,     15  
         And Unity  
         In Trinity,  
     All reason doth transcend.<sup>65</sup>  
 God Father, Son God, and God Holy Ghost,  
 Who most admireth magnifieth most.     20

And who most magnifies best understands,  
 And best expresseth what the heads and hands  
     And hearts of all men living,  
         When most they try  
         To glorifie,     25  
         And raise on high,  
         Fall short, and lie  
     Groveling below : man's giving  
 Is but restoring by retail, with loss,  
 What from his God he first receiv'd in gross.<sup>66</sup>     30

Faith must perform the office of invention,  
 And elocution, struck with apprehension  
     Of wonder, silence keep ;  
         Not tongues, but eyes  
         Lift<sup>67</sup> to the skies     35  
         In reverend wise  
         Best solemnise

This day ; whereof the deep  
 Mysterious subject lies out of the reach  
 Of wit to learn, much more of art to teach. 40

Then write *non ultra* here ; look not for leave  
 To speak of what thou never canst conceive  
     Worthily as thou shouldest ;  
         And it shall be  
         Enough for thee, 45  
         If none but He  
         Himself doth see,  
 Though thou canst not, thou wouldest  
 Make His praise glorious, Who is alone  
 Thrice-blessèd One in Three, and Three in One. 50

## 37. INVITATION.

Turn in, my Lord, turn in to me ;  
     Mine heart's a homely place,  
 But Thou canst make corruption flee,  
     And fill it with Thy grace :  
 So furnishèd it will be brave, 5  
 And a rich dwelling Thou shalt have.

It was Thy lodging once before ;  
     It buildèd was by Thee ;  
 But I to sin set ope the door,  
     It render'd was by me ; given up 10  
 And so Thy building was defac'd,  
 And in Thy room another plac'd.

But he usurps, the right is Thine :  
     O dispossess him, Lord ;  
 Do Thou but say, ' This heart is Mine,'      15  
     He's gone at the first word ;  
 Thy word's Thy will, Thy will's Thy power ;  
 Thy time is alwaies, now's mine hour.  
  
     Now say to sin, ' Depart ;'  
     And, ' Son, give Me thine heart.'      20  
 Thou, that by saying ' Let it be,' didst make it,  
 Canst, if Thou wilt, by saying ' Give't Me,' take it.

## 38. COMFORT IN EXTREMITY.

Alas, my Lord is going,  
     O my woe !  
 It will be mine undoing ;  
     If He go,  
 I'll run and overtake Him ;      5  
     If He stay,  
 I'll cry aloud, and make Him  
     Look this way.  
 O stay, my Lord, my Love, 'tis I ;  
 Comfort me quickly, or I dye.      10  
  
 ' Cheer up thy drooping spirits,  
     I am here ;  
 Mine all-sufficient merits  
     Shall appear

Before the throne of glory 15  
     In thy stead :  
 I'll put into thy story  
     What I did.  
 Lift up thine eyes, sad soul, and see  
 Thy Saviour here : lo, I am He.' 20  
  
 Alas, shall I present  
     My sinfulness  
 To Thee? Thou wilt resent  
     The loathsomness.  
 'Be not afraid, I'll take 25  
     Thy sins on Me,  
 And all My favour make  
     To shine on thee.'  
 Lord, what Thou'lt have me Thou must make me.  
 'As I have made thee now, I take thee.' 30

## 39. RESOLUTION AND ASSURANCE.

Lord, Thou wilt love me ; wilt Thou not ?  
     Beshrew<sup>68</sup> that 'not' !  
     It was my sin begot  
 That question first. Yes, Lord, Thou wilt :  
     Thy blood was spilt 5  
     To wash away my guilt.  
 Lord, I will love Thee ; shall I not ?  
     Beshrew that 'not' !  
     'Twas Death's accursèd plot

To put that question. Yes, I will,                   10  
     Lord, love Thee still,  
     In spite of all my ill.  
 Then life and love continue still  
     We shall and will,  
     My Lord and I, untill                                 15  
     In His celestial hill  
     We love our fill,  
 When He hath purgèd all mine ill.

## 40. VOWS BROKEN AND RENEWED.

Said I not so, that I would sin no more ?  
     Witness, my God, I did :  
 Yet I am run again upon the score ;<sup>69</sup>  
     My faults cannot be hid.  
 What shall I do ? Make vows, and break them still ? 5  
     'Twill be but labour lost :  
 My good cannot prevail against mine ill ;  
     The bus'ness will be crost.  
 O say not so ; thou canst not tell what strength  
     Thy God may give thee at the length :             10  
 Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,  
     Thy God will pardon all that's past.             [mayst  
 Vow whilst thou canst, while thou canst vow : thou  
 Perhaps perform it when thou thinkest least.  
     Thy God hath not deny'd thee all,                 15  
     Whilst He permits thee but to call :

Call to thy God for grace to keep  
 Thy vows ; and if thou break them, weep ;  
 Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again ;  
 Vows made with tears cannot be still in vain.      20  
     Then once again  
     I vow to mend my ways ;  
     Lord, say Amen,  
     And Thine be all the praise.

## 41. CONFUSION.

O how my mind  
     Is gravell'd !<sup>70</sup>  
     Not a thought  
 That I can find  
     But's ravel'd      5  
     All to nought.  
 Short ends of threds,  
     And narrow shreds  
     Of lists,  
 Knot-snarl'd ruffs,<sup>71</sup>      10  
     Loose broken tufts  
     Of twists,  
 Are my torn meditation's ragged clothing ;  
 Which, wound and woven, shape a sute for nothing ;  
 One while I think, and then I am in pain      15  
 To think how to unthink that thought again.  
  
 How can my soul  
     But famish

With this food ?  
 Pleasure's full bowl 20  
     Tastes rammish,<sup>72</sup>  
     Taints the blood ;  
 Profit picks bones,  
     And chews on stones  
     That choak ; 25  
 Honour climbs hills,  
     Fats not, but fills  
     With smoak.  
 And whilst my thoughts are greedy upon these,  
 They pass by pearls, and stoop to pick up pease. 30  
 Such wash and draff<sup>73</sup> is fit for none but swine :  
 And such I am not, Lord, if I am Thine.  
     Cloath me anew, and feed me then afresh ;  
     Else my soul dies famisht and starv'd with flesh.

## 42. A PARADOX :

## THE WORSE THE BETTER.

Welcome, mine health ; this sickness makes me well.  
     Med'cins, adieu :  
 When with diseases I have list<sup>74</sup> to dwell,  
     I'll wish for you.  
 Welcome, my strength ; this weakness makes me able ; 5  
     Powers, adieu :  
 When I am weary grown of standing stable,  
     I'll wish for you.



Welcome, my wealth ; this loss hath gain'd me more.  
                   Riches, adieu : 10  
 When I again grow greedy to be poor,  
                   I'll wish for you.  
 Welcome, my credit ; this disgrace is glory.  
                   Honours, adieu :  
 When for renown and fame I shall be sorry,<sup>75</sup> 15  
                   I'll wish for you.  
 Welcome, content ; this sorrow is my joy.  
                   Pleasures, adieu :  
 When I desire such griefs as may annoy,  
                   I'll wish for you. 20  
 Health, strength, and riches, credit and content,  
 Are sparèd best sometimes when they are spent ;  
 Sickness and weakness, loss, disgrace, and sorrow,  
 Lend most sometimes when they seem most to borrow.  
 Blest be that hand that helps by hurting, gives 25  
 By taking, by forsaking me relieves.  
 If in my fall my rising be Thy will,  
 Lord, I will say, 'The worse the better still.'  
 I'll speak the paradox ; maintain Thou it,  
 And let Thy grace supply my want of wit. 30  
                   Leave me no learning that a man may see,  
                   So I may be a scholar unto Thee.

## 43. INMATES.

A house I had (an heart, I mean) so wide  
 And full of spacious rooms on every side,

That, viewing it, I thought I might do well,  
 Rather than keep it void, and make no gain  
 Of what I could not use, to entertain 5  
     Such guests as came. I did ; but what befel  
     Me quickly in that course I sigh to tell.

A guest I had—alas, I have her still—  
 A great big-belly'd guest ; enough to fill  
     The vast content of hell,—Corruption. 10  
 By entertaining her I lost my right  
 To more than all the world hath now in sight ;  
     Each day, each hour almost, she brought forth one  
     Or other base-begot Transgression.

The charge grew great. I, that had lost before 15  
 All that I had, was forcèd now to score<sup>76</sup>  
     For all the charges of their maintenance  
 In Dooms-day book. Whoever knew't would say,  
 The least sum there was more than I could pay  
     When first 'twas due,—besides continuance, 20  
     Which could not chuse but much the debt enhance.

To ease me, first I wisht her to remove ;  
 But she would not. I su'd her then above,  
     And begg'd the Court of Heaven, but in vain,  
 To cast her out. No, I could not evade 25  
 The bargain which she pleaded I had made,  
     That whilst both livèd I should entertain  
     At mine own charge both her and all her train.

No help then, but or I must dye or she ;  
 And yet my death of no availe would be, 30  
     For one death I had dy'd already, then  
 When first she liv'd in me ; and now to dye  
 Another death again were but to tye  
     And twist them both into a third,<sup>77</sup> which, when  
     It once hath seiz'd on, never looseth men. 35

Her death might be my life ; but her to kill  
 I of myself had neither power nor will :  
     So desp'rate was my case. Whilst I delay'd,  
 My guest still teem'd, my debts still greater grew ;  
 The less I had to pay, the more was due. [=bore 40  
     The more I knew, the more I was afraid ;  
     The more I mus'd, the more I was dismai'd.

At last I learn'd there was no way but one :  
 A friend must do it for me. He alone,  
     That is the Lord of life, by dying can 45  
 Save men from death, and kill Corruption :  
 And many years ago the deed was done ;  
     His heart was pierc'd ; out of His side there ran  
     Sinne's corrasives,<sup>78</sup> restoratives for man.

This precious balm I begg'd, for pitie's sake, 50  
 At Mercie's gate, where Faith alone may take  
     What Grace and Truth do offer lib'rally.  
 Bounty said, 'Come.' I heard it, and believ'd ;  
 None ever there complain'd but was reliev'd.

Hope waiting upon Faith said instantly, 55  
That thenceforth I should live, Corruption dye.

And so she dy'd, I live. But yet, alas,  
We are not parted : she is where she was,  
Cleaves fast unto me still, looks thro' mine eyes,  
Speaks in my tongue, and museth in my mind ; 60  
Works with mine hands ; her body's left behind,  
Although her soul be gone. My miseries  
All flow from hence ; from hence my woes arise.

I loath myself, because I leave her not,  
Yet cannot leave her. No, she is my lot, 65  
Now being dead, that living was my choice ;  
And still, though dead, she both conceives and bears  
Many faults daily, and as many fears :  
All which for vengeance call with a loud voice,  
And drown my comforts with their deadly noise. 70

Dead bodies kept unbury'd quickly stink  
And putrifie : how can I, then, but think  
Corruption noysome, even mortifi'd ?<sup>79</sup>  
Though such she were before, yet such to me  
She seemèd not. Kind fools can never see, 75  
Or will not credit, until they have try'd,  
That friendly looks oft false intents do hide.

But mortifi'd Corruption lies unmaskt,  
Blabs her own secret filthiness unaskt,

To all that understand her : that do none      80  
 In whom she lives embracèd with delight :  
 She first of all deprives them of their sight ;  
 Then doat they on her, as upon their own,  
 And she to them seems beautiful alone.<sup>80</sup>

But woe is me ! One part of me is dead ;      85  
 The other lives : yet that which lives is led,  
 Or rather carry'd, captive unto sin  
 By the dead part. I am a living grave,  
 And a dead body I within me have.  
 The worse part of the better oft doth win ;      90  
 And when I should have ended, I begin.

The scent would choak me, were it not that Grace  
 Sometimes vouchsafeth to perfume the place  
 With odours of the Spirit ; which do ease me,  
 And counterpoise Corruption. Blessèd Spirit,      95  
 Although eternal torments be my merit,      =desert  
 And of myself transgressions only please me,  
 Adde grace enough, being reviv'd, to raise me.

Challenge Thine own ; let not intruders hold  
 Against Thy right what to my wrong I sold.      100  
 Having no state myself, but tenancy,  
 And tenancy at will, what could I grant  
 That is not voided, if Thou say, Avaunt !      =annulled  
 O speak the word, and make these inmates flee ;  
 Or, which is one, take me to dwell with Thee. 105

## 44. THE CURB.

Peace, rebel thought ; dost thou not know thy King,  
     My God, is here ?  
 Cannot His presence, if no other thing,  
     Make thee forbear ?  
 Or were He absent, all the standers-by                   5  
     Are but His spyes :  
 And well He knows, if thou shouldst it deny,  
     Thy words were lyes.  
 If others will not, yet I must and will  
     Myself complain.   10

My God, ev'n now a base rebellious thought  
     Began to move,  
 And subt'ly twining with me would have wrought  
     Me from Thy love :  
 Fain he would have me to believe that sin               15  
     And Thou might both  
 Take up my heart together for your inne,  
     And neither loath  
 The other's company ; a while sit still,  
     And part again.   20

Tell me, my God, how this may be redrest :  
     The fault is great,  
 And I, the guilty party,<sup>s1</sup> have confest  
     I must be beat.  
 And I refuse not punishment for this,                   25

Though to my pain,  
 So I may learn to do no more amiss,  
 Nor sin again :  
 Correct me, if Thou wilt ; but teach me then  
 What I shall do. 30

Lord of my life, methinks I heard Thee say,  
 That labour's eas'd ;  
 The fault that is confesst is done away,  
 And Thou art pleas'd.  
 How can I sin again, and wrong Thee then, 35  
 That dost relent,  
 And cease Thine anger straight, as soon as men  
 Do but repent ?  
 No, rebel thought ; for if thou move again,  
 I'll tell that too. 40

## 45. THE LOSS.

The match<sup>82</sup> is made  
 Between my Love and me ;  
 And therefore glad  
 And merry now I'll be.  
 Come, glory, crown 5  
 My head ;  
 And, pleasures, drown  
 My bed  
 Of thorns in down.  
 Sorrow, be gone ; 10

Delight  
     And joy alone  
 Befit  
     My honeymoon.  
 Be packing now, 15  
     You comb'rous cares and fears;  
 Mirth will allow  
     No room to sighs and tears.  
 Whilst thus I lay,  
     As ravisht with delight, 20  
 I heard one say,  
     'So fools their friends requite.'  
 I knew the voice  
     My Lord's ;  
     And at the noise 25  
     His words  
     Did make, arose.  
 I look'd and spy'd  
     Each where,  
     And loudly cry'd, 30  
     'My dear ;'  
     But none reply'd.  
 Then to my grief  
     I found my Love was gone,  
 Without relief, 35  
     Leaving me all alone.<sup>83</sup>



## 46. THE SEARCH.

Whither, Oh! whither is my Lord departed?  
 What, can my Love, that is so tender-hearted,  
 Forsake the soul which once He thow darted,  
                   As if it never smarted?

No, sure my Love is here, if I could find Him;           5  
 He that fills all can leave no place behind Him.  
 But Oh! my senses are too weak to wind<sup>84</sup> Him;  
                   Or else I do not mind Him.

O no, I mind Him not so as I ought;  
 Nor seek Him so as I by Him was sought,           10  
 When I had lost myself; He dearly bought  
                   Me, that was sold for nought.

But I have wounded Him that made me sound;  
 Lost Him again by Whom I first was found;  
 Him that exalted me, have cast to th' ground;       15  
                   My sins His blood have drown'd.

Tell me, Oh! tell me—Thou alone canst tell—  
 Lord of my life, where Thou art gone to dwell;  
 For in Thine absence heav'n itself is hell;  
                   Without Thee none is well.           20

Or, if Thou beest not gone, but only hidest  
 Thy presence in the place where Thou abidest,  
 Teach me the sacred art which Thou providest  
                   For all them whom Thou guidest,

THE SYNAGOGUE.

75

To seek and find Thee by : else here I'll lie, 25  
 Untill Thou find me. If Thou let me dye,  
 That only unto Thee for life do cry,  
 Thou dy'st as well as I.

For if Thou live in me, and I in Thee,  
 Then either both alive or dead must be ; 30  
 At least I'll lay my death on Thee, and see  
 If Thou wilt not agree.

For though Thou be the Judge Thyself, I have  
 Thy promise for it, which Thou canst not wave,  
 That who salvation at Thine hands do crave, 35  
 Thou wilt not fail to save.

Oh! seek and find me, then ; or else deny  
 Thy truth, Thyself. Oh! Thou that canst not lye,  
 Show Thyself constant to Thy word, draw nigh ;  
 Find me. Loe, here I lye. 40

47. THE RETURN.

Loe, now my Love appears ;  
 My tears  
 Have clear'd mine eyes ; I see  
 'Tis He.

Thanks, blessèd Lord ; Thine absence was my hell ; 5  
 And now Thou art returnèd, I am well.

By this I see I must  
 Not trust

My joys unto myself ;  
 This shelf<sup>s5</sup> = reef 10  
 Of too secure and too presumptuous pleasure  
 Had almost sunk my ship and drown'd my treasure.

Who would have thought a joy  
 So coy,  
 To be offended so, 15  
 And go .  
 So suddenly away ? As if enjoying  
 Full pleasure and contentment were annoying,

Hereafter I had need  
 Take heed. 20  
 Joyes, amongst other things,  
 Have wings,  
 And watch their opportunities of flight,  
 Converting in a moment day to night.

But is't enough for me 25  
 To be  
 Instructed to be wise ?  
 I'll rise,  
 And read a lecture unto them that are  
 Willing to learn, how comfort dwells with care. 30

He that his joyes would keep  
 Must weep ;  
 And in the brine of tears  
 And fears

Must pickle them. That powder<sup>86</sup> will preserve ; 35  
 Faith with repentance is the soul's conserve.

Learn to make much of care ;  
 A rare  
 And precious balsom 'tis  
 For bliss ; 40  
 Which oft resides where mirth with sorrow meets ;  
 Heavenly joys on earth are bitter-sweets.<sup>87</sup>

## 48. INUNDATIONS.

We talk of Noah's flood as of a wonder ;  
 And well we may ;  
 The Scriptures say  
 The water did prevail, the hills were under,  
 And nothing could be seen but sea. 5

And yet there are two other floods surpass  
 That flood as far  
 As heav'n one star ;  
 Which many men regard as little as  
 The ordinari'st things that are. 10

The one is sin, the other is salvation ;  
 And we must need  
 Confess indeed  
 That either of them is an inundation,  
 Which doth the deluge far exceed. 15

In Noah's flood he and his household liv'd ;  
     And there abode  
     A whole ark-load  
 Of other creatures that were then repriev'd ;  
     All safely on the waters rode. 20

But when sin came, it overflowèd all,  
     And left none free ;  
     Nay, even He,  
 That knew no sin, could not release my thrall  
     But that He was made sin for me ; 25

And when salvation came, my Saviour's blood  
     Drown'd sin again,  
     With all its train  
 Of evils ; overflowing them with good,  
     With good that ever shall remain. 30

O let there be one other inundation ;  
     Let grace o'rflow  
     In my soul so,  
 That thankfulness may level with salvation, =run level  
     And sorrow sin may overgrow ! 35

Then will I praise my Lord and Saviour so,  
     That angels shall  
     Admire man's fall,  
 When they shall see God's greatest glory grow,  
     Where Satan thought to root out all. 40

## 49. SIN.

Sin, I would fain define thee, but thou art  
     An uncouth thing ;  
     All that I bring  
 To show thee fully shows thee but in part.  
 I call thee 'the transgression of the law ;'           5  
     And yet I read  
     That sin is dead  
 Without the law, and thence its strength doth draw.  
 I say thou art 'the sting of death.' 'Tis true ;  
     And yet I find   10  
     Death comes behind ;  
 The work is done before the pay be due.<sup>88</sup>  
 I say thou art the devil's work ; yet he  
     Should much rather  
     Call thee father ;                                       15  
 For he had been no devil but for thee.  
 What shall I call thee, then ? If death and devil,  
     Right understood,  
     Be names too good,  
 I'll say thou art the quintessence of evil.           20

## 50. TRAVELS AT HOME.

Oft have I wish'd a traveller to be ;  
 Mine eyes did even itch the sights to see  
 That I had heard and read of ; oft I have  
 Been greedy of occasion as the grave,

That never saies 'enough;' yet still was crost, 5  
 When opportunities had promis'd most.  
 At last I said, 'What mean'st thou, wandring elf,  
 To straggle thus? Go, travel first thyself.<sup>89</sup>  
 Thy little world can show thee wonders great;  
 The greater may have more, but not more neat<sup>90</sup> 10  
 And curious pieces. Search, and thou shalt find  
 Enough to talk of. If thou wilt, thy mind  
 Europe supplies, and Asia thy will,  
 And Africk thine affections. And if still  
 Thou list to travel further, put thy senses 15  
 For both the Indies. Make no more pretences  
 Of new discoveries, whilst yet thine own  
 And nearest little world is still unknown.  
 Away, then, with thy quadrants, compasses,  
 Globes, tables, cards<sup>91</sup> and maps, and minute-glasses; 20  
 Lay by thy journals and thy diaries,  
 Close up thine annals and thine histories:  
 Study thyself, and read what thou hast writ  
 In thine own book, thy conscience. Is it fit  
 To labour after other knowledge so, 25  
 And thine own nearest, dearest self not know?  
 Travels abroad both dear and dang'rous are,  
 Whilst oft the soul payes for the bodie's fare;  
 Travels at home are cheap and safe: salvation  
 Comes mounted on the wings of meditation. 30  
 He that doth live at home, and learns to know  
 God and himself, needeth no further go.'

## 51. THE JOURNEY.

Life is a journey. From our mothers' wombs,  
 As houses, we set out ; and in our tombs,  
 As inns, we rest, till it be time to rise.  
 'Twixt rocks and gulfs our narrow footpath lies ;  
 Haughty presumption and hell-deep despair 5  
 Make our way dangerous, though seeming fair.  
 The world, with its inticements sleek and sly,  
 Slabbers<sup>92</sup> our steps, and makes them slippery.  
 The flesh, with its corruptions, clogs our feet,  
 And burdens us with loads of lusts unmeet. 10  
 The devil where we tread doth spread his snares,  
 And with temptations takes us unawares.  
 Our footsteps are our thoughts, our words, our works ;  
 These carry us along ; in these there lurks  
 Envy, lust, avarice, ambition, 15  
 The crooked turnings to perdition.  
 One while we creep amongst the thorny brakes  
 Of worldly profits ; and the devil takes  
 Delight to see us pierce ourselves with sorrow  
 To-day, by thinking what may be to-morrow. 20  
 Another while we wade and wallow in  
 Puddles of pleasure ; and we never lin = cease  
 Daubing ourselves with dirty damn'd delights,  
 Till self-begotten pain our pleasure frights.  
 Sometimes we scramble to get up the banks 25  
 Of icy honour ; and we break our ranks



To step before our fellows ; though they say,  
 He soonest tyreth that still leads the way.  
 Sometimes, when others justle and provoke us,  
 We stir that dust ourselves that serves to choak us ; 30  
 And raise those tempests of contention which  
 Blow us beside the way into the ditch.  
 Our minds should be our guides ; but they are blind :  
 Our wills outrun our wits, or lag behind.  
 Our furious passions, like unbridled jades, 35  
 Hurry us headlong to th' infernal shades.  
     If God be not our guide, our guard, our friend,  
     Eternal death will be our journey's end.

## 52 ENGINES.

Men often find, when Nature's at a stand,  
 And hath in vain try'd all her utmost strength,  
 That Art, her ape, can reach her out an hand,  
 To piece her powers with to a full length :  
     And may not Grace have means enough in store 5  
     Wherewith to do as much as that, and more ?

She may : she hath engines of ev'ry kind  
 To work, what Art and Nature, when they view,  
 Stupendious<sup>93</sup> miracles of wonder find,  
 And yet must needs acknowledge to be true ; 10  
     So far transcending all their pow'r and might,  
     That they stand ev'n amazèd at the sight.

Take but three instances ; faith, hope, and love.  
 Souls help'd by the perspective-glass of faith  
 Are able to perceive what is above 15  
 The reach of reason ; yea, the Scripture saith  
     Ev'n Him that is invisible behold,  
     And future things, as if they'd been of old.

Faith looks into the secret cabinet  
 Of God's eternal counsels, and doth see 20  
 Such mysteries of glory there as set  
 Believing hearts on longing ; till they be  
     Transform'd to the same image, and appear  
     So alterèd, as if themselves were there.

Faith can raise earth to heaven, or draw down 25  
 Heaven to earth, make both extreams to meet,—  
 Felicity and misery ; can crown  
 Reproach with honour, season sowre with sweet.  
     Nothing's impossible to faith ; a man  
     May do all things that he believes he can. 30

Hope founded upon faith can raise the heart  
 Above itself in expectation  
 Of what the soul desireth for its part ;  
 Then, when its time of transmigration  
     Is delay'd longest, yet as patiently 35  
     To wait, as if 'twere answer'd by and by.

When grief unwieldy grows, hope can abate  
 The bulk to what proportion it will ;

So that a large circumference of late  
 A little center shall not reach to fill ; 40  
     Nor that which gyant-like before did strut strut  
     Be able with a pigmey's pace t' hold out.

Hope can disperse the thickest clouds of night  
 That fear hath overspread the soul withall ;  
 And make the darkest shadows shine as bright 45  
 As the sunbeams spread on a silver wall ;  
     Sin-shaken souls Hope, anchor-like, holds steady,  
     When storm and tempests make them more than  
     giddy.

