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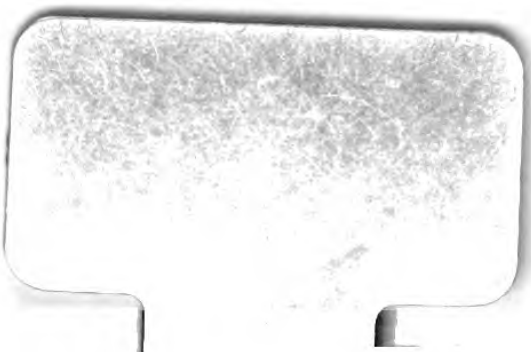
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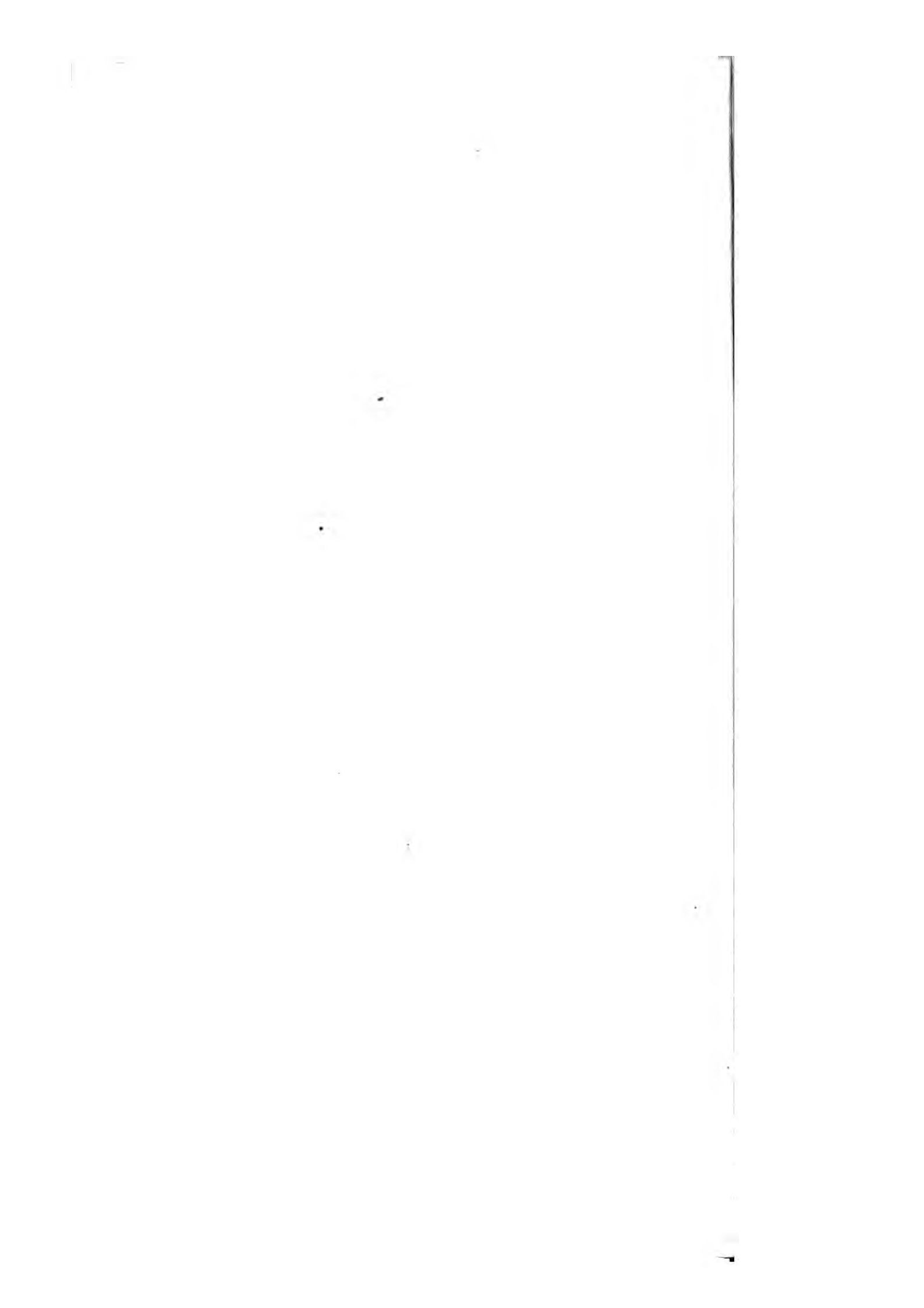
THE
Works of George Herbert

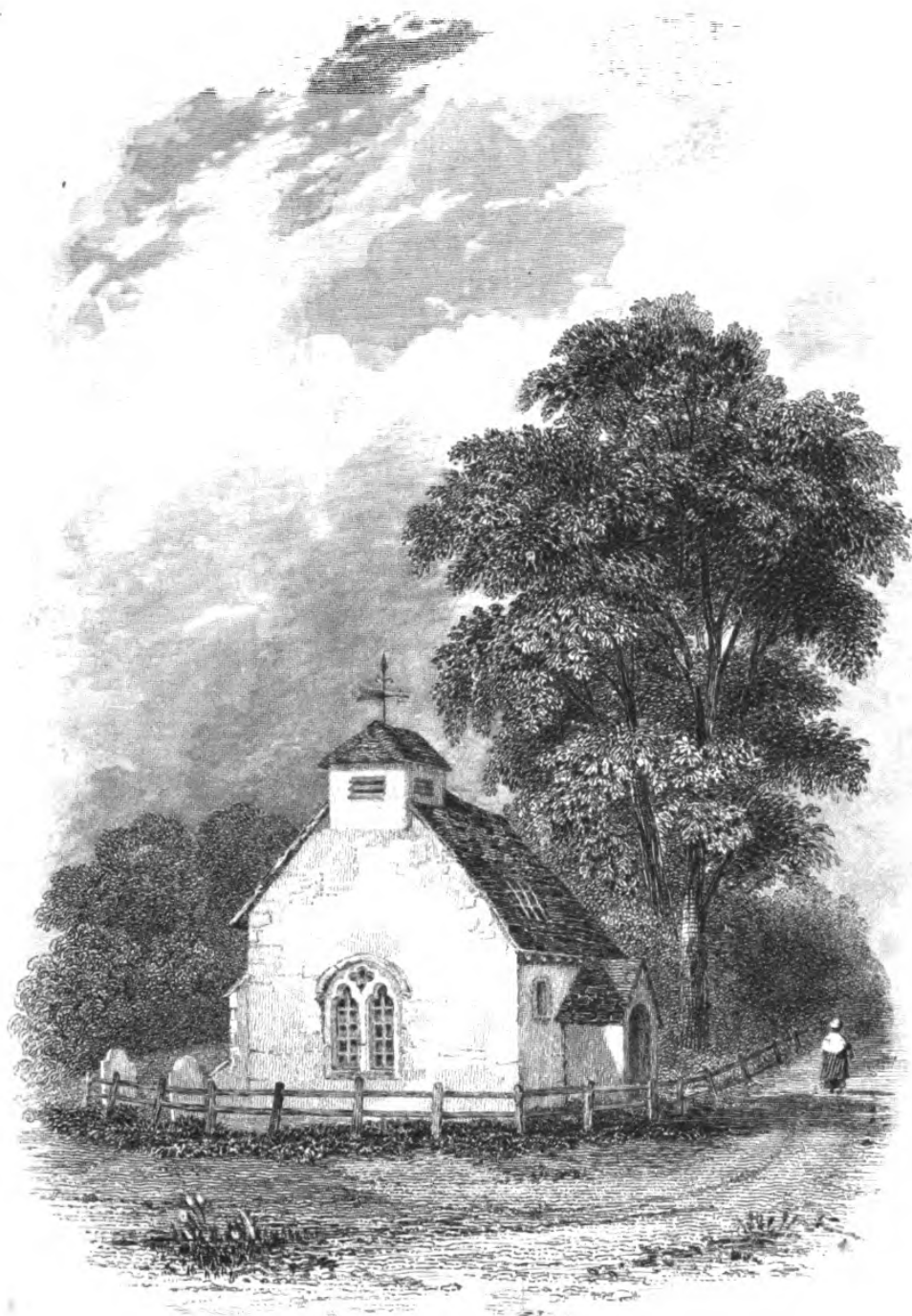
VOL. II.

The Temple and other Poems

FOURTH EDITION







Engraved by G. Adcock, from a sketch by G. Hafsell

Bemerton

London: William Pickers 1836




THE
Temple

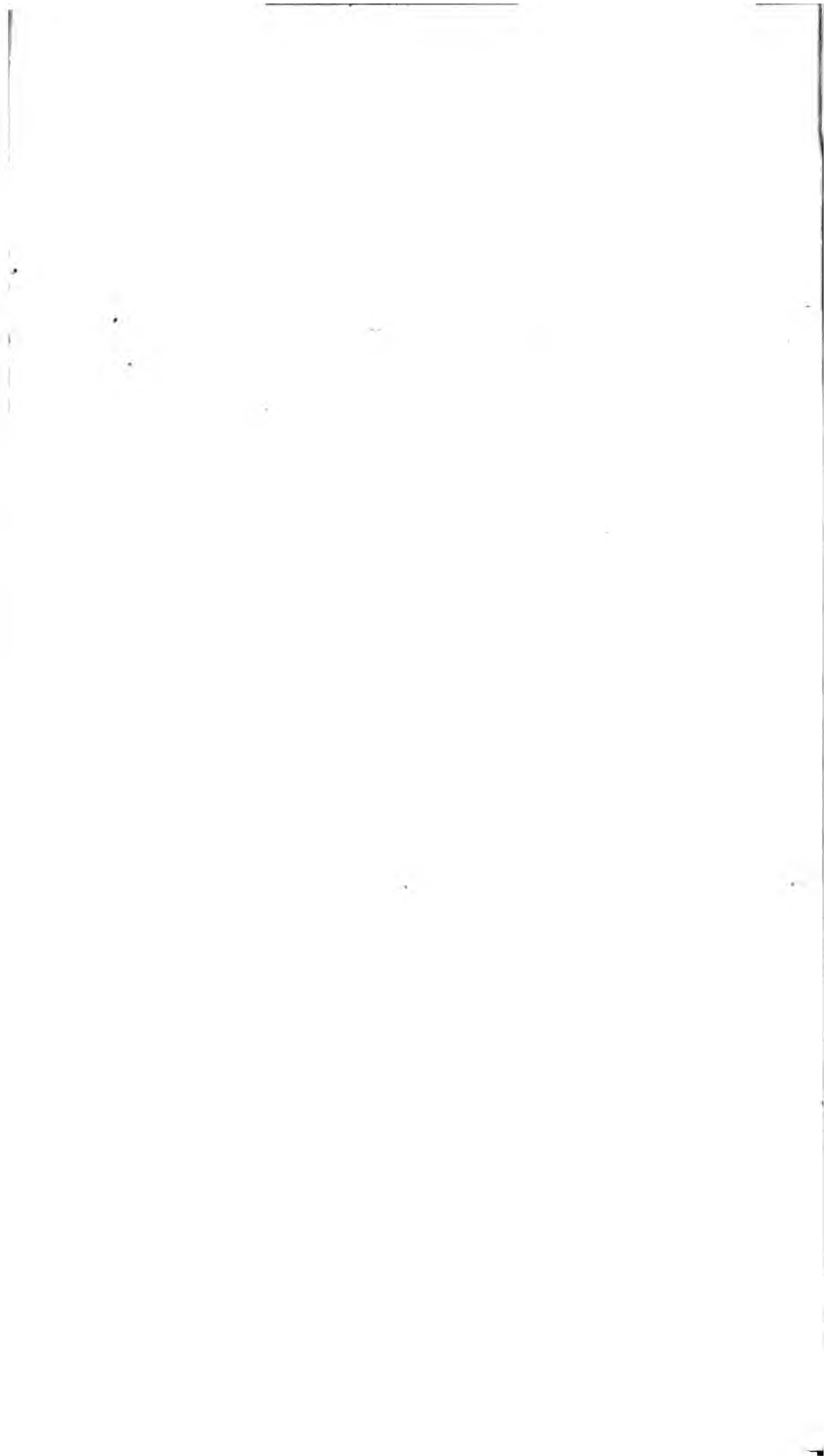
—
SACRED POEMS
AND PRIVATE
EJACULATIONS

BY
Mr. George Herbert

—
Psalm 29
*In His Temple doth
every Man speak of
His Honour*



LONDON
PICKERING
1850





Advertisement.

THE Poems of “the Divine Herbert” will be found more complete in this edition than in any that has before appeared; they were first printed at Cambridge in 1633, entitled “THE TEMPLE. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations, by Mr. George Herbert,” with a preface of “The Printers to the Reader,” by Nicholas Ferrar, who was usually called ‘The Protestant Saint Nicholas, and the pious Mr. Herbert’s brother;’* to this publication are added certain Latin and Greek poems. Of the Temple, it has been remarked by his first biographer, the Rev. Barnabas Oley, that “He that reads Mr. Herbert’s poems attendingly, shall finde not only the excellencies of Scripture Divinitie, and choice passages of the Fathers bound up in meetre; but the doctrine of Rome also finely and strongly confuted; as in the poems ‘To Saints and Angels,’ ‘The British Church,’ ‘The Church Militant,’” &c.

Richard Baxter, in the preface to his Poetical Fragments (Lond. 1681) says:—“Next to the Scripture Poems, there are none so favoury to me as Mr.

* Nicholas Ferrar translated Valdeffo’s Divine Considerations; to which work George Herbert wrote a preface and notes.—In Pickhard’s Life of Ferrar of Little Gidding is printed a Prayer by N. F. for his friend George Herbert in his Sicknes.

George Herbert's and Mr. George Sandys'. I know that Cowley and others far excel Herbert in wit and accurate composure; But (as Seneca takes with me above all his contemporaries, because he speaketh things by words, feelingly and seriously, like a man that is past jest, so) Herbert speaks to God like one that really believeth a God, and whose business in this world is most with God. Heart-work and Heaven-work make up his books."

Walton states that Herbert, on his death-bed, delivered the Temple to Mr. Edmond Duncon, his executor, with the following injunction: " ' Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Ferrar, and tell him, he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my master, in whose service I have now found perfect freedom; desire him to read it, and then if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made public; if not, let him burn it, for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies.' Thus meanly did this humble man think of this excellent book, which now bears the name of *THE TEMPLE*, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations; of which Mr. Ferrar would say, there was the picture of a Divine Soul in every page; and that the whole book was such a harmony of holy passions, as would enrich the world with pleasure and piety. And it appears to have done so, for there have been ten thousand of them sold since the first impression."*

In the life of Dr. Donne, Walton says:—

* Izaak Walton published his life of Herbert in 1670. In

“ And in this enumeration of his friends, though many must be omitted ; yet that man of primitive piety, Mr. George Herbert, may not : I mean that George Herbert, who was the author of ‘ The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Ejaculations,’ a book, in which, by declaring his own spiritual conflicts, he hath comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed soul, and charmed them into sweet and quiet thoughts ; a book, by the frequent reading whereof, and the assistance of that spirit that seemed to inspire the author, the reader may attain habits of peace and piety, and all the gifts of the Holy Ghost and Heaven, and may by still reading still keep those sacred fires burning upon the altar of so pure a heart, as shall free it from the anxieties of the

the fourth edition, 1674, Walton says, that “ there have been more than twenty thousand of them sold since the first impression.” The Temple was first printed at Cambridge, 1633 ; the second edition the same year ; third edition in 1634 ; fourth edit. 1635 ; fifth edit. 1638 ; sixth edit. 1641 ; seventh edit. 1656 ; eighth edit. 1660 ; ninth edit. 1667 ; tenth edit. 1674 ; eleventh edit. 1679 ; twelfth edit. 1703 ; thirteenth edit. 1709 ; fourteenth edit. Bristol, 1799 ; fifteenth edit. Lond. 1805. There is in the Bodleian Library a MS. formerly belonging to Abp. Sancroft, and afterwards to Bp. Tanner, entitled “ The original of Mr. George Herbert’s Temple, as it was at first Licensed for the Presse. W. Sancroft ;” beautifully written in folio, the punctuation altered by Sancroft. Dr. Bliss observes, that the poems are the same with those ed. 1656, on a slight collation, there does not appear to be any various readings, and but one transposition. On the title is the poetical dedication, and at the bottom, original autographs.—B. Lany *Procan.* Tho. Bainbrigg. M. Wren. William Beale. Tho. Freman. There is also in the same library the following in MS. “ Mr. Herbert’s Temple and Church Militant, explained and improved by a discourse upon each poem, critical and practical, by Geo. Ryley, 1715.”

world, and keep it fixed upon things that are above. Betwixt this George Herbert and Dr. Donne there was a long and dear friendship, made up by such a sympathy of inclinations, that they coveted and joyed to be in each other's company; and this happy friendship was still maintained by many sacred endearments."

Of the Latin poems, three are appended to the original edition of his Remains, two are found in the *Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses* and *Epicedium Cantabrigiense*, and three more are given from autographs in the hands of the publisher. Some others were first printed by Dr. Ja. Duport, Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, at the end of a small volume,* containing other similar productions. They are introduced with this notice, "*Epigrammata quædam pro disciplina Ecclesiæ nostræ Apologetica, aliquot abhinc annis conscripta a Geo. Herberto, at quali et quanto viro ei poeta, quam pio, quam ingenioso! de quo præstat omnino tacere quam pauca dicere; præsertim cum eximiam ejus pietatim admirabilis ingenii sale conditam loquetur Templum, loquetur Tempus, loquetur Æternitas. Hæc igitur carmina, po-*

* *Ecclesiastes Solomonis, Auctore Joan. Viviano, Canticum Solomonis: necnon Epigrammata Sacra per Ja. Duportum. Accedunt Georgii Herberti Musæ Responsorix, &c. 1662. In Duport's Musæ Subsecivæ, &c. Camb. 1676, 8vo. are Latin verses addressed to Herbert; also in a volume of Latin Poems by Will. Dillingham, D. D. of Camb. 8vo. 1678, are translations of five of Herbert's, viz. The Church Porch, The Sacrifice, Providence, Charms and Knots, and Man's Medley. In the Poems of Daniel Baker, M. A. 1697, will be found verses "On Mr. George Herbert's Poems, called the Temple." Those by Crashaw and Ford are printed at the end of the Commendatory Verses.*

pus, loquetur Æternitas. Hæc igitur carmina, polita ad modum et elegantia, τοῦ πατρὸς γνήσια τέχνα, et Auctoris genium plane redolentia, quasi aureæ coronidis (χρυσέην κορώνην Hom.) loco prioribus at- texere visum est."

The Greek and Latin Poems entitled Parentalia, were first printed at the end of a Sermon by Dr. Donne, on the death of Lady Danvers, the mother of G. Herbert. In the present volume every poetical fragment of Herbert's has been inserted, that could be traced.

The SYNAGOGUE, or the Shadow of the Temple, by the Rev. Christopher Harvey,* first printed 1640, is retained in this edition. By the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Bliss, Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, the publisher is enabled to add a Poem, ascribed to Herbert,† entitled "a Paradox, that the sicke are in a better case then the whole;" and also for some particulars of C. Harvey. The Notes of S. T. Coleridge, occur in a copy of the Temple which formerly belonged to him, and with whom it was a great favorite. He appears to have contemplated editing a selection, with an occasional verbal alteration.

The Prose Works of Herbert consist of the Priest to the Temple, Proverbs, Letters, &c. which are printed uniform with the Poems, with the Life by Barnabas Oley and Izaak Walton prefixed, and together form the entire works of Herbert known to be extant.

One of the most successful imitators of Herbert was Henry Vaughan; of whom Mr. Lyte‡ says,

* See the advertisement before the Synagogue.

† From a MS. collection of Poems in the Bodleian Library, chiefly by Cambridge men, and written from 1647 to 1658.

‡ See Vaughan's Poems, Life, p. xxxii. fcp. 8vo. Pickering, 1847.

“ Just at this time he became acquainted with the
 “ writings of George Herbert, and derived from them
 “ so much of comfort and instruction, that he deter-
 “ mined to make the life and compositions of that
 “ holy man his own future models. In imitation
 “ therefore of his Temple, he composed, during the
 “ intervals of exemption from acute suffering, a num-
 “ ber of little ‘ Sacred Poems, and private Ejacula-
 “ tions;’ and while his Oxford friends were pub-
 “ lishing, contrary to his wishes, the *Olor Iscanus*,
 “ he gave the world a more faithful record of his
 “ mind and heart, in a collection of these, entitled,
 “ ‘ *Silex Scintillans*,’ (Sparks from the flintstone.)
 “ This work was printed in London in the year
 “ 1650, and consisted of only one of the two parts
 “ subsequently published together.”

This edition of Herbert’s Temple has been very
 carefully collated with the first edition, and the ori-
 ginal orthography restored, together with the use of
 italic and capital letters; for which if any apology
 were needed The Author of the Christian Year, a
 work whose Christian feeling is in unison with that
 of Herbert, says in his preface to Hooker’s Works—
 “ that in punctuation and still more in spelling he
 “ should himself prefer an exact reprint of the ori-
 “ ginal, excepting of course the palpable errors of the
 “ press. In one respect especially, i. e. as a specimen
 “ and monument of language, ancient books lose very
 “ much of their value by the neglect of ancient or-
 “ thography.”*

* Keble, preface to Hooker, p. viii. ed. 1841.



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COMMENDATORY VERSES.

A MEMORIAL TO THE HONORABLE

GEORGE HERBERT,

AUTHOR OF THE SACRED POEMS, WHO DIED

ABOUT ANNO 1635.

READ O'er these Raptures with a curious Eye,
You must conclude, this *Eagle* soared high :
Montgomery Castle was the place where he
Had his first breathing, and Nativitie.

Of that most Noble House this *Hero* came,
Who left the World this Legacy of Fame.
Great Saint, unto thy Memory and Shrine
I owe all Veneration, save Divine,
For thy rare POEMS : Piety and Pen
Speak thee no less than Miracle of Men.
The Graces all, both Moral and Divine,
In thee concenter, and with thee combine :
These Sacred Lessons, set to thy sweet Lute,
Was Musick that would make *Apollo* mute :
Nay, all those warbling Chanters of the Spring
Would fit half tame To hear *Arion* sing.
What Province hath produc'd a greater Soul,
Between the Arcticque, and Antarcticque Pole,

* In the Register of Fuggleston and Bemerton, the following entry occurs, " Mr. George Herbert, Esq. Parson of Fuggleston and Bemerton, was buried 3 day of March, 1632."

xvi *COMMENDATORY VERSES.*

Then *Wales* hath done? where HERBERT'S Church shall be
 A lasting Pyramid, for him and thee.
 What Father of a Church; can you rehearse,
 That gain'd more Souls to God 'twixt Prose and Verse?
 What Orator had more Magnetique Strains?
 What Poet such a Fancy, Pen, or Brains,
 In our Great Hierarchie? Shew me the Man
 That Sang more sadly than this dying *Swan*,
 This Bird of Paradise, this *Glowworm* bright,
 This Philomel, This Glory of the Night.
 Seeing the Deluge rage, the Clouds still dark,
 Restless below, return'd up to the Ark,
 This Sacred Dove, before he Scaled the Skies,
 Rarely set forth, the Worlds great Sacrifice;
 A melting POEM, all the rest so high,
 That the Dull World may learn to live and die.
 Never did Pen humane, or Earing brain,
 Express or vent such a Seraphique strain.
 You that are *poets* born, contend and strive,
 In spite of Death, dead HERBERT to revive.
 Bring Wreaths of Larick, an immortal Tree,
 To *Salems* sacred Hill, for Obsequie.
Parnassus' Mount was never so divine,
To turn the Muses Water, into Wine.
The Delphian Poet went from thence to Rome,
And there was entertain'd as Major Dome;
And though the Bishop, and his Clerks do boast;
That old false Prophet there doth rule the Roast.
 A lasting Spring of Blood Springs near that Hill,
 There he did bathe; there you your Vials fill.
 'Twill melt your hearts, to view those desolations;
 Yet from that Spring flows highest Inspirations.
 Therein your Annals Such Encomiums bring,
 To his memorial, as the Doves in Spring.
 Such moan, as *Ægypt's* Vice Roy once did make
 At *Abel-Mizraim*, For his Fathers sake,
 Make your shrill Trumpets: from that thorny Hill
Benhinnons Valleys with amazement fill.
 To the Sepulchre go, there Sacrifice
 The Distillations of your Hearts and Eyes.
 When you depart, fall down, and kiss that Land,

Where once his Masters sacred feet did stand.
 No Art or Engine can you safely trust
 To polish him, but his own sacred Dust.
 Nor can you Paint, or Pencil him too high,
 That liv'd and dy'd, without an enemy;
 That left behind him, this admired Tomb,
 But no *Elisba* In *Eliab's* roome.

An Epitaph upon the Honorable
 GEORGE HERBERT.

YOU weeping Marbles; *Monuments* we trust,
 As well with the Injurious, as the just.
 When your great trust at last shall be resign'd,
 And when his noble dust, shall be refin'd:
 You shall more Gold, Myrrh, Frankincense return,
 Than shall be found in great *Augustus' Urn*.

He was the wonder, of a better age,
 Th' Eclipse of this of empty heads, the rage.
 Phœnix of *Wales* of his great name the glory.
 A theme above all verse, beyond all story.
 A plant of Paradise; which, in a word,
 Worms ne're shall wither, as they did the Gourd.

Go you unborn, *bedew* dear HERBERT's Tomb;
 No more such Babes, are in Dame Natures Womb.
 No more such Blazing Comets shall appear,
 Nor leave so happy influences here.
 Go thaw your hearts at his celestial fire,
 And what you cannot comprehend, admire.

Go you dark *Poems*, dark even as the Skies,
 Make the *Scales* fall from our dark dazzling eyes.
 Mirrors were made to mend, not mar our sight,
 Glowworms to glitter, in th' most gloomy Night.
 About those glorious Regions, he is fled,
 Where once Saint Paul was wrapt and ravished.

*Her's a Divine, Prophet and Poet lies,
 That lay'd up Manna for posterities.*

P. D. Esq.

The Church Militant.

THE Churches progress; is a Master-piece,
 Limn'd to the Life; Of Egypt Rome and Greece :
 Wherein he gives the Conclave such a blow,
 They ne'er receiv'd from either friend or foe.
England and France, do bear an equal share
 In his predictions, which time will declare ;
 Here's height of malice, here's prodigious lust,
 Impudent sinning, cruelty, distrust ;
 Here's black ingratitude, here's pride and scorn,
 Here's damned Oaths, that cause the Land to Mourn ;
 And here's oppression, marks of Future Bane,
 And here's Hypocrisie, the Counter-pane.
 Here's love of *Guineas*, curst Root of all,
 And here's Religion turn'd up to the wall :
 And could we see with **HERBERT**'s Eagle eyes,
 Without Checkmate Religion westward flies.
 A most sad Sacrifice was made of late
 Of Gods poor Lambs by Pharasaïque hate.
 For Discipline with Doctrine so to jarr,
 Was just like bringing Justice to the Barr.
 Was it the will, or judgment, or commands,
 Of the great *Pilot*, for to pass the Sands ;
 Well may we hope ; That our quick-fighted State
 Will take God's grievance into a debate.
 Cathedral Priests, long since have laid about,
 Hammer and Tongs, to drive Religion out.
 Her Grace and Majesty, makes them so afraid,
 They cry content, and so Espouse her Maid.
 She's decent, lovely, chaste, Divine they say,
 She loves their Sons, that sing our sins away.
 Could we but count the Thousands every year
 These dreams consume, The Musick is too dear.
When Eli's Sons made luxury their God,
Their Widows nam'd their posthumous Icabod.
They both were slain, Gods sacred Ark was lost,
Though they had with it, a most mighty Host.
 Well may ingratitude make us all mourn ;
 Pearls we receive, poor Pebbles we return.

Now *Seine* is swallowing *Tiber* ; if the *Thames*,
 By letting in them both, pollute her streams ;
 Or if the *Seers* shall connive or wink,
 Beware the *Thunderbolt* ; *Migremus binc*.
 O let me die, and not survive to see
 Before my death, Religions Obsequie.
 Religion and dear Truth will prove at length
 The *Alpha* and *Omega* of our Strength ;
 Our *Boaz*, our *Jacbin*, our Great Britains glory,
 Look'd on by *Owls*, as a Romantick story.
 Our Cloud, that comes behind us in the day,
 Nights fiery Pillar, to direct our way.
 Our Chariots, Ships, and Horsemen, to withstand
 The fury of our Foes by Sea or Land.
 Our Eyes may see, as hath been seen before,
 Religion's Foes lie floating on the Shore :
 The head of *Englands* church proud *Babels*, but
 Will Faith defend, and peace will *Janus* shut.

Adversus Impia.

Anno 1670.

Lines intended to be placed under

HERBERT'S Portrait.

BEHOLD an Orator, Divinely sage,
 The *Prophet* ; and *Apostle* of that age.
 View but his *Porch* and *Temple*, you shall see
 The Body of Divine *Philosophy*.
 Examine well the Lines of his dead Face,
 Therein you may discern, Wisdom and Grace.
 Now if the Shell so lovely doth appear,
 How Orient, was the Pearl, Imprison'd here.

ON MR. G. HERBERT'S BOOK,
Entituled, the Temple of Sacred Poems,
Sent to a Gentlewoman.

KNOW you faire, on what you looke ;
Divineſt Love lies in this booke :
Expecting fire from your eyes,
To kindle this his ſacrifice.
When your Hands untie theſe ſtrings,
Think you have an Angel by th' wings.
One that gladly will bee nigh,
To wait upon each morning ſigh.
To flutter in the balmy aire
Of your well-perfumed Prayer.
Theſe white Plumes of his heele lend you,
Which every day to Heaven will ſend you :
To take acquaintance of the *ſpbeare*,
And all the ſmooth-fac'd kindred there.
And though *Herbert's* name doe owe
Theſe Devotions, faireſt ; know
That while I lay them on the ſhrine
Of your white Hand, they are mine.

R. Craſhaw, *Steps to the Temple* 1646.

Lines with HERBERT'S Poems.

THE *Poet's* now become a *Prieſt*, and layes
His Poem at your feet, expects no *Bayes*
But your *acceptance* ; *kind'le* it with your eyes,
And make this *offering* prove a *ſacrifice*.
The *Veſtal* fire that's in your breaſt, will burn
Up all his droſſe, and make it *Incenſe* turne ;
And then your ſmile a ſecond life will give,
Hee'l fear no death, if you but bid him live.
Pardon this bold ambition, 'tis his drift,
To make the *Altar* ſanctifie the *Gift*.
Viſit this *Temple*, at your vacant houres,
Twas *Herberts* Poem once, but now tis *Yours*.

Thomas Forde. *Loves Labyrinth* 1660.



The Printers to the Reader.*

THE dedication of this work having been made by the Authour to the *Divine Majestie* onely, how should we now presume to interest any mortall man in the patronage of it? Much lesse think we it meet to seek the recommendation of the Muses, for that which himself was confident to have been inspired by a diviner breath than flows from *Helicon*. The world therefore, shall receive it in that naked simplicitie, with which he left it, without any addition either of support or ornament, more than is included in itself. We leave it free and unforestalled to every mans judgment, and to the benefit that he shall finde by perufall. Onely for the clearing of some passages, we have thought it not unfit to make the common Reader privie to some few particularities of the condition and disposition of the Person.

Being nobly born, and as eminently endued with gifts of the minde, and having by industrie and happy

* The Printer, at this period, meant what we now term Editor. Walton, in his *Life of Herbert*, says that 'the Temple came to be printed without the addition or diminution of a syllable, —save only that Mr. Ferrar hath added that excellent preface that is printed before it.' The first edition was printed at Cambridge 1633.

education perfected them to that great height of excellencie, whereof his fellowship of Trinitie Colledge in Cambridge, and his Orator-ship in the Univerfitie, together with that knowledge which the King's Court had taken of him, could make relation farre above ordinarie. Quitting both his deserts and all the opportunities that he had for worldly preferment, he betook himself to the Sanctuarie and Temple of God, choosung rather to serve at God's Altar, then to seek the honour of State-employments. As for those inward enforcements to this course (for outward there was none) which many of these ensuing verses bear witnesse of, they detract not from the freedome, but adde to the honour of this resolution in him. As God had enabled him, so he accounted him meet not onely to be called, but to be compelled to this service: Wherein his faithfull discharge was such, as may make him justly a companion to the primitive Saints, and a pattern or more for the age he lived in.

To testifie his independencie upon all others, and to quicken his diligence in this kinde, he used in his ordinary speech, when he made mention of the blessed name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to adde, *My Master*.

Next God, he loved that which God himself hath magnified above all things, that is, his Word: so as he hath been heard to make solemne protestation, that he would not part with one leaf thereof for the whole world, if it were offered him in exchange.

His obedience and conformitie to the Church and the discipline thereof was singularly remarkable: Though he abounded in private devotions, yet went he every morning and evening with his familie to the Church; and by his example, exhortations, and en-

couragements drew the greater part of his parishioners to accompany him dayly in the publick celebration of Divine Service.

As for worldly matters, his love and esteem to them was so little, as no man can more ambitiously seek, then he did earnestly endeavour the resignation of an Ecclesiastical dignitie, which he was possessour of. But God permitted not the accomplishment of this desire, having ordained him his instrument for re-edifying of the Church belonging thereunto, that had layen ruinated almost twenty yeares. The reparation whereof, having been uneffectually attempted by publick collections, was in the end by his own and some few others' private free-will-offerings successfully effected. With the remembrance whereof, as of an especiall good work, when a friend went about to comfort him on his death-bed, he made answer, *It is a good work, if it be sprinkled with the bloud of Christ*: otherwise than in this respect he could finde nothing to glorie or comfort himself with, neither in this, nor in any other thing.

And these are but a few of many that might be said, which we have chosen to premise as a glance to some parts of the ensuing book, and for an example to the Reader. We conclude all with his own Motto, with which he used to conclude all things that might seem to tend any way to his own honour,

Lesse than the least of Gods mercies.

[NICHOLAS FERRAR.]







I. THE TEMPLE.

The Dedication.

*Lord, my first fruits present themselves to thee ;
Yet not mine neither : for from thee they came,
And must return. Accept of them and me,
And make us strive, who shall sing best thy name.
Turn their eyes hither, who shall make a gain
Theirs, who shall hurt themselves or me, refrain.*

I. The Church-porch.

Perirrhanterium.

THOU, whose sweet youth and early
hopes inance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for
a treasure,
Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Ryme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure :
A verse may finde him, who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

Beware of lust ; it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in Baptisme washt with his own blood :
It blots thy lesson written in thy soul ;
The holy lines cannot be understood.

How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,
Much lesse towards God, whose lust is all their book !

the
Pander
of wine

Abstain wholly, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allows thee choise of paths: take no by-wayes;
But gladly welcome what he doth afford;
Not grudging, that thy lust hath bounds and staies.
Continnence hath his joy: weigh both; and fo
If rottenesse have more, let Heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
Man would have been th' inclofer: but since now
God hath impal'd us, on the contrarie
Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plough.
O what were man, might he himself misplace!
Sure to be crosse he would shift feet and face.

Drink not the third glasse, which thou canst not tame,
When once it is within thee; but before
Mayst rule it, as thou list: and poure the shame,
Which it would poure on thee, upon the floore.
It is most just to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.

He that is drunken, may his mother kill
Bigge with his sifter: he hath lost the reins,
Is outlawd by himself: all kinde of ill
Did with his liquor slide into his veins.
The drunkard forfeits Man, and doth devest
All worldly right, save what he hath by beast.

Shall I, to please anothers wine-sprung minde,
Lose all mine own? God hath giv'n me a measure
Short of his canne, and bodie; must I finde
A pain in that, wherein he findes a pleasure?
Stay at the third glasse: if thou lose thy hold,
Then thou art modest, and the wine grows bold.

If reason move not Gallants, quit the room ;
 (All in a shipwrack shift their severall way)
 Let not a common ruine thee intombe :
 Be not a beast in courtesie, but stay,
 Stay at the third cup, or forego the place.
 Wine above all things doth Gods stamp deface.

Yet, if thou finne in wine or wantonneffe,
 Boast not thereof; nor make thy shame thy glorie.
 Frailtie gets pardon by submissivenesse ;
 But he that boasts, shuts that out of his storie :
 He makes flat warre with God, and doth defie
 With his poore clod of earth the spacious sky.

Take not his name, who made thy mouth, in vain :
 It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
 Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain :
 But the cheap swearer through his open fluce
 Lets his soul runne for nought, as little fearing :
 Were I an *Epicure*, I could bate swearing.

When thou dost tell anothers jest, therein
 Omit the oathes, which true wit cannot need :
 Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the finne.
 He pares his apple, that will cleanly feed.
 Play not away the vertue of that name,
 Which is thy best stake, when griefs make thee tame.

The cheapest finnes most dearly punisht are ;
 Because to shun them also is so cheap :
 For we have wit to mark them, and to spare.
 O crumble not away thy souls fair heap.
 If thou wilt die, the gates of hell are broad :
 Pride and full finnes have made the way a road.

Lie not ; but let thy heart be true to God,
 Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both :
 Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod ;
 The stormie working foul spits lies and froth.
 Dare to be true. Nothing can need a ly :
 A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

Flie idlenesse, which yet thou canst not flie
 By dressing, mistressing, and complement.
 If those take up thy day, the sunne will crie
 Against thee ; for his light was onely lent.
 God gave thy soul brave wings ; put not those feathers
 Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

Art thou a Magistrate ? then be severe :
 If studious ; copie fair what time hath blurr'd ;
 Redeem truth from his jawes : if souldier,
 Chase brave employments with a naked sword
 Throughout the world. Fool not ; for all may have,
 If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

O England ! full of sinne, but most of sloth ;
 Spit out thy flegme, and fill thy breast with glorie :
 Thy Gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
 Transfus'd a sheepishnesse into thy storie :
 Not that they all are so ; but that the most
 Are gone to grasse, and in the pasture lost.

This losse springs chiefly from our education.
 Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their sonne :
 Some mark a partridge, never their childe's fashion :
 Some ship them over, and the thing is done.
 Studie this art, make it thy great designe ;
 And if Gods image move thee not, let thine.

Some great estates provide, but do not breed
A mast'ring minde ; so both are lost thereby :
Or els they breed them tender, make them need
All that they leave : this is flat povertie.

For he, that needs five thousand pound to live
Is full as poore as he, that needs but five.

The way to make thy sonne rich, is to fill
His minde with rest, before his trunk with riches :
For wealth without contentment, climbs a hill,
To feel those tempests, which fly over ditches.

But if thy sonne can make ten pound his measure,
Then all thou addest may be call'd his treasure.

When thou dost purpose ought, (within thy power)
Be sure to doe it, though it be but small :
Constancie knits the bones, and makes us stowre,
When wanton pleasures becken us to thrall.

Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himself :
What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.

Doe all things like a man, not sneakingly :
Think the king sees thee still ; for his King does.
Simpring is but a lay-hypocrisie :
Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.

Who fears to do ill, sets himself to task :
Who fears to do well, sure should wear a mask.

Look to thy mouth : diseases enter there.
Thou hast two sconses, if thy stomach call ;
Carve, or discourse ; do not a famine fear.
Who carves, is kind to two ; who talks, to all.
Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit ;
And say withall, Earth to earth I commit.

6 *THE CHURCH-PORCH.*

Slight those who say amidst their fickle healths,
Thou liv'st by rule. What doth not so, but man ?
Houses are built by rule, and common-wealths.
Entice the trusty sunne, if that you can,
 From his Ecliptick line ; becken the skie.
 Who lives by rule then, keeps good companie.

Who keeps no guard upon himself, is flack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
Man is a shop of rules, a well-truff'd pack,
Whose every parcell under-writes a law.
 Lose not thyself, nor give thy humours way :
 God gave them to thee under lock and key.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thy self: see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest ; for 'tis thine own :
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
 Who cannot rest till he good fellows finde,
 He breaks up house, turns out of doores his minde.

Be thriftie, but not covetous: therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live ;
Then live, and use it: else, it is not true
 That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
 Makes money not a contemptible stone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Ev'n with the yeare : but age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
As the day lessens, and his life with it.
 Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call ;
 Before thy journey fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil ;
Left gaining gain on thee, and make thee dimme
To all things els. Wealth is the conjurers devil ;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.
Gold thou mayst safely touch ; but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? raise thy head ;
Take starres for money ; starres not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchased.
None is so wastefull as the scraping dame :
She loseth three for one ; her foul, rest, fame.

By no means runne in debt : take thine own measure.
Who cannot live on twentie pound a yeare,
Cannot on fourtie : he's a man of pleasure,
A kinde of thing that's for itself too deere.
The curious unthrift makes his cloth too wide,
And spares himself, but would his taylor chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes
Do fortunes seek, when worth and service fail,
Would have their tale beleevd for their oathes,
And are like empty vessels under fail.
Old courtiers know this ; therefore set out so,
As all the day thou mayst hold out to go.

In clothes, cheap handsomenesse doth bear the bell.
Wisdomes a trimmer thing, than shop e're gave.
Say not then, This with that lace will do well ;
But, This with my discretion will be brave.
Much curiousnesse is a perpetual wooing,
Nothing with labour, folly long a doing.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who playes for more,
 Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart :
 Perhaps his wives too, and whom she hath bore :
 Servants and churches also play their part.

Onely a herauld, who that way doth passe, [glasse.
 Findes his crackt name at length in the church-

If yet thou love game at so deere a rate,
 Learn this, that hath old gamesters deerely cost :
 Dost lose? rise up: dost winne? rise in that state.
 Who strive to fit out losing hands, are lost.

Game is a civil gunpowder, in peace
 Blowing up houses with their whole increase.

In conversation boldnesse now bears sway.
 But know, that nothing can so foolish be,
 As empty boldnesse: therefore first assay
 To stuffe thy minde with solid braverie;

Then march on gallant: get substantiall worth :
 Boldnesse guilds finely, and will set it forth.

Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion fowre?
 Then keep such companie; make them thy allay :
 Get a sharp wife, a servant that will lowre.
 A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.

Command thyself in chief. He lifes warre knows,
 Whom all his passions follow, as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not speak
 Plainly and home, is coward of the two.

Think not thy fame at ev'ry twitch will break :
 By great deeds shew, that thou canst little do ;
 And do them not: that shall thy wisdom be ;
 And change thy temperance into braverie.

If that thy fame with ev'ry toy be pos'd,
'Tis a thinne web, which poysonous fancies make ;
But the great fouldiers honour was compos'd
Of thicker stufte, which would endure a shake.
Wisdome picks friends ; civilitie playes the rest.
A toy shunn'd cleanly passeth with the best.

Laugh not too much : the wittie man laughs least :
For wit is newes only to ignorance.
Lesse at thine own things laugh ; lest in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy sport, abuses : for the fly,
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

Pick out of mirth, like stons out of thy ground,
Profanenesse, filthinesse, abusivenesse.
These are the scumme, with which course wits abound :
The fine may spare these well, yet not go lesse.
All things are bigge with jest : nothing that's plain
But may be wittie, if thou hast the vein.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer :
Hast thou the knack ? pamper it not with liking :
But if thou want it, buy it not too deere.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a deare fool for an houre.

A sad wife valour is the brave complexion,
That leads the van, and swallows up the cities.
The gigler is a milk-maid, whom infection,
Or a fir'd beacon frighteth from his ditties.
Then he's the sport : the mirth then in him rests,
And the sad man is cock of all his jests.

Towards great persons use respective boldnesse :
 That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
 Nothing from thine : in service, care, or coldnesse
 Doth ratably thy fortunes marre or make.

Feed no man in his finnes : for adulation
 Doth make thee parcell-devil in damnation.

Envie not greatnesse : for thou mak'st thereby
 Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.
 Be not thine own worm : yet such jealousie,
 As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
 Is a good spurre. Correct thy passions spite ;
 Then may the beasts draw thee to happy light.

When basenesse is exalted, do not bate
 The place its honour, for the persons sake.
 The shrine is that which thou dost venerate ;
 And not the beast, that bears it on his back.
 I care not though the cloth of state should be
 Not of rich arras, but mean tapestrie.

Thy friend put in thy bosome : wear his eies
 Still in thy heart, that he may see what's there.
 If cause require, thou art his sacrifice ;
 Thy drops of bloud must pay down all his fear ;
 But love is lost ; the way of friendship's gone ;
 Though *David* had his *Jonathan*, *Christ* his *John*.

Yet be not surety, if thou be a father.
 Love is a personall debt. I cannot give
 My childrens right, nor ought he take it : rather
 Both friends should die, than hinder them to live.
 Fathers first enter bonds to natures ends ;
 And are her sureties, ere they are a friends.

If thou be single, all thy goods and ground
Submit to love ; but yet not more then all.
Give one estate, as one life. None is bound
To work for two, who brought himself to thrall.
God made me one man ; love makes me no more,
Till labour come, and make my weaknesse score.

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please :
All such is courteous, usefull, new, or wittie :
Usefulnesse comes by labour, wit by ease ;
Courtesie grows in court ; news in the citie.
Get a good stock of these, then draw the card ;
That suites him best, of whom thy speech is heard.

Entice all neatly to what they know best ;
For so thou dost thy self and him a pleasure :
(But a proud ignorance will lose his rest,
Rather than shew his cards) steal from his treasure
What to ask further. Doubts well-rai'd do lock
The speaker to thee, and preserve thy stock.

