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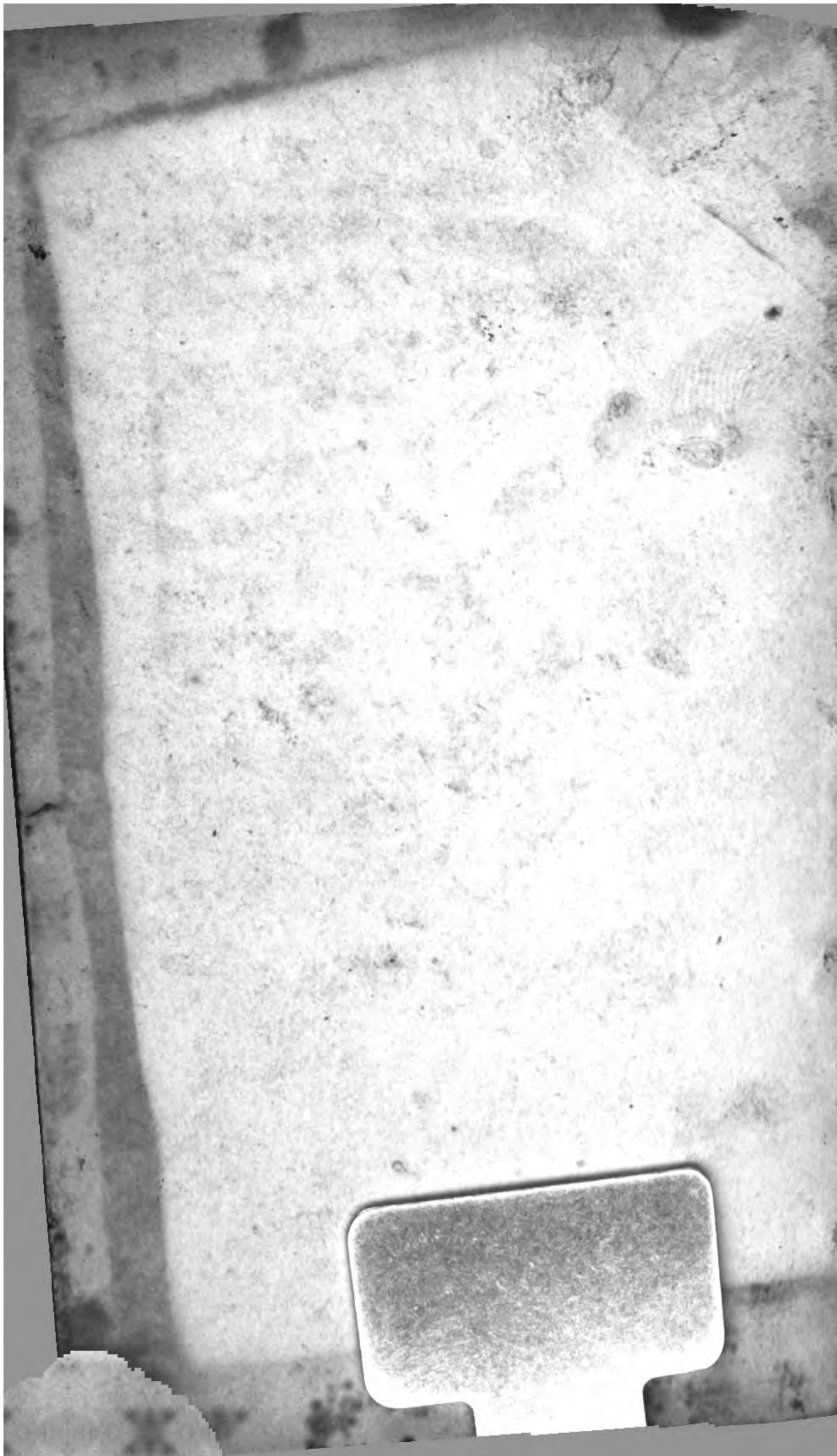
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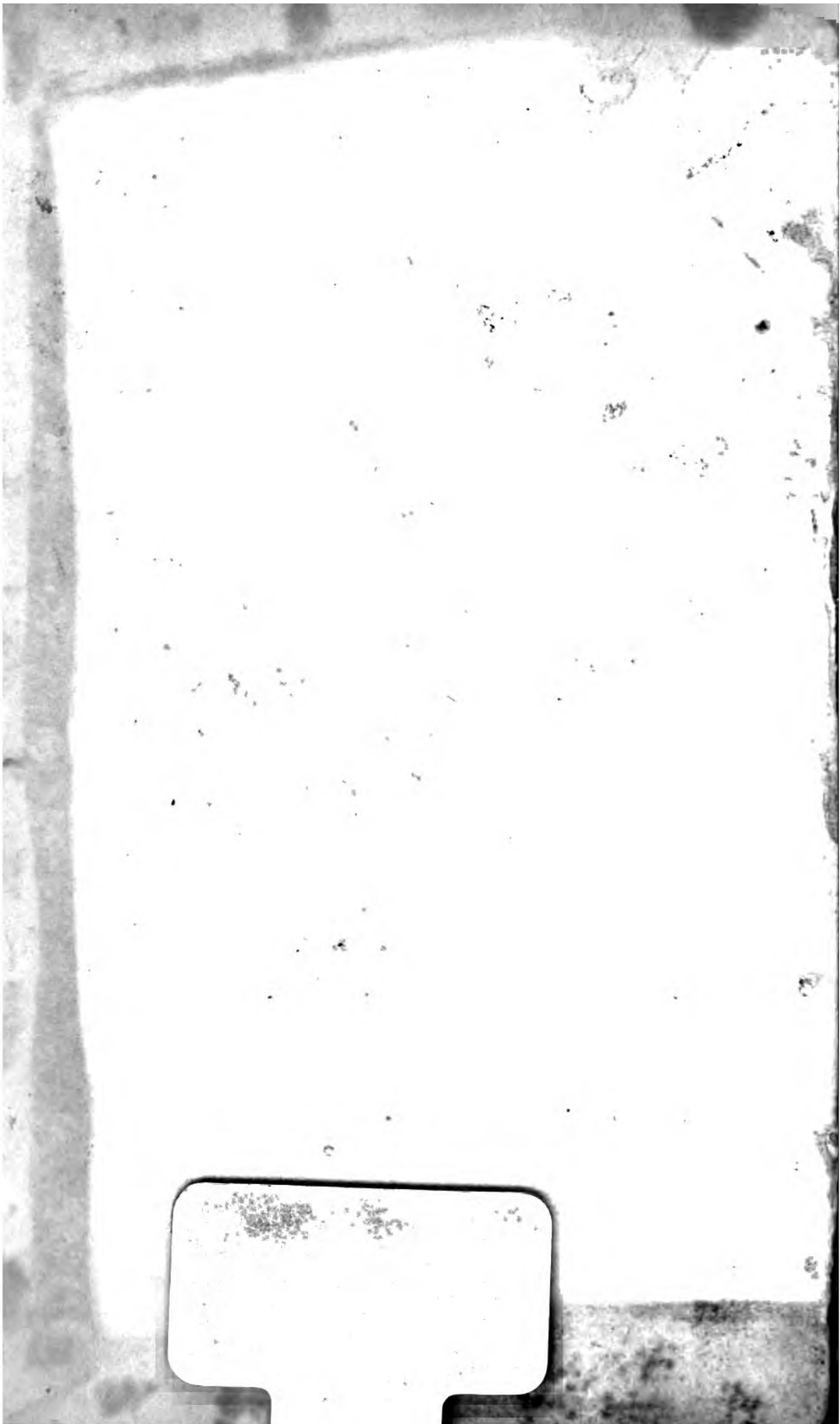
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Revised



P O E M S

ON SEVERAL

OCCASIONS.

Written by the Reverend

JOHN DONNE, D. D.

Late Dean of St. PAUL'S.

W I T H

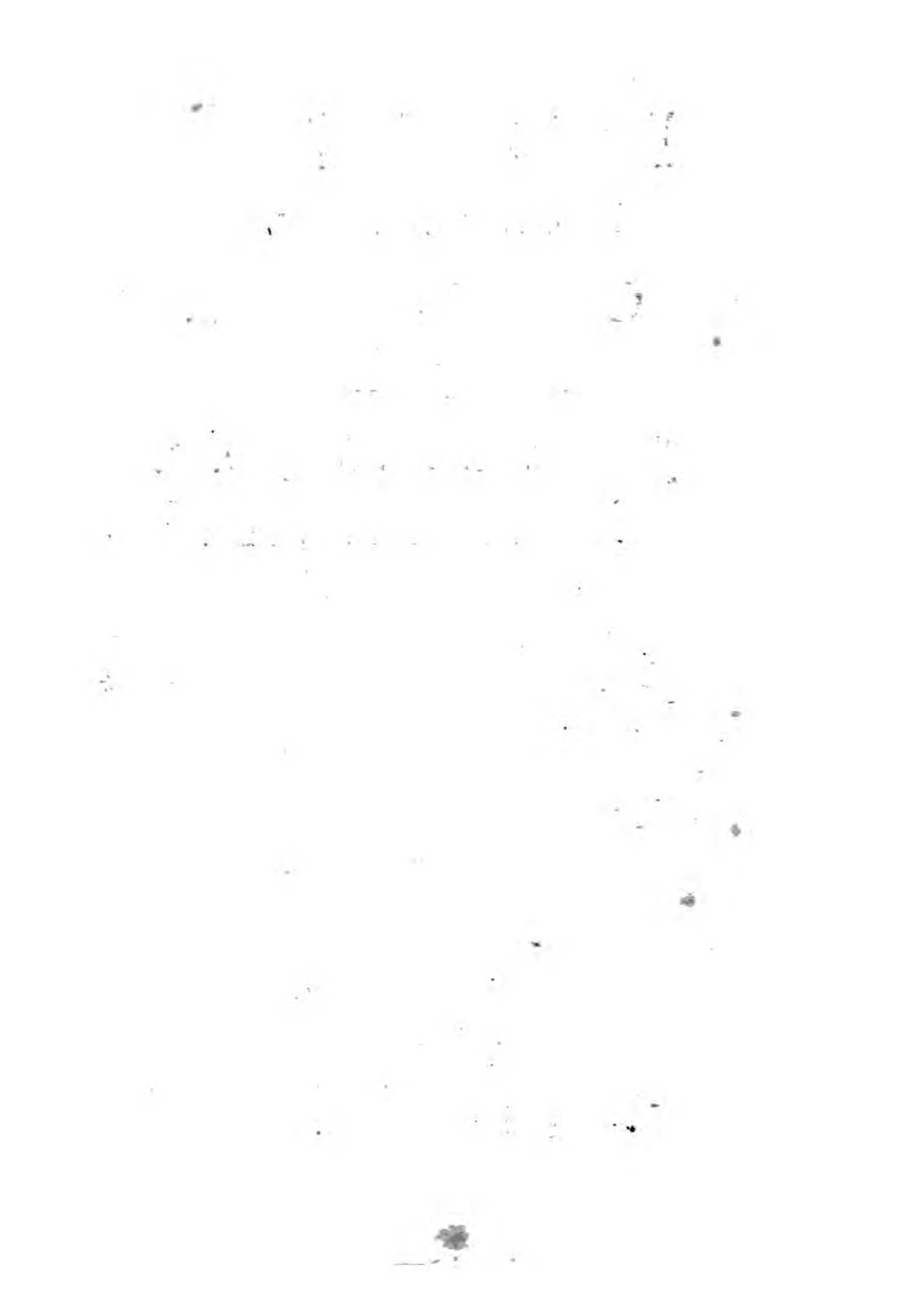
ELEGIES on the Author's Death.

To this Edition is added,

Some ACCOUNT of the LIFE
of the AUTHOR.

L O N D O N:

Printed for JACOB TONSON, and
Sold by WILLIAM. TAYLOR at the
Ship in *Pater-noster-Row*. 1719.