Love led by Faith, and fed with Hope, is able  
 To travel through the world's wide wilderness ; 50  
 And burdens seeming most intollerable  
 Both to take up and bear with cheerfulness ;  
     To do or suffer what appears in sight  
     Extreamly heavy, Love will make most light.

Yea, what by men is done or sufferèd, 55  
 Either for God, or else for one another,  
 Though in itself it be much blemishèd  
 With many imperfections, which smother  
     And drown the worth and weight of it ; yet, fall  
     What will or can, Love makes amends for all. 60

Love doth unite and knit ; both make and keep  
 Things one together which were otherwise,

Or would be both divers and distant. Deep,  
High, long, and broad, or whatsoever size  
Eternity is of, or happiness, 65  
Love comprehends it all, bee't more or less.

Give me this threefold cord of graces then,  
Faith, Hope, and Love ; let them possess mine heart ;  
And gladly I'll resign to other men  
All I can claim by Nature or by Art : 70  
To mount<sup>94</sup> a soul, and make it still stand stable,  
These are alone engines incomparable.





TO MY REVEREND FRIEND THE AUTHOR OF THE  
SYNAGOGUE.

SIR,

I lov'd you for your Synagogue before  
I knew your person ; but now love you more ;

Because I find

It is so true a picture of your mind ;

Which tunes your sacred lyre

To that eternal quire,

Where holy Herbert sits

(O shame to prophane wits!)

And sings his and your anthems, to the praise  
Of Him that is the First and Last of daies.

These holy hymns had an ethereal birth ;

For they can raise sad souls above the earth,

And fix them there,

Free from the world's anxieties and fear.

Herbert and you have pow'r

To do this ; ev'ry hour

I read you, kills a sin

Or lets a virtue in

To fight against it ; and the Holy Ghost  
Supports my frailties, lest the day be lost.

This holy war, taught by your happy pen,  
 The Prince of Peace approves. When we poor men  
     Neglect our arms,  
 W' are circumvested with a world of harms.  
     But I will watch and ward,  
     And stand upon my guard ;  
     And still consult with you  
     And Herbert, and renew  
 My vows and say, ' Well fare his and your heart,  
 The fountains of such sacred wit and art.'

IZ[AAK] WA[LTON].

TO HIS INGENIOUS FRIEND

THE AUTHOR OF THE SYNAGOGUE,  
 UPON HIS ADDITIONAL CHURCH-UTENSILS.

Sir,  
 So the cheap touchstone's bold  
 To question the more noble gold ;  
 As I, at your command,  
 Put forth my blushing hand  
 To try these raptures, sent to my poor test ;  
 But since your question's, ' Are they like the rest ?'  
     I say they are the best ;  
 That once conceiv'd, the other is confest.

    But, sir, now they are here,  
 For to prevent a female jeer,  
     Thus much affirm I do,  
     They'r like the father too ;

And you like him whose sublime paths you tread,  
 Herbert ! to be like whom who'd not be dead ?  
     Herbert ! whom when I read,  
 I stoop at stars that shine below my head.

    Herbert ! whose every strain  
 Twists holy breasts with happy brain ;  
     So that who strives to be  
     As elegant as he  
 Must climbe Mount Calv'ry for Parnassus' hill,  
 And in his Saviour's sides baptise his quill ;  
     A Jordan<sup>95</sup> fit t' instill  
 A saint-like stile, backt with an angel's skill.

    He was our Solomon,  
 And you are our Centurion ;  
     Our Temple him we owe,  
     Our Synagogue to you ;  
 Where, if your piety so much allow  
 That structure with these ornaments t' endow,  
     All good men will avow  
 Your Syn'gogue, built before, is furnisht now.

I. L.

Sir,  
 While I read your lines, methinks I spie  
 Churches, and churchmen, and the old hierarchie :  
 What potent charms are these ! you have the knack  
 To make men young again, and fetch time back.

I've lost what was bestow'd on Judah's prince,<sup>96</sup>  
And am now where I was thrice five years since.  
The mid-space shrunk to nothing ; manners, men,  
And times, and all look just as they did then ;  
Rubbish and ruin's vanisht, everywhere  
Order and comliness afresh appear.  
What cannot poets do ? They change with ease  
The face of things, and lead us as they please.  
Yet here's no fiction neither : we may see  
The poet, prophet ; his verse, historie.      A. S.

Jan. 1, 1654.







## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

<sup>1</sup> p. 5, '*Subterliminare*.' In a contemporary handwriting I have 'Mr. Henry Vaughan' (=Henry Vaughan the Silurist) placed under the heading of Langford's lines 'To the Author' (on verso, of 5th edition of 'The Synagogue,' 1667); and in the same copy '*Subterliminare*' is inscribed 'by Dr. Donne.' See our Memorial-Introduction on this.

<sup>2</sup> p. 6, '*thwart*'=contradict.

<sup>3</sup> p. 9, '*in tail*:' English law term=holding which is opposite to fee simple.

<sup>4</sup> p. 10, '*fast*'=fasten.

<sup>5</sup> p. 10, '*hood-winckt*'=blinded—from the hawking term.

<sup>6</sup> p. 10, '*alchemy*:' the allusion is not to transmutation, but alchemy as chemistry, or rather chemistry applied to art.

<sup>7</sup> p. 10, '*tincture*:' see Glossarial Index to HERBERT, vol. ii.

<sup>8</sup> p. 11, '*Spirit's*'=the Holy Spirit. From the outset onward it has been misprinted 'spirits.' It might indeed be that there was a sort of verbal conceit or pun on 'spirits' and *aqua regia*, the 'spirits' so called; for nitro-muriatic acid was called 'spirits,' just as sulphuric acid was 'spirits of vitriol.' But the primary and surely intended sense is that the gilded brass of hypocrisy passes as gold till detected as false by the test of the Holy Spirit. See 'Schola Cordis,' Ode xvi. line 47, and relative note.

<sup>9</sup> p. 11, '*heardest last*:' that is, in 8. The Church.

<sup>10</sup> p. 12, '*solidate*'=consolidate (cf. solder).

<sup>11</sup> p. 15, '*complement*:' seems to be used simply as an addition, and as somewhat between the exact sense of complement and our compliment.

<sup>12</sup> p. 15, '*fæderal*'=granted by a perpetual treaty to him and his posterity for ever.

<sup>13</sup> p. 15, '*Reading-pue*:' see Memorial-Introduction to HERBERT on the equal height of the pulpit and reading-desk at Leighton Bromswold; and in 4to (vol. i., facing page xxv.) a view of them.

<sup>14</sup> p. 16, '*But . . . alone.*' As though they were the only touchstones, &c. Rather a forced use of 'but.' The construction may be taken to be 'to their own [they bring], but alone [*i.e.* the only] touchstones,' &c.

<sup>15</sup> p. 17, '*top*'=over-top. 'And topping all others in boasting' ('*Coriolanus*,' ii. 1).

<sup>16</sup> p. 18, '*bears the bell*:' see Glossarial Index to HERBERT, vol. ii. *s.v.*

<sup>17</sup> p. 19, '*panchreston*'=all good, all-heal.

<sup>18</sup> p. 19, '*perspective*:' see Glossarial Index to HERBERT, vol. ii. *s.v.*

<sup>19</sup> p. 20, '*speaketh by this Book*'=the saying, 'he speaks by the book,' *i.e.* correctly, with exactness.

<sup>20</sup> p. 21, '*good cook.*' The old proverb, 'God sends the meat and the devil the cooks,' has a solemn meaning in it.

<sup>21</sup> p. 23, '*toothsome*'=relishable, sweet.

<sup>22</sup> p. 24, '*last course and best provision*:' a reminiscence of the saying of the governor of the feast at the marriage of Cana in Galilee.

<sup>23</sup> p. 24, '*tuch*'=basanites, or hard black granite; but sometimes used, says Nares, for any costly marble. See our edition of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, vol. i. pp. 9, 12, 109, 112. Coleridge is in error in his note here: '*tuch* rhyming to *much*, from the German *tuch*, cloth. I never met with it before as an English word. So I find *platt* for foliage in Stanley's History of Philosophy.'

<sup>24</sup> p. 25, '*close*'=shut up, enclosed with rails; opposed to 'open,' as 'fixt' is to 'movable.'

<sup>25</sup> p. 25, '*So that*'=I will not take offence within these limits, namely, provided I be not driven to thwart authority; or to make a party for faction, *i.e.* for factious purposes, or be made the tool of a faction; and thirdly, provided I be not made even seemingly to make or join such a party. With such I must, in the interests both of unity and charity, take offence, or become their opponent.

<sup>26</sup> p. 26, '*dead*:' the addition of spirits of pearls would not vivify such wine, would not increase its flavour and other qualities, but 'deaden' it.

<sup>27</sup> p. 27, '*vail*'=lower, a nautical term for lowering the topsail, &c., as a sign of submission or compliment; and often applied in those days to the taking off and consequent lowering sweep of the bonnet or hat. See our DONNE, *s.v.*

<sup>28</sup> p. 28, '*vessel'd*.' Bacon uses this verb (Richardson, *s.v.*), but it is unusual. '*Invesseled*' occurs in *Mary Magdalene's Tears*, st. 4. Both forms seem rare.

<sup>29</sup> p. 29, '*the many*'=the mob: '*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*' (Horace).

<sup>30</sup> p. 29, '*beesome*'=besom or broom.

<sup>31</sup> p. 30, '*tune*'=gives the note for and leads. So in 20. The Clerk, line 4.

<sup>32</sup> p. 31, '*most . . . sanctifi'd*'=chiefly expecteth to be made, *i.e.* declared or praised as holy, '*sanctified*' being used in similar sense to '*glorified*.'

<sup>33</sup> p. 31, '*smells*.' He was probably thinking of mace, the envelope of the nutmeg.

<sup>34</sup> p. 32, '*poor*:' cf. St. Luke iv. 18; St. Matthew xix. 21; St. John xii. 5, 6.

<sup>35</sup> p. 34, '*countercharme*'=counter-spell, as in witchcraft.

<sup>36</sup> p. 35, '*chymick blessing*.' The phrase is rather oddly worded, but means is a curse transformed into a blessing. The cases were not alike; but the thought was suggested by remembrance of Balaam and the wars of Amalek, and perhaps of the commanded Canaanitish vows. We cannot, he says, expect to obtain a blessing like reformation of religion in our own way, namely, by the curse of war, except—and that is rarely—when the over-ruling and transforming providence of God chooses to turn it into a blessing.

<sup>37</sup> p. 36, '*gen'rally*'=in the general sense of the word, according to its etymology.

<sup>38</sup> p. 37, '*proceed*'=advance or seek to occupy higher office.

<sup>39</sup> p. 38, '*ready prest*:' somewhat tautological, but emphatic=readily, ready, or ready-hasted. Fr. prêt, prest; Latin, præstare. In sense and etymology the word is different from prest or pressed of verb 'to press.'

<sup>40</sup> p. 39, '*censures*'=judgments, decisions.

<sup>41</sup> p. 39, '*attone*:' according to its etymology to at-one, to make at one.

<sup>42</sup> p. 40, '*An instance of proving too much*' (Coleridge).

<sup>43</sup> p. 41, '*persons*:' '*Functions of times, but not persons of necessity? Ex. bishop to archbishop*' (Coleridge).

<sup>44</sup> p. 43, '*florilegia*:' a common name for collections of sentences from the Fathers, &c.

<sup>45</sup> p. 43, '*That he loves God*,' &c. '*Equally unthinking and uncharitable. I approve of them; but yet remember Roman*

Catholic idolatry, and that it originated in such high-flown metaphors as these' (Coleridge).

<sup>46</sup> p. 43, *The Sabbath, or Lord's Day*. 'Make it sense and lose the rhyme; or make it rhyme and lose the sense' (Coleridge).

<sup>47</sup> p. 44, 'blazon'=emblazon.

<sup>48</sup> p. 45, 'consort:' see our HERBERT'S Glossarial Index, vol. ii. *s.v.*

<sup>49</sup> p. 45, 't' amuse'=make muse.

<sup>50</sup> p. 46, *The Nativity*: see our Memorial-Introduction for Coleridge on this poem.

<sup>51</sup> p. 46, 'Shine forth, bright sun:' 'Shine out, fair sun' ('Richard III.' i. 2).

<sup>52</sup> p. 47, 'that we could'=this day, in order that we might, &c., the intermediate clause being parenthetical.

<sup>53</sup> p. 48, 'copy.' The meaning, as not unfrequently, is the original which supplied the copies, just as the schoolboy's 'copy' is that set for him to copy.

<sup>54</sup> p. 49, 'but we'=but of what we were or are.

<sup>55</sup> p. 49, 'livelihood'=lifeship, state of life.

<sup>56</sup> p. 49, 'water's bloud.' Holding circumcision and baptism as the sacraments of admission into the old and new Covenants respectively, he had come therefrom to the thought expressed in the lines from 'Original Sin' onwards, that the circumcision of Christ was not the putting off of the body of His sins, but the entering of Himself as man in the covenant between God and corrupt man, like as in baptism we are admitted to partake of Christ's righteousness. Now he goes farther, and expresses more fully the oneness of Christ with the believer, and of the believer with Christ, through the inter-communion, as it were, of His circumcision and our baptism. Christ having entered Himself as man, and made Himself one in all things with us, it was thus His blood gave its virtues to our baptism, and made it a baptism by which we are baptised into His circumcision and purity—'in Whom also ye are circumcised with the circumcision made without hands, in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ' (Col. ii. 11; with which also Harvey probably connected 1 St. John i. 7, Hebrews ix. 22, and the like).

<sup>57</sup> p. 49, 'quit'=quite, requite, give in equal exchange.

<sup>58</sup> p. 49, Romans ii. 29. Same signification Romans vi. 3, 4; Col. ii. 11, 12; Gal. iii. 27.

<sup>59</sup> p. 52, '*If I do not*:' I am glad I am in such a frame of mind that I would grieve, were it not that I rather joy in the exceeding love thus manifested for me.

<sup>60</sup> p. 54, '*sin-seisèd*:' a technical legal term for taking possession.

<sup>61</sup> p. 55, '*tour*'=tower, *i.e.* rise straight aloft as a hawk, lark, and sometimes other birds.

<sup>62</sup> p. 56, '*shaken*.' 'The spiritual miracle was the descent of the Holy Ghost—the outward, the wind, and the tongues; and so St. Peter himself explains it. That each individual obtained the power of speaking all languages is neither contained in, nor fairly deducible from, St. Luke's account' (Coleridge).

<sup>63</sup> p. 57, '*earnest*'=first payment or deposit.

<sup>64</sup> p. 57, '*legier*:' or ledger ambassador, same as resident ambassador. See Glossarial Index to HERBERT, vol. ii. *s.v.*

<sup>65</sup> p. 59, '*transcend*:' 'Most true, but not *contradict*. Reason is to faith as the eye to the telescope' (Coleridge).

<sup>66</sup> p. 59, '*in gross*:' in bulk or in wholesale quantities, the gross being a number which measured wholesale quantities, besides otherwise lending itself to the idea of large quantity. See '*Schola Cordis*,' Ode ix. line 19, and relative note.

<sup>67</sup> p. 59, '*lift*'=lift or lifted; a shortened form of the past of verbs in *t*, occasionally used by Greene and others, but which appears to have become more common in the later part of the reign of James. A notable example occurs in the '*Tempest*' (i. 2), where Prospero, speaking of their exposure at sea, says of the '*carcass of a butt*' [the hull of a Mediterranean vessel so called],

'the very rats

Instinctively have [had] quit it: there they hoist us;'

where exception has been taken to Rowe's change '*had*,' and to Shakespeare's supposed change from the past tense in the previous lines to the historical present, through inattention to the fact that '*quit*' and '*hoist*' are=quitted and hoisted.

<sup>68</sup> p. 62, '*beshrew*:' a slight maledictory exclamation=sorrow upon, a vexation or mischief on. This is on the supposition that it and a shrew and a shrew-mouse came directly from the Saxon. But Minshew says that it came (intermediately) from the shrew or shrew-mouse; 'a *shrew* mouse, quasi shrewd [*i.e.* as he explains shrewd, ill] mouse, which, by biting cattell, so venometh them that they die ¶ Gesu: whereof came our English, "I beshrew thee," when we wish ill;' and he repeats, *s.v.v.*,

beshrew and mouse, where he also says and shows by the words that the shrew-mouse, being accounted venomous, was 'therefore called in divers languages his name as his nature is.' Even if we do not adopt this derivation, his authority may be taken as proving that the original sense was more maledictory than that given above, and that Sherwood was right in his English-French Cotgrave in translating beshrew by *maudire*. Other uses of shrew and shrewd tend to the same; but if originally more imprecatory, there can be no doubt that it became slighter and more innocent, partly perhaps from its likeness to shrew, a woman scold, partly from the after-adoption of more forcible and Low-Country swearing.

<sup>69</sup> p. 63, '*score*'=Yet I am again run into debt. See Glossarial Index to HERBERT, vol. ii. *s.v.*

<sup>70</sup> p. 64, '*gravell'd*:' now relegated to vulgar colloquial or slang, a metaphor=thrown on the ground or dust, and probably derived from wrestling.

<sup>71</sup> p. 64, '*lists . . . snarled ruffs*.' Snarl, of root snare, has a similar meaning to entangle, or substantive an entanglement, the *le* being, as usual, a frequentative or reduplicative form. I believe it was (perhaps is) used for certain specific twists or hanks of woollen thread, &c. Accordingly I have ventured to read 'knot-snarled' instead of 'knots snarled ruffs,' regarding the *s* as having been inadvertently reduplicated. '*Lists*'=the selvedge portion of woollen cloth.

<sup>72</sup> p. 65, '*rammish*'=tastes of an unpleasant rankness, or, to use a better equivalent, 'tastes goatish.'

<sup>73</sup> p. 65, '*wash and draff*'=trash, waste-stuff (technical 'brewing' terms).

<sup>74</sup> p. 65, '*list*'=desire, choose.

<sup>75</sup> p. 66, '*be sorry*'=When I shall sorrow for or after renown.

<sup>76</sup> p. 67, '*score*'=chalk it on the score, go in debt: see note<sup>69</sup>.

<sup>77</sup> p. 68, '*third*.' Not twist both deaths into a third death, which is contrary to scriptural phraseology and ideas, and does not agree with the metaphorical words following; but twist them both into a third, which is an old form of 'thrid' or thread. Nares justly observes that we have the same word in

'For I  
Have given you a third of my own life,  
Or that for which I live.'

(Prospero giving Miranda to Ferdinand, 'Tempest,' iv. 1.)  
Though endeavours have been made to explain it as one-third,

such explanations make the passage worse than nonsense by making it ridiculous.

<sup>78</sup> p. 68, '*sin's corrasives*:' 'corrosives' is—that eat into and destroy sin. But query is 'corra' not a press error?

<sup>79</sup> p. 69, '*mortified*:' a conceitfully used word: 'mortified' in the sense in which we use mortification of the flesh (after the phrase of St. Paul), and mortified, dead-struck.

<sup>80</sup> p. 70, '*alone*:' I have met somewhere with a weird Scottish ballad of a knight whose mother was burnt for a witch or for heresy, and who married a hag from abroad, beautiful to him and to him alone, till he had revenged his mother's death. The hag = murderous revenge.

<sup>81</sup> p. 71, '*party*' = individual (vulgarism now).

<sup>82</sup> p. 72, '*match*' = marriage or engagement.

<sup>83</sup> p. 73, may be said to be founded on the Song of Solomon.

<sup>84</sup> p. 74, '*wind*:' technical hunting term for to scent an animal of chase in the wind, so as to pursue on his traces and find him.

<sup>85</sup> p. 76, '*shelf*' = reef. See Glossarial Index to HERBERT, vol. ii. *s.v.*

<sup>86</sup> p. 77, '*powder*:' not strictly applicable to brine; but he was thinking of the salt added in powder to pickled meat, in order further to preserve it, and which, mingled with the exuded juices, becomes brine, at least in part.

<sup>87</sup> p. 77, '*bitter-sweets*' = the love-apple or fruit of *Solanum dulcamara*. So Vaux (?) of Beauty: 'Ah! bitter-sweet, infecting as the poison.'

<sup>88</sup> p. 79, '*be due*:' though sin be the sting of death, yet death comes behind, *i.e.* lagging behind, comes at some long time afterwards. The work is done by the deadly sting, but the due of it, death, comes not immediately, but long after. The conceit lies in the sting being spoken of as the sting of death, as we would of the bite of a serpent; yet the sting and the death are separate, and separate by some interval of time.

<sup>89</sup> p. 80, '*travel first thyself*' = go travel first over thyself. The little world or microcosm was a favourite phrase and thought, because it was held that man was a little world, having analogies and relationships and sympathies, each part with each part of the greater world, the earth and its products. This thought was the basis of Fletcher's 'The Purple Island.'

<sup>90</sup> p. 80, '*neat*:' here = dainty, nice.

<sup>91</sup> p. 80, '*cards*:' used in those days both for charts and

the mariner's compass, *i.e.* the card of the compass. Here it is used for the latter, as shown by the word 'maps' and 'compasses;' above, as shown by 'quadrants,' is the mathematical instrument so called. See our edition of SOUTHWELL, pp. 44-5.

<sup>82</sup> p. 81, '*Slabbers*:' much the same as slobbers. Minshew says 'slabber, to slubber or sully, *v.* to foule;' but here, as slab is a smooth flat stone, &c., so slabber is to make smooth with any fluid, just as grease is to make smooth and slippery with grease.

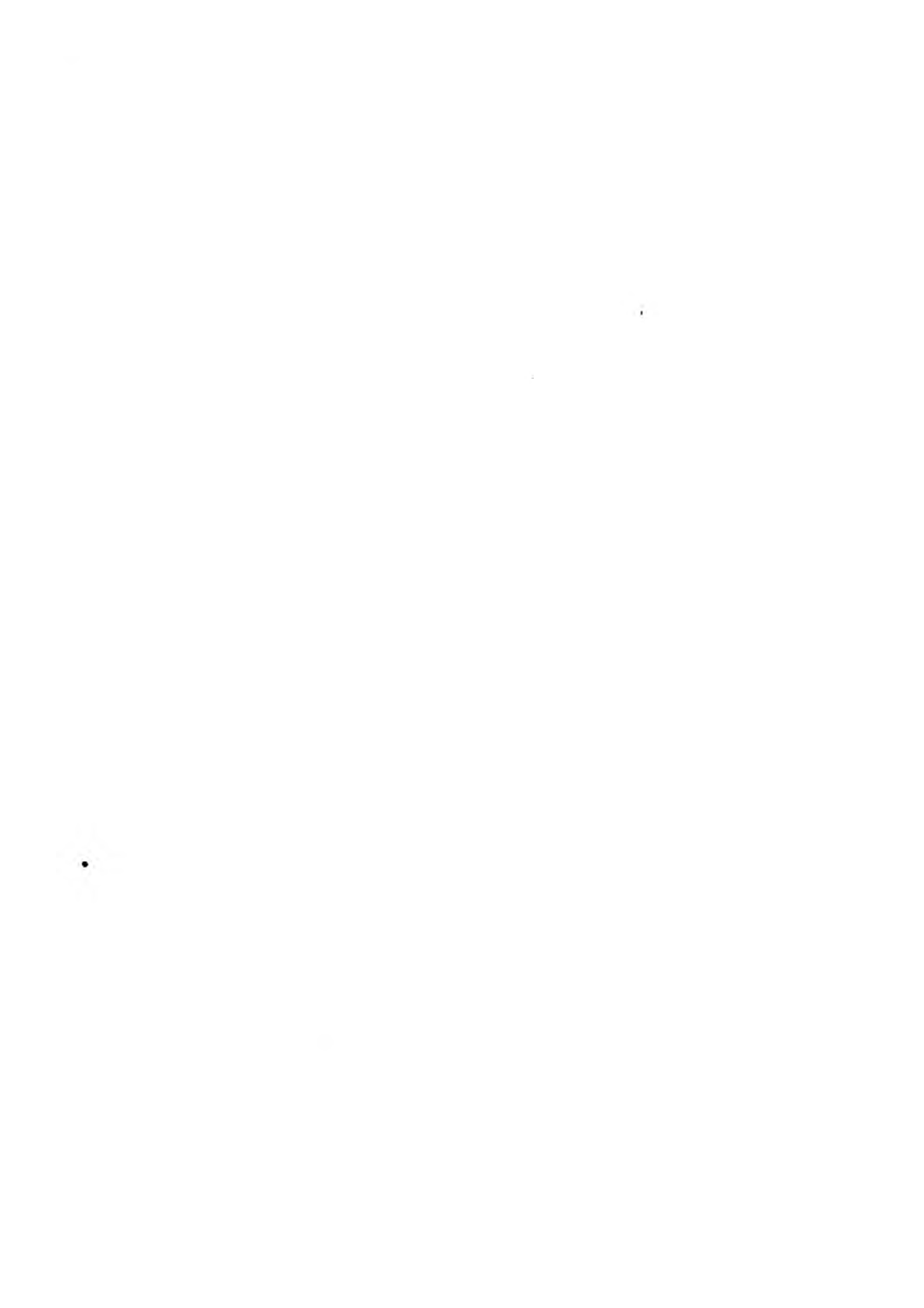
<sup>83</sup> p. 82, '*stupendious*:' a spelling found much later, as in Marvell.

<sup>4</sup> p. 85, '*mount*'=raise.