If thou be Master-gunner, spend not all
That thou canst speak, at once ; but husband it,
And give men turns of speech : do not forestall
By lavishnesse thine own, and others wit,
As if thou mad'st thy will. A civil guest
Will no more talk all, than eat all the feast.

Be calm in arguing : for fiercenesse makes
Errour a fault, and truth discourtesie. //
Why should I feel another mans mistakes
More, than his sicknesses or povertie ? |
In love I should : but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither ; therefore gently move.

Calmnesse is great advantage : he that lets
 Another chafe, may warm him at his fire :
 Mark all his wandrings, and enjoy his frets ;
 As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.

Truth dwels not in the clouds : the bow that's there
 Doth often aim at, never hit the sphere.

Mark what another sayes : for many are
 Full of themselves, and answer their own notion.
 Take all into thee ; then with equall care
 Ballance each dramme of reason, like a potion.

If truth be with thy friend, be with them both :
 Share in the conquest, and confesse a troth.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
 Both want, and wish thy pleasing presence still.
 Kindnesse, good parts, great places are the way
 To compasse this. Finde out mens wants and will,
 And meet them there. All worldly joyes go lesse
 To the one joy of doing kindnesse.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high ;
 So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be :
 Sink not in spirit : who aimeth at the sky
 Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.

A grain of glorie mixt with humblenesse
 Cures both a fever and lethargicknesse.

Let thy minde still be bent, still plotting where,
 And when, and how the businesse may be done.
 Slacknesse breeds worms ; but the sure traveller,
 Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.

Active and stirring spirits live alone :
 Write on the others, Here lies such a one.

Slight not the smallest losse, whether it be
In love or honour ; take account of all :
Shine like the sunne in every corner : see
Whether thy stock of credit swell, or fall.

Who say, I care not, those I give for lost ;
And to instruct them, 'twill not quit the cost.

Scorn no mans love, though of a mean degree ;
(Love is a present for a mightie king,)
Much lesse make any one thineemie.
As gunnes destroy, so may a little fling.

The cunning workman never doth refuse
The meanest tool, that he may chance to use.

All forrain wisdom doth amount to this,
To take all that is given ; whether wealth,
Or love, or language ; nothing comes amisse :
A good digestion turneth all to health :
And then as farre as fair behaviour may,
Strike off all scores ; none are so cleare as they.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize
All forrain of that name ; but scorn their ill :
Embrace their activenesse, not vanities.
Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.
If thou observest strangers in each fit,
In time they'l runne thee out of all thy wit.

Affect in things about thee cleanlinesse,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flowre.
Slovens take up their stock of noisomenesse
Beforehand, and anticipate their last houre.
Let thy mindes sweetness have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In Almes regard thy means, and others merit.
Think heav'n a better bargain, then to give
Onely thy fingle market-money for it.

Joyn hands with God to make a man to live.

Give to all something; to a good poore man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is Gods image; but a poore man is
Christs stamp to boot: both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour his:
Write, So much giv'n to God; thou shalt be heard.
Let thy almes go before, and keep heav'ns gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

Restore to God his due in tithe and time:
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole estate.
Sundaies observe: think when the bells do chime,
'Tis angels musick; therefore come not late.
God then deals blessings: If a king did so,
Who would not haste, nay give, to see the show?

Twice on the day his due is understood;
For all the week thy food so oft he gave thee.
Thy cheere is mended; bate not of the food,
Because 'tis better, and perhaps may save thee.
Thwart not th' Almighty God: O be not crosse.
Fast when thou wilt; but then 'tis gain, not losse.

Though private prayer be a brave designe,
Yet publick hath more promises, more love:
And love's a weight to hearts, to eies a signe.
We all are but cold fuitours; let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven;
Pray with the most: for where most pray, is heaven.

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there, then thou : for thou art there
Onely by his permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.

Kneeling ne're spoil'd filk stocking : quit thy state.
All equall are within the churches gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most :
Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest ;
Stay not for th' other pin : why thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extreemly flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eies,
And send them to thine heart ; that spying finne,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise :
Those doores being shut, all by the eare comes in.
Who marks in church-time others symmetrie,
Makes all their beautie his deformitie.

Let vain or busie thoughts have there no part :
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.
Christ purg'd his temple ; so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but theeves met together
To couzin thee. Look to thy actions well ;
For churches either are our heav'n or hell.

Judge not the preacher ; for he is thy Judge :
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'ft him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speak something good : if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.

He that by being at church escapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.

He that loves Gods abode, and to combine
With faints on earth, shall one day with them shine.

Jeft not at preachers language, or expreffion :
How know'ft thou, but thy finnes made him mifcarrie?
Then turn thy faults and his into confeffion :
God fent him, whatfoe're he be : O tarry,
And love him for his Master : his condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill Phyfician.

None fhall in hell fuch bitter pangs endure
As thofe, who mock at Gods way of falvation.
Whom oil and balfames kill, what falve can cure?
They drink with greedineffe a full damnation.
The Jews refused thunder; and we, folly.
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy?

Summe up at night, what thou haft done by day;
And in the morning, what thou haft to do.
Drefse and undrefse thy foul: mark the decay
And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then winde up both, fince we fhall be
Moft furely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
Defer not the leaft vertue: lifes poore fpan
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains:
If well; the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

2. Superliminare.

THOU, whom the former precepts have
 Sprinkled and taught, how to behave
 Thy self in church ; approach, and taste
 The churches mysticall repast.

Avoid profaneness ; come not here :
 Nothing but holy, pure, and cleare,
 Or that which groneth to be so,
 May at his perill further go.

3. The Altar.

A broken ALTAR, Lord, thy fervant reares,
 Made of a heart, and cemented with teares :
 Whose parts are as thy hand did frame ;
 No workmans tool hath touch'd the same.

A HEART alone
 Is such a stone,
 As nothing but
 Thy pow'r doth cut.
 Wherefore each part
 Of my hard heart
 Meets in this frame,
 To praise thy name :

That, if I chance to hold my peace,
 These stones to praise thee may not cease.
 O let thy blessed SACRIFICE be mine,
 And sanctifie this ALTAR to be thine.

4. The Sacrifice.

O *H all ye, who passe by, whose eyes and minde*
 To worldly things are sharp, but to me blinde;
 To me, who took eyes that I might you finde:
 Was ever grief like mine?

The Princes of my people make a head
 Against their Maker: they do wish me dead,
 Who cannot wish, except I give them bread:
 Was ever grief like mine?

Without me each one, who doth now me brave,
 Had to this day been an Egyptian slave.
 They use that power against me, which I gave:
 Was ever grief like mine?

Mine own Apostle, who the bag did beare,
 Though he had all I had, did not forbear
 To sell me also, and to put me there:
 Was ever grief like mine?

For thirtie pence he did my death devise,
 Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,
 Not half so sweet as my sweet sacrifice:
 Was ever grief like mine?

Therefore my soul melts, and my hearts deare treasure
 Drops blood (the only beads) my words to measure:
O let this cup passe, if it be thy pleasure:
 Was ever grief like mine?

These drops being temper'd with a sinners tears,
 A Balsome are for both the Hemispheres,
 Curing all wounds, but mine; all, but my fears.

Was ever grief like mine?

Yet my Disciples sleep: I cannot gain
 One houre of watching; but their drowfie brain
 Comforts not me, and doth my doctrine stain:

Was ever grief like mine?

Arise, arise, they come. Look how they runne
 Alas! what haste they make to be undone!
 How with their lanterns do they seek the sunne!

Was ever grief like mine?

With clubs and staves they seek me, as a thief,
 Who am the way of truth, the true relief,
 Most true to those who are my greatest grief:

Was ever grief like mine?

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kisse?
 Canst thou finde hell about my lips? and misse
 Of life, just at the gates of life and blisse?

Was ever grief like mine?

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands
 Of faith, but furie; yet at their commands
 I suffer binding, who have loos'd their bands:

Was ever grief like mine?

All my Disciples flie; fear puts a barre
 Betwixt my friends and me. They leave the starre,
 That brought the wise men of the East from farre:

Was ever grief like mine?

Then from one ruler to another bound
 They leade me : urging, that it was not found
 What I taught : Comments would the text confound.
 Was ever grief like mine ?

The Priests and rulers all false witnesse seek
 'Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is the meek
 And readie Paschal Lambe of this great week :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Then they accuse me of great blasphemie,
 That I did thrust into the Deitie,
 Who never thought that any robbetrie :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Some said, that I the Temple to the floore
 In three days raz'd, and raised as before.
 Why, he that built the world can do much more :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Then they condemne me all with that same breath,
 Which I do give them daily, unto death.
 Thus *Adam* my first breathing rendereth :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

They binde, and leade me unto *Herod*: he
 Sends me to *Pilate*. This makes them agree ;
 But yet their friendship is my enmitie.
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Herod and all his bands do fet me light,
 Who teach all hands to warre, fingers to fight,
 And onely am the Lord of hosts and might.
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Herod in judgment sits, while I do stand;
Examines me with a censorious hand:
I him obey, who all things else command:
Was ever grief like mine?

The *Jews* accuse me with despitefulnesse;
And vying malice with my gentlenesse,
Pick quarrels with their onely happinesse:
Was ever grief like mine?

I answer nothing, but with patience prove
If stonie hearts will melt with gentle love.
But who does hawk at eagles with a dove?
Was ever grief like mine?

My silence rather doth augment their crie;
My dove doth back into my bosome flie,
Because the raging waters still are high:
Was ever grief like mine?

Hark how they crie aloud still, *Crucife*:
It is not fit he live a day, they crie,
Who cannot live lesse than eternally:
Was ever grief like mine?

Pilate a stranger holdeth off; but they,
Mine own deare people, cry, *Away, away*,
With noises confused frightening the day:
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet still they shout, and crie, and stop their eares,
Putting my life among their finnes and fears,
And therefore with *my bloud on them and theirs*:
Was ever grief like mine?

See how spite cankers things. These words aright
 Used, and wished, are the whole worlds light :
 But hony is their gall, brightnesse their night :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

They choose a murderer, and all agree
 In him to do themselves a courtesie ;
 For it was their own cause who killed me :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

And a feditious murderer he was :
 But I the Prince of peace ; peace that doth passe
 All understanding, more than heav'n doth glasse :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Why, Cesar is their onely King, not I :
 He clave the stonie rock, when they were drie ;
 But surely not their hearts, as I well trie :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Ah ! how they scourge me ! yet my tenderesse
 Doubles each lash : and yet their bitteresse
 Windes up my grief to a mysteriouse :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

They buffet me, and box me as they list,
 Who grasp the earth and heaven with my fist,
 And never yet, whom I would punish, mis'd :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Behold, they spit on me in scornfull wise ;
 Who by my spittle gave the blinde man eies,
 Leaving his blindnesse to mine enemies :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

My face they cover, though it be divine.
 As *Moses* face was veiled, so is mine,
 Left on their double-dark souls either shine :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Servants and abjects flout me ; they are wittie :
Now prophesie who strikes thee, is their dittie.
 ✓ So they in me denie themselves all pitie :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

And now I am deliver'd unto death,
 Which each one calls for so with utmost breath,
 That he before me well-nigh suffereth :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Weep not, deare friends, since I for both have wept
 When all my tears were bloud, the while you slept :
 Your tears for your own fortunes should be kept :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

The souldiers lead me to the common hall ;
 There they deride me, they abuse me all :
 Yet for twelve heav'nly legions I could call :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Then with a scarlet robe they me aray ;
 Which shews my bloud to be the onely way,
 And cordiall left to repair mans decay :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear ;
 For these are all the grapes *Sion* doth bear,
 Though I my vine planted and watred there :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

✓ So fits the earths great curse in *Adams* fall
 Upon my head; so I remove it all
 From th' earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Then with the reed they gave to me before,
 They strike my head, the rock from whence all store
 Of heav'nly bleffings issue evermore :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

They bow their knees to me, and cry, *Hail king* :
 What ever scoffes or scornfulnesse can bring,
 I am the floore, the sink, where they it fling :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Yet since mans scepters are as frail as reeds,
 And thorny all their crowns, bloudie their weeds ;
 I, who am Truth, turn into truth their deeds :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

The souldiers also spit upon that face
 Which Angels did desire to have the grace,
 And Prophets once to see, but found no place :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Thus trimmed forth they bring me to the rout,
 Who *Crucife him*, crie with one strong shout.
 God holds his peace at man, and man cries out :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

They leade me in once more, and putting then
 Mine own clothes on, they leade me out agen.
 Whom devils flie, thus is he toff'd of men :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

And now wearie of sport, glad to ingrosse
 All spite in one, counting my life their losse,
 They carrie me to my most bitter crosse :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

My crosse I bear my self, untill I faint :
 Then Simon bears it for me by constraint,
 The decreed burden of each mortall Saint : 11
 Was ever grief like mine ?

O all ye who passe by, behold and see : ?
 / Man stole the fruit, but I must climbe the tree ;
 The tree of life to all, but onely me :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Lo, here I hang, charg'd with a world of sinne,
 The greater world o' th' two ; for that came in
 By words, but this by sorrow I must win :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Such sorrow, as if sinful man could feel,
 Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel,
 Till all were melted, though he were all steel.
 Was ever grief like mine ?

But, *O my God, my God!* why leav'ft thou me,
 The sonne, in whom thou dost delight to be ?
My God, my God—————
 Never was grief like mine ?

Shame tears my fowl, my bodie many a wound ;
 Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound ;
 Reproches, which are free, while I am bound :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Now heal thyself, Physician ; now come down.

Alas ! I did so, when I left my crown

And fathers smile for you, to feel his frown :

Was ever grief like mine ?

In healing not myself, there doth consist

All that salvation, which ye now resist ;

Your safetie in my sicknesse doth subsist :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Betwixt two theeves I spend my utmost breath,

As he that for some robberie suffereth,

Alas ! what have I stollen from you ? death :

Was ever grief like mine ?

A king my title is, prefixt on high ;

Yet by my subjects am condemn'd to die

A servile death in servile companie :

Was ever grief like mine ?

They gave me vinegar mingled with gall,

But more with malice : yet, when they did call,

With Manna, Angels food, I fed them all :

Was ever grief like mine ?

They part my garments, and by lot dispose

My coat, the type of love, which once cur'd those

Who sought for help, never malicious foes :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Nay, after death their spite shall further go ;

For they will pierce my side, I full well know ;

That as sinne came, so Sacraments might flow :

Was ever grief like mine ?

But now I die; now all is finished.
 My wo, mans weal: and now I bow my head:
 Onely let others say, when I am dead,
 Never was grief like mine.

5. The Thanksgiving.

OH King of grief! (a title strange, yet true,
 To thee of all kings onely due)
 Oh King of wounds! how shall I grieve for thee,
 Who in all grief preventest me?
 Shall I weep bloud? why, thou hast wept such store,
 That all thy body was one doore.
 Shall I be scourged, flouted, boxed, sold?
 'Tis but to tell the tale is told.
My God, my God, why dost thou part from me?
 Was such a grief as cannot be.
 Shall I then sing, skipping, thy dolefull storie,
 And side with thy triumphant glorie?
 Shall thy strokes be my stroking? thorns, my flower?
 Thy rod, my posie? crosse, my bower?
 But how then shall I imitate thee, and
 Copie thy fair, though bloudie hand?
 Surely I will revenge me on thy love,
 And trie who shall victorious prove.
 If thou dost give me wealth; I will restore
 All back unto thee by the poore.
 If thou dost give me honour; men shall see,
 The honour doth belong to thee.
 I will not marry; or, if she be mine,
 She and her children shall be thine.

My bosome friend, if he blaspheme thy name,
 I will tear thence his love and fame.
 One half of me being gone, the rest I give
 Unto some Chapell, die or live.
 As for thy passion—But of that anon,
 When with the other I have done.
 For thy predestination, I'll contrive,
 That three years hence, if I survive,
 I'll build a spittle, or mend common wayes,
 But mend mine own without delays.
 Then I will use the works of thy creation,
 As if I us'd them but for fashion.
 The world and I will quarrell; and the yeare
 Shall not perceive, that I am here.
 My musick shall finde thee, and ev'ry string
 Shall have his attribute to sing;
 That all together may accord in thee,
 And prove one God, one harmonie.
 If thou shalt give me wit, it shall appeare,
 If thou hast giv'n it me, 'tis here.
 Nay, I will reade thy booke, and never move
 Till I have found therein thy love;
 Thy art of love, which I'll turn back on thee,
 Oh my deare Saviour, Victorie!
 Then for thy passion—I will do for that—
 Alas, my God, I know not what. ✓

6. The Reprifall.

I HAVE consider'd it, and finde
 There is no dealing with thy mighty passion:
 For though I die for thee, I am behinde;
 My finnes deserve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I
 May give a disentangled state and free;
 And yet thy wounds still my attempts defie,
 For by thy death I die for thee.

Ah! was it not enough that thou
 By thy eternall glorie didst outgo me?
 Couldst thou not griefs sad conquests me allow,
 But in all vict'ries overthrow me?

Yet by confession will I come
 Into the conquest. Though I can do nought
 Against thee, in thee I will overcome
 The man, who once against thee fought.

7. The Agonie.

PHILOSOPHERS have measur'd mountains,
 Fathom'd the depths of seas, of states, and kings,
 Walk'd with a staffe to heav'n, and traced fountains:
 But there are two vast, spacious things,
 The which to measure it doth more behove:
 Yet few there are that found them; Sinne and Love.

Who would know Sinne, let him repair
 Unto mount Olivet; there shall he see
 A man so wrung with pains, that all his hair,
 His skinne, his garments bloudie be.
 Sinne is that presse and vice, which forceth pain
 To hunt his cruell food through ev'ry vein.

Who knows not Love, let him assay,
 And taste that juice, which on the crosse a pike

Did fet again abroach ; then let him say
 If ever he did taste the like.
 Love is that liquour sweet and most divine,
 Which my God feels as bloud ; but I, as wine.

8. The Sinner.

LORD, how I am all ague, when I feek
 What I have treasur'd in my memorie !
 Since, if my soul make even with the week,
 Each seventh note by right is due to thee.
 I finde there quarries of pil'd vanities,
 But shreds of holinesse, that dare not venture
 To shew their face, since crosse to thy decrees :
 There the circumference earth is, heav'n the centre.
 In so much dregs the quintessence is small :
 The spirit and good extract of my heart
 Comes to about the many hundredth part.
 Yet, Lord, restore thine image, heare my call :
 And though my hard heart scarce to thee can
 grone,
 Remember that thou once didst write in stone.

9. Good Friday.

O MY chief good,
 How shall I measure out thy bloud ?
 How shall I count what thee befell,
 And each grief tell ?

Shall I thy woes
 Number according to thy foes?
 Or, since one starre show'd thy first breath,
 Shall all thy death?

Or shall each leaf,
 Which falls in Autumne, score a grief?
 Or cannot leaves, but fruit, be signe,
 Of the true vine?

Then let each houre
 Of my whole life one grief devoure;
 That thy distresse through all may runne,
 And be my funne.

Or rather let
 My severall finnes their sorrows get;
 That as each beaft his cure doth know,
 Each finne may so.

SINCE bloud is fittest, Lord, to write
 Thy sorrows in, and bloudie fight;
 My heart hath store; write there, where in
 One box doth lie both ink and finne:

That when finne spies so many foes,
 Thy whips, thy nails, thy wounds, thy woes,
 All come to lodge there, finne may say,
No room for me, and flie away.

Sinne being gone, oh fill the place,
 And keep possession with thy grace;
 Left finne take courage and return,
 And all the writings blot or burn.

10. Redemption.

HAVING been tenant long to a rich Lord,
 Not thriving, I resolv'd to be bold,
 And make a suit unto him, to afford
 A new small-rented lease, and cancell th' old.

In heaven at his manour I him sought :
 They told me there, that he was lately gone
 About some land, which he had dearly bought
 Long since on earth, to take possession.

I straight return'd, and knowing his great birth,
 Sought him accordingly in great resorts ;
 In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts :
 At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth

Of theeves and murderers : there I him espied,
 Who straight, *Your suit is granted*, said, and died.

11. Sepulchre.

O BLESSED bodie ! Whither art thou thrown ?
 No lodging for thee, but a cold hard stone ?
 So many hearts on earth, and yet not one
 Receive thee ?

Sure there is room within our hearts good store ;
 For they can lodge transgressions by the score :
 Thousands of toys dwell there, yet out of doore
 They leave thee.

But that which shews them large, shews them unfit.
 Whatever finne did this pure rock commit,
 Which holds thee now? Who hath indited it
 Of murder?

Where our hard hearts have took up stons to brain
 thee,
 And missing this, most falsely did arraigne thee;
 Onely these stons in quiet entertain thee,
 And order.

And as of old, the law by heav'nly art,
 Was writ in stone; so thou, which also art
 The letter of the word, find'ft no fit heart
 To hold thee.

Yet do we still persist as we began,
 And so should perish, but that nothing can,
 Though it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man
 Withhold thee.

12. Easter.

RISE heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
 Without delays,
 Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
 With him mayst rise:
 That, as his death calcined thee to duft,
 His life may make thee gold, and much more just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
 With all thy art.

The croffe taught all wood to resound his name
Who bore the fame.
His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Confort both heart and lute, and twift a song
Pleasant and long:
Or since all musick is but three parts vied,
And multiplied;
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

I got me flowers to strow thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The Sunne arising in the East,
Though he give light, and th' East perfume;
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many sunnes to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we misse:
There is but one, and that one ever.

13.

-Wings.

LORD, who createdst man in wealth and store,
 Though foolishly he lost the same,
 Decaying more and more,
 Till he became
 Most poor:



With thee
 O let me rise
 As larks, harmoniously,
 And sing this day thy victories:
 Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

Easter-

MY tender age in sorrow did beginne:
 And still with sicknesses and shame
 Thou didst so punish sinne,
 That I became
 Most thinne.



With thee
 Let me combine,
 And feel this day thy victorie,
 For, if I imp my wing on thine,
 Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

14. Holy Baptisme.

AS he that sees a dark and shadie grove,
 Stayes not, but looks beyond it on the skie ;
 So when I view my finnes, mine eyes remove
 More backward still, and to that water flie,

Which is above the heav'ns, whose spring and rent
 Is in my dear Redeemers pierced side.
 O blessed streams ! either ye do prevent
 And stop our finnes from growing thick and wide,

Or else give tears to drown them, as they grow.
 In you Redemption measures all my time,
 And spreads the plaister equall to the crime :
 You taught the book of life my name, that so,

Whatever future finnes should me miscall,
 Your first acquaintance might discredit all.

15. Holy Baptisme.

SINCE, Lord, to thee
 A narrow way and little gate
 Is all the passage, on my infancie
 Thou didst lay hold, and antedate
 My faith in me.

O let me still
 Write thee great God, and me a childe :

Let me be soft and supple to thy will,
Small to myself, to others milde,
Behither ill.

Although by stealth
My flesh get on; yet let her sifter
My soul bid nothing, but preserve her wealth:
The growth of flesh is but a blister;
Childhood is health.

16. Nature.



FULL of rebellion, I would die,
Or fight, or travell, or denie
That thou hast ought to do with me.
O tame my heart;
It is thy highest art
To captivate strong holds to thee.

If thou shalt let this venome lurk,
And in suggestions fume and work,
My soul will turn to bubbles straight,
And thence by kinde
Vanish into a winde,
Making thy workmanship deceit.

O smooth my rugged heart, and there
Engrave thy rev'rend law and fear;
Or make a new one, since the old
Is faplesse grown,
And a much fitter stone
To hide my dust, then thee to hold.

17. Sinne.

LORD, with what care hast thou begirt us round!
 Parents first season us: then schoolmasters
 Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
 To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and fundayes, sorrow dogging sinne,
 Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
 Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
 Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Blessings beforehand, tyes of gratefulnesse,
 The sound of glorie ringing in our eares;
 Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
 Angels and grace, eternall hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole aray
 One cunning boosome-finne blows quite away.

18. Affliction.

WHEN first thou didst entice to thee my heart,
 I thought the service brave:
 So many joyes I writ down for my part,
 Besides what I might have
 Out of my stock of naturall delights,
 Augmented with thy gracious benefits.

I looked on thy furniture so fine,
 And made it fine to me ;
 Thy glorious household-stuffe did me entwine,
 And 'tice me unto thee.
 Such starres I counted mine : both heav'n and earth
 Payd me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasures could I want, whose King I served,
 Where joyes my fellows were ?
 Thus argu'd into hopes, my thoughts reserved
 No place for grief or fear ;
 Therefore my sudder soul caught at the place,
 And made her youth and fiercenesse seek thy face :

At first thou gav'st me milk and sweetnesses ;
 I had my wish and way :
 My dayes were straw'd with flow'rs and happinesse ;
 There was no moneth but May.
 But with my yeares sorrow did twist and grow,
 And made a partie unawares for wo.

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,
 Sicknesses cleave my bones,
 Consuming agues dwell in ev'ry vein,
 And tune my breath to groans :
 Sorrow was all my soul ; I scarce beleev'd,
 Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

When I got health, thou took'st away my life,
 And more ; for my friends die :
 My mirth and edge was lost ; a blunted knife
 Was of more use then I.
 Thus thinne and lean without a fence or friend,
 I was blown through with ev'ry storm and winde.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
 The way that takes the town ;
 Thou didst betray me to a lingring book,
 And wrap me in a gown.
 I was entangled in the world of strife,
 Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threatned oft the siege to raise,
 Not simpring all mine age,
 Thou often didst with Academick praise
 Melt and dissolve my rage.
 I took thy sweetned pill, till I came neare ;
 I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet left perchance I should too happie be
 In my unhappinesse,
 Turning my purge to food, thou throwest me
 Into more sicknesse.
 Thus doth thy power crosse-bias me, not making
 Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
 None of my books will show :
 I reade, and sigh, and wish I were a tree ;
 For sure then I should grow
 To fruit or shade : at least some bird would trust
 Her household to me, and I should be just.

Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek ;
 In weaknesse must be stout.
 Well, I will change the service, and go seek
 Some other master out.
 Ah my deare God ! though I am clean forgot,
 Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

19. Repentance.

LORD, I confesse my sinne is great ;
 Great is my sinne. Oh ! gently treat
 With thy quick flow'r, thy momentarie bloom ;
 Whose life still pressing
 Is one undressing,
 A steadie aiming at a tombe.

Mans age is two houres work, or three ;
 Each day doth round about us see.
 Thus are we to delights : but we are all
 To sorrows old,
 If life be told
 From what life feeleth, Adams fall.

O let thy height of mercie then
 Compassionate short-breathed men,
 Cut me not off for my most foul transgression :
 I do confesse
 My foolishnesse ;
 My God, accept of my confession.

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,
 Which thou hast pour'd into my soul ;
 Thy wormwood turn to health, windes to fair weather :
 For if thou stay,
 I and this day,
 As we did rise, we die together.

When thou for sinne rebukest man,
 Forthwith he waxeth wo and wan :
 Bitternesse fills our bowels ; all our hearts
 Pine, and decay,
 And drop away,
 And carrie with them th' other parts.

But thou wilt sinne and grief destroy ;
 That so the broken bones may joy,
 And tune together in a well-fet song,
 Full of his praises
 Who dead men raifes.
 Fractures well cur'd make us more strong.

20. Faith.

LORD, how couldst thou so much appease
 Thy wrath for sinne, as when mans sight
 was dimme,
 And could see little, to regard his ease,
 And bring by Faith all things to him ?

Hungrie I was, and had no meat :
 I did conceit a most delicious feast ;
 I had it straight, and did as truly eat,
 As ever did a welcome guest.

There is a rare outlandish root,
 Which when I could not get, I thought it here :
 That apprehension cur'd so well my foot,
 That I can walk to heav'n well neare.

I owed thousands and much more :
 I did believe that I did nothing owe,
 And liv'd accordingly ; my creditor
 Beleeves so too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me any thing, or all
 That I beleeve is in the sacred storie :
 And where finne placeth me in Adams fall,
 Faith sets me higher in his glorie.

If I go lower in the book,
 What can be lower than the common manger ?
 Faith puts me there with him, who sweetly took
 Our flesh and frailtie, death and danger.

If blisse had lien in art or strength,
 None but the wise or strong had gained it :
 Where now by Faith all arms are of a length ;
 One size doth all conditions fit.

A peasant may beleeve as much
 As a great Clerk, and reach the highest stature.
 Thus dost thou make proud knowledge bend and
 While grace fills up uneven nature. [crouch,

When creatures had no reall light
 Inherent in them, thou didst make the funne,
 Impute a lustre, and allow them bright :
 And in this shew, what Christ hath done.

That which before was darkned clean
 With bushie groves, pricking the lookers eie,
 Vanisht away, when Faith did change the scene :
 And then appear'd a glorious skie.

What though my bodie run to duft?
 Faith cleaves unto it, counting ev'ry grain,
 With an exact and moſt particular truſt,
 Reſerving all for fleſh again.

21. Prayer.

PRAYER, the Churches banquet, Angels age,
 Gods breath in man returning to his birth,
 The ſoul in paraphraſe, heart in pilgrimage,
 The Chriſtian plummet founding heav'n and earth ;

Engine againſt th' Almighty, finner's towre,
 Reverſed thunder, Chriſt-side-piercing ſpear,
 The fix daies world-transporting in an houre,
 A kinde of tune, which all things heare and fear ;

Softneſſe, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliſſe,
 Exalted Manna, gladneſſe of the beſt,
 Heaven in ordinarie, man well dreſt,
 The milkie way, the bird of Paradife,

Church-bels beyond the ſtars heard, the ſouls
 bloud,
 The land of ſpices, ſomething underſtood.

22. The Holy Communion.

NOT in rich furniture, or fine aray,
 Nor in a wedge of gold,
 Thou, who from me waſt fold,

To me dost now thyself convey ;
For so thou should'st without me still have been,
Leaving within me sinne :

But by the way of nourishment and strength,
Thou creep'st into my breast ;
Making thy way my rest,
And thy small quantities my length ;
Which spread their forces into every part,
Meeting sinnes force and art.

Yet can these not get over to my soul,
Leaping the wall that parts
Our souls and fleshly hearts ;
But as th' outworks, they may controll
My rebel-flesh, and carrying thy name,
Affright both sinne and shame.

Onely thy grace, which with these elements comes,
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privie key,
Op'ning the souls most subtile rooms :
While those to spirits refin'd, at doore attend
Despatches from their friend.

GIVE me my captive soul, or take
My body also thither.
Another lift like this will make
Them both to be together.

Before that sinne turn'd flesh to stone,
And all our lump to leaven ;
A fervent sigh might well have blown
Our innocent earth to heaven.

For sure when Adam did not know
 To sinne, or sinne to smother ;
 He might to heav'n from Paradise go,
 As from one room t' another.

Thou hast restor'd us to this ease
 By this thy heav'nly bloud,
 Which I can go to, when I please,
 And leave th' earth to their food.

23. Antiphon.

Cho. **L**ET all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King.

Vers. The heav'ns are not too high,
 His praise may thither flie :
 The earth is not too low,
 His praises there may grow.

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King.

Vers. The church with psalms must shout,
 No doore can keep them out :
 But above all, the heart
 Must bear the longest part.

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King.

24. Love.

1.

IMMORTALL Love, authour of this great frame,
 Sprung from that beautie which can never fade;
 How hath man parcel'd out thy glorious name,
 And thrown it on that dust which thou hast made,

While mortall love doth all the title gain!
 Which siding with invention, they together
 Bear all the sway, possessing heart and brain,
 (Thy workmanship) and give thee share in neither.

Wit fancies beautie, beautie raiseth wit:
 The world is theirs; they two play out the game,
 Thou standing by: and though thy glorious name
 Wrought our deliverance from th' infernall pit,

Who sings thy praise? onely a skarfe or glove
 Doth warm our hands, and make them write of
 love.

2.

IMMORTALL Heat, O let thy greater flame
 Attract the lesser to it: let those fires
 Which shall consume the world, first make it tame,
 And kindle in our hearts such true desires,

As may consume our lusts, and make thee way.
 Then shall our hearts pant thee; then shall our
 All her invention on thine Altar lay, [brain
 And there in hymnes send back thy fire again:

Our eies shall see thee, which before saw duft ;
 Duft blown by wit, till that they both were blinde :
 Thou shalt recover all thy goods in kinde,
 Who wert disseized by usurping lust :

All knees shall bow to thee ; all wits shall rise,
 And praise him who did make and mend our eies.

25. The Temper.

HOW should I praise thee, Lord ! how should
 my rymes

Gladly engrave thy love in steel,
 If what my soul doth feel sometimes,
 My soul might ever feel !

Although there were some fourtie heav'ns, or more,
 Sometimes I peere above them all ;
 Sometimes I hardly reach a score,
 Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent ;
 Those distances belong to thee :
 The world's too little for thy tent,
 A grave too big for me.

Wilt thou meet arms with man, that thou dost stretch
 A crumme of dust from heav'n to hell ?
 Will great God measure with a wretch ?
 Shall he thy stature spell ?

O let me, when thy roof my foul hath hid,
 O let me roost and nestle there :
 Then of a finner thou art rid,
 And I of hope and fear.

Yet take thy way ; for fure thy way is best :
 Stretch or contract me thy poore debter :
 This is but tuning of my breast,
 To make the musick better.

• Whether I flie with angels, fall with dust,
 Thy hands made both, and I am there.
 Thy power and love, my love and trust,
 Make one place ev'ry where.

26. The Temper.

IT cannot be. Where is that mightie joy,
 Which just now took up all my heart ?
 Lord ! if thou must needs use thy dart,
 Save that, and me ; or sin for both destroy.

The grosser world stands to thy word and art ;
 But thy diviner world of grace
 Thou suddenly dost raise and race,
 And ev'ry day a new Creatour art.

O fix thy chair of grace, that all my powers
 May also fix their reverence :
 For when thou dost depart from hence,
 They grow unruly, and fit in thy bowers.

Scatter, or binde them all to bend to thee :
 Though elements change, and heaven move ;
 Let not thy higher Court remove,
 But keep a standing Majestie in me.

27. Jordan.

WHO faves that fictions onely and false hair
 Become a verse? Is there in truth no beautie?
 Is all good structure in a winding stair?
 May no lines passe, except they do their dutie
 Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it not verse, except enchanted groves
 And sudden arbours shadow coarse-spunne lines?
 Must purling streams refresh a lovers loves?
 Must all be vail'd, while he that reads, divines,
 Catching the sense at two removes?

Shepherds are honest people; let them sing:
 Riddle who list, for me, and pull for Prime:
 I envie no mans nightingale or spring;
 Nor let them punish me with losse of ryme,
 Who plainly say, *My God, My King.*

28. Employment.

IF as a flowre doth spread and die,
 Thou wouldst extend me to some good,
 Before I were by frosts extremitie
 Nipt in the bud;

The sweetnesse and the praise were thine ;
But the extension and the room,
Which in thy garland I should fill, were mine
At thy great doom.

For as thou dost impart thy grace,
The greater shall our glorie be.
The measure of our joyes is in this place,
The stuffe with thee.

Let me not languish then, and spend
A life as barren to thy praise
As is the dust, to which that life doth tend,
But with delaies.

All things are busie ; only I
Neither bring hony with the bees,
Nor flowres to make that, nor the husbandrie
To water these.

I am no link of thy great chain,
But all my companie is a weed.
Lord, place me in thy confort ; give one strain
To my poore reed.

29. The Holy Scriptures.

I.

OH Book! infinite sweetnesse! let my heart
Suck ev'ry letter, and a hony gain,
Precious for any grief in any part ;
To cleare the breast, to mollifie all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make
 A full eternitie : thou art a maffe
 Of strange delights, where we may wish and take.
 Ladies, look here ; this is the thankfull glasse,

That mends the lookers eyes : this is the well
 That washes what it shows. Who can indeare
 Thy praise too much ? thou art heav'ns Lidger here,
 Working against the states of death and hell.

Thou art joyes handfell : heav'n lies flat in thee,
 Subject to ev'ry mounters bended knee.

2.

OH that I knew how all thy lights combine,
 And the configurations of their glorie !
 Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,
 But all the constellations of the storie.

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion
 Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie :
 Then as disperfed herbs do watch a potion,
 These three make up some Christians destinie.

Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,
 And comments on thee : for in ev'ry thing
 Thy words do finde me out, and parallels bring,
 And in another make me understood.

Starres are poore books, and oftentimes do misse :
 This book of starres lights to eternall blisse.

30. Whitfunday.

LISTEN sweet Dove unto my song,
 And spread thy golden wings in me ;
 Hatching my tender heart so long,
 Till it get wing, and flie away with thee.

Where is that fire which once descended
 On thy Apostles ? thou didst then
 Keep open house, richly attended,
 Feasting all comers by twelve chosen men.

Such glorious gifts thou didst bestow,
 That th' earth did like a heav'n appeare :
 The starres were coming down to know
 If they might mend their wages, and serve here.

The sunne, which once did shine alone,
 Hung down his head, and wisht for night,
 When he beheld twelve sunnes for one
 Going about the world, and giving light.

But since those pipes of gold, which brought
 That cordiall water to our ground,
 Were cut and martyr'd by the fault
 Of those who did themselves through their side wound.

Thou shutt'st the doore, and keep'st within ;
 Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink :
 And if the braves of conqu'ring sinne
 Did not excite thee, we should wholly sink.

Lord, though we change, thou art the same ;
 The same sweet God of love and light :
 Restore this day, for thy great name,
 Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

31. Grace.

MY stock lies dead, and no increase
 Doth my dull husbandrie improve :
 O let thy graces without cease
 Drop from above !

If still the sunne should hide his face,
 Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
 Thy works nights captives : O let grace
 Drop from above !

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall ;
 And shall the dew outstrip thy dove ?
 The dew, for which grasse cannot call,
 Drop from above.

Death is still working like a mole,
 And digs my grave at each remove :
 Let grace work too, and on my soul
 Drop from above.

Sinne is still hammering my heart
 Unto a hardnesse, void of love :
 Let suppling grace, to crosse his art,
 Drop from above.

O come! for thou dost know the way.
 Or if to me thou wilt not move,
 Remove me, where I need not say—
Drop from above.

32. Praise.

TO write a verse or two, is all the praise,
 That I can raise :
 Mend my estate in any wayes,
 Thou shalt have more.

I go to Church ; help me to wings, and I
 Will thither flie ;
 Or, if I mount unto the skie,
 I will do more.

Man is all weaknesse ; there is no such thing
 As Prince or King :
 His arm is short ; yet with a sling
 He may do more.

A herb destill'd, and drunk, may dwell next doore,
 On the same floore,
 To a brave soul : Exalt the poore,
 They can do more.

O raise me then ! poore bees, that work all day,
 Sting my delay,
 Who have a work, as well as they,
 And much, much more.

33. Affliction.

KILL me not ev'ry day,
 Thou Lord of life; since thy one death for me
 Is more than all my deaths can be,
 Though I in broken pay
 Die over each hour of Methuselems stay.

If all mens tears were let
 Into one common sewer, sea, and brine;
 What were they all, compar'd to thine?
 Wherein if they were set,
 They would discolour thy most bloody sweat.

Thou art my grief alone,
 Thou Lord conceal it not: and as thou art
 All my delight, so all my smart:
 Thy crosse took up in one,
 By way of imprest, all my future mone.

34. Mattens.

I CANNOT ope mine eyes,
 But thou art ready there to catch
 My morning-soul and sacrifice:
 Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?
 Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
 Or starre, or rainbow, or a part
 Of all these things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,
That thou shouldst it so eye, and wooe,
Powring upon it all thy art,
As if that thou hadst nothing els to do ?

Indeed mans whole estate
Amounts (and richly) to serve thee :
He did not heav'n and earth create,
Yet studies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know ;
That this new light, which now I see,
May both the work and workman show :
Then by a funne-beam I will climbe to thee.

35. Sinne.

O THAT I could a finne once see !
We paint the devil foul, yet he
Hath some good in him, all agree.
Sinne is flat opposite to th' Almighty, seeing
It wants the good of *vertue*, and of *being*.

But God more care of us hath had,
If apparitions make us sad,
By fight of finne we should grow mad.
Yet as in sleep we see foul death, and live ;
So devils are our finnes in perspective.

36. Even-song.

BLEST be the God of love,
 Who gave me eyes, and light, and
 power this day,
 Both to be busie, and to play.
 But much more blest be God above,

Who gave me fight alone,
 Which to himself he did denie :
 For when he sees my waies, I dy :
 But I have got his sonne, and he hath none.

What have I brought thee home
 For this thy love? have I discharg'd the debt,
 Which this dayes favour did beget?
 I ranne; but all I brought, was fome.

Thy diet, care, and coft
 Do end in bubbles, balls of winde;
 Of winde to thee whom I have crost,
 But balls of wilde-fire to my troubled minde.

Yet still thou goest on,
 And now with darknesse closest wearie eyes,
 Saying to man, *It doth suffice :*
Henceforth repose ; your work is done.

Thus in thy Ebony box
 Thou dost inclose us, till the day
 Put our amendment in our way,
 And give new wheels to our disorder'd clocks.

I muse, which shows more love,
 The day or night; that is the gale, this th' harbour;
 That is the walk, and this the arbour;
 Or that the garden, this the grove.

My God, thou art all love.
 Not one poore minute 'scapes thy breast,
 But brings a favour from above;
 And in this love, more than in bed, I rest.

37. Church-monuments.

WHILE that my soul repairs to her devotion,
 Here I intombe my flesh, that it betimes
 May take acquaintance of this heap of dust;
 To which the blast of deaths incessant motion,
 Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
 Drives all at last. Therefore I gladly trust

My bodie to this school, that it may learn
 To spell his elements, and finde his birth
 Written in dustie heraldrie and lines;
 Which dissolution sure doth best discern,
 Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.
 These laugh at Jeat, and Marble put for signes,

To sever the good fellowship of dust,
 And spoil the meeting. What shall point out them,
 When they shall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
 To kisse those heaps, which now they have in trust?
 Deare flesh, while I do pray, learn here thy stemme
 And true descent; that when thou shalt grow fat,

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayst know,
 That flesh is but the glasse, which holds the dust
 That measures all our time; which also shall
 Be crumbled into dust. Mark here below,
 How tame these ashes are, how free from lust,
 That thou mayst fit thyself against thy fall.

38. Church-musick.

SWEETEST of sweets, I thank you : when displeas-
 Did through my bodie wound my minde, [sure
 You took me thence; and in your house of pleasure
 A daintie lodging me assign'd.

Now I in you without a bodie move,
 Rising and falling with your wings :
 We both together sweetly live and love,
 Yet say sometimes, *God help poore Kings.*

Comfort, 'Ile die; for if you parte from me,
 Sure I shall do so, and much more :
 But if I travell in your companie,
 You know the way to heavens doore.

39. Church-lock and key.

I KNOW it is my sinne, which locks thine eares,
 And bindes thy hands !
 Out-crying my requests, drowning my tears ;
 Or else the chilnesse of my faint demands.

Blows all the dust about the floore :
 But while he thinks to spoil the room, he sweeps.
 Blest be the *Architeēt*, whose art
 Could build so strong in a weak heart.

41. The Windows.

LORD, how can man preach thy eternall word ?
 He is a brittle crazie glasse :
 Yet in thy temple thou dost him afford
 This glorious and transcendent place,
 To be a window, through thy grace.

But when thou dost anneal in glasse thy storie,
 Making thy life to shine within
 The holy Preachers, then the light and glorie
 More rev'rend grows, and more doth win ;
 Which else shows watriſh, bleak, and thin.

Doctrinē and life, colours and light, in one
 When they combine and mingle, bring
 A strong regard and aw : but speech alone
 Doth vanish like a flaring thing,
 And in the eare, not conscience ring.

42. Trinitie Sunday.

LORD, who hast form'd me out of mud,
 And hast redeem'd me through thy blood,
 And sanctifi'd me to do good ;

Purge all my finnes done heretofore ;
 For I confesse my heavie score,
 And I will strive to finne no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,
 With faith, with hope, with charitie ;
 That I may runne, rise, rest with thee.

43. Content.

PEACE mutt'ring thoughts, and do not grudge to
 Within the walls of your own breast. [keep
 Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep,
 Can on anothers hardly rest.

Gad not abroad at ev'ry quest and call
 Of an untrained hope or passion.
 To court each place or fortune that doth fall,
 Is wantonneffe in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,
 Content and warm t' it self alone :
 But when it would appeare to others eye,
 Without a knock it never shone.

Give me the pliant mind, whose gentle measure
 Complies and suits with all estates ;
 Which can let loose to a crown, and yet with pleasure
 Take up within a cloisters gates.

This fowl doth span the world, and hang content
 From either pole unto the centre :
 Where in each room of the well-furnisht tent
 He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine dayes wonder :
 And after death the fumes that spring
 From private bodies, make as big a thunder
 As those which rise from a huge King.

Onely thy Chronicle is lost : and yet
 Better by worms be all once spent,
 Than to have hellish moths still gnaw and fret
 Thy name in books, which may not rent.

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou feel'st alone,
 Are chaw'd by others pens and tongue,
 And as their wit is, their digestion,
 Thy nourisht fame is weak or strong.

Then cease discourfing foul, till thine own ground ;
 Do not thyself or friends importune,
 He that by seeking hath himself once found,
 Hath ever found a happie fortune.

44. The Quidditie.

MY God, a verfe is not a crown ;
 No point of honour, or gay fuit,
 No hawk, or banquet, or renown,
 Nor a good sword, nor yet a lute :

It cannot vault, or dance, or play ;
 It never was in *France* or *Spain* ;
 Nor can it entertain the day
 With a great stable or demain.

