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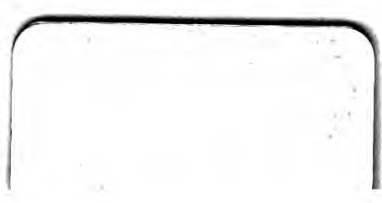


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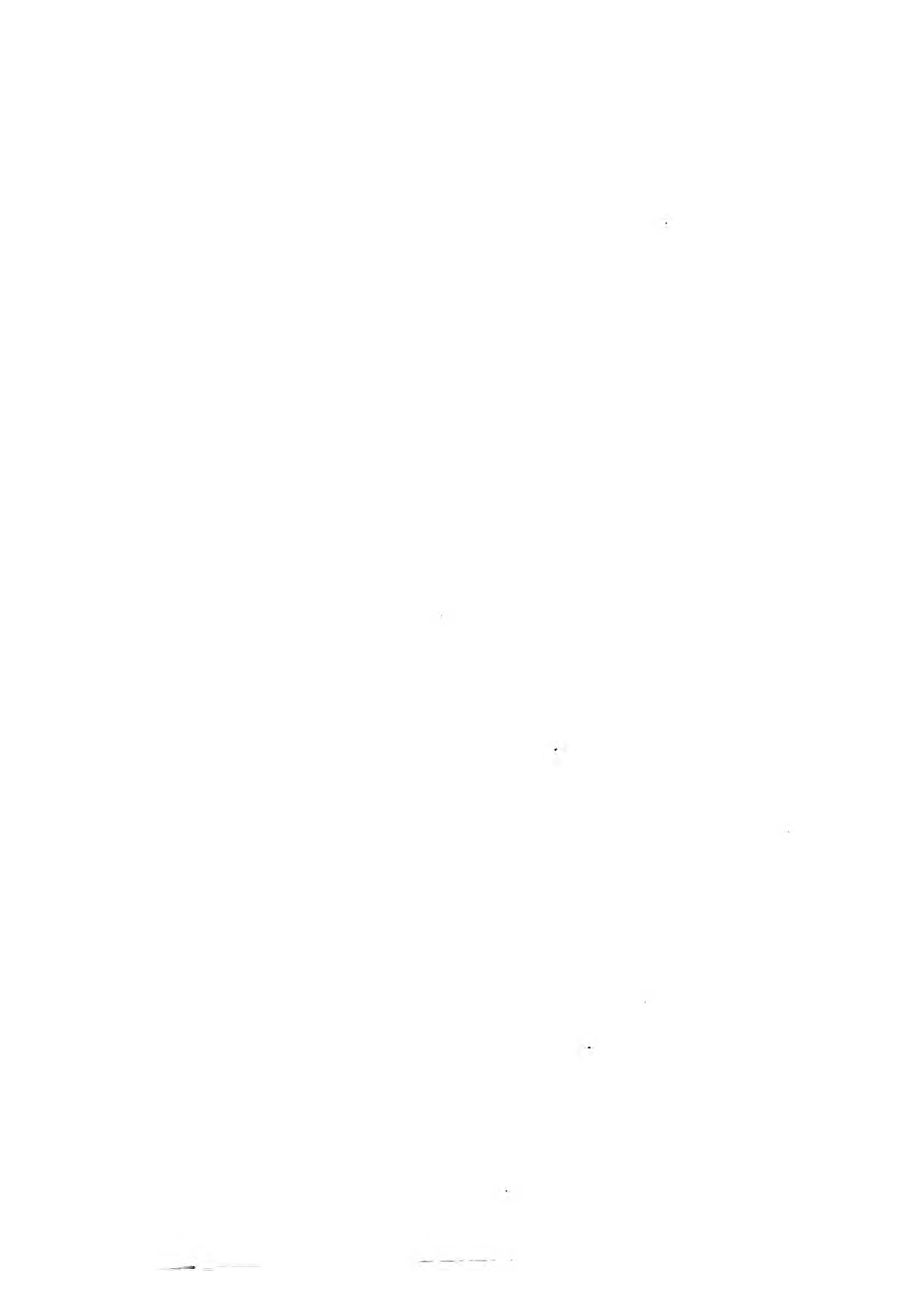
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THE LIFE AND DEATH

OF

Mary Magdalene.

BERLIN : ASHER & CO., 5, UNTER DEN LINDEN.
NEW YORK : C. SCRIBNER & CO.; LEYPOLDT & HOLT.
PHILADELPHIA : J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

THE LIFE AND DEATH

OF

Mary Magdalene,

A LEGENDARY POEM IN TWO PARTS,

ABOUT A.D. 1565, = 1621

BY

~~DR. THOMAS ROBINSON (OR ROBERTSON),~~

~~ONCE DEAN OF DURHAM.~~



EDITED FROM THE ONLY KNOWN MANUSCRIPTS IN THE
BRITISH MUSEUM AND BODLEIAN LIBRARIES,

WITH AN

Introduction, a Life of the Author, and Notes,

BY

H. OSKAR SOMMER.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY,

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INTRODUCTION.

I. THE MANUSCRIPTS AND THE AUTHOR.

A quarter *The Life and Death of Mary Magdalene* exists in two MSS. of the latter half of the 16th century, Harleian 6211 (p. 56—94),¹ and Rawlinson 41 in the Bodleian. The latter MS. contains the author's name, "Thomas Robinson," plainly at full length; the former his initials "T. R.", and his full name blotted out, but still legible. The Rawlinson MS.² contains another legend of another writer, entitled *The Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary*,³ and has the following dedication to its *Mary Magdalene* :

¹ A small part of the poem, altered and modernised, appeared in 1869 (February and March), in a monthly periodical called *The Westminster Abbey Magazine*, or *Reminiscences of Past Literature*, which lived but three months. At the beginning is a foot-note: "This poem, which now for the first time sees light of day in print, was probably written by Sir Philip Sidney—it is thoroughly Spenserian in style, and will recommend itself in a very marked manner to the poetic mind."

² The Curators of the Bodleian Library were good enough to send the Rawlinson Manuscript to London for me, after Mr. E. M. Thompson, the Superintendent of the Manuscript Department in the British Museum, had declared his readiness to take charge of it.

³ On the cover of the volume are written the following lines, by Edw. Umfreville, who has described several of the Bodleian Manuscripts: "Mr. Robinson's *Life and Death of M. Magdalene*, I have seen and read years since in MS. It is a very pretty little thing of about 100 years old, and, I believe, never printed—its age may be found by inquiring the time when W. Taylor was fellow of Trinity College." I did enquire, but without result. The Wood Manuscript (vol. 8490, f. 172), Ashmolean Library, Oxford, which contains a list of the fellows of Trinity College, does not mention the name of Taylor at all, nor could the College library give any information from the archives on the subject. The College was founded in 1552. This fact, and the words "To the Worshippful," etc., seem to imply that Taylor was then an old man, possibly one of the senior fellows. There is no certainty that Wood's list is complete, which would account for its omission of Taylor's name. Moreover, the dedicatory lines do not specify whether Trinity College, Oxford or Cambridge, was meant. The list of the college of that name at Cambridge (Brit. Mus. Coll. of Cambr. and Miscell., Vol. xlv., Add. 5846, p. 230), gives the name of Taylor twice at that period, but unfortunately with no Christian name.

“To the Worshippful, his very kinde
 Friend, and quondam Tutor,
 Mr. W. Taylour, Bachelor of Divinity,
 and fellowe of Trin. Coll.
 T. R.

Wisheth health, and Happinesse.

When Socrates his sholars ev'ry yeare,
 Brought gifts, and presents to their Master deare,
 Among the rest 't was Æschines's device,
 To give himselfe, instead of greater price:
 My selfe (Kinde S'r) I can not nowe present
 To your acceptance, sith I rest yspent
 In Northern climat: but my image true,
 The offspring of my braine, I give in lieu.
 Deign but to cherrish this yong birth of mine,
 A Muse it may be, though no Muse divine.
 And thus much I with Æschines will saye,
 In commendation of my ruder lay:
 They that give much, more for themselves doe save,
 But this is all I give, and all I have.

Yours in all duty to
 command

THOMAS ROBINSON.”

The Harleian MS. has, before the Magdalene legend, a Prologue¹ in heroic couplets in the same handwriting as the sidenotes to *Mary Magdalene*. Its last ten verses are addressed to a “great Lord,” who is styled the poet's grace, and who is identified by the four lines prefixed to this poem, and scrawled over with ink, but reading as follows: “To the right honourable and truly noble gentleman and Lord, Henry Clifford, Lord-Lieutenant of the midle shires of Westmoreland, Cumberland and Northumberland, T. R. wisheth all happinesse and increase of honour.”²

At the end of this poem are the words: “Your Honours in all duty and service to commaund,” and underneath, instead of a name, is a long rectangular inkblot, from which some strokes of writing

¹ It is of course printed below.

It begins with some reflections on the difficulties that poets have in finding a patron, and also in choosing the subjects of their compositions. The various subjects of poetry are then analysed, and some complaints made, that poetry is not so much liked and patronised as in former days, for people are rather ashamed to call themselves poets. Then follows an enumeration of many Greek, Latin, and English poets, and, finally, the profit that arises from poetry is commended.

² Thus the author dedicated the two different copies of his poem to different persons, as Norden did two copies of his *Description of Essex*: compare the Camden Society's print of it with the MS. in the Grenville collection.

project. By using a powerful magnifying-glass, I was enabled to read, through the blot, the name "Thomas Robinson," and thus confirm the suggestion of the Harleian Catalogue.¹

The question now arose, who was this Thomas Robinson? As the poem is dedicated to a nobleman of the name Henry Clifford, I consulted the *Baronage* and *Extinct Peerage*,² and the Calendars of State papers of that period, and found that the dedicatee I was in search of was the second Earl of Cumberland, Henry Clifford, born 1511, died 1569, for in his time lived a certain Dr. Thomas Robinson, or Robertson, Dean of Durham. The State papers referring to the latter are :

1. *Calendar of State Papers. Domestic Series, Queen Mary*, 1558, July 27th. A letter of the Queen to Dr. Robinson, Dean of Durham. To repair to the Earl of Lenox, being visited with some sickness, and comfort him by godly and learned counsel.
2. (*Queen Elizabeth, Addenda*, 1561.) In a List of evil-disposed persons of whom complaint has been made, but who lurk so secretly that process cannot be served upon them : Dr Thomas Robinson, *alias* Robertson, late Dean of Durham, is excused by his lameness ; one thought to do much hurt in Yorkshire.
3. (*Queen Elizabeth, Addenda*, 1570, February 13th.) A Letter of Sir Thomas Gargrave to Sir William Cecil, telling (among other details) that Lady Nevill's husband is of a good nature, was a Protestant in King Edward's days, became a Papist in Queen Mary's reign through Dr. Thomas Robinson, and is now confirmed in popery.

I could now fairly identify my author with Thomas Robinson, *alias* Robertson,³ Doctor of Divinity, Dean of Durham, and most

¹ "The author's name at the end has been more carefully blotted out, but seems to have been 'Thomas Robinson.'"—p. 243, col. 2.

² (a.) Sir B. Burke's *Extinct Peerage of England*, etc. (b.) Dugdale, *English Baronage*, vol. i. p. 345 : Henry, second Earl of Cumberland succeeded his father in all his honours, April 22, 1543 ; joined Lord Scroope in fortifying Carlisle against the insurgents of the north in 1569, and died in the same year at Brougham Castle in Westmoreland. His eldest son George was the celebrated naval volunteer in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

³ The double form of the name, at first puzzling, is quite intelligible if we take into consideration that Robert and Robin are equal. Robertson or Robinson means son of Robert or Robin. In those days it was not uncommon that such double forms occurred ; for instance, Johnson and Jackson ; Wilson and Williamson. It appears from the State papers, as well as from the poem, that the author himself preferred the form Robinson, but though Biographers have adopted the writing "Robertson," I have adopted his own spelling.

likely of Yorkshire. A reference to Dodd¹ and Wood² showed that Robinson (or Robertson) was an eminent grammarian, and an exact critic in the classics, and that he was intimately connected with Magdalen College, Oxford. These facts explain his writing the *Legend of Mary Magdalen*, and the knowledge of the classics and of versification, and other evident acquirements displayed in this poem.

What his relations were to Lord Henry Clifford, or why the dedicatory inscription and the name were so carefully blotted out, I was unable to ascertain. Possibly the poet had changed his mind before carrying out his intention, or some unknown reasons compelled him to do so. Possibly some later scrawler disfigured his MS. I think it likely that Lord Henry Clifford never saw the poem. The lines :

“ What should I speake of those latter yeares?
Of Harrington and other noble Peares?
Or of thyselpe (great Lord) the Poets grace? ”

which, as I have said, evidently refer to him, appear to be a mere courtesy, for the name of Lord Henry Clifford has but scanty claim to a place in the List of British Poets.³

II. THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

The little we know about Thomas Robinson, (or Robertson,)⁴ is gained from Registers, and the Fasti and Records of the different

¹ Dodd's *Church History of England*.

² Bliss's Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*. He is also mentioned, under the name of "Robertson," in Alibone's *Critical Dictionary of English Literature*.

³ H. Walpole in his *Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of Great Britain*, vol. ii. p. 15, gives Henry Clifford, the second Earl of Cumberland, only—"Some Verses which he composed on his father's presenting a Treatise of Natural Philosophy, in old French, to the priory of Bolton, and which with the book itself were preserved in Mr. Thoresby's museum at Leeds" (*Ducat. Leodiens*).

⁴ Some account of Robinson (as Robertson) is given in almost every biographical dictionary, but unfortunately most of these give very little authority for their quotations, which appear to have been uncritically copied from one another. My account is compiled from:—1. Bliss's edition of Wood's *Athen. Oxon.*, 1813. 2. Hardy's edition of Le Neve's *Fasti Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*, 1854. 3. Dodd's *Church History of England*. 4. Tanner's *Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica*, 1748. 5. Bale's *De Scriptoribus Britannicis*, 1557. 6. Pit's *Scriptores illustres Britannicæ*, 1619. 7. Sparrow's *Rationale*, to which are prefixed the lives of the compilers of the Common

places where he held an office. We are ignorant of the year of his birth, and the date of his death is but matter of conjecture. In his day people were not so anxious about registering all the little affairs concerning the private life of even great contemporaries, as they are now; and, besides, the life of Robinson coincided with a period of English history almost wholly taken up with great religious questions. He witnessed the ascent of four sovereigns to the throne of his country; and consequently saw, if he did not take much part in, all those disorders, factions, and rapid changes which so peculiarly characterized that age. The religious reform having been commenced by King Henry VIII. on account of his quarrel with the Pope, was continued by his son Edward VI. On the accession of Mary, the progress of this reform was suddenly stopped, and a reaction took place, accompanied with great disorders and bloodshed. Then a new era began: Elizabeth ascended the throne, the Protestant religion received a new impetus, and ultimately fixed itself too deeply to be ever rooted out by another creed. Such was the state of the land and religion—ever changing forms of corruption and party faction, with here and there a great truth struggling for existence—in which the author of *The Life of Mary Magdalene* was fated to spend his career.

Thomas Robinson (or Robertson) was born in or near Wakefield,¹ but nothing whatever is known about his childhood, or who his parents were; and if we decline to understand Bishop Bale's words, *Eborencis urbis alumnus*, as meaning that Robinson belonged to the

Prayer, 1722. 8. Fuller's *Worthies of Yorkshire*, 1640. 9. Sisson's *History of Wakefield Church*, 1824.

In the hope that the archives of Magdalen College might contain some papers referring to this subject, I applied to the President, Dr. F. Bulley. He informed me that the fullest account would be found in Dr. F. R. Bloxam's *College Register*, Oxford 1881.

The notes in Bishop Kennet's Collection (Lansdowne Manuscript 980, ff. 318 and 324) I have seen, and found that they are only taken from Wood.

The life of Thomas Rob[ynson] (Thomas Twyne, *Collectanea varia*, vol. iii, fol. 2, Corpus Christi Library, Oxford) referred to in Warton's *History of English Poetry*, ed. Hazlitt, p. 283, is lost.

¹ Sisson (*Hist. of Wakefield Church*) is the only writer who gives a date, 1507. But this is probably a mere conjecture, as Robinson would then have obtained his degree of B.A. at the early age of thirteen, which, I believe, is hardly credible.

number of young men who were yearly brought up at the public expense in York, we cannot even say where he obtained his rudimental education. After having advanced as far in classical knowledge as was considered necessary in those days for the admission to a college, he came to Oxford, and entered at Queen's. Thence, he soon after removed to Magdalen College, and rose from a semi-commoner to be a Fellow of the house.