<sup>85</sup> p. 88, '*a Jordan*:' see HERBERT'S Glossarial Index, vol. ii. *s. v.*=vol. i. pp. 63, 283. I take this further opportunity of remarking with reference to Herbert's headings of 'Jordan,' that in 75. *Jordan* the meaning is—When he first joyed in the Lord he sought out best means to express that joy; but that now, when he had crossed over for good and become a settled inhabitant of God's promised land, all he need do is to speak in simple words what love dictates. In this he imitates somewhat the thought in Sidney's first sonnet (*Astrophel and Stella*). On another occasion he says, that in the fulness of its joy his heart can only repeat, 'My Joy, my Life, my Crown,' but that this is 'a true hymn' (131). In 25. *Jordan* the thought is similar—Now having once for all crossed *Jordan*, my joy can only express itself simply, and what more is required when a loving heart would speak the truth? Is there no beauty in Truth herself? Can she need adornment? Do I require to embellish my verse with those inventions and ornaments which poets find necessary when describing and praising either their mistresses adorned by art or the fictions of their own minds? No; in my great happiness I can but say, 'My God, my King;' but it is my heart verse, it has the beauty of truth, and is so accepted of the God of all truth. In 75. he says that a true loving heart needs only to express itself simply as it feels; in the other two, that in his fulness of joy he can but speak brokenly, but that such words are true songs, and having the beauty of truth, require not the adornment of a laboured wit. Harvey follows here in Herbert's footsteps.

<sup>86</sup> p. 89, '*I've lost what was bestowed on Judah's prince.*' A reference to the fifteen years added to the life of Hezekiah (2 Kings xx. 1-6).  
G.





II.

SCHOLA CORDIS.

NOTE.

Opposite is the title-page of the only edition of 'Schola Cordis' published during the author's lifetime, and which is our text. See our Preface and Memorial-Introduction for notices of other editions, and of the Emblems and for their source.

G.

[Engraved Title-page.]

# Schola Cordis

or

## The Heart of it Selfe,

gone away from God ;  
brought back againe to him ;  
& instructed by him.

Audiam quid  
Loquatur in me  
Dominus.  
Psalm 84.

in 47

Emblems.

Loquar ad  
Cor. Osa. 2.

London

Printed for H Blunden at the  
Castle in Corn-hill 1647

Michael van lochem fecit

[12mo.]



[Dedication.]

To the Divine Majestie  
of the onely begotten, eternall,  
well-beloved Son of God and  
Saviour of the world, *Christ Jesus*,  
the King of Kings and Lord of Lords,  
the Maker, the Mender, the Sear-  
cher, and the Teacher of  
the Heart ;

The meanest of his most unwor-  
thy Servants offers up this poore ac-  
count of his Thoughts, humbly beg-  
ging pardon for all that is amisse  
in them, and a gracious acceptance  
of these weak Endeavours for  
the advancement of His  
Honor in the good  
of others.





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## THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART.

### THE INTRODVCTION.

TURNE in, my mind, wander no more abroad ;  
Here's<sup>1</sup> work enough at home,<sup>2</sup> lay by that load  
Of scatter'd thoughts, that clogs and cumbers thee :  
Resume thy long-neglected liberty  
Of self-examination ; bend thine eye 5  
Inward, consider where thine heart doth lie,  
How 'tis affected, how 'tis busi'd : looke  
What thou hast writ thy selfe in thine own booke,  
Thy conscience ; here set thou thy selfe to schoole.  
Selfe-knowledge, 'twixt a wise man and a foole 10  
Doth make the difference ; he that neglects  
This learning, sideth with his owne defects.  
Dost thou draw backe ? Hath custome charm'd thee so,  
That thou canst relish nothing but thy woe ?  
Findst thou such sweetnesse in those sugar'd<sup>3</sup> lyes ? 15  
Have forain objects so ingrost thine eyes ?  
Canst thou not hold them off ? Hast thou an eare  
To listen but to what thou shouldst not heare ?  
Art thou incapable of every thing  
But what thy senses to thy fancie bring ? 20

Remember that thy birth and constitution  
Both promise better then such base confusion :  
Thy birth's divine, from heaven ; thy composure<sup>d</sup>  
Is spirit, and immortall ; thine inclosure  
In walls of flesh, not to make thee debtor 25  
For house-roume to them, but to make them better.  
Thy body's thy freehold ; live, then, as the lord,  
No tenant, to thine owne ; some time afford  
To view what state 'tis in ; survey each part,  
And above all take notice of thine heart : 30  
Such as that is, the rest is or will be,  
Better or worse, blame-worthy or fault-free.  
What ! are the ruines such thou art affraid,  
Or else asham'd to see how 'tis decai'd ?  
Is't therefore thou art loth to see it such 35  
As now it is, because it is so much  
Degenerated now from what it was  
And should have been ? Thine ignorance, alas,  
Will make it nothing better, and the longer  
Evils are suffer'd grow, they grow the stronger. 40  
Or hath thine understanding lost its light ?  
Hath the darke night of error dimm'd thy sight,  
So that thou canst not, though thou wouldst, observe  
All things amisse within thee—how they swerve  
From the straight rules of righteousnesse and reason ? 45  
If so, omit not then this precious season :  
Tis yet schoole-time, as yet the doore's not shut.  
Harke how the Master calls ! Come, let us put

Up our requests to Him, Whose will alone  
 Limits His pow'r of teaching ; from Whom none 50  
 Returnes unlearnèd that hath once a will  
 To be His scholar, and implore His skill.  
 Great Searcher of the heart, Whose boundless sight  
 Discovers secrets, and doth bring to light  
 The hidden things of darknesse ; Who alone 55  
 Perfectly knowst all things that can be knowne,—  
 Thou knowst I doe not, cannot, have no mind  
 To know mine heart ; I am not onely blind,  
 But lame and listlesse : Thou alone canst make  
 Mee able, willing ; and the paines I take, 60  
 As well as the successe, must come from Thee,  
 Who workest both to will and doe in mee :  
 Having now made mee willing to be taught,  
 Make mee as willing to learne what I ought.  
 Or, if Thou wilt allow Thy scholar leave 65  
 To choose his lesson,—lest I should deceive  
 My selfe againe, as I have done too often,—  
 Teach mee to know mine heart. Thou, Thou canst soften,  
 Lighten, enliven, purifie, restore,  
 And make more fruitfull then it was before 70  
 Its hardnesse, darknesse, death, uncleannesse, losse,  
 And barrenesse ; refine it from the drosse,  
 And draw out all the dregs ; heal ev'ry sore ;  
 Teach it to know it selfe, and love Thee more.  
 Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst impart this skill ; 75  
 And for all other learning, take 't who will.<sup>5</sup>

## 1. THE INFECTION OF THE HEART.

Why hath Satan filled thine heart? Acts v. 3.

## EPIGR. I.

Whilst thou enclin'st thy voyce-enveigled eare  
 The subtill serpent's syren-songs to heare ;  
 Thy heart drinks deadly poyson drawn from hell,  
 And with a vip'rous brood of sinne doth swell.<sup>6</sup>

## ODE I.

1. *The Soule.*

Profit and pleasure, comfort and content,  
 Wisedome and honour ; and when these are spent,  
 A fresh supply of more. Oh heav'nly words !  
 Are these the dainty fruits that this faire tree affords ?

2. *The Serpent.*

Yes, these and many more, if more may be ;                   5  
 All that the world containes in this one tree  
 Contracted is. Take but a tast, and try ;  
 Thou maist beleeve thy self, experience can not lye.

3. *The Soule.*

But thou must lye, and with a false pretence  
 Of friendship, rob me of that excellence                   10  
 Which my Creator's bounty hath bestow'd  
 And freely given me, to whom He nothing ow'd.

4. *The Serpent.*

Strange composition ! so credulous,  
 And at the same time so suspicious !  
 This is the tree of knowledge, and untill 15  
 Thou eat thereof, how canst thou know what's good or ill ?

5. *The Soule.*

God infinitely good my Maker is,  
 Who neither will nor can doe ought amisse ;  
 The being I receiv'd was that He sent,  
 And therefore I am sure must needs be excellent. 20

6. *The Serpent.*

Suppose it be ; yet doubtlesse He that gave  
 Thee such a being must Himselfe needs have  
 A better farre, more excellent by much ;  
 Or else be sure that He could not have made thee such.

7. *The Soule.*

Such as He made me I am well content 25  
 Still to continue ; for, if He had meant  
 I should enjoy a better state, He would  
 As easily as not have giv'n it, if He would.

8. *The Serpent.*

And is it not all one, if He have given  
 Thee meanes to get it ? must He still be driven 30  
 To new workes of creation for thy sake ?  
 Wilt thou not what He sets before thee daine to take ?

9. *The Soule.*

Yes, of the fruits of all the other trees  
 I freely take and eat ; they are the fees  
 Allow'd me for the dressing by the Maker ; 35  
 But of this fatall fruit I must not be partaker.

10. *The Serpent.*

And why ? what danger can it be to eat  
 That which is good, being ordain'd for meat ?  
 What wilt thou say ? ' God made it not for food' ?  
 Or durst thou think that made by Him it is not good ? 40

11. *The Soule.*

Yes, good it is, no doubt, and good for meat ;  
 But I am not allow'd thereof to eat :  
 My Maker's prohibition, under paine  
 Of death the day I eat thereof, makes me refraine.

12. *The Serpent.*

Faint-hearted fondling, canst thou feare to dye, 45  
 Being a spirit and immortal ? Fie !  
 God knowes this fruit, once eaten, will refine  
 Thy grosser parts alone, and make thee all divine.

13, 14. *The Soule.*

There's something in it, sure ; were it not good,  
 It had not in the midst of th' garden stood ; 50  
 And being good, I can no more refraine  
 From wishing then I can the fire to burne restraine.

Why doe I trifle, then ? what I desire  
 Why doe I not ? Nothing can quench the fire  
 Of longing but fruition. Come what will, 55  
 Eat it I must, that I may know what's good and ill.

15. *The Serpent.*

So thou art taken now ; that resolution  
 Gives an eternall date to thy confusion :  
 The knowledge thou hast got of good and ill  
 Is of good gone and past, of evill present still. 60

## 2. THE TAKING AWAY OF THE HEART.

Whoredome and wine and new wine take away the heart. Hosea iv. 11.

## EPIGR. II.

Base lust and luxury, the scumme and drosse  
 Of hell-borne pleasures, please thee, to the losse  
 Of thy soul's precious eyesight, reason ; so  
 Mindlesse thy mind, heartlesse thine heart doth grow.

## ODE II.

1. Laid downe already, and so fast asleepe ?  
 Thy precious heart left loosly on thine hand,  
 Which with all diligence thou shouldest keep,  
 And guard against those enemies that stand  
 Ready prepar'd to plunge it in the deep 5  
 Of all distresse ? Rouse thee, and understand  
 In time what in the end thou must confesse :  
 That misery at last and wretchednesse  
 Is all the fruit that springs from slothful idlenesse.



2. Whilst thou liest<sup>7</sup> soaking in security, 10  
 Thou drownst thy selfe in sensuall delight,  
 And wallowst in debauchèd luxurie ;  
 Which, when thou art awake and seest, will fright  
 Thine heart with horror. When thou shalt descry  
 By the daylight the danger of the night, 15  
 Then, then, if not too late, thou wilt confesse  
 That endlesse misery and wretchednesse  
 Is all the fruit that springs from riotous excesse.
3. Whilst thou dost pamper thy proud flesh, and thrust  
 Into thy panch the prime of all thy store, =paunch 20  
 Thou dost but gather fuell for that lust  
 Which, boyling in thy liver,<sup>8</sup> runneth o're  
 And frieth<sup>9</sup> in thy throbbing veines ; which must  
 Needs vent or burst when they can hold no more.  
 But Oh, consider what thou shalt confesse 25  
 At last, that misery and wretchednesse  
 Is all the fruit that springs from lustfull wantonnesse.
4. Whilst thou dost feed effeminate desires  
 With spumy<sup>10</sup> pleasures ; whilst fruition  
 The coals of lust fannes into flaming fires, 30  
 And spurious delights thou doatest on,—  
 Thy mind through cold remissnesse ev'n expires,  
 And all the active vigour oft is gone.  
 Take heed in time, or else thou shalt confesse  
 At last that misery and wretchednesse 35  
 Is all the fruit that springs from carelesse-mindednesse.

5. Whilst thy regardlesse sense-dissolvèd mind  
 Lies by unbent, that should have been thy spring  
 Of motion, all thy headstrong passions find  
 Themselves let loose, and follow their own swing, 40  
 Forgetful of the great account behind ;<sup>11</sup>  
 As though there never would be such a thing.  
     But when it comes indeed, thou wilt confesse  
     That misery alone and wretchednesse           44  
 Is all the fruit that springs from soule-forgetfulnessse.
6. Whilst thou remembrest not thy later end,  
 Nor what a reck'ning one day thou must make,  
 Putting no difference betwixt foe and friend,  
 Thou sufferst hellish fiends thine heart to take,  
 Who, all the while thou triflest, doe attend,       50  
 Ready to bring it to the burning lake  
     Of fire and brimstone; where thou shalt confesse  
     That endlesse misery and wretchednesse  
 Is all the fruit that springs from stupid heartlessnessse.

## 3. THE DARKENESSE OF THE HEART.

Their foolish heart was darkened. Romans i. 21.

## EPIGR. III.

Svch cloudy shadowes have eclips'd thine heart  
 As Nature cannot parallel, nor Art :  
 Vnlesse thou take My light of truth to guide thee,  
 Blacknesse of darknesse will at last betide thee.

## ODE III.

1. Tarry, O tarry, lest thine heedlesse hast  
 Hurry thee headlong unto hell at last ;  
     See, see, thine heart's already half-way there ;  
 Those gloomy shadowes that encompassse it  
 Are the vast confines of th' infernall pit.                   5  
     O stay, and if thou lov'st not light, yet feare  
     That fatall darkenesse, where  
     Such danger doth appeare.
  
2. A night of ignorance hath overspread  
 Thy mind and understanding ; thou art led           10  
     Blindfolded by unbridled passion ;  
 Thou wandrest in the crooked ways of errour,  
 Leading directly to the King of Terrour :  
     The course thou takest, if thou holdest on,  
     Will bury thee anon                                   15  
     In deep destruction.
  
3. Whilst thou art thus deprived of thy sight,  
 Thou knowst no difference betweene noone and night ;  
     Though the sun shine, yet thou regardst it not ;  
 My love-alluring beauty cannot draw thee,           20  
 Nor doth my mind-amating<sup>12</sup> terrour awe thee :  
     Like one that had both good and ill forgot,  
     Thou carest not a jot  
     What falleth to thy lot.
  
4. Thou art become unto thy selfe a stranger,           25  
 Observest not thine own desert or danger ;

Thou knowst not what thou dost, nor canst thou  
 Whither thou goest : shooting in the darke, [tel  
 How canst thou ever hope to hit the marke ?

What expectation hast thou to doe well ? 30

Thou art content to dwell

Within the verge of hell.

5. Alas, thou hast not so much knowledge left

As to consider that thou art bereft [though

Of thine owne eyesight. But thou runnst as

Thou sawest all before thee ; whilst thy minde 36

To nearest necessary things is blind.

Thou knowest nothing as thou oughtst to know,

Whilst thou esteemest so

The things that are below. 40

6. Would ever any that had eyes mistake

As thou art wont to doe ? no difference make

Betwixt the way to heaven and to hell ?

But, desperatly devoted to destruction,

Rebell against the light, abhorre instruction ? 45

As though thou didst desire with death to dwell,

Thou hatest to heare tell

How yet thou maist doe well.

7. O that thou didst but see how blind thou art,

And feel the dismall darknesse of thine heart ! 50

Then wouldst thou labour for, and I would lend,

My light to guide thee, that's not light alone,

But life, eyes, sight, grace, glory, all in one ;

Then shouldst thou know whither those by-ways  
 And that death in the end [bend,  
 On darknesse doth attend. 56

#### 4. THE ABSENCE OF THE HEART.

Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a foole to get wisdom, seeing  
 he hath no heart to it? Proverbs xvii. 16.

#### EPIGR. IV.

Hadst thou an heart, thou fickle fugitive,  
 How would thine heart hate and disdain to live  
 Mindfull of such vaine trifles as these be,  
 Resting forgetfull of itselſe and me !

#### ODE IV.

##### 1. *The Soule.*

Brave, dainty, curious, rare, rich, precious things,  
 Able to make fate-blasted mortals blest ;  
 Peculiar treasures and delights for kings,  
 That having pow'r of all would choose the best.  
 How doe I hugge mine happinesse, that have 5  
 Present possession of what others crave !

##### 2. *Christ.*

Poore, silly, simple, sense-besotted soule,  
 Why dost thou hugge thy self-procurèd woes ?  
 Release thy freeborne thoughts ; at least controul  
 Those passions that enslave thee to thy foes. 10  
 How wouldst thou hate thy self, if thou didst know  
 The basenesse of those things thou prizest so !

3. *The Soule.*

They talk of goodnesse, vertue, piety,  
 Religion, honesty, I know not what ;  
 So let them talk for me : so long as I 15  
 Have goods, and lands, and gold, and jewells, that  
     Both equall and excell all other treasure, [sure?  
     Why should I strive to make their paine my plea-

4. *Christ.*

So swine neglect the pearles that lie before them,  
 Trample them under foote, and feed on draffe : 20  
 So fooles gild rotten idols, and adore them ;  
 Cast all the corne away, and keep the chaffe.  
     That ever reason should be blinded so,  
     To graspe the shadow, let the substance goe !

5. *The Soule.*

All's but opinion that the world accounts 25  
 Matter of worth ; as this or that man sets  
 A value on it, so the price amounts ;  
 The sound of strings is varied by the frets.  
     My mind's my kingdome ; why should I withstand  
     Or question that which I myselfe command ? 30

6. *Christ.*

Thy tyrant passions captivate thy reason ;  
 Thy lusts usurpe the guidance of the mind ;  
 Thy sense-led fancy barters good for geason ;<sup>13</sup>  
 Thy seed is vanity, thine harvest wind ;

Thy rules are crooked, and thou writ'st awry; 35  
 Thy wayes are wand'ring, and thine end to die.

7. *The Soule.*

This table summes me myriads of pleasure ;  
 That booke enroules mine honour's inventory ;  
 These bags are stufte with millions of treasure ;  
 Those writings evidence my state of glory ; 40  
     These bells ring heav'nly musicke in mine eares,  
     To drown the noise of cumbrous cares and feares.

8, 9. *Christ.*

Those pleasures one day will procure thy paine ;  
 That which thou glori'st in will be thy shame ;  
 Thou'lt finde thy losse in what thou thoughtst thy gaine ;  
 Thine honour will put on another name ; 46  
     That musicke in the close will ring thy knell,  
     Instead of heaven toll thee into hell.

But why doe I thus wast My words in vaine  
 On one that's wholly taken up with toyes ; 50  
 That will not loose one dramme of earth to gaine =lose  
 A full eternall weight of heav'nly joyes ?  
     All's to no purpose ; 'tis as good forbear  
     As speak to one that hath no heart to heare.

## 5. THE VANITY OF THE HEART.

Let not him that is deceived trust in vanity ; for vanity shall be his recompence. Job xv. 31.

## EPIGR. V.

Ambition's bellows, with the wind of honour,  
Puffe up the swelling heart that dotes upon her ;  
Which, fill'd with empty vanity, breaths forth  
Nothing but such things as are nothing worth.

## ODE V.

1. The bane of kingdomes, world's disquieter,  
Hell's heire-apparent, Satan's eldest sonne,  
Abstract of ills, refinèd elixir,  
And quintessence of sinne—Ambition,  
Sprung from th' infernall shades, inhabits here, 5  
Making man's heart its horrid mansion ;  
Which, though it were of vast content before,  
Is now puft up, and swells still more and  
more.
2. Whole armies of vaine thoughts it entertaines ;  
Is stuf with dreames of kingdomes and of crownes ;  
Presumes of profit without care or paines ; 11  
Threatens to baffle all its foes with frownes ;  
In ev'ry bargaine makes account of gaines ;  
Fancies such frolicke mirth as choakes and drownes



The voyce of conscience ; whose loud alarmes  
Cannot be heard for Pleasure's counter-charmes.

3. Wer't not for anger and for pity, who  
Could choose but smile to see vain-glorious men  
Racking their wits, straining their sinewes so,  
That thorow their transparent thinnesse, when 20  
They mete with wind and sun, they quickly grow  
Riv'led and dry, shrinke till they crack againe ;  
And all but to seeme greater then they are ;  
Stretching their strength, they lay their weak-  
nesse bare. = wrinkled, l. 22
4. See how hell's fueller his bellowes plies, 25  
Blowing the fire that burnt too fast before ;  
See how the furnace flames, the sparkles rise,  
And spread themselves abroad still more and more ;  
See how the doating soule hath fixt her eyes  
On her deare fooleries, and doth adore 30  
With hands and heart lift up, those trifling toyes  
Wherewith the devill cheates her of her joyes.
5. Alas, thou art deceiv'd ; that glitt'ring crowne  
On which thou gazest is not gold, but grief ;  
That scepter, sorrow : if thou take them downe, 35  
And try them, thou shalt find what poore relief  
They could afford thee, though they were thine owne ;  
Didst thou command ev'n all the world in chief,  
Thy comforts would abate, thy cares encrease,  
And thy perplexèd thoughts disturb thy peace.

6. Those pearles so thorow pierc'd, and strung together,  
 Though jewells in thine eyes they may appeare,  
 Will prove continu'd perills ; when the weather  
 Is clouded once, which yet is faire and cleare, 44  
 What will that fanne, though of the finest feather,  
 Steed thee the brunt of windes and stormes to beare?  
 Thy flagging colours hang their drooping head,  
 And the shrill trumpet's sound shall strike thee  
 dead.

7. Were all those balls which thou in sport dost tosse  
 Whole worlds, and in thy power to command, 50  
 The gaine would never countervaile all the losse ;  
 Those slipp'ry globes will glide out of thine hand ;  
 Thou canst have no fast hold but of the Crosse ;  
 And thou wilt fall where thou dost thinke to stand.  
 Forsake these follies, then, if thou wilt live : 55  
 Timely repentance may thy death reprove.

#### 6. THE OPPRESSION OF THE HEART.

Take heed lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and  
 drunkennesse. Lvke xxi. 34.

#### EPIGR. VI.

Two massy weights—surfeiting, drunkennesse—  
 Like mighty logs of lead, doe so oppresse  
 The heav'n-borne hearts of men, that to aspire  
 Vpwards they have nor power nor desire.

## ODE VII.

1. Monster of sins ! see how th' enchanted soule  
     O'rcharg'd already calls for more ;  
     See how the hellish skinker<sup>14</sup> plies his bowle,  
     And's ready furnishèd with store ;  
         Whilst cups, on every side                     5  
         Planted, attend the tide.
  
2. See how the pilèd dishes mounted stand,  
     Like hills avancèd upon hills ;  
     And the abundance both of sea and land  
         Doth not suffice ev'n what it fills—         10  
         Man's dropsy appetite,  
         And cormorant delight.<sup>15</sup>
  
3. See how the poyson'd body's puft and swell'd ;  
     The face enflamèd glowes with heat ;  
     The limbs unable are themselves to welld ;<sup>16</sup>     15  
         The pulses Death's alarme doe beat :  
         Yet man sits still and laughs,  
         Whilst his owne bane he quaffes.
  
4. But where's thine heart the while, thou senselesse sot ?  
     Looke how it lieth crusht and quell'd ;     20  
     Flat beaten to the board, that it cannot  
         Move from the place where it is held ;  
         Nor upward once aspire  
         With heavenly desire.

5. Thy belly is thy god, thy shame thy glory ;      25  
     Thou mindest only earthly things ;  
 And all thy pleasure is but transitory,  
     Which grief at last and sorrow brings :  
     The courses thou dost take  
     Will make thine heart to ake.      30
6. Is't not enough to spend thy precious time  
     In empty idle complement ;<sup>17</sup>  
 Unless thou straine (to aggravate thy crime)  
     Nature beyond its owne extent,  
     And force it to devoure      35  
     An age within an hour ?
7. That which thou swallowst is not lost alone,  
     But quickly will revengèd be  
 By seasing on thine heart ; which, like a stone,  
     Lyes buri'd in the middst of thee,      40  
     Both void of common sense  
     And reason's excellence.
8. Thy body is disease's rendezvouze ;  
     Thy mind the market-place<sup>18</sup> of vice ;  
 The devill in thy will keeps open house ;      45  
     Thou liv'st as though thou wouldst intice  
     Hell torments unto thee.  
     And thine owne devill be.
9. O, what a dirty dunghill art thou growne,      50  
     A nasty stinking kennell foule !

When thou awak'st and seest what thou hast done,  
 Sorrow will swallow up thy soule,  
 To think how thou art foyl'd.  
 And all thy glory spoyl'd.

10. Or if thou canst not be asham'd, at least 55  
 Have some compassion on thy self,  
 Before thou art transformèd all to beast;<sup>19</sup>  
 At last strike saile, avoid the shelf<sup>20</sup>  
 Which in that gulfe doth lie,  
 Where all that enter die. 60

#### 7. THE COVETOUSNESSE OF THE HEART.

Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. Matt. vi. 21.

#### EPIGR. VII.

Dost thou enquire, thou heartlesse wanderer,  
 Where thine heart is? Behold, thine heart is here.  
 Here thine heart is where that is which above  
 Thine own deare heart thou dost esteem and love.

#### ODE VII.

1. See the deceitfulness of sinne,  
 And how the devill cheateth worldly men;  
 They heap up riches to themselves, and then  
 They think they cannot choose but winne,  
 Though for their parts 5  
 They stake their hearts.