It is no office, art, or news ;
 Nor the Exchange, or busie Hall :
 But it is that which while I use,
 I am with thee, and *Most take all.*

45. Humilitie. ✓

I SAW the Vertues fitting hand in hand
 In sev'ral ranks upon an azure throne,
 Where all the beasts and fowls, by their command,
 Presented tokens of submission.

Humilitie, who sat the lowest there
 To execute their call,
 When by the beasts the presents tendred were,
 Gave them about to all.

The angrie Lion did present his paw,
 Which by consent was giv'n to Mansuetude.
 The fearfull Hare her eares, which by their law
 Humilitie did reach to Fortitude.

The jealous Turkie brought his corall-chain,
 That went to Temperance.
 On Justice was bestow'd the Foxes brain,
 Kill'd in the way by chance.

At length the Crow, bringing the Peacocks plume,
 (For he would not) as they beheld the grace
 Of that brave gift, each one began to fume,
 And challenge it, as proper to his place,
 Till they fell out ; which when the beasts espied,
 They leapt upon the throne ;

And if the Fox had liv'd to rule their fide,
 They had depof'd each one.

Humilitie, who held the plume, at this
 Did weep fo fast, that the tears trickling down
 Spoil'd all the train : then faying, *Here it is*
For which ye wrangle, made them turn their frown
 Againft the beafts : fo joyntly bandying,
 They drive them foon away ;
 And then amerc'd them, double gifts to bring
 At the next Seflion-day.

46. Frailtie.

LORD, in my filence how do I defpife
 What upon truft
 Is ftyled *honour, riches, or fair eyes ;*
 But is *fair dust !*
 I furname them *gilded clay,*
Deare earth, fine graffe or bay ;
 In all, I think my foot doth ever tread
 Upon their head.

But when I view abroad both Regiments,
 The worlds, and thine ;
 Thine clad with simplenefse, and fad events ;
 The other fine,
 Full of glorie and gay weeds,
 Brave language, braver deeds :
 That which was dust before, doth quickly rife,
 And prick mine eyes.

O brook not this, lest if what even now
 My foot did tread,
 Affront those joyes, wherewith thou didst endow,
 And long since wed
 My poore soul, ev'n sick of love ;
 It may a Babel prove,
 Commodious to conquer heav'n and thee
 Planted in me.

47. Constancie.

WHO is the honest man ?
 He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
 To God, his neighbour, and himself most true :
 Whom neither force nor fawning can
 Unpinne, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honestie is not
 So loose or easie, that a ruffling winde
 Can blow away, or glittering look it blinde :
 Who rides his sure and even trot,
 While the world now rides by, now lags behinde.

Who, when great trials come,
 Nor seeks, nor shunnes them ; but doth calmly stay,
 Till he the thing and the example weigh :
 All being brought into a summe,
 What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or wooc,
 To use in any thing a trick or sleight ;

For above all things he abhorres deceit :

His words and works and fashion too
All of a piece, and all are cleare and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close tentations : when the day is done,
His goodnesse fets not, but in dark can runne :
The funne to others writeth laws,
And is their vertue ; Vertue is his Sunne.

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way :
Whom others faults do not defeat ;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runnes bias, from his will
To writhe his limbes, and share, not mend the ill.
This is the Mark-man, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prayes to be so still.

48. Affliction.

MY heart did heave, and there came forth, *O God!*
By that I knew that thou wast in the grief,
To guide and govern it to my relief,
Making a sceptor of the rod :
Hadst thou not had thy part,
Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart.

But since thy breath gave me both life and shape,
 Thou knowst my tallies ; and when there's assign'd
 So much breath to a sigh, what's then behinde ?

Or if some yeares with it escape,
 The sigh then onely is
 A gale to bring me sooner to my blisse.

Thy life on earth was grief, and thou art still
 Constant unto it, making it to be

A point of honour, now to grieve in me,
 And in thy members suffer ill.

They who lament one crosse,
 Thou dying dayly, praise thee to thy losse.

49. The Starre.

BRIGHT spark, shot from a brighter place,
 Where beams surround my Saviours face,
 Canst thou be any where
 So well as there ?

Yet, if thou wilt from thence depart,
 Take a bad lodging in my heart ;
 For thou canst make a debter,
 And make it better.

First with thy fire-work burn to dust
 Folly, and worse than folly, lust :
 Then with thy light refine,
 And make it shine.

THE CHURCH.

So difengag'd from finne and fickneffe,
 Touch it with thy celeftiall quickneffe
 That it may hang and move
 After thy love.

Then with our trinitie of light,
 Motion, and heat, let's take our flight
 Unto the place where thou
 Before didft bow.

Get me a ftanding there, and place
 Among the beams, which crown the face
 Of him, who dy'd to part
 Sinne and my heart :

That fo among the reft I may
 Glitter, and curle, and winde as they :
 That winding is their fafhion
 Of adoration.

Sure thou wilt joy, by gaining me
 To flie home like a laden bee
 Unto that hive of beams
 And garland-ftreams.

50. Sunday.

O DAY moft calm, moft bright,
 The fruit of this, the next worlds bud,
 Th' indorfement of fupreme delight,
 Writ by a friend, and with his bloud ;
 The couch of time ; cares balm and bay ;

The week were dark, but for thy light :
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other dayes and thou
Make up one man ; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow :
The worky-daies are the back-part ;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoup and bow,
Till thy release appeare.

Man had straight forward gone
To endlesse death ; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still ;
Since there is no place so alone
The which he doth not fill.

Sundaies the pillars are,
On which heav'ns palace arched lies :
The other dayes fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitfull beds and borders
In Gods rich garden : that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundaies of mans life,
Thredded together on times string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternall glorious King.
On Sunday heavens gate stands ope ;
Blessings are plentifull and rife,
More plentifull then hope.

THE CHURCH.

This day my Saviour rose,
 And did inclose this light for his :
 That, as each beast his manger knows,
 Man might not of his fodder misse.
 Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
 And made a garden there for those
 Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our Creation
 Our great Redeemer did remove
 With the same shake, which at his passion
 Did th' earth and all things with it move.
 As Samson bore the doores away,
 Christs hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
 And did unhinge that day.

The brightnesse of that day
 We sullied by our foul offence :
 Wherefore that robe we cast away,
 Having a new at his expense,
 Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
 That was requir'd to make us gay,
 And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth :
 And where the week-dayes trail on ground,
 Thy flight is higher, as thy birth :
 O let me take thee at the bound,
 Leaping with thee from sev'n to sev'n,
 Till that we both, being tofs'd from earth,
 Flie hand in hand to heav'n !

51. Avarice.

MONEY, thou bane of blisse, and source of wo,
Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh
and fine?

I know thy parentage is base and low :
Man found thee poore and dirtie in a mine.

Surely thou didst so little contribute
To this great kingdome, which thou now hast got,
That he was fain, when thou wert destitute,
To digge thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright :
Nay, thou hast got the face of man ; for we
Have with our stamp and seal transferr'd our right :
Thou art the man, and man but drosse to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich ;
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

52. *Ana-* $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{MARY} \\ \text{ARMY} \end{array} \right\}$ *gram.*

HOW well her name an *Army* doth present,
In whom the *Lord of hosts* did pitch his tent !

53. To all Angels and Saints.

O H glorious spirits, who after all your bands
See the smooth face of God, without a frown,
Or strict commands ;
Where ev'ry one is king, and hath his crown,
If not upon his head, yet in his hands :

Not out of envie or malicioufnesse
Do I forbear to crave your speciall aid.
I would addresse
My vows to thee most gladly, blessed Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my distresse :

Thou art the holy mine, whence came the gold,
The great restorative for all decay
In young and old ;
Thou art the cabinet where the jewell lay :
Chiefly to thee would I my soul unfold.

But now, (alas !) I dare not ; for our King,
Whom we do all joyntly adore and praise,
Bids no such thing :
And where his pleasure no injunctiō layes,
('Tis your own case) ye never move a wing.

All worship is prerogative, and a flower
Of his rich crown, from whom lyes no appeal
At the last houre :
Therefore we dare not from his garland steal,
To make a posie for inferiour power.

Although then others court you, if ye know
 What's done on earth, we shall not fare the worfe,
 Who do not fo ;
 Since we are ever ready to difburfe,
 If any one our Masters hand can show.

54. Employment.

HE that is weary, let him fit.
 My foul would firre
 And trade in courtesies and wit,
 Quitting the furre
 To cold complexions needing it.

Man is no ftarre, but a quick coal
 Of mortall fire :
 Who blows it not, nor doth controll
 A faint defire,
 Lets his own ashes choke his foul.

When th' elements did for place conteft
 With him, whose will
 Ordain'd the higheft to be beft :
 The earth fat ftill,
 And by the others is oppreff.

Life is a bufineffe, not good cheer ;
 Ever in warres.
 The funne ftill fhineth there or here,
 Whereas the ftarres
 Watch an advantage to appeare.

Oh that I were an Orenge-tree,
 That busie plant !
 Then should I ever laden be,
 And never want
 Some fruit for him that dressed me.

But we are still too young or old ;
 The man is gone,
 Before we do our wares unfold :
 So we freeze on,
 Until the grave increase our cold.

55. Deniall.

WHEN my devotions could not pierce
 Thy silent eares ;
 Then was my heart broken, as was my verse ;
 My breast was full of fears
 And disorder,

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
 Did flie asunder :
 Each took his way ; some would to pleasures go,
 Some to the warres and thunder
 Of alarms.

As good go any where, they say,
 As to benumme
 Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,
 Come, come, my God, O come,
 But no hearing.

O thou that shouldst give dust a tongue
 To crie to thee,
 And then not heare it crying! all day long
 My heart was in my knee, *with*
 But no hearing.

Therefore my soul lay out of fight,
 Untun'd, unstrung :
 My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
 Like a nipt blossome, hung
 Discontented.

O cheer and tune my heartlesse breast,
 Deferre no time ;
 That so thy favours granting my request,
 They and my minde may chime,
 And mend my ryme.

56. Christmas.

ALL after pleasures as I rid one day,
 My horse and I, both tir'd, bodie and minde,
 With full crie of affections, quite astray ;
 I took up in the next inne I could finde.

There when I came, whom found I but my deare,
 My dearest Lord, expecting till the grief
 Of pleasures brought me to him, readie there
 To be all passengers most sweet relief?

O Thou, whose glorious, yet contracted light,
 Wrapt in nights mantle, stole into a manger ;
 Since my dark soul and brutish is thy right,
 To Man of all beasts be not thou a stranger :

Furnish and deck my soul, that thou mayst have
 A better lodging, then a rack, or grave.

THE shepherds sing ; and shall I silent be ?
 My God, no hymne for thee ?
 My soul's a shepherd too : a flock it feeds
 Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
 The pasture is thy word ; the streams, thy grace
 Enriching all the place.
 Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
 Out-sing the day-light houres.
 Then we will chide the sunne for letting night
 Take up his place and right :
 We sing one common Lord ; wherefore he should
 Himself the candle hold.
 I will go searhing, till I finde a sunne
 Shall stay, till we have done ;
 A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly,
 As frost-nipt sunnes look sadly.
 Then we will sing, and shine all our own day,
 And one another pay :
 His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so twine,
 Till ev'n his beams sing, and my musick shine.

57. Ungratefulnesse.

LORD, with what bountie and rare clemencie
 Haft thou redeem'd us from the grave!
 If thou hadst let us runne,
 Gladly had man ador'd the funne,
 And thought his god most brave;
 Where now we shall be better gods then he.

Thou hast but two rare cabinets full of treasure,
 The *Trinitie*, and *Incarnation*:
 Thou hast unlockt them both,
 And made them jewels to betroth
 The work of thy creation
 Unto thyself in everlasting pleasure.

The statelier cabinet is the *Trinitie*,
 Whose sparkling light access denies:
 Therefore thou dost not show
 This fully to us, till death blow
 The dust into our eyes;
 For by that powder thou wilt make us fee.

But all thy sweets are packt up in the other;
 Thy mercies thither flock and flow;
 That as the first affrights,
 This may allure us with delights;
 Because this box we know;
 For we have all of us just such another.

But man is close, reserv'd, and dark to thee;
 When thou demandest but a heart,

He cavils instantly.
 In his poore cabinet of bone
 Sinnes have their box apart,
 Defrauding thee, who gavest two for one.

X 58. Sighs and Grones.

O DO not use me
 After my finnes! look not on my desert,
 But on thy glorie! then thou wilt reform,
 And not refuse me: for thou onely art
 The mightie God, but I a fillie worm:
 O do not bruise me!

O do not urge me!
 For what account can thy ill steward make?
 I have abus'd thy stock, destroy'd thy woods,
 Suckt all thy magazens: my head did ake,
 Till it found out how to consume thy goods:
 O do not scourge me!

O do not blind me!
 I have deserv'd that an Egyptian night
 Should thicken all my powers; because my lust
 Hath still sow'd fig-leaves to exclude thy light:
 But I am frailtie, and already dust:
 O do not grinde me!

O do not fill me
 With the turn'd viall of thy bitter wrath!
 For thou hast other vessels full of bloud,

A part whereof my Saviour empti'd hath,
 Ev'n unto death: since he di'd for my good,
 O do not kill me!

But O reprieve me!
 For thou hast *life* and *death* at thy command;
 Thou art both *Judge* and *Saviour*, *feast* and *rod*,
Cordiall and *Corrosive*: put not thy hand
 Into the bitter box; but O my God,
 My God, relieve me!

59. The World.

LOVE built a stately house; where *Fortune* came:
 And spinning phanxies, she was heard to say,
 That her fine cobwebs did support the frame,
 Whereas they were supported by the same:
 But *Wisdom*e quickly swept them all away.

Then *Pleasure* came, who liking not the fashion,
 Began to make *Balcones*, *Terraces*,
 Till she had weakned all by alteration:
 But rev'rend *laws*, and many a *proclamation*
 Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then enter'd *Sinne*, and with that *Sycomore*, [dew,
 Whose leaves first sheltred man from drought and
 Working and winding flily evermore,
 The inward walls and Sommers cleft and tore:
 But *Grace* shor'd these, and cut that as it grew.

Then *Sinne* combined with *Death* in a firm band,
 To rase the building to the very floore :
 Which they effected, none could them withstand ;
 But *Love* and *Grace* took *Glorie* by the hand,
 And built a braver Palace then before.

60. Coloff. iii. 3.

Our life is hid with Christ in God.

M*Y* words and thoughts do both expresse this
 notion,
 That *Life* hath with the sun a double motion.
 The first *Is* straight, and our diurnall friend ;
 The other *Hid*, and doth obliquely bend.
 One life is wrapt *In* flesh, and tends to earth :
 The other winds towards *Him*, whose happie birth
 Taught me to live here so, *That* still one eye
 Should aim and shoot at that which *Is* on high ;
 Quitting with daily labour all *My* pleasure,
 To gain at harvest an eternall *Treasure*.

61. Vanitie.

THE fleet Astronomer can bore
 And thred the spheres with his quick-
 piercing minde :
 He views their stations, walks from doore to doore,
 Surveys, as if he had design'd
 To make a purchase there : he sees their dances,
 And knoweth long before,
 Both their full-ey'd aspects, and secret glances.

The nimble Diver with his fide
 Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch
 His dearely-earned pearl, which God did hide
 On purpose from the ventrous wretch ;
 That he might save his life, and also hers,
 Who with excessive pride
 Her own destruction and his danger wears.

The subtil Chymick can develt
 And strip the creature naked, till he finde
 The callow principles within their nest :
 There he imparts to them his minde,
 Admitted to their bed-chamber, before
 They appeare trim and drest
 To ordinarie suitours at the doore.

What hath not man sought out and found,
 But his deare God? who yet his glorious law
 Embosomes in us, mellowing the ground
 With showres and frosts, with love and aw ;
 So that we need not say, Where's this command?
 Poore man! thou searchest round
 To finde out *death*, but missest *life* at hand.

62. Lent.

WELCOME, deare feast of Lent: who loves
 not thee,
 He loves not Temperance, or Authoritie,
 But is compos'd of passion.
 The Scriptures bid us *fast*; the Church says, *now* :
 Give to thy Mother what thou wouldst allow
 To ev'ry Corporation.

The humble soul compos'd of love and fear,
 Begins at home, and layes the burden there,
 When doctrines disagree:
 He sayes, in things which use hath justly got,
 I am a scandall to the Church, and not
 The Church is so to me.

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
 To use their temperance, seeking no evasion,
 When good is feasonable;
 Unlesse Authoritie, which should increase
 The obligation in us, make it lesse,
 And Power it self disable.

Besides the cleannesse of sweet abstinence,
 Quick thoughts and motions at a small expense,
 A face not fearing light:
 Whereas in fulnesse there are fluttish fumes,
 Sowre exhalations, and dishonest rheumes,
 Revenging the delight.

Then those same pendant profits, which the spring
 And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing,
 And goodnesse of the deed.
 Neither ought other mens abuse of Lent
 Spoil the good use; lest by that argument
 We forfeit all our Creed.

It's true, we cannot reach Christs forti'th day;
 Yet to go part of that religious way
 Is better then to rest:
 We cannot reach our Saviours puritie;
 Yet are we bid, "*Be holy ev'n as he.*"
 In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,
Is much more sure to meet with him, than one
That travelleth by-wayes.

Perhaps my God, though he be farre before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more,
May strengthen my decayes.

Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast
By starving sinne and taking such repast
As may our faults controll :
That ev'ry man may revell at his doore,
Not in his parlour ; banquetting the poore,
And among those his foul.

63. Vertue.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie :
The dew shall weep thy fall to night ;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the raſh gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

64. The Pearl. ✓

Matt. XIII.

I KNOW the wayes of learning; both the head
 And pipes that feed the presse, and make it runne;
 What reason hath from nature borrowed,
 Or of itself, like a good hufwife, spunne
 In laws and policie; what the starres conspire,
 What willing nature speaks, what forc'd by fire;
 Both th' old discoveries, and the new-found seas,
 The stock and surplus, cause and historie:
 All these stand open, or I have the keyes:
 Yet I love thee.

I know the wayes of honour, what maintains
 The quick returns of courtesie and wit:
 In vies of favours whether partie gains,
 When glorie swells the heart, and moldeth it
 To all expressions both of hand and eye,
 Which on the world a true-love-knot may tie,
 And bear the bundle, wherefoe're it goes:
 How many drammes of spirit there must be
 To sell my life unto my friends or foes:
 Yet I love thee.

I know the wayes of pleasure, the sweet strains,
 The lullings and the relishes of it;
 The propositions of hot bloud and brains;
 What mirth and musick mean; what love and wit
 Have done these twentie hundred yeares, and more:
 I know the projects of unbridled store:

All my attendants are at strife,
 Quitting their place
 Unto my face :
 Nothing performs the task of life :
 The elements are let loose to fight,
 And while I live, trie out their right.

Oh help, my God ! let not their plot
 Kill them and me,
 And also thee,
 Who art my life : dissolve the knot,
 As the funne scatters by his light
 All the rebellions of the night.

Then shall those powers, which work for grief,
 Enter thy pay,
 And day by day
 Labour thy praise, and my relief ;
 With care and courage building me,
 Till I reach heav'n, and much more thee.

66. Man.

MY God, I heard this day,
 That none doth build a stately habitation
 But he that means to dwell therein.
 What house more stately hath there been,
 Or can be, then is Man ? to whose creation
 All things are in decay.

For Man is ev'ry thing,
 And more : He is a tree, yet bears no fruit ;

A beaft, yet is, or fhould be more :
 Reason and fpeech we onely bring.
 Parrats may thank us, if they are not mute,
 They go upon the fcore.

Man is all fymmetrie,
 Full of proportions, one limbe to another,
 And all to all the world befides :
 Each part may call the fartheft, brother :
 For head with foot hath private amitie,
 And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got fo farre,
 But Man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
 His eyes difmount the higheft ftarre :
 He is in little all the fphere.
 Herbs gladly cure our flefh, becaufe that they
 Finde their acquaintance there.

For us the windes do blow ;
 The earth doth reft, heav'n move, and fountains flow.
 Nothing we fee, but means our good,
 As our *delight*, or as our *treasure* :
 The whole is, either our cupboard of *food*,
 Or cabinet of *pleasure*.

The ftarres have us to bed ;
 Night draws the curtain, which the funne withdraws :
 Mufick and light attend our head.
 All things unto our *flefh* are kinde
 In their *defcent* and *being* ; to our *minde*
 In their *afcent* and *caufe*.

Each thing is full of dutie :
 Waters united are our navigation ;

Distinguished, our habitation ;
 Below, our drink ; above, our meat :
 Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beautie ?
 Then how are all things neat !

More servants wait on Man,
 Than he'll take notice of: in ev'ry path
 He treads down that which doth befriend him,
 When sickness makes him pale and wan.
 Oh mightie love ! Man is one world, and hath
 Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou hast
 So brave a Palace built ; O dwell in it,
 That it may dwell with thee at last !
 Till then, afford us so much wit ;
 That, as the world serves us, we may serve thee,
 And both thy servants be.

67. Antiphon.

Chor. PRAISED be the God of love,
Men. Here below,
Angels. And here above :

Chor. Who hath dealt his mercies so,
Ang. To his friend,
Men. And to his foe ;

Chor. That both grace and glorie tend
Ang. Us of old,
Men. And us in th' end.

Chor. The great Shepherd of the fold

Ang. Us did make,

Men. For us was fold.

Chor. He our foes in pieces brake :

Ang. Him we touch ;

Men. And him we take.

Chor. Wherefore since that he is such,

Ang. We adore,

Men. And we do crouch.

Chor. Lord, thy praises should be more.

Men. We have none,

Ang. And we no store.

Chor. Praised be the God alone

Who hath made of two folds one.

68. Unkindnesse.

LORD, make me coy and tender to offend :

In friendship, first I think, if that agree,

Which I intend,

Unto my friends intent and end.

I would not use a friend, as I use Thee.

If any touch my friend, or his good name,

It is my honour and my love to free

His blasted fame

From the least spot or thought of blame.

I could not use a friend, as I use Thee.

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye liv'd, for smell or ornament,

And after death for cures.

I follow straight without complaints or grief,
Since if my scent be good, I care not, if

It be as short as yours.

70. Submission.

BUT that thou art my wisdom, Lord,
And both mine eyes are thine,
My minde would be extreamly stirr'd
For missing my designe.

Were it not better to bestow
Some place and power on me?
Then should thy praises with me grow,
And share in my degree.

But when I thus dispute and grieve,
I do resume my fight;
And pilfring what I once did give,
Disseize thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou shouldst me raise,
That I should then raise thee?
Perhaps great places and thy praise
Do not so well agree.

Wherefore unto my gift I stand;
I will no more advise:
Onely do thou lend me a hand,
Since thou hast both mine eyes.

71. Justice.

I CANNOT skill of these thy ways :
Lord, thou didst make me, yet thou woundest me :
Lord, thou dost wound me, yet thou dost relieve me :
Lord, thou relievest, yet I die by thee :
Lord, thou dost kill me, yet thou dost reprieve me.

But when I mark my life and praise,
 Thy justice me most fitly payes :
 For, *I do praise thee, yet I praise thee not :*
My prayers mean thee, yet my prayers stray :
I would do well, yet sinne the hand hath got :
My soul doth love thee, yet it loves delay.
 I cannot skill of these my ways.

72. Charms and Knots.

WHO reade a chapter when they rise,
 Shall ne're be troubled with ill eyes.

A poore mans rod, when thou dost ride,
 Is both a weapon and a guide.

Who shuts his hand, hath lost his gold :
 Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed, and doth not pray,
 Maketh two nights to ev'ry day.

Who by aspersions throw a stone
At th' head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes,
Finds himself there, and seeks to rise.

When th' hair is sweet through pride or lust,
The powder doth forget the dust.

Take one from ten, and what remains?
Ten still, if sermons go for gains.

In shallow waters heav'n doth show :
But who drinks on, to hell may go.

73. Affliction.

MY God, I read this day,
That planted Paradise was not so firm
As was and is thy floating Ark ; whose stay
And anchor thou art onely, to confirm
And strengthen it in ev'ry age,
When waves do rise, and tempests rage,

At first we liv'd in pleasure ;
Thine own delights thou didst to us impart :
When we grew wanton, thou didst use displeasure
To make us thine : yet that we might not part,
As we at first did board with thee,
Now thou wouldst taste our miserie.

There is but joy and grief ;
If either will convert us, we are thine :

Some Angels us'd the first ; if our relief
 Take up the second, then thy double line
 And sev'rall baits in either kinde
 Furnish thy table to thy minde.

Affliction then is ours ;
 We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more,
 While blustering winds destroy the wanton bowres,
 And ruffle all their curious knots and store.
 My God, so temper joy and wo,
 That thy bright beams may tame thy bow.

74. Mortification.

HOW soon doth man decay !
 When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets
 To swaddle infants, whose young breath
 Scarce knows the way ;
 Those clouts are little winding sheets,
 Which do consign and send them unto death.

When boyes go first to bed,
 They step into their voluntarie graves ;
 Sleep bindes them fast ; onely their breath
 Makes them not dead.
 Successive nights, like rolling waves,
 Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,
 And calls for mufick, while his veins do swell,
 All day exchanging mirth and breath.

In companie ;
 That musick summons to the knell,
 Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

When man grows staid and wise,
 Getting a house and home, where he may move
 Within the circle of his breath,
 Schooling his eyes ;
 That dumbe inclosure maketh love
 Unto the coffin, that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
 Marking his grave, and thawing ev'ry yeare,
 Till all do melt, and drown his breath
 When he would speak ;
 A chair or litter shows the biere,
 Which shall convey him to the house of death.

Man, ere he is aware,
 Hath put together a solemnitie,
 And drest his herse, while he has breath
 As yet to spare.
 Yet, Lord, instruct us so to die
 That all these dyings may be life in death.

75. Decay.

SWEET were the dayes, when thou didst lodge with
 Struggle with Jacob, sit with Gideon, [Lot,
 Advise with Abraham, when thy power could not
 Encounter Moses strong complaints and moan :
 Thy words were then, *Let me alone.*

One might have fought and found thee presently
 At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well :
 Is my God this way ? No, they would reply ;
 He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell :

Lift, ye may heare great Aarons bell.

But now thou dost thyself immure and close
 In some one corner of a feeble heart :
 Where yet both Sinne and Satan, thy old foes,
 Do pinch and straiten thee, and use much art
 To gain thy thirds and little part.

I see the world grows old, when as the heat
 Of thy great love once spread, as in an urn
 Doth closet up itself, and still retreat,
 Cold sinne still forcing it, till it return
 And calling Justice, all things burn.

✓ 76. Miserie.

LORD, let the Angels praise thy name.
 Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing,
 Folly and Sinne play all his game.
 His house still burns ; and yet he still doth sing,
Man is but grasse,
He knows it, fill the glasse.

How canst thou brook his foolishnesse ?
 Why, he'l not lose a cup of drink for thee :
 Bid him but temper his excesse ;
 Not he : he knows, where he can better be,
 As he will swear,
 Then to serve thee in fear.

What strange pollutions doth he wed,
 And make his own? as if none knew, but he.
 No man shall beat into his head
 That thou within his curtains drawn canst see :
 They are of cloth,
 Where never yet came moth.

The best of men, turn but thy hand
 For one poore minute, stumble at a pinne :
 They would not have their actions scann'd,
 Nor any sorrow tell them that they sinne,
 Though it be small,
 And measure not their fall.

They quarrell thee, and would give over
 The bargain made to serve thee : but thy love
 Holds them unto it, and doth cover
 Their follies with the wing of thy milde Dove,
 Not suff'ring those
 Who would, to be thy foes.

My God, Man cannot praise thy name :
 Thou art all brightnesse, perfect puritie :
 The sunne holds down his head for shame,
 Dead with eclipses, when we speak of thee.
 How shall infection
 Presume on thy perfection ?

As dirtie hands foul all they touch,
 And those things most, which are most pure and fine :
 So our clay hearts, ev'n when we crouch
 To sing thy praises, make them lesse divine.
 Yet either this,
 Or none thy portion is.

But finne hath fool'd him. Now he is
 A lump of flesh, without a foot or wing
 To raise him to the glimpse of blisse :
 A sick toff'd vessel, dashing on each thing ;
 Nay, his own shelf :
 My God, I mean myself.

77. Jordan.

WHEN first my lines of heav'nly joyes made
 mention,
 Such was their lustre, they did so excell,
 That I sought out quaint words, and trim invention ;
 My thoughts began to burnish, sprout, and swell,
 Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
 Decking the sence, as if it were to sell.

Thoufands of notions in my brain did runne,
 Off'ring their service, if I were not sped :
 I often blotted what I had begunne ;
 This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
 Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the sunne,
 Much lesse those joyes which trample on his head.

As flames do work and winde, when they ascend ;
 So did I weave myself into the sence.
 But while I bustled, I might hear a friend
 Whisper, *How wide is all this long pretence !*
There is in love a sweetnesse ready penn'd :
Copie out onely that, and save expense.

78. Prayer.

OF what an easie quick accesse,
 My blessed Lord, art thou! how suddenly
 May our requests thine eare invade!
 To shew that state dislikes not easinesse,
 If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made:
 Thou canst no more not heare, than thou canst die.

Of what supreme almightie power
 Is thy great arm which spans the east and west,
 And tacks the centre to the sphere!
 By it do all things live their measur'd houre:
 We cannot ask the thing, which is not there,
 Blaming the shallownesse of our request.

Of what unmeasurable love
 Art thou posselt, who, when thou couldst not die,
 Wert fain to take our flesh and curse,
 And for our sakes in person sinne reprove;
 That by destroying that which ty'd thy purse,
 Thou mightst make way for liberalitie!

Since then these three wait on thy throne,
Ease, Power, and Love; I value prayer so,
 That were I to leave all but one,
 Wealth, fame, endowments, vertues, all should go;
 I and deare prayer would together dwell,
 And quickly gain, for each inch lost, an ell.

79. Obedience.

MY God, if writings may
 Convey a Lordship any way
 Whither the buyer and the feller please;
 Let it not thee displease,
 If this poore paper do as much as they.

On it my heart doth bleed
 As many lines, as there doth need
 To passe itself and all it hath to thee.
 To which I do agree,
 And here present it as my speciall deed.

If that hereafter Pleasure
 Cavill, and claim her part and measure,
 As if this passed with a reservation,
 Or some such words in fashion;
 I here exclude the wrangler from thy treasure.

O let thy sacred will
 All thy delight in me fulfill!
 Let me not think an action mine own way,
 But as thy love shall sway,
 Resigning up the rudder to thy skill.

Lord, what is man to thee,
 That thou shouldst minde a rotten tree?
 Yet since thou canst not choose but see my actions;
 So great are thy perfections,
 Thou mayst as well my actions guide, as see.

Besides, thy death and bloud
 Show'd a strange love to all our good :
 Thy sorrows were in earnest ; no faint proffer,
 Or superficial offer
 Of what we might not take, or be withstood.

Wherefore I all forego :
 To one word onely I say, No :
 Where in the deed there was an intimation
 Of a *gift* or *donation*,
 Lord, let it now by way of *purchase* go.

He that will passe his land,
 As I have mine, may set his hand
 And heart unto this deed, when he hath read ;
 And make the purchase spread
 To both our goods, if he to it will stand.

How happie were my part,
 If some kinde man would thrust his heart
 Into these lines ; till in heav'ns court of rolls
 They were by winged souls
 Entred for both, farre above their desert !

80. Conscience.

PEACE pratler, do not lowre :
 Not a fair look, but thou dost call it foul :
 Not a sweet dish, but thou dost call it sowre :
 Musick to thee doth howl.
 By listning to thy chatting fears
 I have both lost mine eyes and eares.

Pratler, no more, I fay :
 My thoughts muſt work, but like a noiſeleſſe ſphere.
 Harmonious peace muſt rock them all the day :

No room for pratlers there.
 If thou perſiſteſt, I will tell thee,
 That I have phyſick to expell thee.

And the receipt ſhall be
 My Saviours bloud : whenever at his board
 I do but taſte it, ſtraight it cleanſeth me,
 And leaves thee not a word ;
 No, not a tooth or nail to ſcratch,
 And at my actions carp, or catch.

Yet if thou talkeſt ſtill,
 Befides my phyſick, know there's ſome for thee :
 Some wood and nails to make a ſtaffe or bill
 For thoſe that trouble me :
 The bloudie croſſe of my deare Lord
 Is both my phyſick and my ſword.

81. Sion.

LORD, with what glorie waſt thou ſerv'd of old,
 When Solomons temple ſtood and flouriſhed !
 Where moſt things were of pureſt gold ;
 The wood was all embellished
 With flowers and carvings, myſticall and rare :
 All ſhow'd the builders, crav'd the ſeers care.

Yet all this glorie, all this pomp and ſtate,
 Did not affect thee much, was not thy aim

Something there was that fow'd debate :
 Wherefore thou quitt'ft thy ancient claim :
 And now thy Architecture meets with finne ;
 For all thy frame and fabrick is within.

There thou art struggling with a peevish heart,
 Which sometimes croffeth thee, thou sometimes it :
 The fight is hard on either part.
 Great God doth fight, he doth submit.
 All Solomons sea of brasse and world of ftone
 Is not fo deare to thee as one good grone.

And truly brasse and ftones are heavie things,
 Tombes for the dead, not temples fit for thee :
 But grones are quick, and full of wings,
 And all their motions upward be ;
 And ever as they mount, like larks they fing :
 The note is fad, yet mufick for a king.

82. Home.

COME, Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is fick,
 While thou doft ever, ever ftay :
 Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
 My fpirit gaspeth night and day.
 O fhew thy felf to me,
 Or take me up to thee !

How canft thou ftay, confidering the pace
 The blood did make, which thou didft wafte ?

When I behold it trickling down thy face,
 I never saw thing make such haste.
 O show thy self to me,
 Or take me up to thee!

When man was lost, thy pitie lookt about,
 To see what help in th' earth or skie:
 But there was none; at least no help without:
 The help did in thy bosome lie.
 O show thy self, &c.

There lay thy sonne: and must he leave that nest,
 That hive of sweetnesse, to remove
 Thraldome from those, who would not at a feast
 Leave one poore apple for thy love?
 O show thy self, &c.

He did, he came: O my Redeemer deare,
 After all this canst thou be strange?
 So many yeares baptiz'd, and not appeare;
 As if thy love could fail or change?
 O show thy self, &c.

Yet if thou stayest still, why must I stay?
 My God, what is this world to me?
 This world of wo? hence, all ye clouds, away,
 Away; I must get up and see.
 O show thy self, &c.

What is this weary world; this meat and drink,
 That chains us by the teeth so fast?
 What is this woman-kinde, which I can wink
 Into a blacknesse and distaste?
 O show thy self, &c.

With one small figh thou gav'ft me th' other day
 I blafted all the joyes about me :
 And fcouling on them as they pin'd away,
 Now come again, faid I, and flout me.
 O fhew thy felf to me,
 Or take me up to thee !

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bufh and brake,
 Which way fo-e're I look, I fee.
 Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
 They drefse themfelves and come to thee.
 O fhew thy felf, &c.

We talk of harvefts ; there are no fuch things,
 But when we leave our corn and hay :
 There is no fruitfull yeare, but that which brings
 The laft and lov'd, though dreadfull day.
 O fhew thy felf, &c.

Oh loofe this frame, this knot of man untie !
 That my free foul may ufe her wing,
 Which now is pinion'd with mortalitie,
 As an intangled, hamper'd thing.
 O fhew thy felf, &c.

What have I left, that I fhould ftay and grone ?
 The moft of me to heav'n is fled :
 My thoughts and joyes are all packt up and gone,
 And for their old acquaintance plead.
 O fhew thy felf, &c.

Come, deareft Lord, paffe not this holy feafon,
 My flesh and bones and joynts do pray :
 And ev'n my verfe, when by the ryme and reafon

The word is, *Stay*, fays ever, *Come*.
 O fhow thy felf to me,
 Or take me up to thee!

83. The British Church.

I JOY, deare Mother, when I view
 Thy perfect lineaments, and hue
 Both sweet and bright :

Beautie in thee takes up her place,
 And dates her letters from thy face,
 When fhe doth write.

A fine afpect in fit aray,
 Neither too mean, nor yet too gay,
 Shows who is beft :

Outlandifh looks may not compare ;
 For all they either painted are,
 Or elfe undrest.

She on the hills, which wantonly
 Allureth all in hope to be
 By her preferr'd,

Hath kiff'd fo long her painted fhines,
 That ev'n her face by kiffing fhines,
 For her reward.

She in the valley is fo fhie
 Of dressing, that her hair doth lie
 About her eares :

While she avoids her neighbours pride,
 She wholly goes on th' other side,
 And nothing wears.

But, dearest Mother, (what those misse)
 The mean thy praise and glorie is,
 And long may be.

Blessed be God, whose love it was
 To double-moat thee with his grace,
 And none but thee.

84. The Quip.

THE merrie world did on a day
 With his train-bands and mates agree
 To meet together, where I lay,
 And all in sport to geere at me.

First, Beautie crept into a rose;
 Which when I pluckt not, Sir, said she,
 Tell me, I pray, Whose hands are those?
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
 What tune is this, poore man? said he:
 I heard in Musick you had skill:
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glorie puffing by
 In silks that whiftled, who but he!
 He scarce allow'd me half an eie:
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
 And he would needs a comfort be,
 And, to be short, make an oration.
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the houre of thy designe
 To answer these fine things shall come ;
 Speak not at large, say, I am thine,
 And then they have their answer home.

85. Vanitie.

POOORE filly foul, whose hope and head lies low ;
 Whose flat delights on earth do creep and grow :
 To whom the starres shine not so fair, as eyes ;
 Nor solid work, as false embroyderies ;
 Hark and beware, lest what you now do measure,
 And write for sweet, prove a most sowre displeasure.

O heare betimes, lest thy relenting
 May come too late !
 To purchase heaven for repenting
 Is no hard rate.
 If fouls be made of earthly mould,
 Let them love gold ;
 If born on high,
 Let them unto their kindred flie :
 For they can never be at rest,
 Till they regain their ancient nest.
 Then filly foul take heed ; for earthly joy
 Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

When I had got these parcels, instantly
 I fat me down to spell them, and perceived
 That to my broken heart he was *I ease you,*
 And to my whole is *JESU.*

88. Buſineſſe.

CANST be idle? canſt thou play,
 Fooliſh ſoul who finn'd to day?

Rivers run, and ſprings each one
 Know their home, and get them gone:
 Haſt thou tears, or haſt thou none?

If, poore ſoul, thou haſt no tears;
 Would thou haſt no faults or fears!
 Who hath theſe, thoſe ill forbears.

Windes ſtill work: it is their plot,
 Be the ſeaſon cold, or hot:
 Haſt thou fighs, or haſt thou not?

If thou haſt no fighs or grones,
 Would thou haſt no fleſh and bones!
 Leſſer pains ſcape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
 Fooliſh ſoul, Who di'd for thee?

Who did leave his Fathers throne,
 To aſſume thy fleſh and bone?
 Had he life, or had he none?

If he had not liv'd for thee,
 Thou hadst di'd most wretchedly ;
 And two deaths had been thy fee.

He so farre thy good did plot,
 That his own self he forgot.
 Did he die, or did he not ?

If he had not di'd for thee,
 Thou hadst liv'd in miserie.
 Two lives worfe then ten deaths be.

And hath any space of breath
 'Twixt his finnes and Saviours death ?

He that loseth gold, though droffe,
 Tells to all he meets, his croffe :
 He that finnes, hath he no losse ?

He that findes a silver vein,
 Thinks on it, and thinks again :
 Brings thy Saviours death no gain ?

Who in heart not ever kneels,
 Neither finne nor Saviour feels.

89. Dialogue.

SWEETEST Saviour, if my soul
 Were but worth the having,
 Quickly should I then controll
 Any thought of waving.

But when all my care and pains
 Cannot give the name of gains
 To thy wretch so full of stains ;
 What delight or hope remains ?

*What (childe), is the ballance thine,
 Thine the poise and measure ?
 If I say, Thou shalt be mine,
 Finger not my treasure.
 What the gains in having thee
 Do amount to, onely he,
 Who for man was sold, can see,
 That transferr'd th' accounts to me.*

But as I can see no merit,
 Leading to this favour :
 So the way to fit me for it,
 Is beyond my favour.
 As the reason then is thine ;
 So the way is none of mine :
 I disclaim the whole designe :
 Sinne disclaims and I resigne.

*That is all, if that I could
 Get without repining ;
 And my clay my creature would
 Follow my resigning :
 That as I did freely part
 With my glorie and desert,
 Left all joyes to feel all smart——
 Ah ! no more : thou break'ft my heart.*

90. Dulneffe.

WHY do I languish thus, drooping and dull,
 As if I were all earth ?
 O give me quickneffe, that I may with mirth
 Praise thee brim-full !

The wanton lover in a curious strain
 Can praise his fairest fair ;
 And with quaint metaphors her curled hair
 Curl o're again :

Thou art my lovelineffe, my life, my light,
 Beautie alone to me :
 Thy bloody death and undeserv'd, makes thee
 Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appeare,
 That those thy form doth show,
 The very dust, where thou dost tread and go
 Makes beauties here ;

Where are my lines then ? my approaches ? views ?
 Where are my window-songs ?
 Lovers are still pretending, and ev'n wrongs
 Sharpen their Muse.

But I am lost in flesh, whose sugred lyes
 Still mock me, and grow bold :
 Sure thou didst put a minde there, if I could
 Finde where it lies.

Lord, cleare thy gift, that with a constant wit
 I may but look towards thee :
Look onely ; for to *love* thee, who can be,
 What angel fit ?

91. Love-Joy.

AS on a window late I cast mine eye,
 I saw a vine drop grapes with *J* and *C*
 Anneal'd on every bunch. One standing by
 Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth
 To spend my judgement) said, It seem'd to me
 To be the bodie and the letters both
 Of *Joy* and *Charitie* ; Sir, you have not miss'd,
 The man reply'd ; It figures *JESUS CHRIST*.

92. Providence.

O SACRED Providence, who from end to end
 Strongly and sweetly movest ! shall I write,
 And not of thee, through whom my fingers bend
 To hold my quill ? shall they not do thee right ?

Of all the creatures both in sea and land,
 Onely to Man thou hast made known thy wayes,
 And put the penne alone into his hand,
 And made him Secretarie of thy praise.

Beasts fain would sing ; birds dittie to their notes ;
 Trees would be tuning on their native lute
 To thy renown : but all their hands and throats
 Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the worlds high Priest : he doth present
 The sacrifice for all ; while they below
 Unto the service mutter an assent,
 Such as springs use that fall, and windes that blow.

He that to praise and laud thee doth refrain,
 Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
 But robs a thousand who would praise thee fain ;
 And doth commit a world of sinne in one.

The beasts say, Eat me ; but, if beasts must teach,
 The tongue is yours to eat, but mine to praise.
 The trees say, Pull me : but the hand you stretch
 Is mine to write, as it is yours to raise.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
 For me and all my fellows praise to thee :
 And just it is that I should pay the rent,
 Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
 To be exact, transcendent, and divine ;
 Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
 While all things have their will, yet none but thine.

For either thy *command*, or thy *permission*
 Lay hands on all : they are thy *right* and *left* :
 The first puts on with speed and expedition ;
 The other curbs sinnes stealing pace and theft ;

Nothing escapes them both : all must appeare,
 And be dispos'd, and dress'd, and tun'd by thee,
 Who sweetly temper'ft all. If we could heare
 Thy skill and art, what musick would it be !

Thou art in small things great, not small in any :
Thy even praise can neither rise, nor fall.
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many :
For thou art infinite in one and all.

Tempests are calm to thee, they know thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do their fathers,
Which crie and follow. Thou hast made poore sand
Check the proud sea, ev'n when it swells and gathers.

Thy cupboard serves the world : the meat is set,
Where all may reach : no beast but knows his feed.
Birds teach us hawking : fishes have their net :
The great prey on the lesse, they on some weed.

Nothing ingendred doth prevent his meat ;
Flies have their table spread, ere they appeare ;
Some creatures have in winter what to eat ;
Others do sleep, and envie not their cheer.

How finely dost thou times and seasons spin,
And make a twist checker'd with night and day !
Which as it lengthens windes, and windes us in,
As bouls go on, but turning all the way.

Each creature hath a wisdome for his good.
The pigeons feed their tender off-spring, crying,
When they are callow ; but withdraw their food,
When they are fledge, that need may teach them flying.

Bees work for man ; and yet they never bruise
Their masters flower, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit to use :
So both the flower doth stay, and hony run.

Sheep eat the graffe, and dung the ground for more :
 Trees after bearing drop their leaves for soil :
 Springs vent their streams, and by expence get store :
 Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the vertue to expresse the rare
 And curious vertues both of herbs and stones ?
 Is there an herb for that ? O that thy care
 Would show a root, that gives expreffions !

And if an herb hath power, what hath the starres ?
 A rofe, besides his beautie, is a cure.
 Doubtleffe our plagues and plentie, peace and warres,
 Are there much surer than our art is sure.

Thou hast hid metals : man may take them thence ;
 But at his perill : when he digs the place,
 He makes a grave ; as if the thing had sense,
 And threatned man, that he should fill the space.

Ev'n poyfons praise thee. Should a thing be lost ?
 Should creatures want, for want of heed their due ?
 Since where are poyfons, antidotes are most ;
 The help stands close, and keeps the fear in view.

The sea, which seems to stop the traveller,
 Is by a ship the speedier passage made.
 The windes, who think they rule the mariner,
 Are rul'd by him, and taught to serve his trade.