To the Right Honourable

William Lord Craven,

Baron of Hamsted-Marsham.

My LORD,

MAny of these Poems have, for several impressions, wandred up and down, trusting (as well they might) upon the Author's Reputation: neither do they now complain of any Injury, but what may proceed either from the kindness of the Printer, or the courtesy of the Reader; the one, by adding

DEDICATION.

something too much, lest any spark of this sacred fire might perish undiscerned; the other, by putting such an estimation upon the wit and fancy they find here, that they are content to use it as their own; as if a man should dig out the stones of a royal Amphitheatre, to build a Stage for a country Show. Amongst all the monsters this unlucky age has teemed with, I find none so prodigious, as the Poets of these later times, wherein men, as if they would level understandings too, as well as estates, acknowledging no inequality of Parts and Judgments, pretend as indifferently to the chair of Wit as to the Pulpit, and conceive themselves no less inspired with the spirit of Poetry, than with that of Religion: so it is not only the
noise

DEDICATION.

noise of Drums and Trumpets, which have drowned the Muse's harmony, or the Fear that the Church's ruin will destroy the Priests likewise, that now frights them from this Country, where they have been so ingeniously received; but these rude pretenders to excellencies they unjustly own, who profanely rushing into *Minerva's* Temple, with noisome Airs blast the lawrel, which thunder cannot hurt. In this sad condition these learned Sisters are fled over to beg Your Lordship's protection, who have been so certain a Patron both to arts and arms, and who, in this general confusion, have so entirely preserved Your Honour, that in Your Lordship we may still read a most perfect character of what *England* was in all her

DEDICATION.

pomp and greatness. So that although these Poems were formerly written upon several occasions to several persons, they now unite themselves, and are become one Pyramid to set Your Lordship's Statue upon ; where You may stand, like armed *Apollo*, the Defender of the Muses, encouraging the Poets now alive to celebrate Your great Acts, by affording your countenance to his Poems, that wanted only so noble a subject.

My LORD,

Your most humble Servant,

JOHN DONNE.



S O M E
A C C O U N T

Of the LIFE of

Dr. *John Donne.*



DR. *John Donne*, the Son of an eminent Merchant, was born in *London*, in the Year 1572: By his Father descended from an ancient and worthy Family in *Wales*, and by his Mother from the famous and learned Sir *Thomas Moor*, Lord-Chancellor of *England*.

The first Part of his Education was under a private Tutor in his Father's House, from whence, in the tenth Year of his Age, he was removed to *Hart-Hall* in *Oxford*; having already given many Proofs of his great Parts and Abilities. Here he continued for the Space of four Years with an unwearied Application to the Study of the several Sciences. In his four-

Some Account of the

teenth Year he was by his Friends transplanted to *Trinity College* (as I take it) in *Cambridge*, and thence, after three Year's Stay, to *Lincoln's-Inn*; in which honourable Society he soon gained much Esteem and Reputation.

About this time his Studies were somewhat interrupted by the Death of an indulgent Father. Being by this Accident in a manner left to himself, and enabled withall by a handsome Fortune of three thousand Pounds (a Sum in those Days very considerable) to improve himself in what manner he pleased, he thought he could not do it better than by Travel: Accordingly he attended the Earl of *Essex* in the Expedition to *Cadiz*, and afterwards taking the Tour of *Italy* and *Spain*, and making himself a thorough Master of their Languages, he was at his Return into *England* promoted to be chief Secretary to the then Lord-Chancellor *Elsemere*.

'Twas here he passionately fell in Love with, and privately married a Niece of the Lady *Elsemere's*, the Daughter of Sir *George Moor*, Chancellor of the Garter, and Lieutenant of the Tower: which so much enraged Sir *George*, that he not only procured Mr. *Donne's* Dismission from his Employment under the Lord-Chancellor, but never rested till he had caused him likewise to be imprisoned:

Tho' it was not long before he was enlarged from his Confinement, yet his Troubles still increased upon him; for his Wife being detained from him, he was constrained to claim her by a troublesome and expensive Law-Suit, which, together with Travel, Books, and a too liberal Disposition, contributed to reduce his Fortune to a very narrow Compass.

Adversity

Life of Dr. John Donne.

Adversity has its peculiar Virtues to exercise and work upon, as well as the most flourishing Condition of Life; and Mr. *Donne* had now an Opportunity of shewing his Patience and Submission, which, together with the general Approbation he every where met with of Mr. *Donne's* good Qualities, with an irresistible kind of Persuasion so won upon Sir *George*, that he began now not wholly to disapprove of his Daughter's Choice; and was at length so far reconciled as not to deny them his Blessing, tho' he could not yet be prevailed upon to lend them his assisting Hand towards their Support.

In the midst of these Mr. *Donne's* Misfortunes he was happily relieved by his generous Kinsman Sir *Francis Woolley* of *Pirford* in *Surrey*, who entertained both him and his Wife at his House for many Years with much Freedom, and as his Family encreased (for he had every Year a Child) proportionably enlarged his Bounty. Here they continued till Sir *Francis's* Death; some time before which the good Knight had laboured and so far effected a Reconciliation with their Father Sir *George*, as to engage him under a Bond to pay to Mr. *Donne* eight hundred Pounds, or twenty Pounds quarterly till it was paid, as a Portion with his Daughter.

Mr. *Donne*, notwithstanding the many Perplexities he was now involved in, was not hereby diverted from his beloved Studies; for during his Stay with Sir *Francis* he made himself perfectly acquainted with the Body of Civil and Canon Laws.

Upon the Loss of his worthy Benefactor he hired a House at *Mitcham* in *Surrey* for his Wife

Some Account of the

and Family, placing them near some Friends, whose Bounty he had often experienced; but took Lodgings for himself in London, where his Occasions often required him. The Reader will be best able to judge of the necessitous State Mr. Donne was now in, from an Extract of one of his Letters to a Friend; which whoever can read without being sensibly affected, must have retained but little of Compassion or common Humanity.

— *The Reason why I did not send an Answer to your last Week's Letter, was, because it found me in too great a Sadness; and at present 'tis thus with me: There is not one Person but my self well of my Family; I have already lost half a Child, and with that Mischance of hers my Wife is fallen into such a Discomposure, as would afflict her too extreamly, but that the Sickness of all her Children stupifies her; of one of which, in good faith, I have not much hope: and these meet with a Fortune so ill provided for Physick and such Relief, that if God should ease us with Burials, I know not how to perform even that. But I flatter my self with this Hope, that I am dying too; for I cannot waste faster than by such Grievs. —*

Aug. 10. From my Hospital at Mitcham,
JOHN DONNE.

The only Alleviation of these his Sorrows was his having Recourse to Books, particularly his studying with much Pains and Labour the Controversy between the Reformed and the Roman Church (which before he had been no Stranger to, having but at the Age of nineteen carefully

Life of Dr. John Donne.

carefully examined the Works of *Bellarmino* and other famous Writers of that time) especially the two Points, then so remarkably controverted, of Supremacy and Allegiance.

And now, after this gloomy Season of Affliction, did the Dawn of some better Fortune begin to appear; for upon the Advice of some of his Friends he removed himself and his Family from *Mitcham* to *London*; and there by *Sir Robert Drewry* was placed Rent-free in a handsome House next his own in *Drewry-lane*. He had heretofore been well known to and much valued by many of the Nobility: by some of whom he was now introduced and recommended to the King. His Majesty needed not much Solicitation in his Behalf, himself soon taking great Delight in his Company; insomuch that one Day having talked with him on the Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance, he was much pleased with his Discourse, and commanded him to draw up into some form the Arguments and Objections, that had been brought upon those Points, with his Answers thereto. This he soon did, and delivered them to the King in the same Order they are now printed in his *Pseudo-Martyr*.

The King upon reading this Book of *Mr. Donne's* was so struck with Admiration of his Learning and Abilities, that he immediately devoted him to the Ministry, and from that time with much Earnestness persuaded him to take Holy Orders. 'Tis here to be remembered, that some time before this *Dr. Morton* (afterwards Bishop of *Durham*) upon his being made Dean of *Gloucester*, had with the same pious Intentions

Some Account of the

solicited him to enter upon that sacred Function, promising him to deliver up to him a very valuable Benefice himself was then possessed of; but thro' Mr. *Donne's* excessive Modesty (tho' his Circumstances were then at the lowest) he could not prevail. But to his Majesty's Commands Mr. *Donne* (tho' not without some Unwillingness) did consent; at the same time requesting he might be allowed to deferr it, till he had made some further Advances in the Study of Divinity and the learned Languages.

This being granted, at the end of three Years he was by his learned Friend Dr. *King*, Bishop of *London*, ordained with all convenient Speed both Deacon and Priest. Upon which the King immediately made him one of his Chaplains; and not long after this, the King being at *Cambridge*, the University, in obedience to his Majesty's Command, conferr'd upon Mr. *Donne* the Degree of Doctor in Divinity.

The Lectureship of *Lincolns-Inn* about this time happening to be vacant, the Benchers presently made choice of their old Fellow-Student Dr. *Donne* to be their Preacher, provided him with handsome Apartments, and expressed their Affection to him by sundry other Acts of Liberality and Kindness.

In this Society he continued three Years, till the King sending over the Earl of *Doncaster* into *Germany* to compose the unhappy Business of *the Palgrave*, was likewise pleased to appoint the Doctor his Assistant in that important Affair.

Within a Year after his Return into *England*, the Deanery of *St. Paul's* becoming vacant (by the Removal of Dr. *Cary* to the See of *Exeter*)
the

Life of Dr. John Donne.

the King ordered him to attend him at Dinner the next Day. When his Majesty was sat down, he said with his usual Pleasantness, *Dr. Donne, I have invited you to Dinner, and tho' you sit not down with me, I will carve to you of a Dish I know you love well; for knowing you love London, I do therefore make you Dean of Paul's; and when I have dined, then do take your beloved Dish home to your Study; say Grace there to your self, and much Good may it do you.* So much did the King esteem Dr. Donne, that when he had been speaking of him, he was heard more than once to say, *I always rejoyce, when I think that by my means he became a Divine.*

The first thing he set about, after his Admission into the Deanery, was the repairing and beautifying the Chapel; he likewise frankly forgave his Father-in-law Sir George Moor the quarterly Payment of his Wife's Portion. Not long after fell to him the Vicarage of St. Dunstan's in the West, the Advowson of which was given him by the Earl of Dorset; as did soon after another Benefice formerly given him by the Earl of Kent; and in the next Parliament he was chosen Prolocutor of the Convocation; on which Occasion the *Latin* Oration at the End of this Book was spoken, as his Inauguration Speech.

In his fifty fourth Year he fell into a lingering Consumption, which grew at last so dangerous as to make his Friends despair of his Recovery: But it pleased God miraculously to restore him; nor was he unmindful of these great Mercies, having abundantly acknowledged his Thankfulness for them in that admirable Book of Devotions

Some Account of the

tions he wrote in his Sickness, and published at his Recovery.

The Reader will find the same Spirit of Religion I have been speaking of in several of the following Pieces; especially his *Hymn to God the Father*, and that which he wrote on his Death-bed, bearing this Title, *An Hymn to God my God in my Sickness*; the former of which he caused to be set to solemn Musick, and performed before him in the Choir of *St. Paul's*

As to the more airy Part of his Poetical Compositions, they were only the innocent Amusement and Diversion of his Youth, being most of them writ before his twentieth Year; so happy at this Age was he in the Sprightliness of his Wit, and the Delicacy of his Fancy. His Poem called *the Autumnal* he wrote at *Oxford* upon the Lady *Herbert*, Mother of his dear Friend *Mr. George Herbert*, the Author of that excellent Book called *the Temple*.

Besides his Books already mentioned, he left in writing under his own Hand many judicious Observations from 1400 Authors, besides six-score Sermons, and his famous Treatise named *Biathanatos*; all which are ample Testimonies as well of his prodigious Industry and Learning, as of his great Parts and exquisite Judgment.