2. The merchant sends his heart to sea,  
 And there together with his ship 'tis tost :  
 If this by chance miscarry, that is lost,  
 His confidence is cast away ; 10  
 He hangs the head,  
 As he were dead.
3. The pedlar cryes, ' What doe you lack ?  
 What will you buy ? ' and boasts his wares the best :  
 But offers you the refuse of the rest, 15  
 As though his heart lay in his pack ;  
 Which greater gaine  
 Alone can draine.
4. The plowman furrowes up his land,  
 And sowes his heart together with his seed ; 20  
 Which, both alike earth-borne, on earth doe feed,  
 And prosper or are at a stand ; l = born  
 He and his field  
 Like fruit doe yeeld.
5. The broker and the scrivner have 25  
 The us'rer's heart in keeping with his bands : = bonds  
 His soul's deare sustenance lyes in their hands,  
 And if they break, their shop's his grave :  
 His int'rest is  
 His only blisse. 30
6. The money-horder in his bags  
 Binds up his heart, and locks it in his chest ;

The same key serves to that and to his brest,  
 Which of no other heaven brags,  
 Nor can concert 35  
 A joy so great.

7. So for the greedy landmunger :<sup>21</sup>  
 The purchases he makes in ev'ry part  
 Take livery and seisin<sup>22</sup> of his heart ;  
 Yet his insatiate hunger, 40  
 For all his store,  
 Gapes after more.

8. Poore wretched muckwormes, wipe your eyes ;  
 Uncase those trifles that besot you so ;  
 Your rich-appearing wealth is reall woe ; 45  
 Your death in your desires lyes ;  
 Your hearts are where  
 You love and feare.

9. Oh, think not then the world deserves  
 Either to be belov'd or fear'd by you : 50  
 Give heaven these affections as its due,  
 Which alwayes what it hath preserves  
 In perfect blisse,  
 That endlesse is.

## 8. THE HARDNESSE OF THE HEART.

They made their hearts as an adamant stone, lest they should heare the  
the Lord. Zech. vii. 12.

## EPIGR. VIII.

Words move thee not, nor works, nor gifts, nor strokes;  
Thy sturdy adamantine heart provokes  
My justice, sleights My mercies : anvile-like, =slights  
Thou standst unmovèd, though My hammer strike.

## ODE VIII.

1. What have we here? An heart? It lookes like one;  
The shape and colour speake it such :  
But having brought it to the touch,<sup>23</sup>  
I find it is no better then a stone :  
Adamants are 5  
Softer by farre.
2. Long hath it steepèd been in mercie's milke,  
And soakèd in salvation ;  
Meet for the alteration  
Of anvills, to have made them soft as silke ; 10  
Yet it is still  
Hard'ned in ill.
3. Oft have I rain'd My word upon it, oft  
The dew of heaven hath distill'd,  
With promises of mercy fill'd, 15  
Able to make mountaines of marble soft ;  
Yet it is not  
Changèd a jot.



4. My beames of love shine on it every day,  
 Able to thaw the thickest ice, 20  
 And where they enter, in a trice  
 To make congealèd crystall melt away ;  
 Yet warme they not  
 This frozen clot.
5. Nay more ; this hammer, that is wont to grind 25  
 Rocks into dust and powder small,  
 Makes no impression at all,  
 Nor dint, nor crack, nor flaw that I can find ;  
 But leaves it as  
 Before it was. 30
6. Is Mine Almighty arme decai'd in strength ?  
 Or hath Mine hammer lost its weight,  
 That a poore lumpe of earth should sleight  
 My mercies, and not feele My wrath at length,  
 With which I make slight, l. 33 35  
 Ev'n heav'n to shake ?
7. No ; I am still the same, I alter not,  
 And when I please, My workes of wonder  
 Shall bring the stoutest spirits under,  
 And make them to confesse it is their lot 40  
 To bow or break  
 When I but speak.

8. But I would have men know 'tis not My Word  
 Or works alone can change their hearts ;  
 These instruments performe their parts, 45  
 But 'tis My Spirit doth this fruit afford.  
       'Tis I, not art,  
       Can melt man's heart.
9. Yet would they leave their customary sinning,  
 And so unclench the devill's claws, 50  
 That keeps them captive in his pawes,  
 My bounty soone should second their beginning ;  
       Ev'n hearts of steel  
       My force should feel.

## 9. THE DIVISION OF THE HEART.

Their heart is divided ; now shall they be found faulty. Hosca x. 2

## EPIGR. IX.

Vaine trifling virgin ! I Myselfe have given  
 Wholly to thee ; and shall I now be driven  
 To rest contented with a petty part,  
 That have deservèd more then a whole heart ?

## ODE IX.

1. More mischiefè yet ! Was 't not enough before  
 To robbe Me wholly of thine heart,  
       Which I alone  
       Should call Mine owne,  
 But thou must mock Me with a part ? 5  
 Crowne injury with scorne to make it more ?

2. What's a whole heart? Scarce flesh enough to serve  
 A kite one breakfast. How much lesse,  
 If it should be  
 Offer'd to Me, 10  
 Could it sufficiently expresse  
 What I for making it at first deserve !
3. I gave 't thee whole, and fully furnishèd  
 With all its faculties entire ;  
 There wanted not 15  
 The smallest jot  
 That strictest justice could require  
 To render it compleatly perfected.
4. And is it reason, what I gave in grosse<sup>24</sup>  
 Should be return'd but by retaile ? 20  
 To take so small  
 A part for all,  
 I reckon of no more availe  
 Then where I scatter gold to gather drosse.
5. Give Me thine heart but<sup>25</sup> as I gave it thee : 25  
 Or give it Me at least as I  
 Have given Mine  
 To purchase thine:  
 I halv'd it not when I did die,  
 But gave Myself wholly to set thee free. 30

6. The heart I gave thee was a living heart ;  
 And when thine heart by sinne was slaine,  
 I laid downe Mine  
 To ransome thine ;  
 That thy dead heart might live againe, 35  
 And live entirely perfect, not in part.
7. But whilst thine heart's divided it is dead—  
 Dead unto Me, unlesse it live  
 To Me alone ;  
 It is all one 40  
 To keepe all and a part to give ;  
 For what's a body worth without an head ?
8. Yet this is worse, that what thou keepst from Me  
 Thou dost bestow upon My foes ;  
 And those not Mine 45  
 Alone, but thine—  
 The proper causes of thy woes,  
 For whom I gave My life to set thee free.
9. Have I betroth'd thee to Myself, and shall  
 The devill and the world intrude 50  
 Upon My right  
 Ev'n in My sight ?  
 Think not thou canst Me so delude ;  
 I will have none unlesse I may have all.

10. I made it all, I gave it all to thee, 55  
 I gave all that I had for it ;  
 If I must loose,  
 I'll rather choose  
 Mine interest in all to quit :  
 Or keep it whole, or give it whole to Me. 60

## 10. THE INSATIABLENESSE OF THE HEART.

Who enlargeth his desire as hell, and is as death, and cannot be satisfied.  
 Habakuk ii. 5.

## EPIGR. X.

The whole round world is not enough to fill  
 The heart's three corners ; but it craveth still.  
 Onely the Trinity, that made it, can  
 Suffice the vast-triangled heart of man.

## ODE X.

1. The thirsty earth and barren wombe cry, Give ;  
 The grave devoureth all that live ;  
 The fire still burneth on, and never saith,  
 It is enough ; the horseleech hath  
 Many more daughters. But the heart of man 5  
 Outgapes them all, as much as heav'n one span.
2. Water hath drown'd the earth ; the barren wombe  
 Hath teem'd sometimes, and been the tombe  
 To its owne swelling issue ; and the grave  
 Shall one day a sicke surfeit have ; 10

- When all the fuell is consum'd, the fire  
Will quench itselſe, and of itselſe expire.
3. But the vaſt heart of man's inſatiate :  
His boundleſſe appetites dilate  
Theſelves beyond all limits ; his deſires 15  
Are endleſſe ſtill, whiſt he aſpires  
To happineſſe, and faine would find that treaſure  
Where it is not—his wiſhes know no meaſure.
4. His eye with ſeeing is not ſatiſfièd,  
Nor's eare with hearing : he hath trièd 20  
At once to furniſh ev'ry ſev'rall ſenſe  
With choiſe of curious objects, whence  
He might extract, and into one unite  
A perfect quinteſſence of all delight.
5. Yet having all that he can fancy, ſtill 25  
There wanteth ſomething more to fill  
His empty appetite. His mind is vext,  
And he is inwardly perplext.  
He knowes not why ; whereas the truth is this,  
He would find ſomething there where nothing is.
6. He rambles over all the faculties ; 31  
Ranſacks the ſecret treaſuries  
Of art and nature ; ſpells the univerſe  
Letter by letter ; can reherſe  
All the records of time ; pretends to know 35  
Reaſons of all things, why they muſt be ſo.

7. Yet is not so contented, but would faine  
 Prie in God's cabinet,<sup>26</sup> and gaine  
 Intelligence from heav'n of things to come ;  
 Anticipate the day of doome ; 40  
 And read the issues of all actions so,  
 As if God's secret counsells he did know.
8. Let him have all the wealth, all the renowne  
 And glory that the world can crowne  
 Her dearest darlings with ; yet his desire 45  
 Will not rest there, but still aspire :  
 Earth cannot hold him, nor the whole creation  
 Containe his wishes or his expectation.
9. The heart of man's but little, yet this All<sup>27</sup>  
 Comparèd thereunto 's but small ; 50  
 Of such a large unparallel'd extense  
 Is the short-lin'd circumference<sup>28</sup>  
 Of that three-corner'd figure, which to fill  
 With the round world is to leave empty still.
10. Go, greedy soule, addresse thyselfe to heav'n, 55  
 And leave the world as 'tis, bereav'n  
 Of all true happinesse, or any thing  
 That to thine heart content can bring ;  
 But there a trine-une God in glory sits,  
 Who all grace-trusting hearts both fills and fits. 60

## 11. THE RETURNING OF THE HEART.

Remember this, and shew yourselves men: bring it again to heart, O ye transgressors. Isay. xlv. 8.

## EPIGR. XI.

Oft have I call'd thee : O returne at last,  
 Returne unto thine heart ; let the time past  
 Suffice thy wanderings ; know, that to cherish  
 Revolting still is a meer will to perish.

## ODE XI.

1. *Christ.*

Returne, O wanderer, returne, returne ;  
 Let Me not alwayes wast My words in vaine,  
 As I have done too long. Why dost thou spurn  
 And kick the counsells that should bring thee back  
 again ?

2. *The Soule.*

What's this that checks my course ? Methinks I feel 5  
 A cold remissnesse seising on my mind ;  
 My stagger'd resolutions seem to reel,  
 As though they had in hast forgot mine heart behind.

3. *Christ.*

Returne, O wanderer, returne, returne,  
 Thou art already gone too farre away : 10  
 It is enough ; unlesse thou meane to burne  
 In hell for ever, stop thy course at last, and stay.



4. *The Soule.*

There's something holds me back ; I cannot move  
 Forward one foot ; methinks the more I strive  
 The lesse I stirre. Is there a pow'r above 15  
 My will in me, that can my purposes reprove ?<sup>29</sup>

5. *Christ.*

No power of thine own ; 'tis I that lay  
 Mine hand upon thine haste ; Whose will can make  
 The restlesse motions of the heavens stay,  
 Stand still, turne back againe, or new-found courses  
 take. 20

6. *The Soule.*

What ! am I riveted or rooted here,  
 That neither forward nor on either side  
 I can get loose ? Then there's no hope, I feare,  
 But I must back againe, whatever me betide.

7. *Christ.*

And back again thou shalt ; I'll have it so. 25  
 Though thou hast hitherto My voyce neglected,  
 Now I have handed thee, I'll have thee know,  
 That what I will have done shall not be uneffected.

8-14. *The Soule.*

Thou wilt prevaile, then, and I must returne ;  
 But how ? or whither ? when a world of shame 30  
 And sorrow lies before me, and I burne  
 With horror in myself to think upon the same.

Shall I returne to Thee? Alas, I have  
 No hope to be receiv'd ; a runne-away,  
 A rebell to returne ! mad-men may rave 35  
 Of mercy-miracles, but what will Justice say ?

Shall I returne to mine owne heart? Alas,  
 'Tis lost and dead and rotten long ago ;  
 I cannot find it what at first it was,  
 And it hath been too long the cause of all my woe. 40

Shall I forsake my pleasures and delights,  
 My profits, honours, comforts, and contents,  
 For that the thought whereof my mind affrights,  
 Repentant sorrow, that the soule asunder rents ?

Shall I returne, that cannot though I would? 45  
 I, that had strength enough to go astray,  
 Find myself faint and feeble now I should  
 Returne ; I cannot runne, I cannot creep this way.

What shall I doe? Forward I must not goe,  
 Backward I cannot ; if I tarry here 50  
 I shall be drownèd in a world of woe,  
 And antidate mine own damnation by despaire.<sup>30</sup>

But is 't not better hold that which I have,  
 Then unto future expectation trust ?  
 O no, to reason thus is but to rave ; 55  
 Therefore returne I will, because returne I must.

15. *Christ.*

Returne, and welcome ; if thou wilt thou shalt :  
 Although thou canst not of thyselfe, yet I  
 That call, can make thee able. Let the fault  
 Be Mine, if when thou wilt returne I let thee lie. 60

## 12. THE POWRING OUT OF THE HEART.

Powre out thine heart like water before the face of the Lord. Lam. ii. 19.

## EPIGR. XII.

Why dost thou hide thy wounds? why dost thou hide  
 In thy close breast thy wishes, and so side  
 With thine owne soares and sorrowes? Like a spout  
 Of water let thine heart to God break out.

## ODE XII.

1. *The Soule.*

Can death or hell be worse then this estate?  
 Anguish, amazement, horror, and confusion  
 Drowne my distracted mind in deep distresses.<sup>31</sup>  
 My grief's grown so transcendent, that I hate  
 To heare of comfort, as a false conclusion 5  
 Vainly inferr'd from feignèd premises.

What shall I do? what strange course shall I try,  
 That, though I loath to live, yet dare not die?

[=I that (l. 8)]

2. *Christ.*

Be rul'd by Me ; I'll teach thee such a way  
 As that thou shalt not onely draine thy mind 10

From that destructive deluge of distresse  
 That overwhelmes thy thoughts, but clear the day,  
 And soone recover light, and strength to find  
 And to regaine thy long-lost happiness.

Confesse, and pray. Say what it is doth aile thee, 15  
 What thou wouldst have, and that shall soon avail  
 thee.<sup>32</sup>

3-7. *The Soule.*

'Confesse, and pray'? If that be all, I will.  
 Lord, I am sick, and Thou art health ; restore me.  
 Lord, I am weake, and Thou art strength ; sustaine me.  
 Thou art all goodnesse, Lord ; and I all ill. 20  
 Thou, Lord, art holy ; I uncleane before Thee.  
 Lord, I am poor, and Thou art rich ; maintaine me.  
 Lord, I am dead, and Thou art life ; revive me.  
 Justice condemnes ; let mercy, Lord, reprieve<sup>33</sup> me.

A wretched miscreant I am, compos'd 25  
 Of sinne and misery ; 'tis hard to say  
 Which of the two allyes me most to hell :  
 Native corruption makes me indispos'd  
 To all that's good, but apt to go astray ;  
 Prone to doe ill, unable to doe well. 30  
 My light is darkenesse, and my liberty  
 Bondage ; my beauty foule deformity.

A plague of leprosie o'rspreadeth all  
 My pow'rs and faculties ; I am uncleane,  
 I am uncleane : my liver broyles with lust ; 35  
 Rancor and malice overflow my gall ;

Envy my bones doth rot and keep me leane ;  
 Revengefull wrath makes me forget what's just :  
     Mine eare's uncircumcis'd, mine eye is evill ;  
     And hating goodnesse makes me parcell-devill.<sup>34</sup> 40

My callous conscience is cauteriz'd ;  
 My trembling heart shakes with continuall feare ;  
 My frantick passions fill my mind with madnesse ;  
 My windy thoughts with pride are tympaniz'd ; =swollen  
 My poys'nous tongue spits venome ev'ry where ; 45  
 My wounded spirit's swallow'd up with sadnesse ;  
     Impatient discontentment plagues me so,  
     I neither can stand still nor forward goe.

Lord, I am all diseases : hospitalls  
 And bills of mountebanks have not so many, 50  
 Nor halfe so bad. Lord, heare, and help, and heale me.  
 Although my guiltinesse for vengeance calls,  
 And colour of excuse I have not any ;  
 Yet Thou hast goodnesse, Lord, that may availe me.  
     Lord, I have powr'd out all my heart to Thee : 55  
     Vouchsafe one drop of mercy unto me.

### 13. THE CIRCUMCISION OF THE HEART.

Circumcise the foreskin of your heart, and be no more stiffnecked.  
 Devt. x. 16.

### EPIGR. XIII.

Here, take thy Saviour's crosse, the nailes, and speare,  
 That for thy sake His holy flesh did teare ;

Use them as knives thine heart to circumcise,  
And dresse<sup>85</sup> thy God a pleasing sacrifice.

## ODE XIII.

1. Heale thee? I will. But first I'll let thee know  
What it comes to.  
The plaister was preparèd long agoe :  
But thou must doe  
Something thyselfe, that it may bee 5  
Effectually apply'd to thee.
2. I, to that end, that I might cure thy sores,  
Was slaine, and dy'd ;  
By Mine owne people was turn'd out of doores,  
And crucify'd ; 10  
My side was piercèd with a speare,  
And nailes My hands and feet did teare.
3. Doe thou then to thyselfe as they to Mee :  
Make haste, and try  
The old man that is yet alive in thee 15  
To crucifie ;  
Till he be dead in thee My blood  
Is like to doe thee little good.
4. My course of physick is to cure the soule  
By killing sinne. 20  
So then thine own corruptions to controule  
Thou must beginne ;

Untill thine heart be circumcis'd,  
My death will not be duly priz'd.

5. Consider then My crosse, My nailes and speare, 25  
 And let that thought  
 Cut rasor-like thine heart, when thou dost heare  
 How deare I bought  
 Thy freedome from the pow'r of sinne,  
 And that distresse which thou wast in. 30
6. Cut out the iron sinew of thy neck,  
 That it may be  
 Supple and pliant to obey My beck;<sup>36</sup>  
 And learne of Me.  
 Meeknesse alone, and yeelding, hath 35  
 A power to appease My wrath.
7. Shave off thine hairy scalpe, those curlèd locks  
 Powd'red with pride;  
 Wherewith thy scornfull heart My judgements mocks,  
 And thinks to hide 40  
 Its thunder-threatned head, which bared<sup>37</sup>  
 Alone is likely to be spared.
8. Rippe off those seeming robes, but reall rags,  
 Which earth admires  
 As honourable ornaments, and brags<sup>38</sup> 45  
 That it attires,—  
 Cumbers thee with indeed. Thy sores  
 Fester with what the world adores.

9. Clip thine Ambition's wings, let downe thy plumes ;  
 And learne to stoope 50  
 Whilst thou hast time to stand. Who still presumes  
 Of strength will droope  
 At last, and flagge when he should flye :  
 Falls hurt them most that climbe most high.

10. Scrape off that scaly scurffe of vanities 55  
 That clogges thee so ;  
 Profits and pleasures are those enemies  
 That worke thy woe :  
 If thou wilt have Me cure thy wounds,  
 First ridde each humor that abounds. 60

## 14. THE CONTRITION OF THE HEART.

A broken and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise. Psalm li. 17.

## EPIGR. XIV.

How gladly would I bruise and breake this heart  
 Into a thousand pieces, till the smart  
 Make it confesse that of its owne accord  
 It wilfully rebell'd against the Lord !

## ODE XIV.

1. Lord, if I had an arme of pow'r like Thine,  
 And could effect what I desire,  
 My love-drawne heart, like smallest wyre  
 Bended and writhen,<sup>39</sup> should together twine,



- 5
- And twisted stand  
With Thy command.
- Thou shouldst no sooner bid, but I would goe ;  
Thou shouldst not will the thing I would not doe.
2. But I am weake, Lord, and corruption strong :
- 10
- When I would faine doe what I should,  
Then I cannot doe what I would—  
Mine action's short, when mine intention's long ;  
Though my desire  
Be quick as fire,  
Yet my performance is as dull as earth,      15  
And stifles its own issue in the birth.
3. But what I can doe, Lord, I will, since what  
I would I cannot ; I will try  
Whether mine heart, that's hard and dry,  
Being calm'd and temperèd<sup>40</sup> with that      20  
Liquor which falls  
From mine eye-balls,  
Will worke more pliantly, and yeeld to take  
Such new impression as Thy grace shall make.
4. In mine owne conscience then, as in a mortar,      25  
I'll place mine heart, and bray it there ;  
If grieffe for what is past and feare  
Of what's to come be a sufficient torture,  
I'll breake it all  
In pieces small ;      30

Sinne shall not finde a sheard<sup>41</sup> without a flaw  
Wherein to lodge one lust against Thy law.

5. Remember then, mine heart, what thou hast done,  
What thou hast left undone ; the ill  
Of all my thoughts, words, deeds, is still 35  
Thy cursèd issue onely ; thou art growne  
To such a passe,  
That never was,  
Nor is, nor will there be a sinne so bad,  
But thou some way therein an hand hast had. 40
6. Thou hast not been content alone to sinne,  
But hast made others sinne with thee ;  
Yea, made their sinnes thine owne to be,  
By liking and allowing them therein :  
Who first beginnes, 45  
Or followes, sinnes—  
Not his owne sinnes alone, but sinneth o're  
All the same sinnes, both after and before.
7. What boundlesse sorrow can suffice a guilt  
Growne so transcendent ? Should thine eye 50  
Weepe seas of blood, thy sighes outvie  
The winds when with the waves they run at tilt,  
Yet they could not  
Cancel one blot ;  
The least of all thy sinnes against thy God 55  
Deserves a thunderbolt should be thy rod.

8. Break then, mine heart; and since thou cannot grieve  
 Enough at once while thou art whole,  
 Shiver thyself to dust, and dole<sup>42</sup>  
 Thy sorrow to thy sev'rall atomes ; give 60  
 All to each part,  
 And by that art  
 Strive thy dissever'd self to multiply,  
 And want of weight with number to supply.

## 15. THE HUMILIATION OF THE HEART.

The patient in spirit is better then the proud in spirit. Eccl. vii. 9.

## EPIGR. XV.

Mine heart, alas, exalts itself too high,  
 And doth delight a loftier pitch to flye  
 Then it is able to maintaine, unlesse  
 It feel the weight of Thine imposèd presse.

## ODE XV.

1. So let it be,  
 Lord, I am well content ;  
 And Thou shalt see  
 The time is not mis-spent [quell  
 Which Thou dost then bestow, when Thou dost  
 And crush the heart that pride before did swell. 6
2. Lord, I perceive  
 As soone as Thou dost send,  
 And I receive  
 The blessings Thou dost lend, 10

- Mine heart begins to mount,<sup>43</sup> and doth forget  
The ground whereon it goes, where it is set.
3. In health I grew  
Wanton ; began to kick,  
As though I knew 15  
I never should be sick :  
Diseases take me downe, and make me know  
Bodies of brasse must pay the death they owe.
4. If I but dreame  
Of wealth, mine heart doth rise 20  
With a full streame  
Of pride ; and I despise  
All that is good, untill I wake and spie  
The swelling bubble prickt with poverty.
5. A little wind 25  
Of undeservèd praise  
Blowes up my mind ;<sup>44</sup>  
And my swoll'n thoughts doth raise  
Above themselves, untill the sense of shame  
Makes me contemne my self-dishonour'd name. 30
6. One moment's mirth  
Would make me run starke mad ;  
And the whole earth,  
Could it at once be had,  
Would not suffice my greedy appetite, 35  
Didst Thou not paine instead of pleasure write.

7. Lord, it is well  
 I was in time brought downe,  
 Else Thou canst tell  
 Mine heart would soone have flown 40  
 Full in Thy face, and studi'd to requite  
 The riches of Thy goodnesse with despight.
8. Slack not Thine hand :  
 Lord, turne Thy screw about ;  
 If Thy presse stand, 45  
 Mine heart may chance slip out.  
 O quest<sup>45</sup> it unto nothing, rather then  
 It should forget itselfe, and swell again.
9. Or if Thou art  
 Dispos'd to let it goe ; 50  
 Lord, teach mine heart  
 To lay itselfe as low  
 As Thou canst cast it, that prosperity  
 May still be temper'd with humility.
10. Thy way to rise 55  
 Was to descend : let me  
 Myselfe despise,  
 And so ascend with Thee. [high,  
 Thou throwst them down that lift themselves on  
 And raisest them that on the ground doe lie. 60

## 16. THE SOFTENING OF THE HEART.

God maketh my heart soft. Job xxiii. 16.

## EPIGR. XVI.

Mine heart is of itself a marble ice,  
Both cold and hard. But Thou canst in a trice  
Melt it like waxe, great God, if from above  
Thou kindle in it once Thy fire of love.