And as thy house is full, so I adore
 Thy curious art in marshalling thy goods.
 The hills with health abound, the vales with store ;
 The South with marble ; North with fures and woods.

Hard things are glorious ; easie things good cheap ;
 The common all men have ; that which is rare,
 Men therefore seek to have, and care to keep.
 The healthy frosts with summer-fruits compare.

Light without winde is glasse : warm without weight
 Is wooll and fures : cool without closeness, shade :
 Speed without pains, a horse : tall without height,
 A servile hawk : low without losse, a spade.

All countries have enough to serve their need :
 If they seek fine things, thou dost make them run
 For their offence ; and then dost turn their speed
 To be commerce and trade from funne to funne.

Nothing wears clothes, but Man ; nothing doth need
 But he to wear them. Nothing useth fire,
 But Man alone, to show his heav'nly breed :
 And onely he hath fuell in desire.

When th' earth was dry, thou mad'st a sea of wet :
 When that lay gather'd, thou didst broach the moun-
 When yet some places could no moisture get, [tains :
 The windes grew gard'ners, and the clouds good foun-
 [tains.

Rain, do not hurt my flowers ; but gently spend
 Your hony drops : presse not to smell them here ;
 When they are ripe, their odour will ascend,
 And at your lodging with their thanks appeare.

How harsh are thorns to pears ! and yet they make
 A better hedge, and need lesse reparation.
 How smooth are filks compared with a stake,
 Or with a stone ! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes thou dost divide thy gifts to man,
 Sometimes unite. The Indian nut alone
 Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and kan,
 Boat, cable, fail and needle, all in one.

Most herbs that grow in brooks, are hot and dry.
 Cold fruits warm kernells help against the winde.
 The lemmons juice and rinde cure mutually.
 The whey of milk doth loose, the milk doth binde.

Thy creatures leap not, but expresse a feast,
 Where all the guests sit close, and nothing wants.
 Frogs marry fish and flesh ; bats, bird and beast ;
 Sponges, non-sense and sense ; mines, th' earth and
 [plants.

To show thou art not bound, as if thy lot
 Were worse than ours, sometimes thou shiftest hands.
 Most things move th' under-jaw ; the Crocodile not.
 Most things sleep lying, th' Elephant leans or stands.

But who hath praise enough ? nay, who hath any ?
 None can expresse thy works, but he that knows them ;
 And none can know thy works, which are so many,
 And so complete, but onely he that owes them.

All things that are, though they have sev'rall wayes,
 Yet in their being joyn with one advice
 To honour thee : and so I give thee praise
 In all my other hymnes, but in this twice.

Each thing that is, although in use and name
 It go for one, hath many wayes in store
 To honour thee ; and so each hymne thy fame
 Extolleth many wayes, yet this one more.

93. Hope.

I GAVE to Hope a watch of mine : but he
 An anchor gave to me.
 Then an old prayer-book I did present :
 And he an optick sent.
 With that I gave a viall full of tears :
 But he a few green eares.
 Ah Loyterer ! I'le no more, no more I'le bring :
 I did expect a ring.

94. Sinnes round.

SORRIE I am, my God, forrie I am,
 That my offences course it in a ring.
 My thoughts are working like a bufie flame,
 Untill their cockatrice they hatch and bring :
 And when they once have perfected their draughts,
 My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts.

My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts,
 Which spit it forth like the Sicilian hill.
 They vent the wares, and passe them with their faults,
 And by their breathing ventilate the ill.
 But words suffice not, where are lewd intentions :
 My hands do joyn to finish the inventions :

My hands do joyn to finish the inventions :
 And so my finnes ascend three stories high,

As Babel grew, before there were dissentions.
 Yet ill deeds loyter not : for they supplie
 New thoughts of finning ; wherefore, to my shame,
 Sorrie I am, my God, forrie I am.

95. Time.

MEEETING with Time, slack thing, said I,
 Thy fithe is dull ; whet it for shame.
 No marvell Sir, he did replie,
 If it at length deserve some blame :
 But where one man would have me grinde it,
 Twentie for one too sharp do finde it.

Perhaps some such of old did passe,
 Who above all things lov'd this life ;
 To whom thy fithe a hatchet was,
 Which now is but a pruning-knife.
 Christ's coming hath made man thy debter,
 Since by thy cutting he grows better.

And in his blessing thou art blest :
 For where thou onely wert before
 An executioner at best,
 Thou art a gard'ner now, and more.
 An usher to convey our souls
 Beyond the utmost starres and poles.

And this is that makes life so long,
 While it detains us from our God.
 Ev'n pleasures here increase the wrong :

And length of dayes lengthen the rod.
 Who wants the place, where God doth dwell,
 Partakes already half of hell.

Of what strange length must that needs be,
 Which ev'n eternitie excludes !
 Thus farre Time heard me patiently :
 Then chafing said, This man deludes :
 What do I here before his doore ?
 He doth not crave lesse time, but more.

96. Gratefulness.

THOU that hast giv'n so much to me,
 Give one thing more, a gratefull heart.
 See how thy beggar works on thee
 By art.

He makes thy gifts occasion more,
 And sayes, If he in this be crost,
 All thou hast giv'n him heretofore
 Is lost.

But thou didst reckon, when at first
 Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,
 What it would come to at the worst
 To save.

Perpetuall knockings at thy doore,
 Tears sullyng thy transparent rooms,
 Gift upon gift ; much would have more,
 And comes.

This not withstanding, thou wentst on,
 And didst allow us all our noise :
 Nay thou hast made a sigh and grone
 Thy joyes.

Not that thou hast not still above
 Much better tunes, then grones can make ;
 But that these countrey-aires thy love
 Did take.

Wherefore I crie, and crie again ;
 And in no quiet canst thou be,
 Till I a thankfull heart obtain
 Of thee :

Not thankfull, when it pleaseth me ;
 As if thy blessings had spare dayes :
 But such a heart, whose pulse may be
 Thy praise.

97. Peace.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell ? I hum-
 Let me once know. [bly crave,
 I fought thee in a secret cave,
 And ask'd, if Peace were there.
 A hollow winde did seem to answer, No :
 Go seek elsewhere.

I did ; and going did a rainbow note :
 Surely, thought I,
 This is the lace of Peaces coat :

I will search out the matter.
 But while I lookt, the clouds immediately
 Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
 A gallant flower,
 The crown Imperiall : Sure, said I,
 Peace at the root must dwell.
 But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devoure
 What show'd so well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man :
 Whom when for Peace
 I did demand, he thus began ;
 There was a Prince of old *Jerusalem*
 At Salem dwelt, who liv'd with good increase *of*
 Of flock and fold.

He sweetly liv'd ; yet sweetnesse did not save
 His life from foes.
 But after death out of his grave
 There sprang twelve stalks of wheat :
 Which many wondring at, got some of those
 To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
 Through all the earth :
 For they that taste it do rehearse,
 That vertue lies therein ;
 A secret vertue, bringing peace and mirth
 By flight of sinne.




Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
 And grows for you ;

Make bread of it: and that repose
 And peace, which ev'ry where
 With so much earnestness you do pursue
 Is onely there.

✓ 98. Confession.

O WHAT a cunning guest
 Is this same grief! within my heart I
 made
 Closets; and in them many a chest;
 And like a master in my trade,
 In those chests, boxes; in each box, a till:
 Yet grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No scrue, no piercer can
 Into a piece of timber work and winde,
 As Gods afflictions into man,
 When he a torture hath design'd.
 They are too subtill for the subt'lest hearts;
 And fall, like rheumes, upon the tendrest parts.

We are the earth; and they,
 Like moles within us, heave, and cast about:   
 And till they foot and clutch their prey,
 They never cool, much lesse give out.
 No smith can make such locks, but they have keyes;
 Closets are halls to them; and hearts, high-ways.

Onely an open breast
 Doth shut them out, so that they cannot enter;
 Or, if they enter, cannot rest,


But quickly seek some new adventure.
Smooth open hearts no fastning have ; but fiction
Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and finnes,
Lord, I acknowledge ; take thy plagues away :
For since confession pardon winnes,
I challenge here the brightest day,
The clearest diamond : let them do their best,
They shall be thick and cloudie to my breast.

99. Giddineffe.

OH, what a thing is man ! how farre from power,
From settled peace and rest !
He is some twentie sev'rall men at least
Each sev'rall houre.

One while he counts of heav'n, as of his treasure :
But then a thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for fear of sinne
Will lose a pleasure.

 Now he will fight it out, and to the warres ;
Now eat his bread in peace,
And snudge in quiet : now he scorns increase ;
Now all day spares.

He builds a house, which quickly down must go,
As if a whirlwinde blew
And crusst the building : and it's partly true,
His minde is so.

O what a fight were Man, if his attires
 Did alter with his minde ;
 And, like a Dolphins skinne, his clothes combin'd
 With his desires !

Surely if each one saw anothers heart,
 There would be no commerce,
 No sale or bargain passe : all would disperse,
 And live apart.

Lord, mend or rather make us : one creation
 Will not suffice our turn :
 Except thou make us dayly, we shall spurn
 Our own salvation.

100. The Bunch of Grapes.

JOY, I did lock thee up : but some bad man
 Hath let thee out again :
 And now, methinks, I am where I began
 Sev'n years ago : one vogue and vein,
 One aire of thoughts usurps my brain,
 I did toward Canaan draw ; but now I am
 Brought back to the Red sea, the sea of shame.

For as the Jews of old by Gods command
 Travell'd, and saw no town ;
 So now each Christian hath his journeys spann'd :
 Their storie pennes and sets us down.
 A single deed is small renown.
 Gods works are wide, and let in future times ;
 His ancient justice overflows our crimes.

Then have we too our guardian fires and clouds ;
 Our Scripture-dew drops fast :
 We have our sands and serpents, tents and shrowds
 Alas ! our murmurings come not laft.
 But where's the cluster ? where's the tafte
 Of mine inheritance ? Lord, if I muft borrow,
 Let me as well take up their joy, as forrow.

But can he want the grape, who hath the wine ?
 I have their fruit and more.
 Bleffed be God, who prosper'd *Noah's* vine,
 And made it bring forth grapes good ftore.
 But much more him I muft adore,
 Who of the laws fowre juice fweet wine did make,
 Ev'n God himfelf, being preffed for my fake.

101. Love unknown.

DEARE friend, fit down, the tale is long and fad :
 And in my faintings I prefume your love
 Will more complie, then help. A Lord I had,
 And have, of whom fome grounds, which may im-
 I hold for two lives, and both lives in me. [prove,
 To him I brought a difh of fruit one day,
 And in the middle plac'd my heart. But he
 (I figh to fay)
 Lookt on a fervant, who did know his eye
 Better than you know me, or (which is one)
 Then I my felf. The fervant instantly
 Quitting the fruit, feiz'd on my heart alone,
 And threw it in a font, wherein did fall

A stream of blood, which issu'd from the side
 Of a great rock : I well remember all,
 And have good cause : there it was dipt and di'd,
 And washt, and wrung : the very wringing yet
 Enforceth tears. *Your heart was foul, I fear.*
 Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit
 Many a fault more than my lease will bear ;
 Yet still askt pardon, and was not deni'd.
 But you shall heare. After my heart was well,
 And clean and fair, as I one even-tide

(I figh to tell)

Walkt by myself abroad, I saw a large
 And spacious fornace flaming, and thereon
 A boyling caldron, round about whose verge
 Was in great letters set *AFFLICTION*.
 The greatnesse shew'd the owner. So I went
 To fetch a sacrifice out of my fold,
 Thinking with that, which I did thus present,
 To warm his love, which I did fear grew cold.
 But as my heart did tender it, the man
 Who was to take it from me, flipt his hand,
 And threw my heart into the scalding pan ;
 My heart, that brought it (do you understand ?)
 The offerers heart. *Your heart was hard, I fear.*
 Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter
 Began to spread and to expatiate there :
 But with a richer drug, then scalding water,
 I bath'd it often, ev'n with holy blood,
 Which at a board, while many drank bare wine,
 A friend did steal into my cup for good,
 Ev'n taken inwardly, and most divine
 To supple hardnesse. But at the length
 Out of the caldron getting, soon I fled
 Unto my house, where to repair the strength

To this life things of sense
 Make their pretence :
 In th' other Angels have a right by birth :
 Man ties them both alone,
 And makes them one,
 With th' one hand touching heav'n, with th' other earth.

In fowl he mounts and flies,
 In flesh he dies.
 He wears a stuffe whose thread is course and round,
 But trimm'd with curious lace,
 And should take place
 After the trimming, not the stuffe and ground.

Not, that he may not here
 Taste of the cheer :
 But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head ;
 So must he sip and think
 Of better drink
 He may attain to, after he is dead.

But as his joyes are double,
 So is his trouble.
 He hath two winters, other things but one :
 Both frosts and thoughts do nip :
 And bite his lip ;
 And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet ev'n the greatest griefs
 May be reliefs,
 Could he but take them right, and in their ways.
 Happie is he, whose heart
 Hath found the art
 To turn his double pains to double praise.

What open force, or hidden CHARM
Can blast my fruit, or bring me HARM,
While the inclosure is thine ARM?

Inclose me still for fear I START.
Be to me rather sharp and TART,
Than let me want thy hand and ART.

When thou dost greater judgements SPARE,
And with thy knife but prune and PARE,
Ev'n fruitful trees more fruitfull ARE.

Such sharpnes shows the sweetest FRIEND:
Such cuttings rather heal than REND:
And such beginnings touch their END.

105. The Method.

POORE heart, lament.
For since thy God refuseth still,
There is some rub, some discontent,
Which cools his will.

Thy Father *could*
Quickly effect, what thou dost move;
For he is *Power*: and sure he *would*;
For he is *Love*.

Go search this thing,
Tumble thy breast, and turn thy book:
If thou hadst lost a glove or ring,
Wouldst thou not look?

What do I see
Written above there? *Yesterday*
I did behave me carelessly,
When I did pray.

And should Gods eare
To such indifferents chained be,
Who do not their own motions heare?
Is God lesse free?

But stay! what's there?
Late when I would have something done,
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.

And should Gods eare,
Which needs not man, be ty'd to those
Who heare not him, but quickly heare
His utter foes?

Then once more pray:
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice:
Seek pardon first, and God will say,
Glad heart rejoyce.

106. Divinitie.

AS men, for fear the starres should sleep and nod,
And trip at night, have spheres suppli'd;
As if a starre were duller than a clod,
Which knows his way without a guide:

Just so the other heav'n they also serve,
 Divinities transcendent skie :
 Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve.
 Reason triumphs, and faith lies by.

Could not that wisdom, which first broacht the wine,
 Have thicken'd it with definitions ?
 And jagg'd his seamlesse coat, had that been fine,
 With curious questions and divisions ?

But all the doctrine, which he taught and gave,
 Was cleare as heav'n, from whence it came.
 At least those beams of truth, which onely save,
 Surpasse in brightnesse any flame.

*Love God, and love your neighbour. Watch and pray.
 Do as you would be done unto.*

O dark instructions, ev'n as dark as day !
 Who can these Gordian knots undo ?

But he doth bid us take his bloud for wine.
 Bid what he please ; yet I am sure,
 To take and taste what he doth there designe,
 Is all that saves, and not obscure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, foolish man ;
 Break all thy spheres, and save thy head ;
 Faith needs no staffe of flesh, but stoutly can
 To heav'n alone both go, and leade.

107. Ephes. iv. 30.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit, etc.

AND art thou grieved, sweet and sacred Dove,
 When I am sowre,
 And crosse thy love?
 Grieved for me? the God of strength and power
 Griev'd for a worm, which when I tread,
 I passe away and leave it dead?

Then weep, mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve :
 Weep foolish heart,
 And weeping live ;
 For death is drie as duft. Yet if ye part,
 End as the night, whose fable hue
 Your finnes expresse ; melt into dew.

When sawcie mirth shall knock or call at doore,
 Cry out, Get hence,
 Or cry no more.
 Almighty God doth grieve, he puts on fense :
 I sinne not to my grief alone,
 But to my Gods too ; he doth grone.

O take thy lute, and tune it to a strain,
 Which may with thee
 All day complain.
 There can no discord but in ceasing be.
 Marbles can weep ; and surely strings
 More bowels have, than such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge myself to tears and grief,
 Ev'n endlesse tears
 Without relief.

If a cleare spring for me no time forbears,
 But runnes, although I be not drie ;
 I am no Cryfall, what shall I ?

Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail
 Nature denies ;
 And flesh would fail,

If my deserts were masters of mine eyes :
 Lord, pardon, for thy sonne makes good
 My want of tears with store of bloud.

108. The Familie.

WHAT doth this noise of thoughts within my
 As if they had a part ? [heart,
 What do these loud complaints and pulling fears,
 As if there were no rule or cares ?

But, Lord, the house and familie are thine,
 Though some of them repine.
 Turn out these wranglers, which defile thy seat :
 For where thou dwellest all is neat.

First Peace and Silence all disputes controll,
 Then Order plaies the soul ;
 And giving all things their set forms and houres,
 Makes of wilde woods sweet walks and bowres.

Humble Obedience neare the doore doth stand,
 Expecting a command :
 Then whom in waiting nothing seems more flow,
 Nothing more quick when she doth go.

Joyes oft are there, and griefs as oft as joyes ;
 But griefs without a noise :
 Yet speak they louder, then distemper'd fears :
 What is so shrill as silent tears ?

This is thy house, with these it doth abound :
 And where these are not found,
 Perhaps thou com'st sometimes, and for a day ;
 But not to make a constant stay.

109. The Size.

CONTENT thee, greedie heart.
 Modest and moderate joyes to those, that have
 Title to more hereafter when they part,
 Are passing brave.
 Let th' upper springs into the low
 Descend and fall, and thou dost flow.

What though some have a fraught
 Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinamon fail ?
 If thou hast wherewithall to spice a draught,
 When griefs prevail,
 And for the future time art heir
 To th' Isle of spices, Is't not fair ?

To be in both worlds full
 Is more then God was, who was hungrie here.
 Wouldst thou his laws of fasting difanull?
 Enact good cheer?
 Lay out thy joy, yet hope to save it?
 Wouldst thou both eat thy cake, and have it?

Great joyes are all at once;
 But little do reserve themselves for more:
 Those have their hopes; these what they have renounce,
 And live on score:
 Those are at home; these journey still,
 And meet the rest on Sions hill.

Thy Saviour sentenc'd joy,
 And in the flesh condemn'd it as unfit,
 At least in lump: for such doth oft destroy;
 Whereas a bit
 Doth tice us on to hopes of more,
 And for the present health restore.

A Christians state and case
 Is not a corpulent, but a thinne and spare,
 Yet active strength: whose long and bonie face
 Content and care
 Do seem to equally divide,
 Like a pretender, not a bride.

Wherefore sit down, good heart;
 Grasp not at much, for fear thou lovest all.
 If comforts fell according to desert,
 They would great frosts and snows destroy:
 For we should count, Since the last joy.

Then close again the seam,
 Which thou hast open'd ; do not spread thy robe
 In hope of great things. Call to mind thy dream,
 An earthly globe,
 On whose meridian was engraven,
These seas are tears, and heav'n the haven.

110. Artillerie.

AS I one ev'ning sat before my cell,
 Me thought a starre did shoot into my lap.
 I rose, and shook my clothes, as knowing well,
 That from small fires comes oft no small mishap :
 When suddenly I heard one say,
 Do as thou usest, disobey,
 Expell good motions from thy breast,
Which have the face of fire, but end in rest.

I, who had heard of musick in the spheres,
 But not of speech in starres, began to muse :
 But turning to my God, whose ministers
 The starres and all things are ; If I refuse,
 Dread Lord, said I, so oft my good ;
 Then I refuse not ev'n with bloud
 To wash away my stubborn thought :
 For I will do, or suffer what I ought.

But I have also starres and shooters too,
 Born where thy servants both artilleries use.
 My tears and prayers night and day do wooe,
 And work up to thee ; yet thou dost refuse.

Not but I am (I must fay ftill)
 Much more oblig'd to do thy will,
 Than thou to grant mine : but because
 Thy promife now hath ev'n fet thee thy laws.

Then we are fhooters both, and thou doft deigne
 To enter combate with us, and conteft
 With thine own clay. But I would parley fain :
 Shunne not my arrows, and behold my breaft.

Yet if thou fhunneft, I am thine :
 I must be fo, if I am mine.

There is no articling with thee :
 I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

III. Church-rents and schismes.

BRAVE rofe, (alas!) where art thou ? in the chair,
 Where thou didst lately fo triumph and shine,
 A worm doth fit, whose many feet and hair
 Are the more foul, the more thou wert divine.
 This, this hath done it, this did bite the root
 And bottome of the leaves : which when the winde
 Did once perceive, it blew them under foot,
 Where rude unhallow'd steps do crush and grinde
 Their beauteous glories. Onely shreds of thee,
 And those all bitten, in thy chair I see.

Why doth my Mother blush ? is she the rofe,
 And shows it so ? Indeed Christs precious bloud
 Gave you a colour once ; which when your foes
 Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,

And made you look much fresher then before.
 But when debates and fretting jealousies
 Did worm and work within you more and more,
 Your colour faded, and calamities
 Turned your ruddie into pale and bleak :
 Your health and beautie both began to break.

Then did your sev'ral parts unloose and start :
 Which when your neighbours saw, like a north-winde
 They rushed in, and cast them in the dirt
 Where Pagans tread. O Mother deare and kinde,
 Where shall I get me eyes enough to weep,
 As many eyes as starres ? since it is night,
 And much of Asia and Europe fast asleep,
 And ev'n all Africk ; would at least I might
 With these two poore ones lick up all the dew,
 Which falls by night, and poure it out for you !

112. Justice.

O DREADFULL justice, what a fright and terrour
 Wast thou of old,
 When sinne and errour
 Did show and shape thy looks to me,
 And through their glasse discolour thee !
 He that did but look up, was proud and bold.

The dishes of thy ballance seem'd to gape,
 Like two great pits ;
 The beam and scape

Did like some tott'ring engine show :
 Thy hand above did burn and glow,
 Danting the stoutest hearts, the proudest wits.

But now that Christs pure vail presents the fight,
 I see no fears :
 Thy hand is white,
 Thy scales like buckets, which attend
 And interchangeably descend,
 Lifting to heaven from this well of tears.

For where before thou still didst call on me,
 Now I still touch
 And harp on thee
 Gods promises hath made thee mine :
 Why should I justice now decline ?
 Against me there is none, but for me much.



113. The Pilgrimage.

I TRAVELL'D on, seeing the hill, where lay
 My expectation.
 A long it was and weary way.
 The gloomy cave of Desperation
 I left on th' one, and on the other side
 The rock of Pride.

And so I came to phanxies meadow strow'd
 With many a flower :
 Fain would I here have made abode,
 But I was quicken'd by my houre.

✓ 114. The Holdfast.

I THREATNED to observe the strict decree
 Of my deare God with all my power and might :
 But I was told by one, it could not be ;
 Yet I might trust in God to be my light.

Then will I trust, said I, in him alone.
 Nay, ev'n to trust in him, was also his :
 We must confesse, that nothing is our own.
 Then I confesse that he my succour is :

But to have nought is ours, not to confesse
 That we have nought. I stood amaz'd at this,
 Much troubled, till I heard a friend expresse,
 That all things were more ours by being his.
 What Adam had, and forfeited for all,
 Christ keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

115. Complaining.

DO not beguile my heart,
 Because thou art
 My power and wisdom. Put me not to shame,
 Because I am
 Thy clay that weeps, thy dust that calls.

Thou art the Lord of glorie ;
 The deed and storie
 Are both thy due : but I a filly fie,
 That live or die,
 According as the weather falls.

Art thou all justice, Lord ?
 Shows not thy word
 More attributes ? Am I all throat or eye,
 To weep or crie ?
 Have I no parts but those of grief ?

Let not thy wrathfull power
 Afflict my houre,
 My inch of life : or let thy gracious power
 Contract my houre,
 That I may climbe and finde relief.

116. The Discharge.

BUSIE enquiring heart, what wouldst thou know ?
 Why dost thou prie,
 And turn, and leer, and with a licorous eye
 Look high and low ;
 And in thy lookings stretch and grow ?

Hast thou not made thy counts, and fumm'd up all ?
 Did not thy heart
 Give up the whole, and with the whole depart ?
 Let what will fall :
 That which is past who can recall ?

Thy life is Gods, thy time to come is gone,
 And is his right.

He is thy night at noon : he is at night
 Thy noon alone.

The crop is his, for he hath fown.

And well it was for thee, when this befell,
 That God did make

Thy bufineffe his, and in thy life partake :
 For thou canst tell,
 If it be his once, all is well.

Onely the present is thy part and fee.

And happy thou,

If, though thou didst not beat thy future brow,

Thou couldst well see

What present things requir'd of thee.

They ask enough ; why shouldst thou further go ?

Raise not the mudde

Of future depths, but drink the cleare and good.

Dig not for wo

In times to come ; for it will grow.

Man and the present fit : if he provide,

He breaks the square.

This houre is mine : if for the next I care,

I grow too wide,

And do encroach upon deaths side :

For death each houre environs and surrounds.

He that would know

And care for future chances, cannot go

Unto those grounds,

But thro' a Church-yard which them bounds.

Things present shrink and die : but they that spend
 Their thoughts and sense
 On future grief, do not remove it thence,
 But it extend,
 And draw the bottome out an end.

God chains the dog till night : wilt loose the chain,
 And wake thy sorrow ?
 Wilt thou forestall it, and now grieve to morrow,
 And then again
 Grieve over freshly all thy pain ?

Either grief will not come : or if it must,
 Do not forecast :
 And while it cometh, it is almost past.
 Away distrust :
 My God hath promis'd ; he is just.

✓ 117. Praise.

KING of glorie, King of peace,
 I will love thee :
 And that love may never cease,
 I will move thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
 Thou hast heard me :
 Thou didst note my working breast,
 Thou hast spar'd me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
 I will sing thee,

THE CHURCH.

And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.

Though my finnes against me cried,
Thou didst cleare me ;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst heare me.

Sev'n whole dayes, not one in seven,
I will praise thee.
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise thee.

Thou grew'st soft and moist with tears,
Thou relentedst.
And when Justice call'd for fears,
Thou dissentedst.

Small it is, in this poore fort
To enroll thee :
Ev'n eternitie is too short
To extoll thee.

118. *An Offering.*

COME, bring thy gift. If blessings were as flow
As mens returns, what would become of fools?
What hast thou there? a heart? but is it pure?
Search well and see ; for hearts have many holes.
Yet one pure heart is nothing to bestow :
In Christ two natures met to be thy cure.

O that within us hearts had propagation,
 Since many gifts do challenge many hearts!
 Yet one, if good, may title to a number;
 And single things grow fruitfull by deserts.
 In publick judgments one may be a nation.
 And fence a plague, while others sleep and flumber.

But all I fear is left thy heart displease,
 As neither good, nor one: so oft divisions
 Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone;
 Thy passions also have their fet partitions.
 These parcell out thy heart: recover these,
 And thou mayst offer many gifts in one.

There is a balsome, or indeed a bloud, [close
 Dropping from heav'n, which doth both cleanse and
 All sorts of wounds; of such strange force it is.
 Seek out this All-heal, and seek no repose,
 Until thou finde, and use it to thy good:
 Then bring thy gift; and let thy hymne be this;

SINCE my sadnesse
 Into gladnesse,
 Lord thou dost convert,
 O accept
 What thou hast kept,
 As thy due desert.

Had I many,
 Had I any,
 (For this heart is none)
 All were thine
 And none of mine,
 Surely thine alone.

THE CHURCH.

Yet thy favour
 May give favour
 To this poore oblation ;
 And it raise
 To be thy praise,
 And be my falvation.

119. Longing.

WITH sick and famisht eyes,
 With doubling knees and weary bones,
 To thee my cries,
 To thee my grones,
 To thee my fighs, my tears ascend :
 No end ?

My throat, my soul is hoarse ;
 My heart is wither'd like a ground
 Which thou dost curse.
 My thoughts turn round,
 And make me giddie ; Lord, I fall,
 Yet call.

From thee all pitie flows.
 Mothers are kinde, because thou art,
 And dost dispose
 To them a part :
 Their infants, them ; and they suck thee
 More free.

Bowels of pitie, heare!
 Lord of my foul, love of my minde,
 Bow down thine eare!
 Let not the winde
 Scatter my words, and in the same
 Thy name!

Look on my sorrows round!
 Mark well my furnace! O what flames,
 What heats abound!
 What griefs, what shames!
 Consider, Lord; Lord, bow thine eare,
 And heare!

Lord Jesu, thou didst bow
 Thy dying head upon the tree:
 O be not now
 More dead to me!
 Lord, heare! *Shall he that made the eare*
 Not heare?

Behold, thy dust doth stirre;
 It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee:
 Wilt thou deferre
 To succour me,
 Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumme
 Sayes, Come?

To thee help appertains.
 Hast thou left all things to their course,
 And laid the reins
 Upon the horse?
 Is all lockt? hath a finners plea
 No key?

Indeed the world's thy book,
 Where all things have their leafe assign'd :
 Yet a meek look
 Hath interlin'd.
 Thy board is full, yet humble guefts
 Finde nefts.

Thou tarriest, while I die,
 And fall to nothing : thou dost reigne,
 And rule on high,
 While I remain
 In bitter grief : yet am I stil'd
 Thy childe.

Lord, didst thou leave thy throne,
 Not to relieve ? how can it be,
 That thou art grown
 Thus hard to me ?
 Were finne alive, good cause there were
 To bear.

But now both finne is dead,
 And all thy promises live and bide.
 That wants his head ;
 These speak and chide,
 And in thy bosome poure my tears,
 As theirs.

Lord JESU, heare my heart,
 Which hath been broken now so long,
 That ev'ry part
 Hath got a tongue !
 Thy beggars grow ; rid them away
 To-day.

My love, my sweetneffe, heare!
 By these thy feet, at which my heart
 Lies all the yeare,
 Pluck out thy dart,
 And heal my troubled breast which cries,
 Which dyes.

120. The Bag.

AWAY despair; my gracious Lord doth heare,
 Though windes and waves assault my keel,
 He doth preserve it: he doth steer,
 Ev'n when the boat seems most to reel.
 Storms are the triumph of his art:
 Well may he close his eyes, but not his heart.

Hast thou not heard, that my Lord Jesus di'd?
 Then let me tell thee a strange storie.
 The God of power, as he did ride
 In his majestick robes of glorie,
 Resolv'd to light; and so one day
 He did descend, undressing all the way.

The starres his tire of light and rings obtain'd,
 The cloud his bow, the fire his spear,
 The sky his azure mantle gain'd.
 And when they ask'd, what he would wear;
 He smil'd, and said as he did go,
 He had new clothes a making here below.

When he was come, as travellers are wont,
 He did repair unto an inne.

Both then, and after, many a brunt
 He did endure to cancell finne :
 And having giv'n the rest before,
 Here he gave up his life to pay our score.

But as he was returning, there came one
 That ran upon him with a spear.
 He, who came hither all alone,
 Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,
 Receiv'd the blow upon his side,
 And straight he turn'd, and to his brethren cry'd,

If ye have any thing to fend or write,
 (I have no bag, but here is room)
 Unto my fathers hands and fight
 (Beleeve me) it shall safely come.
 That I shall minde, what you impart ;
 Look, you may put it very neare my heart.

Or if hereafter any of my friends
 Will use me in this kinde, the doore
 Shall still be open ; what he fends
 I will present, and somewhat more,
 Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
 Anything to me. Hark despair, away.

121. The Jews.

POOORE nation, whose sweet sap, and juice
 Our cyens have purloin'd, and left you drie :
 Whose streams we got by the Apostles sluice,
 And use in baptisme, while ye pine and die :

Who by not keeping once, became a debter ;
 And now by keeping lose the letter :

Oh that my prayers ! mine, alas !
 Oh that some Angel might a trumpet found :
 At which the Church falling upon her face
 Should crie so loud, untill the trump were drown'd,
 And by that crie of her deare Lord obtain,
 That your sweet sap might come again !

122. The Collar.

I STRUCK the board, and cry'd, No more ;
 I will abroad.

What? shall I ever sigh and pine?

My lines and life are free ; free as the roe,
 Loose as the winde, as large as store.

Shall I be still in suit ?

Have I no harvest but a thorn

To let me bloud, and not restore

What I have lost with cordiall fruit ?

Sure there was wine,

Before my sighs did drie it : there was corn,

Before my tears did drown it.

Is the yeare onely lost to me ?

Have I no bayes to crown it ?

No flowers, no garlands gay ? all blasted ?

All waisted ?

Not so, my heart : but there is fruit,

And thou hast hands.

Recover all thy sigh-blown age

On double pleasures : leave thy cold dispute
 Of what is fit, and not, forsake thy cage,
 Thy rope of sands,
 Which pettie thoughts have made, and made to thee
 Good cable, to enforce and draw,
 And be thy law,
 While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
 Away ; take heed :
 I will abroad.
 Call in thy deaths head there : tie up thy fears.
 He that forbears
 To suit and serve his need,
 Deserves his load.
 But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde,
 At every word,
 Methought I heard one calling, *Childe* :
 And I reply'd, *My Lord*.

123. The Glimpse.

WHITHER away delight ?
 Thou cam'st but now ; wilt thou so soon depart,
 And give me up to night ?
 For many weeks of lingring pain and smart
 But one half houre of comfort for my heart ?

 Methinks delight should have
 More skill in musick, and keep better time.
 Wert thou a winde or wave,
 They quickly go and come with lesser crime :
 Flowers look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy fhort abode and ftay
 Feeds not, but addes to the defire of meat.
 Lime begg'd of old (they fay)
 A neighbour fpring to cool his inward heat ;
 Which by the fprings acceffe grew much more great.

In hope of thee my heart
 Pickt here and there a crumme, and would not die ;
 But conftant to his part,
 When as my fears foretold this, did replie,
 A flender thread a gentle gueft will tie.

Yet if the heart that wept
 Muft let thee go, return when it doth knock.
 Although thy heap be kept
 For future times, the droppings of the flock
 May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to fpinne,
 The wheel fhall go, fo that thy ftay be fhort.
 Thou knowft how grief and finne
 Difurb the work. O make me not their fport,
 Who by thy coming may be made a court !

124. Affurance.

O SPITEFULL bitter thought !
 Bitterly fpitefull thought ! Couldft thou invent
 So high a torture ? Is fuch poyfon bought ?
 Doubtleffe, but in the way of punifhment,
 When wit contrives to meet with thee,
 No fuch rank poyfon can there be.

Thou said'st but even now,
 That all was not so fair, as I conceiv'd,
 Betwixt my God and me ; that I allow
 And coin large hopes ; but, that I was deceiv'd :
 Either the league was broke, or neare it ;
 And, that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this ? what more
 Could poyson, if it had a tongue, expresse ?
 What is thy aim ? wouldst thou unlock the doore
 To cold despairs, and gnawing pensivenesse ?
 Wouldst thou raise devils ? I see, I know,
 I writ thy purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
 Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,
 If all the hope and comfort that I gather,
 Were from myself, I had not half a word,
 Not half a letter to oppose
 What is objected by my foes.

But thou art my desert :
 And in this league, which now my foes invade,
 Thou art not onely to perform thy part,
 But also mine ; as when the league was made,
 Thou didst at once thyself indite,
 And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore if thou canst fail,
 Then can thy truth and I : but while rocks stand,
 And rivers stirre, thou canst not shrink or quail :
 Yea, when both rocks and all things shall disband,
 Then shalt thou be my rock and tower,
 And make their ruine praise thy power.

Now foolish thought go on,
 Spin out thy thread, and make thereof a coat
 To hide thy flame: for thou hast cast a bone,
 Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy throat.
 What for it self love once began,
 Now love and truth will end in man.

125. The Call.

COME, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
 Such a Way, as gives us breath:
 Such a Truth, as ends all strife:
 Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:
 Such a Light, as shows a feast:
 Such a Feast, as mends in length:
 Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
 Such a Joy, as none can move:
 Such a Love, as none can part:
 Such a Heart, as joyes in love.

126. Claspings of Hands.

LORD, thou art mine, and I am thine,
 If mine I am: and thine much more,
 Than I or ought, or can be mine.
 Yet to be thine, doth me restore;

So that again I now am mine,
 And with advantage mine the more.
 Since this being mine, brings with it thine,
 And thou with me dost thee restore.
 If I without thee would be mine,
 I neither should be mine nor thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine :
 So mine thou art, that something more
 I may presume thee mine, then thine.
 For thou didst suffer to restore
 Not thee, but me, and to be mine :
 And with advantage mine the more,
 Since thou in death wast none of thine,
 Yet then as mine didst me restore.
 O be mine still ! still make me thine ;
 Or rather make no Thine and Mine !

127. Praise.

LORD, I will mean and speak thy praise,
 Thy praise alone.
 My busie heart shall spin it all my dayes :
 And when it stops for want of store,
 Then will I wring it with a sigh or grone,
 That thou mayst yet have more.

When thou dost favour any action,
 It runnes, it flies :
 All things concurre to give it a perfection.
 That which had but two legs before, [rise
 When thou dost blesse, hath twelve : one wheel doth
 To twentie then, or more.

128. Joseph's Coat.

WOUNDED I sing, tormented I indite,
 Thrown down I fall into a bed, and rest :
 Sorrow hath chang'd its note : such is his will
 Who changeth all things, as him pleaseth best.

For well he knows, if but one grief and smart
 Among my many had his full career,
 Sure it would carrie with it ev'n my heart,
 And both would runne until they found a biere

To fetch the bodie ; both being due to grief.
 But he hath spoil'd the race ; and giv'n to anguish
 One of Joyes coats, ticing it with relief
 To linger in me, and together languish.

I live to shew his power, who once did bring
 My joyes to weep, and now my griefs to sing.

129. The Pulley. ✓

WHEN God at first made man,
 Having a glasse of blessings standing by ;
 Let us (said he) poure on him all we can :
 Let the worlds riches, which disperfed lie,
 Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way ;
 Then beautie flow'd, then wisdome, honour, pleasure :
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
 Rest in the bottome lay.

For if I should (said he)
 Bestow this jewell also on my creature,
 He would adore my gifts in stead of me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlesnesse :
 Let him be rich and wearie, that at least,
 If goodnesse leade him not, yet wearinesse
 May tosse him to my breast.

130. The Priesthood.

BLEST Order, which in power dost so excell,
 That with th' one hand thou liftest to the sky,
 And with the other throwest down to hell
 In thy just censures ; fain would I draw nigh ;
 Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay-sword
 For that of th' holy word.

But thou art fire, sacred and hallow'd fire ;
 And I but earth and clay : should I presume
 To wear thy habit, the severe attire
 My slender compositions might consume.
 I am both foul and brittle, much unfit
 To deal in holy Writ.

Yet have I often seen, by cunning hand
 And force of fire, what curious things are made
 Of wretched earth. Where once I scorn'd to stand,

That earth is fitted by the fire and trade
Of skilfull artists, for the boards of those
Who make the bravest shows.

But since those great ones, be they ne're so great,
Come from the earth, from whence those vessels come;
So that at once both feeder, dish, and meat,
Have one beginning and one finall summe:
I do not greatly wonder at the sight,
If earth in earth delight.

But th' holy men of God such vessels are,
As serve him up, who all the world commands.
When God vouchsafeth to become our fare,
Their hands convey him, who conveys their hands:
O what pure things, most pure must those things be,
Who bring my God to me!

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
To hold the Ark, although it seem to shake
Through th' old finnes and new doctrines of our land.
Onely, since God doth often vessels make
Of lowly matter for high uses meet,
I throw me at his feet.

There will I lie, untill my Maker seek
For some mean stufte whereon to show his skill:
Then is my time. The distance of the meek
Doth flatter power. Lest good come short of ill
In praising might, the poore do by submission
What pride by opposition.

133. The Croffe. ✓

WHAT is this strange and uncouth thing
 To make me sigh, and seek, and faint, and die,
 Untill I had some place, where I might sing,
 And serve thee; and not onely I,
 But all my wealth, and familie might combine
 To set thy honour up, as our designe.

And then when after much delay,
 Much wrangling, many a combate, this deare end,
 So much desir'd, is giv'n, to take away
 My power to serve thee: to unbend
 All my abilities, my designs confound,
 And lay my threatnings bleeding on the ground.

One ague dwelleth in my bones,
 Another in my soul (the memorie
 What I would do for thee, if once my grones
 Could be allow'd for harmonie)
 I am in all a weak disabled thing,
 Save in the fight thereof, where strength doth sting.

Besides, things fort not to my will,
 Ev'n when my will doth studie thy renown:
 Thou turnest th' edge of all things on me still,
 Taking me up to throw me down:
 So that, ev'n when my hopes seem to be sped,
 I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be
 Farther from it than when I bent my bow;

To make my hopes my torture, and the fee
 Of all my woes another wo,
 Is in the midst of delicates to need,
 And ev'n in Paradise to be a weed.

Ah my deare Father, ease my smart!
 These contrarities crush me: these crosse actions
 Doe winde a rope about, and cut my heart:
 And yet since these thy contradictions
 Are properly a crosse felt by thy sonne
 With but foure words, my words, *Thy will be done.*

134. The Flower.

HOW fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
 Are thy returns! ev'n as the flowers in
 spring;
 To which, besides their own demean,
 The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
 Grief melts away
 Like snow in May,
 As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
 Could have recover'd greenesse? It was gone
 Quite under ground; as flowers depart
 To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
 Where they together
 All the hard weather,
 Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
 Killing and quickning, bringing down to hell
 And up to heaven in an hour;
 Making a chiming of a passing-bell.

We say amisse,
 This or that is:
 Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
 Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!
 Many a spring I shoot up fair,
 Offring at heav'n, growing and groning thither:
 Nor doth my flower
 Want a spring-showre,
 My finnes and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
 Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,
 Thy anger comes, and I decline:
 What frost to that? what pole is not the zone
 Where all things burn,
 When thou dost turn,
 And the least frown of thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,
 After so many deaths I live and write;
 I once more smell the dew and rain,
 And relish versing: O my onely light,
 It cannot be
 That I am he,
 On whom thy tempests fell all night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
 To make us see we are but flowers that glide:

Which when we once can finde and prove,
 Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
 Who would be more,
 Swelling through store,
 Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

135. Dotage.

FALSE glozing pleasures, casks of happineffe,
 Foolish night-fires, womens and childrens wishes,
 Chafes in Arras, gilded emptineffe,
 Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career,
 Embroider'd lyes, nothing between two dishes ;
 These are the pleasures here.

True earnest sorrows, rooted miseries,
 Anguish in grain, vexations ripe and blown,
 Sure-footed griefs, solid calamities,
 Plain demonstrations, evident and cleare,
 Fetching their proofs ev'n from the very bone ;
 These are the sorrows here.

But oh the folly of distracted men,
 Who griefs in earnest, joyes in jest pursue ;
 Preferring, like brute beasts, a loathsome den
 Before a court, ev'n that above so cleare,
 Where are no sorrows, but delights more true
 Then miseries are here !

136. The Sonne.

LET forrain nations of their language boast,
 What fine varietie each tongue affords :
 I like our language, as our men and coast ;
 Who cannot dresse it well, want wit, not words.
 How neatly do we give one onely name
 To parents issue and the sunnes bright starre !
 A sonne is light and fruit ; a fruitfull flame
 Chafing the fathers dimnesse, carri'd far
 From the first man in th' East, to fresh and new
 Western discov'ries of posteritie.
 So in one word our Lords humilitie
 We turn upon him in a sence most true :
 For what Christ once in humblenesse began,
 We him in glorie call, *The Sonne of Man.*

137. A true Hymne.

MY joy, my life, my crown !
 My heart was meaning all the day,
 Somewhat it fain would say :
 And still it runneth mutt'ring up and down
 With only this, *My joy, my life, my crown.*

Yet slight not these few words ;
 If truly said, they may take part
 Among the best in art.
 The finenesse which a hymne or psalme affords,
 Is, when the soul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the minde,
 And all the foul, and strength, and time,
 If the words onely ryme,
 Justly complains, that somewhat is behinde
 To make his verse, or write a hymne in kinde.

Whereas if th' heart be moved,
 Although the verse be somewhat scant,
 God doth supplie the want.
 As when th' heart sayes (fighing to be approved)
O, could I love! and stops; God writeth, *Loved.*

138. The Answer.

MY comforts drop and melt away like snow :
 I shake my head, and all the thoughts and ends,
 Which my fierce youth did bandie, fall and flow
 Like leaves about me, or like summer friends,
 Flyes of estates and funne-shine. But to all,
 Who think me eager, hot, and undertaking,
 But in my prosecutions slack and small ;
 As a young exhalation, newly waking,
 Scorns his first bed of dirt, and means the sky ;
 But cooling by the way, grows purfie and flow,
 And settling to a cloud, doth live and die
 In that dark state of tears : to all, that so
 Show me, and fet me, I have one reply,
 Which they that know the rest, know more then I.

Did before dimme and choke,
 When once those snuffes are ta'ne away,
 Shines bright and cleare, ev'n unto condemnation,
 Without excuse or cloak.

142. Bitter-Sweet.

AH, my deare angrie Lord,
 Since thou dost love, yet strike ;
 Cast down, yet help afford ;
 Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise ;
 I will bewail, approve :
 And all my sowre-sweet dayes
 I will lament, and love.