From this short Account of the Doctor's Writings let us now return to himself; who, notwithstanding his being recovered from his late Illness, did again relapse into his old Distemper; and finding he began to decay sensibly, and hasten to his End, the Week before his Death he sent for many of his intimate Friends, to take his last Leave of them. Having done this, and settled

Life of Dr. John Donne.

settled his private Affairs, with much Chearfulness and Resignation he expected his Dissolution; and having stedfastly fixed his Thoughts on the approaching Happiness he was now in view of, he closed his last Breath with saying, *Thy Kingdom come; Thy Will be done:* And having said this, he sweetly fell asleep, the 31st Day of *March, 1631.*

It must not here be omitted, that amongst his other Preparations for Death he made use of this very remarkable one. He ordered an Urn to be cut in Wood, on which was to be placed a Board of the Height of his Body. This being done, he caused himself to be tied up in his Winding-sheet in the same manner as dead Bodies are. Being thus shrouded, and standing with his Eyes shut, with just so much of the Sheet put aside, as might discover his thin, pale, and Death-like Face, he caused a curious Painter to take his Picture. This Piece being finished was placed near his Bedside, and there remained as his constant Remembrancer to the Hour of his Death: And from this his Executor *Dr. King, Bishop of Chichester,* got a Monument carved in white Marble, and placed in *St. Paul's,* where he was buried, with this Inscription of the Doctor's own composing:

JOHANNES DONNE S.T.P.

*Post varia Studia, quibus ab annis tenerrimis fideliter,
Nec infeliciter, incubuit,*

Instinctu & impulsu Spiritus sancti, monitu & hortatu.

Regis JACOBI Ordines sacros amplexus

Anno sui Jesu 1614, & sua aetatis 42.

Decanatu hujus Ecclesiae indutus 27 Novembris 1621.

Exitus.

Life of Dr. John Donne.

*Exiit us morte ultimo die Martii 1631.
Hic, licet in Occiduo Cinere, aspicit Eum,
Cujus Nomen est Oriens.*

I cannot better conclude this brief Account of Dr. Donne, than in that admirable Character of him drawn up by Mr. Isaac Walton, which I shall present to the Reader entire, as I find it.

He was of Stature moderately tall, of a strait and well-proportion'd Body; to which all his Words and Actions gave an unexpressible Addition of Comeliness.

The melancholy and pleasant Humour were in him so contemper'd, that each gave advantage to the other, and made his Company one of the Delights of Mankind.

His Fancy was inimitably high, equalled only by his great Wit; both being made useful by a commanding Judgment.

His Aspect was chearful, and such as gave a silent Testimony of a clear knowing Soul, and of a Conscience at peace with it self.

His melting Eye shewed, that he had a soft Heart, full of noble Compassion; of too brave a Soul to offer Injuries, and too much a Christian not to pardon them in others.

He did much contemplate (especially after he had entered into his Sacred Calling) the Mercies of Almighty God, the Immortality of the Soul, and the Joys of Heaven; and would often say, Blessed be God, that he is God divinely like himself.

He was by nature highly passionate, but more apt to reluct at the Excesses of it; a great Lover of the Offices of Humanity, and of so merciful a Spirit, that
he

Some Account, &c.

he never beheld the Miseries of Mankind without Pity and Relief.

He was earnest and unwearyed in the Search of Knowledge; with which his vigorous Soul is now satisfied, and employed in a continual Praise of that God, that first breathed it into his active Body; that Body, which once was a Temple of the Holy Ghost, and is now become a small Quantity of Christian Dust:

But I shall see it reanimated.

J. W.



Hexasticon Bibliopolæ.

I See in his last preach'd and printed Book,
His Picture in a sheet; in Paul's I lock,
And see his statue in a sheet of stone;
And sure his body in the grave hath one:
Those sheets present him dead, these if you buy,
You have him living to Eternity.

Jo. Mar.

Hexasticon ad Bibliopolam. Incerti.

IN thy Impression of Donne's Poems rare,
For his Eternity thou hast ta'en care:
'Twas well and pious; and for ever may
He live: Yet I show thee a better way;
Print but his Sermons, and if those we buy,
He, We, and Thou shall live t'Eternity.

TO JOHN DONNE.

DOne, the delight of Phœbus, and each Muse,
Who, to thy one, all other brains refuse;
Whose ev'ry work of thy most early wit,
Came forth example, and remain so yet:
Longer a knowing, than most wits do live;
And which no' affection praise enough can give!
To it thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife;
All which I mean to praise, and yet I would;
But leave, because I cannot as I should!

Ben. Johnson.

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T H E
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S O N G S



S O N G S
A N D
S O N E T S.

The F L E A.



MARK but this Flea, and mark in
this,
How little that, which thou deny'st
me, is ;
Me it suck'd first, and now sucks thee,
And in this Flea our two' blouds
mingled be ;
Confess it. This cannot be said
A sin, or shame, or loss of Maidenhead,
Yet this enjoys, before it woo,

And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two,
And this, alas ! is more than we could do.

Oh stay, three lives in one Flea spare,
Where we almost, nay more than marry'd are.
This Flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is;
Though Parents grudge, and you, w'are met,
And cloyster'd in these living walls of Jet.
Though use make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that self-murder added be,
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and suddain, hast thou since
Purpled thy Naye in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this Flea guilty be,
Except in that blood, which it suck'd from thee?
Yet thou triumph'st, and saist that thou
Find'st not thy self, nor me the weaker now;
'Tis true; then learn how false fears be:
Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to mee,
Will waste, as this Flea's death took life from thee.

The GOOD-MORROW.

I Wonder, by my troth, what thou and I
Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then,
But suck'd on childish pleasures sillyly?
Or slumbred we in the seven-sleepers den?
'Twas so; but as all pleasures fancies be,
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desir'd, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love all love of other sights controuls,
And makes one little room an every-where.

Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let Maps to other worlds our world have shown,
Let us possess one world ; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest ;
Where can we find two fitter hemisphears
Without sharp North, without declining West ?
What ever dies, was not mixt equally ;
If our two loves be one, both thou and I
Love just alike in all, none of these loves can die.

S O N G.

GOE, and catch a falling starre,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all times past are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot.
Teach me to hear Mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envie's stinging,
And find,
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible go see,
Ride ten thousand dayes and nights,
Till age snow white hairs on thee.
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders, that befell thee,
And swear,
No where
Lives a woman true, and faire.

If thou find'st one, let me know,
Such a Pilgrimage were sweet ;

4 *Poems, Songs and Sonets.*

Yet do not, I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet.
Though she were true when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

Woman's Constancy.

NOW thou hast lov'd me one whole day,
To-morrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou
say?
Wilt thou then Antedate some new-made vow?
Or say, that now
We are not just those persons, which we were?
Or, that oaths, made in reverential fear
Of Love and his wrath, any may forswear?
Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,
So Lovers contracts, images of those,
Bind but till sleep, death's image, them unloose?
Or, your own end to justify
For having purpos'd change and falsehood, you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
Vain lunatique, against these scapes I could
Dispute, and conquer, if I would;
Which I abstain to doe,
For by to-morrow I may think so too.

The U N D E R T A K I N G.

I Have done one braver thing,
Than all the *Worthies* did;
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

Poems, Songs and Sonets.

It were but madnes now t'impart
The skill of specular stone,
When he, which can have learn'd the art
To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now should utter this,
Others (because no more
Such stufte, to work upon, there is)
Would love but as before:

Be he, who loveliness within
Hath found, all outward loathes;
For he, who colour loves and skin,
Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do
Virtue in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the He and She;

And if this love, though placed so,
From prophane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this bestow,
Or, if they do, deride:

Then you have done a braver thing,
Than all the *Worthies* did,
And a braver thence will spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

The SUN RISING.

BUse old fool, unruly Sun,
Why dost thou thus,
Through windows and through curtains look on us?
Must to thy motions Lovers seasons run?

6 *Poems, Songs and Sonets.*

Sawcy pedantique wretch, goe, chide
Late School-boyes, or sowre 'Prentices,
Go tell Court-huntfmen, that the King will ride,
Call Country Ants to harvest offices;
Love, all alike, no feason knows nor clime,
Nor hours, dayes, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beams fo reverend and ftrong,
Dost thou not think
I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,
But that I would not lose her fight fo long?
If her eyes have not blinded thine,
Look, and to-morrow late tell me,
Whether both th' *India's* of Spice and Myne
Be where thou left them, or lie here with me;
Ask for those Kings, whom thou saw'st yesterday,
And thou shalt hear, All here in one bed lay.

She's all States, and all Princes I,
Nothing else is.
Princes do but play us; compar'd to this,
All honour's Mimique; All wealth Alchymy;
Thou Sun art half as happy as we,
In that the world's contracted thus.
Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be
To warm the world, that's done in warming us.
Shine here to us, and thou art every where;
This bed thy center is, these walls thy sphere.

The INDIFFERENT.

I Can love both fair and brown; [betrayes;
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want
Her who loves loneness best, and her who sports and
playes;
Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town;

Her who believes, and her who tries ;
Her who still weeps with spongy eyes,
And her who is dry Cork, and never cries ;
I can love her, and her, and you, and you,
I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you ?
Will it not serve your turn to do, as did your Mothers ?
Or have you all old vices worn, and now would find out
others ?
Or doth a fear, that men are true, torment you ?
Oh we are not, be not you so ;
Let me ; and do you twenty know.
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go ;
Must I, who came to travail thorow you,
Grow your fixt subject, because you are true ?

Venus heard me sing this song,
And by Loye's sweetest sweet, Variety, she swore,
She heard not this till now ; it should be so no more.
She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,
And said, *Atas !* Some two or three
Poor Heretiques in love there be,
Which think to stabliss dangerous constancy,
But I have told them, since you will be true,
You shall be true to them, who're false to you.

Love's USURY.

FOR every hour that thou wilt spare me now,
I will allow,
Usurious God of Love, twenty to thee,
When with my brown my gray hairs equal be ;
Till then, Love, let my body range, and let
Me travail, sojourn, snatch, plot, have, forget,

8 *Poems, Songs and Sonets.*

Resume my last years Relict: think that yet
We'had never met.

Let me think any Rival's letter mine,
And at next nine
Keep midnight's promise; mistake by the way
The Maid, and tell the Lady of that delay;
Only let me love none, no not the sport,
From Country gras to comeasures of Court,
Or Citie's Quelque-chofes, let not report
My mind transport.

This bargain's good; if when I'am old, I be
Inflam'd by thee,
If thine own honour, or my shame or pain,
Thou cover most, at that age thou shalt gain;
Do thy will then, then subject and degree,
And fruit of love, Love, I submit to thee;
Spare me till then, I'll bear it, though she be
One that loves me.

CANONIZATION.

FOR God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my pallie, or my gout,
My five gray hairs, or ruin'd fortunes flout;
With wealth your state, your mind with Arts im-
Take you a course, get you a place, [prove,
Observe his Honour or his Grace,
Or the King's real, or his stamped face
Contemplate; what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love?
What Merchant's ships have my sighs drown'd?
Who saies my tears have overflow'd his ground?
When did my colds a forward Spring remove?

Poems, Songs and Sonets.

When did the heats, which my reynes fill ;
Adde one more to the plaguy Bill ?
Souldiers find wars, and Lawyers find out still
Litigious men, whom quarrels move,
Though she and I do love.

Call's what you will, we are made such by love ;
Call her one, me another Flie ;
W'are Tapers too, and at our own cost die ;
And we in us find th' Eagle and the Dove ;
The Phoenix Riddle hath more wit
By us, we two being one, are it :
So to one neutral thing both sexes fit.
We dye and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

We can dye by it, if not live by love.
And if unfit for tomb or hearse
Our Legend be, it will be fit for verse ;
And if no piece of Chronicle we prove,
We'll build in sonets pretty roomes.
As well a well-wrought urne becomes
The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombes ;
And by those hymnes all shall approve
Us *Canoniz'd* for love :

And thus invoke us, you whom reverend love
Made one another's hermitage ;
You to whom love was peace, that now is rage,
Who did the whole world's soul contract, and drove
Into the glasses of your eyes,
So made such mirrours, and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize ;
Countries, Towns, Courts, beg from above
A pattern of our love

The TRIPLE FOOL.