## ODE XVI.

1. Nay, blessed Founder, leave me not,  
If out of all this grot  
There can but any gold be got.  
The time Thou dost bestow, the cost  
And paines will not be lost : 5  
The bargaine is but hard at most ;  
And such are all those Thou dost make with me,  
Thou knowst Thou canst not but a loser be.
2. When the sun shines with glitt'ring beames,  
His cold-dispelling gleames 10  
Turne snow and ice to wat'ry streames ;  
The waxe, as soone as it hath smelt  
The warmth of fire, and felt  
The glowing heat thereof, will melt ;  
Yea, pearles with vinegar dissolve we may,<sup>46</sup> 15  
And adamants<sup>47</sup> in bloud of goats, they say.
3. If Nature can doe this, much more,  
Lord, may Thy grace restore  
Mine heart to what it was before :

- There's the same matter in it still, 20  
 Though new-inform'd with ill,  
 Yet can it not resist Thy will ;  
 Thy pow'r, that fram'd it at the first, as oft  
 As Thou wilt have it, Lord, can make it soft.
4. Thou art the Sun of Righteousnesse ! 25  
 And though I must confesse  
 Mine heart's growne hard in wickednesse,  
 Yet Thy resplendent rayes of light,  
 When once they come in sight,  
 Will quickly thawe what froze by night : 30  
 Lord, in Thine healing wings a pow'r doth dwell  
 Able to melt the hardest heart in hell.
5. Although mine heart in hardnesse passe  
 Both iron, steel, and brasse,  
 Yea, th' hardest thing that ever was, 35  
 Yet if Thy fire Thy Spirit accord,  
 And working with Thy Word  
 A blessing unto it afford,  
 It will grow liquid, and not drop alone,  
 But melt itself away before Thy throne. 40
6. Yea, though my flinty heart be such  
 That the sun cannot touch,  
 Nor fire sometimes affect it much,  
 Yet Thy warme-reeking self-shed bloud,  
 O Lamb of God, 's so good 45  
 It cannot alwayes be withstood.

That aqua-regia<sup>48</sup> of Thy love prevailes,  
 Ev'n where Thy power's aqua-fortis<sup>49</sup> failes.

7. Then leave me not so soon, dear Lord,  
     Though I neglect Thy Word,                   50  
 And what Thy power doth afford ;  
 Yet try Thy mercy and Thy love,  
     The force thereof may move  
 When all things else successlesse prove :  
 Soakt in Thy bloud, mine heart will soone surrender  
 Its native hardness, and grow soft and tender.   56

## 17. THE CLEANSING OF THE HEART.

O Jerusalem, wash thine heart from wickednesse, that thou maist be  
 saved. Jer. v. 14.

## EPIGR. XVII.

Ovt of thy wounded husband's Saviour's side,  
 Espousèd soul, there flowes with a full tide  
 A fountaine for uncleannesse : wash thee there,  
 Wash there thine heart, and then thou needst not feare.

## ODE XVII.

1. O endlesse misery !  
 I labour still, but still in vaine :  
     The staines of sinne I see  
 Are vaded<sup>50</sup> all, or di'd in graine ;  
     There's not a blot                                   5  
     Will stirre a jot



For all that I can doe ;  
 There is no hope  
 In fuller's sope,  
 Though I adde nitre too. 10

2. I many wayes have tri'd,  
 Have often soakt it in cold feares,  
 And, when a time I spi'd,  
 Powrèd upon it scalding teares ;  
 Have rins'd and rub'd, 15  
 And scrapt and scrub'd,  
 And turn'd it up and downe :  
 Yet can I not  
 Wash out one spot ;  
 It's rather fouler growne. 20

3. O miserable state !  
 Who would be troubled with an heart  
 As I have been of late,  
 Both to my sorrow, shame, and smart ?  
 If it will not 25  
 Be cleaner got,  
 'Twere better I had none ;  
 Yet how should we  
 Divided be,  
 That are not two, but one ! 30

4. But am I not starke-wilde,<sup>51</sup>  
 That go about to wash mine heart

With hands that are defil'd  
 As much as any other part ?  
     Whilst all thy teares,                   35  
     Thine hopes and feares,  
 Both ev'ry word and deed  
     And thought is foule,  
     Poore silly soule,  
 How canst thou looke to speed ?   40

5.       Can there no helpe be had ?  
 Lord, Thou art holy, Thou art pure :  
     Mine heart is not so bad,  
 So foule, but Thou canst cleanse it sure.  
     Speak, blessed Lord,                   45  
     Wilt Thou afford  
     Me meanes to make it cleane ?  
     I know Thou wilt ;  
     Thy blodd were spilt  
 Should it runne still in vaine.   50

6.       Then to that blessed spring,  
 Which from my Saviour's sacred side  
     Doth flow, mine heart I'll bring ;  
 And there it will be purifi'd :  
     Although the dye                       55  
     Wherein I lie,  
 Crimson or scarlet were,  
     This bloud, I know,

Will make 't, as snow  
Or wooll, both cleane and cleere. 60

## 18 THE GIVING OF THE HEART.

My sonne, give Me thine heart. Prov. xxiii. 21.

## EPIGR. XVIII.

The onely love, the onely feare, Thou art,  
Dear and dread Saviour, of my sin-sick heart :  
Thine heart Thou gavest that it might be mine ;  
Take Thou mine heart, then, that it may be Thine.

## ODE XVIII.

1. Give Thee mine heart? Lord, so I would,  
And there's great reason that I should,  
If it were worth the having ;  
Yet sure Thou wilt esteem that good  
Which Thou hast purchas'd with Thy bloud, 5  
And thought it worth the craving.
2. Give Thee mine heart? Lord, so I will,  
If Thou wilt first impart the skill  
Of bringing it to Thee ;  
But should I trust myself to give 10  
Mine heart, as sure as I doe live  
I should deceivèd be.
3. As all the value of mine heart  
Proceeds from favour, not desert,  
Acceptance is its worth ; 15

- So neither know I how to bring  
 A present to my heav'nly King,  
 Unlesse He set it forth.
4. Lord of my life, methinkes I heare  
 Thee say that Thee alone to feare, 20  
 And Thee alone to love,  
 Is to bestow mine heart on Thee ;  
 That other giving none can be  
 Whereof Thou wilt approve.
5. And well Thou dost deserve to be 25  
 Both lovèd, Lord, and fear'd by me,  
 So good, so great Thou art ;  
 Greatnesse so good, goodnesse so great,  
 As passeth all finite conceit,  
 And ravisheth mine heart. 30
6. Should I not love Thee, blessed Lord,  
 Who freely of Thine own accord  
 Laidst downe Thy life for me ?  
 For me, that was not dead alone,  
 But desp'ratly transcendent grown 35  
 In enmitie to Thee.
7. Should I not feare before Thee, Lord,  
 Whose hand spannes heaven ; at Whose word  
 Devills themselves doe quake ?  
 Whose eyes out-shine the sunne, Whose beck 40  
 Can the whole course of nature check,  
 And its foundations shake ?

8. Should I with-hold mine heart from Thee,  
 The fountaine of felicity ;  
     Before Whose presence is 45  
 Fulnesse of joy ; at Whose right hand  
 All pleasures in perfection stand,  
     And everlasting blisse ?
9. Lord, had I hearts a million,  
 And myriads in ev'ry one 50  
     Of choicest loves and feares,  
 They were too little to bestow  
 On Thee, to Whom all things I owe ;  
     I should be in arreares.
10. Yet since mine heart's the most I have, 55  
 And that which Thou dost chiefly crave,  
     Thou shalt not of it misse ;  
 Although I cannot give it so  
 As I should doe, I'll offer't, though :  
     Lord, take it, here it is. 60

## 19. THE SACRIFICE OF THE HEART.

The sacrifices of God are a broken heart. Psal. li. 17.

## EPIGR. XIX.

Nor calves nor bulls are sacrifices good  
 Enough for Thee, Who gav'st for me Thy blood,  
 And more then that, Thy life : take Thine own part ;  
 Great God, that gavest all, here, take mine heart.

## ODE XIX.

1. Thy former covenant of old,  
Thy law of ordinances, did require  
Fat sacrifices from the fold,  
And many other off'rings made by fire ;  
Whilst Thy first Tabernacle stood, 5  
All things were consecrate with bloud.
  
2. And can Thy better Covenant,  
Thy law of grace and truth by Jesus Christ,  
Its proper sacrifices want  
For such an Altar and for such a Priest? 10  
No, no ; Thy Gospell doth require  
Choyse off'rings, too, and made by fire.
  
3. A sacrifice for sinne indeed,  
Lord, Thou didst make Thyself, and once for all ;  
So that there never will be need 15  
Of any more sin-off'rings, great or small ;  
The life-bloud Thou didst shed for me  
Hath set my soule for ever free.
  
4. Yea, the same sacrifice Thou dost  
Still offer in behalfe of Thine elect ; 20  
And to improve<sup>52</sup> it to the most,  
Thy Word and Sacraments doe in effect  
Offer Thee oft, and sacrifice  
Thee daily in our eares and eyes.

5.     Yea, each beleeving soule may take                   25  
       Thy sacrificèd flesh and bloud by faith  
       And therewith an atonement make  
       For all its trespasses, Thy Gospell saith ;  
       Such infinite transcendent price  
       Is there in Thy sweet sacrifice.                   30
6.     But is this all? Must there not be  
       Peace-offerings and sacrifices of  
       Thanksgiving tenderèd unto Thee ?  
       Yes, Lord, I know I should but mock and scoffe  
       Thy sacrifice for sinne, should I                   35  
       My sacrifice of praise deny.
7.     But I have nothing of mine owne  
       Worthy to be presented in Thy sight ;  
       Yea, the whole world affords not one  
       Ox, ramme, or lambe wherein Thou canst delight :  
       Lesse then myself it must not be ;               41  
       For thou didst give Thyself for me.
8.     Myself then I must sacrifice ;  
       And so I will—mine heart, the onely thing  
       Thou dost above all other prize                   45  
       As Thine owne part, the best I have to bring :  
       An humble heart's a sacrifice  
       Which I know Thou wilt not despise.
9.     Lord, be my altar ; sanctifie  
       Mine heart, Thy sacrifice ; and let Thy Spirit 50

Kindle Thy fire of love, that I,  
 Burning with zeale to magnifie Thy merit,  
 May both consume my sinnes, and raise  
 Eternall trophies to Thy praise.

## 20. THE WEIGHING OF THE HEART.

The Lord pondereth the heart. Prov. xxi. 2.

## EPIGR. XX.

The heart Thou giv'st as a great gift, my love,  
 Brought to the triall, nothing such will prove,  
 If Justice' equall ballance tell thy sight  
 That, weighèd with My Law, it is too light.

## ODE XX.

1. 'Tis true, indeed, an heart  
 Such as it ought to be,  
 Entire and sound in ev'ry part,  
 Is always welcome unto Me ;  
 He that would please Me with an offering 5  
 Cannot a better have, although he were a king.

2. And there is none so poore,  
 But if he will he may  
 Bring Me an heart, although no more ;  
 And on Mine altar may it lay. 10  
 The sacrifice which I like best is such  
 As rich men cannot boast, and poore men need not  
 grutch. =grudge



3.            Yet ev'ry heart is not  
               A gift sufficient ;  
               It must be purg'd from ev'ry spot,            15  
               And all to pieces must be rent ;  
 Though thou hast sought to circumcise and bruise 't,  
 It must be weigh'd too, or else I shall refuse 't.
4.            My ballances are just,  
               My Law's an equall weight ;            20  
               The beame is strong, and thou maist trust  
               My steady hand to hold it straight :  
 Were thine heart equall to the world in sight,  
 Yet it were nothing worth if it should prove too  
               light.
5.            And so thou seest it doth ;            25  
               My pond'rous Law doth presse  
               This scale ; but that, as fill'd with froth,  
               Tilts up, and makes no shew of stresse :  
 Thine heart is empty sure, or else it would  
 In weight as well as bulke better proportion hold.
6.            Search it, and thou shalt find            31  
               It wants integrity,  
               And is not yet so thorow lin'd  
               With single-ey'd sincerity  
 As it should be ; some more humility            35  
 There wants to make it weight, and some more  
               constancy ;

7.           Whilst windy vanity  
               Doth puffed up with pride,  
               And double-fac'd hypocrisie  
               Doth many empty hollowes hide ;           40  
 It is but good in part, and that but little :  
 Wav'ring unstaidnesse makes its resolutions brittle.
8.           The heart that in My sight  
               As currant coyne would passe  
               Must not be the least graine too light,       45  
               But as it stampèd was :  
 Keep then thine heart till it be better growne,  
 And when it is full weight I'll take it for Mine owne.
9.           But if thou art asham'd  
               To find thine heart so light,                   50  
               And art afraid thou shalt be blam'd,  
               I'll teach thee how to set it right :  
 Adde to My Law My Gospell, and there see  
 My merits thine : and then the scales will equall be.

## 21. THE TRYING OF THE HEART.

The fining pot for silver and the furnace for gold ; but the Lord trieth the hearts. Prov. xvii. 3.

## EPIGR. XXI.

Thine heart, My deer, more precious is then gold,  
 Or the most precious things that can be told ;  
 Provided first that My pure fire have tri'd<sup>53</sup>  
 Out all the drosse, and passe it purifi'd.

## ODE XXI.

1. 'What? Take it at adventure, and not try  
 What metall it is made of? 'No, not I.  
     Should I now lightly let it passe,  
 Take sullen<sup>54</sup> lead for silver, sounding brasse  
     Instead of solid gold, alas, 5  
 What would become of it? In the great Day  
 Of making jewells 'twould be cast away.'
2. The heart thou giv'st Me must be such a one  
 As is the same throughout: I will have none  
     But that which will abide the fire. 10  
 'Tis not a glitt'ring outside I desire,  
     Whose seeming shewes doe soone expire;  
 But reall worth within, which neither drosse  
 Nor base allayes<sup>55</sup> make subject unto losse.
3. If in the composition of thine heart 15  
 A stubborne steely wilfulnesse have part,  
     That will not bow and bend to Me,  
 Save onely in a meer formality  
     Of tinsell-trim'd hypocrisie,  
 I care not for it, though it shew as faire 20  
 As the first blush of the sun-gilded aire.
4. The heart that in My furnace will not melt  
 When it the glowing heat thereof hath felt,  
     Turne liquid, and dissolve in teares  
 Of true repentance for its faults—that heares 25  
     My threatning voyce, and never feares—

Is not an heart worth having : if it be  
An heart of stone, 'tis not an heart for Me.

5. The heart that, cast into My fornace, spits  
And sparkles in My face, falls into fits 30  
    Of discontented grudging, whines  
When it is broken of its will, repines  
    At the least suffering, declines  
My fatherly correction,—is an heart  
On which I care not to bestow Mine art. 35
6. The heart that in My flames asunder flies ;  
Scatters itselſe at random, and ſo lies  
    In heapes of aſhes here and there ;  
Whoſe dry diſpersèd parts will not draw neer  
    To one another, and adhere 40  
In a firme union, hath no metall in't  
Fit to be ſtamp'd and coyndè in My mint.
7. The heart that vapours out itselſe in ſmoak,  
And with thoſe cloudy ſhadows thinkes to cloak  
    Its empty nakedneſſe, how much 45  
So ever thou eſteemeſt it, is ſuch  
    As never will endure My touch :<sup>56</sup>  
Before I tak't for Mine, then, I will trie  
What kind of metall in thine heart doth lie.
8. I'll bring it to My furnace, and there ſee 50  
What it will prove, what it is like to be.

If it be gold, it will be sure  
 The hottest fire that can be to endure,  
 And I shall draw it out more pure ;  
 Affliction may refine, but cannot wast,                   55  
 That heart wherein My love is fixèd fast.

## 22. THE SOUNDING OF THE HEART.

The heart is deceitfull above all things, and desperately wicked ; who can know it ? I the Lord. Jer. xvii. 9.

## EPIGR. XXII.

I, that alone am infinite, can try  
 How deep within itselſe thine heart doth lie :  
 The ſea-man's plummet can but reach the ground ;  
 I find that which thine heart itselſe ne'er found.

## ODE XXII.

1. A goodly heart to ſee to, faire and fat ?  
     It may be ſo ; and what of that ?  
 Is it not hollow ? Hath it not within  
     A bottomleſſe whirlpoole of ſinne ?  
 Are there not ſecret creeks and cranies there,                   5  
     Turning and winding corners, where  
 The heart itselſe ev'n from itselſe may hide,  
     And lurk in ſecret unesp'i'd ?  
 I'll none of it, if ſuch a one it prove ;  
 Truth in the inward parts is that I love.                   10
2. But who can tell what is within thine heart ?  
     'Tis not a worke of nature ; art

Cannot performe that taske ; 'tis I alone,  
 Not man, to Whom man's heart is knowne.  
 Sound it thou maist, and must ; but then the line 15  
 And plummet must be Mine, not thine ;  
 And I must guide it too ; thine hand and eye  
 May quickly be deceiv'd ; but I,  
 That made thine heart at first, am better skill'd  
 To know when it is empty, when 'tis fill'd. 20

3. Lest then thou shouldst deceive thyself—for Me  
 Thou canst not—I will let thee see  
 Some of those depths of Satan, depths of hell,  
 Wherewith thine hollow heart doth swell :  
 Under pretence of knowledge in thy mind, 25  
 Errour and ignorance I find ;  
 Quick-sands of rotten superstition,  
 Spied over with misprision :<sup>57</sup>  
 Some things thou knowest not, misknowest others ;  
 And oft thy conscience its owne knowledge smothers.

4. Thy crooked will, that seemingly enclines 31  
 To follow reason's dictates, twines  
 Another way in secret ; leaves its guide  
 And laggs behind, or swarves aside ; = swerves  
 Crab-like creeps backward ; when it should have made  
 Progresse in good, is retrograde ; 36  
 Whilst it pretends a priviledge above  
 Reason's prerogative, to move

As of itself unmov'd, rude passions learne  
To leave the oare, and take in hand the sterne.<sup>58</sup>

5. The tides of thine affections ebbe and flow, 41  
     Rise up aloft, fall downe below,  
 Like to the suddaine land-floods, that advance  
     Their swelling waters but by chance ;  
 Thy love, desire, thy hope, delight, and feare, 45  
     Ramble they care not when nor where ;  
 Yet cunningly beare thee in hand,<sup>59</sup> they be  
     Only directed unto Me,  
 Or most to Me, and would no notice take  
 Of other things, but only for My sake. 50
6. Such strange prodigious impostures lurke  
     In thy prestigious<sup>60</sup> heart, 'tis worke  
 Enough for thee all thy life-time to learne  
     How thou mayst truly it discern ;  
 That when upon Mine altar thou dost lay 55  
     Thine offring, thou mayst safely say  
 And sweare it is an heart ; for if it should  
     Prove only an heart-case, it would  
 Nor pleasing be to Me, nor doe thee good ;  
 An heart's no heart not rightly understood. 60

## 23. THE LEVELLING OF THE HEART.

Gladnesse to the upright in heart. Psal. xcvi. 11.

## EPIGR. XXIII.

Set thine heart upright if thou wouldst rejoyce,  
 And please thyself in thine heart's pleasing choise ;  
 But then be sure thy plumme and levell lie  
 Rightly appli'd to that which pleaseth Me.

## ODE XXIII.

1. Nay, yet I have not done ; one triall more  
 Thine heart must undergo before  
     I will accept of it,  
         Unlesse I see  
             It upright be, 5  
     I cannot think it fit  
     To be admitted in My sight,  
 And to partake of Mine eternall light.
2. My will's the rule of righteousnesse, as free 10  
 From error as uncertainty ;  
     What I would have is just.  
     Thou must desire  
     What I require,  
     And take it upon trust ;  
     If thou preferre thy will to Mine, 15  
 The levell's lost, and thou go'st out of line.
3. Dost thou not see how thine heart turnes aside,  
 And leanes toward thyself? How wide



- A distance there is here !  
 Untill I see 20  
 Both sides agree  
 Alike with Mine, 'tis cleer  
 The middle is not where 't should be ;  
 Likes something better, though it looke at Me.
4. I, that know best how to dispose of thee, 25  
 Would have thy portion poverty,  
 Lest wealth should make thee proud,  
 And Me forget ;  
 But thou hast set  
 Thy voyce to cry aloud 30  
 For riches, and unlesse I grant  
 All that thou wishest thou complainst of want.
5. I, to preserve thine health, would have thee fast  
 From Nature's dainties, lest at last  
 Thy senses' sweet delight 35  
 Should end in smart ;  
 But thy vaine heart  
 Will have its appetite  
 Pleasèd to-day, though grief and sorrow  
 Threaten to cancell all thy joyes to-morrow. 40
6. I, to prevent thine hurt by climbing high,  
 Would have thee be content to lie  
 Quiet and safe below,  
 Where peace doth dwell ;  
 But thou dost swell 45

With vast desires, as though  
 A little blast of vulgar breath  
 Were better then deliverance from death.

7. I, to procure thine happinesse, would have  
 Thee mercy at Mine hands to crave ; 50  
 But thou dost merit plead,  
 And wilt have none  
 But of thine owne,  
 Till Justice strike thee dead :  
 Thus still thy wand'ring wayes decline, 55  
 And all thy crooked paths go crosse to Mine.

## 24. THE RENEWING OF THE HEART.

A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.  
 Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

## EPIGR. XXIV.

Art thou delighted with strange novelties,  
 Which often prove but old fresh-garnisht lies ?  
 Leave then thine old, take the new heart I give thee,  
 Condemne thyself, that so I may reprieve thee.

## ODE XXIV.

1. No, no, I see  
 There is no remedy ;  
 An heart that wants both weight and worth,  
 That's fill'd with naught but empty hollownesse,  
 And screw'd aside with stubborne wilfulnesse, 5  
 Is onely fit to be cast forth ;



5.           This heart is fresh  
               And new ; an heart of flesh,  
               Not as thine old one was, of stone :           35  
 A lively sp'ritly heart, and moving still,  
 Active to what is good, but slow to ill ;  
               An heart that with a sigh and grone  
               Can blast all worldly joyes  
               As trifling toyes.                                   40
6.           This heart is sound,  
               And solid<sup>61</sup> will be found ;  
               'Tis not an emptie ayrie flash  
 That baites<sup>62</sup> at butterflies, and with full cry  
 Opens at ev'ry flirting vanity :                           45  
               It sleights and scornes such paltry trash ; =sights  
               But for eternity  
               Dares live or die.
7.           I know thy mind ;  
               Thou seekst content to find                           50  
               In such things as are new and strange.  
 Wander no further, then ; lay by thine old,  
 Take the new heart I give thee, and be bold  
               To boast thyself of the exchange,  
               And say that a new heart                           55  
               Exceeds all art.

## 25. THE ENLIGHTENING OF THE HEART.

They looked unto Him, and were lightened. Psalm xxxiv. 5.

## EPIGR. XXV.

Thou that art Light of lights, the onely sight  
Of the blind world, lend me Thy saving light ;  
Disperse those mists, which in my soule have made  
Darknesse as deep as Hell's eternall shade.

## ODE XXV.

1.           Alas, that I  
              Could not before espie  
              The soule-confounding misery  
Of this more then Egyptian-dreadfull night !  
              To be deprived of the light,                                 5  
And to have eyes, but eyes devoid of sight,  
              As mine have been, is such a woe  
              As he alone can know  
              That feeles it so.
  
2.           Darknesse hath been   10  
              My God and me between  
              Like an opacous<sup>63</sup> doubled skreen,  
Through which nor light nor heat could passage find.  
              Grosse ignorance hath made my mind  
And understanding not bleer-ey'd, but blind ;             15  
              My will to all that's good is cold,  
              Nor can I, though I would,  
              Doe what I should.

3.           No, now I see  
              There is no remedy                               20  
              Left in myself ; it cannot be  
              That blind men in the darke should find the way  
              To blessednesse, although they may  
              Imagine that high mid-night is noone-day,  
              As I have done till now ; they'll know       25  
              At last, unto their woe,  
              'Twas nothing so.
4.           Now I perceive  
              Presumption doth bereave  
              Men of all hope of helpe, and leave               30  
              Them, as it finds them, drown'd in misery,  
              Despairing of themselves : to cry  
              For mercy is the only remedy  
              That sinne-sicke soules can have ; to pray  
              Against this darknesse may                       35  
              Turne it to day.
5.           Then unto Thee,  
              Great Lord of light, let me  
              Direct my prayer that I may see.  
              Thou, that didst make mine eyes, canst soone restore  
              That pow'r of sight they had before ;           41  
              And if Thou seest it good, canst give them more ;  
              The night will quickly shine like day,  
              If Thou doe but display  
              One glorious ray.                                       45

6. I must confesse,  
 And I can doe no lesse,  
 Thou art the Sun of Righteousnesse ;  
 There's healing in Thy wings ; Thy light is life,  
 My darknesse death. To end all strife 50  
 Be Thou mine husband ; let me be Thy wife ;  
 Then both the light and life that's Thine,  
 Though light and life divine,  
 Will all be mine.

## 26. THE TABLE OF THE HEART.

I will put My law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts.  
 Jer. xxxi. 33.

## EPIGR. XXVI.

In the soft table of thine heart I'll write  
 A new law, which I newly will indite.  
 Hard stony tables did containe the old,  
 But tender leaves of flesh shall this infold.

## ODE XXVI.

1. What will thy sight  
 Availe thee, or My light,  
 If there be nothing in thine heart to see  
 Acceptable to Me ?  
 A self-writ heart will not 5  
 Please Me, or doe thee any good, I wot :  
 The paper must be thine,  
 The writing Mine.