143. The Glance.

WHEN first thy sweet and gracious eye
 Vouchsaf'd ev'n in the midst of youth and
 night
 To look upon me, who before did lie
 Weltring in sinne ;
 I felt a fugred strange delight,
 Passing all cordials made by any art,
 Bedew, embalme, and overrunne my heart,
 And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm
 My soul hath felt, ev'n able to destroy,
 Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
 His swing and sway :
 But still thy sweet originall joy,
 Sprung from thine eye, did work within my soul,
 And surging griefs, when they grew bold, controll,
 And got the day.

If thy first glance so powerfull be,
 A mirth but open'd, and seal'd up again ;
 What wonders shall we feel, when we shall see
 Thy full-ey'd love !
 When thou shalt look us out of pain,
 And one aspect of thine spend in delight
 More then a thousand funnes disburse in light,
 In heav'n above.

144. The Twenty-third Psalm.

THE God of love my shepherd is,
 And he that doth me feed :
 While he is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want or need ?

He leads me to the tender grasse,
 Where I both feed and rest ;
 Then to the streams that gently passe :
 In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, he doth convert,
 And bring my minde in frame :

And all this not for my desert,
But for his holy name.

Yea, in deaths shadie black abode
Well may I walk, not fear :
For thou art with me, and thy rod
To guide, thy staffe to bear.

Nay, thou dost make me fit and dine,
Ev'n in my enemies fight ;
My head with oyl, my cup with wine
Runnes over day and night.

Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my dayes ;
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

145. Marie Magdalene.

WHEN blessed Marie wip'd her Saviours feet,
(Whose precepts she had trampled on before)
And wore them for a jewell on her head,
Shewing his steps should be the street,
Wherein she thenceforth evermore
With pensive humbleness would live and tread :

She being stain'd herself, why did she strive
To make him clean, who could not be defil'd ?
Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,

And not his feet? Though we could dive
 In tears like seas, our finnes are pil'd
 Deeper then they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Deare soul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deigne
 To bear her filth; and that her finnes did dash
 Ev'n God himself: wherefore she was not loth,
 As she had brought wherewith to stain,
 So to bring in wherewith to wash:
 And yet in washing one, she washed both.

146. Aaron.

HOLINESSE on the head,
 Light and perfections on the breast,
 Harmonious bells below, raising the dead
 To leade them unto life and rest.
 Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profanenesse in my head,
 Defects and darknesse in my breast,
 A noise of passions ringing me for dead
 Unto a place where is no rest:
 Poore priest thus am I drest.

Onely another head
 I have, another heart and breast,
 Another musick, making live not dead,
 Without whom I could have no rest:
 In him I am well drest.

Christ is my onely head,
 My alone onely heart and breast,
 My onely musick, striking me ev'n dead ;
 That to the old man I may rest,
 And be in him new drest.

So holy in my head,
 Perfect and light in my deare breast,
 My doctrine tun'd by Christ, (who is not dead,
 But lives in me while I do rest)
 Come, people ; Aaron's drest.

147. The Odour.

2 Cor. II.

HOW sweetly doth *My Master* sound ! *My*
Master!

As Amber-greece leaves a rich scent

Unto the taster :

So do these words a sweet content,
 An orientall fragrancie, *My Master*.

With these all day I do perfume my minde,

My mind ev'n thrust into them both ;

That I might finde

What cordials make this curious broth,
 This broth of smells, that feeds and fats my minde.

My Master, shall I speak ? O that to thee

My Servant were a little so,

As flesh may be ;

That these two words might creep and grow ;
 To some degree of spicinesse to thee !

Then should the Pomander, which was before
 A speaking sweet, mend by reflection,
 And tell me more :
 For pardon of my imperfection
 Would warm and work it sweeter than before.

For when *My Master*, which alone is sweet,
 And ev'n in my unworthinesse pleasing,
 Shall call and meet,
My servant, as thee not displeasing,
 That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains by sweetning me
 (As sweet things traffick when they meet)
 Return to thee.
 And so this new commerce and sweet
 Should all my life employ, and busie me.

148. The Foil.

IF we could see below
 The sphere of vertue, and each shining grace,
 As plainly as that above doth show ;
 This were the better skie, the brighter place.

God hath made starres the foil
 To set off vertues ; griefs to set off sinning :
 Yet in this wretched world we toil,
 As if grief were not foul, nor vertue winning.

149. The Forerunners.

THE harbingers are come. See, see their mark ;
 White is their colour, and behold my head.
 But must they have my brain ? must they dispart
 Those sparkling notions, which therein were bred ?
 Must dulness turn me to a clod ?
 Yet have they left me, *Thou art still my God.*

Good men ye be, to leave me my best room,
 Ev'n all my heart, and what is lodged there :
 I passe not, I, what of the rest become,
 So, *Thou art still my God*, be out of fear.

He will be pleased with that dittie ;
 And if I please him, I write fine and wittie.

Farewell sweet phrases, lovely metaphors :
 But will ye leave me thus ? when ye before
 Of stews and brothels onely knew the doores,
 Then did I wash you with my tears, and more,
 Brought you to Church well drest and clad :
 My God must have my best, ev'n all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, sugar-cane,
 Hony of roses, whither wilt thou flie ?
 Hath some fond lover tic'd thee to thy bane ?
 And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a flie ?
 Fie, thou wilt soil thy broider'd coat,
 And hurt thyself, and him that sings the note.

Let foolish lovers, if they will love dung,
 With canvas, not with arras clothe their shame :

Let follie speak in her own native tongue.
 True beautie dwells on high : ours is a flame
 But borrow'd thence to light us thither.
 Beautie and beauteous words should go together.

Yet if you go, I passe not ; take your way :
 For, *Thou art still my God*, is all that ye
 Perhaps with more embellishment can say.
 Go birds of spring : let winter have his fee ;
 Let a bleak paleness chalk the doore,
 So all within be livelier then before.

150. The Rose.

PRESSE me not to take more pleasure
 In this world of sugred lies,
 And to use a larger measure
 Than my strict, yet welcome size.

First, there is no pleasure here :
 Colour'd griefs indeed there are,
 Blushing woes, that look as cleare,
 As if they could beautie spare.

Or if such deceits there be,
 Such delights I meant to say ;
 There are no such things to me,
 Who have pass'd my right away.

But I will not much oppose
 Unto what you now advise ;
 Onely take this gentle rose,
 And therein my answer lies.

THE CHURCH.

What is fairer then a rose ?
 What is sweeter ? yet it purgeth.
 Purgings enmitie disclose,
 Enmitie forbearance urgeth.

If then all that worldlings prize
 Be contracted to a rose ;
 Sweetly there indeed it lies,
 But it biteth in the clofe.

So this flower doth judge and sentence
 Worldly joyes to be a scourge :
 For they all produce repentance,
 And repentance is a purge.

But I health, not phyfick choofe :
 Onely though I you oppofe,
 Say that fairly I refufe,
 For my anfwer is a rofe.

V 151. Discipline.

THROW away thy rod,
 Throw away thy wrath :
 O my God,
 Take the gentle path.

For my hearts defire
 Unto thine is bent :
 I aspire
 To a full confent.

Here is love, which, having breath
 Ev'n in death,
 After death can never die.

Lord I have invited all,
 And I shall
 Still invite, still call to thee :
 For it seems but just and right
 In my fight,
 Where is all, there all should be.

153. The Banquet.

WELCOME sweet and sacred cheer,
 Welcome deare ;
 With me, in me, live and dwell :
 For thy neatnesse passeth sight,
 Thy delight
 Passeth tongue to taste or tell.

O what sweetnesse from the bowl
 Fills my soul,
 Such as is, and makes divine !
 Is some starre (fled from the sphere)
 Melted there,
 As we sugar melt in wine ?

Or hath sweetnesse in the bread
 Made a head
 To subdue the smell of sinne,
 Flowers, and gummes, and powders giving
 All their living,
 Left the enemy should winne ?

Let the wonder of this pitie
 Be my dittie,
 And take up my lines and life :
 Harken under pain of death,
 Hands and breath,
 Strive in this, and love the strife.

154. The Posie.

LET wits contest,
 And with their words and posies windows fill :
 Lesse than the least
Of all thy mercies, is my posie still.

 This on my ring,
 This by my picture, in my book I write ;
 Whether I sing,
 Or say, or dictate, this is my delight.

 Invention rest ;
 Comparisons go play ; wit use thy will :
 Lesse than the least
Of all Gods mercies, is my posie still.

155. A Parodie.

SOULS joy, when thou art gone,
 And I alone,
 Which cannot be,
 Because thou dost abide with me,
 And I depend on thee ;

Yet when thou dost suppress
 The cheerfulnesse
 Of thy abode,
 And in my powers not stirre abroad,
 But leave me to my load :

O what a damp and shade
 Doth me invade !
 No stormie night
 Can so afflict or so affright
 As thy eclipsed light.

Ah Lord ! do not withdraw,
 Lest want of aw
 Make sinne appeare ;
 And when thou dost but shine lesse cleare,
 Say, that thou art not here.

And then what life I have,
 While Sinne doth rave,
 And falsly boast,
 That I may seek, but thou art lost ;
 Thou and alone thou know'ft.

O what a deadly cold
 Doth me infold !
 I half beleeve,
 That Sinne says true : but while I grieve,
 Thou com'ft and dost relieve.

✓ 156. The Elixer.

TEACH me, my God and King,
 In all things thee to see,
 And what I do in any thing,
 To do it as for thee :

Not rudely, as a beaft,
 To runne into an action ;
 But still to make thee prepoſſeſt,
 And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glaſſe,
 On it may ſtay his eye ;
 Or if he pleaſeth, through it paſſe,
 And then the heav'n eſpie.

All may of thee partake :
 Nothing can be ſo mean,
 Which with his tincture (for thy ſake)
 Will not grow bright and clean.

A ſervant with this claufe
 Makes drudgerie divine :
 Who ſweeps a room, as for thy laws,
 Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous ſtone
 That turneth all to gold :
 For that which God doth touch and own
 Cannot for leſſe be told.

157. A Wreath.

A WREATHED garland of deserved praise,
 Of praise deserved, unto thee I give,
 I give to thee, who knowest all my wayes,
 My crooked winding wayes, wherein I live,
 Wherein I die, not live; for life is straight,
 Straight as a line, and ever tends to thee,
 To thee, who art more farre above deceit,
 Than deceit seems above simplicitie.
 Give me simplicitie, that I may live,
 So live and like, that I may know thy wayes,
 Know them and practise them: then shall I give
 For this poore wreath, give thee a crown of praise.

158. Death.

DEATH, thou wast once an uncouth hideous
 Nothing but bones, [thing,
 The sad effect of sadder grones:
 Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we consider'd thee as at some fix
 Or ten yeares hence,
 After the losse of life and sense,
 Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

We lookt on this side of thee, shooting short;
 Where we did finde

The shells of fledge fouls left behinde,
Dry duft, which fheds no tears, but may extort.

But fince our Saviours death did put fome bloud
Into thy face ;

Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
Much in request, much fought for, as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
As at dooms-day ;

When fouls fhall wear their new aray,
And all thy bones with beautie fhall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as fleep, and trust
Half that we have

Unto an honeft faithfull grave ;
Making our pillows either down, or duft.

159. Dooms-day.

COME away,
Make no delay.

Summon all the duft to rife,
Till it ftirre, and rubbe the eyes ;
While this member jogs the other,
Each one whifpring, *Live you, brother ?*

Come away,
Make this the day.

Duft, alas, no mufick feels,
But thy trumpet : then it kneels,
As peculiar notes and ftrains
Cure Tarantulaes raging pains.

Come away,
 O make no stay!
 Let the graves make their confession,
 Left at length they plead possession:
 Fleshes stubbornness may have
 Read that lesson to the grave.

Come away,
 Thy flock doth stray.
 Some to the winds their bodies lend,
 And in them may drown a friend:
 Some in noisome vapours grow
 To a plague and publick wo.

Come away,
 Help our decay.
 Man is out of order hurl'd,
 Parcel'd out to all the world.
 Lord, thy broken comfort raise,
 And the musick shall be praise.

160. Judgement.

ALMIGHTIE Judge, how shall poore wretches
 Thy dreadfull look, [brook
 Able a heart of iron to appall,
 When thou shalt call
 For ev'ry mans peculiar book?

What others mean to do, I know not well;
 Yet I heare tell,

That some will turn thee to some leaves therein
 So void of sinne,
 That they in merit shall excell.

But I resolve, when thou shalt call for mine,
 That to decline,
 And thrust a Testament into thy hand :
 Let that be scann'd.
 There thou shalt finde my faults are thine.

161. Heaven.

O WHO will show me those delights on high ?
Echo. *I*
 Thou Echo, thou art mortall, all men know.
Echo. *No.*
 Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves ?
Echo. *Leaves.*
 And are there any leaves, that still abide ?
Echo. *Bide.*
 What leaves are they ? impart the matter wholly.
Echo. *Holy.*
 Are holy leaves the Echo then of blisse ?
Echo. *Yes.*
 Then tell me, what is that supreme delight ?
Echo. *Light.*
 Light to the minde : what shall the will enjoy ?
Echo. *Joy.*
 But are there cares and businesse with the pleasure ?
Echo. *Leisure.*
 Light, joy, and leisure ; but shall they persevere ?
Echo. *Ever.*



II. The Church Militant.

ALMIGHTIE Lord, who from thy glorious throne
Seeft and ruleft all things ev'n as one :
The fmalleft ant or atome knows thy
Known alfo to each minute of an houre : [power,
Much more do Common-weals acknowledge thee,
And wrap their policies in thy decree,
Complying with thy counfels, doing nought
Which doth not meet with an eternall thought.
But above all, thy Church and Spoufe doth prove
Not the decrees of power, but bands of love.
Early didft thou arife to plant this vine,
Which might the more indeare it to be thine.
Spices come from the Eaft ; fo did thy Spoufe,
Trimme as the light, fweet as the laden boughs
Of *Noabs* fhadie vine, chafte as the dove,
Prepar'd and fitted to receive thy love.
The courfe was weftward, that the funne might light
As well our understanding as our fight.
Where th' Ark did reft, there *Abraham* began
To bring the other Ark from *Canaan*.
Mofes purfu'd this : but King *Solomon*
Finish'd and fixt the old religion.
When it grew loofe, the Jews did hope in vain
By nailing Chrift to faften it again.
But to the Gentiles he bore croffe and all,
Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall.
Onely whereas the Ark in glorie fhone,

Now with the crosse, as with a staffe, alone,
 Religion, like a pilgrime, westward bent,
 Knocking at all doores, ever as she went.
 Yet as the sunne, though forward be his flight,
 Listens behinde him, and allows some light,
 Till all depart: so went the Church her way,
 Letting, while one foot stept, the other stay
 Among the eastern nations for a time,
 Till both removed to the western clime.
 To *Egypt* first she came, where they did prove
 Wonders of anger once, but now of love.
 The ten Commandments there did flourish more
 Than the ten bitter plagues had done before.
 Holy *Macarius* and great *Anthony*
 Made *Pharaoh Moses*, changing th' historie.
Goshen was darknesse, *Egypt* full of lights,
Nilus for monsters brought forth Israelites.
 Such power hath mightie Baptisme to produce,
 For things misshapen, things of highest use.
How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
 Religion thence fled into *Greece*, where arts
 Gave her the highest place in all mens hearts.
 Learning was pos'd, Philosophie was set,
 Sophisters taken in a fishers net.
Plato and *Aristotle* were at a losse,
 And wheel'd about again to spell *Christ-Crosse*.
 Prayers chaf'd fyllogismes into their den,
 And *Ergo* was transform'd into *Amen*.
 Though *Greece* took horse as soon as *Egypt* did,
 And *Rome* as both; yet *Egypt* faster rid,
 And spent her period and prefixed time
 Before the other. *Greece* being past her prime,
 Religion went to *Rome*, subduing those,
 Who, that they might subdue, made all their foes.

The Warriour his deere skarres no more refounds,
 But seems to yeeld Christ hath the greater wounds ;
 Wounds willingly endur'd to work his blisse,
 Who by an ambush lost his Paradise.

The great heart stoops, and taketh from the dust
 A sad repentance, not the spoils of lust :
 Quitting his spear, lest it should pierce again
 Him in his members, who for him was slain.
 The Shepherds hook grew to a scepter here,
 Giving new names and numbers to the yeare.
 But th' Empire dwelt in *Greece*, to comfort them,
 Who were cut short in *Alexanders* stemme.
 In both of these Prowesse and Arts did tame
 And tune mens hearts against the Gospel came :
 Which using, and not fearing skill in th' one,
 Or strength in th' other, did erect her throne,
 Many a rent and struggling th' Empire knew,
 (As dying things are wont,) untill it flew
 At length to *Germanie*, still westward bending,
 And there the Churches festivall attending :
 That as before Empire and Arts made way,
 (For no lesse Harbingers would serve then they)
 So they might still, and point us out the place,
 Where first the Church should raise her down-cast
 face.

Strength levels grounds, Art makes a garden there ;
 Then showres Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the Empire shar'd with *Germanie*,
 But *England* in the higher victorie ;
 Giving the Church a crown to keep her state,
 And not go lesse than she had done of late.
Constantines British line meant this of old,
 And did this mysterie wrap up and fold
 Within a sheet of paper, which was rent
 From times great Chronicle, and hither sent.

Thus both the Church and Sunne together ran
Unto the farthest old meridian.

How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are!

Who may with thee compare?

Much about one and the same time and place,
Both where and when the Church began her race,
Sinne did fet out of Eastern *Babylon*,

And travell'd westward also: journeying on
He chid the Church away, where e're he came,
Breaking her peace, and tainting her good name.

At first he got to *Egypt*, and did fow
Gardens of gods, which ev'ry yeare did grow,
Fresh and fine deities. They were at great cost,
Who for a god clearely a fallet lost.

Ah, what a thing is man devoid of grace,
Adoring garlick with an humble face,
Begging his food of that which he may eat,
Starving the while he worshipping his meat!
Who makes a root his god, how low is he,
If God and man be fever'd infinitely!

What wretchednesse can give him any room,
Whose house is foul, while he adores his broom?
None will beleeve this now, though money be
In us the same transplanted foolerie.

Thus Sinne in *Egypt* sneaked for a while;
His highest was an ox or crocodile, [passe,

And such poore game. Thence he to *Greece* doth
And being craftier much then Goodnesse was,
He left behinde him garrisons of finnes,

To make good that which ev'ry day he winnes.
Here Sinne took heart, and for a garden-bed
Rich shrines and oracles he purchafed:

He grew a gallant, and would needs foretell
As well what should befall, as what befell.

Nay, he became a poet, and would serve

His pills of sublimate in that conserve.
The world came both with hands and purses full
To this great lotterie, and all would pull.
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit,
Where some poore truths were shuffled for a bait
To credit him, and to discredit those,
Who after him should braver truths disclose.
From *Greece* he went to *Rome*: and as before
He was a God, now he's an Emperour.
Nero and others lodg'd him bravely there,
Put him in trust to rule the *Romane* sphere.
Glorie was his chief instrument of old:
Pleasure succeeded straight, when that grew cold:
Which soon was blown to such a mightie flame,
That though our Saviour did destroy the game,
Disparking oracles, and all their treasure,
Setting affliction to encounter pleasure;
Yet did a rogue with hope of carnall joy,
Cheat the most subtile nations. Who so coy,
So trimme, as *Greece* and *Egypt*? yet their hearts
Are given over, for their curious arts,
To such *Mahometan* stupidities,
As the old heathen would deem prodigies.
How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Onely the *West* and *Rome* do keep them free
From this contagious infidelitie.
And this is all the *Rock*, whereof they boast,
As *Rome* will one day finde unto her cost.
Sinne being not able to extirpate quite
The Churches here, bravely resolv'd one night
To be a Church-man too, and wear a Mitre:
The old debauched ruffian would turn writer.
I saw him in his studie, where he sate
Busie in controversies sprung of late.

A gown and pen became him wondrous well :
 His grave aspect had more of heav'n then hell :
 Onely there was a handsome picture by,
 To which he lent a corner of his eye.
 As Sinne in *Greece* a Prophet was before,
 And in old *Rome* a mightie Emperour ;
 So now being Priest he plainly did professe
 To make a jest of Christs three offices :
 The rather since his scatter'd jugglings were
 United now in one both time and sphere.
 From *Egypt* he took pettie deities,
 From *Greece* oracular infallibilities,
 And from old *Rome* the libertie of pleasure,
 By free dispensings of the Churches treasure.
 Then in memoriall of his ancient throne,
 He did surname his palace, *Babylon*.
 Yet that he might the better gain all nations,
 And make that name good by their transmigrations ;
 From all these places, but at divers times,
 He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes :
 From *Egypt* Anchorisme and retirednesse,
 Learning from *Greece*, from old *Rome* statelines ;
 And blending these, he carri'd all mens eyes,
 While Truth sat by, counting his victories :
 Whereby he grew apace and scorn'd to use
 Such force as once did captivate the Jews ;
 But did bewitch, and finelly work each nation
 Into a voluntarie transmigration.
 All poste to *Rome* : Princes submit their necks
 Either t' his publick foot or private tricks.
 It did not fit his gravitie to stirre,
 Nor his long journey, nor his gout and furre :
 Therefore he sent out able ministers,
 Statesmen within, without doores cloisterers ;
 Who without spear, or sword, or other drumme,

Than what was in their tongue, did overcome ;
 And having conquer'd, did so strangely rule,
 That the whole world did seem but the Popes mule.
 As new and old *Rome* did one Empire twist ;
 So both together are one Antichrist ;
 Yet with two faces, as their *Janus* was,
 Being in this their old crackt looking-glasse.
How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are !

Who may with thee compare ?

Thus Sinne triumphs in Western *Babylon* ;
 Yet not as Sinne, but as Religion.
 Of his two thrones he made the latter best,
 And to defray his journey from the east.
 Old and new *Babylon* are to hell and night,
 As is the moon and sunne to heav'n and light.
 When th' one did set, the other did take place,
 Confronting equally the law and grace.
 They are hells land-marks, Satans double crest :
 They are Sinnes nipples, feeding th' east and west.
 But as in vice the copie still exceeds
 The pattern, but not so in vertuous deeds ;
 So though Sinne made his latter feat the better,
 The latter Church is to the first a debter.
 The second Temple could not reach the first :
 And the late reformation never durst
 Compare with ancient times and purer yeares ;
 But in the Jews and us deserveth tears.
 Nay, it shall ev'ry yeare decrease and fade ;
 Till such a darknesse do the world invade
 At Christs last coming, as his first did finde :
 Yet must there such proportions be assign'd
 To these diminishings, as is between
 The spacious world and *Jurie* to be seen.
 Religion stands on tip-toe in our land,
 Readie to passe to the *American* strand.

When height of malice, and prodigious lufts,
 Impudent finning, witchcrafts, and distrusts,
 (The marks of future bane,) shall fill our cup
 Unto the brimme, and make our measure up ;
 When *Sein* shall swallow *Tiber*, and the *Thames*
 By letting in them both, pollutes her streams :
 When *Italie* of us shall have her will,
 And all her calendar of finnes fulfill ;
 Whereby one may foretell, what finnes next yeare
 Shall both in *France* and *England* domineer :
 Then shall Religion to *America* flee :
 They have their times of Gospel, ev'n as we.
 My God, thou dost prepare for them a way,
 By carrying first their gold from them away :
 For gold and grace did never yet agree :
 Religion alwaies fides with povertie.
 We think we rob them, but we think amisse :
 We are more poore, and they more rich by this.
 Thou wilt revenge their quarrell, making grace
 To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place
 To go to them, while that, which now their nation
 But lends to us, shall be our defolation.
 Yet as the Church shall thither westward flie,
 So Sinne shall trace and dog her instantly :
 They have their period also and set times
 Both for their vertuous actions and their crimes.
 And where of old the Empire and the Arts
 Usher'd the Gospel ever in mens hearts,
Spain hath done one ; when Arts perform the other,
 The Church shall come, and Sinne the Church shall
 smother :
 That when they have accomplished the round,
 And met in th' east their first and ancient found,
 Judgement may meet them both, and search them
 round.

Thus do both lights, as well in Church as Sunne,
Light one another, and together runne.
Thus also Sinne and Darknesse follow still
The Church and Sunne with all their power and skill.
But as the Sunne still goes both west and east :
So also did the Church by going west
Still eastward go ; because it drew more neare
To time and place, where judgement shall appeare
*How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are !
Who may with thee compare ?*

L'Envoy.

KING of glorie, King of peace,
With the one make warre to cease ;
With the other blesse thy sheep,
Thee to love, in thee to sleep.
Let not Sinne devoure thy fold,
Bragging that thy bloud is cold ;
That thy death is also dead,
While his conquests dayly spread ;
That thy flesh hath lost his food,
And thy Crosse is common wood.
Choke him, let him say no more,
But reserve his breath in store,
Till thy conquest and his fall
Make his figs to use it all ;
And then bargain with the winde
To discharge what is behinde.

*Blessed be God alone,
Thrice blessed Three in One.*

FINIS.



III. MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

I. A Sonnet.

SENT BY GEORGE HERBERT TO HIS MOTHER AS A
NEW YEAR'S GIFT FROM CAMBRIDGE.

MY God, where is that ancient heat to-
wards thee, [once did burn,
Wherewith whole shoals of martyrs
Besides their other flames? Doth poetrie
Wear Venus' liverie? onely serve her turn?
Why are not sonnets made of thee? and layes
Upon thine altar burnt? Cannot thy love
Heighten a spirit to found out thy praise
As well as any she? Cannot thy Dove
Outstrip their Cupid easilie in flight?
Or, since thy wayes are deep, and still the same,
Will not a verse runne smooth that bears thy name!
Why doth that fire, which by thy power and might
Each breast does feel, no braver fuel choose
Then that, which one day, worms may chance re-
sure Lord, there is enough in thee to drie [use.
Oceans of ink; for, as the Deluge did
Cover the Earth, so doth thy Majestie:

Each cloud distills thy praise, and doth forbid
Poets to turn it to another use.

Roses and lilies speak thee ; and to make
A pair of cheeks of them, is thy abuse.

Why should I womens eyes for crystal take ?
Such poor invention burns in their low minde
Whose fire is wild, and doth not upward go
To praise, and on thee, Lord, some ink bestow.
Open the bones, and you shall nothing finde
In the best face but filth ; when Lord, in thee
The beauty lies, in the discoverie.

2. Inscription.

IN THE PARSONAGE, BEMERTON.

To my successor.

IF thou chance for to find
A new House to thy mind
And built without thy Cost :
Be good to the Poor,
As God gives thee store,
And then, my Labours not lost.

3. On Lord Danvers.

SACRED marble, safely keep
His dust, who under thee must sleep,
Until the yeares again restore
Their dead, and time shall be no more.
Mean while, if he, (which all things wears)
Does ruin thee, or if thy tears

Are fhed for him ; diffolve thy frame,
 Thou art requited : for his fame,
 His vertue, and his worth fhall be
 Another monument to thee.

4. A Paradox.*

(FROM A MS. COLLECTION FORMERLY DR. RAWLINSON'S, IN
 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD.)

That the fick are in a better cafe, then
 the whole.

YOU who admire yourselves because
 You neither groan nor weep,
 And think it contrarie to Natures laws
 To want one ounce of fleep,
 Your ftrong belief
 Acquits yourselves, and gives the fick all grief.

Your ftate to ours is contrarie,
 That makes you think us poore,
 So Black-moors think us foul, and wee
 Are quit with them, and more,
 Nothing can fee,
 And judge of things but mediocritie.

The fick are in themfelves a ftate
 Which health hath nought to do.

* See a poem (No. xli.) in the Synagogue at the end of the volume.

How know you that our tears proceed from wo,
 And not from better fate?
 Since that mirth hath
 Her waters also and desired bath.

How know you that the sighs we send
 From want of breath proceed,
 Not from excess? and therefore we do spend
 That which we do not need;
 So trembling may
 As well show inward warbling, as decay.

Cease then to judge calamities
 By outward form and shew,
 But view yourselves, and inward turn your eyes,
 Then you shall fully know
 That your estate
 Is, of the two, the far more desperate.

You always fear to feel those smarts
 Which we but sometimes prove,
 Each little comfort much affects our hearts,
 None but gross joys you move:
 Why then confess
 Your fears in number more, your joys are less.

Then for yourselves not us embrace
 Complaints to bad fortune due,
 For though you visit us, and plaint or ease,
 We doubt much whether you
 Come to our bed
 To comfort us, or to be comforted.



LATIN AND GREEK POEMS.

IV. PARENTALIA.

Auctore G. HERBERT.*

Memoriæ Matris Sacrum.

I.



H Mater, quo te deplorem fonte? Dolores
Quæ guttæ poterunt enumerare meos?
Sicca meis lacrymis Thamefis vicina videtur,
Virtutumque choro ficcior ipse tuo.
In flumen mærore nigrum si funderer ardens,
Laudibus haud fierem sepia iusta tuis.
Tantum istæc scribo gratus, ne tu mihi tantum
Mater: et ista Dolor nunc tibi Metra parit.

2.

CORNELIÆ sanctæ, graves Sempronæ,
Et quicquid uspiam est severæ fæminæ,
Conferte lacrymas: Illa, quæ vos miscuit
Vestrasque laudes, poscit et mixtas genas.

* Printed at the end of Dr. Donne's Sermon of Commemoration of the Lady Danvers, late wife of Sir John Danvers, preach'd at Chilsey, July 1, 1627, together with other commemorations of her; by her sonne G. Herbert. Lond. 1627, 18mo.—See Barnabas Oley's Life of Herbert, p. civ. and Walton's Life, p. xviii. prefixed to Herbert's Remains.

Namque hanc ruinam salva Gravitas defleat,
 Pudorque constet vel solutis crinibus ;
 Quandoque vultûs sola majestas, Dolor.

Decus mulierum periit : et metuunt viri
 Utrumque sexum dote ne multaverit.
 Non illa soles terere comptu lubricos,
 Struices superbas atque turritum caput
 Molita, reliquum deinde garriens diem,
 (Nam post Babelem linguæ adest confusio,)
 Quin post modestam, qualis integras decet,
 Substructionem capitis et nimbum brevem,
 Animam recentem rite curavit sacris
 Adorta numen acri et igneâ prece.

Dein familiam lustrat, et res prandii,
 Horti, colique distributim pensitat.
 Suum cuique tempus et locus datur.
 Inde exiguntur pensa crudo vespere.
 Ratione certâ vita constat et domus,
 Prudentèr inito quot-diebus calculo.
 Totâ renident æde decus et suavitas
 Animo renidentes priùs. Sin rarior
 Magnatis appulso extulit se occasio,
 Surrexit unâ et illa, seseque extulit :
 Occasione certat imò et obtinet.
 Proh ? quantus imber, quanta labri comitas,
 Lepos severus, Pallas mixta Gratiis ;
 Loquitur numellas, compedes, et retia :
 Aut si negotio hora sumenda est, rei
 Per angiportus et mæandros labitur,
 Ipsos Catones provocans oraculis.
 Tum quanta tabulis artifex ? quæ scriptio ?
 Bellum putamen, nucleus bellissimus
 Sententiæ cum voce mirè convenit.
 Volant per orbem literæ notissimæ :
 O blanda dextra, neutiquam istoc pulveris,
 Quò nunc recumbis, scriptio merita est tua,
 Pæctoli arena tibi tumulus est unicus.

Adde his trientem Musices, quæ molliens
 Mulcensque dotes cæteras, visa est quasi
 Cælestis harmoniæ breve præludium.
 Quam mira tandem Sublevatrix pauperum ?

Languentium baculus, teges jacentium,
 Commune cordis palpitantis balsamum :
 Benedictiones publicæ cingunt caput,
 Cælique referunt et præoccupant modum.
 Fatisco, referens tanta quæ numerant mei
 Solùm dolores,—et dolores, stellulæ !

At tu qui ineptè hæc dicta censes filio,
 Nato parentis auferens Encomium,
 Abito trunce cum tuis pudoribus.
 Ergo ipse solùm mutus atque excors. ero
 Strepente mundo tinnulis præconiis ?
 Mihine matris urna clausa est unico,
 Herbæ exoletæ, ros-marinus aridus ?
 Matrine linguam refero, solùm ut mordeam ?
 Abito barde ! Quàm piè istic sum impudens ?
 Tu verò mater perpetim laudabere
 Nato dolenti : literæ hoc debent tibi
 Quæis me educaſti ; ſponte chartas illinunt
 Fructum laborum conſecutæ maximum
 Laudando Matrem, cum repugnant inſcii.

3.

CUR splendes, O Phœbe ? ecquid demittere matrem
 Ad nos cum radio tam rutilante potes ?
 At superat caput illa tuum, quantum ipsa cadaver
 Mens superat ; corpus solùm Elementa tenent.
 Scilicet id splendes : hæc est tibi causa micandi
 Et lucro apponis gaudia sancta tuo.
 Verùm heus si nequeas cælo demittere matrem,
 Sitque omnis motûs nescia, tanta quies,
 Fac radios saltèm ingemines, ut dextera tortos
 Implicitet, et matrem, matre manente, petam.

4.

QUID nugor calamo favens ?
 Mater perpetuis uvida gaudiis,
 Horto pro tenui colit
 Edenem Boreæ flatibus invium.
 Quin cæli mihi sunt mei,

Materni decus, et debita nominis,
 Dumque his invigilo frequens
 Stellarum focius, pellibus Exuor.
 Quare Sphæram egomet meam
 Connixus, digitis impiger urgeo :
 Te, Mater, celebrans diû,
 Noctû te celebrans luminis æmulo.
 Per te nascor in hunc globum,
 Exemploque tuo nascor in alterum :
 Bis tu mater eras mihi,
 Ut currat paribus gloria tibiis.

5.

HORTI, deliciæ *Dominæ*, marcescite tandem ;
 Ornâstis capulum, nec supereffe licet.
 Ecce decus vestrum spinis horrescit, acutâ
 Cultricem revocans anxietate manum :
 Terram et funus olent flores : *Dominæque* cadaver
 Contiguas stirpes afflat, æque rosas.
 In terram violæ capite inclinantur opaco,
 Quæque domus *Dominæ* fit, gravitate docent.
 Quare haud vos hortos, sed cæmeteria dico,
 Dum torus absentem quisque reponit heram.
 Eugè, perite omnes ; nec posthâc exeat ulla
 Quæsitum *Dominam* gemma vel herba suam.
 Cuncta ad radices redeant, tumulosque paternos ;
 (Nempe sepulcra Satis numen inempta dedit)
 Occidite ; aut fanè tantispèr vivite, donec
 Vespere ros mæstis funus honestet aquis.

6.

GALENE frustra es, cur miserum premens
 Tot quæstionum fluctibus obruis,
 Arterias tractans micantes
 Corporeæ fluidæque molis ?
 Aegroto mentis ? quam neque pixides
 Nec tarda possunt pharmaca consequi,
 Utrumque si præderis Indum,
 Ultrâ animus spatiat exlex.

Impos medendi, occidere si potes,
 Nec sic parentem ducar ad optimam :
 Ni sanctè, uti mater, recedam,
 Morte magis viduabor illâ.
 Quin cerne ut erres infcie, brachium
 Tentando sanum : si calet, æstuans,
 Ardore scribendi calefcit,
 Mater inest saliente venâ.
 Si totus infler, si tumeam crepax,
 Ne membra culpes, causâ animo latet
 Qui parturit laudes parentis :
 Nec gravidis medicina tuta est.
 Irregularis nunc habitus mihi est :
 Non exigatur crasis ad alterum.
 Quod tu febrem censes, salubre est
 Atque animo medicatur unum.

7.

PALLIDA materni Genii atque exanguis imago,
 In nebulas similesque tui res gaudia numquid
 Mutata? et pro matre mihi phantasma dolosum
 Uberaque aerea hiscentem fallentia natum?
 Væ nubi pluvîâ gravidæ, non lacte, measque
 Ridenti lacrymas quibus unis concolor unda est.
 Quin fugias? mea non fuerat tam nubila Juno,
 Tam segnis facies auroræ nescia verræ,
 Tam languens genitrix cineri supposita fugaci :
 Verum augusta parens, sanctum os cæloque locandum,
 Quale paludosos jamjam lictura recessus
 Prætulit Astræa, aut folio Themis alma vetusto
 Penfilis, atque acri dirimens Examine lites.
 Hunc vultum ostendas, et tecum nobile spectrum
 Quod superest vitæ, infumam : Solisque jugales
 Ipse tuæ solùm adnectam, sine murmure, thesæ.
 Nec querar ingratos, studiis dum tabidus insto,
 Effluxisse dies, suffocatamve Minervam,
 Aut spes productas, barbataque somnia vertam
 In vicium mundo sterili, cui cedo cometas
 Ipse suos, tanquam digno, pallentiaque astra.
 Est mihi bis quinque laqueata domuncula tignis

Rure; brevifque hortus, cujus cum vellere florum
 Luçtatur spacium, qualem tamen eligit æqui
 Judicii dominus, flores ut junctiùs halent
 Stipati, rudibusque volis impervius hortus
 Sit quafi fasciculus crefcens, et nidus odorum.
 Hic ego tuque erimus, variæ fuffitibus herbæ
 Quotidiè pafli: tantùm verum indue vultum
 Affectusque mei fimilem; nec languida mifce
 Ora meæ memori menti: ne difpare cultu
 Pugnaces, teneros florum turbemus odores,
 Atque inter reliquos horti crefcentia fætus
 Noftro etiam paribus marcefcant gaudia fati.

8.

PARVAM piamque dum lubentèr femitam
 Grandi reæque præfero.
 Carpsit malignum fydus hanc modestiam
 Vinumque felle mifcuit.
 Hinc fremere totus et minari geftio
 Ipfis feverus orbibus,
 Tandem prehensâ comiter lacernulâ
 Sufurrat aure quifpiam,
 Hæc fuerat olim potio Domini tui:
 Gufto proboque Dolium.

9.

HOC Genitrix, fcriptum proles tibi fedula mittit.
 Sifte parum cantus, dum legis ifta, tuos.
 Nôffe fui quid agant, quædam eft quoque mufica fanctis,
 Quæque olim fuerat cura, manere poteft.
 Nos miferè flemus, folesque obducimus almos
 Occiduis, tanquam duplice nube, genis.
 Interea claffem magnis Rex inftruit aufis:
 Nos autem flemus: res ea fola tuis.
 Ecce folutura eft, ventos caufata morantes:
 Sin pluviam: fletus fuppeditâffet aquas.
 Tillius incumbit Dano: Gallusque marinis:
 Nos flendo: hæc noftrûm teflera fola ducum.
 Sic ævum exigitur tardum, dum præpetis anni
 Mille rotæ nimiis impediuntur aquis.

Plura tibi missurus eram (nam quæ mihi laurus,
 Quod nectar, nisi cum te celebrare diem?)
 Sed partem in scriptis etiam dum lacryma poscit,
 Diluit oppositas candidus humor aquas.

10.

NEMPE hucusque notos tenebricosos,
 Et mæstum nimio madore Cælum,
 Tellurisque Britannicæ salivam
 Injustè fatis arguit viator.
 At te commoriente, Magna Mater,
 Rectè, quem trahit, aerem repellit
 Cum probro madidum, reumque diffat.
 Nam te nunc Ager, Urbs, et Aula plorant:
 Te nunc Anglia, Scotiæque binæ,
 Quin te Cambria pervetusta deflet,
 Deducens lacrymas prioris ævi
 Ne feræ meritis tuis venirent.
 Non est angulus uspiam ferenus,
 Nec cingit mare, nunc inundat omnes.

11.

DUM librata suis hæret radicibus ilex
 Nescia vulturis cedere, firma manet.
 Post ubi crudelem sentit divisa securem,
 Quò placet oblato, mortua fertur, hero:
 Arbor et ipse inversa vocor: dumque infitus almæ
 Assideo Matri, robore vinco cedros.
 Nunc forti pateo, expositus sine matre procellis,
 Lubricus, et superans mobilitate salum.
 Tu radix, tu petra mihi firmissima, Mater
 Ceu Polypus, chelis saxa prehendens tenax:
 Non tibi nunc soli filum abrumpere sorores
 Diffutus videor funere et ipse tuo.
 Unde vagans passim rectè vocer alter Ulysses,
 Alteraque hæc tua mors, Ilias esto mihi.

12.

FACESSE Stoica plebs, obambulans cautes.
 Exuta strato carnis, ossibus constans,

Iisq̄ue ficcis, adeo ut os molofforum
 Haud glubat inde tres teruncios escæ.
 Dolere prohibes? aut dolere me gentis
 Adeò inficetæ, plumbeæ, Meduseæ,
 Ad saxa speciem retrahentis humanam,
 Tantoque nequioris optimâ Pyrrhâ.
 At forte matrem perdere haud soles demens:
 Quin nec potes; cui præbuit Tigris partum.
 Proinde parco belluis, nec irascor.

13.

Epitaphium.

HIC fita fœminei laus et victoria fexus:
 Virgo pudens, uxor fida, severa parens:
 Magnatumque inopumque æquum certamen et ardor:
 Nobilitate illos, hos pietate rapit.
 Sic excelsa humilisque simul loca diffita junxit,
 Quicquid habet tellus, quicquid et astra, fruens.

14.

Ψυχῆς ἀσθενὲς ἔρκος, ἀμαυρὸν πνεύματος ἄγγος
 Τῶδε παρὰ τύμβῳ δίζεο, φίλε, μόνον.
 Νῆ δ' αὐτῆ τάφος ἐς' ἀστήρ' φέγγος γὰρ ἐκείνη
 Φεγγῶδη μόνον, ὡς ἔϊκος, ἔπαυλιν ἔχει.
 Νῦν ὁράας ὅτι κάλλος ἀπείριτον ὠπὸς ἀπαυγῆς
 Οὐ σαθρὸν, οὐδὲ μελῶν ἔπλετο, ἀλλὰ νοός.
 Ὅς διὰ σωματίου πρότερον καὶ νῦν δι' Ὀλύμπου
 Ἀστράπτων, θυρίδων ὡς δία, νεῖμε σέλας.

15.

Mῆτερ, γυναικῶν ἄγλη, ἀνθρώπων ἔρις,
 Ὀδυρμα Δαιμόνων, Θεοῦ γεώργιον,
 Πῶς νῦν ἀφίπτασαι, γόε καὶ κινδύνου
 Ἡμᾶς λιποῦσα κυκλόθεν μεταιχμίας.
 Μενοῦνγε σοφίην, εἰ δ' ἀπηλλάχθαι χρεών,
 Ζωῆς ξυνεργὸν σὴνδε διαθεῖναι τέκνοις

Ἐχρην φυγοῦσα, τὴν τ' ἐπιστήμην βίου.
 Μενοῦν τὸ γλαφυρὸν, καὶ μελίρροον τρόπων,
 Λόγων τε φίλτρον, ὥστ' ὑπεξελθεῖν λεών.
 Νῦν δ' ὄχου ἐνθενδ' ὡς στρατὸς νικηφόρος
 Φέρων τὸ πᾶν, κᾶγων ἢ ὡς Ἀπαρκτίας
 Κήπου συνωθῶν ἀνθιπὴν εὐωδίαν,
 Μιάν τ' ἄταρπον συμπορεύεσθαι δράσας.
 Ἐγὼ δὲ ῥινὶ ξυμβαλὼν ἰχνηλατῶ
 Εἶπου τύχοιμι τῆσδ' ἀρίστης ἀτραποῦ,
 Θανεῖν συνειδῶς κρεῖττον, ἢ ἄλλως βιοῦν.

16.

Χαλεπὸν δοκεῖ δακρῦσαι.
 Χαλεπὸν μὲν οὐ δακρῦσαι·
 Χαλεπώτερον δὲ πάντων
 Δακρύνοντας ἀμπαύεσθαι.
 Γενέτειραν οὐ τις ἀνδρῶν
 Διδύμαις κόραις τοιαύτην
 Ἐποδύρεται πρεπόντως.
 Τάλας; εἶθε γ' Ἄργος εἶην
 Πολυόμματος, πολύτλας,
 Ἴνα μητρὸς εὐθενοῦσης
 Ἄρετὰς διακριθείσας
 Ἰδίαις κόραισι κλαύσω.

17.

Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσι καὶ ἄλλοι,
 Οὐκ ἔθ' ἐμὴν ἰδίας φύλης γράφαντες ἀρωγόν,
 Προυνομίῳ δ' ἀρετῆς κοινὴν γενέτειραν ἐλόντες.
 Οὐκ ἔνι θαῦμα τόσον σφετερίζειν· οὔδε γὰρ ὕδωρ,
 Οὐ φέγγος, κοινὸν τ' ἀγαθὸν, μίαν εἰς θύραν εἶργειν
 Ἥ θέμις, ἢ δυνατόν. σεμνώματος ἔπλετο στάθμη,
 Δημόσιον τ' ἰνδαλμα καλοῦ, θεῖόν τε κατόπτρον.
 Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσι γυναῖκες,
 Οὐκ ἔτι βαλλομένης χάρισιν βεβολημέναι ἦτορ,
 Αὔταρ ἄχει μεγάλῳ κεντούμεναι· εὔτε γὰρ αὐταὶ
 Τῆς περὶ συλλαλέουσιν, ἐοῦ ποικίλματος ἄρδην

Λήσμονες, ἢ βελόνη σφαλερῶ κῆρ τραύματι νύττει
Ἔργου ἀμαρτηκυῖα, νέον πέπλον αἵματι στικτὸν
Μητέρι τικταίνουσα, γόω καὶ πένθεσι σύγχρουν.

Αἰιάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιιάζουσιν ὀπώραι,
Οὐκ ἔτι δεσποίνης γλυκερᾷ μελεδῶνι τραφεῖσαι·
Ἦς βίος ἡελίοιο δίκην, ἀκτῖνας ἰέντος
Πραεῖς εἰαρινούς τε χαραῖς ἐπικίδνατι κῆπον·
Αὐτάρ ὀδ' αὐθάνατος κυρίας ὡς ἥλιος αὔρος
Σειρίου ἠττηθεῖς βηλήμασι, πάντα μαραίνει.
Ζῶ δ' αὐτὸς βραχύ τι πνείων, ὡς' ἔμπαλιν αὐτῆς
Αἶνον ὁμοῦ ζῶειν καὶ πνεύματος ἄλλο γενέσθαι
Πνεῦμα, βίου πάροδον μούνοις ἐπέεσσι μετρῆσαν.

18.

Κύματ' ἐπαφριοῶντα Θαμήσεος, αἶκε σελήνης
Φωτὸς ἀπαυρομένης, ὄγκου ἐφεῖσθε πλέον.
Νῦν θέμις ὀρφναίῃ μεγάλῃς ἐπὶ γείτονος αἴσῃ,
Οὐλυμπόνδε βιβᾶν ἕμμιν ἀνισταμένοις.
' Ἀλλὰ μενεῖτ', οὐ γὰρ τάραχος ποτὶ μητέρα βαίῃ,
Καὶ πρέπον ᾧδε παρὰ δακρυόεσσι ῥέειν.

19.

EXCUSSOS manibus calamos, falcemque refumptam
Rure, sibi dixit Musa fuisse probro.
Aggreditur Matrem (conductis carmine Parcís)
Funereque hoc cultum vindicat ægra suum.
Non potui non ire acri stimulante flagello :
Quin matris superans carmina poscit honos.
Eja, agedum scribo : vicisti Musa ; sed audi,
Stulta femel scribo, perpetuò ut fileam.



V. GEORGII HERBERTI ANGLI
MUSÆ RESPONSORIÆ,
AD ANDREÆ MELVINI SCOTI
Anti-tami-cami-categoriam.

Pro Supplici

*Evangelicorum Ministrorum in Anglia, ad Serenissi-
mum Regem Contra larvatam geminæ
Academiæ Gorgonem Apologia;*

SIVE

ANTI-TAMI-CAMI-CATEGORIA,
Auctore ANDREA MELVINO.

Responsum, non dictum.



NSOLENS, audax, facinus nefandum,
Scilicet, (poscit ratio ut decori,
Poscit ex omni officio ut sibi mens
Conscia recti)

4

Anxiam Christi vigilémque curam,
Quæ pias terras animas relictis
Sublevans deducit in astra, nigróque
Invidet Orco,

8

De sacri casta ratione cultús,
De Sacro-sancti Officii decoro
Supplicem ritu veteri libellum

Porr'gere Regi,

12

MUSÆ RESPONSORIÆ. 227

Alterum Camus liquido recurfu, Alterum Tamus trepidante lymphâ Audiit, multum stupuitque magno Ore fonantem.	88
Anne mulcentem Rhodanum, et Lemanum Prædicem <i>Bezam</i> viridi in fenestâ ? Ostias cujus trepidavit ætas Claudere denos	92
Solis anfractus, redivisusque, et ultra Quinque percurrens spatiosa in annos Longius florem viridantis ævi Prorogat et ver.	96
Oris erumpit scatebra perenni Amnis exundans, gravidique rores Gratia fecunda animos apertis Auribus implent.	100
Major hic omni invidia, et superstes Millibus mille, et <i>Sadele</i> , et omnium Maximo <i>CALVINO</i> , aliisque veri Testibus æquis ;	104
Voce olorina liquidas ad undas Nunc canit laudes Genitoris almi Carmen, et Nato canit, eliquante Numinis aurâ,	108
Sensa de castu sacra puriore, Dicta de cultu potiore Sancta, Arma quæ in castris jugulent severi Tramitis hostes.	112
Cana cantanti juga ninguidarum Alpium applaudunt, resonantque valles ; Jura concentu nemorum sonoro, Et pater Ister	116
Consonant longè ; pater et bicornis Rhenus ascensum ingeminat, Garumna, Sequana, atque Arar, Liger : insularum et Undipotentum	120

Magna pars intenta Britannicarum Voce conspirat liquida: solúmque, Et salum, et cœlum, æmula præcinentis More, modóque	124
Concinunt <i>Bezæ</i> numeris, modísque Et polo plaudunt; referúntque leges Lege quas fanxit pius ardor, et Rex Scoto-britannus.	128
Sicut edictum in tabulis ahenis Servat æternum pia cura Regis Qui mare, et terras, variísque mundum Temperat horis:	132
Cujus æqualis Soboles Parenti Gentis electæ pater, atque custos; Par et ambobus, veniens utrinque Spiritus almus;	136
Quippe Tres-unus Deus; unus actus, Una natura est tribus; una virtus Una Majestas, Deitas et una, Gloria et una.	140
Una vis immensa, perennis una Vita, lux una, et sapientia una, Una mens, una et ratio, una vox, et Una voluntas	144
Lenis, indulgens, facilis, benigna; Dura, et inclemens, rigida, et severa; Semper æterna, omnipotens, et æqua, Semper et alma:	148
Lucidum cujus speculum est, reflectens Aureum vultús jubar, et verendum, Virginis proles, fata cœlo, et alti In- Terpres Olympi:	152
Qui Patris mentémque, animúmque sancti Filius pandit face noctilucâ, Sive Doctrinæ documenta, seu com- Pendia Vitæ,	156

- Publicæ, privæ, sacra scita Regni
 Regis ad nutum referens, Domûsque
 Ad voluntatem Domini instituta
 Singula librans, 160
- Luce quam Phœbus melior refundit,
 Lege, quam Legum- tulit ipse -lator,
 Cujus exacti officii suprema est
 Norma voluntas. 164
- Cæca mens humana, hominum voluntas
 Prava, et affectus rabidi : indigétque
 Luce mens, normâ officii voluntas,
 Lege libido, 168
- Quisquis hanc furda negat aure, quâ se
 Fundit ubertim liquidas sub auras,
 Ille ter prudens, sapiénsque, et omni ex
 Parte beatus. 172
- Ergò vos *Cami* proceres, *Tamique*,
 Quos viâ flexit malefuadas error,
 Denuo rectum, duce Rege Regum, in-
 Siftite callem. 176
- Vos metus tangit si hominum nec ullus,
 At Deum fandi memorem et nefandi
 Vindicem sperate, et amœna solis
 Tartara Diris ; 180
- Quæ manent fontes animas, trucésque
 Præfulum fastus, malè quas perurit
 Pervigil zelus vigilum, et gregis cu-
 Stodia pernox. 184
- Veste bis tinctâ Tyrio superbos
 Murice, et pastos dape pinguiore
 Regia quondam aut faliari inuncta a-
 Bdomine cœna. 188
- Qualis *Ursini*, *Damasique* fastus
 Turgidus, luxúque ferox, feróque
 Ambitu pugnax, sacram et ædem, et urbem
 Cæde nefandâ 192

Civium incestavit, et omniosum
 Traxit exemplum veniens in ævum,
 Præfulum quod nobilium indecorus
 Provocat ordo. 196

Quid fames auri sacra? quid cupido
 Ambitu diro fera non propagat
 Posteris culpæ? mala damna quanta
 Plurima fundit? 200

VI. PRO DISCIPLINA ECCLESIAE
 NOSTRÆ, EPIGRAMMATA
 APOLOGETICA.

1. Augustissimo Potentissimoque Monarchæ
 JACOBO, D. G., *Magnæ* Britanniaë,
 Franciaë, et Hiberniaë *Regi, Fidei Defen-*
sori, etc. Geo. Herbertus.

ECCÆ recedentis fœcundo in littore Nili
 Sol generat populum luce fovente novum.
 Antè tui, Cæsar, quàm fulserat aura favoris,
 Nostræ etiam Musæ vile fuere lutum :
 Nunc adèd per te vivunt, ut repere possint,
 Sîntque aufæ thalamum solis adire tui.

2. Illustris Celsissimoque CAROLO,
Walliaë, et juventutis principi.

QUAM chartam tibi porrigo recentem,
 Humanæ decus atque apex juventæ,
 Obtutu placido benignus affles,
 Nam [que] aspectibus è tuis vel unus

Mordaces tineas, nigrasque blattas,
 Quas livor mihi parturit, retundet,
 Ceu, quas culta timet seges, pruinas
 Nascentes radii fugant, vel acres
 Tantum dulcia leniunt catarrhos.
 Sic ô te (juvenem, senemve) credat
 Mors semper juvenem, senem Britanni.

3. Reverendissimo in Christo Patri, ac
 Domino, Episcopo *Vintoniensi*, etc.

[LAVNCELOT. ANDREWES.]

SANCTE Pater, cæli custos, quo doctius uno
 Terra nihil, nec quo sanctius astra vident;
 Cum mea futilibus numeris se verba viderent
 Claudî, penè tuas præteriêre fores.
 Sed properè, dextrèque reduxit euntia sensus,
 Ista docens foli scripta quadrare tibi.

4. Ad Regem.

Instituti epigrammatici ratio.

Epigr. 1.

CUM millena tuam pulsare negotia mentem
 Constet, et ex illa pendeat orbis ope;
 Nè te productis videar lassare Camænis,
 Pro folido, CÆSAR, carmine frustra dabo.
 Cum tu contundens *Catharos*, vultuque librisque,
 Grata mihi mensæ sunt analecta tuæ.

Ad Melvinum.

Epigr. 2.

NON mea fert ætas, ut te, veterane, laceffam;
 Non ut te superem: res tamen ipsa feret.
 Ætatis numerum supplebit causa minorem;
 Sic tu nunc juvenis factus, egoque senex.

Aspice, dum perftas, ut te tua deferat ætas ;
 Et mea fint canis fcripta referta tuis.
 Ecce tamen quàm fuavis ero ! cùm, fine duelli,
 Claufèrit extremas pugna peracta vices,
 Tum tibi, fi placeat, fugientia tempora reddam ;
 Sufficiet votis ifta juventa meis.

In monftrum vocabuli
Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria.

Epigr. 3. Ad eundem.

O QUAM bellus homo es ! lepido quàm nomine fingis
 Iftas Anti-Tami-Cami-Categorias !
 Sic Catharis nova fola placent ; res, verba novantur :
 Quæ fapiunt ævum, ceu cariofa jacent.
 Quin liceat nobis aliquas procudere voces :
 Non tibi fingendi fola taberna patet.
 Cùm facra perturbet vefter furor omnia, fcriptum
 Hoc erit, Anti-furi-Puri-Categoria.
 Pollubra vel cùm olim damnâris Regia in ara,
 Eft Anti-pelvi-Melvi-Categoria.

4. Partitio *Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoriæ.*

TRES video partes, quò re diftinctiùs utar,
Anticategoriæ, Scoto-Britanne, tuæ :
 Ritibus * una Sacris opponitur ; † altera Sanctos
 Prædicat auctores ; ‡ tertia plena Deo eft.
 Poftremis ambabus idem fentimus uterque ;
 Ipfe pios laudo ; Numen et ipfe colo.
 Non nifi prima fuas patiuntur prælia lites.
 O bene quòd dubium poffideamus agrum !

* Ab initio ad verf. 65.

† Inde ad verf. 128.

‡ Inde 176.

5. *In metri genus.*

CUR, ubi tot ludat numeris antiqua poësis,
 Sola tibi Sappho, feminàque una placet?
 Cur tibi tam facilè non arrisère poetæ
 Heroum grandi carmina fulta pede?
 Cur non lugentes Elegi? non acer Iambus?
 Commotos animos rectiùs ista decent.
 Scilicet hoc vobis proprium, qui puriùs itis,
 Et populi spurcas creditis esse vias;
 Vos ducibus missis, missis doctõribus, omnes
 Feminæum blanda fallitis arte genus:
 Nunc etiam teneras quò versus gratior aures
 Mulceat, imbelles complacuère modi.

6. *De Larvata Gorgone.**

GORGONA cur diram, larvâsque obtrudis inanes,
 Cùm propè sit nobis Musa, Medusa procul?
 Si, quia felices olim dixère poetæ
 Pallada gorgoneam, sic tua verba placent.
 Vel potiùs liceat distinguere. Túque tuíque
 Sumite *gorgoneam*, nostráque *Pallas* erit.

7. *De præsulum fastu.†*

PRÆSULIBUS nostris fastus, *Melvine*, tumentes
 Sæpius aspergis. Siste, pudore vacas.
 An quod semotum populo laquearibus altis
 Eminent, id tumidum protinus esse feres?
 Ergò etiam Solem dicas, ignave, superbum,
 Qui tam sublimi conspicit orbe viam:
 Ille tamen, quamvis altus, tua crimina ridens
 Affiduo vilem iumine cingit humum.
 Sic laudandus erit nactus sublimia Præsul,
 Qui dulci miseros irradiabit ope.

* In titulo.

† Ver. 21.

8. *De gemina Academia.**

QUIS hîc superbit, oro? tûne, an præfules?
 Quos dente nigro corripis?
 Tu duplicem solus Camœnarum thronum
 Virtute percellis tuâ;
 Et unus impar æstimatur viribus,
 Utrumque sternis calcitro:
 Omnésque stulti audimus, aut hypocritæ,
 Te perspicaci, atque integro.
 An rectiùs nos, si vices vertas, probi,
 Te contumaci, et livido?
 Quisquis tuetur perspicillis Belgicis
 Qua parte tractari solent,
 Res ampliantur, sin per adversam videt,
 Minora fiunt omnia:
 Tu qui superbos cæteros existimas
 (Superbius cùm te nihil)
 Vertas specillum: nam, prout se res habent,
 Vitro minùs rectè uteris.

9. *De S. Baptismi ritu.†*

CUM tener ad sacros infans sistatur aquales,
 Quòd puer ignorat, verba profana putas?
 Annon sic mercamur agros? quibus ecce Redemptor
 Comparat æterni regna beata Dei.
 Scilicet emptorem si res aut parcior ætas
 Impediant, apices legis amicus obit.
 Forsitan et prohibes infans portetur ad undas,
 Et per se Templi limen adire velis:
 Sin, *Melvine*, pedes alienos postulet infans,
 Cur sic displiceat vox aliena tibi?
 Rectiùs innocuis lactentibus omnia præstes,
 Quæ ratio per se, si sit adulta, facit.

* In titulo.

† Ver. 34.

Quid vetat ut pueri vagitus suppleat alter.
 Cùm nequeat claras ipse litare preces ?
 Sævus es eripiens parvis vadimonia cœli :
 * Et tibi fit nemo præes, ubi poscis opem.

10. *De Signaculo Crucis.**

CUR tanta sufflas probra in innocuam Crucem ?
 Non plùs maligni dæmones Christi cruce
 Unquam fugari, quàm tui focii solent.
 Apostolorum culpa non levis fuit
 Vitâsse Christi spiritum efflantis crucem.
 Et Christianus quisque piscis dicitur
 Tertulliano, propter undæ pollubrum,
 Quo tingimur parvi. Ecquis autem brachiis
 Natate sine clarissima potest cruce ?
 Sed non moramur : namque vestra crux erit,
 Vobis faventibusve, vel negantibus.

11. *De juramento Ecclesiæ.†*

ARTICULIS sacris quidam subscribere juffus,
 Ah ! Cheiragra vetat, quò minùs, inquit, agam.
 O verè dictum, et bellè ! cùm torqueat omnes
 Ordinis oïores articulare malum.

12. *De Purificatione post puerperium.‡*

ENIXAS pueros matres se sistere templis
 Displicet, et laudis tura litare Deo.
 Fortè quidem, cùm per vestras Ecclesia turbas
 Fluctibus internis exagitata natet,
 Vos sine maternis hymnis infantia vidit,
 Vitâque neglectas est fatis ultra preces.
 Sed nos, cum nequeat parvorum lingua parentem

* Ver. 29.

† Ver. 25.

‡ Ver. 22.

Non laudare Deum, credimus esse nefas.
 Quotidiana suas poscant si fercula grates,
 Nostra caro sanctæ nescia laudis erit?
 Adde piis animis quævis occasio lucro est,
 Quæ possint humili fundere corde preces.
 Sic ubi jam mulier decerpti conscia pomi
 Ingemat ob partus, ceu maledicta, suos,
 Appositè quem commotum subfugerat olim,
 Nunc redit ad mitem, ceu benedicta, Deum.

13. *De Antichristi decore Pontificali.**

NON quia Pontificum sunt olim afflata veneno,
 Omnia sunt temere projicienda foras.
 Tollantur si cuncta malus quæ polluit usus,
 Non remanent nobis corpora, non animæ.

14. *De Superpelliceo.†*

QUID sacræ tandem meruêre vestes?
 Quas malus livor jaculis laceffit
 Polluens castam chlamydis colorem
 Dentibus atris?
 Quicquid ex urna meliore ductum
 Luce prælustri, vel honore pollet,
 Mens sub insigni specie coloris
 Concipit albi.
 Scilicet talem liquet esse solem;
 Angeli vultu radiante candent;
 Incolæ cœli melioris albâ
 Veste triumphant.
 E creaturis sine mentis usu †
 Conditis binas homini sequendas
 Spiritus proponit, et est utrique
 Candor amicus.

* Ver. 48.

† Ver. 49.

‡ Ovis, et Columba. Columal. 6. 7. c. 2. et 8. c. 8.

Ergò ringantur pietatis hostes,
 Filii noctis, populus malignus,
 Dum suum nomen tenet, et triumphat
 Albion albo.

15. *De Pileo quadrato.**

QUÆ dictæria fuderat Britannus
 Superpellicei tremendus hostis,
 Isthæc pileus audiit propinquus,
 Et partem capitis petit supremam;
 Non sic effugit angulus vel unus
 Quo dictis minùs acribus notetur.

Verùm heus! si reputes, tibi, tuisque
 Longè pileus anteit galerum,
 Ut fervor cerebri refrigeretur,
 Qui vestras edit intimè medullas.
 Sed qui tam malè pileos habetis,
 Quos Ecclesia comprobat, verendum
 Nè tandem caput ejus impetatis.

16. *In Catharum.*

CUR Latiam linguam reris nimis esse profanam?
 Quam præmissa probant secula, nostra probant?
 Cur teretem Græcam damnas, atque Hellada totam,
 Qua tamen occisi fœdera scripta Dei?
 Scilicet Hebræam cantas, et perstrepis unam:
 Hæc facit ad nasum sola loquela tuum.

17. *De Episcopis.†*

QUOS charos habuit Christus Apostolos,
 Testatósque suo tradiderat gregi;
 Ut cum mors rabidis unguibus imminens
 Doctrinæ fluvios clauderet aureæ,

* Ver. 45.

† Ver. 129.

Mites acciperent Lampada Præfules,
 Servaréntque sacrum clavibus ordinem ;
 Hos nunc barbaries impia vellicat
 Indulgens propriis ambitionibus,
 Et quos ipsa nequit scandere vertices
 Hos ad se trahere, et mergere gestiens.
 O cæcum populum ! si bona res fiet
 Præful, cur renuis ? sin mala, pauculos
 Quàm cunctos fieri præstat Episcopos.

18. *De iisdem, ad Melvinum.**

PRÆSULIBUS dirum te Musa coarguit hostem,
 An quia Textores, Artificésque probas ?

19. *De Textore Catharo.*

CUM piscatores Textor legit esse vocatos,
 Ut sanctum Domini persequerentur opus ;
 Ille quóque invadit Divinam Flaminis artem,
 Subtegmen reti dignius esse putans,
 Et nunc perlongas Scripturæ stamine telas †
 Torquet, et in Textu Doctor utróque cluet.

20. *De Magicis rotatibus.‡*

QUOS tu rotatus, quale murmur auscultas
 In ritibus nostris ? Ego audio nullum.
 Agè, provocemus úsque ad Angelos ipsos,
 Aurésque superas : arbitri ipsi sint litis,
 Utrum tenore sacra nostra sint necne
 Æquabili facta. Ecquid ergo te tanta
 Calumniandi concitavit urtica,
 Ut, quæ Papicolis porpria, affluas nobis,
 Falsúmque potiùs, quàm crepes [vero ?] versu ?
 Tu perstrepis tamen ; útque turgeat carmen

* Ver. 184.

† Ver. 59.

‡ Vers. 30. 32.

Tuum tibi, poeta belle non mystes
 Magicos rotatus, et perhorridas Striges,*
 Diſteriis mordacibus notans, clamas
 Non convenire precibus iſta Divinis.
 O ſævus hoſtis! quàm ferociter pugnas!
 Nihilne reſpondebimus tibi? Fatemur.

21. *Ad fratres.*

O S'CLUM lepidum! circumſtant undique Fratres,
 Papicolisſque fui ſunt, Cathariſque fui.
 Sic nunc plena boni ſunt omnia Fratris, amore
 Cùm nil fraterno rarius eſſe queat.

22. *De labe, maculiſque.†*

L ABECULAS, maculâſque nobis objicis,
 Quid? hoccine eſt mirum? Viatores ſumus.
 Quò ſanguis eſt Chriſti, niſi ut maculas lavet,
 Quas ſpargit animæ corporis propius lutum?
 Vos ergo puri! O nomen appoſitiſſimum
 Quo vulgus ornat vos! At audias parum;
 Aſtronomus olim (ut fama) dum maculas diu,
 Quas Luna habet, tuetur, in foveam cadit,
 Totuſque cænum Cynthiæ ignoſcit notis.
 Eccleſia eſt mihi Luna; perge in Fabulâ.

23. *De Muſica Sacra.‡*

CUR efficaci, Deucalion, manu,
 Poſt reſtitutos fluctibus obices,
 Mutas in humanam figuram
 Saxa ſupervacuâſque cautes?
 Quin redde formas, O bone, priſtinas,
 Et nos reducas ad lapides avos:
 Nam faxa mirantur canentes,
 Saxa lyras, citharâſque callent.

* Ver. 33.

† Ver. 23.

‡ Ver. 54.

EPIGRAMMATA

Rupes tenaces, et filices ferunt
 Potentiori carmine percitas
 Saltus per incultos, lacúsque
 Orphea mellifluum secutas.
 Et faxa diris hispida montibus
 Amphionis testitudine nobili
 Percussa dum currunt ad urbem,
 Mænia contribuere Thebis.
 Tantùm repertum est trux hominum genus,
 Qui templa sacris expoliant choris,
 Non erubescens vel ipfas
 Duritiâ superare cautes.
 O plena centum Musica Gratiis,
 Præclariorum spirituum cibus,
 Quò me vocas tandem, tuúmque
 Ut celebrem decus infufurras?
 Tu Diva miro pollice spiritum
 Cæno profani corporis exuens
 Ter millies cælo reponis:
 Astra rogant, Novus hic quis hospes
 Ardore Moses concitus entheo,
 Merfis revertens lætus ab hostibus
 Exuscitat plebem sacratos
 Ad Dominum properare cantus.
 Quid hocce? Psalmos audion'? O dapes!
 O succulenti balsama spiritus!
 Ramenta cæli, guttulæque
 Deciduae melioris orbis
 Quos David, ipsæ deliciae Dei,
 Ingens piorum gloria Principum,
 Sionis excelsas ad arces
 Cum citharis, lituisque miscet.
 Miratur æquor finitimum sonos,
 Et ipse Jordan sistit aquas stupens;
 Præ quo Tiberis vultum recondit,
 Eridanúsque pudore fufus.
 Tun' obdis aures, grex nove, barbaras,
 Et nullus audis? Cantibus obstrepens,
 Ut, quò fatiges verberésque
 Pulpita, plus spatii lucreis?

At cui videri prodigium potest
 Mentis, quietis tympana publicæ,
 Discordiis plenas sonoris
 Harmoniam tolerare nullam!

24. *De eadem.**

CANTUS sacros, profane, mugitus vocas?
 Mugire multò mavelim quàm rudere.

25. *De rituum usu.†*

CUM primùm ratibus fuis
 nostram Cæsar ad insulam
 olim appelleret, intuens
 omnes indigenas loci
 viventes sine vestibus,
 O victoria, clamitat,
 certa, ac perfacilis mihi!
 Non alio Cathari modo
 dum sponsam Domini piis
 orbam ritibus expetunt,
 atque ad barbariem patrum
 vellent omnia regredi,
 illam tegminis infciam
 prorsus Dæmoni, et hostibus
 exponunt superabilem.

Atqui vos secus, O boni,
 sentire, ac sapere addecet,
 si vestros animos regant
 scripturæ canones sacræ:
 Námque hæc, jure, cuiquam
 vestem non adimi suam,
 sed nudis et egentibus
 non suam tribui jubet.

* Ver. 35.

† Ver. 21.

26. *De annulo conjugali.*

SED nec conjugii signum, Melvine, probabis?
 Nec vel tantillum pignus habebit amor?
 Nulla tibi si signa placent, è nubibus arcum
 Eripe cælesti qui moderatur aquæ.
 Illa quidem à nostro non multùm abludit imago,
 Annulus et plenus tempore forsan erit.
 Sin nebulis parcas et nostro parvito signo,
 Cui non absimilis sensus inesse solet.
 Scilicet, ut quos ante suas cum conjuge tedas
 Merferat in lustris perniciofa Venus,
 Annulus hos revocet, sistatque libidinis undas
 Legitimi signum connubiale tori.

27. *De Mundis et mundanis.*

EX prælio undæ ignisque (si Phycis fides)
 tranquillus aer nascitur:
 Sic ex profano Cosmico et Catharo potest
 Christianus extundi bonus.

28. *De oratione Dominica.**

QUAM Christus immortalis innocuo gregi
 voce suâ dederat,
 quis crederet mortalibus
 orationem rejici septemplex,
 quæ miseris clypeo
 Ajacis est præstantior?
 Hæc verba, superos advolaturus thronos
 Christus, ut auxilii
 nos haud inanes linqueret,
 (cùm dignius nil posset aut melius dare)
 pignora chara sui
 fruenta nobis tradidit.

* Ver. 31.

Quis sic amicum excipiet, ut Cathari Deum,
 qui renovare sacri
 audent amoris Symbolum ?
 Tu verò quisquis es, cave, nè dum neges
 improbe verba Dei,
 te deneget VERBUM Deus.

29. *In Catharum quendam.*

CUM templis effare, madent fudaria, mappæ,
 Trux caper alarum, suppara, læna, sagum.
 Quin populo, clemens, aliquid largire caloris :
 Nunc fudas solus ; cætera turba riget.

30. *De lupa luftri VATICANI.**

CALUMNIARUM nec pudor quis nec modus
 Nec *Vaticanæ* defines unquam *Lupæ* ?
 Metus inanes ! Nos pari prætervehi
 Illam Charybdim cautione novimus
 Vestramque Scyllam, æquis parati fpiculis
 Britannicam in Vulpem, inque Romanam Lupam.
 Diçti fidem firmabimus Anagrammate.

*Roma dabit Oram, Maro, Ramo, Armo, Mora,
 et Amor.*

ROMA, tuum nomen quam non pertransiit *Oram*,
 Cùm Latium ferrent sæcula prisca jugum ?
 Non deerat vel fama tibi, vel carmina famæ,
 Unde *Maro* laudes duxit ad *Aftra* tuas.
 At nunc exfucco similis tua gloria *Ramo*
 A veteri trunco et nobilitate cadit.
 Laus antiqua et honor perierunt, te velut *Armo*
 Jam deturbârunt tempora longa suo.

* Ver. 61.

Quin tibi jam desperatæ *Mora* nulla medetur;
 Qua Fabio quondam sub duce nata falus.
 Hinc te olim Gentes miratæ odêre viciffim;
 Et cum sublatâ laude recedit *Amor*.

31. *De Impositione manuum.**

NEC dextra te fugit almi Amoris emblema?
 Atqui manus imponere integras præstat,
 Quàm (more vestro) imponere incio vulgo.
 Quanto Impositio melior est Imposturâ!

32. *Supplicum Ministrorum Raptus*

Κωμωδουμενος.

- A**MBITIO Cathari quínque constat Actibus.
 I. Primò, unus aut alter parum ritus placet.
 Jam repit impietas volatura illico.
 II. Mox displicent omnes. Ubi hoc permanferit
 III. Paulò, secretis mufsitans in angulis
 Quærit recessus. Incalescit fabula,
 IV. Erumpit inde, et continere nescius
 V. Sylvas pererrat. Fibulis dein omnibus
 Præ spiritu ruptis, quò eas refarciat
 Amftellodamum corripit fe. *Plaudite.*

33. *De Auëtorum enumeratione.*

QUO magis invidiam nobis, et crimina confles,
 Pertrahis in partes nomina magna tuas;
Martyra, Calvinum, Bezam, doctúmque *Bucerum,*
 Qui tamen in nostros fortiter ire negant.
Whitaker, erranti quem præfers carmine, miles
 Affiduus nostræ papilionis erat.
 Nos quóque possemus longas conscribere turmas,
 Si numero starent prælia, non animis.

Primus adest nobis, Pharifæis omnibus hostis,
 Christus Apostolici cinctus amore gregis.
 Tu geminas belli portas, O *Petre*, repandis,
 Dum gladium stringens *Paulus* ad arma vocat.
 Indè Patres pergunt quadrati, et tota Vetustas.
 Nempe Novatores quis *Veteranus* amat?
 Jam *Constantinus* multo se milite miscet;
 Invisamque tuis erigit hasta Crucem.
 Hipponensis adest properans, et torquet in hostes
 Lampada, quâ studiis invigilare solet.
 Téque *Deum* alternis cantans *Ambrosius* iram,
 Immemor antiqui mellis, eundo coquit.
 Hæc etiam ad pugnam præfens, quâ vivimus, ætas
 Innumeram nostris partibus addit opem.
 Quos inter plenûsque Deo, geniôque *Jacobus*
 Defendit veram mente manûque *fidem*.
 Interea ad sacrum stimulat sacra *Musica* bellum,
 Qua sine vos miseri lentiùs itis ope.
 Militat et nobis, quem vos contemnitis, Ordo,
 Ordine discerni maxima bella solent.
 O vos invalidos! Audi quem talibus armis
 Eventum *Naso* vidit et admonuit;
Una dies Catharos ad bellum miserat omnes:
Ad bellum missos perdidit una dies.

34. *De auri sacra fame.**

CLAUDIS avaritiâ Satyram; statuisque sacrorum
 Esse recidendas, Æace noster, opes.
 Cætera condonabo tibi, scombrisque remittam:
 Sacrilegum carmen, censeo, flamma voret.

35. *Ad Scotiam protrepticon ad Pacem.*

SCOTIA, quæ frigente jaces porrecta sub Arcto,
 Cur adeo immodicâ relligione cales?
 Anne tuas flammæ ipsa Antiperistasis auget,
 Ut nive torpentes incaluère manus?

* Ver. 201.

Aut ut pruna gelu summo mordaciùs urit,
 Sic acuunt zelum frigora tanta tuum?
 Quin nocuas extingue faces, precor: unda propinqua est
 Et tibi vicinas porrigit æquor aquas;
 Aut potiùs Christi fanguis demiffus ab alto,
 Vicinùsque magis nobiliórque fluit:
 Nè, si flamma novis adolescat mota flabellis,
 Ante diem vestro mundus ab igne ruat.

36. *Ad seductos innocentes.*

INNOCUÆ mentes, quibus inter flumina mundi
 Ducitur illimi candida vita fide,
 Absit ut ingenuum pungant mea verba pudorem;
 Perstringunt vestros carmina sola duces.
 O utinam aut illorum oculi (quod comprecor unum)
 Vobis, aut illis pectora vestra forent.

37. *Ad Melvinum.*

ATQUI te precor unicè per ipsam,
 Quæ scripsit numeros, manum; per omnes
 Musarum calices, per et beatos
 Sarcasmos quibus artifex triumphas;
 Quin per Presbyteros tuos; per urbem
 Quam curto nequeo referre versu;
 Per charas tibi, nobilésque dextras,
 Quas subscriptio neutiquam inquinavit;
 Per quicquid tibi suaviter probatur;
 Nè me carminibus nimis dicacem,
 Aut sævum reputes. Amica nostra est
 Atque edentula Musa, nec veneno
 Splenis perlita contumeliosi.

Nam si te cuperem secare versu,
 Totámque evomerem potenter iram
 Quam aut Ecclesia despicata vobis,
 Aut læsæ mihi suggerunt Athenæ,
 (Et quem non stimulare hæc simulas)
 Jam te funditus igneis Camœnis,
 Et Musa crepitante subruiffem:
 Omnis linea sepiam recusans

Plumbo ducta fuisset æstuanti,
 Centum stigmatibus tuos inurens
 Profanos fremitus bonasque fannas:
 Plus charta hæc mea delibuta dictis
 Hæsisset tibi, quàm suprema vestis
 Olim accreverit *Herculi* furenti:
 Quin hoc carmine lexicon probrorum
 Extruxissem, ubi, cum moneret usus,
 Haurirent tibi tota plauftra Musæ.

Nunc hæc omnia sustuli, tonantes
 Affectus sociis tuis remittens.
 Non te carmine¹ turbidum vocavi,
 Non deridiculumve, five² ineptum,
 Non³ striges, ⁴ magiamve, vel rotatus,
 Non⁵ fastus tibi ⁶ turgidos repono;
⁷ Errores, ⁸ maculas, ⁹ superbiámque,
¹⁰ Labes, ¹¹ somniámque, ¹² ambitúsque diros,
 Tinnitus¹³ *Berecynthios* omittens
 Nil horum regero tibi merenti.

Quin te laudibus orno: quippe dico,
 Cæsar sobrius ad rei Latinæ
 Unus dicitur advenire cladem:
 Et tu solus ad *Angliæ* procellas
 (Cùm plerúmque tuâ fodalitate
 Nil fit crassius, impolitiúsve)
 Accedis benè doctus, et poëta.

38. *Ad eundem.*

INCIPIS irridens; stomachans in carmine pergis;
 Definis exclamans: Tota figura, vale.

39. *Ad Seren. Regem.*

ECCE pererratas, regum doctissime, nugas,
 Quas gens inconsulta, suis vexata procellis,
 Libandas nobis, absorbendásque propinat!

¹ Versf. 29.	² 21.	³ 33.	⁴ 30.	⁵ 21.
⁶ 193.	⁷ 178.	⁸ 23.	⁹ 129.	¹⁰ 23.
¹¹ 59.	¹² 262.	¹³ 53.		

O cæcos animi fratres! quis vestra fatigat
 Corda furor, spissâque afflat caligine sensus?
 Cernite, quàm formosa suas Ecclesia pennas
 Explicat, et radiis ipsum pertingit Olympum!
 Vicini populi passim mirantur, et æquos
 Mentibus attonitis cupiunt addiscere ritus:
 Angelicæ turmæ nostris se cætibus addunt:
 Ipse etiam Christus cælo speculatus ab alto
 Intuitûque uno stringens habitacula mundi,
 Sola mihi plenos, ait, exhibet *Anglia* cultus.
 Scilicet has olim divisas æquore terras
 Seposuit Divina sibi, cùm conderet orbem,
 Progenies gemmâmq; suâ quasi pyxide clausit.

O qui *Defensor Fidei* meritissimus audis,
 Responde æternùm titulo; quóque ordine felix
 Cœpisti, pergas simili res texere filo.
 Obrue ferventes, ruptis conatibus, hostes:
 Quâsq; habet aut patulas, aut cæco tramite, moles
 Hæresis evertas. Quid enim te fallere possit?
 Tu venas, laticésque omnes quos sacra recludit
 Pagina, gustâsti, multóque interprete gaudes:
 Tu Synodósque, Patresque, et quod dedit alta vetustas
 Haud per te moritura, Scholámque introspicis omnem.
 Nec transire licet quo mentis acumine findis
 Viscera naturæ, commistúsque omnibus astris
 Ante tuum tempus cælum gratissimus ambis.
 Hac ope munitus securior excipis undas,
 Quas Latii, Catharíque movent, atque inter utrasque
 Pastor agis proprios, medio tutissimus, agnos.

Perge, decus Regum; sic, Augustissime, plures
 Sint tibi vel stellis laudes, et laudibus anni:
 Sic pulsare tuas, exclusis luctibus, aufint
 Gaudia sola fores: sic quicquid somnia mentis
 Intus agunt, habeat certum meditatio finem;
 Sic positis nugis, quibus irretita libido
 Innumeros mergit vitiatâ mente poëtas,
 Sola *Jacobæum* decantent carmina nomen.

40. *Ad Deum.*

QUEM tu, summe Deus, semel
 Scribentem placido rore beaveris,
 Illum non labor irritus
 Exercet miserum; non dolor unguium
 Morsus increpat anxios;
 Non mæret calamus; non queritur caput:
 Sed fœcunda poësewç
 Vis, et vena sacris regnat in artibus
 Qualis nescius aggerum
 Exundat fluvio Nilus amabili.
 O dulcissime spiritus,
 Sanctos qui gemitus mentibus inferis
 A Te turture defluos,
 Quòd scribo, et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

VII. INVENTA BELLICA.

E MSTO. AUTOG.

OH Mortis longæva fames, venterque perennis!
 Quem non Emathius torrens, non sanguine pinguis
 Daunia, non fâtiat bis ter millefima cædis
 Progenies, mundique ætas abdomine tanto
 Ingluvieque minor. Quercus habitare feruntur
 Prisci, crescentesque una cum prole cavernas;
 Hinc tamen excludi mors noluit, ipsaque vitam
 Glans dedit, et truncus tectum, et ramalia mortem.
 Confluere interea passim ad Floralia pubes
 Cœperat, agricolis mentemque et aratra solutis.
 Compita fervere pedibus, clamoribus æther.
 Hic ubi discumbunt per gramina, falsior unus
 Omnia suspendit naso, sociosque laceffit:
 Non fert Ucalegon, atque amentata retorquet
 Dicta ferox, hærent lateri convitia fixo.

Scinditur in partes vulgus ceu compita, telum
 Ira facit, mundusque ipse est apotheca furoris,
 Liber alit rixas, potantibus omnia bina
 Sunt præter vitam : faxis hic sternitur, alter
 Ambustis sudibus, pars vitam in pocula fundunt,
 Bacchantur Lapithæ, furit inconstantia vini,
 Sanguine quem dederat spolians : primordia belli
 Hæc fuerant, sic Tisiphone virguncula lufit.

Non placuit rudis atque ignara occifio, morti
 Quæritur ingenium, doctusque homicida probatur.
 Hinc tyrocinium, parvoque affueta juvenus,
 Fictaque Bellona, et veræ ludibria pugnae,
 Instructæque acies, hyemesque in pellibus actæ.
 Omniaque hæc ut transfadigant sine crimine costas
 Artificesque necis clueant et mortis alumni.
 Nempe et millenos ad palum interficit hostes
 Affiduus tyro, si fit spectanda voluntas.
 O superi ! quis tantum ipsis virtutibus instat,
 Quantum cædi ? adeone unam nos vivere vitam,
 Perdere sexcentas ? crescet tamen hydra nocendi
 Triftis, ubi ac ferrum tellure reciditur imâ,
 Fœcundusque chalybs sceleris, jam sanguine tinctus,
 Expleri nequit, at totum depascitur orbem.
 Quid memorem tormenta, quibus prius horruit ævum,
 Balistasque, Onagrosque, et quicquid Scorpio fœvus
 Vel Catapulta potest, Siculique inventa magistri,
 Angligenûmque arces, gaudentes sanguine Galli
 Fustibales, fundasque quibus cum numine fretus
 Stravit Idumæum divinus Tityrus hostem.

Adde etiam currus et cum temone Britanno
 Arviragum, falcesque obstantia quæque metentes.
 Quin aries ruit et multâ Demetrius* arte,
 Sic olim cecidere.

Deerat adhuc vitiis nostris dignissima mundo
 Machina, quam nullum fatis execrabitur ævum ;
 Liquitur ardenti candens fornace metallum,
 Fusaque decurrit notis aqua ferrea fulcis :
 Exoritur tubus, atque instar Cyclopii Homeri,

* Poliorcates, cog : (*thus the manuscript.*)

Lufcum prodigium, medioque foramine gaudens !
 Inde rotæ atque axis fubeunt, quafi fella curulis,
 Qua mors ipfa fedens hominum de gente triumphat.
 Accedit Pyrius pulvis laquearibus Orci
 Exulis, Infernæ pretiofa tragemata menfæ,
 Sulphureaque lacu, totaque imbuta Mephiti.
 Hinc glans adjicitur, non quam ructare vetuftas
 Creditur, ante fatas pronò cum vertice fruges.
 Plumbea glans, livenfque fuæ quafi confcia noxæ,
 Purpureus liCTOR Plutonis, epiftola fati
 Plumbis obfignata, colofque et ftamina vitæ
 Perrumpens, Atropi vetulæ marcentibus ulnis.
 Hæc ubi vincta, fubit vivo cum fune minifter,
 Fatalemque levans dextram, qua ftupeus ignis
 Mulcetur vento, accendit cum fomite partem
 Pulveris inferni, properat, datur ignis, et omnem
 Materiam vexat, nec jam fe continet antro
 Tifiphone, flammâ et fallaci fulmine cincta ;
 Evolat, horrendumque ciet bacchata fragorem.
 It ftridor, cælofque omnes et Tartara findit.
 Non jam exaudiri quidquam vel mufica fphæræ
 Vel gemitus Erebi, piceo fe turbine volvens,
 Totamque eructans nubem glans proruit imò
 Precipitata, cadunt urbes formidine, muri
 Diffugiunt, fragilibque crepant cœnacula mundi.
 Strata jacent toto millena cadavera campo,
 Uno icTU ; non fic peftis, non ftella maligno
 Afflatu perimunt. En Cymba Cocytia turbis
 Ingemit, et defeffus opem jam portitor orat.
 Nec glans fola nocet, mortem quandoque fufurrat
 Aura volans, vitamque aer quam paverat, aufert.
 Dicite vos, Furiæ ! qua gaudet origine monftrum ?
 Nox Ætnam, noctemque Chaos genuere priores,
 Ætna Cacum ignivomum dedit, hic Ixiona Græcis
 Cantatum, deinde Ixion cum nubibus atris
 Congrediens genuit monachum, qui limen opacæ
 Trifte colens fellæ, noctuque et Dæmone plenum
 Protulit horrendum hoc primum cum pulvere monftrum.
 Quis monachos mortem meditari, et pulvere trifti
 Verfatos neget ? atque humiles queis talia cordi
 Tam demiffa, ipfamque adeo fubeuntia terram ?

Nec tamen hic mortis rabies stetit; exilit omni
 Tormento peior Jesuita, et fulminat orbem,
 Ridens bombardas miseras, quæ corpora perdunt
 Non animas; raroque ornantur sanguine regum
 Obstreperæ stulto sonitu, crimenque fatentes.
 Siftimus hic, inquit fatum, fat prata biberunt
 Sanguinis, innocuum tandem luet orbis Abelum.

G. HERBERTE.

VIII. ALIA POEMATA LATINA.

I. *Ad auctorem Instaurationis magnæ.*

[FRANCISCUM BACON.]

PER strages licet auctorum veterumque ruinam
 Ad famæ properes vera Tropæa tuæ,
 Tam nitidè tamen occidís, tam suaviter hostes,
 Se quasi donatum funere quisque putat.
 Scilicet apponit pretium tua dextera fato,
 Vulnerèque emanat sanguis, ut intret honos.
 O quám felices sunt, qui tua castra sequuntur,
 Cùm per te fit res ambitiosa mori.

2. IN HONOREM ILLUSTRISSIMI DOMINI

FRANCISCI DE VERULAMIO VICE-COMITIS STI. ALBANI.

POST EDITAM AB EO INSTAUR. MAGNUM.

QUIS iste tandem? non enim Vultu ambulat
 Quotidiano. Nescis, ignare? audies.
 Dux Notionum; Veritatis Pontifex;
 Inductionis Dominus; Et Verulamii;
 Rerum Magister Unicus, at non Artium:
 Profunditatis Pinus, atque Elegantiæ;

Naturæ Aruspex intimus ; Philosophiæ
Ærarium, Sequester Experientiæ,
Speculationisq; Æquitatis Signifer ;
Scientiarum sub pupillari statu
Degentium olim Emancipator ; Luminis
Promus : Fugator Idolûm, atque Nubium :
Collega Solis : Quadra Certitudinis :
Sophismatum Mastix : *Brutus* Literarius,
Authoritatis exuens Tyrannidem :
Rationis et Sensus Stupendus Arbiter ?
Repumicator mentis : Atlas Phycus,
Alcide succumbente *Stagiritico* ;
Columba Noæ, quæ in vetustate Artibus
Nullum locum requiemque cernens, præstitit
Ad se suumque Matris, Arcam regredi.
Subtilitatis terebra ; Temporis nepos
Ex veritate Matre ; Mellis Alveus ;
Mundique et Animarum Sacerdos Unicus ;
Securisque Errorum ; inque Natalibus
Granum Sinapis, acre aliis, Crescens sibi
O me prope Lassum ! Juvate Posteris.

GEOR. HERBERT. ORAT. PUB. IN
ACADEM. CANTAB.

3. IN OBITUM INCOMPARABILIS

FRANCISCI VICE-COMITIS SANCTI ALBANI,
BARONIS VERULAMII.

DUM longi lentique gemis sub pondere morbi,
Atque hæret dubio tabida vita pede ;
Quid voluit prudens Fatum, jam sentio tandem :
Constat, Aprile uno te potuisse mori :
Ut Flos hinc lacrymis, illinc Philomela querelis,
Deducant linguæ funera sola tuæ.