In 1520 he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts¹; and five years later, in 1525, he became Master of Arts.² The next assured fact concerning his career is, that he became the successor of the famous Thomas Stanbridge as a teacher of Grammar³ in the school adjoining Magdalen College. In this office he must have gained great and deserved reputation, for the character unanimously given to him by his biographers is excellent. "He distinguished himself," says Bishop Sparrow, "by his opposition to those, whose whole learning lay entirely in the Schoolmen and Questionists, who could cavil and wrangle on most subjects, but had no solid knowledge or perfect understanding of any thing." "And those Parents," says the same writer, "the instruction of whose children was committed to his care, esteemed it a particular happiness." The description of Fuller is to the same effect: "In this capacity he shewed an admirable faculty in teaching of youth; for every boy can teach a man, but it must be a masterpiece of industry to descend to the capacity of children." Bishop Packhurst of Norwich, one of his old pupils, wrote the following lines in memory of his teacher, and in praise of his learning⁴:

¹ Wood's *Fasti Oxon.* Th. Robertson, the grammarian of Magd. College, was admitted B.A. March 18th, 1520.

² *Ibid.* Th. Robertson, now a great vilifier of the Questionists in the University, became M.A. July 5th, 1525.

³ Dr. Bloxam's *Coll. Register.*

Lib. Comp. 1529. Solut. Mro. Robertson Informatori in Grammatica per totum annum X^l.

Lib. Comp. 1530. Solut. Mro. Robertson ludi Præceptoris pro stipend. hoc anno X^l.

Lib. Comp. 1531. Solut. Mro. Robertson ludi Præceptoris pro stipend. hoc anno X^l.

⁴ Packhurst, *Ludicra, sive Epigrammata Juvenilia*, 1573. (Bodl. 4. p. 10) Art. Seld., p. 28.

De Thom. Robertsono, olim præceptore suo :

Multi grammaticen illustravere libellis
 Ex quibus est iisdem gloria parta viris.
 Nemo Robertsono tamen hanc felicius umquam
 Tractavit, nemo dexteritate pari.
 Hoc gaudere potes populosa Britannia alumno,
 Hunc licet invideant, cætera regna tibi.¹

About this time we find him styled "a great vilifier and oppugner" of the Questionists in the University of Oxford.² While his mastership took up the most important part of Robinson's time, his leisure was spent in the composition of some grammatical treatises which established his reputation as an eminent grammarian. These tracts were dedicated to Bishop Longland of Lincoln, who is said to have been his patron; they appeared at Basel in 1535 under the following titles :

1. *Annotationes in librum Gulielmi Lillii,³ de Latinorum nominum generibus, de verborum præteritis et supinis, etc.*

¹ Bale and Pits give another epigram, said to have been written by a Henry Knowles, who (it appears) is not known as one of Robinson's pupils. These lines are :

Ausonii ruris segetes si falce recurva
 Capere forte velis, hunc pete lector agrum,
 Vomere quem docto coluit doctissimus ille.
 Ille Robertsonus, flos, decus Oxonii.

² Soames's Mosheim's *Church History*, 2nd ed., vol. ii. p. 454. The Questionists were the Scholastic teachers of theology, also called *Sententarii* or *Novi*. Their opponents were the Biblical Party, also called *Veteres*, *Dogmatici* or *Positivi*.

³ Dr. Bloxam, *Coll. Register*, says about Lily's Grammar: "The Grammar which was called by the name of Lily, was not composed by Lily alone, but by some of the most considerable men of the age, almost all of whom were connected with Magdalen College or School. The English Introduction was written by Colet, and dedicated by him to Lily, in an Epistle dated 1510, and prefixed to several ancient editions. The English Syntax was composed by Lily, as appears by the title of old editions, viz. *Gulielmi Lillii Angli Rudimenta*. Bale ascribes it to him, and cites part of the first sentence as it stands in those editions. The *Carmen de Moribus*, and Rules for the Genders of Nouns, were also written by Lily, and have always borne his name. To him belong also the Rules concerning the Præterfect Tenses and Supines of Verbs. The Rules for Heteroclites were written by Th. Robertson, but in some editions the author is named Robert Robertson, in later Thomas, as by William Haine in his epistle to Lily's Rules construed, usually bound up with the Grammar. Robertson added also the Supplement of Defective Verbs, and likewise wrote *Annotationes* on Lily's Rules for the Genders of Nouns and Præterfect Tenses and Supines of Verbs. But it was John Ritwyse who gave a Latin interpretation of the nouns and verbs contained in those rules. The Latin Syntax was first drawn up by Lily, and then sent by Colet to Erasmus for his review, who

2. De nominibus heteroclitis, opusculum cum annotationibus.

3. De verbis defectivis append: interiectis, etiam sparsim, ubi opus videbatur, annotatiunculis.

4. Compendium sive de arte versificandi cum annotationibus additis.

From this time forward, the dates concerning his preferments and offices are the only marks by which we can follow his career.

In 1537 we find him mentioned in the number of divines who signed the Preface to *The Bishop's Book*, entitled also *The Godly and Pious Institution of a Christian Man*.¹

In 1539 he was made a Doctor of Divinity;² and his personal character was so much esteemed, and his learning³ so much appreciated and revered, that he was called *Flos et Decus Oxoniæ*.

In 1540, being the treasurer of the cathedral of Salisbury,⁴ he became the Archdeacon of Leicester,⁵ through his patron, Bishop Longland. In the same year he joined the Royal Commissioners,⁶

so far altered it, that neither of them afterwards thought he had a right to own it; for which reason it was at first published without any author's name, and only an Epistle prefixed to it. This Epistle bears date in 1513, and is written to Lily, recommending to him the use of the book, from whence some at that time imagined the book was written by the Dean himself. But this mistake was soon removed by an Epistle of Erasmus, printed within the year 1515, in which he says expressly, that it was composed by Lily at the request of Colet. The verbal figures were taken from Petrus Mosellanus, and those of construction from Listrius,—a learned physician, and great friend of Erasmus,—whose names are prefixed to them in some ancient editions. The prosody was at first very short, and bore the title of *Regulæ Versificales*. Bale ascribes this also to Th. Robertson. This Grammar was at first in so high repute, that it was enjoined by Royal authority to be the only one taught in schools, 'quam solam Regia Maiestas in omnibus Scholis docendam præcepit.' See *Biogr. Brit.* under Lily; Baker's *Reflexions upon Learning*; Ward's *Preface to Lily's Grammar*; Bale, *Script. Brit. Cent.*

¹ (a.) Burnet's *History of the Reformation*, vol. i. p. 438, 455. (b.) Strype's *Cranmer*, p. 27.

² Wood's *Fasti*, July 3rd, 1539. Th. Robertson, the famous grammarian, supplicated for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity.

³ Pits, Th. Robertson, Theologiæ Doctor, Græcæ Latinæque linguæ peritissimus, Grammaticorum sui temporis facile princeps.

⁴ Hardy's *John Le Neve*, vol. ii. p. 647. On October 30th, 1540, Th. Robertson was collated Treasurer of Salisbury. On May, 1548, he resigned the Treasurership.

⁵ *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 62. On February 19th, 1540, Th. Robertson was collated Archdeacon of Leicester; and was installed in Lincoln Cathedral on March 5th.

⁶ (a.) Burnet's *History of the Reformation*, vol. ii. p. 127. (b.) Strype's *Cranmer*, p. 110, 113.

appointed to deliberate upon certain questions of religion then in controversy, and to deliver their opinions separately; and he was also one of the Members of Convocation¹ to consider the validity of the marriage of Anne of Cleves with Henry VIII.

In 1546 he was instituted Vicar of Wakefield,² the place of his birth.

In 1549, the third year of the reign of King Edward VI., he was one of the twelve "most learned and discret bishops and divines"³ appointed by his Majesty as coadjutors with Bishop Cranmer, to draw up an order of divine worship, having respect to the pure religion of Christ taught in the Scripture, and to the prejudice of the primitive Church. These divines had also to examine all the Offices of the Church, and to consider how far any of them needed amendment. After the Liturgy of the Church of England, now known as the Book of Common Prayer, was finished, Robinson is said to have disliked it, although he did not enter his protest against it, along with those of Bishops Thirleby, Skyp, and Day. From this we are led to conclude that he was at this time a Protestant, whereas we find him in 1551,⁴ only two years later, considered "a strong Papist." Referring to his position as a Protestant, Dodd remarks, that he was a friend to the Reformers⁵ so far as discipline was concerned, but he drew back when he found they began to pare to the quick.

In 1557, Queen Mary being then on the throne, Robinson was made Dean of Durham.⁶ He was then in great repute for his learning and piety, and was a special favourite of the queen, who wrote

¹ Strype's *Memorials*, vol. i. part I. pp. 553, 558.

² Sisson's *History of Wakefield Church*, p. 113.

³ Strype's *Memorials*, vol. ii. part I. p. 134.

⁴ *Ibid.* vol. ii. part I. p. 529.

⁵ *Biographie Universelle*, under Robertson: "Sous Edouard VI. il fut de la commission chargée de rediger le livre de la Prière Commune; mais il ne paraît pas, qu'il y ait travaillé. Il était assez d'accord avec les nouveaux réformateurs sur l'article de la discipline ecclésiastique. On le trouvait très-accomodant en fait de doctrine; mais il finit par se décider absolument pour le catholicisme quelque temps avant sa mort, arrivée sous le règne de Jacques I^{er}." No doubt a mistake, for though we lose sight of him in 1561, we have no reason to suppose that he lived to be more than 100 years old, and witnessed the accession of James III. in 1603.

⁶ Hardy's *Le Nere*, vol. iii. p. 299. Th. Robertson S.T.P. succeeded 23rd July, 1557; and in 1559 he was ejected, that the deanery might be restored to Rob. Horn.

to him to visit one of her friends.¹ Whilst Dean of Durham, a bishopric was offered him, but, says Wood, "he modestly refused it." In contradiction to this, and much more likely, is the explanation which Bishop Sparrow gives: Robinson feared lest his accepting that position should oblige him to concur in or connive at the barbarous persecutions of the Reformed; and so the reason for his declining the bishopric was prudence, if not humanity. We learn that he was compelled to leave the deanery in 1559. Queen Elizabeth offered it to him again, if he would take the oath of supremacy. But Robinson having entertained some prejudices against the oath, could not make up his mind to accept it, though the supremacy had almost been explained away by a most commodious and inoffensive form in the 37th Article.

His resigning the Archdeaconry of Leicester in 1560,² and his being mentioned in the list of evil-disposed persons³ in 1561, are the last assured facts we know of him.

Besides his grammatical tracts, he was the author of some religious essays, viz:

1. Resolutions of some questions concerning the sacraments.
2. Resolutions of some questions relating to bishops and priests, and of other matters tending to the Reformation of the Church of England, begun to be made by King Henry VIII.

These are both printed in the Collection of Records added to Burnet's *History of the Reformation of the Church of England*.

Some other of his numerous preferments are still to be noticed. Lipscombe⁴ mentions him as one of the Rectors of St. Laud, but gives no date, either of his installation or his resigning this office. In 1531 he was appointed to the prebend of Weston Westhall⁵ in the cathedral of Lincoln; in the following year to that of Sleaford,⁶

¹ *Calend. of State Papers. Domestic Series*, Queen Mary, 1558, July 27th.

² Hardy's *Le Neve*, vol. ii. p. 62. Thomas Robertson resigned the Archdeaconry of Leicester, December, 1560.

³ *Calend. of State Papers. Domestic Series*, Queen Elizabeth, 1561.

⁴ Lipscombe's *History of Buckinghamshire*, vol. iv. p. 336.

⁵ Hardy's *Le Neve*, vol. ii. p. 236. January 8th, 1531. Thomas Robertson was collated to the Prebendary of Weston Westhall.

⁶ *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 161. March 26th, 1533. Th. Robertson collated to the Prebendary of Sleaford.

and in 1533 to that of Gretton,¹ in the same church. In 1542 he was the last of the prebendaries of Croperdy.²

After the year 1561, Robinson's name is not to be met with in the documents I have had access to; "he went," says Bishop Sparrow, "to pass the rest of his life in retirement." Others say he died in 1561. But it is quite unknown when and where he died. From his introductory lines to the *Legend of Mary Magdalene* in the Rawlinson manuscript:

"My selfe (kinde Sir) I cannot nowe preesent,
To your acceptance, sith I rest ypent
In Northern climat," etc.

one may imagine that he went to the north (of Yorkshire), perhaps to one of the counties of Lord Henry Clifford.

The Life and Death of Mary Magdalene was probably not written before his resigning the Archdeaconry of Leicester (1561); and, as Henry Clifford died in 1569, it cannot have been written later than that year. We may therefore reasonably date the Poem 'about 1565.'

III. THE POEM.

a. *Its two Parts.*

This *Life and Death of Mary Magdalene* is, so far as we know, the latest English poetical version of the life of that Saint; and it is most probably one of the last legends of Saints written in England. The poem is in eight-line stanzas, and consists of two parts, each of which has its own title. The first part: "Her Life in sin and Death to sin," comprises 107 stanzas; the second part: "Her Life in Righteousnesse," 92 stanzas. The manuscript itself is finely and neatly written, and is very legible, except in a few corrupted lines. On the margin, throughout the poem, is a concise abstract of the text, and now and then passages are cited from Holy Scripture, or from some classical writer, to which some of the stanzas refer. All the marginal notes are of a different style of writing to the text itself. In the Harleian MS. the first forty stanzas of the First Part show

¹ Hardy's *Le Neve*, vol. ii. p. 153. March 16th, 1536: he was collated to the Prebendary of Gretton.

² *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 141. June 2nd, 1542: he was collated to the Prebendary of Croperdy.

numerous corrections and alterations by another hand, and these are, in some cases, difficult to decipher. Sometimes only single words (especially in the rime), sometimes whole lines, and thrice whole stanzas, are altered. From the nature of these corrections, one would think that the poet himself had made them (for it is scarcely credible that any person would take the liberty to alter so arbitrarily the work of another); but their being of a far later date than the poem, proves the contrary. The original passages are much disfigured and almost effaced by the corrector. At the end, as a kind of epilogue, are added 24 verses in Latin, headed: "De Christo cum Simone pharisaeo prandente et Mariam Magdalenam comiter excipiente." The manuscript is signed "T. R."

B. *Analysis of the Poem.*

Though the title of the poem leads us to expect a description of the facts of *The Life of Mary Magdalene*, the work is purely allegorical, and touches but few events of real life.

After a short statement of his subject, followed by an invocation to the High Powers, that he may be kept refined and otherwise worthy of his subject, the poet plunges at once *in medias res*. The pleasurable surroundings of Mary Magdalene are described by means of a stately palace. This description (10/33) is entirely in Chaucer's style (*Knight's Tale*), and shows that the author possessed no inconsiderable amount of imagination. In this palace dwells a stately dame, gorgeously apparelled, and surrounded everywhere with all the rich treasures and stores of the known world. "Pleasure", for this is her name (11/65), rules the loves of men, and can make happy or unhappy any of her numerous suitors whom she may deign to notice or to ignore. Her attendants are numberless. Two voluptuous ladies bear her train; "Flattery" supports her right hand; "Wantonness" her left (12/89); "Foolish Laughter" paints her eyelids, and "Idleness, Jealousy, Inconstancy, Despair, Presumption, Envy," and "a thousand other graceless graces" are ready to realize her slightest desire. She strikes her lute, and sings a sensuous song descriptive of the pleasures of the flesh, and inviting her wantons to partake of them while life lasts (13/104). Then the revels com-

mence; and here the poet indulges in the most voluptuous and realistic descriptions (14/143). Particularly to be noticed is his fine simile, in which he compares the boundless Ocean, receiving all the rivers and casting them back again in different forms, to the ebb and flow of the various enjoyments of the hour (15/159). Among the throng of revellers is one more lovely than the rest: she is Mary Magdalene (16/191). The poet pictures her as a being supremely beautiful, and goes rather minutely into her charms, subjoining the inevitable moral regret that such a fair form should enshroud so guilty a soul, or to quote his own words, that:

“So white a wall immured such worthlesse stones,” (18/245).

For the favour and love of this beautiful and angelic woman, many rivals contend; but the simile the poet brings in here, cannot be said to be particularly refined or graceful (19/263). The suitors fight together, and the successful one claims the reward of his valour (19/270). The lovers then betake themselves to a garden, which is described as containing many fair flowers, “rich and rare” (20/303). The world of Flora has been ransacked to furnish a collection of beautiful plants, such as a garden of lovers should contain (21/311), and the result is magnificent; one almost feels the fine perfume, and can feast one’s eyes on the blaze of colour. Here again the poet’s description suggests Chaucer (*House of Fame*). The turn of his verse is often fairly happy, such as:

“The Damaske-roses heere were brought a bed,
Iust opposite y^e Lillie of y^e Vale,
The Rose, to see y^e Lillie white, waxd red,
To see y^e Rose so red, y^e Lillie pale.”

There are numerous other conceits of a similar character, which the reader will doubtless duly appreciate.