I Am two fool's, I know,
 For loving, and for saying so
 In whining Poetry ;
 But where's that wise man, That would not be I,
 If she would not deny ?
 Then as th' earth's inward narrow crooked lanes
 Do purge sea waters fretful salt away,
 I thought, if I could draw my paines
 Through Rhime's vexation, I should them allay.
 Grief brought to number cannot be so fierce,
 For He tames it, that fetters it in verse.
 But when I have done so,
 Some man, his art or voice to show,
 Doth Set and Sing my pain,
 And, by delighting many, frees again
 Grief, which Verse did restrain.
 To Love and Grief tribute of Verse belongs,
 But not of such as pleases; when 'tis read,
 Both are increased by such songs:
 For both their triumphs so are published,
 And I, which was two fools, do so grow three :
 Who are a little wise, the best fools be.

Lover's Infiniteness.

IF yet I have not all thy love,
 Dear, I shall never have it all,
 I cannot breath one other sigh, to move ;
 Nor can intreat one other tear to fall ;
 And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
 Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters I have spent ;
 Yet no more can be due to me,
 Than at the bargain made was meant :

If then thy gift of love was partial,
That some for me, some should to others fall,
Dear, I shall never have it All.

Or, if then thou giv'st me All,
All was but All, which thou hadst then :
But if in thy heart since there be, or shall
New love created be by other men,
Which have their stocks intire, and can in tears,
In sighs, in oathes, in letters outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,
For this love was not vow'd by thee.
And yet it was thy gift being general ;
The ground, thy heart, is mine, what ever shall
Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

Yet, I would not have all yet,
He that hath all can have no more,
And since my love doth every day admit [store ;
New growth, thou should'st have new rewards in
Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,
If thou canst give it, then thou never gav'st it :
Lovers riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
It staves at home, and thou with losing sav'st it :
But we will love a way more liberal,
Than changing hearts, to joyn us, so we shall
Be one, and one another's All.

S O N G.

Sweetest Love, I doe not goe,
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter Love for me ;
But since that I
Must dye at last, 'tis best,

12 *Poems, Songs and Sonets.*

Thus to use my self in jest
By feigned death to dye;

Yesternight the Sun went hence,
And yet is here to day,
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way:
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Hastier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That if good Fortune fall,
Cannot adde another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall!
But come bad chance,
And we joyn to 't our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
It self o'er us t' advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st no wind,
But sigh'st my soul away;
When thou weep'st unkindly kind,
My Life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lov'st me, as thou say'st,
If in thine my life thou waste,
That art the life of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill,
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfill;
But think that we
Are but laid aside to sleep:
They, who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be.

The LEGACY.

When last I dy'd (and, Dear, I die
As often as from thee I goe,
Though it be but an hour agoe,
And Lover's hours be full eternity)
I can remember yet, that I
Something did say, and something did bestow;
Though I be dead, which sent me, I might be
Mine own Executor, and Legacy.

I heard me say, Tell her anon,
That my self, that is you, not I,
Did kill me, and when I felt me dy,
I bid me send my Heart, when I was gone,
But I, alas ! could find there none.
When I had ripp'd, and search'd where hearts should ly
It kill'd me again, that I, who still was true
In life, in my last Will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,
For colours it and corners had,
It was not good, it was not bad,
It was intire to none, and few had part :
As good, as could be made by art,
It seem'd, and therefore for our losse be sad,
I meant to send that heart in stead of mine,
But oh ! no man could hold it, for 'twas thine.

A FEVER.

OH do not die, for I shall hate
All women so, when thou art gone,
That thee I shall not celebrate,
When I remember thou wast one.

14. *Poems, Songs and Sonets.*

But yet thou canst not die, I know ;
To leave this world behind, is death ;
But when thou from this world wilt go,
The whole world vapours in thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the world's soul, goest,
It stay, 'tis but thy Carcass then,
The fairest woman, but thy Ghost ;
But corrupt wormes, the worthiest men.

○ wrangling Schools, that search what fire
Shall burn this world, had none the wit
Unto this knowledge to aspire,
That this her Fever might be it !

And yet she cannot waste by this,
Nor long endure this torturing wrong,
For more corruption needful is,
To fuel such a Fever long.

These burning fits but meteors be,
Whose matter in thee soon is spent.
Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,
Are an unchangeable Firmament.

Yet 'twas of my mind, seising thee,
Though it in thee cannot persever ;
For I had rather Owner be
Of thee one hour, than all else ever.

A I R *and* A N G E L S.

TWice or thrice had I lov'd thee,
Before I knew thy face or name ;
So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
Angels affect us oft, and worship'd be :

Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing did I see ;
But since my soul, whose child love is,
Takes limbs of flesh, and else could nothing do,
More subtile than the parent is,
Love must not be, but take a body too ;
And therefore what thou wert, and who,
I bid love ask, and now,
That it assume thy body, I allow,
And fix it self in thy lips, eyes, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast love, I thought,
And so more steddily t' have gone,
With wares which would sink admiration
I saw, I had Love's Pinnacle overfraught ;
Thy every hair for love to work upon,
Is much too much, some fitter must be sought ;
For, nor in nothing, nor in things
Extream, and scattering bright, can love inhere ;
Then as an Angel face, and wings
Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear,
So thy love may be my loves-spear ;
Just such disparitie
As is 'twixt Air's and Angel's puritie,
'Twixt women's love, and men's will ever be.

Break of Day.

Stay, O Sweet, and do not rise,
The Light, that shines, comes from thine eyes ;
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay, or else my joys will die,
And perish in their infancie.

II.

'Tis true, 'tis day ; what though it be ?
O wilt thou therefore rise from me ?

16 *Poems, Songs and Sonets.*

Why should we rise, because 'tis Light ?
Did we lie down, because 'twas Night ?
Love, which in spight of darkness brought us hither,
Should in despight of light keep us together.

III.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye ;
If it could speak as well as spie,
This were the worst that it could say,
That being well, I fain would stay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honour so,
That I would not from her, that had them, goe.

IV.

Must business thee from hence remove ?
Oh, that's the worst disease of love ;
The poor, the foul, the false Love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He which hath business, and makes love, doth doe
Such wrong, as when a married man doth wooe.

The ANNIVERSARY.

ALL Kings, and all their Favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wirs,
The Sun it self (which makes times, as they pass)
Is elder by a year now, than it was,
When thou and I first one another saw:
All other things to their destruction draw ;
Only our love hath no decay :
This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday ;
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first-last-everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my coarſe :
If one might, death were no divorce,
Alas ! as well as other Princes, we,
(Who Prince enough in one another be,)

Must leave at last in death these eyes, and ears,
Oft fed with true oathes, and with sweet salt tears :
But souls where nothing dwells but love ;
(All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
This, or a love increased there above, [remove.
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves

And then we shall be throughly blest :
But now no more than all the rest.
Here upon earth we're Kings, and none but we
Can be such Kings, nor of such subjects be ;
Who is so safe as we? where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two.
True and false fears let us refrain :
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore, this is the second of our reign.

A Valediction of my name, in the window:

I.

MY name ingrav'd herein,
Doth contribute my firmness to this glass,
Which ever since that charm hath been
As hard as that, which grav'd it, was ;
Thine eye will give it price enough, to mock
The diamonds of either rock.

II.

'Tis much that Glass should be
As all confessing and through-shine as I,
'Tis more that it shews thee to thee,
And clear reflects thee to thine eye.
But all such rules Love's Magique can undoe,
Here you see me, and I see you.

III.

As no one point nor dash,
Which are the ornaments to the

18 *Poems, Songs and Sonets.*

The show'rs and tempests can outwash,
So shall all times find me the same ;
You this intireness better may fulfill,
Who have the pattern with you still.

IV.

Or if too hard and deep
This learning be, for a scratch'd name to teach,
It as a given death's-head keep,
Lover's mortality to preach ;
Or think this ragged bony name to be
My ruinous Anatomy.

V.

Then as all my souls be
Emparadis'd in you (in whom alone
I understand, and grow, and see)
The rafters of my body, bone,
Being still with you, the Muscle, Sinew, and Vein,
Which tile this house, will come again.

VI.

Till my return, repaire
And recompact my scatter'd body so,
As all the virtuous powers, which are
Fix'd in the stars, are said to flow
Into such characters as grav'd be,
When those stars had supremacie.

VII.

So since this name was cut,
When love and grieve their exaltation had,
No door 'gainst this Name's influence shut ;
As much more loving, as more sad,
'Twill make thee ; and thou should'st, till I return,
Since I die dayly, dayly mourn.

VIII.

When thy inconsiderate hand
Flings ope this casement, with my trembling name,
To look on one, whose wit or land
New battery to thy heart may frame,
Then think this name alive, and that thou thus
In it offend'st my Genius.

IX.

And when thy melted maid,
Corrupted by thy Lover's gold or page,
His letter at thy pillow' hath laid,
Dispute thou it, and tame thy rage,
If thou to him begin'st to thaw for this,
May my name step in, and hide his.

X.

And if this treason go
To an overt act, and that thou write again :
In superscribing, my name flow
Into thy fancy from the Pen,
So in forgetting thou remembre'st right,
And unaware to me shalt write.

XI.

But glafs and lines must be
No means our firm substantial love to keep ;
Near death inflicts this lethargie,
And thus I murmur in my sleep ;
Impute this idle talk to that I go,
For dying men talk often so.

Twicknam GARDEN.

BLasted with sighs, and surrounded with tears,
Hither I come to seek the spring,
And at mine eyes, and at mine ears
Receive such balm as else cures every thing :
But O, Self-traitor, I do bring
The Spider Love, which transubstantiates all,
And can convert Manna to Gall,
And that this place may thoroughly be thought
True Paradise, I have the Serpent brought.

'Twere wholesomer for me, that winter did
Benight the glory of this place,

And that a grave frost did forbid
 These trees to laugh, and mock me to my face;
 But since I cannot this disgrace
 Indure, nor leave this garden, Love, let me
 Some senseless piece of this place be;
 Make me a Mandrake, so I may grow here,
 Or a stone fountain weeping out my year.

Hither with Chrystal Vials, lovers, come,
 And take my tears, which are Love's wine,
 And try your Mistres' tears at home,
 For all are false, that taste not just like mine;
 Alas! hearts do not in eyes shine,
 Nor can you more judge Woman's thoughts by tears,
 Than by her shadow, what she wears.
 O perverse Sex, where none is true but she,
 Who's therefore true, because her truth kills me.

Valediction to his BOOK.

I'LL tell thee now (dear Love) what thou shalt do
 To anger destiny, as she doth us;
 How I shall stay, though she cloigne me thus,
 And how posterity shall know it too;
 How thine may out-endure
 Sibyl's glory, and obscure
 Her, who from *Pindar* could allure,
 And her, through whose help *Lucan* is not lame,
 And her, whose book (they say) *Homer* did find and
 [name,

Study our manuscripts, those Myriads
 Of Letters, which have past 'twixt thee and me,
 Thence write our Annals, and in them will be
 To all, whom love's subliming fire invades,

Rule and example found ;
There, the faith of any ground
No Schismaticque will dare to wound,
That sees, how Love this grace to us affords,
To make, to keep, to use, to be these his Records.

This book as long liv'd as the elements,
Or as the World's form, this all-graved Tomb,
In Cypher writ, or new-made Idiom;
We for Love's Clergy only' are instruments;
When this book is made thus,
Should again the ravenous
Vandals and Goths invade us,
Learning were safe in this our Universe, [Verse.
Schools might learn Sciences, Sphears Musick, Angels

Here Love's Divine, (since all Divinity
Is love or wonder) may find all they seek,
Whether abstracted spiritual love they like,
Their souls exhal'd with what they do not see;
Or loath so to amuse
Faith's infirmities, they chuse
Something, which they may see and use;
For though Mind be the heaven, where Love doth sit,
Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it.