4. *Comparatio inter munus summi Cancellariatús et Librum.*

MUNERE dum nobis prodes, Libróque futuris,
 In laudes abeunt sæcula quæque tuas ;
 Munere dum nobis prodes, Libróque remotis,
 In laudes abeunt jam loca quæque tuas :
 Hæ tibi sunt alæ laudum. Cui contigit unquam
 Longius æterno, latius orbe decus ?

5. *Æthiopissa ambit Cestum diversi coloris virum.*

QUID mihi si facies nigra est ? hoc, Ceste, colore
 Sunt etiam tenebræ, quas tamen optat amor.
 Cernis ut exustâ semper fit fronte viator ;
 Ah longum, quæ te deperit, errat iter.
 Si nigro fit terra solo, quis despicit arvum ?
 Claude oculos, et erunt omnia nigra tibi :
 Aut aperi, et cernes corpus quas projicit umbras ;
 Hoc saltem officio fungar amore tui.
 Cum mihi fit facies fumus, quas pectore flammæ
 Jamdudum tacitè delituisse putes ?
 Dure, negas ? O fata mihi præfaga doloris,
 Quæ mihi lugubres contribuere genas !

6. *In Natales et Pascha concurrentes.*

CUM tu, Christe, cadis, nascor ; mentémque ligavit
 Una meam membris horula, téque cruci.
 O me disparibus natum cum numine fati !
 Cur mihi das vitam, quam tibi, Christe, negas ?
 Quin moriar tecum : vitam, quam negligis ipse,
 Accipe ; ni talem des, tibi qualis erat.
 Hoc mihi legatum tristi si funere præstes,
 Christe, duplex fiet mors tua vita mihi :
 Atque ibi per te sanctificer natalibus ipsis,
 In vitam, et nervos Pascha coæva fluet.

7. AD JOHANNEM DONNE, D.D.

DE UNO SIGILLORUM EJUS, ANCHORA ET CHRISTO.



QUOD crux nequibat fixa, claviq̄ue additi
(Tenere Christum scilicet, ne ascenderet)
Tuive Christum devocans facundia
Ultra loquendi tempus ; addit Anchora :
Nec hoc abundè est tibi, nisi certæ Anchoræ
Addas Sigillum : nempè s̄ymbolum suæ
Tibi dedit unda et terra certitudinis
 Quondam fessus amor loquens amato
 Tot et tanta loquens amica ; scripsit
 Tandem et fessa manus, dedit Sigillum.

Suavis erat, qui scripta, dolens, lacerando recludi
Sanctiùs in regno magni credebat amoris
(In quo fas nihil est rumpi) donare Sigillum.
 Munde, fluas fugiásque licet, nos nostráque fixi :
 Deridet motus sancta Catena tuos.

8. IN OBITUM SERENISSIMÆ REGINÆ
ANNÆ.

(E LACRYMIS CANTABRIGIENSIBUS.)

QUO te, felix Anna, modo deflere licebit ?
Cui magnum imperium, gloria major erat :
Ecce meus torpens animus succumbit utrique,
Cui tenuis fama est, ingeniumque minus.
Quis, nisi qui manibus Briareus, oculisque fit Argus,
Scribere te dignùm vel lacrymare queat ?
Frustra igitur fudo ; supereft mihi sola voluptas,

Quod calamum excusent Pontus et Astra meum :
 Namque Annæ laudes cælo scribuntur aperto,
 Sed luctus noster scribitur Oceano.

9. IN OBITUM HENRICI PRINCIPIS WALLIÆ.*

(EX EPICEDIO CANTABRIGIENSI.)

ITE leves (inquam), Parnassia numina, musæ !
 Non ego vos posthac, hederæ velatus amictu,
 Somnis nescio queis nocturna ad vota vocabo :
 Sed nec Cirrhæi saltus, Libethriave arva
 In mea dicta ruant ; non tam mihi pendula mens est,
 Sic quasi Diis certem, magnos accersere montes ;
 Nec vaga de summo deducam flumina monte,
 Qualia parturiente colunt sub rupe sorores :
 Si quas mens agitet moles (dum pectora sævo
 Tota stupent luctu) lachrymisque exæstuet æquis
 Spiritus, hi mihi jam montes, hæc flumina funto :
 Musa, vale ! et tu, Phœbe ! dolor mea carmina dicet ;
 Hinc mihi principium : vos, o labentia mentis
 Lumina, nutantes paullatim acquirite vires,
 Vivite, dum mortem ostendam : sic tempora vestram
 Non comedant famam, sic nulla oblivia potent :
 Quare age, mens ! effare, precor, quo numine læso ?
 Quæ suberant causæ ? quid nos committere tantum,
 Quod non lanigeræ pecudes, non agmina lustrent ?
 Annon longa fames, miseræque injuria pestis
 Pœna minor fuerat, quam fatum Principis ægrum ?
 Jam felix Philomela, et menti conscia Dido !
 Felices quos bella premunt et plurimus ensis !
 Non metuunt ultra ; nostra infortunia tantum
 Fataque, Fortunasque et spem læfere futuram.
 Quod si fata illi longam invidere salutem
 Et patrio regno (sub quo jam Principe nobis

* Fuller, in his Church History, Book x. Cent. xvii. says,
 "Give me leave to add one more, untranslatable for its elegance
 and expressiveness, made by Mr. George Herbert :—

' Ulteriora timens cum morte paciscitur Orbis.' "

Quid sperare, immo quid non sperare licebat ?
 Debuit ista pati prima et non nobilis ætas :
 Aut cita mors est danda bonis aut longa senectus.
 Sic lætare animos et sic ostendere gemmam
 Excitat optatus avidos, et ventilat ignem.
 Quare etiam nuper Pyrii de pulveris ictu
 Principis innocuam servâstis numina vitam
 Ut morbi perimant, alioque in pulvere profset.
 Phœbe, tui puduit, quum summo mane redires,
 Sol sine sole tuo ! quum te tum nubibus atris
 Totum offuscari peteres, ut nocte silenti
 Humana æternos agerent præcordia questus :
 Tantum etenim vestras, Parcæ, non fleçtit habenas
 Tempus edax rerum, tuque o mors improba sola es
 Cui cæcas tribuit vires annosa vetustas !
 Quid non mutatum est ? requiêrunt flumina cursus :
 Plus etiam veteres cælum videre remotum :
 Cur ideo verbis tristes effundere curas
 Expeto, tanquam hæc sic nostri medicina doloris ?
 Immodicus luctus tacito vorat igne medullas,
 Ut fluvio currente, vadum sonat, alta quiescunt.

INNUPTA Pallas, nata Diespatre !
 Æterna summæ gloria regiæ !
 Cui dulcis arrident camœnæ
 Pieridis Latixæque Musæ.

Cur tela mortis, vel tibi, vel tuis
 Quacunque gutta temporis imminent ?
 Tantaque propendet statera
 Regula sanguinolenta fati ?

Numne Hydra talis tantaque bellua est
 Mors tot virorum sordida sanguine
 Ut mucro rumpatur Minervæ
 Utque minax superetur Ægis ?

Tu fleçtis amnes, tu mare cærum
 Ufisse pronò fulmine diceris,
 Ajacis exesas triremes
 Præcipitans graviore casu.

Tu discidisti Gorgoneas manus
 Nexas, capillos anguibus oblitos,
 Furvosque vicisti Gigantem
 Enceladum, pharetramque Rhæci.

Ceu victa, musis porrigit herbulas
 Pennata cæci dextra cupidinis,
 Non ulla Bellonæ furentis
 Arma tui metuunt alumni.

Pallas retortis cæfia vocibus
 Respondit: Eia! ne metuas precor,
 Nam fata non justis repugnant
 Principibus, sed amica fiunt.

Ut si recisis arboribus meis
 Nudetur illic lucus amabilis,
 Fructusque post mortem recusent
 Perpetuos mihi ferre rami.

Dulcem rependent tum mihi tibiam
 Pulchre renatam ex arbore mortua,
 Dignamque cælesti corona
 Harmoniam dabit inter astra.

X. E MSTO. AUTOG.

CUM petit Infantem Princeps, Grantamque Jacobus,
 Quisnam horum major fit, dubitatur, amor?
 Vincit more suo Noster: nam millibus Infans
 Non tot abest, quot nos Regis ab ingenio.

XI. E MSTO. AUTOG.

VERO verius ergo quid fit, audi
 Verum, Gallice, non libenter audis.



The Synagogue

OR THE SHADOW OF THE TEMPLE SACRED POEMS

AND PRIVATE EJACULATIONS IN IMITA-
TION OF MR. GEORGE HERBERT

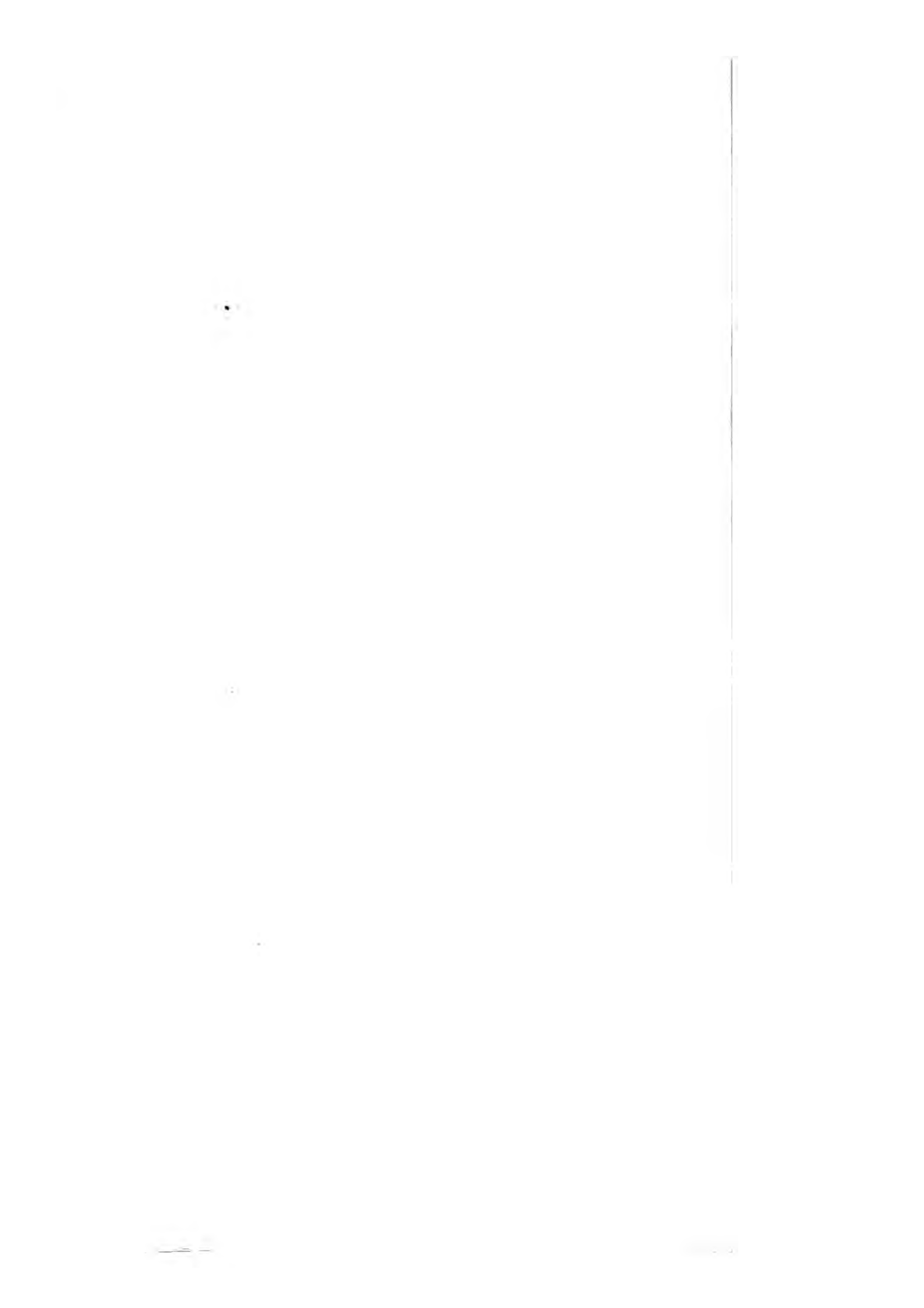
[By Christopher Harvie M. A.]

*“ Stultissimum credo ad imitandum non optima quæque
proponere.”* Plin. Sec. lib. 1. Ep. 5.

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

LONDON

M DCCC L.





Advertisement to the Synagogue.

THE "Synagogue" was first published in 1640,* without the author's name; and the authority for ascribing the work to Christopher Harvey rests upon the following evidence: In the "Complete Angler," chap. v. Walton, after quoting George Herbert, says, "And since you like these verses of Mr. Herbert's so well, let me tell you what a reverend and learned divine, that professes to imitate him, and has indeed done so most excellently, hath writ of our Book of Common Prayer; which I know you will like the better, because he is a friend of mine, and I am sure no enemy to angling;" then follow the Verses on the Book of Common Prayer, printed in this volume, p. 280, which are subscribed, Ch. Harvie. In the second edition of the "Complete Angler," published in 1653, will be found commendatory verses, addressed to Walton by "Ch. Harvie,

* Printed by T. L. for Phil. Stephens, and Christopher Meredith, at the Golden Lion, in St. Paul's Church-yard. The second edition enlarged, was published Lond. 1647, third edit. 1657; fourth, 1661; fifth, 1667; sixth, 1673; seventh, 1679; eighth, 1703; ninth, 1709, and since with almost every edition of the Temple.

M. of Arts." In the fourth edition of the "Synagogue" are verses by Walton, addressed "to my reverend friend, the Author of the Synagogue," wherein he says,

" I loved you for your Synagogue, before
I knew your person, but now love you more."

from these facts there cannot be any doubt that the work is assigned to its true author.

Another work, probably by Ch. Harvie, is entitled '*Schola Cordis*;' or the Heart of it Selfe gone away, from God; brought back againe to him; and instructed by him, in 47 emblems, London, printed for H. Blunden, at the Castle in Cornhill, 1647," 12mo. pp. 196.* In the edition of 1675 it is stated, that they were "written by the Author of the 'Synagogue' annexed to Herbert's Poems;" if so, this volume must be also ascribed to Christopher Harvey; it should, however, be observed, that it has been reprinted two or three times, within the last half century, and ascribed to Francis Quarles, but erroneously.

The only Christopher Harvey that can be traced in both universities, and who probably was our author, is the one mentioned by Anthony Wood, who says "that he was a minister's son of Cheshire, was born in that county, became a battler of Brazen-Nose College, in 1613, aged sixteen years, took the degrees in Arts, † that of Master being completed in 1620,

* The second edition was printed in 1664; third in 1675; fourth, 1676; the emblems were taken from a work by Benedictus Haeftenus, entitled "Schola Cordis sine averſi a deo cordis ad eundem reductio et instructio, *Antw.* 1635."

† B.A. 19th May, 1617; M.A. 10th May, 1620.

holy orders, and at length was made vicar of Clifton in Warwickshire.* His works are these:”

- I. ΑΦΗΝΙΑΣΤΗΣ: or, the Right Rebel, a Treatise discovering the true Use of the Name by the Nature of Rebellion, with the Properties and Practices of Rebels. Applicable to all, both old and New Phanatics, by Christopher Harvey, Vicar of Clifton, in the county of Warwick. Lond. Printed for R. Royston, Bookseller to his sacred Majesty, 1661, oct. p. 176, besides title, dedication, and preface, eight leaves.†
- II. Faction supplanted: or, a Caveat against the ecclesiastical and secular Rebels, in two Parts. 1. A discourse concerning the Nature, Properties, and Practices of Rebels. 2. Against the Inconstancy and inconsistent Contrariety of the same Pretensions and Practices, Principles and Doctrines. Lond. 1663, oct. “penn’d mostly in 1642, and finished 3 Ap. 1645. This book, I suppose (for I have not seen it, or the other,) is the same with the former, only a new title put to it, to make it vend the better. Another book goes under his name, called *Conditions of Christianity*, printed at Lond. in tw. but that, or any other besides, I have not yet seen.” A. Wood, *Athenæ Oxon.* ed. Blis, v. 3, p. 538.
- III. *An edition of The Churches Exercise under Affliction: or an exposition of the LXXXV Psalm, by Mr. Thomas Pier-son, late Rectour of Brompton Brian, in the county of Hereford. London, printed for Philemon Stephens, at the Gilded Lyon in Paul’s Church-yard, 1647, with a dedication*

* By the kindness of the Rev. J. H. C. Moor, the present rector of Rugby, the following additional particulars of Christopher Harvey have been obtained. He was instituted November 14, 1639. On the 12th of June 1642, were baptized Bridget and Mary, the daughters of Christopher Harvey, clerk, and Margaret, his wife. In September 24, 1643, a son, named Whitney, was baptized, who was buried Oct. 11, in the same year, (he appears to have been named after the patron of the living of Clifton, Sir Robert Whitney, knt. of Whitney, Herefordshire,) another son, named Thomas, was baptized Feb. 22, 1645; and on the 4th of April, 1663, was “buried Mr. Christopher Harvey, vicar of Clifton.”

† Dedicated to the Hon. Sir Geoffery Palmer, knt. and bart. In the preface the author states that it was finished April 3, 1645, and the postscript added March 11, 1660.

by Ch. Harvey to his honoured patron, Sir Robert Whitney, knight, and a postscript to the Christian Reader.*

iv. *An edition of The Great Charter of the Church.* Contayning a Catalogue of gracious priviledges granted unto it by the King of Heaven : or an exposition of the LXXXVII Psalm. By Mr. Thomas Pierſon, &c. as before, with a dedication by Ch. Harvey, to Lady Anne Whitney.

v. *An edition of Excellent encouragements againſt afflictions; or Expositions of four ſelect Pfalmes : the XXVII, LXXXIV, LXXXV, and LXXXVII, containing,*

1. David's triumph over diſtreſſe.
2. David's heart's deſire.
3. The Churches exerciſe under affliction.
4. The Great Charter of the Church.

By the learned and laborious, faithfull and prudent Miniſter of God's word, Mr. Thomas Pierſon, late Paſteur of Brompton-Brien in the county of Hereford [Rom. 15. 4. quoted]. London, printed by John Legatt, for Philemon Stephens; at the gilded Lion in St. Paul's Church-yard, MDCXLVII. 4to.†

* In the dedication of this work, Ch. Harvey ſays—“ And having long agoe put on almoſt an obſtinate reſolution never to ſend mine own name to the preſſe (except it be, as now I do, to bring to light another man's labour).” This expreſſion tends to ſhew that he was the writer of other works, but to which he did not affix his name.

† The firſt, ſecond, third, fourth, and fifth editions of “ The Synagogue ” were “ printed by T. L. for Philemon Stephens, at the gilded Lion in Paul's Church-yard, 1647,” who was the publiſher of the three laſt-mentioned works edited by Chriſtopher Harvey, from which fact, there can be but little doubt that all the foregoing works are by the ſame author or editor.

To my Reverend friend, the Author of
The Synagogue.

SIR,

I LOV'D you for your Synagogue, before
 I knew your person ; but now love you more ;
 Because I finde

It is so true a picture of your minde :
 Which tunes your sacred lyre
 To that eternal quire,
 Where holy *Herbert* fits
 (O shame to prophane wits !)

And sings his and your Anthems, to the praise
 Of him that is the first and last of dayes.

These holy Hymnes had an Etherial birth ;
 For they can raise sad souls above the earth,
 And fix them there,

Free from the worlds anxieties and fear.
Herbert and you have pow'r
 To do this : ev'ry hour
 I read you kills a sin,
 Or lets a vertue in

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

This holy war, taught by your happy pen,
 The Prince of Peace approves. When we poor men
 Neglect our arms,

W'are circumvested with a world of harms.
 But I will watch, and ward,
 And stand upon my guard,
 And still consult with you
 And *Herbert*, and renew

My vows, and say, Well fare his, and your heart,
 The Fountains of such sacred wit and art.

Izaak Walton.

To the Author.

HE that doth imitate must comprehend ;
Verse, Matter, Order, Titles, Spirit, Wit ;
 For these all our Church-Poet doth intend,
 And he who hath this Imitation writ.

O glory of the time ! best English Singer,
 Happy both he the Hand and thou the Finger :

R. Langford of Gray's-Inn,
 Counsellor of Law.

To his ingenious Friend, the Author of
The Synagogue,
 Upon his additional Church-utenfils.

SIR,

SO the cheap Touch-stone's bold
 To question the more noble gold ;
 As I, at your command,
 Put forth my blushing hand
 To try these Raptures, sent to my poor Test :
 But since your Question's, Are they like the rest ?
 I say they are the best :
 That once conceiv'd, the other is confest.

But, Sir, now they are here,
 For to prevent a female jeere,
 Thus much affirm I do,
 They'r like the father too ;
 And you like him whose sublime paths you tread,
Herbert ! to be like whom, who'd not be dead ?
Herbert ! whom when I read,
 I stoop at stars that shine below my head.

COMMENDATORY VERSES. 267

Herbert! whose every strain
Twists holy Breasts with happy Brain ;
So that who strives to be
As elegant as he
Must climb mount *Calvary* for *Parnassus'* hill,
And in his Saviours sides baptize his Quill ;
A Jordan fit t' infill
A Saint-like style, back'd with an Angels skill.

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

SIR,

WHILE I read your lines, methinks I spie,
Churches, and Church-men, and the old Hierarchie:
What potent charms are these! you have the knack
To make men young again, and fetch time back.
I've lost what was bestow'd on *Judahs* prince,
And am now where I was thrice five years since.
The mid-space shrunk to nothing, Manners, Men
And Times, and all look, just as they did then.
Rubbish and ruins vanisht, every where
Order and comelineffe afresh appear.
What cannot Poet's do? They change with ease
The face of things, and lead us as they please.
Yet here's no fiction neither. We may see
The Poet, Prophet; his Verse, Historic.

Jan. 1, 1654.

A. S.



THE SYNAGOGUE.

I. Subterliminare.

DIC, *cujus Templum? Christi. Quis condidit? Ede.*
Condidit Herbertus. *Dic, quibus auxiliis?*

Auxiliis multis: quibus, haud mihi dicere fas est.

Tanta est ex dictis lis oriunda meis.

Gratia, si dicam, dedit omnia; protinus obstat

Ingenium, dicens, cuncta fuisse sua.

Ars negat, et nihil est non nostrum dicit in illo;

Nec facile est litem composuisse mihi.

Divide: Materiam det gratia, materiæque

Ingenium cultus induat, arsque modos.

Non: ne displiceat pariter res omnibus ista,

Nec sortita velint jura vocare sua.

Nempe pari sibi jure petunt, cultusque, modosque,

Materiamque, ars, et gratia, et ingenium.

Ergo, velit si quis dubitantem tollere elenchum,

De Templo Herberti talia dicta dabit.

In Templo Herbertus condendo est gratia totus,

Ars pariter totus, totus et ingenium.

Cedite Romanæ, Graiiæ quoque cedite Musæ;

Unum par cunctis Anglia jaëtat opus.

2. *A Stepping Stone*

To the threshold of Mr. Herbert's Church-Porch.

WHAT Church is this? Christ's Church. Who
builted it?

Master *George Herbert*. Who assisted it?

Many assisted: who I may not say,

So much contention might arise that way.

If I say grace gave all; wit straight doth thwart,

And says, All that is there is mine: but art

Denies, and says, There's nothing there but's mine:

Nor can I easily the right define.

Divide: say, grace the matter gave, and wit

Did polish it: art measur'd, and made fit,

Each severall piece, and fram'd it altogether.

No, by no means: this may not please them neither.

None's well contented with a part alone,

When each doth challenge all to be his own.

The matter, the expressions, and the measures,

Are equally arts, wits, and graces treasures.

Then he, that would impartially discuss

This doubtfull question, must answer thus:

In building of his Temple, Master *Herbert*

Is equally all grace, all wit, all art.

Roman and Grecian Muses all give way:

One English Poem darkens all your day.

3. The Dedication.

LORD, my first fruits should have been sent to
 For thou the tree, [thee;
 That bare them, only lentest unto me.

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

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

Some I have pick'd, and wip'd, and bring thee now,
 Lord, thou knowst how :
 Gladly I would, but dare not it avow.

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

4. The Church-yard.

THOU, that intendest to the Church to-day,
 Come take a turn, or two, before thou go'st,
 In the Church-yard ; the walk is in thy way.
 Who takes best heed in going, hasteth most :
 But he that unprepared rashly ventures,
 Hastens perhaps to seal his deaths indentures.

5. The Church-stile.

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

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

Humble thyself, and God will lift thee up :
 Those that exalt themselves he casteth down :
 The hungry he invites with him to sup ;
 And cloaths the naked with his robe and crown.

Think not thou hast, what thou from him wouldst
 have :

His labour's lost, if thou thyself canst save.

Pride is the prodigality of grace,
 Which casteth all away by griping all :
 Humility is thrift, both keeps its place,
 And gains by giving, riseth by its fall.

To get by giving, and to lose by keeping,
 Is to be sad in mirth, and glad in weeping.

6. The Church-gate.

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

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

Such must the course be that to heaven tends;
He that the gates of righteousness would enter,
Must still continue constant to his ends,
And fixe himself in God, as in his center.

Cleave close to him by faith, then move which way
Discretion leads thee, and thou shalt not stray.

We never wander, till we loose our hold
Of him that is our way, our light, our guide:
But, when we grow of our own strength too bold,
Unhook'd from him, we quickly turn aside.

He holds us up, whilst in him we are found:
If once we fall from him we go to ground.

7. The Church-walls.

NOW view the walls: the Church is compass'd
As much for safety, as for ornament: [round,
'Tis an inclosure, and no common ground;
'Tis Gods free-hold, and but our tenement.
Tenants at will, and yet in taile, we be:
Our children have the same right to't as we.

Remember there must be no gaps left ope,
Where God hath fenc'd, for fear of false illusions.
God will have all, or none: allows no scope
For sins incroachments, or mens own intrusions.
Close binding locks his laws together fast:
He that plucks out the first, pulls down the last.

Either resolve for all, or else for none ;
 Obedience universal he doth claime.
 Either be wholly his, or all thine own :
 At what thou canst not reach, at least take ayme :
 He that of purpose looks beside the mark,
 Might as well hood-wink't shoot, or in the dark.

8. The Church.

LASTLY, consider where the Church doth stand,
 As near unto the middle as may be :
 God in his service chiefly doth command,
 Above all other things sincerity.
 Lines drawn from side to side within a round,
 Not meeting in the centre, short are found.

Religion must not side with any thing
 That swerves from God, or else withdraws from him ;
 He that a welcome sacrifice would bring,
 Must fetch it from the bottom, not the brim.
 A sacred temple of the Holy Ghost
 Each part of man must be, but his heart most.

Hypocrisie in Church is Alchymie,
 That casts a golden tincture upon brasse :
 There is no essence in it: 'tis a lye,
 Though fairly stamp't, for truth it often pass :
 Only the spirits *aqua regia* doth
 Discover it to be but painted froth.

9. The Church-porch.

NOW, e're thou passest further, sit thee down
In the Church-porch, and think what thou
 haft seen ;

Let due consideration either crown,
Or crush, thy former purposes. Between
 Rash undertakings, and firm resolutions,
 Depends the strength, or weaknesse, of conclusions.

Trace thy steps backward in thy memory :
And first resolve of, what thou heardest last,
Sincerity ; It blots the history
Of all religious actions, and doth blast
 The comfort of them, when in them God sees
 Nothing but out-sides of formalities.

In earnest be religious, trifle not ;
And rather for Gods sake, than for thine own :
Thou hast rob'd him, unlesse that he have got
By giving, if his glory be not grown
 Together with thy good : who seeketh more
 Himself than God, would make his roof his floore.

Next to sincerity, remember still,
Thou must resolve upon Integrity.
God will have all thou hast, thy mind, thy will,
Thy thoughts, thy words, thy works. A nullity
 It proves, when God, that should have all, doth find
 That there is any one thing left behinde.

And having giv'n him all, thou must receive
 All that he gives. Mete his commandment :
 Resolve that thine obedience must not leave,
 Until it reach unto the same extent.

For all his precepts are of equal strength,
 And measure thy performance to the length :

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

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

But he that would be constant, must not take
 Religion up by fits, and starts alone ;
 But his continual practice must it make :
 His course must be from end to end but one.

Bones often broken, and knit up again,
 Lose of their length, though in their strength they
 [gain.

Lastly, remember that Humility
 Must solidate, and keep all close together.
 What pride puffs up with vain frutality,
 Lyes open and expof'd to all ill weather.
 An empty bubble may fair colours carry ;
 But blow upon it, and it will not tarry.

Prize not thine own too high, nor under-rate
 Others worth ; but deal indifferently :
 View the defects of thy spiritual state.
 And others graces, with impartial eye.

The more thou deemest of thyself, the lesse
 Esteem of thee will all men else expresse.

Contract thy lesson now, and this is just
 The sum of all. He that desires to see
 The face of God, in his religion must
 Sincere, entire, constant, and humble be.

If thus resolved, fear not to proceed :
 Else the more haste thou mak'st, the worse thou'lt
 speed.

10. Church-Utensils.

BETWIXT two dang'rous rocks, Profaneness on
 Th' one side, on th' other Superstition,
 How shall I sail secure ?
 Lord, be my steerf-man, hold my helm,
 And then though windes with waves orewhelm
 My failes, I will endure
 It patiently. The bottom of the Sea
 Is safe enough, if thou direct the way.

I'll tugge my tacklings then, I'le ply mine oars,
 And cry a figge for fear. He that adores
 The giddy multitude
 So much, as to despise my rhymes,
 Because they tune not to the times,
 I wish may not intrude
 His preface here. But they (and that's enough)
 Who love Gods house, will like his household stufte.

11. The Font.

THE Font, I say. Why not? And why not near
 To the Church door? Why not of stone?
 Is not that blessed fountain open'd here,
 From whence that water flows alone,
 Which from sin and uncleanness washeth clear?

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

What? Is he not the rock, out of whose side
 Those streams of water-blood run forth?
 Th' elect and precious corner-stone well try'd?
 Though the odds be great between their worth,
 Rock-water and stone vessels are ally'd.

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

To want a complement of comliness
 Some of my comfort may abate,
 And for the present make my joy go lesse:
 Yet I will hugge mine homely state,
 And povertie with patience richly dresse.

Regeneration is all in all,
 Washing, or sprinkling, but the sign,
 The seale, and instrument thereof; I call
 The one, as well as th' other mine,
 And my posterity's, as foederal.

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

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

12. The reading-Pue.

HERE my new enter'd soul doth first break fast,
 Here seasoneth her infant taste,
 And at her mother-nurse, the Churches duggs
 With lab'ring lips and tongue she tuggs,
 For that sincere milk, which alone doth feed
 Babes new born of immortal seed:
 Who, that they may unto perfection grow,
 Must be content to creep before they go.

They, that would reading out of Church exclude,
 Sure have a purpose to obtrude
 Some dictates of their own, instead of Gods
 Revealed will, his word. 'Tis odds,

They do not mean to pay men currant coyn,
Who feek the standard to purloyn,
And would reduce all tryals to their own,
Both touch-stones, ballances, and weights, alone.

What reasonable man would not misdoubt
Those comments, that the text leaves out?
And that their main intent is alteration,
Who doat so much on variation,
That no set formes at all they can endure
To be prescrib'd, or put in ure?
Rejecting bounds and limits is the way,
If not all waste, yet common all to lay.

But why should he, that thinks himself well grown,
Be discontent that such a one,
As knows himself an infant yet, should be
Dandled upon his mothers knee,
And babe-like fed with milk, till he have got
More strength and stomach? Why should not
Nurslings in Church, as well as weanlings, find
Their food fit for them in their proper kinde.

Let them that would build castles in the air,
Vault thither, without step or stair;
Instead of feet to climbe, take wings to flie,
And think their turrets top the skie.
But let me lay all my foundations deep,
And learn, before I run, to creep.
Who digs through rocks to lay his ground-works low,
May in good time build high, and sure, though flow.

To take degrees, *per saltum*, though of quick
Dispatch, is but a truants trick.

Let us learn first to know our letters well,
 Then syllables, then words to spell ;
 Then to read plainly, e're we take the pen
 In hand to write to other men.
 I doubt their preaching is not alwaies true,
 Whose way to th' Pulpit's not the reading Pue.

13. The Book of Common Prayer.

WHAT Pray'r by th' book? and Common?
 Yes. Why not?

The spirit of grace,
 And supplication,
 Is not left free alone
 For time and place ;
 But manner too. To read, or speak by rote,
 Is all alike to him that prayes
 With's heart, that with his mouth he sayes.

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

But he, that unto others leads the way
 In publick pray'r,

Should choofe to do it fo,
 As all, that hear, may know
 They need not fear
 To tune their hearts unto his tongue, and fay
 Amen; nor doubt they were betray'd
 To blaspheme, when they should have pray'd.

Devotion will adde life unto the letter.
 And why should not
 That, which Authority
 Prescribes, esteemed be
 Advantage got?
 If th' Pray'r be good, the commoner, the better.
 Pray'r in the Churches words, as well
 As fenfe, of all pray'rs bears the bell.

14. The Bible.

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

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

The true Panchreston 'tis for ev'ry fore
 And sicknesse, which
 The poore, and rich
 With equal ease may come by. Yea, 'tis more,
 An antidote, as well
 As remedie 'gainst hell.

'Tis heaven in perspective, and the blisse
 Of glory here,
 If any where,
 By Saints on earth anticipated is,
 Whilst faith to ev'ry word
 A being doth afford.

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

'Tis the great Magazine of spiritual arms,
 Wherein doth lye
 Th' artillerie
 Of heaven ready charg'd against all harmes,
 That might come by the blowes
 Of our infernal foes.

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

It is the Index to Eternitie.

He cannot misse
Of endless blisse,

That takes this chart to steer his voyage by.
Nor can he be mistook,
That speaketh by this Book.

A Book, to which no Book may be compar'd
For excellence ;
Preeminence

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

It is the Book of God. What if I should
Say, God of Books ?
Let him that looks
Angry at that expreffion, as too bold,
His thoughts in filence smother,
Till he finds fuch another.

15. The Pulpit.

'TIS dinner time : and now I look
For a full meal. God fend me a good cook :
This is the dresser-bord, and here
I wait in expectation of good chear.
I'm fure the Master of the house
Enough to entertain his guests allows :
And not enough of some one fort alone,
But choice of what best fitteth ev'ry one.

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

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

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

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

To milk the strongest men must be
 As new born babes, when ever they it see,
 Desiring, not despising it.
 For strong meat babes must stay, and strive to fit
 Themselves in time, until they can
 Get by degrees (which best be seem a man)
 Experience, exercised senses, able
 Good to discern from evil, truth from fable.

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

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

So that the meat be wholesom, though
 The sawce shall not be toothsome, I'll not go
 Empty away, and starve my soul,
 To feed my foolish phancy ; but controule
 My appetite to dainty things,
 Which oft instead of strength diseases brings :
 But, if my Pulpit-hopes shall all prove vain,
 I'll back unto the reading Pue again.

16. The Communion Table.

HERE stands my banquet ready, the last course,
 And best provision,
 That I must feed upon,
 Till death my soul and body shall divorce,
 And that I am
 Call'd to the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

Some call't the Altar, some the holy Table.
 The name I stick not at,
 Whether't be this, or that,
 I care not much, so that I may be able
 Truly to know
 Both why it is, and may be called so.

And for the matter whereof it is made,
 The matter is not much,
 Although it be of tuch,
 Or wood, or mettal, what will last, or fade ;
 So vanitie
 And superstition avoided be.

Nor would it trouble me to see it found
 Of any fashion,
 That can be thought upon,
 Square, oval, many-angled, long, or round :
 If close it be,
 Fixt, open, moveable, all's one to me.

And yet; methinks, at a Communion
 In uniformity
 There's greatest decency,
 And that which maketh most for union:
 But needlessly
 To vary, tends to the breach of charity.

Yet, rather than I'll give, *I* will not take
 Offence if it be given,
 So that *I* be not driven
 To thwart authoritie, a partie make
 For faction,
 Or sive, but seemingly, in th' action.

At a Communion I wish I might
 Have no cause to suspect
 Any, the least, defect
 Of unity and peace, either in sight
 Apparently,
 Or in mens hearts concealed secretly.

That, which ordained is to make men one,
 More than before they were,
 Should not it self appear,
 Though but appeare, distinctly divers. None
 Too much can see
 Of what, when most, yet but enough can be.

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

17. Communion Plate.

NEVER was gold, or silver, graced thus
Before.
To bring this body, and this blood, to us
Is more,
Then to crown Kings,
Or be made rings,
For star-like diamonds to glitter in.

No precious stones are meet to match this bread
Divine.
Spirits of pearles dissolved would but dead
This wine.
This heav'nly food
Is too too good
To be compar'd to any earthly thing.

For such inestimable treasure can
There be
Vessels too costly made by any man?
Sure he
That knows the meat
So good to eat,
Would wish to see it richly served in.

Although 'tis true, that sanctitie's not ty'd
To state,
Yet sure religion should not be envy'd
The fate
Of meaner worth,

To be fet forth
As best becomes the service of a King.

A King, unto whose crosse all Kings must vail
Their crowns,
And at his beck in their full course strike fail :
Whose frowns
And smiles give date
Unto their fate,
And doom them, either unto weale, or woe.

A King, whose will is justice : and whose word
Is pow'r,
And wisdom both. A King, whom to afford
An how'r
Of service truly
Perform'd, and duly,
Is to bespeak eternitie of blifs.

When such a King offers to come to me
As food,
Shall I suppose his carriages can be
Too good ?
No : Stars to gold
Turn'd, never could
Be rich enough, to be employed so.

If I might wish, then I would have this bread,
This wine,
Vessel'd in what the Sun might blush to shed
His shine,
When he should see :
But, till that be,
I'll rest contented with it, as it is.

18. Church-officers.

STAY. Officers in Church? Take heed: it is
 A tender matter to be touch't.
 If I chance to say any thing amifs,
 Which is not fit to be avouch't,
 I must expect whole swarms of waspes to sting me,
 Few, or no bees, honey or wax, to bring me.

Some would have none in Church do any thing
 As Officers, but gifted men;
 Others into the number more would bring,
 Than I see warrant for: So then,
 All that I say, 'tis like, will censur'd be,
 Through prejudice, or partialitie.

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

19. The Sexton.

THE Churches key-keeper opens the door,
 And shuts it, sweeps the floor,
 Rings bells, digs graves, and fills them up again;
 All Emblemes unto men,
 Openly owning Christianitie,
 To marke, and learn many good lessons by.

O thou that hast the key of *David*, who
 Open'ft and fhuttest fo,
That none can fhut, or open after thee,
 Vouchsafe thyfelf to be
Our fouls door-keeper, by thy blessed fpirit :
The lock and key's thy mercy, not our merit.

Cleanfe thou our fin-foyl'd foules from th' dirt and duft
 Of ev'ry noysome luft,
Brought in by the foule feet of our affections :
 The beesome of afflictions,
With th' blessing of thy fpirit added to it.
If thou be pleas'd to fay it fhall, will do it.

Lord, ringing changes all our bells hath marr'd,
 Jangled they have, and jarr'd
So long, they're out of tune, and out of frame,
 They feem not now the fame.
Put them in frame anew, and once begin
To tune them fo, that they chime all in.

Let all our fins be bury'd in thy grave,
 No longer rant and rave,
As they have done, to our eternal fhame,
 And th' fcandal of thy name.
Let's as door-keepers in thine houfe attend,
Rather than th' throne of wickednefs afcend.

20. The Cleark.

THE Churches Bible-Cleark attends
 Her Utenfils, and ends
 Her prayers with Amen ;
 Tunes Pſalms, and to the Sacraments
 Brings in the Elements,
 And takes them out again ;
 Is humble-minded, and induſtrious handed,
 Doth nothing of himſelf, but as commanded.

All that the veſſels of the Lord
 Do bear with one accord
 Muſt ſtudy to be pure,
 As they are : if his holy eye
 Do any ſpot eſpy,
 He cannot it endure ;
 But moſt expecteth to be ſanctifi'd
 In thoſe come neareſt him, and glorifi'd.

Pſalms then are alwayes tuned beſt,
 When there is moſt expreſt
 The holy penmans heart :
 All Muſick is but diſcord, where
 That wants, or doth not bear
 The firſt and chiefeſt part.
 Voices, without affections anſwerable,
 When beſt, to God are moſt abominable.

Though in the bleſſed Sacraments
 The outward Elements

Are but as husks and shells ;
 Yet he that knows the kernels worth,
 If even those send forth
 Some Aromatick smels,
 Will not esteem it waste, lest, Judas-like,
 Through Maries side he Christ himself should strike.

Lord, without whom we cannot tell
 How to speak or think, well,
 Lend us thy helping hand,
 That what we do may pleasing be,
 Not to ourselves but thee,
 And answer thy command :
 So that, not we alone, but thou may'st say
 Amen to all our pray'rs, pray'd the right way.

21. The Overseer of the Poor.

THE Churches Almoner takes care, that none
 In their necessity
 Shall unprovided be
 Of maint'nance, or imployment ; those alone,
 Whom carelesse idleness,
 Or riotous excessse,
 Condemnes to needlesse want, he leaves to be
 Chasten'd a while by their own povertie.

Thou, gracious Lord, rich in thy self, dost give
 To all men lib'rally,
 Upbraiding none. Thine eye
 Is open upon all. In thee we live,

We move, and have our being :
 But there is more than seeing.
 For th' poor with thee : they are thy special charge ;
 To them thou dost thine heart and hand enlarge.

Four sorts of poor there are, with whom thou deal'st.
 Though alwayes diff'rently,
 With such indiff'rency,
 That none hath reason to complain : thou heal'st
 All those whom thou dost wound :
 If there be any found
 Hurt by themselves, thou leav'st them to endure
 The pain, till th' pain render them fit for cure.

Some in the world are poor, but rich in faith :
 Their outward poverty
 A plentiful supply
 Of inward comforts and contentments hath.
 And their estate is blest,
 In this above the rest,
 It was thy choyce, whilst thou on earth did'st stay,
 And had'st not whereupon thy head to lay.

Some poor in spirit in the world are rich,
 Although not many such :
 And no man needs to grutch
 Their happinesse, who to maintain that pitch,
 Have an hard task in hand,
 Not eas'ly can withstand,
 The strong temptations that attend on riches :
 Mountains are more expof'd to stormes than ditches.

Some rich in th' world are sp'ritually poor,
 And destitute of grace,

Who may perchance have place
 In the Church upon earth ; but heavens door
 Too narrow is t' admit
 Such camels in at it,
 Till they sell all they have, that field to buy,
 Wherein the true treasure doth hidden ly.

Some spiritually poor, and destitute
 Of grace in th' world are poor,
 Begging from door to door,
 Accursed both in Gods and mans repute,
 Till by their miseries
 Tutor'd they learn to prize
 Hungering and thirsting after righteoufnesse,
 Whilst they're on earth, their greatest happineffe.

Lord, make me poor in spirit, and relieve
 Me how thou wilt thyself,
 No want of worldly pelf
 Shall make me discontented, fret and grieve.
 I know thine almes are best :
 But, above all the rest,
 Condemne me not unto the hell of riches,
 Without thy grace to countercharme the witches.

22. The Church-warden.

THE Churches guardian takes care to keep
 Her buildings alwayes in repaire,
 Unwilling that any decay should creep
 On them, before he is aware.

Nothing defac'd,
 Nothing displac'd
 He likes; but most doth long and love to see
 The living stones order'd as they should be.

Lord, thou not only super-vifor art
 Of all our works, but in all thofe,
 Which we dare own, thine is the chiefest part;
 For there is none of us, that knows
 How to do well;
 Nor can we tell
 What we should doe, unlesse by thee directed:
 It prospers not that's by our selves projected.

That which we think our selves to mend, we marre,
 And often make it tenne times worfe:
 Reforming of religion by warre
 Is th' chymick blessing of a curfe.
 Great odds it is
 That we shall miffe
 Of what we looked for: Thine ends cannot
 By any but By thine own means be got.

'Tis ftrange we fo much dote upon our own
 Deformitie, and others fcorne:
 As if our selves were beautiful alone;
 When that which did us moft adorne
 We purpofely
 Choofe to lay by,
 Such decency and order, as did place us
 In high'ft esteem, and guard as well as grace us.

Is not thy daughter glorious within,
 When cloath'd in needle-work without?

Or is't not rather both their shame and fin,
 That change her robe into a clout,
 Too narrow, and
 Too thin, to stand
 Her need in any stead, much lesse to be
 An ornament fit for her high degree.

Take pittie on her, Lord, and heal her breaches ;
 Cloath all her enemies with shame :
 All the despight that's done unto her reaches
 To the dishonour of thy name.
 Make all her fons
 Rich precious stons,
 To shine each of them in his proper place,
 Receiving of thy fulnesse grace for grace.

23. The Deacon.

THE Deacon ! That's the Minister.
 True, taken gen'rally ;
 And without any finifter
 Intent, us'd specially,
 Hee's purposely ordain'd to Minister,
 In sacred things, t' another officer.

At whose appointment, in whose stead,
 He doth what he should do,
 In some things, not in all : is led
 By law, and custom too.
 Where that doth neither bid, nor forbid, he
 Thinks this sufficient authority :

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

Lord, thou did'st of thy self professe
 Thou wast as one that serv'd,
 And freely chosest to go lesse,
 Though none so much deserv'd.
 With what face can we then refuse to be
 Entred thy servants in a low degree ?