In this garden an arbour stands, where the happiness of the lovers is consummated (22/345), to their own shame and to the righteous horror of the indignant poet, who, generally ready with his moralizings, nevertheless continues his elaborate descriptions of what he seemingly deprecates (23/359). Indulging all these pleasures, and enjoying whatever can increase her sensuous cupidities, Mary Magdalene spends the best part of her life, only living for the brief hour (23/383). This opportunity the author does not let slip to “point

again a moral" (24/399), although by doing so, he has not "adorned his tale."

From this life of pleasure, the Magdalene is at last aroused by the visit of a personage, whom there can be no difficulty in recognizing; it is "Conscience" (25/419). The poet describes her as possessing "myriads of eyes," having a knowledge of the future, and being the unmerciful Nemesis of every idle word and action. The advent of "Conscience" suggests to the poet an opportunity for a description of heaven with its spheres and different planets (26/439).

The workings of "Conscience" have their due effect on Mary, and she dimly begins to perceive the evil of her way (28/525). But "Pleasure" and "Custom" soon extinguish the glimmer of light, and she returns to her former estate (29/528). "Conscience" now changes her tactics, and instead of a good angel, comes again in the form of "a dreary hag of Acheron," accompanied with a "viperous brood" of torments (29/547). Mary is filled with melancholy and despair, and is hurried, and deposited with more force than elegance, before the gates of hell (31/593). The description of hell, as seen from the open gate, is, to say the least of it, original (31/599). Evidently the poet endeavoured to make it as dreadful and terrible as he possibly could, and he certainly has not failed (31/599). If making the blood curdle is a proof of art, he possesses it in abundance. Close by, sits "Melancholy" described as a man, and having a figure calculated to strike despair into the heart of Mary Magdalene (32/631). He has one peculiarity, which we hitherto imagined to have belonged entirely to the upper world; he calls for paper, pen, and ink, and wishes to indite a letter to his love (33/651). Afterwards his actions resemble those of a mad man (33/653). Mary is placed close by the side of this detestable monster, becomes his ape, and imitates his every action (33/672). Mary is thus allegorically described as being possessed of Melancholy in its most dreadful forms (34/687).

The poet then strikes out a new path, a path down a steepy way :

"Wrapt all in vncouth silence of the night," (34/696).

This second abode of punishment is as dreadful as, if not more so than, the first. Here "raging winter" and "parching summer" co-exist, and the poor wretches "frying, freeze," and "freezing, sweat"

(35/723). Nemesis appears, and dispatches some of her subjects to torture Mary Magdalene exquisitely, but to spare her life (36/750). They accomplish their task thoroughly: she is led, in imagination, through deserts, over snowy tops of hills, and through populous cities, finding no rest for her troubled soul (37/783). The violent possession of melancholy and despair work on her like madness, and she fancies that she undergoes, in succession, all the fabled torments that the classic learning of the poet can bring to bear on the subject (38/823).

The first Part then closes with the description of the earth, given up to the cruel inventions of hellish thought and deed (40/863).

The second, and undoubtedly the better, Part of the poem, opens with a description of the meeting between Mary Magdalene and the Saviour (42/908). Christ is walking in the fields, which are adorned with all the flowers of May; there he meets Mary, coming down from the hills (43/915). She casts herself before him, and the evil spirits with which she is possessed, cry aloud, begging that they may not be cast out, but saved along with all those for whom he had come to die (43/925). These evil spirits, remarks the poet, know the Saviour and his mission, and thus reveal their intelligence. The Saviour is beautifully described in a paraphrase of the Song of Solomon (43/935). After that, the spirits for a second time entreat his mercy:

“And hopinge, prayd; but prayinge, prayd in vain,” (44/970).

but Jesus, with an awful voice, commands them to leave their habitation (45/974). His voice, says the poet, is like the thunder on Mount Sinai, which “the nations of Salem” once upon a time feared (45/977). Mary Magdalene, dispossessed of the hellish spirits, sinks down in speechless gratitude and amazement, but exhausted with the fightings of the spirits as they leave her (45/984). Christ takes her by the hand, cheers her in her tribulation, and tells her in well-known words, to go and sin no more (46/1006). Perhaps no passage of the poem shows better the poet’s style of workmanship. He is nothing if not classical. In one stanza he is a Christian; in the following he has turned a thorough pagan, and Christ is styled “the winged Perseus of the Sky,” and Mary Magdalene a “distressed Andromeda” (46/1007).

In a succession of figures,—such as the storm-tossed ship coming into a safe harbour, and the weary pilgrim coming to his journey's end,—Mary Magdalene is described as, at last, finding peace (46/1015). She is directed by a voice from an unseen source, to go to the courts of "Wisdom"; and there and then a dove guides her to the desired spot, much in the same way as the star did the wise men to Bethlehem (47/1033). The ways of "Wisdom"—to freely paraphrase the poet's gorgeous description of the forest through which Mary goes—are ways of pleasantness and paths of peace (47/1039). In the midst of this forest, the tower wherein "Wisdom" dwells, rears its head "to the cloudy skies" (48/1058). Certain peculiarities distinguish this tower from others; and, indeed, it is no common tower. It stands on a high hill; a rock is its foundation; thorns grow before it; seas lie beyond it; deserts with wild beasts lie on either side of it, and it is protected from the curious by a "thousand toilsome labyrinths" (48/1070). Like the castles of Chaucer, Spenser, John Bunyan, and other allegorical writers, each of these peculiarities has a hidden meaning. The castle's height represents Wisdom's glories, its rocky foundation her constancy; the thorns around it, the labours which must be overcome by the searcher after Truth (48/1065). The seas, the deserts, the wild beasts, and the labyrinths are its protections against unhallowed folly.

Humility, the door-keeper, admits Mary Magdalene, who stands amazed at the glories of Wisdom's dwelling-place. As she stands, lost in wonder, Wisdom reveals herself, and is described much in the words of Solomon, for whom the poet appears to have a great fondness (49/1087). Although the words of this description are almost exactly those used in the Holy Scriptures, Robinson has wonderfully adapted them to the necessities of his stanza, betraying no small skill in versification. In this tower, within the two rooms of Wisdom, sit Solomon and David, together with "the monarch of this triple isle" (*i. e.* Great Britain), on whom the poet implores the destinies always to shine (50/1133). Besides these, a numerous train of attendants await her pleasure. By these surroundings, personal and otherwise, Wisdom is allegorically conceived, not as a mere abstraction, but as a real person, leading Mary Magdalene to "Repentance" (51/1148).

“Repentance” sits in a “dark closet,” clad in “sack-cloth,” covered with ashes, and weeping bitterly. Unseen angels minister unto her, and catch her tears as they fall, in bottles (51/1162). The poet then finds a congenial task in opposing the results of tears and repentance. First, there is one stanza devoted to tears, their uses and effects; repentance is similarly treated in the next; while a third is given up to both in alternate lines (52/1175). A certain facility of imagination is shown in these three stanzas; and some of the lines are noticeable, such as:

“Repentance, health given in a bitter pill,” &c.

The Magdalene entreats “Repentance” to let her in (53/1213); and a dialogue then ensues as to why Mary seeks admission. Various reasons are given, and at last she is admitted (54/1230). By various outward signs she shows her sincere repentance, and finds to her bitter cost that

“One ounce of mirth procures a world of pains,” (55/1258).

She acknowledges her former sin, and laments that she should have been made so beautiful as to cause her fall (55/1263). Some of the stanzas which record her lament are remarkably good, and worthy to be compared with the stanzas of *Mary Magdalene's Lament*, wrongly attributed to Chaucer.

With Repentance, Mary spends some time, walks forth with her, and has her for a constant companion (60/1403). Mary fancies that all nature is acquainted with her sin; and this makes her lamentations the more acute (56/1279). She grows contemplative, and sees with spiritual eyes hidden beauties in the natural objects that surround her; and this contemplation is preparative to a fuller conversion (58/1359). She gets to know that Christ is with Simon the Pharisee, and she overcomes her scruples so far as to determine to go and seek her Saviour (62/1444); but before doing so, she provides herself with the box of precious ointment (62/1448). Then the well-known biblical incident that took place in Simon's house is described (62/1451). The poet takes the opportunity given him by this incident, to indulge his taste for hidden meanings. The glory of Christ is apostrophized, and the former and latter loves of Magdalene compared (65/1530);

the parable of the debtors told to Simon is brought in, and various lessons, more or less useful, are drawn from it by the poet, who particularly emphasizes the rebuke which the Pharisee received (66/1551). Mary then gets pardon for her sins, and is sent away rejoicing (66/1559); and the true nature of her repentance is shown in her subsequent good life, and her great sorrow for Christ's death (67/1583). The poem ends with the description of Mary Magdalene's meeting the risen Saviour in the garden, and her joy thereat (68/1607).

γ. The Sources of the Poem.

Robinson's poem proves to be entirely different from all the known earlier versions¹ of *The Life of Mary Magdalene*, not only with respect to the style (which would be quite unintelligible from the different date), but also in the way of treating the subject itself. The earlier versions, without exception, treat of Mary Magdalene as the daughter of Cyrus, and sister to Lazarus and Martha. They describe her falling into certain evil ways in her youth; her chastisement by being possessed of seven devils; her salvation by Christ; her sincere repentance, and the service that she rendered to the Saviour in the house of Simon the Pharisee; and they finally speak more fully about that part of her life which she spent after her conversion in attending the Saviour. Robinson, on the contrary, describes elaborately the part of her life preceding the moment of her salvation, and only outlines the other part. He does not mention anything at all of her father Cyrus, her brother Lazarus, or her sister Martha. It is a well-known fact that the early Christian writers were much exercised in discovering whether Mary of Bethany, —(called the penitent sinner, Luke vii.) according to John xi. 2 : xiv. 3; and Matthew xxvi. 6,—the sister of Lazarus, and Mary Magdalene, who followed Jesus from Galilee, and ministered to him in Simon's house, were identical. And this question, so often discussed, is not

¹ *α.* Version of the Laud Manuscript. *β.* Version of the Auchinleck MS., Edinburgh. *γ.* Version in Bokenam's Collection. I. Band. Koelbing's Altengl. Bibliothek. *δ.* Version of the Barbour Collection. *ε.* Version of the Harl. MS. 2277 (fol. 38*b*), going to be edited by Dr. C. Horstmann for the Early English Text Society. And finally, *ξ.* Version of the Harl. MS. 4196 (fol. 157). (*α, β, γ, δ,* and *ξ* are edited by Dr. C. Horstmann.)

yet answered, and will most likely remain unanswered, as the Holy Scriptures do not afford sufficient evidence for either of these opinions. Whether Robinson, as a learned divine, acted purposely,—being of the opinion that Mary, sister to Lazarus, and Mary Magdalene, were different persons,—or whether he thought it better not to mention these particulars on account of the allegorical treatment of his subject, cannot be decided. His poem gives the impression, that, by describing the illustrious penitent woman whom Christ himself gave as an instance of true repentance, it was more his purpose to point a moral than to make an interesting and minute description of her life.

Some resemblance is to be noticed between the *Digby-Mystery* Mary Magdalene,¹ and Robinson's legend. (The counsel of the devils, how to make Mary sin, and to serve them; her seduction by Lechery, and some of the allegorical personifications, are somewhat similar.) Nevertheless, this resemblance is not sufficient to give rise to the hypothesis that Robinson took the former as his source; the reverse is as improbable, as the date of the *Digby Mysteries* is to be put much earlier; according to Mr. F. J. Furnivall, about 1480—90. Perhaps Robinson saw or read this play, or else knew another source of the life of Mary Magdalene which we do not possess. The accounts of her life under July 22, in the *Legenda Aurea* and the *Acta Sanctorum Bollandistorum*, which were most likely to have been the sources, agree with the above-mentioned earlier versions, and are therefore out of the question. In my opinion, the style of treating the subject is Robinson's own original idea; his principal source for the Magdalene's life being the Gospels, and for his poetical descriptions and adornments some parts of the Holy Scriptures (especially the Song and Wisdom of Solomon), and the classical Greek and Latin writers. Moreover, the marginal notes mentioned in the introduction, cite in many cases the passages in question. The following list is compiled from those notes, and is, as far as possible, enlarged:

- Part I., v. 449—455. Ezekiel ii. and Revelation iv.
 464—472. Amos ix. 6, and Zanchi, *De operibus Dei*,
 intra spatium sec dierum creatis, lib. ii.
 cap. vi.

¹ New Shakspeare Society. *Digby Mysteries*, ed. by F. J. Furnivall. 1881.

- Part I., v. 473—480. Aristoteles ii., meteor. Seneca, lib. vii., nat. quaest, cap. v.
 553—560. Ovid Metamorph., lib. iv. fab. ix.
 569—576. Virgil, *Æneid*, vii.
 625—633. Pliny, lib. xxvi. cap. xxvi.
 706—713. Ovid, Metamorph., lib. ix. fab. xx.
 770—777. Zanchi, *De operibus*, etc., lib. ix. cap. xix.
 794—801. Virgil, *Æneid*, vii. ; Homer, H. E.
- Part II., v. 41— 56. Solomon's Song, v. 13 ; Luke ix.
 65— 72. Zanchi, *De operibus*, etc., lib. iii. cap. ix. ;
 lib. iv. cap. ix.
 145—152. Solomon's Song, iv. 12—16.
 193—216. Wisdom of Solomon, vii. 29. Solomon's
 Song, iv.
 217—224. Wisdom of Solomon, vii. 25, 26.
 561—576. Luke vii. 35—37, etc.
 681—689. John xx. 2, etc.

δ. *The Versification.*

The whole Poem is in iambics, the Introduction in 5-measure couplets, the Enchantress's Song (I. 105—142) in 4-measure couplets, and the Life is in Chaucer's and other writers' customary 5-measure stanza,¹ *ab abb, cc*, but with an added 6-measure line, *c*, ryming with the couplet *cc*. Robinson thus anticipates Spenser in binding up his stanza with a 6-measure line, though Spenser's stanza is 9-lined, and rymes *ababb, cbcc*, as against Robinson's 8-line *ababb, ccc*, a form which Giles Fletcher the younger adopted in his "Christ's victorie and triumph in Heaven and earth, over and after death," Cambridge, 1610 : see Guest's *Hist. of Engl. Rhythms*, ed. 1883, p. 668.²

ε. *The Style.*

This may fairly be called Spenserian, though Spenser was hardly in his teens when Robinson wrote. One spirit pervaded all Elizabethan poetry, and although Classical Literature has been at all times more or less the model for English poets, and influenced their

¹ It is often called "Rime Royal," because James I., following Chaucer, used it in his *Quhair*. The stanza occurs in Old French before Chaucer's time.

² On Sir Thos. More's occasional use of a final 6-measure line, see Guest, p. 669, note.

compositions, yet it never exerted that influence so powerfully as in the 15th and the beginning of the 16th centuries. A poem in which—as in Robinson's—the ideas of Christianity are blended with the mythological conceptions of the ancient Greeks and Romans, in which allegory so entirely prevails, and which is marked by such a profusion of classical names, could only originate in a time, when the classics, brought back to a new life, were so carefully studied, and had so powerful and constructive an influence upon every branch of literature, as in the days of the classical revival and the epoch that closely followed it.

IV. THE TEXT.

As to the text, the Harleian and Rawlinson manuscripts differ very little from each other, but the Rawlinson one does not contain any of those alterations which are found in the Harleian. I have, therefore, as those corrections were evidently not made by the author himself, restored the passages in question by help of the Rawlinson Manuscript, and mentioned the corrections in foot-notes, where I also quote the few variations between the two manuscripts. The orthography of the MS. has been strictly preserved. The side-notes of the MS. are set in Clarendon type; those in the ordinary Roman type are by Mr. Furnivall, who added them while reading the proofs and revises of the text with the MS. during my absence in Germany.

The Harleian MS. was pointed out to me by Dr. Carl Horstmann. Both he and the authorities believed it to be unique, and neither knew anything of its author beyond his initials, T. R. A search through the Bodleian Catalogues disclosed to me Robinson's Rawlinson MS.; and that, when it reached London, proved to be the same as the Harleian copy, save as to its Introduction and corrections. Further searches in the Calendar of State Papers, Anthony à Wood, &c., enabled me to identify the poet with the well-known Grammarian the Dean of Durham, and to establish his claim to be entered on the illustrious roll of English poets which, starting with Cynewulf and

Til their tongues tripp'd, and spake they knewe not
 what,
 Some quarrel; And speakinge made them iarre; and iarringe, scoule,
 And scoulinge tumults raise, and vproares foule: 179
 Downe goe the tables and the goblets *faire*;
 The ruddy wine, spilt on the Lu'ry *ware*,
 Seemes like a fiery comet in the cleared aire. 182

19.

What should I tell of all might there be seen? 183
 some are turned
 into beasts.
 Some were transform'd to swine, and some to Apes,
 Such was the power of the enchantinge Queen:
 With Circes virge shee could commaund all shapes,
 Or giue rancke poyson in a bunch of grapes; 187
 Or like Medusas snaky haire at will,
 Transforme y^e *wisest Atlas* to a hill.
 Her Magicke knowledge good, but Magicke practise, ill.