2.       What I indite  
           'Tis I alone can write,                               10  
 And write in books that I Myself have made.  
           'Tis not an easie trade  
           To read or write in hearts :  
 They that are skilfull in all other arts,  
           When they take this in hand,                       15  
           Are at a stand.
3.       My Law of old  
           Tables of stone did hold,  
 Wherein I writ what I before had spoken ;  
           Yet were they quickly broken :                     20  
           A signe the Covenant  
 Contain'd in them would due observance want ;  
           Nor did they long remaine<sup>64</sup>  
           Coppy'd again.
4.       But now I'll try   25  
           What force in flesh doth lie ;  
 Whether thine heart renew'd afford a place  
           Fit for My law of grace.  
           This Covenant is better  
 Then that, though glorious, of the killing letter : 30  
           This gives life—not by merit,  
           But by My Spirit.
5.       When in men's hearts  
           And their most inward parts



- I by My Spirit write My law of love, 35  
 They then begin to move,  
 Not by themselves, but Me ;  
 And their obedience is their liberty :  
 There are no slaves but those  
 That serve their foes. 40
6. When I have writ  
 My Covenant in it,  
 View thine heart by My light, and thou shalt see  
 A present fit for Me.  
 The worth for which I look 45  
 Lies in the lines, not in the leaves, of th' book :  
 Course paper may be lin'd coarse  
 With words refin'd.
7. And such are Mine :  
 No furnace can refine. 50  
 The choicest silver, so to make it pure,  
 As My law put in ure, use  
 Purgeth the hearts of men ;  
 Which being rul'd and written with My pen—  
 My Spirit—ev'ry letter 55  
 Will make them better.

## 27. THE TILLING OF THE HEART.

I will turne unto you, and yee shall be tilled and sowne. Ezek. xxxvi. 9.

## EPIGR. XXVII.

Mine heart's a field ; Thy crosse a plow ; be pleas'd,  
 Dear Spouse, to till it, till the mould be rais'd  
 Fit for the seeding of Thy Word ; then sow,  
 And if Thou shine upon it, it will grow.

## ODE XXVII.

1. So now methinks I find  
 Some better vigour in my mind ;  
 My will begins to move,  
 And mine affections stirre tow'rds things above ;  
 Mine heart growes bigge with hope ; it is a field 5  
 That some good fruit may yeeld,  
 If it were till'd as it should be,  
 Not by myself, but Thee.
2. Great Husbandman, Whose pow'r  
 All difficulties can devour, 10  
 And doe what likes Thee best,  
 Let not Thy field, mine heart, lie lay<sup>65</sup> and rest, 11  
 Lest it be over-runne with noysome weeds,  
 That spring of their own seeds :  
 Unlesse Thy grace the growth should stoppe, 15  
 Sinne would be all my crophe.
3. Break up my fallow-ground,  
 That there may not a clod be found

- To hide one root of sinne :  
 Apply Thy plow be-time ; now, now beginne 20  
 To furrow up my stiffe and starvy<sup>66</sup> heart ;  
 No matter for the smart,  
 Although it roare when it is rent,  
 Let not Thine hand relent.
4. Corruptions rooted deep, 25  
 Showers of repentant teares must steep  
 The mould to make it soft :  
 It must be stirr'd and turn'd, not once, but oft.  
 Let it have all its seasons ; O, impart  
 The best of all Thine art ; 30  
 For of itself it is so tough,  
 All will be but enough.
5. Or, if it be Thy will  
 To teach me, let me learne the skill  
 Myself to plow mine heart ; 35  
 The profit will be mine, and 'tis my part  
 To take the paines and labour, though th' encrease  
 Without Thy blessing cease ;  
 If fit for nothing else, yet Thou  
 Mayst make me draw Thy plow. 40
6. Which of Thy plowes Thou wilt ;  
 For Thou hast more then one. My guilt,  
 Thy wrath, Thy rods, are all  
 Plowes fit to teare mine heart to pieces small ;

THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART. 181

And when in these it apprehends Thee neer, 45  
'Tis furrowèd with fear ;  
Each weed turn'd under hides its head,  
And showes as it were dead.

7. But, Lord, Thy blessed Passion  
Is a plow of another fashion, 50  
Better then all the rest:  
Oh, fasten me to that, and let the best  
Of all my powers strive to draw it in,  
And leave no roome for sinne ;  
The vertue of Thy death can make 55  
Sinne its fast hold forsake.

28. THE SEEDING OF THE HEART.

That on the good ground are they which, with an honest and good heart,  
having heard the Word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience.  
Lvke viii. 15.

EPIGR. XXVIII.

Lest the field of mine heart should unto Thee,  
Great Husband-man that mad'st it, barren be,  
Manure the ground, then come Thyself and seed it,  
And let Thy servants water it and weed it.

ODE XXVIII.

1. Nay, blessed Lord,  
Unlesse Thou wilt afford  
Manure as well as tillage to Thy field,  
It will not yeeld

- That fruit which Thou expectest it should beare : 5  
 The ground I feare  
 Will still remaine  
 Barren of what is good ; and all the graine  
 It will bring forth,  
 As of its owne accord, will not be worth 10  
 The paines of gathering  
 So poore a thing.
2.                   Some faint desire,  
 That quickly will expire,  
 Wither, and die, is all Thou canst expect ; 15  
 If Thou neglect  
 To sow it now 'tis ready, Thou shalt find  
 That it will blind  
 And harder grow  
 Then at the first it was. Thou must bestow 20  
 Some further cost,  
 Else all Thy former labour will be lost ;  
 Mine heart no corne will breed  
 Without Thy seed.
3.                   Thy word is seed, 25  
 And manure<sup>67</sup> too ; will feed  
 As well as fill mine heart. If once it were  
 Well-rooted there,  
 It would come on apace ; O, then neglect  
 No time, expect 30

No better season.

Now, now Thy field, mine heart, is ready ; reason  
Surrenders now ;  
Now my rebellious will begins to bow,  
And mine affections are 35  
Tamer by farre.

4. Lord, I have laine  
Barren too long, and faine  
I would redeem the time, that I may be  
Fruitfull to Thee— 40  
Fruitfull in knowledge, faith, obedience,  
Ere I goe hence ;  
That when I come  
At harvest to be reapèd, and brought home,  
Thine angels may 45  
My soule in Thy celestiall garner lay,  
Where perfect joy and blisse  
Eternall is.

5. If to intreat  
A crop of purest wheat, 50  
A blessing too transcendent should appeare  
For me to beare,  
Lord, make me what Thou wilt, so Thou wilt take  
What Thou dost make,  
And not disdain 55  
To house me, though amongst Thy coursest graine ;

So I may be  
Laid with the gleanings gatherèd by Thee,  
When the full sheaves are spent,  
I am content.

60

## 29. THE WATERING OF THE HEART.

I the Lord doe keep it. I will water it every moment. Isa. xxvii. 3.

## EPIGR. XXIX.

Close downwards tow'rds the earth, open above  
Tow'rds heaven, mine heart is. O, let Thy love  
Distill in fructifying dewes of grace,  
And then mine heart will be a pleasant place.

## ODE XXIX.

1. See how this dry and thirsty land,  
Mine heart, doth gaping, gasping stand,  
And, close below, opens towards heav'n and Thee.  
Thou Fountaine of felicity, [=closed  
Great Lord of living waters, water me ; 5  
Let not my breath that pants with paine  
Waste and consume itselfe in vaine.
2. The mists that from the earth doe rise  
An heav'n-borne heart will not suffice ; =born  
Coole it without they may, but cannot quench 10  
The scalding heat within, nor drench  
Its dusty dry desires, or fill one trench :  
Nothing but what comes from on high  
Can heav'n-bred longings satisfie.

3. See how the seed which Thou didst sow 15  
 Lies parch'd and wither'd, will not grow  
 Without some moisture ; and mine heart hath none  
 That it can truly call its owne,  
 By nature of itself more hard then stone,<sup>68</sup>  
 Unlesse Thou water 't, it will lie 20  
 Drownèd in dust, and still be dry.
4. Thy tender plants can never thrive  
 Whilst want of water doth deprive  
 Their roots of nourishment, which makes them call  
 And cry to Thee, great All in All, 25  
 That seasonable show'rs of grace may fall,  
 And water them : Thy Word will do 't,  
 If Thou vouchsafe Thy blessing to 't.
5. O, then be pleasèd to unseal  
 Thy fountaine, blessed Saviour ; deal 30  
 Some drops at least, wherewith my drooping spirits  
 May be revivèd. Lord, Thy merits  
 Yield more refreshing then the world inherits ;  
 Rivers, yea seas, but ditches are,  
 If with Thy springs one them compare. 35
6. If not whole show'rs of raine, yet, Lord,  
 A little pearly dew afford,  
 Begot by Thy celestiall influence  
 On some chast vapour, raisèd hence  
 To be partaker of Thine excellence ; 40



A little, if it come from Thee,  
Will be of great availe to me.

7. Thou boundlesse Océan<sup>69</sup> of grace,  
Let Thy free Spirit have a place  
Within mine heart ; full rivers then I know 45  
Of living waters forth will flow,  
And all Thy plants, Thy fruits and flow'rs will grow ;  
Whilst Thy springs their roots doe nourish,  
They must needs be fat, and flourish.

### 30. THE FLOWERS OF THE HEART.

My Belovèd is gone downe into His garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in  
the gardens and to gather lillies. Cant. vi. 2.

#### EPIGR. XXX.

Those lillies I doe consecrate to Thee,  
Belovèd Spouse ; which spring, as Thou maist see,  
Out of the seed Thou sowedst ; and the ground  
Is better'd by Thy flow'rs when they abound.

#### ODE XXX.

1. Is there a joy like this ?  
What can augment my blisse ?  
If my Belovèd will accept  
A posie of these flowers, kept  
And consecrated unto His content, 5  
I hope hereafter He will not repent  
The cost and paines He hath bestow'd  
So freely upon me, that ow'd

Him all I had before,  
And infinitely more. 10

2. Nay, try them, blessed Lord ;  
Take them not on my word ;  
But let the colour, tast, and smell  
The truth of their perfections tell.  
Thou that art infinite in wisdom, see 15  
If they be not the same that came from Thee ;  
If any difference be found,  
It is occasion'd by the ground ;  
Which yet I cannot see  
So good as it should be. 20

3. What sayst Thou to that rose,  
That queen of flowers, whose  
Maidenly blushes fresh and faire  
Out-brave the dainty morning aire ?  
Dost Thou not in those lovely leaves espy 25  
The perfect picture of that modesty,  
That self-condemning shamefastnesse,  
That is more ready to confesse  
A fault, and to amend,  
Then it is to offend ? 30

4. Is not this lilly pure ?  
What fuller can procure  
A white so perfect, spotlesse, clear,  
As in this flower doth appear ?

Dost Thou not in this milky colour see                    35  
 The lively lustre of sincerity ;  
     Which no hypocrisie hath painted,  
     Nor self-respecting ends have tainted ?  
         Can there be to Thy sight  
         A more entire delight ?                                    40

5.            Or wilt Thou have beside  
                 Violets purple-di'd ?  
                 The sun-observing<sup>70</sup> marigold,  
                 Or orpin<sup>71</sup> never waxing old ;  
 The primrose, cowslip, gilliflow'r, or pinke,            45  
 Or any flow'r or herbe that I can think  
     Thou hast a mind unto ? I shall  
     Quickly be furnisht with them all,  
         If once I doe but know  
         That Thou wilt have it so.                                50

6.            Faith is a fruitfull grace ;  
                 Well-planted, stores the place ;  
                 Fills all the borders, beds, and bow'rs  
                 With wholesome herbs and pleasant flow'rs.  
 Great Gard'ner, Thou saist, and I beleeve,            55  
 What Thou dost meane to gather Thou wilt give.  
     Take then mine heart in hand to fill 't,  
     And it shall yeeld Thee what Thou wilt ;  
         Yea, Thou by gath'ring more  
         Shalt still increase Thy store.                            60

## 31. THE KEEPING OF THE HEART.

Keepe thy heart with all diligence. Prov. iv. 23.

## EPIGR. XXXI.

Like to a garden that is closèd round,  
That heart is safely kept which still is found  
Compast with care, and guarded with the feare  
Of God, as with a flaming sword and speare.

## ODE XXXI.

1. *The Soule.*

Lord, wilt Thou suffer this? Shall vermine spoile  
The fruit of all Thy toyle ;—  
Thy trees, Thine herbs, Thy plants, Thy flowers thus ;  
And for an overplus  
Of spite and malice overthrow Thy mounds, 5  
Lay common all Thy grounds ?  
Canst Thou endure Thy pleasant garden should  
Be thus turn'd up as ordinary mould ?

2. *Christ.*

What is the matter? Why dost thou complaine?  
Must I as well maintaine 10  
And keep as make thy fences? Wilt thou take  
No paines for thine own sake?  
Or doth thy self-confounding fancy feare thee,  
When there's no danger neer thee?  
Speak out thy doubts and thy desires, and tell Me 15  
What enemy or can or dares to quell thee?

3-6. *The Soule.*

Many and mighty and malicious, Lord,  
     That seek with one accord  
 To work my speedy ruine ; and make haste  
     To lay Thy garden waste :                                 20  
 The devill is a ramping<sup>72</sup> roaring lion,  
     Hates at his heart Thy Zion ;  
 And never gives it respite day nor houre,  
 But still goes seeking whom he may devour.

The world's a wilderness, wherein I find                         25  
     Wild beasts of ev'ry kind—  
 Foxes and wolves and dogs and boares and beares ;  
     And which augments my feares,  
 Eagles and vultures and such birds of prey  
     Will not be kept away ;   30  
 Besides the light-abhorring owles and bats,  
 And secret corner-creeping mice and rats.

But these, and many more, would not dismay  
     Me much, unlesse there lay  
 One worse then all within ; myself I meane—                     35  
     My false, unjust, unclean,  
 Faithlesse, disloyall self, that both entice  
     And entertaine each vice :  
 This homebred traiterous partaking's worse  
 Then all the violence of forain force.                             40  
 Lord, Thou maist see my feares are grounded, rise  
     Not from a bare surmise

Or doubt of danger only ; my desires  
 Are but what need requires  
 Of Thy divine protection and defence 45  
 To keep these vermine hence ;  
 Which, if they should not be restrain'd by Thee,  
 Would grow too strong to be kept out by me.

7. *Christ.*

Thy feare is just, and I approve thy care ;  
 But yet thy comforts are 50  
 Provided for ev'n in that care and feare ;  
 Whereby it doth appeare  
 Thou hast what thou desirest, My protection,  
 To keep thee from defection :  
 The heart that cares and feares is kept by Me ; 55  
 I watch thee whilst thy foes are watch'd by thee.

## 32. THE WATCHING OF THE HEART.

I sleep, but my heart waketh. Cant. v. 2.

## EPIGR. XXXII.

Whilst the soft bands of sleep tie up my senses,  
 My watchfull heart, free from all such pretences,  
 Searches for Thee, enquires of all about Thee ;  
 Nor day nor night able to be without Thee.

## ODE XXXII.

1. It must be so ; that God that gave  
 Me senses and a mind would have

Me use them both, but in their severall kinds.  
 Sleep must refresh my senses, but my mind's  
     A sparke of heav'nly fire, that feeds                   5  
     On action and employment, needs  
 No time of rest ; for when it thinks to please  
 Itself with idlennesse, 'tis least at ease ;  
     Though quiet rest refresh the head,  
     The heart that stirres not sure is dead.                   10

2.    Whilst then my body ease doth take,  
       My rest-refusing heart shall wake ;  
 And that mine heart the better watch may keep,  
 I'll lay my senses for a time to sleep.  
       Wanton desires shall not entice,                   15  
       Nor lust enveigle them to vice ;  
 No fading colours shall allure my sight,  
 Nor sounds enchant mine eares with their delight ;  
       I'll bind my smell, my touch, my tast,  
       To keep a strict religious fast.                   20

3.    My worldly bus'nesse shall be still,  
       That heav'nly thoughts my mind may fill ;  
 My Marthae's cumb'ring cares shall cease their noise,  
 That Mary may attend her better choise ;  
       That meditation may advance                   25  
       Mine heart on purpose, not by chance,  
 My body shall keep holy day, that so  
 My mind with better liberty may goe

About her bus'nesse, and ingrosse  
That gaine which worldly men count losse. 30

4. And though my senses sleep the while,  
My mind my senses shall beguile  
With dreams of Thee, dear Lord, Whose rare perfections  
Of excellence are such that bare inspections  
Cannot suffice my greedy soule, 35  
Nor her fierce appetite controule ;  
But that the more she lookes the more she longs,  
And strives to thrust into the thickest throngs  
Of those divine discoveries,  
Which dazell even angels' eyes. 40

5. Oh could I lay aside this flesh,  
And follow after Thee with fresh  
And free desires, my disentangled soule,  
Ravisht with admiration,<sup>72</sup> should roule  
Itself and all its thoughts on Thee ; 45  
And by beleiving strive to see,  
What is invisible to flesh and blood,  
And only by fruition understood,  
The beauty of each sev'rall grace  
That shines in Thy sunne-shaming face. 50

6. But what I can doe that I will,  
Waking and sleeping, seek Thee still ;  
I'll leave no place unpri'd into behind me  
Where I can but imagine I may find Thee ;



I'le aske of all I meet, if they                            55  
 Can tell me where Thou art : which way  
 Thou go'st, that I may follow after Thee ;            [me.  
 Which way Thou com'st, that Thou maist meet with  
 If not Thy face, Lord, let mine heart  
 Behold with Moses Thy back-part.                        60

### 33. THE WOUNDING OF THE HEART.

He hath bent His bow, and set me as a mark for the arrow. Lam. iii. 12.

#### EPIGR. XXXIII.

A thousand of Thy strongest shafts, my Light,  
 Draw up against this heart with all Thy might,  
 And strike it through : they that in need doe stand  
 Of cure are healèd by Thy wounding hand.

#### ODE XXXIII.

1. Nay, spare me not, dear Lord ; it cannot be  
 They should be hurt that wounded are by Thee ;  
     Thy shafts will heale the hearts they hit,  
     And to each sore its salve will fit.  
 All hearts by nature are both sick and sore,            5  
 And mine as much as any else, or more ;  
     There is no place that's free from sinne,  
     Neither without it nor within ;  
 And universall maladies doe crave  
 Variety of medicines to have.                            10
2. First let the arrow of Thy piercing eye,  
 Whose light outvieth the star-spangled skie,

Strike through the darknesse of my mind,  
 And leave no cloudy mist behind ;  
 Let Thy resplendent rayes of knowledge dart 15  
 Bright beames of understanding to mine heart,  
 To my sinne-shadowed heart ; wherein  
 Black ignorance did first begin  
 To blurre Thy beauteous image, and deface  
 The glory of Thy self-sufficing grace. 20

3. Next let the shaft of Thy sharp-pointed pow'r,  
 Dischargèd by that strength that can devour  
 All difficulties, and encline  
 Stout opposition to resigne  
 Its steely stubbornesse, subdue my will, 25  
 Make it hereafter ready to fulfill  
 Thy royall law of righteousnesse  
 As gladly as I must confesse  
 It hath fulfillèd heretofore th' unjust,  
 Prophane, and cruell lawes of its owne lust. 30

4. Then let that love of Thine, which made Thee leave  
 The bosome of Thy Father, and bereave  
 Thyself of Thy transcendent glory,—  
 Matter for an eternall story,—  
 Strike through mine affections all together ; 35  
 And let that sun-shine cleer the cloudy weather,  
 Wherein they wander without guide  
 Or order, as the wind and tide

Of floting vanities transport and tosse them,  
 Till self-begotten troubles curbe and crosse them. 40

5. Lord, empty all Thy quivers ; let there be  
 No corner of my spacious heart left free,  
     Till all be but one wound, wherein  
     No subtile sight-abhorring sinne  
 May lurk in secret unesp'd by me, 45  
 Or reigne in power unsubdu'd by Thee ;  
     Perfect Thy purchas'd victory,  
     That Thou maist ride triumphantly,  
 And, leading captive all captivity,  
 Maist put an end to enmity in me. 50

6. Then, blessed Archer, in requitall, I  
 To shoote Thine arrowes back again will try ;  
     By pray'rs and praises, sighs and sobs,  
     By vowes and teares, by groans and throbs,  
 I'll see if I can pierce and wound Thine heart, 55  
 And vanquish Thee againe by Thine own art ;  
     Or, that we may at once provide  
     For all mishaps that may betide,  
 Shoot Thou Thyself, Thou polisht shaft, to me,  
 And I will shoot my broken heart to Thee. 60

## 34. THE INHABITING OF THE HEART.

God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts. Gal. iv. 6.

## EPIGR. XXXIV.

Mine heart's an house, my Light ; and Thou canst  
tell

There's roome enough. O, let Thy Spirit dwell  
For ever there, that so Thou maist love me,  
And, being lov'd, I may againe love Thee.

## ODE XXXIV.

1. Welcome, great Guest ; this house, mine heart,  
Shall all be Thine :  
I will resigne  
Mine interest in ev'ry part ;  
Only be pleas'd to use it as Thine own 5  
For ever, and inhabite it alone :  
There's roome enough ; and if the furniture  
Were answerably fitted, I am sure  
Thou wouldst be well content to stay,  
And by Thy light 10  
Possesse my sight  
With sense of an eternall day.
2. It is Thy building, Lord ; 'twas made  
At Thy command,  
And still doth stand 15  
Upheld and shelter'd by the shade

Of Thy protecting Providence : though such  
 As is decayèd and impairèd much  
 Since the removall of Thy residence,  
 When with Thy grace glory departed hence, 20  
     It hath been all this while an inne  
         To intertaine  
         The vile and vaine  
 And wicked companies of sinne.

3. Although't be but an house of clay 25  
     Fram'd out of dust,  
     And such as must  
     Dissolvèd be, yet it was gay  
 And glorious indeed, when ev'ry place  
 Was furnishèd and fitted with Thy grace ; 30  
 When in the presence-chamber of my mind  
 The bright sun-beames of perfect knowledge shin'd ;  
     When my will was Thy bed-chamber,  
         And ev'ry pow'r  
         A stately tow'r 35  
 Sweetned with Thy Spirit's amber.<sup>73</sup>

4. But whilst Thou dost Thyself absent,  
     It is not grown  
     Noysome alone,  
     But all to pieces torn and rent ; 40  
 The windowes all are stopt or broken so  
 That no light, without wind, can thorow goe ;

The roofe's uncover'd and the wall's decai'd,  
 The door's flung off the hooks, the floor's unlai'd ;  
 Yea, the foundation rotten is ; 45  
     And every where  
     It doth appeare  
 All that remaines is farre amisse.

5. But if Thou wilt returne againe  
     And dwell in me, 50  
     Lord, Thou shalt see  
 What care I'll take to intertaine  
 Thee ; though not like Thyself, yet in such sort  
 As Thou wilt like, and I shall thank Thee for 't.  
 Lord, let Thy blessed Spirit keep possession, 55  
 And all things will be well ; at least, confession  
     Shall tell Thee what's amisse in me,  
     And then Thou shalt  
     Or mend the fault,  
 Or take the blame of all on Thee. 60

## 35. THE ENLARGING OF THE HEART.

I will runne the way of Thy commandments, when Thou shalt enlarge my  
 heart. Psalm cxix. 32.

## EPIGR. XXXV.

How pleasant is that now which heretofore  
 Mine heart held bitter—sacred learning's lore !  
 Enlargèd hearts enter with greatest ease  
 The straitest paths, and runne the narrowest wayes.

## ODE XXXV.

1. What a blessed change I find  
 Since I intertain'd this Guest!  
 Now methinks another mind  
 Moves and rules within my brest.  
 Surely I am not the same 5  
 That I was before He came ;  
 But I then was much to blame.
2. When before my God commanded  
 Anything He would have done,  
 I was close and gripple-handed,<sup>74</sup> 10  
 Made an end ere I begunne ;  
 If He thought it fit to lay  
 Judgements on me, I could say,  
 'They are good,'—but shrinke away.
3. All the wayes of righteousnesse 15  
 I did think were full of trouble ;  
 I complain'd of tediousnesse,  
 And each duty seemèd double :  
 Whilst I serv'd Him but of feare,  
 Ev'ry minute did appeare 20  
 Longer farre then a whole yeare.
4. Strictnesse in religion seem'd  
 Like a pinèd pinion'd thing ;  
 Bolts and fetters I esteem'd  
 More beseeming for a king, 25

Then for me to bow my neck,  
 And be at another's beck  
 When I felt my conscience check.<sup>75</sup>

5. But the case is alter'd now ;  
 He no sooner turnes His eye, 30  
 But I quickly bend and bow,  
 Ready at His feet to lie ;  
 Love hath taught me to obey  
 All His precepts, and to say,  
 ' Not to-morrow, but to-day.' 35
6. What He wills, I say, ' I must ;'  
 What I must, I say, ' I will ;'  
 He commanding, it is just,  
 What He would, I should fulfil ;  
 Whilst He biddeth, I beleeve ; 40  
 What He calls for, He will give ;  
 To obey Him is—to live.
7. His commandments grievous are not  
 Longer then men think them so ;  
 Though He send me forth, I care not, 45  
 Whilst He gives me strength to goe.  
 When or whither, all is one ;  
 On His bus'nesse, not mine owne,  
 I shall never goe alone.
8. If I be compleat in Him,— 50  
 And in Him all fulnesse dwelleth,—



I am sure aloft to swim  
 Whilst that ocean overswelleth ;  
 Having Him that's All in All,  
 I am confident I shall  
 Nothing want for which I call. 55

## 36. THE INFLAMING OF THE HEART.

My heart was hot within me ; while I was musing the fire burned.  
 Psalm xxxix. 3.

## EPIGR. XXXVI.

Spare not, my Love, to kindle and enflame  
 Mine heart within throughout, untill the same  
 Breake forth and burne ; that so Thy salamander—  
 Mine heart—may never from Thy fornace wander.