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

But, if thy precept cannot doe't,
 To make us humbly serve,
 Nor thy example added to't,
 If still from both we swerve,
 Let none of us proceed, till he can tell,
 How t' use the office of a Deacon well.

Which by the blessing of thy spirit,
 Whom thou hast left to be
 Thy vicar here, we may inherit,
 And minister to thee,
 Though not so well as thou may'st well expect,
 Yet so, as thou wilt pleas'd be t' accept.

24. The Priest.

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

The Priest, I say, 's a middle Officer,
 Between the Bishop and
 The Deacon ; as a middle officer,
 Which in the Church doth stand
 Between God and the people, ready prest
 In the behalf of both to do his best.

From him to them offers the promises
 Of mercy which he makes ;
 For them to him doth all their faults confesse,
 Their pray'rs and praises takes ;
 And offers for them, at the throne of grace,
 Contentedly attending his own place.

The word and sacraments, the means of grace,
 He duly doth dispense,
 The flourishes of falsehood to deface,
 With truths clear evidence ;
 And sins usurped tyranny suppresses,
 By advancing righteousness, and holiness.

The publick censures of the Church he sees
 To execution brought :

But nothing rashly of himself decrees,
 Nor covets to be thought
 Wiser than his superiours ; whom alwayes
 He actively, or passively obeys.

Lord Jesus, thou the Mediatour art
 Of the new Testament,
 And fully did'st perform thy double part
 Of God and man, when sent
 To reconcile the world, and to attone
 'Twixt it and heaven, of two making one.

Yea, after the order of Melchisedeck,
 Thou art a Priest for ever.
 With perfect righteousness thyself do'st deck,
 Such as decayeth never.
 Like to thy self make all thy Priests on earth,
 Bless'd fathers to thy sons of th' second birth.

Thou cam'st to do the will of him that sent thee,
 And didst his honour seek
 More than thine own : well may it then repent thee,
 Being thy self so meek,
 To have admitted them into the place
 Of sons, that seek their fathers to disgrace,

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

25. The Bishop.

THE Bishop? Yes, why not? What doth that
name

Import that is unlawful, or unfit?

To say the Overseer is the same

In substance, and no hurt, I hope, in it:

But sure if men did not despise the thing,

Such scorn upon the name they would not fling.

Some Priests, some Presbyters, I mean, would be

Each Overseer of his sev'ral cure;

But one superiour, to oversee

Them all together, they will not endure:

This the maine diff'rence is, that I can see,

Bishops they would not have, but they would be.

But who can show of old that ever any

Presbyteries without their Bishops were:

Though Bishops without Presbyteries many,

At first must needs be, almost every where?

That Presbyters from Bishops first arose,

T' assist them, 's probable, not these from those.

However, a true Bishop I esteem

The highest officer the Church on earth

Can have, as proper to it self, and deem

A Church without one an imperfect birth,

If constituted so at first, and maimed,

If whom it had, it afterwards disclaimed.

All order first from unitie ariseth,
 And th' effence of it is subordination :
 Who ever this contemnes, and that despiseth,
 May talk of, but intends not, reformation.

'Tis not of God, of nature, or of art,
 T' ascribe to all what's proper to one part.

To rule and to be ruled are distinct,
 And sev'rall duties, sev'rally belong
 To sev'ral persons, can no more be link't
 In all together, than amidst the throng
 Of rude unruly passions, in the heart,
 Reason can see to act her soveraigne part.

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

Lord, thou the Bishop, and chief Shepherd, art
 Of all that flock, which thou hast purchased
 With thine own blood : to them thou do'st impart
 The benefits which thou hast merited,
 Teaching, and ruling, by thy blessed spirit,
 Their souls in grace, til glory they inherit :

The stars which thou dost hold in thy right hand,
 The Angels of the Churches, Lord, direct
 Clearly thy holy will to understand,
 And do accordingly : Let no defect
 Nor fault, no not in our New Prelaticks,
 Provoke thee to remove our candle-sticks ;

But, let thy Urim and thy Thummim be
 Garments of praise t' adorne thine holy ones :
 Light and perfection let all men see
 Brightly shine forth in those rich precious stones ;
 Of whom thou wilt make a foundation,
 To raise thy new Hierufalem upon.

And, at the brightnesse of its rising, let
 All nations with thy people shout for joy :
 Salvation for walls and bulwarks set
 About it, that nothing may it annoy.
 Then the whole world thy dioceffe shall be,
 And Bishops all but Suffragans to Thee.

26. Church Festivals.

MARROW of time, Eternitie in brief
 Compendiums Epitomiz'd, the chief
 Contents the Indices the Title-pages
 Of all past, present, and succeeding ages,
 Sublimate graces, antidated glories,
 The cream of holinesse,
 The inventories
 Of future blessednesse,
 The Florilegia of celestial stories,
 Spirits of joyes, the relishes and closes
 Of Angels musick, pearls dissolved, roses
 Perfumed, sugar'd honey-combs, delights
 Never too highly priz'd,
 The marriage rites,
 Which duly solemniz'd

Usher espoused souls to bridal nights,
 Gilded sun-beams, refined Elixirs,
 And quintessential extracts of stars :
 Who loves not you, doth but in vain profess
 That he loves God, or heaven, or happiness.

27. The Sabbath, or Lords Day.

H AILE	Vaile
Holy	Wholly
King of dayes,	To thy praise,
The Emperour,	For evermore
Or univ ^{er} sal [weeks	Must the reherfal
Monarch of time, the	Of all, that honour seeks,
Perpetual Dictatour.	Under the worlds creator.
Thy	My
Beauty	Duty
Far exceeds	Yet must needs
The reach of art,	Yield thee mine heart,
To blazon fully ;	And that not dully :
And I thy light eclipse,	Spirits of souls, not lips
When I most strive to raise	Alone, are fit to praise
[thee.	[thee.
What	That
Nothing	Slow thing
Else can be,	Time by thee
Thou only art ;	Hath got the start,
Th' extracted spirit	And doth inherit
Of all Eternitie,	That immortalitie
By favour antidated.	Which sin anticipated,

O
 That I
 Could lay by
 This body fo,
 That my soul might be
 Incorporate with thee,
 And no more to fix daies owe.

28. The Annunciation, or Lady- Day.

UNTO the musick of the speares
 Let men, and Angels, joyn in concert theirs.
 So great a messenger
 From heaven to earth
 Is seldom seen,
 Attir'd in so much glory ;
 A message welcomer,
 Fraught with more mirth,
 Hath never been
 Subject of any story :
 This by a double right, if any may
 Be truly stil'd the worlds birth-day.

The making of the world ne'er cost
 So dear, by much, as to redeem it lost.
 God said but, *Let it be,*
 And ev'ry thing
 Was made straightway,
 So as he saw it good :

But e're that he could see
 A course to bring
 Man gone astray
 To the place where he stood,
 His wisdom with his mercy, for mans sake,
 Against his justice part did take.

And the result was this day's news
 Able the messenger himself t' amuse,
 As well as her, to whom
 By him 'twas told,
 That though she were
 A Virgin pure, and knew
 No man, yet in her womb
 A son she should
 Conceive and bear,
 As sure as God was true.
 Such high place in his favour she possessed,
 Being among all women blessed.

But blest especially in this,
 That she beleev'd, and for eternal blisse
 Reli'd on him, whom she
 Her self should bear,
 And her own son
 Took for her Saviour.
 And if there any be,
 That when they hear,
 As she had done,
 Suit their behaviour,
 They may be blessed, as she was, and say,
 'Tis their Annunciation-day.

29. The Nativity, or Christmas-Day.

UNFOLD thy face, unmask thy ray,
Shine forth bright sun, double the day.
Let no malignant misty fume,
Nor foggy vapour, once presume
To interpose thy perfect light
This day, which makes us love thy light
For ever better, that we could
That blessed object once behold,
Which is both the circumference,
And center of all excellence :
Or rather neither, but a treasure
Unconfined without measure,
Whose center, and circumference,
Including all preheminance,
Excluding nothing but defect,
And infinite in each respect,
Is equally both here and there,
And now, and then, and ev'ry where,
And alwayes, one, himself, the same,
A being far above a name.
Draw nearer then, and freely powre
Forth all thy light into that houre,
Which was crowned with his birth,
And made heaven envy earth.
Let not his birth-day clouded be,
By whom thou shinest, and we see.

30. The Circumcision, or New-Years Day.

SORROW betide my sins ! Must smart so soon
 Seize on my Saviours tender flesh scarce grown
 Unto an eighth daies age ?
 Can nothing else asswage
 The wrath of heaven, but his infant-blood,
 Innocent Infant, infinitely good !

Is this thy welcome to the world great God !
 No sooner born, but subject to the rod
 Of sin-incensed wrath ?
 Alas, what pleasure hath
 Thy Fatheres justice to begin thy passion,
 Almost together with thine incarnation ?

Is it to antidate thy death ? T' indite
 Thy condemnation himself, and write
 The copy with thy blood,
 Since nothing is so good,
 Or, is't by this experiment to try,
 Whether thou beest born mortal, and canst dye ?

If man must needs draw blood of God, yet why
 Stayes he not till thy time be come to dye ?
 Did'st thou thus early bleed
 For us to shew what need
 We have to hasten unto thee as fast ;
 And learn that all the time is lost that's past ?

'Tis true we should do so : Yet in this blood
There's something else, that must be understood ;
 It seals thy covenant,
 That so we may not want
Witnesse enough against thee, that thou art
Made subject to the Law, to act our part.

The sacrament of thy regeneration
It cannot be ; It gives no intimation
 Of what thou wert, but we :
 Native impurity ;
Original corruption, was not thine,
But onely as thy righteousness is mine.

In holy Baptism this is brought to me,
As that in Circumcision was to thee :
 So that thy losse and pain
 Do prove my joy and gain.
Thy Circumcision writ thy death in blood :
Baptism in water seals my livelihood.

O blessed change ! Yet, rightly understood,
That blood was water, and this water's blood.
 What shall I give again,
 To recompense thy pain ?
Lord, take revenge upon me for this smart :
To quit thy fore-skin, circumcise my heart.

31. The Epiphany, or Twelfth-day.

GREAT, without controverſie great,
 They that do know it will confeſſe
 The myſtery of godlineſſe ;
 Whereof the Goſpel doth intreat.

God in the fleſh is manifeſt,
 And that which hath for ever been
 Inviſible, may now be ſeen,
 Th' eternal deity new dreſt.

Angels to ſhepherds brought the news :
 And Wiſe men, guided by a Star,
 To ſeek the ſun, are come from far :
 Gentiles have got the ſtart of Jews.

The ſtable and the manger hide
 His glory from his own ; but theſe
 Though ſtrangers, his reſplendent rays
 Of majeſty divine have ſpy'd.

Gold, frankincenſe, and myrrhe, they give ;
 And worſhipping him plainly ſhow,
 That unto him they all things owe,
 By whoſe free gift it is they live.

Though clouded in a vaile of fleſh,
 The ſun of righteouſneſſe appears,
 Melting cold cares, and froſty fears,
 And making joyes ſpring up aſreſh.

O that his light and influence,
 Would work effectually in me
 Another new Epiphany,
 Exhale, and elevate me hence :

That, as my calling doth require,
 Star-like, I may to others shine ;
 And guide them to that funne divine,
 Whose day-light never shall expire.

32. The Passion, or Good Friday.

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

Did his free mercy, and meer love to me,
 Make him forsake his glorious throne,
 And mount a crosse, the stage of infamy,
 That so he might not dye alone ;
 But dying suffer more through grief and shame,
 Than mortal men have pow'r to name ?

And can ingratitude so far prevail,
 To keep me living still ? Alas !
 Methinks some thorne out of his crown, some naile,
 At least his speare, might pierce, and passe
 Thorow, and thorow, till it riev'd mine heart,
 As the right death-deserving part.

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

My life's not mine, but his: for he did dye
 That I might live: yet dyed so,
 That being dead he was alive; and I
 Thorow the gates of death must go
 To live with him: yea, to live by him here.
 Is a part in his death to bear.

Dye then, dull foul, and if thou canst not dye,
 Dissolve thyself into a sea
 Of living teares, whose streams may ne'r go dry.
 Nor turned be another way,
 Till they have drown'd all joyes, but those alone,
 Which sorrow claimeth for its own.

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

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

Lord, as thy grief and death for me are mine,
 For thou hast given them unto me ;
 So my desires to grieve and dye are thine,
 For they are wrought onely by thee.
 Not for my sake then, but thine own, be pleas'd
 With that, which thou thyself hast rais'd.

33. The Resurrection, or Easter-day.

UP, and away,
 Thy Saviour's gone before.
 Why dost thou stay,
 Dull soul? behold, the door
 Is open, and his precept bids thee rise,
 Whose pow'r hath vanquish't all thine enemies.

Say not, I live,
 Whil't in the grave thou ly'ft :
 He that doth give
 Thee life would have thee prize't
 More highly than to keep it bury'd, where
 Thou canst not make the fruits of it appear.

Is rottenesse,
 And dust so pleafant to thee,
 That happineffe,
 And heaven, cannot wooe thee,
 To shake thy shackles off, and leave behind thee
 Those fetters, which to death and hell do bind thee?

In vain thou fay'ft,
 Th' art bury'd with thy Saviour,

If thou delay'ft,
 To fhew, by thy behaviour,
 That thou art rifen with him ; Till thou fhine
 Like him, how canft thou fay his light is thine ?

Early he rofe,
 And with him brought the day,
 Which all thy foes
 Frighted out of the way :
 And wilt thou fluggard-like turn in thy bed,
 Till noon-sun beams draw up thy drowfie head ?

Open thine eyes,
 Sin-feifed foul, and fee
 What cobweb-tyes
 They are, that trammel thee ;
 Not profits, pleafures, honours, as thou thinkeft ;
 But loffe, pain, fhame, at which thou vainly winkeft.

All that is good
 Thy Saviour dearly bought
 With his hearts blood ;
 And it muft there be fought,
 Where he keeps refidence, who rofe this day :
 Linger no longer then ; up, and away.

34. The Afcenfion, or Holy Thursday.

MOUNT, mount, my foul, and climbe, or rather
 With all thy force on high, [flye
 Thy Saviour rofe not onely, but afcended ;

And he must be attended
Both in his conquest and his triumph too.

His gloryes strongly woove
His graces to them, and will not appear
In their full lustre, until both be there,

Where he now sits, not for himself alone,

But that upon his throne
All his redeemed may attendants be,

Robed, and crown'd as he.
Kings without courtiers are lone men, they say ;

And do'st thou think to stay
Behind on earth, whilst thy King reignes in heaven,
Yet not be of thy happineffe bereaven ?

Nothing that thou canst think worth having's here.

Nothing is wanting there,
That thou canst wish, to make thee truly blest.

And, above all the rest,
Thy life is hid with God in Jesus Christ,
Higher than what is high't.

O grovel then no longer here on earth,
Where mis'ry ev'ry moment drowns thy mirth.

But towre, my soul, and soare above the skyes,

Where thy true treasure lies.
Though with corruption, and mortality
Thou clogg'd and pinion'd be ;
Yet thy fleet thoughts, and sprightly wishes, may
Speedily glide away.

To what thou canst not reach, at least aspire,
Ascend, if not in deed, yet in desire.

35. Whitsunday.

NAY, startle not to hear that rushing winde,
 Wherewith this place is shaken :
 Attend awhile, and thou shalt quickly find,
 How much thou art mistaken ;
 If thou think here
 Is any cause of fear.

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

To hear at once so great variety
 Of language from them come,
 Of whom they dare be bold to say they be
 Bred no where but at home,
 And never were
 In place such words to hear.

Mock not, prophane despisers of the spirit,
 At what's to you unknown :
 This earnest he hath sent, who must inherit
 All nations as his own :
 That they may know
 How much to him they owe.

Now that he is ascended up on high
 To his celestial throne,
 And hath led captive all captivity,
 Hee'll not receive alone,
 But likewise give
 Gifts unto all that live ;

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

To fit them for which blessed state of glory,
 This is his agent here :
 To publish to the world that happy story,
 Always, and every where,
 This resident
 Embassadour is sent.

Heavens legier upon earth to counter-work
 The mines that Satan made,
 And bring to light those enemies, that lurk
 Under sins gloomy shade :
 That hell may not
 Still boast what it hath got.

Thus Babels curse, confusion, is retriev'd ;
 Diversity of tongues
 By this division of the sp'rit reliev'd :
 And to prevent all wrongs,
 One faith unites
 People of diff'rent rites.

O let his intertainment then be such,
 As doth him best befit :
 Whatever he requireth think not much
 Freely to yield him it :
 For who doth this
 Reapes the first-fruits of blisse.

36. Trinity Sunday.

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

Stay, busie soul, presume not to enquire
 Too much of what Angels can but admire,
 And never comprehend :
 The Trinity
 In Unity,
 And Unity
 In Trinity,
 All reason doth transcend.
 God Father, Sonne God, and God holy Ghost
 Who most admireth, magnifieth most.

And who most magnifies best understands,
 And best expresth what the heads, and hands,
 And hearts, of all men living,
 When most they try
 To glorifie,
 And raise on high,
 Fall short, and lie,
 Groveling below : Mans giving
 Is but restoring by retail, with losse,
 What from his God he first receiv'd in grosse.

Faith must perform the office of invention,
 And Elocution, struck with apprehension
 Of wonder silence keep.
 Not tongues, but eyes
 Lift to the skies
 In reverend wise,
 Best solemnize
 This day : whereof the deep
 Mysterious subject lies out of the reach
 Of wit to learn, much more of art to teach.

Then write *Non ultra* here ; Look not for leave
 To speak of what thou never canst conceive
 Worthily, as thou shouldest :
 And it shall be
 Enough for thee,
 If none but he
 Himself doth see,
 Though thou canst not, thou wouldest
 Make his praise glorious, who is alone
 Thrice blessed one in three, and three in one.

37. Invitation.

TURN in, my Lord, turn in to me ;
 Mine heart's an homely place ;
 But thou canst make corruption flee,
 And fill it with thy grace :
 So furnished it will be brave,
 And a rich dwelling thou shalt have.

It was thy lodging once before,
 It builded was by thee :
 But I to sin set ope the door,
 It render'd was by me.
 And so thy building was defac'd,
 And in thy roome another plac'd.

But he usurps, the right is thine :
 O dispossesse him, Lord.
 Do thou but say, this heart is mine,
 He's gone at the first word.
 Thy word's thy will, thy will's thy power,
 Thy time is always; now's mine hour.

Now say to sin, depart :
 And, *son give me thine heart.*
 Thou, that by saying, *Let it be*, didst make it,
 Canst, if thou wilt, by saying, *Give't me*, take it.

38. Comfort in Extremity.

ALAS! my Lord is going,
 Oh my woe!
 It will be mine undoing;
 If he go,
 I'll run and overtake him:
 If he stay,
 I'll cry aloud, and make him
 Look this way.
 O stay, my Lord, my love, 'tis I;
 Comfort me quickly, or I dye.

*Cheer up thy drooping spirits,
 I am here.
 Mine all-sufficient merits
 Shall appear
 Before the throne of glory
 In thy stead:
 I'll put into the story
 What I did.
 Lift up thine eyes, sad soul, and see
 Thy Saviour here. Loe, I am he.*

Alas! shall I present
 My sinfulnesse
 To thee? thou wilt resent
 The loathfomenesse.
 Be not afraid, I'll take
 Thy sinnes on me,

And all my favour make

To shine on thee.

Lord, what thou'lt have me, thou must make me.

As I have made thee now, I take thee.

39. Resolution and Assurance.

LORD, thou wilt love me. Wilt thou not?
 Beshrew that not:

It was my sin begot

That question first: Yes, Lord, thou wilt:

Thy blood was spilt

To wash away my guilt,

Lord, I will love thee. Shall I not?

Beshrew that not.

'Twas death's accursed plot

To put that question; Yes, I will,

Lord, love thee still,

In spite of all my ill.

Then life, and love continue still

We shall, and will,

My Lord and I, untill,

In his celestial hill,

We love our fill,

When he hath purged all mine ill.

40. Vows broken and renewed.

SAID I not so, that I would sin no more?

Witness my God, I did;

Yet I am run again upon the score:

My faults cannot be hid.

What shall I do? Make vows, and break them still?
'Twill be but labour lost;
My good cannot prevail against mine ill:
The bus'nesse will be crost.

O, say not so: thou canst not tell what strength
Thy God may give thee at the length:
Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,
Thy God will pardon all that's past.
Vow, whilst thou canst: while thou canst vow, thou
may'ft
Perhaps performe it, when thou thinkest least.

Thy God hath not deny'd thee all,
Whilst he permits thee but to call:
Call to thy God for grace to keep
Thy vows; and if thou break them, weep.
Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again:
Vows made with tears cannot be still in vain.
Then once again
I vow to mend my ways;
Lord, say Amen,
And thine be all the praise.

41. Confusion.

O! HOW my mind
Is gravell'd!
Not a thought,
That I can find,
But's ravel'd
All to nought.

Short ends of threads,
 And narrow shreds
 Of lifts,
 Knots snarled ruffles,
 Loose broken tufts
 Of twists,
 Are my torne meditations ragged cloathing,
 Which wound, and woven shape a fute for nothing:
 One while I think, and then I am in pain
 To think how to unthink that thought again.

How can my soul
 But famish
 With this food?
 Pleasures full bowl,
 Tastes rammish,
 Taints the blood.
 Profit picks bones,
 And chews on stones
 That choak:
 Honour climbs hills,
 Fats not, but fills
 With smoak.
 And whilst my thoughts are greedy upon these,
 They passe by pearles, and stoop to pick up pease.
 Such wash and draffe is fit for none but swine:
 And such I am not, Lord, if I am thine.
 Cloath me anew, and feed me then afresh;
 Else my soul dies famish't, and starv'd with flesh.

42. A Paradox.

The worse the better.

WELCOME mine health : this sickness makes
 Med'cines adieu : [me well.
 When with diseases I have list to dwell,
 I'll wish for you.

Welcome my strength : this weakness makes me able.
 Powers adieu :
 When I am weary grown of standing stable,
 I'll wish for you.

Welcome my wealth, this loss hath gain'd me more.
 Riches adieu :
 When I again grow greedy to be poor,
 I'll wish for you.

Welcome my credit : this disgrace is glory.
 Honours adieu :
 When for renown, and fame I shall be sorry,
 I'll wish for you.

Welcome content : this sorrow is my joy.
 Pleasures adieu :
 When I desire such griefes as may annoy,
 I'll wish for you.

Health, strength, and riches, credit, and content,
 Are spared best, sometimes, when they are spent :

Sickneffe and weakneffe, loffe, difgrace, and forrow,
 Lend moft fometimes, when they moft feem to borrow.
 Bleff be that hand, that helps by hurting, gives
 By taking, by forfaking, me, relieves.
 If in my fall my rifing be thy will,
 Lord, I will fay, *The worfe the better ftill.*
 I'll fpeak the Paradox, maintain thou it,
 And let thy grace fupply my want of Wit.
 Leave me no learning that a man may fee,
 So I may be a fcholler unto thee.

43. Inmates.

AN houfe I had (an heart I mean), fo wide
 And full of fpacious roomes on every fide,
 That viewing it I thought I might do well,
 Rather than keep it void, and make no gain,
 Of what I could not ufe, to entertain
 Such guefts as came : I did ; But what befel
 Me quickly in that courfe, I figh to tell.

A gueft I had (alas ! I have her ftill)
 A great big-belly'd gueft, enough to fill
 The vaft content of hell, Corruption.
 By intertaining her, I loft my right
 To more than all the world hath now in fight.
 Each day, each hour, almoft, ſhe brought forth one,
 Or other bafe-begot Transgreffion.

The charge grew great. I, that had loft before
 All that I had, was forced now to ſcore

For all the charges of their maintenance
In doomes-day book : Whoever knew't would say
The least summe there was more than I could pay,
When first 'twas due, besides continuance,
Which could not chose but much the debt en-
hance.

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

No help then, but or I must dye or she ;
And yet my death of no availe would be :
For one death I had dy'd already, then,
When first she liv'd in me : and now to dye
Another death again were but to tye,
And twist them both into a third, which when
It once hath seiz'd on, ne'r looseth men.

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

At last I learn'd, there was no way but one :
A friend must do it for me. He alone,
That is the Lord of life, by dying can

Save men from death, and kill Corruption :
 And many years agoe the deed was done,
 His heart was pierc'd ; out of his side there ran
 Sins corraives, restoratives for man.

This precious balm I begg'd, for pities sake,
 At mercies gate : where Faith alone may take
 What Grace and Truth do offer lib'rally.
 Bounty said, Come. I heard it, and believed ;
 None ever there complain'd but was relieved.
 Hope waiting upon Faith said instantly,
 That thenceforth I should live, Corruption dye.

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

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

Dead bodies kept unbury'd quickly stink
 And putrifie. How can I then but think
 Corruption noysome, even mortifi'd ?
 Though such she were before, yet such to me
 She seemed not. Kind fools can never see,

Or will not credit, until they have try'd,
That friendly looks oft false intents do hide.

But mortifi'd Corruption lies unmaskt,
Blabs her own secret filthineffe unaskt,
To all that understand her. That do none
In whom she lives embraced with delight:
She first of all deprives them of their fight;
Then dote they on her, as upon their own,
And she to them seems beautiful alone.

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

The scent would choke me, were it not that grace
Sometimes vouchsafeth to perfume the place
With odours of the spirit, which do ease me,
And counterpoise Corruption. Blessed spirit,
Although eternal torments be my merit,
And of myself Transgressions onely please me,
Adde grace enough being reviv'd to raise me.

Challenge thine own. Let not intruders hold
Against thy right, what to my wrong I fold.
Having no state my self, but tenancy,
And tenancy at will, what could I grant
That is not voided, if thou say, avaunt!
O speak the word, and make these inmates flee:
Or, which is one, take me to dwell with thee.

44. The Curb.

PEACE, rebel thought : do'st thou not know thy
 My God, is here? [King,
 Cannot his presence, if no other thing,
 Make thee forbear?
 Or were he absent, all the standers by
 Are but his spies :
 And well he knows, if thou should'st it deny,
 Thy words were lyes.
 If others will not, yet I must, and will,
 My self complain.

My God, ev'n now a base rebellious thought
 Began to move,
 And subt'ly twineing with me would have wrought
 Me from thy love :
 Fain he would have me to believe, that sin
 And thou might both
 Take up my heart together for your Inne,
 And neither loath
 The others company : a while sit still,
 And part again.

Tell me, my God, how this may be redrest :
 The fault is great,
 And I the guilty party have confest,
 I must be beat.
 And I refuse not punishment for this,
 Though to my pain ;

So I may learn to do no more amisse,
 Nor sin again :
 Correct me, if thou wilt ; but teach me then,
 What I shall do.

Lord of my life, methinks I hear thee say,
 That labours eas'd :
 The fault, that is confest is done away,
 And thou art pleas'd.
 How can I sin again, and wrong thee then,
 That do'st relent,
 And cease thine anger straight, as soone as men
 Do but repent ?
 No, rebel thought ; for if thou move again,
 I'll tell that too.

45. The losse.

THE match is made
 Between my love and me :
 And therefore glad
 And merry now I'll be.
 Come, glory, crown
 My head ;
 And, pleasures drown
 My bed
 Of thorns in down.
 Sorrow, be gone ;
 Delight
 And joy alone

Befit
 My honey-Moon.
 Be packing now,
 You comb'rous cares, and fears :
 Mirth will allow
 No room to figs and teares.
 Whilst thus I lay,
 As ravisht with delight,
 I heard one say,
 So fools their friends requite.
 I knew the voice,
 My Lords,
 And at the noise
 His words
 Did make, arose.
 I look'd, and spy'd
 Each where,
 And loudly cry'd,
 My dear ;
 But none replied :
 Then to my grief
 I found my love was gone,
 Without relief,
 Leaving me all alone.

46. The Search.

WHITHER, oh! whither is my Lord departed ?
 What can my love, that is so tender-hearted,
 Forfake the soul, which once he thorow darted,
 As if it never smarted ?

No, sure my love is here, if I could find him :
 He that fills all can leave no place behind him.
 But oh ! my senses are too weak to wind him :
 Or else I do not mind him.

O no, I mind him not so as I ought ;
 Nor seek him so as I by him was fought,
 When I had lost my self: he dearly bought
 Me, that was sold for nought.

But I have wounded him, that made me found ;
 Lost him again, by whom I first was found :
 Him, that exalted me, have cast to th' ground ;
 My sins his blood have drown'd.

Tell me, Oh ! tell me, (thou alone canst tell)
 Lord of my life, where thou art gone to dwell :
 For, in thy absence heav'n itself is hell :
 Without thee none is well.

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

To seek and find thee by. Else here I'll lie,
 Until thou find me. If thou let me dye,
 That only unto thee for life do cry,
 Thou dy'ft as well as I.

For, if thou live in me, and I in thee,
 Then either both alive, or dead must be :
 At least I'll lay my death on thee, and see
 If thou wilt not agree

For, though thou be the judge thyself, I have
 Thy promise for it, which thou canst not wave,
 That who falvation at thine hands do crave,
 Thou wilt not fail to fave.

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

47. The Return.

LOE, now my love appears;
 My tears
 Have clear'd mine eyes: I see
 'Tis he.

Thanks, blessed Lord, thine absence was my hell;
 And, now thou art returned, I am well.

By this I see I must
 not trust
 My joyes unto my self:
 This shelf,
 Of too secure, and too presumptuous pleasure,
 Had almost sunk my ship, and drown'd my treasure.

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

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

But, is't enough for me
 To be
Instructed to be wife?
 I'l rife,
And read a lecture unto them that are
Willing to learn, how comfort dwels with care.

He that his joyes would keep
 Must weep ;
And in the brine of tears
 And fears
Must pickle them. That powder will preserve :
Faith with repentance is the souls conserve.

Learn to make much of care :
 A rare
And precious balsom 'tis
 For blisse ;
Which oft resides, where mirth with sorrow meets :
Heavenly joyes on earth are bitter-sweets.

48. Inundations.

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

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

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

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

But, when sin came, it overflowed all,
 And left none free :
 Nay, even he,
 That knew no sin, could not release my thral,
 But that he was made sin for me ;

And, when falvation came, my Saviours blood
 Drown'd fin again,
 With all its train
 Of evils, overflowing them with good,
 With good that ever fhall remain.

O, let there be one other inundation,
 Let grace o'rflow
 In my foul fo,
 That thankfulneffe may level with falvation,
 And forrow fin may over-grow.

Then will I praife my Lord and Saviour fo,
 That Angels fhall
 Admire mans fall,
 When they fhall fee Gods greateft glory grow,
 Where Satan thought to root out all.

49. Sinne.

SIN, I would fain define thee ; but thou art
 An uncouth thing :
 All that I bring
 To fhew thee fully, fhows thee but in part.

I call thee the tranfgreffion of the law,
 And yet I read
 That fin is dead
 Without the law ; and thence its ftrength doth draw.

I fay thou art the fting of death. 'Tis true :
 And yet I find

Death comes behind :
The work is done before the pay be due.

I say thou art the devils work ; Yet he
Should much rather
Call thee father ;
For he had been no devil but for thee.

What shall I call thee then ? If death and devil,
Right understood,
Be names too good,
I'll say thou art the quintessence of evil.

50. Travels at Home.

OFT have I wish'd a traveller to be :
Mine eyes did even itch the fights to see,
That I had heard and read of. Oft I have
Been greedy of occasion, as the grave,
That never sayes enough ; yet still was croft,
When opportunities had promis'd most.
At last I said, what mean'st thou, wand'ring elf,
To straggle thus ? Go travel first thy self.
Thy little world can shew thee wonders great :
The greater may have more, but not more neat
And curious pieces. Search, and thou shalt find
Enough to talk of. If thou wilt, thy minde
Europe supplies, and Asia thy will,
And Affrick thine Affections. And if still
Thou list to travel further, put thy senses
For both the Indies. Make no more pretences,

Of new discoveries, whilst yet thine own,
 And nearest, little world is still unknown.
 Away then with thy quadrants, compasses,
 Globes, tables, cards, and maps, and minute glasses:
 Lay by thy journals, and thy diaries,
 Close up thine annals, and thine histories.
 Study thy self, and read what thou hast writ
 In thine own book, thy conscience. Is it fit
 To labour after other knowledge so,
 And thine own nearest, dearest, self not know?
 Travels abroad both dear and dang'rous are,
 Whilst oft the soul payes for the bodies fare:
 Travels at home are cheap, and safe. Salvation
 Comes mounting on the wings of meditation.

*He that doth live at home, and learns to know
 God and himself, needeth no further go.*

51. The Journey.

LIFE is a journey. From our mothers wombs,
 As houses, we set out: and in our tombs,
 As inns, we rest, til it be time to rise.
 'Twixt rocks and gulfs our narrow foot-path lies:
 Haughty presumption and hell-deep despair
 Make our way dangerous, though seeming fair.
 The world, with its inticements fleek and fly,
 Slabbers our steps, and makes them slippery.
 The flesh, with its corruptions, clogs our feet,
 And burdens us with loads of lusts unmeet.
 The devil where we tread, doth spread his snares,
 And with temptations takes us unawares

Our footsteps are our thoughts, our words, our works:
These carry us along ; in these there lurks
Envy, lust, avarice, ambition,
The crooked turnings to perdition.
One while we creep amongst the thorny brakes
Of worldly profits ; and the devil takes
Delight to see us pierce our selves with sorrow
To-day, by thinking what may be to-morrow.
Another while we wade, and wallow, in
Puddles of pleasure : and we never lin
Daubing ourselves, with dirty dam'd delights,
Till self-begotten pain our pleasure frights.
Sometimes we scramble to get up the banks
Of icy honour ; and we break our ranks
To step before our fellows ; though, they say,
He soonest tyreth, that still leads the way.
Somtimes, when others juffle and provoke us,
We stir that dust our selves, that serves to choak us ;
And raise those tempests of contention, which
Blow us beside the way into the ditch.
Our minds should be our guides ; but they are blind :
Our wills out-run our wits, or lagge behind.
Our furious passions, like unbridled jades,
Hurry us headlong to th' infernal shades.
If God be not our guide, our guard, our friend,
Eternal death will be our journeys end.

52. Engines.

MEN often finde, when nature's at a stand,
 And hath in vain try'd all her utmost strength,
 That art, her ape, can reach her out an hand,
 To piece her power's with to a full length.
 And may not grace have means enough in store
 Wherewith to do as much as that, and more?

She may : she hath engines of ev'ry kind,
 To work, what art and nature, when they view,
 Stupendous miracles of wonder find,
 And yet must needs acknowledg to be true ;
 So far transcending all their pow'r and might,
 That they stand ev'n amazed at the sight.

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

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

Faith can raise earth to heaven, or draw down
 Heaven to earth, make both extremes to meet,
 Felicitie and miserie, can crown
 Reproach with honour, season sowre with sweet.
 Nothing's impossible to faith : a man
 May do all things, that he believes he can.

Hope founded upon faith can raise the heart
 Above it self in expectation
 Of what the soul desireth for its part :
 Then, when its time of transmigration
 Is delay'd longest, yet as patiently
 To wait, as if 't were answer'd by and by.

When grief unwieldy grows, hope can abate
 The bulk to what proportion it will :
 So that a large circumference of late
 A little center shall not reach to fill.
 Nor that, which gyant-like before did strut,
 Be able with a pigmey's pace t' hold out.

Hope can disperse the thickest clouds of night,
 That fear hath over-spread the soule withall ;
 And make the darkest shadows shine as bright
 As the Sun-beams spread upon a silver wall.
 Sin-shaken souls Hope anchor-like holds stedy,
 When storms and tempests make them more than
[giddy.

Love led by faith, and fed with hope, is able
 To travel through the worlds wide wilder nesse ;
 And burdens seeming most intollerable
 Both to take up, and bear with chearful nesse.
 To do, or suffer, what appears in fight
 Extreemly heavy, love will make most light.

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

Love doth unite, and knit, both make, and keep
Things one together, which were otherwise,
Or would be both divers, and distant. Deep,
High, long and broad, or whatsoever size
 Eternitie is of, or happiness,
 Love comprehends it all, bee't more or lesse.

Give me this three-fold cord of graces then,
Faith, hope, and love, let them possesse mine heart,
And gladly I'll resigne to other men
All I can claim by nature, or by art.
 To mount a soul, and make it still stand stable,
 These are alone Engines incomparable.





NOTES ON THE TEMPLE AND SYNAGOGUE.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

GEORGE HERBERT is a true poet, but a poet *sui generis*, the merits of whose poems will never be felt without a sympathy with the mind and character of the man. To appreciate this volume, it is not enough that the reader possesses a cultivated judgment, classical taste, or even poetic sensibility, unless he be likewise a *Christian*, and both a zealous and an orthodox, both a devout and a *devotional*, Christian. But even this will not quite suffice. He must be an affectionate and dutiful child of the Church, and from habit, conviction, and a constitutional predisposition to ceremoniousness, in piety as in manners, find her forms and ordinances aids of religion, not sources of formality; for religion is the element in which he lives, and the region in which he moves.

The Church, say rather, the Churchmen of England under the first two Stuarts, have been charged with a yearning after the Romish fopperies and even the Papistic usurpations, but we shall decide more correctly, as well as more charitably, if for the Romish and Papistic we substitute the *Patristic* leaven. There even was (natural enough from their distinguished learning, and knowledge of ecclesiastical antiquities) an overrating of the Church and of the Fathers, for the first five or even six centuries; the lines on the Egyptian monks, "Holy Macarius and great Anthony" [p. 202] supply a striking instance and illustration of this.

P. 11, last stanza. I do not understand this stanza.

P. 39. 'My flesh began unto my soul in pain.' Either a misprint, or a noticeable idiom of the word 'began?' Yes! and a very beautiful idiom it is;—the first colloquy or address of the flesh.

P. 44. 'With an exact and most particular trust,' &c. I find few historical facts so difficult of solution as the continuance, in Protestantism, of this anti-Scriptural superstition.

P. 52. 'This verse marks that,' &c. The spiritual unity of the Bible = the order and connexion of organic forms, in which the unity of life is shown, though as widely dispersed in the world of the mere fight as the text.

P. 52. 'Then, as dispersed herbs do watch a potion.' Some misprint.

P. 85. 'A box where,' &c. Nest.

P. 90. 'Distinguished.' I understand this but imperfectly. Distinguished—they form an island? and the next lines refer perhaps to the then belief that all fruits grow and are nourished by water? but then how is the ascending sap "our cleanliness?"

P. 138. 'But he doth bid us take his blood for wine.' Nay, the contrary; take wine to be blood, and *the* blood of a man who died 1800 years ago. This is the faith which even the Church of England demands; for Consubstantiation only *adds* a mystery to that of Transubstantiation, which it implies.

P. 173. 'The Flower.' *A delicious poem.*

P. 173. 'The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.'

υ - - -

- υ υ

- υ

Epitritus primus + Daetyl + Trochee + a long monosyllable, which, together with the pause intervening between it and the preceding trochee, equals υ υ υ, form a pleasing variety in the Pentameter Iambic with rhymes. Ex. gr.

Thě lāte pāst frōsts | trībütēs öf | pleāfūre | brīng.

N.B. First, the difference between — υ | — and an amphimacer — υ — | and this not always or necessarily arising out of the latter being one word. It may even consist of three words: yet the effect be the same. It is the pause that makes the difference. Secondly, the expediency if not necessity that the first syllable both of the Daetyl and the Trochee should be short by quantity, and only long by force of accent or position—the Epitrite being true *lengths*. Whether the last syllable be long or short, the force of the rhymes renders indifferent.

P. 173. 'As if there *were no such cold thing.*' Had been no such thing.

P. 179. 'That choice,' &c. Their.

P. 182. 'Ev'n in my *enemies* fight.' Foemen's.

P. 199. 'That they in *merit* shall excell.' I should not have expected from Herbert so open an avowal of Romanism in the article of *merit*. In the same spirit is *holy* Macarius and great Anthony, p. 202.*

P. 286. 'Although it be of *tuch.*' *Tuch* rhyming to *much*, from the German *tuch*, cloth;—I never met with it before, as an English word. So I find *platt* for foliage in Stanley's Hist. of Philosophy, p. 22.

P. 301. 'Though bishops without presbyteries many.' An instance of *proving too much*.

P. 302. 'To sev'ral *persons,*' &c. Functions of times, but not persons, of necessity? Ex. Bishop to Archbishop.

P. 304. 'That he loves God, or heaven, or happiness.' Equally unthinking and uncharitable;—I approve of them;—

* The Rev. Dr. Bliss has kindly furnished the following judicious remark, and which is proved to be correct, as the word is printed 'heare' in the first edition (1633). He says, "Let me take this opportunity of mentioning what a very learned and able friend pointed out on this note. The fact is, Coleridge has been misled by an error of the press.

What others mean to do, I know not well,
Yet I here tell, &c. &c.

should be *hear tell*. The sense is then obvious, and Herbert is not made to do that which he was the last man in the world to have done, namely, to avow 'Romanism in the article of merit;' on the contrary, he says, although I know not the intention of others, yet I am told that there are who will plead their freedom from sin and the excellence of their own deeds—not so with me, when my account is called for, so far from laying claim to any merit, I shall at once tender the New Testament, by which we learn that Christ hath taken upon himself our sins. Herbert does not avow the article of merit; he hears that some do, but resolves 'that to decline.'"

but yet remember Roman Catholic idolatry, and that it originated in such high flown metaphors as these.

P. 304. 'The Sabbath, or Lords Day.' Make it sense, and lose the rhyme; or make it rhyme, and lose the sense.

P. 307. 'The Nativity,' &c. The only poem in the Synagogue which possesses *poetic* merit; with a few changes and additions this would be a striking poem.

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

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

P. 316. 'Whitsunday.' The spiritual miracle was the descent of the Holy Ghost: the outward the wind and the tongues; and so St. Peter himself explains it. That each individual obtained the power of speaking all languages, is neither contained in, nor fairly deducible from, St. Luke's account.

P. 318. 'All reason doth *transcend*.' Most true; but not *contradict*. Reason is to faith, as the eye to the telescope.

Mr. Coleridge, in his *Biographia Literaria*, after quoting some stanzas from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida*, says, "Another exquisite master of this species of style, where the scholar and the poet supplies the material, but the perfect well-bred gentleman, the expressions and the arrangement, is George Herbert. As from the nature of the subject, and the too frequent quaintness of the thoughts, his "Temple; or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations" are comparatively but little known, I shall extract two poems. The first is a sonnet, equally admirable for the weight, number, and expression of the thoughts, and for the simple dignity of the language, (unless indeed a fastidious taste should object to the latter half of the sixth line); the second is

a poem of greater length, which I have chosen not only for the present purpose, but likewise as a striking example and illustration of an assertion hazarded in a former page of these sketches : namely, that the characteristic fault of our elder poets is the reverse of that, which distinguishes too many of our recent versifiers ; the one conveying the most fantastic thoughts in the most correct and natural language ; the other in the most fantastic language conveying the most trivial thoughts. The latter is a riddle of words ; the former an enigma of thoughts. The one reminds me of an odd passage in Drayton's Ideas :

SONNET IX.

As other men, so I myself do muse,
 Why in this sort I wrest invention so ;
 And why these *giddy metaphors* I use,
 Leaving the path the greater part do go ?
 I will resolve you : *I am lunatic !*

The other recalls a still odder passage in the "Synagogue : or the Shadow of the Temple," a connected series of poems in imitation of Herbert's "Temple," and in some editions annexed to it :

O ! how my mind, &c. p. 323.

Immediately after these burlesque passages, I cannot proceed to the extracts promised, without changing the ludicrous tone of feeling by the interposition of the three following stanzas of Herbert's :

VERTUE.

Sweet day, &c. p. 85.

THE BOSOM SINNE.

Lord, with what care, &c. p. 38.

LOVE UNKNOWN.

Deare friend, sit down, &c. p. 131.

Vide *Biographia Literaria*, vol. 2. p. 98.

The best and most forcible sense of a word is often that which is contained in its Etymology. The author of the Poems (the

Synagogue), frequently affixed to Herbert's "Temple," gives the original purport of the word Integrity, in the following lines of the fourth stanza of the eighth poem ;

Next to Sincerity, remember still,
Thou must resolve upon *Integrity*.
God will have *all* thou hast, thy mind, thy will,
Thy thoughts, thy words, thy works.

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

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

Having mentioned the name of Herbert, that model of a man, a gentleman, and a clergyman, let me add, that the quaintness of some of his thoughts, not of his diction, than which nothing can be more pure, manly, and unaffected, has blinded modern readers to the great general merit of his poems, which are for the most part exquisite in their kind.

The Friend, vol. i. p. 53, edit. 1837.

To feel the full force of the Christian religion, it is perhaps necessary, for many tempers, that they should first be made to feel experimentally the hollowness of human friendship, the presumptuous emptiness of human hopes. I find more substantial comfort now in pious George Herbert's 'Temple,' which I used to read to amuse myself with his quaintness—in short, only to laugh at—than in all the poetry since the poems of Milton. If you have not read Herbert, I can recommend the book to you confidently. The poem entitled 'The Flower' is especially affecting ; and to me such a phrase as "and relish versing," expresses a sincerity, a reality, which I would unwillingly exchange for the more dignified, "and once more love the Muse" &c. and so with many other of Herbert's homely phrases.

S. T. COLERIDGE,
in a letter to W. Collins Esq. A. R. A.
Dec. 1818.