20.

[leaf 60, back] Amonge y^e wanton traines of Luxury, 191
 That in her palaces themselues addrest,
 One was more beautifull vnto y^e eye,
 Mary Magda-
 lene describ'd
 to bee one amonge
 Pleasures
 retinue.
 More faire, more debonaire, then all the rest;
 In colour and proportion so blest, 195
 That, were shee but with softer sleepe alayd,
 Of virgin waxe you would suppose her made.
 O Damsell faire without, but inwardely decay'd! 198

21.

The beauty of
 her body
 described by the
 symmetry of
 her limmes.
 Her louely tresses of embellish'd haire, 199
 Kist her soft necke, and shoulders iu'ry white:
 The Apples of Hesperides weere there:
 So Titan swifte displayes his blazinge light,
 On toppe of Rhodope, with snow *bedight* 203
 Her eyes, as blacke as Lett, doe finely blaze,

177. their. MS y^r.

180. H. Corrector, rare.

181. H. Corrector, fair.

189. H. Corrector, greatest Sages.

201. H. Corrector. of th'.

203. H. Corrector, so white.

Rowlinge about, and they that in them gaze,
 Looke for themselues in her, halfe lost, as in a maze. 206

22.

What should I of her arched browe relate, 207 Her brow,
 Guilded with smiles, and amorous aspects ;
 The port of quietnesse, loues chaire of state ?
 Aurora hither her bright teame directs,
 And all the while her higher race neglects. 211
 Her fluent tongue, with siluer is betipt ; her tongue,
 And from the caskets of her corall lippe, and lips ;
 Loue may diuine Ambrosia and Nectar sippe. 214

23.

Her ruby cheekes laid o'r the snowy white, 215 [leaf 61]
 (Why may not *Antiques* erre ?) were the rare frame her cheeks,
 That curious Apelles brought to light :
 The litle birds *ynchantinge* hither came,
 To picke y^e ruddy grapelets, was their aime. 219
 Her nose, for Venus hill, I might commend ; her nose,
 But to the pearle, her teeth doe beauty lend,
 While her eares pretty gemmes, with louely lookes
contend. 222

24.

Next her *debaired* brests *bewitch mine* eyes, 223 her bare breasts,
 And with a Lethargy *my* sight appall ;
 But *by and by the selfe-wild heauy spies*
Vnto y^e centre of her nauell fall,
 From whence they starte, awaked at the call 227
 Of her *depurpur'd* thinges, *heere* at a stand,

215. H. Corr. o're.

216. H. Corr. Ancients.

218. H. Corrector, Inchantede.

219. H. Corr. grapes was all.

219. their. MS y^r.

222. H. Corr. do bend.

223. H. Corr. soft snowy brests enchant ones eyes.

224. H. Corr. y^e.225. H. Corr. suddenly y^e eyling [? MS] heauy spies.

226. H. Corr. And does to th'.

228. H. Corr. plump—it makes one.

MARY MAGDALENE.

O

her white hand, Whither to viewe y^e siluer of her hand,
And armes as streight as pine, or subtill Circes wand, 230

25.

Or rather cast a due-deuoted glaunce 231
 Vpon the marble tressels vnder plac't :
 her legs and feet. But then her douelike feete themselues aduance :
 On such, Dianas nymphes y^e game haue chast,
 And the Nereïdes, with nimble hast, 235
 Trippes vp and downe, forward and backe again[e,]
 Amid y^e gentle murm'ringe of the maine,
 Curlinge y^e flaggy lockes of the Neptunian plaine. 238

26.

[leaf 61, back] Wonder it is, mee thinkes, without to see 239
 So faire a face, (*aye mee, y^e more her smart !*)
 And that her soule should so *deglorious* bee :
 But her white breast covers a black heart. A brest so white, and yet so black a heart ;
Her worst the best, her best y^e worser parte. 243
 Can such faire hiues inclose such idle Drones ?
 So white a wall *immure* such worthlesse stones ?
 So beauteous a sepulchre, such rotten bones ? 246

27.

A 'sepulchre,' that caue I rightly call, 247
 Wherein her soule so longe imu'd hath been,
 Bound with y^e fetters of a willinge thrall :
 Yet she must be brought to God. And yet that sepulchre must bury sin,
 And for Astrœa make a shrine within : 251
 It cannot bee, but such a heauenly grace,
 In heauens quire at length must have a place :
 But first the goodly corne must winnow'd bee a space. 254

229. H. Corr. whether.

230. H. Corr. Or.

240. H. Corr. alas.

241. H. Corr. polluted.

243. H. Corr. Her best y^e worst, her worst y^e better part.

245. H. Corr. immure.

247—254 are crossed out by the H. Corrector.

28.

Amonge her riuals *iolly* nowe shee sate : 255
 Each sues for loue, and loue to her affordes ;
 But hee, that strongest was, the conquest gate :
 No other arte prœuailes, no sugred words,
 But force of armes, and dint of *steeled* swords. 259
 (Venus, the Sun still followes with her light ;
 If Titan fauor *thee*, her rayes shine bright ;
 If hee but hide his head, Venus is out of sight.) 262

By the contention
of her rivalls.
She loves the
strongest.

29.

So may you see alonge y^e meadowes green, 263 [leaf 62]
 Two sturdy bullockes, (hard it is to say,
 Whither with loue, or furies flames more keen,)
 Both this and that *infect* y^e purple waye,
 And make y^e sanguine rieuets to play, 267
 Flie at each other swifter then the winde,
 And with y^r hornes y^r heads together binde :
 The victor, Io gaines ; y^e conquer'd comes behind[e.]

So two bullocks
fight for Io.

30.

Great valour, sure to goe into y^e feild, 271
 And battell bid for Lady Aphrodite,
 To whet y^e sworde, and beare the trusty sheild,
 To win y^e fauor of some fœmale white :
 'T were better for thy countries good to fight : 275
 There, if thou conquer, thou shalt conquered be ;
 If conquer'd, death thou gainst, or infamy :
 Heere victorie is fame, and losse of victory. 278

Better fight for
your country than
a woman's love.

31.

The bloody broyles thus ended and allay'd, 279
 Faire Magdalene (for so the Damsell *hight*)
 Mary Magdalene

255. H. Corr. merry.

257. that. MS. y^t.

259. H. Corr. glittering.

261. H. Corr. her.

266. H. Corr. rush ore.

269. y^r = their.

271—278 crossed out by the H. Corrector.

280. H. Corr. bright.

Her louer for his labour *well appay'd*,
 And all *aggladded* with his newe delight,
 walks with her Lover. Led by y^e hand alonge y^e valleys bright : 283
 And, as they went, hee am'rous glaunces cas[t]
 Vpon her rosy cheekes and slender wast ;
 And nowe a kisse hee begg'd, and nowe his loue embract.

32.

[leaf 62, back] *The glory of the pole did* nothinge please him, 287
 Apollos haire could not one glaunce allure,
 He thinks of her alone; Nor did y^e fragrant-smellinge meadowes ease him,
 The melody of birds could worke no cure ;
 So fond is loue, so dotingly dimure : 291
 The tender plants, and minerals vnseen,
 Conquer each sicknesse and disease vnclean ;
 But loue, by the same hand is kill'd and cur'd agen.

33.

His sences nowe no frame but hers receiue, 295
 And in his fancy eu'ry member paint :
 His minde, both sence and fancy doth bereaue,
 And they againe his intellect attaint,
 To thinke on nothinge but his seeminge saint : 299
 knows nothing save her love. Her loue is all hee sees, or heares, or knowes,
 So the bewitchinge *oracle yt throughes*
 About the *maidens* fancy, strange Deludinge showes. 302

34.

Vnto y^e garden by, at length they hy'd : 303
 Atlas his orchard was not halfe so rare,
 Nor *Heloriz in midst of* Sommer pride :
 Nor kinge Alcinous his cheifest care :

281. H. Corr. Was called, her louer for his labour payd.

282. H. Corr. enflamed.

287. H. Corr. The spangling Diamonds rays could.

301. (? MS. yt ythroughes.) H. Corr. Delphian tripod throwes.

302. H. Corr. Preistess.

303. H. Corr. The garden then at length by them being spy'd.

305. H. Corr. feighn'd Elisium euen in Summers.

Heere y^e dead louers sprights reuiued are : 307
 Flora had empti'd heere her precious horne,
 With store y^e beds of pleasure to adorne ;
 No thistle heere was seen, ne pricle-armed thorne ; 310

35.

The Damaske-roses heere were brought a bed, 311 [leaf 63]
In it are Roses,
Lilies,
 Iust opposite y^e Lilie of y^e Vale :
 The Rose, to see y^e Lilie white, wax'd red ;
 To see y^e rose so red, y^e Lilie pale ;
 While Zephyre fann'd then with a gentler gale. 315
 The woody Primrose and the pretty Paunce, Primroses and
Daffodils,
 The Pinke, y^e Daffodill and Cheuisance,
 All in Perfumed sets, y^r fragrant heads aduance. 318

36.

Sweet Casia, and y^e yealowe Marigould, 319 the Marigold,
 That when the Sun bringes forth y^e Orient daye,
 Her armes, in signe of loue, loues to vnfold,
 But closes when her Paramour's awaye :
 The Cullumbine and Violets there play, 323 Columbine,
 With Couslips of Hierusalem so nice,
 Sweet Eglantine, and cloues of Paradise, Eglantine,
 Rare shrubs, and rarer hearbs, and beds perfum'd with
 spice. 326

37.

Narcissus too, that heart enamouringe lad, 327 and Narcissus.
 Grewe by a springe (a chrystiall springe was nighe),
 Whose siluer streames y^e gaudy flowers *agglad*,
 Glidinge alonge, as if they faine would prie
 Vnder the Veluet leaues, and by and by 331
 Into y^r watry cells againe they start,

311. H. Corr. Of—there was. 317. R. Deffodill.

318. y^r = their : the contraction is not extended, as it usually is in the Society's Texts, italics being here wanted for Corrections in the MS.

328. 'chrystiall', altered by the writer of the MS.?, to 'crystall'.

329. H. Corr. make glad.

332. y^r = their.

But with a gentle pace, as loath to part,
Leauinge y^r teares behinde, in token of y^r hearte. 334

38.

[leaf 63, back] The flower, mindefull of his former loue, 335
Declines his head toward y^e neighbour springe :
His sportefull shade, affection seems to mooue,
Vnder y^e fountaine water wantoning ;
Yet to y^e banckes his tender rootes *yclinge*, 339
The silken staulkes *'gan* tremble sore affraid,
Least once againe Narcissus in his shade
Should loose himselfe for loue, and in sad silence fade.

39.

Mary and her
Lover go into
Her arbour. All these delights y^e louers' eyes *aggrate*, 343
But yet y^r appetite hath made no stay :
Into an arbour nowe *at length they gate*,—
This was the hopefull Period of y^r way ;—
An arbour, pleasant, beautifull and gay, 347
Incompast with triumphant baye about,
And farther in, y^e laden vines *ysprout* :
If Baccus bee within, Apollo stands without. 350

40.

Its seats are of
grass. The leauy pillastrells were neatly shorne ; 351
The grassy seats, y^e eyes to slumber wed ;
The vaulted rooffe, on ample *baulkes vpborne*,
With Violets and Lilies was bespread,
Like th' Azure skie with starres *besiluered* ; 355
The floore with many a flower was bedeck'd.
The Gilly-flower, and Carnation speck'd,
But Lady Rose, y^e other with her beauty check'd. 358

339. H. Corr. do clinge. 340. H. Corr. do.
343. H. Corr. do charme. 345. H. Corr. they arme in arme.
346. H. Corr. Together walke.
349. H. Corr. do sprout. 353. H. Corr. pillars borne.
355. H. Corr. all siluered.
356. H. Corr. The fragrant seat with flowers was bedect.

41.

On flowry beds y^e Louers heere repose ; 359 [leaf 64]
 And nowe sweet words must guild their bad intent : Mary and her
 With smiles, with lookes, with lippe and hand hee woes : Lover
 Such were y^e Dartes, y^t subtill Cupid lent,
 Lustes wandringe harbinger, vaine complement : 363
 Faire ramillets and posies hee præpares,
 With sonnets smooth, and garlands for her haire ;
And so with gentle pace, into her brest hee fares. 366

42.

What should I tell of those polluted acts 367 do deeds of lust
 That followe wantonnesse and Luxury ? in the Arbour,
 Let modesty not meddle with y^r facts,
Sith tongue and hart, in mischeife still agree,
 And as y^e wordes, y^e actions often bee : 371
 Their descants nowe they tooke, and restles rest,
 And thought they were with ioyes of heauen blest ;
 But night as blacke as hell, y^r meltinge soules possest.

43.

The Sun peep'd in with his declininge raye, 375
 And dy'd his paler cheekes with fiery hue ;
 It seems, hee blush'd, and would recall y^e day, and make the
 The wickednesse of *Vestaes sonnes* to viewe, Sun blush.
 That rush to folly, but y^r folly rue : 379
 And thou, my Muse, packe hence with nimble flight !
 The shame of sinners, 't is no great delight,
 For modest eare to heare, or chaster pen to write. 382

44.

Thus Magdalene in Pleasures wanton courts, 383 [leaf 64, back]
 Parte of her youthfull dayes did fondly waste,

360. their. MS y^r.366. H. Corr. And on her brest he slumbers, too too freed
 from cares.369. y^r facts = their deeds, doings.

370. H. Corr. for.

378. H. Corr. Mortall men.

Mary Magdalene
spends her time
in dress and
feasts.

Ioying in vanity and idle sportes,
To spend the time, y^t soone (*God wot*) was past.
Prœuentinge all her pleasure with her haste : 387
Parte of her time in idle languishment,
Parte in attire, and gaudy ornament,
And parte in frolicke feasts and banquetinge, shee spent.

45.

She walks ;

she lies in bed ;

she bathes.

Sometimes the palace walkes delight her minde ; 391
Sometimes in silken beds shee *sweltred* lies ;
And nowe shee's vacant to her louers kinde,
And nowe the garden doth inuite her eyes ;
But by and by, her arbour greene shee spies : 395
Nowe in y^e springe shee bathes, to coole her heat,
And waues her *plume*, to fanne away y^e sweat ;
And cooler nowe, shee makes a sunny bancke her seat.

46.

So do our
fondlings wanton
in their youth,

and offer only
their age to God.

So *doe* the fondlings of our latter age, 399
In iollity their fresher yeares *dispend*,
Treadinge this scœne, as 't were a silken stage,
But neuer dreaminge of a Tragicke end :
Can great Iehouah take him for his friend, 403
That in his youth doth nought but wantonize,
But when ould age decayes, both eares and eyes,
Then to y^e altar bringes his haltinge sacrifice ? 406

47.

[leaf 65]

Yet life is but a
fading flower.

Let none on Magdalens delaye prœsume, 407
Though (sooth to say) it was not very longe :
Life 's but a fadinge flower, a subtile fume,
A shadowe vaine, a shorte, though pleasant songe.
Then oyle your lampes betimes ! and in y^e thronge 411
Of Saintlie Heroes, *enter heau'n amaine* ;

386. H. Corr. which (ah, too soon). 387. her : first 'his.'
392. H. Corr. softer. 397. H. Corr. Or—Fann.
399. H. Corr. euen so. 400. H. Corr. do spend.
412. H. Corr. Saintlike . . run y^e course.

For what the Fates decree, is not in vain[e:]
 Ioye heere, shall sorrowe there; teares heere, ioy there
 obtaine. 414

48.

When heau'ns bright eye, farre brighter then the Sun,
 Beheld th' asp[i]ringe tower of vaine delight,
 And howe this harlot had her selfe vndon,
 Hee sent Syneide, daughter of the light, 419
 To tell the Caytiffe of her wretched plight: The touch of a
good conscience
comes from
heau'n.
 The Damsell brighter then y^e brightest glasse,
 The *Isicles* in splendor did surpasse,
 And in her siluer hand, a poynted *goad* there was; 422

49.

A tiffany shee wore about her head, 423
 Hanginge submissely to her shoulders white;
 From top to toe, she was immanteled A good con-
science describ'd.
 With purest Lawne; and, for her nimble sight,
 Lynceus his eyes were neuer halfe so bright: 427 [leaf 65, back]
 The Eagles quickenesse in respect is blinde,
 And Argus with his hundred comes behinde,
 For myriads of eyes about her body shin'd. 430

50.

Things past were p̄sent to her searchinge viewe, 431
 And future rēpresented in her thought,
 Where newe thinges n'er wax'd ould, but oulder newe.
 Each idle word and action hither brought, Conscience judges
every idle word.
 Receiue y^r doome and censure (as they ought). 435
 Sometimes in Paradise shee likes to dwell,
 Sometimes shee diues into the deepes of Hell;
 Shee sees the heart, and pries into his closest cell. 438

413. H. Corr. Before you set, for.

421. H. Corr. Iasper stone.

422. H. Corr. spear.

428 is: first 'was'.