Here more than in their books may Lawyers find,
Both by what titles Mistresses are ours,
And how Prerogative these states devours,
Transferr'd from Love himself to womankind:
Who, though from heart and eyes
They exact great Subsidies,
Forfake him, who on them relies;
And for the cause honour or conscience give;
Chimeras, vain as they, or their Prerogative.

Here Statesmen (or of them they which can read)
May of their occupation find the grounds,

Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
 If to consider, what 'tis, one proceed,
 In both they do excell,
 Who the present govern well,
 Whose weakness none doth, or dares tell ;
 In this thy book such will there something see,
 As in the Bible some can find out Alchymie.

Thus vent thy thoughts ; abroad I'll study thee,
 As he removes far off, that great heights takes :
 How great love is, presence best tryal makes,
 But absence tries, how long this love will be ;
 To take a latitude,
 Sun, or stars, are fitliest view'd
 At their brightest ; but to conclude
 Of longitudes, what other way have we,
 But to mark when, and where the dark Eclipses be?

C O M M U N I T Y .

GOOD we must love, and must hate ill,
 For ill is ill, and good good still ;
 But there are things indifferent,
 Which we may neither hate nor love,
 But one, and then another prove,
 As we shall find our fancy bent.

If then at first wise Nature had
 Made women either good or bad,
 Then some we might hate, and some chuse,
 But since she did them so create,
 That we may neither love nor hate,
 Onely this rests, All all may use.

If they were good, it would be seen,
 Good is as visible as green,

And to all eyes it self betrayes :
If they were bad, they could not last,
Bad doth it self and others waste,
So they deserve nor blame nor praise.

But they are ours, as fruits are ours,
He that but tastes, he that devours,
And he that leaves all, doth as well ;
Chang'd loves are but chang'd sorts of meat ;
And when he hath the kernel eat,
Who doth not fling away the shell?

Love's growth.

I scarce believe my love to be so pure
As I had thought it was,
Because it doth endure
Vicissitude and season, as the grass ;
Methinks I lied all winter, when I swore
My love was infinite, if spring make't more.

But if this medicine Love, which cures all sorrow
With more, not only be no quintessence,
But mixt of all stuffs, vexing soul or sense,
And of the Sun his active vigour borrow,
Love's not so pure an abstract, as they use
To say, which have no Mistres but their Muse ;
But, as all else, being elemented too,
Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent
Love by the spring is grown ;
As in the Firmament
Stars by the Sun are not enlarg'd, but shown.
Gentle love-deeds, as blossoms on a bough,
From Love's awakened root doe bud out now.

If, as in water stirr'd more circles be
 Produc'd by one, love such additions take,
 Those, like so many spheares, but one heaven make,
 For they are all concentrique unto thee;
 And though each spring do adde to love new heat,
 As Princes do in times of action get
 New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
 No winter shall abate this spring's encrease.

Love's EXCHANGE.

Love, any devil else but you
 Would for a giv'n soul give something too;
 At Court your fellows every day
 Give th' art of Rhyming, Huntmanship or Play
 For them, which were their own before;
 Onely I've nothing, which gave more,
 But am, alas! by being lowly lower.

I ask no dispensation now
 To falsifie a tear, a sigh, a vow,
 I do not sue from thee to draw
 A *Non obstante* on nature's law;
 These are prerogatives, they inhere
 In thee and thine; none should forswear,
 Except that he *Love's* Minion were.

Give me thy weakness, make me blind
 In other wayes, as thou and thine, in eyes and mind:
 BLove, let me never know that this
 Is love, or that love childish is.
 Let me not know that others know
 That she knows my paines, least that so
 A tender shame make me mine own new woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou 'rt just,
 Because I would not thy first motions trust: Small

Small towns which stand stiff, till great shot
Enforce them, by war's law *condition* not ;
Such in love's warfare is my case,
I may not article for grace,
Having put Love at last to shew this face.

This face, by which he could command
And change th' idolatry of any Land ;
This face, which, wherefoe'er it comes,
Can call vow'd men from cloysters, dead from tombs,
And melt both Poles at once, and store
Deserts with Cities, and make more
Mynes in the earth, than Quarries were before.

For this love is inrag'd with me,
Yet kills not: if I must example be
To future Rebels; if th' unborn
Must learn, by my being cut up and torn;
Kill and dissect me, Love; for this
Torture against thine own end is,
Rackt carcasses make ill Anatomies.

Confined L O V E.

SOME man unworthy to be possessor
Of old or new love, himself being false or weak,
Thought his pain and shame would be lesser
If on womankind he might his anger wreak,
And thence a law did grow,
One might but one man know ;
But are other creatures so ?

Are Sun, Moon, or Stars by law forbidden
To smile where they list, or lend away their light ?
Are Birds divorc'd, or are they chidden
If they leave their mate, or lie abroad all night ?

Beasts do no joyntures lose,
 Though they new lovers choose,
 But we are made worse than those.

Who e'er rigg'd fair ships to lie in harbours,
 And not to seek lands, or not to deal with all?
 Or build fair houses, set trees and arbours,
 Only to lock up, or else to let them fall?
 Good is not good, unless
 A thousand it possess,
 But doth waste with greediness.

The D R E A M.

Dear Love, for nothing less than thee
 Would I have broke this happy dream,
 It was a theam

For reason, much too strong for phantasie,
 Therefore thou wak'dst me wisely; yet
 My dream thou brok'st not, but continued'st it:
 Thou art so true, that thoughts of thee suffice
 To make dreams truths, and fables histories;
 Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best
 Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest.

As Lightning or a Taper's light,
 Thine eyes, and not thy noise wak'd me;
 Yet I thought thee

(For thou lov'st truth) an Angel at first sight,
 But when I saw thou saw'st my heart,
 And knew'st my thoughts beyond an Angel's art,
 When thou knew'st what I dreamt, then thou knew'st
 [when

Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'st then;
 I must confess, it could not chuse but be
 Prophane to think thee any thing but thee.

Hope not for mind in women ; at their best
Sweetness and Wit, they're but *Mummy* possess.

The CURSE.

WHO ever guesses, thinks, or dreams he knows
Who is my Mistress, wither by this Curse ;
Him only for his Purse
May some dull whore to love dispose,
And then yield unto all that are his foes ;
May he be scorn'd by one, whom all else scorn,
Forswear to others, what to her h' hath sworn,
With fear of missing, shame of getting torn.

Madness his sorrow, gout his cramp may he
Make, by but thinking who hath made them such :
And may he feel no touch
Of conscience, but of fame, and be
Anguish'd, not that 'twas sin, but that 'twas she :
Or may he for her virtue reverence
One, that hates him only for impotence,
And equal Traitors be she and his sense.

May he dream Treason, and believe that he
Meant to perform it, and confess, and die,
And no Record tell why :
His sons, which none of his may be,
Inherit nothing but his infamy :
Or may he so long Parasites have fed,
That he would fain be theirs, whom he hath bred,
And at the last be circumcis'd for bread.

The venome of all stepdames, gamester's gall,
What Tyrants and their subjects interwish,
What Plants, Myne, Beasts, Fowl, Fish
Can contribute, all ill, which all

Prophets or Poets spake; And all, which shall
 B' annex'd in Schedules unto this by me,
 Fall on that man; For if it be a she,
 Nature before-hand hath out-cursed me.

The M E S S A G E.

SEND home my long stray'd eyes to me,
 Which (oh) too long have dwelt on thee;
 But if they there have learn'd such ill,
 Such forc'd fashions
 And false passions,
 That they be
 Made by thee
 Fit for no good fight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
 Which no unworthy thought could stain;
 But if it be taught by thine
 To make jestings
 Of protestings,
 And break both
 Word and oath,
 Keep it still, 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
 That I may know and see thy Lies,
 And may laugh and joy, when thou
 Art in anguish,
 And dost languish
 For some one,
 That will none,
 Or prove as false as thou dost now.

*A Nocturnal upon S. LUCIE'S
day, being the shortest day.*

'T IS the year's midnight, and it is the day's,
Lucie's, who scarce seven hours her self unmasks ;
The Sun is spent, and now his flasks
Send forth light squibs, no constant rays ;
The world's whole sap is sunk :
The general balm th' hydroptique earth hath drunk,
Whither, as to the beds-feet, life is shrunk,
Dead and interr'd ; yet all these seem to laugh,
Compar'd with me, who am their Epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers be
At the next world, that is, at the next Spring :
For I am a very dead thing,
In whom Love wrought new Alchymy.
For his art did express
A quintessence even from nothingness,
From dull privations, and lean emptiness :
He ruin'd me, and I am re-begot.
Of absence, darkness, death ; things which art not.

All others from all things draw all that's good,
Life, soul, form, spirit, whence they being have ;
I, by Love's Limbeck, am the grave
Of all, that's nothing. Oft a flood
Have we two wept, and so
Drown'd the whole world, us two ; oft did we grow
To be two Chaos's, when he did show
Care to ought else ; and often absences
Withdrew our souls, and made us carcases.

But I am by her death (which word wrongs her)
Of the first nothing the Elixir grown ;

32 *Poems, Songs and Sonets.*

Were I a man, that I were one,
I needs must know ; I should prefer,
If I were any Beast, [test,
Some ends, some means ; Yea plants, yea stones de-
And love, all, all some properties invest.
If I an ordinary nothing were,
As shadow, a light, and body must be here.

But I am None ; nor will my Sun renew :
You lovers, for whose sake the lesser Sun
At this time to the Goat is run
To fetch new lust, and give it you,
Enjoy your Summer all,
Since she enjoys her long night's festival,
Let me prepare towards her, and let me call
This hour her Vigil and her Eve, since this
Both the year's, and the day's deep midnight is.

Witchcraft by a Picture.

I Fix mine eye on thine, and there
Pity my picture burning in thine eye,
My picture drown'd in a transparent tear,
When I look lower, I espy ;
Hadst thou the wicked skill,
By pictures made and marr'd, to kill ;
How many wayes might'st thou perform thy will ?

But now I've drunk thy sweet salt tears,
And though thou pour more, I'll depart :
My picture vanished, vanish all fears,
That I can be endamag'd by that art:
Though thou retain of me
One picture more, yet that will be,
Being in thine own heart, from all malice free.

The B A I T.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brookes;
With silken lines and silver hookes.

There will the river whisp'ring run
Warm'd by thine eyes, more than the Sun.
And there th' inamour'd fish will play,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou to be so seen art loth
By Sun or Moon, thou darknest both;
And if my self have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset,
With strangling snare, or winding net:

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
Or curious traitors, heave silk flies,
Bewitch poor fish's wandring eyes:

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thy self art thine own bait;
That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas! is wiser far than I.

The APPARITION.

When by thy scorn, O murd'ers, I am dead,
 And thou shalt think thee free
 Of all solicitation from me,
 Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
 And thee feign'd Vestal in worse arms shall see;
 Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
 And he, whose thou art, being tir'd before,
 Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think
 Thou call'st for more,
 And in a false sleep even from thee shrink.
 And then, poor Aspen wretch, neglected thou
 Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lie
 A verier ghost than I;
 What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
 Left that preserve thee: and since my love is spent,
 I'd rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
 Than by my threatnings rest still innocent.

The broken HEART.

HE is stark mad, who ever says,
 That he hath been in love an hour,
 Yet not that love so soon decays,
 But that it can ten in less space devour;
 Who will believe me, if I swear
 That I have had the Plague a year?
 Who would not laugh at me, if I should say,
 I saw a flash of Powder burn a day?

Ah! what a trifle is a heart,
 If once into Love's hands it come?
 All other griefs allow a part
 To other griefs, and ask themselves but some,

They come to us, but us love draws,
He swallows us and never chaws:
By him, as by chain'd shot, whole ranks do die;
He is the Tyrant Pike, and we the Frie.