## ODE XXXVI.

1. Welcome, holy heavenly fire,  
 Kindled by immortall Love ;  
 Which, descending from above,  
 Makes all earthly thoughts retire,  
 And give place 5  
 To that grace  
 Which with gentle violence  
 Conquers all corrupt affections,  
 Rebell nature's insurrections,  
 Bidding them be packing hence. 10
2. Lord, Thy fire doth heat within,  
 Warmeth not without alone :

Though it be an heart of stone,  
Of itself congeal'd in sinne,  
Hard as steel, 15  
If it feel

Thy dissolving pow'r, it groweth  
Soft as waxe ; and quickly takes  
Any print Thy Spirit makes,  
Paying<sup>76</sup> what Thou saist it oweth. 20

3. Of itself mine heart is dark ;  
But Thy fire, by shining bright,  
Fills it full of saving light :  
Though 't be but a little spark  
Lent by Thee, 25  
I shall see  
More by it then all the light  
Which in fullest measures streames  
From corrupted Nature's beames  
Can discover to my sight. 30

4. Though mine heart be ice and snow  
To the things which Thou hast chosen,  
All benum'd with cold and frozen,  
Yet Thy fire will make it glow :  
Though it burnes 35  
When it turnes  
Tow'rds the things which Thou dost hate,  
Yet Thy blessed warmth no doubt

Will that wild-fire soone draw out,  
And the heat thereof abate. 40

5. Lord, Thy fire is active, using  
    Alwayes either to ascend  
    To its native heav'n, or lend  
Heat to others ; and diffusing  
    Of its store, 45  
    Gathers more,  
Never ceasing till it make  
    All things like itselfe, and longing  
    To see others come with thronging  
Of Thy goodnesse to partake. 50

6. Lord, then let Thy fire enflame  
    My cold heart so thoroughly,  
    That the heat may never die,  
But continue still the same ;  
    That I may, 55  
    Ev'ry day  
More and more consuming sinne,  
    Kindling others, and attending  
    All occasions of ascending,  
Heaven upon earth begin. 60

## 37. THE LADDER OF THE HEART.

In whose heart are the wayes of them. Psalm lxxxiv. 5.

## EPIGR. XXXVII.

Wouldst thou, My love, a ladder have, whereby  
 Thou maist climbe heaven, to sit downe on high ?  
 In thine owne heart, then, frame thee steps, and bend  
 Thy mind to muse how thou maist there ascend.

## ODE XXXVII.

1. *The Soule.*

What !  
 Shall I  
 Always lie  
 Grov'ling on earth,  
 Where there is no mirth ? 5  
 Why should I not ascend,  
 And climbe up where I may mend  
 My meane estate of misery ?  
 Happinesse I know's exceeding high ;  
 Yet sure there is some remedy for that. 10

2. *Christ.*

True,  
 There is ;  
 Perfect blisse,  
 The fruit of love,  
 May be had above : 15

But he that will obtaine  
 Such a gold-exceeding gaine  
 Must never think to reach the same,  
 And scale heav'n's walls, untill he frame  
 A ladder in his heart as near, as new. 20

3. *The Soule.*

Lord,  
 I will ;  
 But the skill  
 Is not mine owne ;  
 Such an art's not knowne, 25  
 Unlesse Thou wilt it teach :  
 It is farre above the reach  
 Of mortall minds to understand ;  
 But if Thou wilt lend Thine helping hand,  
 I will endeavour to obey Thy word. 30

4-6. *Christ.*

Well,  
 Then, see  
 That thou be  
 As ready prest<sup>77</sup>  
 To performe the rest 35  
 As now to promise faire ;  
 And I'll teach thee how to reare  
 A scaling-ladder in thine heart  
 To mount heaven with ; no rules of art,  
 But I alone, can the composure<sup>78</sup> tell. 40

First,  
 Thou must  
 Take on trust  
 All that I say ;  
 Reason must not sway 45  
 Thy judgement crosse to Mine,  
 But her scepter quite resigne ;  
 Faith must be both thy ladder sides,  
 Which will stay thy steps whate'er betides,  
 And satisfie thine hunger and thy thirst. 50

Then  
 The round  
 Next the ground,  
 Which I must see,  
 Is humilitie ; 55  
 From which thou must ascend,  
 And with perseverance end ;  
 Vertue to verture, grace to grace,  
 Must each orderly succeed in 'ts place,  
 And when thou hast done all beginne againe. 60

## 38. THE FLYING OF THE HEART.

Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windowes ?  
 Isaiah lx. 5.

## EPIGR. XXXVIII.

Oh that mine heart had wings like to a dove,  
 That I might quickly hasten hence, and move  
 With speedy flight tow'rd's the celestiall spheres,  
 As weary of this world, its faults and feares !

ODE XXXVIII.<sup>79</sup>

1. This way, though pleasant, yet methinks is long ;  
 Step after step makes little haste,  
 And I am not so strong  
 As still to last  
 Among 5  
 So great,  
 So many lets :  
 Swelter'd and swill'd in sweat,  
 My toyling soule both fumes and frets,  
 As though she were inclin'd to a retreat. 10
2. Corruption clogs my feet like filthy clay,  
 And I am ready still to slip ;  
 Which makes me often stay  
 When I should trip  
 Away. 15  
 My feares  
 And faults are such  
 As challenge all my teares  
 So justly, that it were not much  
 If I in weeping should spend all my yeares. 20
3. This makes me weary of the world below,  
 And greedy of a place above,  
 On which I may bestow  
 My choisest love ;  
 And so 25

Obtaine  
 That favour which  
 Excells all worldly gaine,  
 And maketh the possessour rich  
 In happinesse of a transcendent strainē. 30

4. What ! must I still be rooted here below,  
 And riveted unto the ground,  
 Wherein mine haste to grow  
 Will be, though sound,  
 But slow ? 35  
 I know  
 The sunne exhales<sup>80</sup>  
 Grosse vapours from below,  
 Which, scorning as it were the vales,  
 On mountaine-topping clouds themselves bestow. 40

5. But my fault-frozen heart is slow to move ;  
 Makes poore proceedings at the best,  
 As though it did not love  
 Nor long for rest  
 Above. 45  
 Mine eyes  
 Can upward looke,  
 As though they did despise  
 All things on earth, and could not brooke  
 Their presence ; but mine heart is slow to rise. 50



6. Oh that it were once wingèd like the dove,  
 That in a moment mounts on high !  
 Then should it soone remove,  
 Where it may ly  
 In love : 55  
 And loe,  
 This one desire  
 Methinks hath imp'd it so,  
 That it already flies like fire,  
 And ev'n my verses into wings doe grow. 60

## 39. THE UNION OF THE HEART.

I will give them one heart. Ezek. xi. 19.

## EPIGR. XXXIX.

Like-minded minds, hearts alike heartily  
 Affected, will together live and die ;  
 Many things meete and part, but Love's great cable  
 Tying two hearts makes them inseparable.

## ODE XXXIX.

1. *The Soule.*

All this is not enough ; methinks I grow  
 More greedy by fruition ; what I get  
 Serves but to set  
 An edge upon mine appetite,  
 And all Thy gifts doe but invite 5  
 My pray'rs for more.  
 Lord, if Thou wilt not still encrease my store,  
 Why didst Thou anything at all bestow ?

2. *Christ.*

And is 't the fruit of having still to crave?  
 Then let thine heart united be to Mine, 10  
     And Mine to thine,  
     In a firme union, whereby  
     We may no more be, thou and I,  
     Or I and thou,  
 But both the same ; and then I will avow 15  
 Thou canst not want what thou dost wish to have. =lack

3. *The Soule.*

True, Lord, for Thou art All in All to me ;  
 But how to get my stubborne heart to twine  
     And close with Thine,  
     I doe not know ; nor can I guesse 20  
     How I should ever learne, unlesse  
     Thou wilt direct  
 The course that I must take to that effect :  
 'Tis Thou, not I, must knit mine heart to Thee.

4-7. *Christ.*

'Tis true, and so I will ; but yet thou must 25  
 Doe something tow'rds it too. First, thou must lay  
     All sinne away ;  
     And separate from that which would  
     Our meeting intercept, and hold  
     Us distant still : 30  
 I am all goodnesse, and can close with ill  
 No more then richest diamonds with dust.

Then thou must not count any earthly thing,  
 However gay and gloriously set forth,  
     Of any worth, 35  
     Compar'd with Me, that am alone  
     Th' eternall, high, and Holy One :  
     But place thy love  
 Onely on Me and on the things above ;  
 Which true content and endlesse comfort bring. 40

Love is the loadstone of the heart, the glew,  
 The cement, and the soder, which alone =solder  
     Unites in one  
     Things that before were not the same,  
     But only like ; imparts the name 45  
     And nature too  
 Of each to th' other ; nothing can undoe  
 The knot that's knit by love, if it be true.

But if in deed and truth thou lovest Me,  
 And not in word alone, then I shall find 50  
     That thou dost mind  
     The things I mind, and regulate  
     All thine affections, love, and hate,  
     Delight, desire,  
 Feare, and the rest, by what I doe require ; 55  
 And I in thee Myself shall always see.

## 40. THE REST OF THE HEART.

Returne unto thy rest, O my soule. Psalm cxvi. 7.

## EPIGR. XL.

My busie stirring heart, that seekes the best,  
 Can find no place on earth wherein to rest ;  
 For God alone, the Author of its blisse,  
 Its only rest, its onely center is.

## ODE XL.

1. Move me no more, mad world, it is in vaine ;  
     Experience tells me plaine  
     I should deceivèd be,  
 If ever I againe should trust in thee :  
     My weary heart hath ransackt all           5  
     Thy treasures, both great and small,  
 And thy large inventories beares in minde ;  
     Yet could it never finde  
     One place wherein to rest,  
 Though it hath often trièd all the best.       10
2. Thy profits brought me losse instead of gaine,  
     And all thy pleasures paine ;  
     Thine honours blurr'd my name  
 With the deep staines of self-confounding shame ;  
     Thy wisdom made me turne starke<sup>s1</sup> fool,  
     And all the learning that thy school       16  
 Afforded me was not enough to make  
     Me know myself, and take

Care of my better part,  
Which should have perished for all mine<sup>82</sup> heart.

3. Not that there is not place of rest in thee      21  
     For others; but for me  
     There is, there can be none;  
 That God that made mine heart is He alone  
     That of Himself both can and will      25  
     Give rest unto my thoughts, and fill  
 Them full of all content and quietnesse;  
     That so I may possesse  
     My soul in patience  
 Untill He find it time to call me hence.      30
4. On Thee, then, as a sure foundation,  
     A trièd corner-stone,  
     Lord, I will strive to raise  
 The tow'r of my salvation and Thy praise;  
     In Thee, as in my center, shall      35  
     The lines of all my longings fall;  
 To Thee, as to mine anchor, surely ti'd  
     My ship shall safely ride;  
     On Thee, as on my bed  
 Of soft repose, I'll rest my weary head.      40
5. Thou, Thou alone shalt be my whole desire;  
     I'll nothing else require  
     But Thee, or for Thy sake;  
 In Thee I'll sleepe secure, and when I wake,

- Thy glorious Face shall satisfie 45  
 The longing of my looking eye ;  
 I'll roule myself on Thee as on my rock,  
 And threatning dangers mock ;  
 Of Thee, as of my treasure,  
 I'll boast, and bragge my comforts know no measure.
6. Lord, Thou shalt be mine All ; I will not know 51  
 A profit here below  
 But what reflects on Thee ;  
 Thou shalt be all the pleasure I will see  
 In anything the earth affords ; 55  
 Mine heart shall owne no words  
 Of honour out of which I cannot raise  
 The matter of Thy praise ;  
 Nay, I will not be mine,  
 Unlesse Thou wilt vouchsafe to have me Thine. 60

## 41. THE BATHING OF THE HEART.

I will cleanse their blood that I have not cleansed. Joel iii. 21.

## EPIGR. XLI.

This bath thy Saviour swet with drops of blood,  
 Sick heart, of purpose for to doe thee good.  
 They that have tri'd it can the vertue tell ;  
 Come then and use it, if thou wilt be well.

## ODE XLI.

1. All this thy God hath done for thee ;  
 And now, mine heart,

- It is high time that thou shouldst be  
 Acting thy part,  
 And meditating on His blessed Passion,                   5  
 Till thou hast made it thine by imitation.
2. That exercise will be the best  
 And surest meanes  
 To keepe thee evermore at rest,  
 And free from paines ;   10  
 To suffer with thy Saviour is the way  
 To make thy present comforts last for aye.
3. Trace then the steps wherein He trode ;  
 And first begin  
 To sweat with Him. The heavy loade                   15  
 Which for thy sinne  
 He underwent squeez'd bloud out of His Face,  
 Which in great drops came trickling downe apace.
4. Oh let not then that precious bloud  
 Be spilt in vaine ;   20  
 But gather ev'ry drop. 'Tis good  
 To purge the staine  
 Of guilt, that hath defil'd and overspred  
 Thee from the sole of th' foot to th' crown of th'  
 head.
5. Poison possesseth every veine ;                   26  
 The fountaine is  
 Corrupt, and all the streames uncleane ;  
 All is amisse ;

Thy bloud's impure; yea, thou thyself, mine heart,  
In all thine inward pow'rs polluted art. 30

6. When thy first father first did ill,  
Man's doome was read—  
That in the sweat of 's face he still  
Should eat his bread :  
What the first Adam in the Garden caught, 35  
The second Adam in a Garden taught.

7. Taught by His owne example how  
To sweat for sinne ;  
Under the heavy weight to bow,  
And never linne =cease 40  
Begging release ; till with strong cries and teares  
The soule be drain'd of all its faults and feares.

8. If sin's imputed guilt opprest  
Th' Almighty so,  
That His sad soule could find no rest 45  
Under that woe,  
But that the bitter agony He felt  
Made His pure blood, if not to sweat, to melt,—

9. Then let that huge inherent masse  
Of sinne that lies 50  
In heapes on thee, make thee surpasse  
In teares and cries ;  
Striving with all thy strength, untill thou sweat  
Such drops as His, though not as good, as great.



10. And if He thinke it fit to lay 55  
 Upon thy back  
 Or paines or duties, as He may,  
 Untill it crack,  
 Shrinke not away, but straine thine utmost force  
 To beare them cheerfully without remorse. 60

## 42. THE BINDING OF THE HEART.

I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love. Hosea xi. 4.

## EPIGR. XLII.

My sinnes, I doe confesse, a cord were found  
 Heavy and hard by Thee, when Thou wast bound,  
 Great Lord of love, with them ; but Thou hast twin'd  
 Gentle love-cords my tender heart to bind.

## ODE XLII.

1.           What ! could those hands  
 That made the world be subject unto bands ?  
               Could there a cord be found  
 Wherewith Omnipotence itself was bound ?  
 Wonder, mine heart, and stand amaz'd to see 5  
               The Lord of liberty  
 Led captive for thy sake and in thy stead ;  
               Although He did  
 Nothing deserving death or bands, yet He  
 Was bound and put to death to set thee free. 10
2.           Thy sinnes had ti'd [di'd ;  
 Those bands for thee, wherein thou shouldst have

And thou didst daily knit  
 Knots upon knots, whereby thou mad'st them fit  
 Closer and faster to thy faulty self. 15  
 So, like a cursèd elfe,  
 Helplesse and hopelesse, friendlesse and forlorne,  
 The sinke of scorne  
 And kennell of contempt, thou shouldst have laine  
 Eternally enthrall'd to endlesse paine, 20

3. Had not the Lord  
 Of love and life been pleasèd to afford  
 His helping hand of grace,  
 And freely put Himself into thy place.  
 So were thy bands transferr'd, but not unti'd, 25  
 Untill the time He di'd,  
 And by His death vanquisht and conquer'd all  
 That Adam's fall  
 Had made victorious : Sinne, Death, and Hell,  
 Thy fatall foes, under His footstool fell. 30

4. Yet He meant not  
 That thou shouldst use the liberty He got  
 As it should like thee best ;  
 To wander as thou listest, or to rest  
 In soft repose, carelesse of His commands : 35  
 He that hath loos'd those bands  
 Whereby thou wast enslavèd to the foes,  
 Binds thee with those

Wherewith He bound Himself to doe thee good :  
 The bands of love, love writ in lines of blood. 40  
 [=bands (ll. 36, 40)]

5. His love to thee  
 Made Him to lay aside His majesty,  
 And, cloathèd in a vaile  
 Of fraile though faultlesse flesh, become thy baile.  
 But Love<sup>83</sup> requireth love ; and since thou art 45  
 Lovèd by Him, thy part  
 It is to love Him too ; and love affords  
 The strongest cords  
 That can be ; for it ties not hands alone,  
 But heads and hearts and soules, and all in one. 50

6. Come, then, mine heart,  
 And freely follow the prevailing art  
 Of thy Redeemer's love :  
 That strong magnetique tie hath pow'r to move  
 The steelyist<sup>84</sup> stubbornesse. If thou but twine 55  
 And twist His love with thine,  
 And by obedience labour to expresse  
 Thy thankfulnesse,  
 It will be hard to say on whether side  
 The bands are surest, which is fastest tide. tied 60

## 43. THE PROP OF THE HEART.

His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord. His heart is established, he shall not be affraid. Psalm cii. 7, 8.

## EPIGR. XLIII.

My weak and feeble heart a prop must use,  
 But pleasant fruits and flow'rs doth refuse;  
 My Christ my pillar is; on Him rely,  
 Repose, and rest myself alone will I.

## ODE XLIII.

1. Suppose it true that, whilst thy Saviour's side  
 Was furrowèd with scourges, He was ti'd  
     Unto some pillar fast;  
 Think not, mine heart, it was because He could  
 Not stand alone, or that left loose He would      5  
     Have shrunk away at last:  
 Such weaknesse suits not with Omnipotence,  
 Nor could man's malice match His patience.
  
2. But if so done, 'twas done to tutor thee,  
 Whose frailty and impatience He doth see      10  
     Such that thou hast nor strength  
 Nor will, as of thyself, to undergo  
 The least degree of duty or of woe;  
     But wouldst be sure at length  
 To flinch or faint, or not to stand at all,      15  
 Or in the end more fearfully to fall.

3. Thy very frame and figure, broad above,  
 Narrow beneath, apparently doth prove =evidently  
 Thou canst not stand alone  
 Without a prop to boulder and to stay thee; 20  
 To trust to thine own strength would soone betray  
 Alas, thou now art growne [thee.  
 So weak and feeble, wav'ring and unstead,  
 Thou shrinkst at the least weight that's on thee laid.
4. The easiest commandments thou declinest, 25  
 And at the lightest punishments thou whinest;  
 Thy restlesse motions are  
 Innumerable, like the troubled sea  
 Whose waves are toss'd and tumbled ev'ry way;  
 The hound-pursuèd hare 30  
 Makes not so many doubles as thou dost,  
 Till thy crosse courses in themselves are lost.
5. Get thee some stay that may support thee, then,  
 And stablish thee, lest thou shouldst start againe.  
 But where may it be found? 35  
 Will pleasant fruites or flowers serve the turne?  
 No, no; my tott'ring heart will overturne  
 And lay them on the ground:  
 Dainties may serve to minister delight,  
 But strength is onely from the Lord of Might. 40
6. Betake thee to thy Christ, then, and repose  
 Thyselfe in all extremities on those

His everlasting armes,  
 Wherewith He girds the heavens and upholds  
 The pillars of the earth, and safely folds 45  
 His faithfull flocke from harmes ;  
 Cleave close to Him by faith, and let the bands  
 Of love tie thee in thy Redeemer's hands.

7. Come life, come death, come devills, come what will,  
 Yet fast'ned so thou shalt stand stedfast still ; 50  
 And all the pow'rs of Hell  
 Shall not prevaile to shake thee with their shock,  
 So long as thou art founded on that Rock ;  
 No duty shall thee quell,  
 No danger shall disturbe thy quiet state, 55  
 Nor soule-perplexing feares thy mind amate.<sup>85</sup>

## 44. THE SCOURGING OF THE HEART.

A rod is for the backe of him that is void of understanding. Prov. x. 13.

## EPIGR. XLIV.

When Thou withholdst Thy scourges, dearest Love,  
 My sluggish heart is slack and slow to move ;  
 Oh let it not stand still, but lash it rather,  
 And drive it, though unwilling, to Thy Father.

## ODE XLIV.

1. What doe those scourges on that sacred flesh,  
 Spotlesse and pure ?  
 Must He, that doth sin-weari'd soules refresh,  
 Himself endure

- Such tearing tortures? Must those sides be gash'd,  
 Those shoulders lash'd? 6  
 Is this the trimming<sup>86</sup> that the world bestowes  
 Upon such robes of majestie as those?
2. Is 't not enough to die, unlesse by paine  
 Thou antidate 10  
 Thy death beforehand, Lord? What! dost Thou  
 To aggravate [meane  
 The guilt of sinne? or to enhance the price  
 Thy sacrifice  
 Amounts to? Both are infinite, I know, 15  
 And can by no additions greater grow.
3. Yet dare I not imagine that in vaine  
 Thou didst endure [gaine  
 One stripe; though not Thine owne thereby, my  
 Thou didst procure; 20  
 That when I shall be scourgèd for Thy sake,  
 Thy stripes may make  
 Mine acceptable, that I may not grutch =grudge  
 When I remember Thou hast borne as much,
4. As much and more, for me. Come, then, mine heart,  
 And willingly 26  
 Submit thyselfe to suffer; smile at smart,  
 And death defie;  
 Feare not to feel that hand correcting thee  
 Which set thee free: 30

Stripes as the tokens of His love He leaves,  
Who scourgeth ev'ry sonne whom He receives.

5. There's foolishnesse bound up within thee fast ;  
    But yet the rod  
Of fatherly correction at the last,                      35  
    If blest by God,  
Will drive it farre away ; and wisdome give,  
    That thou maist live,  
Not to thyselfe, but Him that first was slaine,  
And died for thee, and then rose againe.                      40
6. Thou art not onely dull and slow of pace,  
    But stubborne too,  
And refractory ; ready to outface  
    Rather then doe  
Thy duty ; though thou knowst it must be so,              45  
    Thou wilt not go  
The way thou shouldst, till some affliction  
First set thee right, then prick and spurre thee on.
7. Top-like<sup>87</sup> thy figure and condition is ;  
    Neither to stand    50  
Nor stirre thyself alone, whilst thou dost misse  
    An helping hand  
To set thee up, and store of stripes bestow  
    To make thee goe :  
Begge, then, thy blessed Saviour to transferre              55  
His scourges unto thee, to make thee stirre.



## 45. THE HEDGING OF THE HEART.

I will hedge up thy way with thornes. Hosea ii. 6.

## EPIGR. XLV.

He that of thornes would gather roses may  
 In his own heart, if handled the right way :  
 Hearts hedgèd with Christ's crowne of thornes, instead  
 Of thorny cares, will sweetest roses breed.

## ODE XLV.

1. A crowne of thornes ! I thought so ; ten to one,  
     A crowne without a thorne there's none ;  
 There's none on earth, I meane ; what ! shall I then  
     Rejoyce to see Him crown'd by men,  
 By Whom kings rule and reigne ? Or shall I scorne  
     And hate to see earth's curse, a thorne,           6  
 Prepost'rously preferr'd to crowne those browes  
     From whence all blisse and glory flowes ?  
     Or shall I both be glad,<sup>88</sup>  
         And also sad,   10  
     To thinke it is a crowne, and yet so bad ?
2. There's cause enough of both, I must confesse ;  
     Yet what's that unto me, unlesse  
 I take a course His crowne of thornes may be  
     Made mine, transferr'd from Him to me ?       15  
 Crownes, had they been of starres, could adde no more  
     Glory where there was all before ;  
 And thornes might scratch Him, could not make  
     Him worse

Then He was made<sup>89</sup>—sinne and a curse :  
 Come then, mine heart, take downe 20  
 Thy Saviour's crowne  
 Of thornes, and see if thou canst make 't thine  
 owne.

3. Remember first thy Saviour's head was crown'd  
 By the same hands that did Him wound ;  
 They meant it not to honour, but to scorne Him,  
 When in such sort they did bethorne Him. 26  
 Think earthly honours such,<sup>90</sup> if they redound  
 Not to His glory, th' are not sound ;  
 Never beleve they minde to dignifie  
 Thee that thy Christ would crucifie ; 30  
 Think ev'ry crowne of thorne,<sup>91</sup>  
 Unlesse 't adorne  
 Thy Christ as well as him by whom 'tis worne.

4. Consider then, that as the thorny crowne  
 Circled thy Saviour's head, thine owne 35  
 Continuall care to please Him, and provide  
 For the advantage of His side,  
 Must fence thine actions and affections so,  
 That they shall neither dare to goe  
 Out of that compasse, nor vouchsafe accesse 40  
 To what might make that care go lesse ;  
 Let no such thing draw nigh  
 Which shall not spie  
 Thornes ready plac'd to prick it till it die.

5. Thus compass'd with thy Saviour's thorny crowne,  
 Thou maist securely sit thee downe, 46  
 And hope that He Who made of water wine  
 Will turne each thorne into<sup>93</sup> a vine ;  
 Where thou maist gather grapes, and to delight thee  
 Roses, nor need the prickles fright thee : 50  
 Thy Saviour's sacred temples tooke away  
 The curse that in their sharpnesse lay ;  
 So thou maist crownèd be  
 As well as He,  
 And at the last light in His light shalt see. 55

## 46. THE FASTENING OF THE HEART.

I will put My feare in their hearts, that they shall not depart from Me.  
 Jer. xxxii. 40.