435. y^r = their.

51.

	<i>Faine</i> of her message, nowe shee tooke her flight	439
Ezek: 1:	Through the bright amber of y ^e flaminge Court,	
Reuel: 4:	Passinge y ^e wheeles of purest Chrysolite,	
The heau'n of heauens.	Drawn by y ^e fiery beasts y ^t there resort,	
	Where millions of Angells euer sporte,	443
	And glorious martyrs, after all y ^r woes,	
	Singe praise to him y ^t ouercame y ^r foes,	
	And all y ^e Saints, y ^r crownes, at Glories throne depose.	

52.

	Then by y ^e Chrystall waye shee nimbly past,	447
[leaf 66] The Crystall heaven.	Vnto y ^e radiant spangled firmament,	
	Where heauens euer-wakinge sheapheard fast,	
	His starry flockes into y ^r fouldes had pent.	
The eighth sphære.	The Gnoasian Crowne among y ^e rest was sent,	451
	The Goblet, Helen, and the Brothers twaine,	
	Cassiope, y ^e Pleiads, and y ^e Swaine	
	That Arctos kept in warde, with all y ^e starry traine.	454

53.

The Planets.	<i>And</i> through y ^e wandring sphæres shee wandringe went,	
Amo: 9: 6:	Leauinge y ^e rasters of the starry light;	
	Then to y ^e pure æthereall element	
Zanch: de operi: Dei: Lib: 2: cap. 6:	That 's whirld about y ^e hornes of Cynthia bright,	
	Both they and shee out-strippe y ^e feeble sight,	459
	So rare and subtill substances they been.	
	Natures so much depur'd, that (well I ween)	
	No mortall eye, sphæres, fire, or conscience, e'r hath seen.	

54.

The ayre.	So passinge through y ^e tripple-region'd ayre,	463
	Where diuerse mixtures and aspects appeare:	
Arist: 1: meteor:	The flyinge Dragon, y ^e resplendent Haire,	
	The Darte, the Candle and y ^e burninge Speare,	

439. H. Corr. Glad.

440. sidenote; 1st Chapter of Ezekiel, and 4th of Revelation.

455. H. Corr. Next. 455—462 crossed-through in H.

The Milke, the Kidds that skipped here and there, 467

The poynted Beame, th' infatuating Fire,
The Northern Comœts and y^e painted Ire,

Senec : lib : 7 :
not : quæst :
cap : 5

With many more, whereof some fall, and some aspire.

55.

At length shee touch'd y^e toppe of hillockes highe, 471 [leaf 66, back]

That ouer-shaddowe Aphrodites towers,

And streight-way, in y^e twinkling of an eye,

Shee windes her selfe into y^e secret bowers

Conscience winds
herself into
Mary's heart,

Of Mary Magdalenes depraued powers : 475

With gentle hand shee prickes her festerd hart ;

The boylinge blood from eu'ry veine 'gan start,

And thus y^e wanton mayde assaults with mickle smart :

56.

" Ah, fondling ! whither, whither do'st thou flie 479

With guilded winges of selfe opinion vaine ?

Can ought escape heauens all-seeinge eye ?

Or shall thy pleasure breed no after-paine ?

and asks her how
she can escape
God's eye.

If so, a Paradise on earth were gaine ! 483

But when y^e reuolution of yeares

Shall bee at hand, then ioy must end in teares,

And pleasant spectacles bee chang'd to ghastely feares.

57.

" Sion was holy to the Lord of yore ; 487

Salem's in-habitants his cheife delight ;

Each to his altar, freewill of-fringes bore,

And payd y^e Leuite aye the Leuites right ;

So did y^e temple shine with glory bright ; 491

Religion ruld y^e royall politic

With iustice, temperance and æquitie :

Then let not Magdalene her natiue soile denie. 494

She knows she
once was pure.

58.

" Wilt thou in riot swimme, while others fast ? 495 [leaf 67]

Wilt thou bee sporting, when as others pray ?

473. an : first 'a'.

477. H. Corr. doth.

Conscience
appeals to Mary

Or canst thou still delight to bee imbrac't,
When others, drown'd in sorrowe all y^e day,
With sacke-cloth gird y^r loynes, and sad araye? 499
Or while the aged sire 's besprinkeled
With dust and ashes on his siluer head,
Canst thou thy various Iunonian plumes dispread? 502

59.

“Doubtlesse those haire for lust were not intended ; 503
Those eyes for Cupids darts were neuer meant ;
That heaunly face, by art but litle mended,
(Sith nature in it all her skill hath spent,)
Was not to bee a wanton's ornament ; 507
Those eyes were made so bright, the heauns to see ;
Those feet, to tread y^e paths of æquitie :
to be good to
God.
Bee not so bad to him, y^t is so good to the !” 510

60.

She pierces
Mary's breast.

This sayd, shee brandishes her quiueringe darte, 511
And makes a deeper wound in Maries brest :
The silly soule amaz'd, beginnes to starte,
As one awaked from his nightly rest,
With slumber soft, and hopefull dreames possesst. 515
For pleasure is a dreame of sweet delight,
That lastes no longer then y^e shortest night,
But when the day appeares, awaye it takes his flight ;

61.

[leaf 67, back]

Or as y^e nimble doe in lawny parke, 519
Browsinge vpon y^e palate-pleasinge brier,
Is on a suddaine made y^e hunter's marke,
And wounded in her brest, perceiues a fire,
So Magdalene, in midst of her desire, 523
Crown'd with y^e blisse of fooles, and pleasures vaine,
Feeles in her heart y^e stinge of gripinge paine ;
Mary sorrows.
And then to feigne sad sighes, and sorrowe, shee is faine.

62.

But sorrowe soone in streames of pleasure's drownd, 527 **Pleasure and
custome in sin
choake a good
conscience.**
And conscience away doth vanish quite ;
So litle truth in womens teares are found.
The Crocodile can sorrowe to y^e sight,
And vnder sighes embaite his venom'd spight. 531
Vaine woman ! see ! y^e hart hath quickly found
A saluing ditany, to heale his wound :
And shall thy heart vnsounded, still remaine vnsound ?

63.

But custome is a tyrant, and his slaues 535
Are forc'd within his limits to abide.
Tis easier to still y^e swellinge Waues,
And turne y^e torrent of y^e strongest tide,
Then to resist his course, or quell his pride : 539
So Mary to her lust againe returnes, **Mary returns to
her lust.**
And at Ambrosian mercy, offerd, spurnes,
Till Heauens awefull power in zealous anger burnes. 542

64.

Withat a dreary hagge of Acheron, 543 **[leaf 68]**
Arm'd with a gastely torch, new dipt in blood, **The state of a
tormentinge
conscience
poetically
describ'd.**
A sable weed, as blacke as night, put on,
And in the palaces of Pleasure stood,
Shakinge y^e frie of her vipereous brood : 547
Fury attends her, and the want of sence, **Ovid metamorph :
Lib ; 4 : fab : 9 :**
Sorrow, Despight, with y^e sad Influence,
Famine, and bloody Warre, and meagre Pestilence. 550

65.

The pillars trembled at this ghastely sight ; 551
The dores were tainted with a pallid hue ;
The Sun, amaz'd, deny'd his wonted light,
While y^e poore mayd, disquieted anewe, **Mary is
disquieted.**
Striues to go forth of dores ; but there a crewe 555
Of hideous glowinge snakes y^e entraunce keepe,

543. withat = 'With that'.

That all about y^e direfull fury creepe,
And in whole troopes from out her shaggy cauerne peepe.

66.

The snakes of
Conscience twine
round Mary. Some wandred vp and downe her dismall brest ; 559
Some to her pitchy armes and shoulders clunge,
With fiery eyes and hissing tongues possest ;
And one vpon y^e wretched mayd shee slunge,
Virgil: *Ænei*: 7: That twininge here and there, about her sprunge, 563
And glided on her brest with gentle hast,
And there vipereous cogitations plac't,
With pininge greife and sorrowes, y^t y^e spirites wast. 566

67.

[leaf 68, back] The crinkled snake about her Crystall necke, 567
Seem'd like a wreathed chaine of brightest gould,
And for a fillet seru'd, her haire to decke,
For through each parte y^e slippery pilgrim rould,
And fire within y^e marrowe did infould, 571
Taintinge y^e sences with his poysond gall,
That soone y^e Damsells riot could appall,
And Sorrowe much aggladd at Pleasures funerall. 574

68.

She cannot smile. Nowe all yee flittinge daughters of the light, 575
Packe hence with speed, and see, yee bee not seene !
Let neuer smile or laughter come in sight !
For ioye and ioyllity too longe haue been
Sorrow is queen Within these courtes : but Sorrowe now is queen. 579
of her, Mary hath cast her louers out of minde,
And solace in her brest no place can finde,
and carking Care. For carking care doth all delights together binde. 582

69.

The Fury nowe (it seemes) has stood her freind, 583
And counsell'd her to bidd vaine sports adieu.
But ther's much difference 't-wixt freind and fiend,

And hee, y^t monster-headed Gorgon slewe,
 Did but y^e ould one in younge snakes renewe : 587
 The blood, y^t Perseus heere and there did spill,
 Begate another brood of serpents still.
 If Hell be cause of good, that good is nought but ill. 590

70.

Into y^e hollowe of a darke-some cell, 591
 The Messenger of Night conueigh'd her streight :
 Shee thought, shee had been wafted quicke to hell,
 So swift shee flew, y^t now shee felt no weight,
 Till downe shee squats before a balefull gate 595
 That euer open stood, both daye and night,
 To entertaine each sad, disastrous spright,
 With horrid shapes, and apparitions for his sight. 598

[leaf 69]
**The sting of a
 bad conscience
 leads to extreme
 Melancholy, or
 kinde of despaire.**

**Melancholy
 described by his
 dwellinge.**

71.

So gape the gloomy courts of Pluto fell, 599
 Exhalinge cloudy mistes of sulphur blewe,
 With horrid damps, and many a noysom smell,
 Ready to swallowe vp y^e damned crewe,
 That thither hast, and yet y^r hast they rue ; 603
 When death a punishment for life they se[e,]
 And life for death a punishment to bee,
 And death with life, and life with death ioyne amity ;

It is like Hell,

72.

Or as y^e iawes of Scyllas barking hounds, 607
 That aye for greedinesse of booties raue,
 And swallowe all that come within y^r bounds :
 Such was y^e gap of Melancholies caue,
 Where many loose, but fewe y^r lives can saue ; 611
 Onely for barking hounds, y^e grimme-fac'd cat,
 The slowe pac'd asse was there, y^e flutteringe bat,
 The croakinge rauen on a slaughtred carcasse sate. 614

this cave of
 Melancholy.

593. R. whafted. 595. R. quats. 603. y^r = their.

73.

- [leaf 69, back] The ground, no whole-some hearbe, no flower breeds, 615
 No fruitfull tree aray'd with sommers hue,
 Foul weeds fill it. But cockell, darnell, thornes, and stinkinge weeds,
 And wither'd trunkes, deuoy'd of leaues, in liewe
 Of better plants, with y^e fauereous yewe, 619
 Plin: lib: 16: Beside y^e fatal tree, where Phyllis faire
 cap: 26: Hunge by y^e tresses of her goulden haire,
 For loue of him, y^t of her loue tooke litle care. 622

74.

- The murdered lie there. Heere Pyramus and Thysbe murdred lie ; 623
 Heere Antony and Cleopatra been ;
 Heere Ajax, with his bloody speare fast by ;
 Heere Cato, and y^e Carthagenian Queen :
 Sad spectacles ! no sadder euer seen ! 627
 Ægeus was heere, deluded once by fame ;
 Empedocles leapt hither through y^e flame
 Of Ætna ; and y^e Stagirite by water came. 630

75.

- [Melancholy described] But loe, within, dull Melancholy sits, 631
 By his gesture. Proppinge with weary hand his heauy head,
 And lowringe on y^e ground in franticke fits,
 Melancholy looks like Death. With pallid hue hee look'd, as hee were dead,
 Or Death himselfe : for many hee had sped 635
 By the severall parts of his body. And sent vnto y^e graue : rough was his haire,
 His hollowe eyes, Hyæna-like did staire,
 Sparkelinge like fishes scales amid y^e cloudy aire. 638

76.

- [leaf 70] Longe eares, blacke lippes, teeth yeallowe, meagr[e] face,
 Sharpe nose, thin cheekes, chin pendant, vaulted cragge,
 Lean ribbes, bare loynes, lanke belly, snale-like pace,
 By his apparell. Lame feet, dead hands, and all his garments sag[ge:]
 [y^r = ther] Heere hanges a patch, and ther a tatter'd ragge : 643
 Such Melancholy hight ; and seated so,

A thousand Gorgons doe his fancy woe,
And horrid apparitions about him throughe. 646

77.

Sometimes with loue his cogitation swells, 647

And then 'gainst churlish riualdry hee braules,

And of his Ladies cruelty hee tells,

And makes sad plaint vnto y^e ruthlesse walles :

In hast, for paper, pen, and inke, hee calles, 651

A letter to his loue hee will endite,

And with a thorne on ground hee 'gins to wright ;

Then vp hee takes y^e dust, and blowes it out of sight.

Melancholy
complains his
Lady's cruelty.

78.

Sometimes about y^e starres his minde doth roue, 655

And light Ambition in his brest beares swaye ;

And then hee will contend with mighty Ioue,

And haue commaund o'r vassal Titan's raye :

But, by and by, hee softly steales awaye, 659

And slinkes from out his den, supposinge ther[e]

Some furious hagge would him in peeces teare,

So closely couch'd hee lies, all quiueringe for feare. 662

Diuerse kinds of
Melancholy
describ'd.

79.

Nowe out hee hollowes, and full loudly yells, 663 [leaf 70, back].

As if hee chas'd before him some wilde beast :

But that deuise another thought expells ;

And till hee finde his goulden interest,

Hid vnder ground, with feare hee is possest : 667

Nowe hee supposes, hee 's a man of glasse ;

And nowe straunge colours seeme before him passe ;

And now hee thinkes, hee is not, what but nowe hee was.

80.

Hard by his side, sad Magdalene was plac't,

Within y^e vgly caue of this dull spright.

Kindely each other at y^e first embrac't,

But soone shee felt y^e rancor of his spight,

MARY MAGDALENE.

671 Mary is with
Melancholy in his
cave.

D

Mary's pleasure
is changed to
sadness.

For all her daye was turned into night : 675
And shee, y^t was with pleasure lately crown'd,
Now hanges y^e head, and viewes y^e cursed ground,
Bearinge about her still an euer-smarting wound. 678

81.

As in the splendor of a glassy sphere, 679
What s'euer hee y^t vewes it, doth assaye,
Bee sure to see it represented there,
The mimicke orbe each action will bewraye,
And in a nimble shaddowe soone displaye 683
The motion of y^e foot, y^e hand, y^e eye,
The lippes, y^e tongue, and tell what is awry,—
Whither hee sad his browe, or looke more cheerfully,—

82.

[leaf 71]
She shares all
Melancholy's
fancies.

So Magdalene is Melancholies Ape, 687
And, what soe'r hee does, assayes to doe :
His fancy bringes him each fantasticke shape,
And so fantasticke is her fancy too :
Hee stayes, shee stands : hee stirres, and shee doth goe :
Hee trembles at y^e trembling of the winde ;
Shee feares each blast : hee beares a guilty mind ;
A guilty conscience shee within her brest can finde. 694

83.

Ovid: meta-
morph: lib: 4:
fab: 10:

There is a path adown a steepy waye, 695
Wrapt all in vncouth silence of the night,
Where wandringe (cursed hap !) poore pilgrims stray[e,]
A path, y^t leades vnto y^e lake Cocyte,
Where hellish torments wretched soules affright, 699
Where deadly scritch-owles direfull dities sing[e,]
[y^r = their] The grisly ghostes y^r sorrowe ecchoinge,
And all about y^e aire y^e poyson'd vapours clinge. 702

84.

A thousand gates and entraunces there bee, 703
To Lethes burninge waues and scaldinge fire,

- But backe againe, wee no returne can see ;
The Lions den lets fewe or none retire :
And though y^e intricate Dædalean gyre 707 Entrance is easy
Haue many portalls, easy to attaine, to it;
Yet hee y^t knowes how to returne againe. return impossible.
May count y^e countles sands, and make y^e mountains
plaine. 710
85.
- As Amfitrite in her larger wombe 711 [leaf 71, back]
Receiues all other floods and Chrystall brookes,
So doth this lake all hopelesse soules in-tombe,
And still it hath more roome, for more it lookes :
So many windinges there, and wandringe nookes, 715
That, though all nations of y^e world should cease,
And fall together in a close-throng'd prease,
Yet boundlesse hell could ne'r perceiue his owne
encrease. 718
86.
- There raginge winter euer doth abide, 719 Eternal cold is
And yet no showre, y^r burninge tongues to wet : there,
They allwayes haue y^e parchinge sommer tide, and parching
And yet no sun, y^r frozen limmes to heat : heat,
So doe they fryinge freeze, and freezinge sweat : 723
And (y^t which to y^r gripinge paine and greife
Still addes a newe supplie without releife)
Æternity amonge y^r torments is y^e cheefe. 726
and everlasting
torments.
- 87.
- Hither came Nemesis, and left y^e skie ; 727 Nemesis
(In iust reuenge shee tooke so much delight :) Κατ' ἀνθρώπο:
Soone as shee entred with her maiesty, πάθειαν.
The ghostes inuegled with perpetuall night, enters Hell.
Stood all amaz'd, and trembled at the sight : 731
Their eyes were dazled with her bright attire,
But, o, they quaked at her awfull ire,
Freezinge with fearefull could amid the flames of fire. 734

88.