If 'twere not so, what did become
Of my heart, when I first saw thee?
I brought a heart into the room,
But from the room I carried none with me:
If it had gone to thee. I know
Mine would have taught thine heart to show
More pity unto me: but Love, alas,
At one first blow did shiver it as glafs.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I think my breast hath all
Those pieces still, though they do not unite:
And now as broken glasses show
A hundred lesser faces, so
My raggs of heart can like, wish, and adore,
But after one such Love can love no more.

A Valediction forbidding mourning.

AS virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their Souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
Now his breath goes, and some say, No;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
'Twere prophanation of our joys
To tell the Laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did, and meant;

36 *Poems, Songs and Sonets.*

But trepidation of the sphears,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull Sublunary Lover's love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Of absence, 'cause it doth remove
The thing, which elemented it.

But we by a love so far refin'd,
That our selves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Careless eyes, lips and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, indure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin Compasses are two,
Thy soul, the fixt foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the center sit,
Yet when the other far doth come,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run,
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

The ECSTASIE.

WHere, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swell'd up, to rest

The violet's declining head,
Sate we on one another's breast.
Our hands were firmly cemented
By a fast Balm, which thence did spring,
Our eye-beams twifted, and did thread
Our eyes upon one double string,
So to engraft our hands as yet
Was all the means to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.
As 'twixt two equal Armies Fate
Suspends uncertain victory,
Our souls (which, to advance our state,
Were gone out) hung 'twixt her and me.
And whilst our souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral statues lay,
All day the same our postures were,
And we said nothing all the day.
If any, so by love refin'd,
That he soul's language understood,
And by good love were grown all mind,
Within convenient distance stood,
He (though he knew not which soul spake,
Because both meant, both spake the same)
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.
This ecstasie doth unperplex
(We said) and tell us what we love,
We see by this, it was not sex,
We see, we saw not what did move:
But as all several souls contain
Mixture of things they know not what,
Love these mixt souls doth mix again,
And makes both one, each this and that,
A single violet transplant,
The strength, the colour and the size
(All which before was poor and scant,)
Redoubles still and multiplies.

38 *Poems, Songs and Sonets.*

When love with one another so
 Interanimates two souls,
 That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
 Defects of loveliness controuls.
 We then, who are this new soul, know,
 Of what we are compos'd and made:
 For the Atomes, of which we grow,
 Are soul, whom no change can invade:
 But, O alas! so long, so far
 Our bodies why do we forbear?
 They are ours, though not we, We are
 Th' Intelligences, they the Sphears,
 We owe them thanks, because they thus
 Did us to us at first convey,
 Yielded their sense's force to us,
 Nor are dross to us, but Allay.
 On man heaven's influence works not so
 But that it first imprints the Air,
 For soul into the soul may flow,
 Though it to body first repair.
 As our bloud labours to beget
 Spirits, as like souls as it can,
 Because such fingers need to knit
 That subtile knot, which makes us man:
 So must pure Lover's souls descend
 T' affections and to faculties,
 Which sense may reach and apprehend,
 Else a great Prince in prison lies;
 T' our bodies turn we then, and so
 Weak men on love reveal'd may look;
 Love's mysteries in Souls do grow,
 But yet the body is the book;
 And if some lover, such as we,
 Have heard this dialogue of one,
 Let him still mark us, he shall see
 Small change, when we're to bodies grown.

Love's D E I T Y.

I Long to talk with some old lover's ghost,
 Who dy'd before the God of Love was born:
 I cannot think that he, who then lov'd most,
 Sunk so low, as to love one which did scorn.
 But since this God produc'd a destiny,
 And that Vice-nature custom lets it be;
 I must love her that loves not me.

Sure they, which made him God, meant not so much,
 Nor he in his young Godhead practis'd it.
 But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
 His Office was indulgently to fit
 Actives to Passives, Correspondency
 Only his *Subject* was; it cannot be
 Love, till I love her that loves me.

But every modern God will now extend
 His vast prerogative as far as *Love*,
 To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend;
 All is the Purlewe of the God of Love.
 Oh were we wak'ned by this Tyranny
 T' ungod this child again, it could not be
 I should love her, who loves not me.

Rebel and Atheist too, why murmur I
 As though I felt the worst that love could do?
 Love may make me leave loving, or might try
 A deeper plague, to make her love me too,
 Which, since she loves before, I'm loth to see;
 Falshood is worse than hate; and that must be,
 If she whom I love, should love me.

Love's D I E T.

TO what a cumberfom unwieldinefs
 And burdenous corpulence my love had grown;
 But that I did, to make it lefs,
 And keep it in proportion,
 Give it a diet, made it feed upon,
 That which love worft endures, *discretion.*

Above one figh a day I allow'd him not,
 Of which my fortune and my faults had part;
 And if fometimes by stealth he got
 A fne figh from my miftrefs' heart,
 And thought to feaft on that, I let him fee
 'Twas neither very found, nor meant to me.

If he wrung from me a Tear, I brin'd it fo
 With fcorn or fhame, that him it nourish'd not;
 If he fuck'd hers, I let him know
 'Twas not a tear, which he had got,
 His drink was counterfeit, as was his meat;
 Her eyes, which rowl towards all, weep not, but fwear.

What ever he would dictate, I writ that,
 But burnt my letters, which ſhe writ to me;
 And if that favour made him fat,
 I ſaid, If any title be
 Convey'd by this, Ah! what doth it avail
 To be the fortieth man in an entail?

Thus I reclaim'd my buzzard love, to fly
 At what, and when, and how, and where I choſe;
 Now negligent of ſport I lie,
 And now, as other Fawknets uſe,
 I ſpring a miſtreſs, ſwear, write, figh and weep
 And the game kill'd, or loſt, go talk or ſleep,

42 *Poems, Songs and Sonets.*

To Nature all, that I in Rhyme have writ ;
And to my company my wit.
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her, who begot this love in me before,
Taught't me to make, as though I gave, when I do
[but restore.

To him, for whom the passing-bell next tolls,
I give my physick Books ; my written rolls
Of Moral counsels I to Bedlam give :
My Brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread ; to them, which pass among
All foreigners, mine English tongue.
Thou, Love, by making me love one,
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
The world by dying : because Love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in Mines, where none doth draw it forth ;
And all your graces no more use shall have,
Than a Sun-dyal in a grave.
Thou, Love, taught't me, by making me
Love her, who doth neglect both me and thee,
T' invent and practise this one way, t' annihilate
[all three.

The F U N E R A L.

WHO ever comes to shroud me, do not harm
Nor question much
That subtile wreath of hair about mine arm ;
The mystery, the sign you must not touch,
For 'tis my outward Soul,
Viceroy to that, which unto heav'n being gone,

Will leave this to controul, [tion.
And keep these limbs, her Provinces, from dissolu-

For if the sinewie thread, my brain lets fall
Through every part,
Can tye those parts, and make me one of all ;
Those hairs, which upward grow, and strength and art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do't : except she meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manac'd, when they're con-
[demn'd to die,

What e'er she meant by't, bury it with me,
For since I am
Love's martyr, it might breed Idolatry,
If into other hands these Reliques came.
As 'twas humility
T' afford to it all that a soul can do ,
So 'tis some bravery, [of you.
That, since you would have none of me, I bury some

The Blossom.

Little think'st thou, poor flower,
Whom I have watch'd six or seven dayes,
And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour
Gave to thy growth, thee to this heighth to raise,
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,
Little think'st thou
That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
To-morrow find thee faln, or not at all.

Little think'st thou (poor Heatt,
That labourest yet to nestle thee,
And think'st by hovering here to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,

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And hop'ft her stiffness by long siege to bow :)
 Little think'ft thou,
That thou to-morrow, ere the Sun doth wake,
Must with this Sun and me a journey take.

 But thou, which lov'ft to be
 Subtile to plague thy self, will say,
Alas! if you must go, what's that to me?
Here lies my business, and here I will stay :
You go to friends, whose love and means present
 Various content
To your eyes, ears, and taste, and every part,
If then your body go, what need your heart ?

 Well, then stay here : but know,
 When thou hast staid and done thy most,
A naked thinking heart, that mak's no show,
Is to a woman but a kind of Ghost ;
How shall she know my heart ; or having none,
 Know thee for one?
Practise may make her know some other part,
But take my word, she doth not know a heart.

 Meet me at *London* then
 Twenty dayes hence, and thou shalt see
Me fresher and more fat, by being with men,
Than if I had staid still with her and thee.
For God's sake, if you can, be you so too :
 I will give you
There to another friend, whom we shall find
As glad to have my body as my mind.

The Primrose, being at Mountgomery Castle, upon the hill, on which it is situate.

 U Pon this Primrose hill,
 (Where, if Heav'n would distill

A shower of rain, each several drop might go
To his own Primrose, and grow Manna so;
And where their form and their infinitie
 Make a terrestrial Gallaxie,
 As the small stars do in the skie)
I walk to find a true Love; and I see
That 'tis not a meer woman, that is she,
But must or more or less than woman be.

Yet know I not, which flower
I wish; a six, or four;
For should my true-Love less than woman be,
She were scarce any thing; and then should she
Be more than woman, she would get above
 All thought of sex, and think to move
 My heart to study her, and not to love;
Both these were Monsters; Since there must reside
Falshood in woman, I could more abide,
She were by art, than Nature falsify'd.

Live, Primrose, then and thrive
With thy true number five;
And women, whom this flower doth represent,
With this mysterious number be content;
Ten is the farthest number, if half ten
 Belongs unto each woman, then
 Each woman may take half us men:
Or if this will not serve their turn, since all
Numbers are odd or even, since they fall
First into five, women may take us all.

The Relique.

When my grave is broke up again
Some second guest to entertain,
(For graves have learn'd that woman-head,
To be to more than one a Bed)

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And he, that digs it, spies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
Will he not let us alone,
And think that there a loving couple lies ?
Who thought that this device might be some way
To make their souls, at the last busie day,
Meet at this grave, and make a little fray ?

If this fall in a time, or land,
Where Mass-devotion doth command,
Then he, that digs us up, will bring
Us to the Bishop or the King,
To make us Reliques ; then
Thou shalt be a *Mary Magdalen*, and I
A something else thereby ;
All women shall adore us, and some men ;
And since at such time miracles are sought,
I would have that age by this paper taught
What miracles we harmless Lovers wrought.

First we lov'd well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we lov'd, nor why ;
Diff'rence of Sex we never knew,
No more than Guardian Angels do ;
Coming and going we
Perchance might kiss, but yet between those meales
Our hands ne'er toucht the scales,
Which nature, injur'd by late law, set free :
These miracles we did ; but now, alas !
All measure and all language I should pass,
Should I tell what a miracle she was.

The D A M P.

When I am dead, and Doctors know not why,
And my friends curiosity
Will have me cut up, to survey each part,
And they shall find your Picture in mine heart ;

You think a suddain damp of Love
Will through all their senses move,
And work on them as me, and so prefer
Your murder to the name of massacre.

Poor victories! but if you dare be brave,
And pleasure in the conquest have,
First kill th' enormous Gyant, your *Disdain*,
And let th' enchantress *Honour* next be slain;
And like a *Goth* or *Vandal* rise,
Deface Records and Histories
Of your own acts and triumphs over men;
And without such advantage kill me then.

For I could muster up, as well as you,
My Gyants and my Witches too,
Which are vast *Constancy*, and *Secretness*,
But these I neither look for nor profess.
Kill me as Woman, let me die
As a meer man; do you but try
Your passive valour, and you shall find then,
Naked you've odds enough of any man.

The Dissolution.

SHE's dead, and all, which die,
To their first Elements resolve;
And we were mutual Elements to us,
And made of one another.
My body then doth hers involve,
And those things, whereof I consist, hereby
In me abundant grow and burdenous,
And nourish not, but smother.
My fire of Passion, sighs of air,
Water of tears, and earthy sad despair,
Which my materials be,
(But near worn out by Love's securitie)

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She, to my loss, doth by her death repair;
And I might live long wretched so,
But that my fire doth with my fuel grow.