## EPIGR. XLVL

Thou, that wast nailèd to the crosse for me  
 Lest I should slip, and fall away from Thee,  
 Drive home Thine<sup>94</sup> holy feare into mine heart,  
 And clench it so that it may ne'er depart.

## ODE XLVI.

1. What! dost thou struggle to get loose againe ?  
 Hast thou so soone forgot the former paine  
 That thy licentious bondage unto sinne  
 And lust-enlarged thraldome put thee in ?  
 Hast thou a mind again to rove and ramble .5  
 Rogue-like, a vagrant through the world, and scramble

For scraps and crusts of earth-bred base delights,  
 And change thy dayes of joy for tedious nights  
 Of sad repentant sorrow?

What! wilt thou borrow 10  
 That grieffe to-day which thou must pay to-morrow?

2. No, self-deceiving heart, lest thou shouldst cast  
 Thy cords away, and burst the bands at last  
 Of thy Redeemer's tender love, I'll try  
 What further fastnesse in His feare doth lie. 15  
 The cords of love soakèd in lust may rot,  
 And bands of bounty are too oft forgot;  
 But holy filiale feare, like to a naile  
 Fast'ned in a sure place, will never faile :  
 This driven home will take 20  
 Fast hold, and make  
 Thee that thou darest not thy God forsake.

3. Remember how, besides thy Saviour's bands  
 Wherewith they led Him bound, His holy hands  
 And feet were piercèd; how they nail'd Him fast  
 Unto His bitter crosse; and how at last 26  
 His precious side was goarèd with a speare;  
 So hard sharp-pointed ir'n and steel did teare  
 His tender flesh, that from those wounds might flow  
 The sov'raigne salve for sin-procurèd woe. 30  
 Then that thou maist not faile  
 Of that availe,  
 Refuse not to be fast'ned with His naile.<sup>95</sup>

4. Love in an heart of flesh is apt to taint,  
 Or be fly-blowne with folly; and its faint 35  
 And feeble spirits, when it shewes most faire,  
 Are often fed on by the empty aire  
 Of popular applause, unlesse the salt  
 Of holy feare in time prevent the fault;  
 But season'd so, it will be kept for ever. 40  
 He that doth feare because he loves will never  
 Adventure to offend,  
 But alwayes bend  
 His best endeavours to content his friend.
5. Though perfect love cast out all servile feare, 45  
 Because such feare hath torment, yet thy dear  
 Redeemer meant not so to set thee free,  
 That filiall feare and thou should strangers be;  
 Though as a sonne thou honour Him thy Father,  
 Yet as a Master thou maist feare Him rather. 50  
 Feare's the soule's centinell, and keepes the heart  
 Wherein love lodges so, that all the art  
 And industry of those  
 That are its foes  
 Cannot betray it to its former woes. 55

## 47. THE NEW WINE OF THE HEART.

Wine that maketh glad the heart of man. Psalm civ. 15.

## EPIGR. XLVII.

Christ the true Vine, Grape, Cluster, on the crosse  
 Trod the winepresse alone, unto the losse

Of bloud and life. Draw, thankfull heart, and spare not:  
Here's wine enough for all, save those that care not.

## ODE XLVII.

1. Leave not thy Saviour now, whatev'r thou dost,  
Doubtfull distrustfull heart ;  
Thy former paines and labours all are lost,  
If now thou shalt depart,  
And faithlesly fall off at last from Him 5  
Who to redeeme thee spar'd nor life nor limme.
2. Shall He, that is thy Cluster and thy Vine,  
Tread the winepresse alone,  
Whilst thou standst looking on? Shall both the  
And worke be all His owne? [wine  
See how He bends, crusht with the straitned screw  
Of that fierce wrath that to thy sinnes was due. 12
3. Although thou canst not helpe to beare it, yet  
Thrust thyselfe under too,  
That thou maist feel some of the weight, and get  
Although not strength to doe, 16  
Yet will to suffer something as He doth,  
That the same stresse at once may squeeze you both.
4. Thy Saviour being press'd to death, there ran  
Out of His sacred wounds 20  
That wine that maketh glad the heart of man,  
And all His foes confounds ;

Yea, the full-flowing fountain's open still  
 For all grace-thirsting hearts to drinke their fill.

5. And not to drinke alone, to satiate 25  
     Their longing appetites,  
 Or drowne those cumbrous cares that would abate  
     The edge of their delights ;  
 But when they toyle, and soile<sup>96</sup> themselves with  
     sinne,  
 Both to refresh, to purge, and cleanse them in. 30
6. Thy Saviour hath begun<sup>97</sup> this cup to thee,  
     And thou must not refuse 't ;  
 Presse then thy sin-swoll'n sides, untill they be  
     Empty, and fit to use 't ;  
 Doe not delay to come when He doth call, 35  
 Nor feare to want where there's enough for all.
7. Thy bounteous Redeemer in His bloud  
     Fills thee, not wine alone ;  
 But likewise gives His flesh to be thy food,  
     Which thou maist make thine owne, 40  
 And feede on Him, Who hath Himself revealed  
 The bread of Life, by God the Father sealed.
8. Nay, He's not food alone, but physicke too,  
     When ever thou art sick ;  
 And in thy weaknesse strength, that thou maist doe  
     Thy duty, and not stick 46





A whole man for the time, but challengeth  
 To take up all his howers untill death. 10  
 Yet as in other schooles they have a care  
 To call for repetitions, and are  
 Busi'd as well in seeking to retaine  
 What they have learn'd already as to gaine  
 Further degrees of knowledge, and lay by 15  
 Invention whilst they practise memory ;  
 So must I likewise take some time to view  
 What I have done, ere I proceed anew.  
 Perhaps I may have cause to interline,<sup>99</sup>  
 To alter, or to adde ; the worke is mine, 20  
 And I may manage it, as I see best,  
 With my great Master's leave. Then here I rest  
 From taking out new lessons, till I see  
 How I retaine the old in memory.  
 And if it be His pleasure, I shall say 25  
 These lessons before others, that they may  
 Or learne them too, or only censure me ;  
 I'll wait with patience the successe to see.  
 And though I looke not to have leave to play—  
 For that this School allowes not—yet I may 30  
 Another time perhaps, if they approve  
 Of these, such as they are, and shew their love  
     To the *School of the Heart* by calling for 't,  
     Adde other lessons more of the like sort.



## THE LEARNING OF THE HEART.

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### THE PREFACE.

I AM a scholar. The great Lord of love  
And life my Tutor is ; Who from above  
All that lack learning to His school invites ;  
My heart's my prayer-book, in which He writes  
Systemes of all the arts and faculties : 5  
First reads to me, then makes me exercise,  
But all in paradoxes, such high strains  
As flow from none but love-inspired brains ;  
Yet bids me publish them abroad, and dare  
T' excell<sup>100</sup> His arts above all other arts that are. 10  
Why should I not ? methinks it cannot be  
But they should please others as well as me.  
Come, then, joyn'd hands, and let our hearts embrace,  
Whils't thus Love's labyrinth of arts we trace ;  
I mean the Sciences<sup>101</sup> call'd liberal ; 15  
Both Trivium and Quadrivium,<sup>102</sup> sev'n in all ;  
With the higher faculties—phylosophy,  
And law, and physick, and theologie.

## THE GRAMMAR OF THE HEART.

That speaketh the truth in his heart. Psal. xv. 2.

My grammar I define to be an art  
 Which teacheth me to write and speak mine heart,  
 By which I learn that smooth-tongu'd flatt'ries are  
 False language, and in love irregular.  
 Amongst my letters, vow-wells I admit 5  
 Of none but consonant to sacred Writ ;  
 And therefore when my soul in silence moans,  
 Half-vowel'd sighs and double deep-thong'd groans,  
 Mute looks and liquid teares instead of words,  
 Are of the language that mine heart affords. 10  
 And since true love abhors all variations,  
 My grammar hath no moods nor conjugations,  
 Tenses, nor persons, nor declensions,  
 Cases, nor genders, nor comparisons ;  
 What-ere<sup>103</sup> my letters are, my word's but one, 15  
 And on the meaning of it love alone.  
 Concord is all my syntax; and agreement  
 Is in my grammar perfect regiment.  
     He wants no language that hath learn'd to love ;  
     When tongues are still, hearts will be heard  
         above. 20

## THE RETHORICK OF THE HEART.

My heart is inditing a good matter. Psalm xlv. 1.

My rethorick is not so much an art  
 As an infused habit in mine heart,  
 Which a sweet secret elegance instills,  
 And all my speech with tropes and figures fills.  
 Love is the tongue's elixir, which doth change 5  
 The ordinary sense of words, and range  
 Them under other kinds ; dispose them so,  
 That to the height of eloquence they grow  
 Ev'n in their native plainness, and must be  
 So understood as liketh Love and me. 10  
 When I say Christ, I mean my Saviour ;  
 When His command'ment, my behaviour ;  
 For to that end it was He hither came,  
 And to this purpose 'tis I beare His name.  
 When I say, 'Hallow'd be Thy name,' He knows 15  
 I would be holy ; for His glory grows  
 Together with my good ; and He hath not  
 Given more honour than Himself hath got ;  
 So when I say, 'Lord, let Thy Kingdom come,'  
 He understands it I would be at home, 20  
 To reign with Him in glory : so grace brings  
 My love in me to be the King of Kings.  
 He teacheth me to say, 'Thy will be done,'  
 But meaneth He would have me do mine own,  
 By making me to will the same He doth, 25  
 And so to rule myself and serve Him both.

So when He saith, 'My son, give Me thine heart,'  
 I know His meaning is that I should part  
 With all I have for Him, give Him myself,  
 And to be rich in Him from worldly pelf. 30  
 When He says, 'Come to Me,' I know that He  
 Means I should wait His coming unto me,  
 Since 'tis His coming unto me that makes  
 Me come to Him ; my past He undertakes.  
 And when He says, 'Behold, I come,' I know 35  
 His purpose and intent is I should go,  
 With all the speed I can, to meet Him ; whence  
 His coming is attractive, draws me hence.  
 Thick-folded repetitions in love  
 Are no tautologies, but strongly move 40  
 And bind unto attention. Exclamations  
 Are the heart's heaven-piercing exaltations.  
 Epiphonemæ and apostrophes  
 Love likes of well ; but no prosopepes ;  
 Not doubtful but careful deliberations 45  
 Love holds as grounds of strongest resolutions.  
 Thus Love and I a thousand ways can find  
 To speak and understand each other's mind,  
 And descant upon that which unto others  
 Is but plain-song, and all their musick smothers ; 50  
     Nay that which worldly wit-worms call non-sence  
     Is many times Love's purest eloquence.

## THE LOGICK OF THE HEART.

Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you. 1 Peter iii. 15.

My logick is the faculty of faith,  
 Where all things are resolv'd into 'He saith ;'  
 And ergoes drawn from trust and confidence  
 'Twist and tie truths with stronger consequence  
 'Then either sense or reason ; for the heart 5  
 And not the head is fountain of this art.  
 And what the heart objects, none can resolve  
 But God Himself, till death the frame dissolve ;  
 Nay faith can after death dispute with dust,  
 And argue ashes into stronger trust, 10  
 And better hopes then brass and marble can  
 Be emblemes of unto the outward man.  
 All my invention is to find what terms  
 My Lord and I stand in ; how He confirms  
 His promises to me ; how I inherit 15  
 What He hath purchased for me by His merit.  
 My judgment is submission to His will,  
 And when He once hath spoken to be still.  
 My method's to be orderèd by Him ;  
 What He disposeth, that I think most trim.<sup>104</sup> 20  
 Love's arguments are all 'I will, 'Thou must ;'  
 What He says and commands are true and just.  
 When to dispute and argue's out of season,  
 Then to believe and to obey is reason.

*f*inis.



### NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

<sup>1</sup> p. 107, '*Here's*:' spelled 'her's' in first and second; 'Here's' accepted from third edition.

<sup>2</sup> p. 107, '*at home*.' Cf. this and the whole poem with 'The Synagogue,' 50. Travells at Home. See our Memorial-Introduction.

<sup>3</sup> p. 107, '*sugard*:' a favourite contemporary word. 'Sugar' had still the romance of its distant source about it, and so was not *de trop*.

<sup>4</sup> p. 108, '*composure*'—composition. He means spirit added to body. Cf. HERBERT'S 'Church Porch,' Glossarial Index, vol. ii. *s. v.*

<sup>5</sup> p. 109, cf. 'The Synagogue,' 42. A Paradox, last lines.

<sup>6</sup> p. 110, '*viprous brood*:' the allusion is to the belief that the birth of the viper's brood was the destruction of the parent. Cf. note in SOUTHWELL, &c. Milton works it into his conception of sin.

<sup>7</sup> p. 114, '*liest*:' printed 'list,' which is misleading. So elsewhere in other like words, tacitly.

<sup>8</sup> p. 114, '*liver*:' supposed to be the seat of sensual or fleshly love. Cf. onwards.

<sup>9</sup> p. 114, '*frieth*:' see CRASHAW, Glossarial Index, *s. v.*

<sup>10</sup> p. 114, '*spumy*'—frothy.

<sup>11</sup> p. 115, '*behind*:' *i. e.* as a retributive Nemesis.

<sup>12</sup> p. 116, '*mind-amating*'—mind-subduing, mind-stupefying or foolish-making—the latter the usual sense, as used in English and Italian; the first the primary sense, as in *mate* at chess.

<sup>13</sup> p. 119, '*geason*'—what is rare, scarce, uncommon.

<sup>14</sup> p. 124, '*skinker*'—pouurer out of liquor, tapster, butler, &c.

<sup>15</sup> p. 124, '*What it fills*' . . . viz. man's dropsy, &c.; 'cormorant delight' may mean vast swelling, so as to fill with liquor or enormous thirst, thirst being often attendant on dropsy.

<sup>16</sup> p. 124, '*welld*:' if=weld, *i. e.* unite, it is a curious use of the word: but query=wield or use?

<sup>17</sup> p. 125, '*idle complement*:' cf. HERBERT'S Glossarial Index, vol. ii. *s. v.*

<sup>18</sup> p. 125, '*market-place*'=common resort.

<sup>19</sup> p. 126, '*beast*:' cf. HERBERT'S 'Church Porch,' 6; Glossarial Index, vol. ii. *s. v.*

<sup>20</sup> p. 126, '*shelf*'=reef. Cf. HERBERT, *ibid.*

<sup>21</sup> p. 128, '*Land-munger*'=dealer in or seeker after lands.

<sup>22</sup> p. 128, '*livery and seisin*:' law terms=delivery and holding or possession (of land). See Glossarial Index to our Works of Sir JOHN DAVIES, vol. iii. *s. v.*

<sup>23</sup> p. 129, '*touch*'=tried by touchstone. See note <sup>56</sup>.

<sup>24</sup> p. 132, '*in grosse*'=in bulk. Cf. 'Synagogue,' 36. Trinity Sunday, l. 30, and relative note.

<sup>25</sup> p. 132, '*but*'=only, no otherwise than.

<sup>26</sup> p. 136, '*Cabinet*:' cf. p. 83, l. 19, and Glossarial Index to HERBERT, vol. ii. *s. v.*

<sup>27</sup> p. 136, '*All*'=universe, as in Donne, &c.

<sup>28</sup> p. 136, '*short-lin'd*'=whose natural circumference is measured by but a short line.

<sup>29</sup> p. 138, '*reprive*:' law term from French *reprehender*, to take back a sentence or prisoner: hence, secondarily, to stay what is going to be done.

<sup>30</sup> p. 139, '*antidate*'=make a hell on earth, despair being considered a chief torment of the damned.

<sup>31</sup> p. 140, '*distresses*:' misprinted '*distresse*' in first, second, and third. Cf. rhyme with '*premises*.'

<sup>32</sup> p. 141, '*thee*:' in first edition '*aille thee*,' but in next line '*availe*' only. Hence at first I felt disposed to read '*thee aile*' and '*soon availe*;' but I accept second edition.

<sup>33</sup> p. 141, '*reprieve*:' see note <sup>29</sup>.

<sup>34</sup> p. 142, '*parcell-devill*:' cf. Glossarial Index to HERBERT, vol. ii. *s. v.*

<sup>35</sup> p. 143, '*dresse*'=[for] thy God. So Shakespeare, '*look my twigs*' ('*All's Well*,' iii. 6); and a similar omission of prepositions was not uncommon.

<sup>36</sup> p. 144, '*beck*'=nod: cf. p. 157, l. 40.

<sup>37</sup> p. 144, '*bared*'=which only when bared in submission and in Nazarite-like vow will be spared.

<sup>38</sup> p. 144, =and [then] brags that it attires [thee], though indeed it only cumpers thee.



- <sup>39</sup> p. 145, 'wri<sup>th</sup>en' = made to writhe or twist.
- <sup>40</sup> p. 146, 'calm'd and temperèd : ' imagery from the forge.
- <sup>41</sup> p. 147, 'sheard' = fragment of a potsherd : Job ii. 8, &c.
- <sup>42</sup> p. 148, 'dole' = give out, distribute.
- <sup>43</sup> p. 149, 'mount : ' cf. 'The Synagogue,' 52. Engines, line 71, 'to mount a soul,' and relative note.
- <sup>44</sup> p. 149, 'undeservèd praise : ' cf. Herbert in Memorial-Introduction to Harvey.
- <sup>45</sup> p. 150, 'quest.' Halliwell, as a North-country word, has this : 'Pies are said to be quested when their sides have been crushed by each other, or so joined to them as thence to be less baked.' He also gives qwaste as an old form of *quashed*, from Morte Arthure, Lincoln ms. Our word here is, perhaps, a form of *quash*; may be derived from Fr. *casser*, an early form of which was *quasser* (Cotgrave); Richardson, *s. v.*, gives *quassed* as an old form of *quashed*. The use of this provincialism, and of lay for lea = grass land, confirms Harvey's Cheshire or North-country birth. See Memorial-Introduction.
- <sup>46</sup> p. 151, 'pearles : ' an old error that increased and grew from Pliny's time onwards. See Sir Thomas Browne's 'Vulgar Errors,' b. ii. 5.
- <sup>47</sup> p. 151, 'adamants' = diamonds here.
- <sup>48</sup> p. 153, 'aqua regia : ' see 'The Synagogue,' 8. The Church, and relative note—a proof that 'Spirit's aqua regia' is the true reading.
- <sup>49</sup> p. 153, 'aqua fortis : ' a chemical allusion. Aqua fortis or nitric acid will not touch gold, but nitro-muriatic acid (aqua regia) does.
- <sup>50</sup> p. 153, 'vaded : ' see an important note on this word *v.* faded in our edition of SOUTHWELL, Glossarial Index, *s. v.* 'Di'd in graine : ' see note on this in *ibid.*
- <sup>51</sup> p. 154, 'starke-wild : ' see notes <sup>66</sup> and <sup>62</sup>.
- <sup>52</sup> p. 159, 'improve' = daily bring about its virtues, as shown in stanza 5 = bring them into play.
- <sup>53</sup> p. 163, 'tri'd : ' see note in our edition of SIDNEY, Glossarial Index, *s. v.*
- <sup>54</sup> p. 164, 'sullen' = (1) dark, as Shakespeare, 'bright metal on a sullen ground' ('1 Henry IV.,' i. 2), and 'eyes fixed to the sullen earth' (*ibid.*); (2) heavy, dull, as Shakespeare, 'the sullen presage of your own decay' ('K. John,' i. 1).
- <sup>55</sup> p. 164, 'allayes' = alloys : see HERBERT'S Glossarial Index, vol. ii. *s. v.*

<sup>56</sup> p. 165, 'touch'=touch of trial as by touchstone. See note <sup>23</sup>.

<sup>57</sup> p. 167, 'misprision : ' technical legal term=contempt : next to capital offence.

<sup>58</sup> p. 168, =whilst the will pretends to have a privilege above the prerogative of reason—namely, that of making other things to move, while it is itself unmoved—rude passions leave serving the oar, to which, as slaves, they should be chained, to take upon them the guidance of the whole vessel of man.

<sup>59</sup> p. 168, 'bear thee in hand'=delude thee—a common contemporary phrase=delude thee, that they &c.

<sup>60</sup> p. 168, 'prestigious'=full of deceit : prestigate, to deceive as a juggler : Fr. prestidigitateur, Latin præstigiæ and -ator. The derivation unknown : perhaps from the frequent use of the word 'præsto' in jugglers' tricks.

<sup>61</sup> p. 173, 'solid : ' cf. note in HERBERT, Glossarial Index, vol. ii. *s.v.*

<sup>62</sup> p. 173, 'baites'=bates : hawking technical term for attempting or preparing to fly at prey from the wrist or perch.

<sup>63</sup> p. 174, 'opacous'=Latin *opacus*, impervious to light.

<sup>64</sup> p. 177, 'long remaine : ' having been lost with Ark at destruction of first temple.

<sup>65</sup> p. 179, 'lay : ' see note <sup>44</sup>.

<sup>66</sup> p. 180, 'starvy'=cold and poor—a phrase still in common rustic use. It might have been 'starky,' which is applied to land. Cf. starkish Line and starky West, Halliwell, *s.v.*

<sup>67</sup> p. 182, 'manure : ' cf. note in our SOUTHWELL, *s.v.* ; also Mr. Earle's note in 'Notes and Queries.'

<sup>68</sup> p. 185, 'then stone : ' I delete 'a' of first edition : in second edition it reads,

'By nature of itself more then a stone.'

The meaning of the latter is, 'no more moisture than a stone.'

<sup>69</sup> p. 186, 'Ocëan.' So in 'The Synagogue.' See note <sup>73</sup> below.

<sup>70</sup> p. 188, 'sun-observing : ' because it opens and shuts with the sun.

<sup>71</sup> p. 188, 'orpin : ' a wound-herb.

<sup>72</sup> p. 190, 'ramping : ' a heraldic term=rampant=rearing up as in attack.

<sup>73</sup> p. 193, 'admiration : ' 'tion' as dissyl. Cf. p. 186, 'Ocëan,' for like syllabic things.

<sup>74</sup> p. 198, 'amber' = ambergris. See note in HERBERT, Glossarial Index, vol. ii. *s.v.*

<sup>75</sup> p. 200, 'gripple-handed:' avaricious, griping, *i.e.* as to my efforts.

<sup>76</sup> p. 201, 'check.' The meaning seems to be, I thought that if God would be obeyed as a King, it beseemed Him to put bounds originally to our will and our ways, rather than to give us a will to desire and do that which conscience (His law in us) denied and forbad.

<sup>77</sup> p. 203, 'paying:' the previous line suggests the thought of coining; hence paying, &c.

<sup>78 79</sup> p. 206, 'ready-prest' and 'composure:' see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

<sup>80</sup> p. 208, Ode xxxviii. Cf. for the form HERBERT'S 'Easter Wings' and the Memorial-Introduction.

<sup>81</sup> p. 209, 'exhales' = draws up. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

<sup>82</sup> p. 213, 'starke:' stiff, unbending; therefore that cannot be turned or bent to anything else, but is strongly itself. Hence stark-mad, &c. Perhaps more directly drawn from a corpse that is stark or stiff—a certain sign that the person is irrevocably dead, dead without hope of recovery.

<sup>83</sup> p. 214, 'mine:' misprinted in all the editions 'thine.' It is—I should have lost my soul on account of my heart. See note on Ode xlv. st. 1.

<sup>84</sup> p. 220, 'Love:' *i.e.* God ('God is love,' 1 John iv. 8).

<sup>85</sup> p. 220, 'steelyist:' I change the spelling from 'steelist.'

<sup>86</sup> p. 223, 'amate:' see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

<sup>87</sup> p. 224, 'trimming:' the red stripe of the scourging.

<sup>88</sup> p. 225, 'Top-like:' cf. Ode xliii. 3.

<sup>89</sup> p. 226, 'glad:' misprinted in all the editions 'clad.'

<sup>90</sup> p. 226, 'made—sinne:' *i.e.* than He was made [being made] sin and a curse.

<sup>91</sup> p. 227, 'such' = such [that] if.

<sup>92</sup> p. 227 = think every crown to be one of thorn.

<sup>93</sup> p. 228, 'into:' 2d and 3d editions misprint 'unto;' and in line 49 'were' for 'where.'

<sup>94</sup> p. 228, 'Thine:' 3d is 'Thy.'

<sup>95</sup> p. 229, 'naile:' so in 2d and 3d editions, for 'nailes' of 1st edition.

<sup>96</sup> p. 232, 'soile:' misprinted 'foile' in the three editions. 'Refresh' answers to 'toyle,' and 'purge and cleanse' to 'soile.' See note on Ode xl.

<sup>97</sup> p. 232, '*begun*'=first pledged or first drank the cup in health-giving. See note on '*begun*,' in HERBERT, Glossarial Index, vol. ii. *s.v.*

<sup>98</sup> p. 233, '*period*'=end. Ibid.

<sup>99</sup> p. 234, '*interline*'=including both that follow, viz. to alter and to add.

<sup>100</sup> p. 235, '*excell*'=extol.

<sup>101</sup> p. 235, '*science*:' misprinted Sidemes.

<sup>102</sup> p. 235, '*Trivium and Quadrivium*:' Trivium, in the schools of the middle ages, was the name given to the first three liberal arts—grammar, rhetoric, and logic; the other four—arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy—were named Quadrivium.

<sup>103</sup> p. 236, '*What-ere*:' 3d edition misprints '*what are*.'

<sup>104</sup> p. 239, '*trim*:' see HERBERT, Glossarial Index, vol. ii. *s.v.*

G.





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As in the others, the most of the references give lesser or fuller explanations and illustrations of the several words. The various forms are placed under one word, as a rule. G.

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