[leaf 72] Amonge y^e blacker sonnes of Tartary, 735
 Nemesis calls up 7 fiery Spirits,
 Seu'n hideous fiery sprights shee euocates :
 They came with speed ; yet durst not come too nigh,
 Least, happily adiudged by y^e Fates,
 They should augment y^r chaines and heauy weights :
 For Iustice could not Stygian vassals brooke ;
 But terrified them with her angry looke,
 And heau'nly maiesty in hell vpon her tooke. 742

89.

In thunder then shee spake, great silence made, 743
 (At eu'ry worde shee shak'd y^e gates of hell)
 " Goe to y^e earth, and seeke y^e wanton maide
 That erst in idle Pleasures courts did dwell,
 But nowe remains in Melancholies cell ! 747
 Torment and vexe her ! take away her rest !
 Enter her thoughts ! fully possesse her brest !
 But spare her life ! in y^t yee haue no interest." 750

Melancholy a fit
 preparatiue to
 possession,
 and bids them
 torment Mary.

90.

So hauinge giu'n her charge, awaye shee flinges 751
 From out y^e cauernes of aye-lastinge woe,
 And postes vnto y^e skie with nimble winges,
 Where Iris by y^e waye salutes her lowe,
 And on her weeds sweete water shee would throughe :
 But y^e immortall power gaue no consent :
 For though vnto y^e poyson'd lake shee went,
 Vncapable shee was of y^e sulphurean sent. 758

Then Nemesis
 goes back to the
 sky.

91.

[leaf 72, back] The Hierarchies and Dominations bright, 759
 Burned in fiery zeale and zealous fire,
 Soone as thees tidings shee had tould arright,
 And all with her in iust reuenge conspire :
 The hellish fiends were glad at Heauens ire ; 763
 And though about them they y^r to[r]ments bore,

Zanch: lib: 4:
 cap: 19:

Yet nowe more ioyfull then they were before, The 7 damned
Spirits find
The damned spirits scund'd alonge y^e Stygian shore.

92.

Through sad Cimmerian¹ mistes as blacke as night, 767 [¹ MS. Cimme-
riam]
At length to fresher aire they did aspire ;
Though dazled with y^e glimmeringe of the light,
They easily found out this aged Sire : Melancholy,
Swift was y^r speed, but swifter y^r desire, 771
Had not they been with iron chaines confin'd,
By him y^t greeat Leuiathan can binde.
Then let not silly Saints bee troubled in y^r minde. 774

93.

Soone as into his cell they entraunce made, 775
(And soone they entraunce made into his cell,)
Leauinge y^e borders of the airy glade,
Within y^e Damsells brest they come to dwell, and take up their
abode in Mary's
breast.
And thither bringe they mischeefes store from hell :
Scorpions, and flames of Ætna, to affright ;
Madnesse and feare, with many a ghastely sight, 781
And malice (what more deadly ?) like a womans spight. Iunonis odium.

94.

But then y^e haplesse maide (vnhappy tide !) 783 [leaf 73]
Incited by y^e monsters huge² within, Virgil: Ænei: 7:
et: Hom: Il: 6:
Runs maddinge vp and downe y^e citie wide,
Like to y^e top, y^t in his gyre doth spin,
When game-some lads with limber stroakes begin 787 They drive her
To scourg it round about some larger court,
That fecches compasse, while y^e simple sorte
Stand wondringe at y^e swiftenesse of y^e boxen sport. 790

95.

The stroakes adde heart, and driue it forward well : 791
No slower pace y^e maide is forced to hie,
Through th' midst of cities, and of people fell ; through cities and
woods.
Beside, [i]nto y^e woods shee seemes to flie,

² MS. 'monsters hunge', with (?) *n* of *hunge* crossed out.

Like to y^e Menades y^t 'Euhœ' crie, 795
 And in the honour of y^e God of wine,
 Nourish y^r sacred haire, and doe entwine
 Their tender Iuy iauelins with y^e braunchinge vine, 798

96.

That girt about with y^e faire spoyle of hindes, 799
 Their merry orgialls and iollities
 Aye celebrate, with mad outrageous mindes,
 And fill y^e great circumference of y^e skies
 With hideous shouts, and vaste redoubled cries. 803
 So doth y^e Damsell wander heere and there,
 Trailinge along her lowe dissheueld haire,
 With fearefull fire enflam'd, and could with fiery feare.

Mary wanders
 about, with hair
 dishevelled.

97.

[leaf 73, back] Nowe through y^e aire with nimble pace shee braues, 807
 And on y^e top of snowy hills is plac't ;
 And nowe vnto y^e dales beneath shee waues,
 And yet shee knowes no reason of her hast :
 Sometimes shee makes her nest in deserts waste, 811
 And groaues become her den, with trees around ;
 But litle it auailles to hide a wound :
 A guilty conscience maye in darkest night bee found. 814

She makes her
 nest in deserts.

98.

Nowe shee is catchinge Cynthia by y^e horne, 815
 (For so y^e troubled fancy will suppose,)
 And nowe y^e wandringe planœts shee doth scorne ;
 Vnto y^e higher Cynosure shee goes ;
 But by and by a newe delusion throughes 819
 Her pride as lowe as Phlegetonticke maine .
 So litle blisse eu'n in our dreames wee gaine ;
 And for such momentary ioye, such endlesse paine. 822

Her fancy is
 disordered.

99.

Heere a longe time musinge in mind shee stayes, 823
 Conceitinge shee in Pluto's court remaines :

Heere flames shee sees: 'greater, my flames!' shee sayes;
 There ice congeald; but coulder are her veins;
 And all y^e fictions of infernall paynes, 827 *She thinks she
 suffers all the
 pains of Hell,*
 Shee to her selfe ascribes: dire vulturs rent
 Her bowells, Tityus-like; and shee is spent
 With longing for y^e fount and tree neare-imminent. 830

100.

And Sisyphus his stone, shee makes account, 831 *[leaf 74]
 with Sisyphus,*
 Comes roulng, troulinge downe y^e hill againe,
 That erst shee labour'd vp y^e steepy mount:
 And nowe shee must endure Ixions paine *with Ixion,*
 On y^e tormentinge wheele: then all in vaine 835
 With Danaus his daughters shee helps fill *and the daughters
 of Danaus.*
 The siue-like vessells, y^t y^e water spill
 Out at a thousand holes, y^r taske renewinge still. 838

101.

Thus (ah poore soule!) shee 's tossed too and fro: 839
 The deadly feinds, y^r furious will obtaine: *The violence of
 possession.*
 And nowe her body headlonge downe they throughe,
 Into y^e brinish waters of y^e maine;
 And nowe in fiery flames shee 's allmost slaine: 843
 Sometimes shee liues in dens and hollowe caues,
 Sometimes shee has her dwellinge in y^e graues,
 And sometimes on y^e top of ragged rockes shee raues.

102.

No freinds can now persuade her to abide; 847
 No bolts of iron can her feet detaine:
 The spirits driue her on with winde and tide: *She is driven
 about,*
 (Where reason's failinge freindshippe is but vaine)
 Fetters, like limber strawes, shee breakes in twaine, 851
 And then vnto y^e monuments shee flies,
 Where, groavelinge on the ground, shee breathlesse *and falls down.*
 lies:
 When (poore distressed soule!) oh when, wilt thou
 arise? 854

103.

[leaf 74, back] Vnhappy seruants to such Fairy nymphes ! 855
 Vnhappy younglinges, that haue such a sire!
 Vnhappy handmaidens to such cursed impes,
 That, for a litle sweete of vaine desire,
 Adde paine to paine, and fuell to y^e fire ! 859

The writer pities
 Mary. Vnhappy Magdalene ! vnhappy I !
 Vnhappy all vnder y^e azure skie,
 Had not heau'n pity'd earth, and life been pleas'd
 to die. 862

104.

No cruelty is as
 bad as Hell's. No cruelty with Hellish, maye compare, 863
 For, from this fount, all cruelty proceeds :
 While bloody Sylla no mans blood will spare,
 (The walles lament, and swellinge Tyber bleeds) ;
 The Furies fury, fury slaughter breeds : 867
 Eight thousand Romans, Mithridates sped
 With one sad letter : and on bodies dead,
 Through Vergell, did y^e Punick wight his army lead.

105.

From Hell, Perillus fetcht his bull of brasse, 871
 Wherin him-selfe first learnt to lowe and roare ;
 (The Italian Turk, and cannon,
 came thence.) Th' Italian Turke from hence deriued was ;
 And army-murdringe peeces from this shore,
 Were, by y^e Spanish frier, brought in store : 875
 There Cain first learnt his brothers blood to spill ;
 Herod, his endlesse fury to fullfill,
 Had a decree from thence, y^e tender babes to kill. 878

106.

[leaf 75] Fond worldlinges then, that make a league with Hell,
 As if thees quicke sands did not all beguile ; 880
 If so it were, y^e Scythians sure did well
 T' adore y^e Fiend for feare, and those of Nile

To worshippe Ibis and y^e Crocodile : 883
 But pride and tyranny together rise :
 Since Lucifer 's debarred from y^e skies,
 Hee in y^e ayre his stratagems doth exercise. 886

107.

Witnessed distressed Maries sad estate,	887	Mary is in sad estate.
Who erst with worldely happinnesse was blest,		
And liu'd in Pleasures affluence of late :		
But gnawinge Conscience, deuoy'd of rest,		Conscience has
Her shorte-liu'd pleasure quickly dispossesst,	891	turned her
Her former iollity, tormenting thought,		pleasure to
Terroure of conscience, melancholy wrought		misery.
That misery, ¹ and misery to Mercy brought.	894	

¹ ' Misery ' from B. It is torn out of H.

[leaf 76]

Mary Magdalens death to sinne

OR

Her life in righteousnesse.

[PART II.]

108. (II. 1)¹

Soe night with sable weedes 'gan disapeare, 895
 So melancholy vanishd quite away ;
 So ioy her chearfull countenance did reare,
 So did the orient day-springe bringe the day,
 And all the trees were clad with bloominge May : 899
 The gladsome wren sate carolinge y^e while,
 And faine the Titmouse would the day beguile,
 But vnderneath, the meadowes at y^r musicke smile. 902

The occasion of
 Maries dis-
 possession.

109. (II. 2)

Why did the flowers blaze in wanton pride, 903
 And pearke y^r heades aboute the tender stalkes ?
 Why was the Mary-gold distended wide ?
 Why sange the birds amonge² their leauy walkes ?
 Why skipp'd the lambs vpon their steepy balkes ? 907
 Certes, the welbeloued went that waye,
 The heire of heauen, from whose glorious ray
 The Sun deriues his light, and Phosphorus y^e daye. 910

Christ, in his
 course,

110. (II. 3)

[leaf 76, back] And as that way he went (thrice happy houre !) 911
 sees Mary. He spy'd a mayde come tumblinge downe apace,

¹ The numbering of the Stanzas begins again with 1 in the MS, but it is carried on from Part I in this print, for convenience of reference, as *M. M.* st. 108, &c.

² Corrected to 'amid'.

From toppe of hills, y^t to the heauen towre :
 A hollowe voice he heard, y^t would aghast
 A wandringe straunger, and the Spirits cast 915 The Spirits in her
 Her beauteous frame before his whiter feet, cast her at His
 And boweing to y^e ground, (as it was meete,) feet.
 His maiesty with feigned salutations greete. 918

111. (II. 4)

Then with their vncouth hollow soundinge voice, 919
 (Such language Hell had taught them longe agoe,)
 They roare and crye aloude with hydeous noyse,
 “Wee knowe thy name; and whence thou art, we The Spirits in
 knowe : Mary ask Christ
 not to turn them
 out of her.
 O doe not vse vs licke a cruell foe ! 923
 Thou art the Sonne of God, for euer blest !
 Thou cam’st to saue ; then saue vs with y^e rest,
 And dispossesse vs not from out this balefull brest ! 926

112. (II. 5)

“Wee bee y^e harbingers of heauens ire, 927
 Wee Mercuries vnto Astræa bright,
 Wee punish sinners in y^e lake of fire,
 Wee giue thee reuerence, and homage right,
 And dutifully tremble at thy sight ; 931 They tremble and
 obey Him, the
 While man doth mocke at heauens ofspringe still,
 Wee yeeld obedience to thy sacred will :
 Thou art a springe of good ; oh, worke not vs this ill !” Source of Good.

113. (II. 6)

Wonder it is, y^t this accursed crue 935 [leaf 77]
 Should knowe y^e Sauour, whom but few could knowe ; For so hee is
 Sure, they obseru’d his white and ruddy hue, described in the
 That made him cheefest of 10 thousand showe, Canticles :
 His lockes as blacke as rauens, and y^e snowe 939 and the diue’s
 knowe the
 Of his faire Doue-like eyes. His cheekes beneath Scriptures.
 Bedight with flowers, like beds of Spices breath ; Luk: 9:
 His lily lippes, pure myrrhe vnto his spouse bequeath.

114. (II. 7)

- Cantic: 5: 13:** His hands, Gould ringes beset with Chrysolite ; 943
 His mouth, with sweetnesse fraught, and odours newe ;
 His belly vnder, like y^e Iu'ry white,
 All interchast with veins of Sappheirs blewe :
 His pleasant countenance like Hermons dewe, 947
 His leggs and feete, like marble pillers rare
 On Goulden sockets, yet by farre more faire :
 His vestures, with y^r Casia perfum'd y^e aire. 950

115. (II. 8)

- Christ's robe.** A robe hee wore, like to his essence, pure ; 951
 That vndiuided ; vndeuided hee :
 No wonder then (though 't seemes a wonder, sure)
 That gloomy hell withouten eyes can see,
 Iesus alone y^e holy one to bee, 955
 And y^e Messias, y^t should sin deface :
 Such was his countenance and louely grace,
 That they bewrayd his country, and his heau'nly race.

116. (II. 9)

- [leaf 77, back] Though thought be free, nor can y^e Stygian frie 959
Zanch: lib: 3: Enter y^e chambers of our better parte,
cap: 9: et: lib: 9: (For y^t belonges to heau'ns all-seeinge eye,
cap: 9: To search y^e reines, and vnderstand y^e hearte,
 Nor will he this vnto his foes imparte) 963
 Whither they through y^e Sences windowes pry'd,
 Or this by reuelation espy'd :
 They knewe our Sauours thought, and what would them
 betyde. 966

117. (II. 10)

- But thus y^e subtile serpents him bespake, 967
 Hopinge, of Mercy, mercy to obtaine :
 Yet simple elues, y^r marke they did mistake,
 And hopinge prayd, and prayinge prayd in vaine :

For hee, poore Adam's sonnes will rather gaine ; 971
 " You knowe me, (said hee) but I knowe not you ;
 And yet I knowe yee for a cursed crewe :
 Then leaue your habitation, and seeke a newe ! 974

Christ bids the
Spirits quit Mary.

118. (II. 11)

Like as y^e thunder on mount Sinai hearde, 975
 With flashinge lightnings and shrill trumpets sounde,
 The future nations of Salem feard,
 And made them flie, or fall flat on the ground,
 Soe doth y^e thunder of his voice confounde 979
 The powers of hell, who from his glorious sight,
 Swellinge with rancor, blasphemies and spight,
 Vnto y^r dungeon againe they take y^r flight. 982

The dispossession
of the euill
spirits.

119. (II. 12)

Soone as they tooke y^r leaue, y^t causd her thrall, 983 [leaf 78]
 Downe sunke y^e Damsell in amazement deepe, Mary sinks down.
 (After an earth-quake, soe the ground doth fall,)
 And soundinge, yeelded to a sencelesse sleepe,
 Ne could shee speake a worde, ne could shee weepe : 987
 But he y^t conquered all the powers beneath,
 The Hell of sin, and sin of Hell, and Death,
 Soone brought againe y^e maydens pantinge, faintinge
 breath. 990

120. (II. 13)

With milke-white hand, hee by y^e hand her tooke, 991 Christ lifts her by
 the hand,
 And stayd her faintinge head, and bad her cheare :
 The burninge feuer then her heart forsooke,
 Instead of which there came a suddaine feare :
 So, when y^e night begins to disappeare, 995
 The dawinge of y^e day with glimmeringe light,
 That seemeth vncouth to y^e weaker sight,
 One newly layd a sleepe, and new awakd doth fright.