Now as those Active Kings,
Whose foreign conquest treasure brings,
Receive more, and spend more, and soonest break;
This (which I'm amaz'd that I can speak)
This death hath with my store
My use increas'd.

And so my soul, more earnestly releas'd,
Will outstrip hers: As bullets flown before
A later bullet may o'ertake, the powder being more.

A Jeat Ring sent.

THOU art not so black as my heart,
Nor half so brittle as her heart thou art;
What wouldst thou say? shall both our properties
[by thee be spoke?
Nothing more endless, nothing sooner broke.

Marriage rings are not of this stuff;
Oh! Why should ought less precious, or less tough
Figure our Loves? except in thy name thou have bid
[it say,
I'm cheap and nought but fashion, fling m'away.

Yet stay with me, since thou art come,
Circle this finger's top, which didst her thumb:
Be justly proud, and gladly safe, that thou dost
[dwell with me;
She that, oh! broke her faith, would soon break
[thee.

Negative

Negative Love.

I Never stoop'd so low as they,
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey,
Seldom to them, which soar no higher
Than virtue or the Mind t' admire;
For sense and understanding may
Know, what gives fuel to their fire:
My Love, though silly, is more brave,
For may I miss, when e'er I crave,
If I know yet what I would have.

If that be simply perfectest,
Which can by no means be exprest
But *Negatives*, my love is so.
To all, which all love, I say no.
If any, who deciphers best,
What we know not (our selves) can know,
Let him teach me that nothing. This
As yet my ease and comfort is,
Though I speed not, I cannot miss.

The Prohibition.

TAke heed of loving me,
At least remember, I forbid it thee;
Not that I shall repair my' unthrifty waste
Of Breath and Bloud, upon thy sighs and tears,
By being to thee then what to me thou wast;
But so great Joy our Life at once outwears:
Thee lest thy love by my death frustrate be
If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating me,
Or too much triumph in the Victory

Not that I shall be mine own Officer,
 And hate with hate again retaliate:
 But thou wilt lose the stile of Conquerour,
 If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate:
 Then, lest my being nothing lessen thee,
 If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet love and hate me too,
 So these extrems shall ne'er their office do;
 Love me, that I may die the gentler way:
 Hate me, because thy Love's too great for me:
 Or let these two themselves, not me, decay;
 So shall I live thy Stage, not Triumph be:
 Then lest thy Love thou hate, and me undo,
O let me live, yet love and hate me too.

The Expiration.

SO, go break off this last lamenting kiss,
 Which sucks two souls, and vapours both away.
 Turn thou, Ghost, that way, and let me turn this;
 And let our selves benight our happiest day;
 As ask none leave to love; nor will we owe
 Any so cheap a death, as saying, Go;

Go; and if that word have not quite kill'd thee,
 Ease me with death, by bidding me go too.
 Or if it have, let my word work on me,
 And a just office on a murd'rer do.
 Except it be too late to kill me so,
 Being double dead, going, and bidding, Go.

The Computation.

FROM my first twenty years, since yesterday,
I scarce believ'd thou could'st be gone away,
For forty more I fed on favours past, [last.
And forty' on hopes, that thou would'st they might
Tears drown'd one hundred, and sighs blew out two;
A thousand I did neither think, nor do,
Or not divide, all being one thought of you:
Or in a thousand more forgot that too.
Yet call not this long life ; but think, that I
Am, by being dead, immortal ; Can Ghosts die ?

The Paradox.

NO Lover saith, I love, nor any other
Can judge a perfect Lover ;
He thinks that else none can or will agree,
That any loves but he :
I cannot say I lov'd, for who can say
He was kill'd yesterday :
Love with excess of heat more young than old ;
Death kills with too much cold ;
We die but once, and who lov'd last did die,
He that saith twice, doth lie :
For though he seem to move, and stir awhile,
It doth the sense beguile.
Such life is like the light, which bideth yet,
When the life's light is set,
Or like the heat, which fire in solid matter
Leaves behind two hours after.
Once I love and dy'd ; and am now become
Mine Epitaph and Tomb.

Here dead men speak their last, and so do I;
Love-slain, loe, here I die.

S O N G.

SOul's joy, now I am gone,
And you alone,
(Which cannot be,
Since I must leave my self with thee,
And carry thee with me)
Yet when unto our eyes
Absence denies
Each other's sight,
And makes to us a constant night,
When others change to light:
*O give no way to grief,
But let belief
Of mutual love,
This wonder to the vulgar prove,
Our Bodies, not we, move.*

Let not thy wit bewEEP
Words, but sense deep;
For when we miss
By distance our hopes-joyning blifs,
Ev'n then our souls shall kiss:
Fools have no means to meet,
But by their feet;
Why should our clay
Over our spirits so much sway,
To tie us to that way?
O give no way to grief, &c.

Farewell to L O V E.

WHilst yet to prove
I thought there was some Deity in Love,
So did I reverence, and gave
Worship, as Atheists at their dying hour
Call, what they cannot name, an unknown Power
As ignorantly did I crave:

Thus when
Things not yet known are coveted by men,
Our desires give them fashion, and so,
As they wax lesser, fall, as they life grow.

But from late Fair
His Highness (sitting in a golden Chair)
Is not less cared for after three days
By children, than the thing, which lovers so
Blindly admire, and with such worship woo:
Being had, enjoying it decays;

And thence,
What before pleas'd them all, takes but one sense,
And that so lamely, as it leaves behind
A kind of sorrowing dulness to the mind.

Ah! cannot we,
As well as Cocks and Lions, jocund be
After such pleasures? unless wife
Nature decreed (since each such act, they say,
Diminisheth the length of life a day)

This; as she would man should despise
The sport,
Because that other curse of being short,
And only for a minute made to be
Eager, desires to raise posterity.

Since so, my mind
 Shall not desire what no man else can find,
 I'll no more dote and run
 To pursue things, which had endamag'd me.
 And when I come where moving beauties be,
 As men do, when the Summer Sun
 Grows great,
 Though I admire their greatness, shun their heat;
 Each place can afford shadows. If all fail,
 'Tis but applying worm-feed to the Tail.

S O N G.

DEAR Love, continue nice and chaste,
 For if you yield, you do me wrong;
 Let duller wits to love's end haste,
 I have enough to woo thee long.

All pain and joy is in their way;
 The things we fear bring less annoy
 Than fear, and hope brings greater joy:
 But in themselves they cannot stay.

Small favours will my prayers increase:
 Granting my suit, you give me all;
 And then my prayers must needs surcease,
 For I have made your Godhead fall.

Beasts cannot wit nor beauty see,
 They man's affections only move:
 Beasts other sports of love do prove,
 With better feeling, far than we.

Then, Love, prolong my suit; for thus
 By losing sport, I sport do win:

And that doth virtue prove in us,
Which ever yet hath been a sin.

My coming near may spie some ill,
And now the world is giv'n to scoff:
To keep my love (then) keep me off,
And so I shall admire thee still.

Say, I have made a perfect choice;
Satiety our selves may kill:
Then give me but thy face and voice,
Mine eye and ear thou canst not fill.

To make me rich (oh) be not poor,
Give me not all, yet something lend;
So I shall still my suit commend,
And at your will do less or more,
But if to all you condescend,
My Love, our sport, your Godhead end.

A Lecture upon the Shadow.

STAND still, and I will read to thee
A Lecture, Love, in Love's Philosophie.
These three hours, that we have spent
Walking here, Two shadows went
Along with us, which we our selves produc'd;
But now the Sun is just above our head,
We do those shadows tread:
And to brave clearness all things are reduc'd.
So whilst our infant loves did grow,
Disguises did and shadows flow
From us and our cares: but now 'tis not so.

That Love hath not attain'd the high'st degree,
Which is still diligent lest others see;

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Except our Loves at this Noon stay,
We shall new shadows make the other way.
As the first were made to blind
Others; these, which come behind,
Will work upon our selves, and blind our eyes.
If our love's faint, and westwardly decline;
To me thou falsly thine,
And I to thee mine actions shall disguise.
The morning shadows wear away,
But these grow longer all the day:
But oh! Love's day is short, if Love decay.

Love is a growing, or full constant light;
And his short minute, after noon, is night.

The End of the Songs and Sonets.





EPIGRAMS.

Hero and Leander.

BOth robb'd of air, we both lie in one ground,
 Both whom one fire had burnt, one water
 [drown'd]

Pyramus and Thisbe.

Two by themselves each other love and fear,
 Slain, cruel friends, by parting have join'd here.

Niobe.

By children's births and death I am become
 So dry, that I am now mine own sad tomb.

A burnt Ship.

Out of a fired Ship, which by no way
 But drowning could be rescued from the flame,
 Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came:
 Near the foe's Ships, did by their shot decay:
 So all were lost, which in the ship were found,
 They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt ship
 [drown'd]

Fall of a Wall.

Under an under-min'd and shot-bruis'd wall
 A too bold Captain perish'd by the fall,
 Whose brave misfortune happiest men envi'd,
 That had a tower for tomb his bones to hide.

A lame Begger.

I am unable, yonder begger cries,
To stand or move; if he say true, he *lies*.

A Self-accuser.

Your Mistress, that you follow Whores, still taxeth
you;
'Tis strange, that she should thus confess it, though't
be true.

A licentious person.

Thy sins and hairs may no man equal call ;
For as thy sins increase, thy hairs do fall.

Antiquary.

If in his study he hath so much care
To hang all old strange things, let his wife beware.

Disinherited.

Thy father all from thee by his last Will
Gave to the poor; Thou hast good title still.

Phryne.

Thy flattering Picture, *Phryne*, 's like to thee
Only in this, that you both painted be.

An obscure Writer.

Philo with twelve years study hath been griev'd
To b' understood, when will he be believ'd?

Klockius so deeply 'hath sworn ne'er more to come
In bawdy-house, that he dares not go home.

Raderus.

Why this mangeld *Martial*, I amuse ;
Except himself alone his tricks would use,
As *Kath'rine*, for the Court's sake, put down stews.

Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus.

Like *Esop's* fellow-slaves, O *Mercury*,
Which could do all things, thy faith is ; and I
Like *Esop's* self, which nothing ; I confess,
I should have had more faith, if thou hadst less ;
Thy credit lost thy credit : 'Tis sin to do,
In this case, as thou would'st be done unto,
To believe all : Change thy name ; thou art like
Mercury in stealing, but lyest like a *Greek*,

Compassion in the world again is bred :
Ralphius is sick, the Broker keeps his bed.

The End of the Epigrams.





E L E G I E S.

E L E G I E I.

Jealousie.

Fond woman, which would'st have thy husband die,
 And yet complain'st of his great jealousie:
 If swoln with poyson he lay in 'his last bed,
 His body with a sere-cloth covered,
 Drawing his breath, as thick and short as can
 The nimblest crocheting Musician,
 Ready with loathsom vomiting to spue
 His soul out of one hell into a new,
 Made deaf with his poor Kindred's howling cries,
 Begging with few feign'd tears great Legacies,
 Thou would'st not weep, but jolly' and frolick be,
 As a slave, which to-morrow should be free;
 Yet weep'st thou, when thou seest him hungerly
 Swallow his own death, heart's-bane jealousie.
 O give him many thanks, he's courteous,
 That in suspecting kindly warneth us;
 We must not, as we us'd, flout openly
 In scoffing riddles his deformity:
 Nor, at his board together being sat,
 With words, nor touch, scarce looks adulterate.
 Nor, when he swoln and pamper'd with high fare
 Sits down and snorts, cag'd in his basket-chair,
 Must we usurp his own bed any more,
 Nor kiss and play in his house, as before.
 Now do I see my danger; for it is
 His realm, his castle, and his diocese.

But if (as envious men, which would revile
 Their Prince, or coin his Gold, themselves exile
 Into another country' and do it there)
 We play' in another's house, what should we fear?
 There will we scorn his household policies,
 His silly plots and pensionary spies;
 As the inhabitants of *Thames'* right side
 Do *London's* Mayor; or *Germans* the Pope's pride.