121. (II. 14)

But feare soone vanishd, when y^e heauenly swan, 999
 and comforts her. With Musicke of his voice did comforte giue ;
 And then to sue for fauour shee began,
 And humbly craue y^t shee with him might liue,
 That did her soule from Hell and death repreiue. 1003
 As yet he granted not her suite : but said,
 “Thy trespasses are pardoned (O maide) !
 [1 first, ‘them’] Repent¹ thee ; and to sin heere after, bee affrayd !”

122. (II. 15)

[leaf 75, back] Thus did y^e winged Perseus of y^e skie 1007
 Mary is rescued. Deliuier our distress’d Andromede,
 That nowe with greefe prepar’d herselfe to dye
 By y^e waue-tossinge monster of y^e sea,
 The sea of Acheron : nowe Panopee, 1011
 With all her nimphes, scuddes on y^e marble plaine ;
 The storme is ouerblowne, and once againe
 Daye triumphes ouer night, and pleasure ouer paine. 1014

123. (II. 16)

The ship, that erst was toss’d with winde and tyde ;
 Hath nowe y^e port of quietnesse attaind ;
 The pilgrime wandringe through y^e deserts wide,
 Hath nowe at length a ioyefull harbour gaind ;
 And shee, that erst was pitied and plaind, 1019
 The returne of a
 good conscience. Nowe weepes for ioy, and ioyes in sorrow true ;
 And faire Syneide is return’d to viewe
 Her chambers, and to build y^e palaces a newe. 1022

124. (II. 17)

No sooner had she entred, but y^e mayde 1023
 Felt a warme motion within her brest,
 And hard a tongue (though none shee sawe) y^t sayd :
 Mary is told to
 seek Repentance. “Goe to y^e courts of Wisedome, gentle guest ;
 There seeke Repentance, and with her, find rest : 1027

Repentance hath a flood, doth euer flowe,
 A flood of brinish¹ teares and bitter woe,
 That, bee thou n'er soe blacke, will make thee white as
 snowe." 1030

125. (II. 18)

Mary, aggladded at this ioyfull newes, 1031 [leaf 79]
 Seekes for y^e palaces of Sapience; Mary is guided
 to the Palae of
 Wisdom.
 A siluer doue, y^e way vnto her shewes,
 And with his bill giues her intelligence,
 Soe that shee needs no conduct of y^e sence, 1035
 And yet shee can not bee without it well.
 Such pleasure, by y^e way shee goes, doth dwell,
 'T is hard to bee conceiud, but harder farre to tell.

126. (II. 19)

The forrests were like fragrant Lebanon : 1039 Cantic: 4: 11:
 Pome-granates sweete, and saffron there contend ;
 Spiknarde and Camphire with browne Cinnamon ; Wisdom
 described by her
 forrest.
 Calamus, Myrrhe and Aloes befreind .
 Th' enamour'd ayre, and all about they send 1043
 Perfumes, exhaled from y^r spicy beds.
 And heere and there a springe of milke dispreads,
 And hony-dewe y^e sweeter shrubs of spices weds. 1046

127. (II. 20)

The riuers shind with oyle, and on y^e shore 1047 On the shore are
 pearls and jewels.
 Faire Margarites and costly iewells laye ;
 The land emboweled great mines of Ore,
 And all a-longe y^e tinne-decayinge way,
 The goodly Cedars seem'd to bidde her stay : 1051
 These did her captiuated eyes delight ;
 The flowry beds detaine her feete so white,
 And middle-sizēd shrubs her tender hands invite. 1054

¹ MS. 'brimish,' as below too, p. 54, l. 1232.

128. (II. 21)

[leaf 79, back] But then a rarer spectacle shee spies, 1055
 By the situation of her tower. The tower of Wisedome, y^t did seeme to threat,
 With highe-aspiringe toppe y^e cloudy skies :
 The ground-worke on a massy rocke was set,
 That neither windes could hurt, nor waters great. 1059
 Sharpe prickinge thornes and thistles were before ;
 On each side, desarts waste, and wilde beasts roare ;
 Beyond, a furious sea doth wrastle with y^e shore. 1062

129. (II. 22)

Why standes it on a hill ?—her glorie's highe ; 1063
 Why on a rocke ?—shee constant doth perseuer ;
 Wisdom's Palace. Why thornes before it ?—hard aduersity
 And spiny labour goe before her euer ;
 Why seas beyond it ?—head-longe folly neuer 1067
 Is farre from daunger ; why on eyther side
 Desarts and beasts ?—if either way you slide,
 Into a thousand toylesome Labyrinths you glide. 1070

130. (II. 23)

What should I of this palace more relate, 1071
 That in it-selfe all beauties doth enfould ?
 All there was pretious, and of highest rate,
 And though all glist' red not, yet all was gould,
 Or moude as pure, or farre the purer mould. 1075
 By humility her porter. Watchfull Humility still kept y^e dore,
 And none had entrance to y^e courte, before
 They crau'd her helpinge hand, and did her ayde
 implore. 1078

131. (II. 24)

[leaf 80] Humility, instructions harbinger, 1079
 Sorrowes glad ofspringe, mother of our peace,
 Charities nurse, Religions fosterer,
 Path-way to heauen, troubled soules release ;

Prides great abater, vertues great encrease, 1083
 Others by risinge, raize y^r high desires ;
 But when shee lowest falls, shee most aspires ;
 Shee dulls y^e sharpest swordes, and quenches flaminge
 fiers. 1086

132. (II. 25)

Magdalene entred with this happy guide ; 1087
 And all amazed at y^e rasters¹ bright, [1 ? rafters]
 Stone-still shee stood, till Wisedome shee espy'd,
 With her owne worke of needle-worke bedight :
 Then while shee wonders, giue mee leauē to write 1091 **By her own**
 Of her, with whome y^e Sun may not compare : **personage.**
 Doue-like her eyes ; her lockes of curled haire, **Wised. Sal: 7:**
 A flocke of kids, y^t on mount Gilead feedinge are 1094 **29:**
Cantic: 4:

133. (II. 26)

Her temples, peices of Pomegranates seeme ; 1095 **The person of**
 Her feet, like newe-wash'd sheepe, ordred arright ; **Wisdom**
 Her lippes, a thred of scarlet, you would deeme ; **described.**
 Her necke, like Dauids tower, where men of might
 Hange vp y^r Targets, all in open sight ; 1099
 Her brests like two yonge roes of æquall age,
 Amid y^e lilies that haue pasturage :
 Her talke is euer comely, sweet her carriage. 1102

134. (II. 27)

Doth any, honours diadem admire ? 1103 [leaf 80, back]
 With her, immortall honours euer dwell.
 Doth any, great possessions desire ?
 Her riches, fadinge treasures farre excell. **Her riches excel**
 Is any thirsty ? shee 's a liuinge well ; 1107 **all other treasures.**
 Shee makes y^e weake man stronge, y^e foolish wise ;
 Shee lends y^e lame man feete, y^e blinde man eyes ;
 Shee feedes y^e hungry soule, and clothes y^e naked
 thighes. 1110

MARY MAGDALENE.

E

135. (II. 28)

By her
properties.

Wisedome 's y^e best of thinges, th' immortal treasure,
 The double booke of Nature and of grace,
 Honour deuoyd of shame, and painelesse pleasure,
 Pilot of life, and life of eu'ry place,
 Nobles reiecter, raiser of y^e base, 1115
 Falsehoods discouery, light of humaine sence,
 The great Allmighties subtill influence,
 Mirroure of maiesty, heauens purest Quintessence. 1118

Wised: Sal: 7:
v: 25: 26:

136. (II. 29)

[¹ y^t = that]

Oh that I might for euer heere abide, 1119
 Within y^e palaces, that¹ age out-last,
 And stay with Mary hard by Wisedomes side ;
 How nimby would y^e goulden numbers hast,
 When of her Nectar I should sippe a tast. 1123
 Hence did y^e waters of Castalian plaine
 First issue forth, though in a purer vaine :
 And shee, y^e Pallas is, of great Iehouahs braine. 1126

137. (II. 30)

[leaf 81]

By her 2
chambers.

In them are all

But nowe, behould, a goodly company 1127
 Of Wisedomes children stand about her round :
 Two roomes shee hath, this lowe, the other highe :
 Heere sate Prince Salomon, and Daudid crownd,
 With thousands of his Saints in pleasure drownd. 1131
 There stood y^e Monarche of this tripple Isle :
 The Destinies for euer on him smile.
 Others there were, but fewe, or none appear'd y^e
 while, 1134

138. (II. 31)

Beside all those that fauour her essayes, 1135
 Whom in her palaces shee highly grac't,

1122, 1123. In H., 'hast,' 'tast' have a final *e* put on by a later hand.

And crownd with garlands of immortal bayes,
 That soe y^r names might neuer be defact,
 Nor by y^e tyranny of time eract, 1139
 That they y^e Muses with y^r fauour rayse,
 And, by y^e trumpet of y^e Muses prayse,
 Out-weare all-wearinge time, and liue immortal dayes.

whom
 Wisdom makes
 immortal.

139. (II. 32)

But whither doe my wandringe numbers straye? 1143
 Returne (yee Muses) to the path againe!
 And yet, with Wisedome, well they wander may,
 Better then walke right on with folly vaine.
 Heere all y^e while stooode Magdalene, soe faine 1147
 To meete Repentance: Wisedome at y^e last
 With hand in hand (shee knew y^e Damselles hast)
 Conductes her thither, where y^e weepinge grace was
 plac't. 1150

By her inmate
 repentance.
 Wisdom leads
 Mary to Repent-
 ance.

140. (II. 33)

Streightly immured in a closet small, 1151
 Repentance sate, with eyes still fixt on ground;
 A-downe her cheekes y^e tricklinge teares fall;
 Her slender hands, her tender brest ywound;
 And, (woe is me!) shee cries with sighinge sound: 1155
 Her carelesse-hanginge haire shee teares, her head
 Was crownd with thornes, with dust besprinkeled;
 Her loynes with sacke-cloth girt, her feete vncouered

[leaf 81, back]
 Repentance
 described by her
 closet.

By her actions.

By her attire.

141. (II. 34)

Angells stood round about her, as her gard, 1159
 (Though to y^e outwarde eye, they were not seene)
 And what on earth was sayd, in heaun was hard,
 And all her teares were kept in bottels cleane;
 (Teares, though a signe, yet ease of sorrowes keene:)
 Her head was stayd by y^e Angelique crewe,
 Who all besprinkled her with holy dewe,
 That shee might neuer faint, but aye her plaints re-
 newe. 1166

By her attend-
 ants.

142. (II. 35)

By her riuer of
teares.
[¹ MS. first
'Christall.']

A Crystall¹ riuer swifte before her fled, 1167
(Noe other lookinge-glasse shee had, poore soule,
Instead of waues, the teares lift vp y^r head,
And to y^e muddy shore of sin they rowle,
Beatinge against y^e rocke of scandalls fowle : 1171
The water of it was exceedinge tarte,
Sore to y^e eyes, but saluinge to y^e heart :
Thees streames, abundant teares to all sicke soules
imparte. 1174

143. (II. 36)

[leaf 82]

Tears are
Heaven's
showers.

Teares, y^e Soules bath, y^e weepinge oliue tree ; 1175
Teares, cause of comferte, though effect of greefe ;
Teares, heauens showers, y^e dewe of Iris bee,
Teares, amonge Paradises riuers cheefe,
Teares, Pœnitences badge, and hearts releife ; 1179
Teares bee y^e sinner's solitary sporte ;
Teares, hopefull sorrowe's longe-desired port ;
Teares, handmaides to Repentance in Astræas courte.

144. (II. 37)

Repentance is the
way to Life.

Repentance is y^e way to life by death ; 1183
Repentance, health giu'n in a bitter pill ;
Repentance, hearbe of grace, diuiner breath ;
Repentance, rectifier of the will ;
Repentance, loue of good, and hate of ill ; 1187
Repentance, mirth at last, though first annoy ;
Repentance, Ibis, y^t doth snakes destroye ;
Repentance, earth's debate, heau'ns darlinge Angels
ioye. 1190

145. (II. 38)

Tears purify,

Teares quench y^e thunder-bolts of zeale diuine, 1191
Repentance makes y^e cruellst foe repent :
Teares keepe from putrefaction with y^r brine,
Repentance sharpe, but sweetend by content :

Teares earthly, yet vnto y^e heauen¹ sent ; 1195 and lead to
 Repentance euer doth y^e worke begin : heaven.
 Teares follow her, and cleanse y^e sinke of sin : [1 MS. first
 'heausn']
 Come, come, ye Saints, a pace! and with Repentance
 inne. 1198

146. (II. 39)

Desire's y^e cause of Sin ; Sin, cause of greefe ; 1199 [leaf 82, back]
 Greife bids repent, Repentance bringes forth teares ; The cause of
 Teares, pitie mooue, and pittie graunts releife, Marie Magda-
 That comforte, comforte hope, which nothinge feares ; lenes repent-
 Hope leades to faith, faith to y^e Sauour reares : 1203 ance.
 Iesus, to blisse, his militants doth raize ;
 Blisse causes glory, glory ends in prayse ;
 Prayse ends in him, y^t no begininge knew, nor end of
 dayes. 1206

147. (II. 40)

This made y^e Damsell in distressed state, 1207
 Hopinge in teares to drench her misery,
 Stand waitinge still at Pœnitence's gate :
 Where, when shee knockt, Repentance by and by
 Demanded, whoe was there ; shee made replie : 1211
 A sinfull soule.—(*Rep.*) Then must you not come The true repent-
 heere. ance is a turninge
 (*Magdal.*) Oh, let me in (sweet Grace!) you need not from sin.
 feare.
 (*Rep.*) Thou wilt defile my bridall chamber.—(*Mag.*)
 I am cleare. 1214

148. (II. 41)

(*Rep.*) Cleare? Whoe hath cleard thee, or with gracious
 light 1215
 Illumined thy minde?—(*Magd.*) The holy one.
 (*Rep.*) Where bee y^e Spirits of Infernall night,
 That whilome thee possesst?—(*Mag.*) Oh ; they are
 gone.

(*Repent.*) Where bee thy louers?—(*Mag.*) I am heere
alone. 1219
(*Rep.*) If I admit thee, wilt thou not repent?
(*Magd.*) Repent I neuer will.—(*Rep.*) To what intent
Should I then let thee in, if thou wilt n'er repent?

Mary promises
to be firm in her
repentance.

149. (II. 42)

[leaf 83] (*Magd.*) Oh yes, I will repent me of my sin ; 1223
But of Repentance I will n'er repent.
(*Rep.*) What wilt thou doe, if y^t I let thee in?
(*Mag.*) With sorrowes due, I'll paye thee yearly rent.
(*Rep.*) What diœt wilt thou haue?—(*Mag.*) Sighes to
relent. 1227
(*Rep.*) They 're too stronge-breath'd.—(*Ma.*) Fitter
for my weake plaint.—
(*Rep.*) What more?—(*M.*) Fewe teares. (*Rep.*) y^r
heat will make thee faint.
(*M.*) I freeze. (*Rep.*) They coulder are. (*M.*) I burne.
(*Rep.*) Come in, poore Saint! 1230

150. (II. 43)

Mary Magda-
lens repent-
ance.
[¹ MS. brimish]
In teares.
Soe in shee came, directed by her guide, 1231
And dipt her finger in y^e brinish¹ well,
And with her eyes y^e sharpnesse of it try'd,
From whence y^e teares, as thicke as showers, fell,
And raisd y^e bubbles of y^e watry cell, 1235
As when a doubtfull cloud dissolus his raine,
Into y^e ample bosome of y^e maine :
His showers, her teares, y^t fell, seeme all to fall in
vaine. 1238

151. (II. 44)

In gesture.
Her head hunge downe, (heauy it was with greefe,)
Nor durst shee euer looke vp to y^e skie : 1240
Of sinners shee esteem'd herselfe y^e cheefe,
And knewe y^e wrath of heauens maiesty.

Fast on y^e moystened floore, shee cast her eye, 1243
 And eu'ry where shee findes some cause to plaine,
 But still Syneide comforts her againe,
 And tells her, y^t y^e lambe, for sinners must bee slaine.

Conscience com-
 forts Mary.

152. (II. 45)

At length a rufull voice her silence brake, 1247
 Like swellinge waters, troubled with y^e winde,
 And thus with greefe of heart y^e Damsell spake,
 "Ah, foolish woman, to thy selfe vnkinde!
 When others see, howe longe hast thou been blinde? 1251
 Witnesse y^e flash of pleasure for a while,
 That, with y^e falshehood of a guilded smile,
 Did thee, poore wretch, allure; alluringe, did beguile.

[leaf 83, back]

In sorrowfull
 eiaculations.

153. (II. 46)

"Vaine pleasure, cause of endlesse paine, adieu! 1255
 Sweete is thy baite, but deadly is thy baine,
 When for an howres delight, an age wee rue,
 An ounce of mirth procures a world of paine,
 And pleasure in his infancy is slaine: 1259
 The swellinge bubble, sweet flower, springinge grasse,
 Falls, fadeth, is not, what but now it was:
 But shorter pleasure, all in shortnesse doth surpasse."

Conscience shows
 Mary the vanity
 of Pleasure.

154. (II. 47)

Thus shee laments, and while shee casts her eyes 1263
 Vpon y^e water, y^t was vnder placd,
 Her gentle shadowe, mourninge shee espies,
 And all y^e beauty of her face defacd: 1266
 "Oh, hadst thou euer, (sayes shee) thus been grac'd,
 Beauty, thou rocke of Soules, faire Sirens smile,
 Nights glitteringe glowe-worme, wepinge Crocodile.
 Beauty more lou'd then purest gould, then drosse more
 vile. 1270

In occasioninge
 of lamentation.

1268. Rawl. reads "Hellen's."

155. (II. 48)

[leaf 84] “ And yet y^e pourtract of this outward frame, 1271
 The rarest gifte, y^t euer from aboue
 Heau’n did on earth bestowe, had not y^t shame
 Of wretched man with-drawne his makers loue :
 For, saue his soule infused by y^e Doue, 1275
 What else in man worth note?—vnhappy fall.
 Since when (but whoe can date expir’d recall?)
 That which is best in vs, wee make it worst of all. 1278

156. (II. 49)

**In acknowledg-
 inge her former
 misdemeanor.** “ Thees haire, y^t modestly should haue beene ty’d 1279
 (For modesty ’s a maydes best ornament)
 Layd out in tresses, haue declar’d my pride :
 Thees eyes were made to viewe y^e firmament,
 And giue Him glory, y^t such glory lent. 1283

**Mary’s eyes have
 been wanton.** But (woe is mee!) they haue y^e glasses beene,
 Where folly lookd, and wantonnesse was seene,
 Soe ioyfull to attend vpon y^e Cyprian Queene. 1286

157. (II. 50)

**Her smiles have
 tempted the
 onlooker.** “ Thees cheekes should blush at sin with crimson die,
 But they to lewdnesse cheefely doe inuite,
 With smiles deceiuinge y^e behoulders eye :
 Thees lippes were made to prayse, and pray arright,
 Not to delude y^e soone-deluded sight : 1291
 This tongue should singe out Halleluiahs,
 Not accent vaine lasciuious essayes :
 Hands, feet, heart, all were made, to speake y^r makers
 prayse. 1294

158. (II. 51)

“ But I (poore wretch ! such wretches, sinners bee), 1295
 Led captiue by y^e powers of Hell beneath,
 Each member haue defild, noe parcell free,
 And liuinge, entred in y^e snares of death,

Vnworthy then to drawe this vitall breath. 1299
 Oh that I might those yeares againe recall,
 That made me free to Sin in Pleasures thrall."
 Yet better late repente, then not repent at all : 1302

She wishes she
 could recall her
 ill-spent days.

159. (II. 52)

No siluer haire her goulden twist had chang'd, 1303 [leaf 84, back]
 No pallid hue assaild her rosy-red,
 No wrinkles had her browe from loue estraung'd,
 No rottenesse her Iu'ry teeth be-spread :
 Youth in his freshest colours flourished. 1307
 And yet shee thought, in humblenesse of minde,
 The dayes to longe, y^t had her thus confin'd,
 Repentance, with y^e least offence, some falt can finde.

In humblenesse.

160. (II. 53)

Thus in her selfe, her selfe shee wellnigh lost, 1311
 And on her selfe her sighes and sorrowes spent ;
 Till y^e next roome her cogitations crost,
 With pearly teares and Crystall¹ due besprent,
 And gaue her store of matter to lament : 1315
 Then shee begins a-fresh, (for to her thought
 Thees spectacles y^e courts of Pleasure brought,
 Where ill was counted good, and good was counted
 naught.) 1318

Mary weeps,
 and shows her
 repentance.

[¹ MS. first
 'Christall']

161. (II. 54)

"Faire courtes without, but foulest sinkes within, 1319
 Vnder your roofes, would I had neuer beene !
 Sweet sportes, but leauend with a lumpe of Sin !
 Would God, I neuer had your madnesse seene !
 And thou, vaine Pleasure, youths adored queene, 1323
 Oh, maist thou euer bound in hell remaine,
 And suffer torments of ceterall paine !
 For thou hast ship-wrackt all, and many a Soule hast
 slaine. 1326

In detestinge of
 her sinfull life.

162. (II. 55)

[leaf 85] "Better it is with-in this narrowe roome 1327
 She would rather
 be shut up,
 than left free to
 sin.
 To spend our flittinge dayes, and closely keepe,
 Then, while wee liue, soe fairely to intombe
 Our soules in Marble pleasures, y^t will weepe
 Dayes without end, when wee haue tooke our sleepe.
 Better, this well of teares, then clearest founts,
 For sad Repentance, in true ioye surmounts
 Vaine Pleasures shady bowers, sweet gardens, rich
 accounts. 1334

163. (II. 56)

"Better thy thorne-bush then a crowne of Myrtle, 1335
 Thy ashes, better then y^e bread of strife ;
 Better thy sacke-cloth, then a silken kirtle ;
 Thy bitter, better then y^e sweetest life ;
 Better thy selfe, then is y^e rarest wife : 1339
 Repentance is the
 key of Heaven.
 Repentance, hearts content, y^e sinners stay,
 The salt of all our actions, y^e key
 That opens heau'n, and leads into y^e courts of day. 1342

164. (II. 57)

"The hate of sinfull life, and sorrowes deepe, 1343
 Surpasse y^e loue of life, and life of loue :
 For what is y^t which wantons 'loue' yclepe,
 But hot desires y^t doe each passion mooue,
 And through y^e veines with lust-full poyson roaue ;
 A foolish fancy and a pleasinge paine,
 That dimmes y^e eyes, and dulls y^e purest braine. 1349
 But loue, from heauen came, and thither goes againe."

165. (II. 58)

[leaf 85, back] So nowe, me thinkes, her waylinge should be done, 1351
 Mary stops weep-
 ing,
 The closets shutt, y^e liquid fountaine drie ;
 Herselfe, loue, pleasure, shee hath ouer-run,
 Yet downe her cheekes y^e Isicles doe hie,

Though sad laments and waylinge accents die : 1355
 Sighes serue for voice, teares for a tongue, to showe
 The meaninge of her minde, and inward woe :
 And when all 's done, abroad shee and Repentance goe.

and goes out with
Repentance.

166. (II. 59)

And as they walke abroad in open aire, 1359
 Each thing shee spies, is matter of her teares :
 The creatures with her-selfe shee doth compare ;
 And when y^e Sun in bright array appeares,
 He blushes at her shame ; and when shee heares 1363
 The chirpinge birds, she thinkes they doe reioyce
 To see her weepe, and heare her broken voice ;
 And vpon her alone, y^e beasts to gaze make choyse.

In contempla-
tion.

167. (II. 60)

As by she passes, each tree shakes his head, 1367
 Notinge her shame, and infamy of life :
 The flowers turne, and seeme refuse her tread ;
 The buzzinge flies about are very rife ;
 The winde, against her, blowes with mickle strife :
 But to herselfe most sharpe, she rents her haire,
 Showringe forth teares, with sighes and humble
 prayer,
 So to content y^e earth with teares, with sighes y^e aire.

All Nature seems
to reproach Mary.

Ioy'n'd with
sighes and
prayer.

168. (II. 61)

Then a newe contemplation shee invents, 1375
 (But all her contemplations holy were,) [leaf 86]
 And thus with piteous mone shee sore laments,
 Holdinge her hands vp to y^e spangled sphære :
 " Oh thou y^t guidst thy burninge horses there, 1379
 Thy state I envie, sith thy race is run
 From East to West, and mine scarce yet begun ;
 My darknesse, others blindes ; to others, shines y^e
 Sun.

169. (II. 62)

She contrasts its
sweet scents “ Sweete is y^e smell, y^t fragrant flowers bringe, 1383
Wouinge y^e winde to kisse them once againe ;
Sweet are y^e notes, y^t birds sit carolinge
To him y^t made them ; but y^e filthy staine
with her foul sin. Of sin hath mee disodour’d, and my straine 1387
Tunes nought but vanity and fond delight :
The grasse with freshest colours is bedight ;
The trees bringe fruit : but fruitlesse I, as darke as
night. 1390

170. (II. 63)

“ The fire hath heat, but I was dead in sin : 1391
The aire is moist, my vertue withered :
Solid y^e earth : but I haue euer been
Vnstable : water coole ; I, tortured
[leaf 86, back] With burninge lust : All haue perseuered 1395
In true obedience, performinge still,
Nature has obeyed God.
Mary has wrought only ill. What was inioyn’d them first by heauens will,
While I, vnhappy soule, haue wrought no worke but [ill.]

171. (II. 64)

“ Oh that mine eyes a fountaine weare of teares, 1399
In her wishes. That I might cleanse my sin-polluted soule,
Or y^t my dayes were like y^e Eagles yeares,
That with my age I might renewe my smarte,
So should Repentance neuer from mee parte !” 1403
But oh, enough (faire Damsell), though y^e skies
Nor y^e vast sea with water can suffice
To purge our sin, yet faith from heauen biddes thee rise.”

172. (II. 65)

Mary hears that
Jesus is at the
Pharisee’s house. So shee arrose, and by y^e way heard tell, 1407
That Iesus with y^e Pharise nowe sate :
Thrice happy messenger, y^t came so well,
Such vnexpected tidinges to relate,

And helpe a sinner in distress'd estate! 1411
 Yet shee was daunted at y^e Pharise,
 (For Pharises and sinners n'er agree,
 Though Pharises themselues, of s[i]nners cheefest bee).

173. (II. 66)

A while shee pauzing stood, and 'gan to doubt, 1415 [leaf 87]
 Whither shee to y^e Pharises should goe, She doubts whe-
 ther she should
 go there.
 Or rather for her Sauour stave without;
 (Such men bee of austere regarde, wee knowe,
 And to y^e vulgar make a goodly showe.) 1419
 But other thoughts, to quell this care begin,
 "The Pharise's a man, and men haue sin;
 Then, bee hee n'er so good, a better is within." 1422

174. (II. 67)

"A better is within, and hee so good, 1423
 That howe maye I, polluted soule, come neare?
 Women defiled with a fluxe of blood,
 Maye not amonge y^e hallowed appeare:
 I am vnclean, and leprous eu'ry where, 1427 She is unclean.
 How shall I then approach before his eye,
 More bright then is [y^e] Eagle's, y^t doth prie
 Into y^e cabinets of deepest secrecy?— 1430

175. (II. 68)

"But yet in mercy is his cheefe delight: 1431 [leaf 87, back]
 Hee came to heale y^e sicke, to saue y^e lost;
 Hee cur'd 10 Lepres, gaue y^e blinde y^r sight,
 Feet to y^e lame, life to y^e nummed ghost,
 Speech to y^e dumbe, and comferte to y^e moste: 1435
 And, which with prayse must euer bee confest,
 (Blest be y^e time! his name for euer blest!)
 Seu'n sprights, with thunder hee ycharm'd from out my
 brest. 1438

Mary recounts
 the good deeds of
 Jesus.

176. (II. 69)

" Certes his loue will couer all my shame, 1439
 And with his robe my errours I may hide :
 For I am sicke, lost, leproous, blinde, and lame,
 Dumbe, comforteles, and dead : nor is it pride,
 To seeke for helpe : then, what so'er betide, 1443
 Thither I'l goe ! if Christ once bidde me stay,
 The Pharise can neuer say mee nay :
 Oh, happy place, where heau'n hath placd another day ! "

*She resolves to
 go to Him at the
 Pharisee's.*

177. (II. 70)

[leaf 88] A boxe of costely odours shee præpar'd, 1447
 [1 H. anotnt] Odours t' anynt¹ th' anynted from aboue,
In her charity. And with it streight to Simons house shee far'd,
 With true repentance to declare her loue :
 Shee brake it, and y^e roome could soone approoue 1451
 The fragrant smell : such is a contrite heart,
 That to y^e heau'n sweet sauours doth impart,
 The oyntment of good workes, and pænitence, ne'r parte.

178. (II. 71)

Luk: 7: 38: Præpared thus, behinde his feet shee stood, 1455
In her behaiour. Dissolu'd in teares of sweet (though bitter) brine,
 [1 MS. first
 'Christall'] And with y^e torrent of a Chrystall¹ flood,
*Mary washes
 Christ's feet:
 wipes them with
 her hair, and
 kisses them.* Shee wash'd his feet, his iu'ry feet diuine,
 And then shee wip'd them with y^e goulden twine 1459
 Of her dissheuel'd haire : full many a kisse
 Shee gaue, and tooke ; and, conscous of y^r blisse,
 Her lippes waxt pale, for feare they had done ought
 amisse. 1462

179. (II. 72)

[leaf 88, back] That falt, y^e willinge maide will soon amend, 1463
*Then she anoints
 them.* For lauishely shee powres her oyntement sweet,
 (Though lauishely enough shee n'er could spend
 That which shee spent vpon his heau'nly feet :)

So did her misery his mercy greet : 1467
 Sweet was thy vnction (Mary), sweet thy kisse,
 But sweetest of all sweetes, thy teares (I-wis) :
 The onely waye to heauen, by salt water is. 1470

180. (II. 73)

Happy wert thou to touch y^e tressells bare 1471
 Of thy beloued, heau'nly paramour,
 With eye, with hand, with temples, lippe and haire :
 Yet thrice more happy, sith thy Sauour,
 With eye, heart, hand of faith thou didst adore : 1475
 So doth a loue-sicke soule of best desarte,
 Desire to touch her louer in each part,
 And closely steale his body, y^t hath stole her heart.

Happy she to
touch and kiss
her Saviour's
body so !

X

181. (II. 74)

Oyntement shee mingles aye with bitter teares ; 1479
 Teares with sweet oyntement aye shee doth confound :
 No better balme in Gilead appeares,
 No sweeter smell in Lebanons rich ground :
 This saints y^e sinner, makes y^e sickest sound : 1483
 Oyntement and teares (if true) to get her inne,
 First ope y^e sluice, and shed teares for thy sin,
 Then to anoynt Christe's feet, with Magdalen begin. 1486

[leaf 89]
She sheds bitter
tears.

X

182. (II. 75)

Humility, lowe at his feet biddes stand ; 1487
 Behinde him, rosy-blushinge Modesty :
 Teares for his feet, Repentance doth commaund ;
 And Selfe-Hate, with her haire biddes make them drie :
 Loue biddes her kisse, and Liberality 1491
 Wills her to breake y^e boxe, and oyntement powre.
 Hardenes of heart, pride, shamelesnesse before,
 Lust, luxury, selfe-loue, possess'd her thoughts of yore.

Reflections on
Mary's acts.

183. (II. 76)

[leaf 89, back] Mee thinkes, I see y^e Damsell at her worke, 1495
 While shee embalmes his feet with odours rare ;
 With modest blush, howe shee hath learnt to lurke,
 Mary at Jesus' And kisse his feet, his marble feet, so faire,
 feet. And then to wipe them with her carelesse haire : 1499
 Often her hands, often her lippes, came near[e] ;
 Oft wipes shee of y^e oyntement, y^t I feare,
 The oyntement wanted sweet, his feet perfumed weare.

184. (II. 77)

Her ointment and the Nectar of His feet are more precious than Simon's good cheer. Yet sweet y^e oyntement was, though sweeter farre 1503
 The Nectar of his feet, with dewe besprent :
 So weake perfumes (though sweet) soone drowned are,
 If they bee mingled with a deper sent :
 Simons good cheare giues no such good content : 1507
 His ghuests are frolicke with y^r dainty meat ;
 But shee delights y^e brinish teares to eat,
 And ioyeth more in hers, then they in highest seat. 1510

185. (II. 78)

[leaf 90] Some at feast haue crau'd thy company ; 1511
 An apostrophe to But fewe or none, sweet oyntement for thee kept ;
 Christe. Some haue anoynted, but fewe wip'd the[e] drie :
 Some wip'd thee drie ; but wiping, fewe haue wept ;
 Beyond them all, kinde Magdalene hath stept : 1515
 [y^r = their] Some on thy head bestow'd y^r charity,
 (Such was y^e vse in auncient times,) but shee,
 Oyntinge thy feet, from toppe to toe anoynted thee. 1518

186. (II. 79)

Would that I could do as St. Thomas or Mary did! O, that I might, with waueringe Thomas, dippe 1519
 The finger of my faith within his side,
 Or heere with Magdalene obtaine a sippe,
 (Farre from my humble thought bee greater pride !)

174