ELEGIE II.

The Anagram.

Marry, and love thy *Flavia*, for she
 Hath all things, whereby others beauteous be;
 For though her eyes be small, her mouth is great;
 Though theirs be Ivory, yet her teeth be jeat;
 Though they be dim, yet she is light enough,
 And though her harsh hair's foul, her skin is rough;
 What though her cheeks be yellow, her hair's red,
 Give her thine, and she hath a Maidenhead.
 These things are beauty's elements; where these
 Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please.
 If red and white, and each good quality
 Be in thy wench, ne'er ask where it doth lie.
 In buying things perfum'd, we ask, if there
 Be musk and amber in it, but not where.
 Though all her parts be not in th' usual place,
 She 'hath yet the Anagrams of a good face.
 If we might put the letters but one way,
 In that lean dearth of words, what could we say?
 When by the Gamut some Musicians make
 A perfect song; others will undertake,
 By the same Gamut chang'd, to equal it.
 Things simply good can never be unfit;
 She's fair as any, if all be like her;
 And if none be, then she is singular.

All love is wonder; if we justly do
 Account her wonderful, why not lovely too?
 Love built on beauty, soon as beauty, dies;
 Choose this face, chang'd by no deformities,
 Women are all like Angels; the fair be
 Like those, which fell to worse: but such as she,
 Like to good Angels, nothing can impair:
 'Tis less grief to be foul, than to 'have been fair.
 For one night's revels silk and gold we choose,
 But in long journies cloth and leather use.
 Beauty is barren oft; best husbands say,
 There is best land, where there is foulest way.
 Oh what a soveraign plaister will she be,
 If thy past sins have taught thee jealousy!
 Here needs no spies nor eunuchs, her commit
 Safe to thy foes, yea, to a Marmoset.
 Like *Belgia's* cities, when the Country drowns,
 That dirty foulness guards and arms the towns;
 So doth her face guard her; and so for thee,
 Who, forc'd by business, absent oft must be;
 She, whose face, like clouds, turns the day to night,
 Who, mightier than the sea, makes Moors seem white;
 Whom, though seven years she in the Stews had laid,
 A Nunnery durst receive, and think a Maid;
 And though in childbirth's labour she did lie,
 Midwives would swear, 'twere but a tympany;
 Whom, if she' accuse her self, I credit less
 Than witches, which impossibles confess.
 One-like none, and lik'd of none, fittest were;
 For things in fashion every man will wear.

ELEGIE III.

Change.

Although thy hand and faith and good works too
 Have seal'd thy love, which nothing should undoe.

ELEGIES.

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Yea though thou fall back, that Apostasie
Confirms thy love; yet much, much I fear thee.
Women are like the Arts, forc'd unto none,
Open to 'all searchers, unpriz'd if unknown.
If I have caught a bird, and let him flie,
Another Fowler, using those means as I,
May catch the same bird; and, as these things be,
Women are made for men, not him, nor me.
Foxes, goats and all beasts change, when they please,
Shall women, more hot, wily, wild than these,
Be bound to one man, and bid nature then
Idly make them apter to 'endure than men?
They 're our cloggs, not their own; if a man be
Chain'd to a gally, yet the gally's free.
Who hath a plow-land, casts all his seed-corn there,
And yet allows his ground more corn should bear;
Though *Danuby* into the sea must flow,
The sea receives the *Rhine*, *Volga* and *Po*,
By nature, which gave it this liberty.
Thou lov'st, but oh! can'st thou love it and me?
Likeness glews love; and if that thou so doe,
To make us like and love, must I change too?
More than thy hate, I hate 'it; rather let me
Allow her change, than change as oft as she;
And so not teach, but force my 'opinion,
To love not any one, nor every one.
To live in one land is captivity,
To run all countries a wild roguery;
Waters stink soon, if in one place they 'abide,
And in the vast sea are more putrif'd:
But when they kiss one bank, and leaving this
Never look back, but the next bank do kiss,
Then are they purest; Change is the nursery
Of Musick, Joy, Life, and Eternity.

E L E G I E IV.

The Perfume.

ONce, and but once, found in thy company,
 All thy supposed 'scapes are laid on me ;
 And as a thief at bar is question'd there
 By all the men, that have been robb'd that year,
 So am I (by this traiterous means surpriz'd)
 By thy Hydroptique father catechiz'd.
 Though he had wont to search with glazed eyes,
 As though he came to kill a Cockatrice ;
 Though he hath oft sworn, that he would remove
 Thy beautie's beauty, and food of our love,
 Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seen ;
 Yet close and secret, as our souls, we've been.
 Though thy immortal mother, which doth lie
 Still buried in her bed, yet will not die,
 Takes this advantage to sleep out day-light,
 And watch thy Entries and Returns all night ;
 And, when she takes thy hand, and would seem kind,
 Doth search what rings and armllets she can find ;
 And kissing notes the colour of thy face,
 And fearing lest thou 'rt swoln, doth thee embrace ;
 And, to try if thou long, doth name strange meats
 And notes thy paleness, blushes, sighs and sweats
 And politiquely will to thee confess
 The sins of her own youth's rank lustiness ;
 Yet love these forc'ries did remove, and move
 Thee to gull thine own mother for my love.
 Thy little brethren, which like Fairy Sprights
 Oft skipt into our chamber those sweet nights,
 And kist, and dandled on thy father's knee,
 Were brib'd next day ; to tell what they did see :
 The grim eight-foot high iron-bound serving-man,
 That oft names God in oaths, and only then,
 He that to bar the first gate doth as wide
 As the great *Rhodian Colossus* stride,

Which, if in hell no other pains there were,
Makes me fear hell, because he must be there:
Though by thy father he were hir'd to this,
Could never witness any touch or kiss.
But, Oh! too common ill, I brought with me
That, which betray'd me to mine enemy:
A loud perfume, which at my entrance cry'd
Ev'n at thy father's nose, so were we spy'd.
When, like a Tyrant King, that in his bed
Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shiver'd;
Had it been some bad smell, he would have thought
That his own feet or breath the smell had wrought.
But as we in our Isle imprisoned,
Where cattle only and divers dogs are bred,
The precious Unicorns strange monsters call,
So thought he sweet strange, that had none at all.
I taught my silks their whistling to forbear,
Ev'n my opprest shooes dumb and speechless were:
Only, thou bitter Sweet, whom I had laid
Next me, me traiterously hast betray'd,
And unsuspected hast invisibly
At once fled unto him, and stay'd with me.
Base excrement of earth, which dost confound
Sense from distinguishing the sick from sound;
By thee the silly Amorous sucks his death,
By drawing in a leprous harlot's breath;
By thee the greatest stain to man's estate
Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate;
Though you be much lov'd in the Prince's hall,
There things, that seem, exceed substantial.
Gods, when ye fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well,
Because you're burnt, not that they lik'd your smell.
You're loathsome all, being tak'n simply alone,
Shall we love ill things joyn'd, and hate each one?
If you were good, your good doth soon decay;
And you are rare, that takes the good away.
All my perfumes I give most willingly
T' embalm thy father's coarſe; What? will he dye?

ELEGIE V.

His Picture.

Here take my Picture; though I bid farewell:
 Thine in my heart, where my soul dwells, shall
 'Tis like me now, but, I dead, 'twill be more, [dwell;
 When we are shadows both, than 'twas before.
 When weather-beaten I come back; my hand
 Perhaps with rude oars torn, or Sun-beams rann'd;
 My face and breast of hair-cloth, and my head
 With care's harsh suddain hoariness o'erspread;
 My body? a sack of bones, broken within,
 And powder's blue stains scatter'd on my skin:
 If rival fools tax thee to' have lov'd a man
 So foul and coarse, as, Oh! I may seem then,
 This shall say what I was: and thou shalt say,
 Do his hurts reach me? doth my worth decay?
 Or do they reach his judging mind, that he
 Should now love less, what he did love to see?
 That which in him was fair and delicate,
 Was but the milk, which in love's childish state
 Did nurse it: who now is grown strong enough
 To feed on that, which to weak tastes seems tough.

ELEGIE VI.

OH! let me not serve so, as those men serve,
 Whom Honour's smoaks at once flatter and
 starve:
 Poorly enrich with great men's words or looks:
 Nor so write my name in thy loving books;
 As those Idolatrous flatterers, which still
 Their Prince's files which many names fullfil,
 Whence they no tribute have, and bear no sway.
 Such services I offer as shall pay

Themselves, I hate dead names: Oh then let me
Favourite in Ordinary, or no favourite be.
When my soul was in her own body sheath'd,
Nor yet by oaths betroth'd, nor kisses breath'd
Into my Purgatory, faithless thee;
Thy heart seem'd wax, and steel thy constancy:
So careless flowers, strow'd on the water's face,
The curled whirlpools suck, smack, and embrace,
Yet drown them; so the taper's beamy eye,
Amorously twinkling, beckons the giddy flie,
Yet burns his wings; and such the Devil is,
Scarce visiting them who 're entirely his.
When I behold a stream, which from the spring
Doth with doubtful melodious murmuring,
Or in a speechless slumber calmly ride
Her wedded channel's bosom, and there chide,
And bend her brows, and swell, if any bough
Do but stoop down to kiss her utmost brow:
Yet if her often gnawing kisses win
The traitorous banks to gape and let her in,
She rusheth violently, and doth divorce
Her from her native and her long-kept course,
And roars and braves it, and in gallant scorn,
In flattering eddies promising return,
She flouts her channel, which thenceforth is dry;
Then say I; that is she, and this am I.
Yet let not thy deep bitterness beget
Careless despair in me, for that will whet
My mind to scorn; and, oh! Love dull'd with pain
Was ne'er so wise, nor well arm'd, as Disdain.
Then with new eyes I shall survey and spy
Death in thy cheeks, and darkness in thine eye:
Though hope breed faith and love, thus raught I shall,
As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall;
My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly
I will renounce thy dalliance: and when I
Am the Recusant, in that resolute state
What hurts it me to be' excommunicate?

E L E G I E VII.

Nature's lay Ideot, I taught thee to love,
 And in that Sophistry, Oh! how thou dost prove
 Too subtle! Fool, thou didst not understand
 The mystique language of the eye nor hand:
 Nor couldst thou judge the difference of the air
 Of sighs, and say, this lies, this sounds Despair:
 Nor by th' eye's water know a malady
 Desperately hot, or changing feverously.
 I had not taught thee then the Alphabet
 Of flowers, how they, devisefully being set
 And bound up, might with speechless secrecy
 Deliver errands mutely and mutually.
 Remember, since all thy words us'd to be
 To every suitor, *I, If my Friends agree;*
 Since household charms thy husband's name to teach
 Were all the love tricks, that thy wit could reach:
 And since an hour's discourse could scarce have made
 One answer in thee, and that ill-array'd
 In broken proverbs and torn sentences;
 Thou art not by so many duties his,
 (That, from the world's Common having sever'd thee,
 Inlaid thee, neither to be seen, nor see)
 As mine: who have with amorous delicacies
 Refin'd thee into a blissful Paradise.
 Thy graces and good works my creatures be,
 I planted knowledge and life's tree in thee:
 Which, Oh! shall strangers taste? Must I, alas!
 Frame and enamel Plate, and drink in glass?
 Chafe wax for other's seals? break a colt's force,
 And leave him then being made a ready horse?

E L E G I E VIII.

The Comparifon.

AS the fweet fweat of Roses in a Still,
 As that, which from chaf'd Muskat's pores doth
 As the Almighty Balm of th' early East, [trill,
 Such are the fweat drops of my Miftrefs' breast;
 And on her neck her skin fuch luftre fets,
 They feem no fweat drops, but pearl coronets.
 Rank fweaty froth thy Miftrefs' brow defiles,
 Like Spermatique iffue of ripe menftruous boyles.
 Or like the skum, which, by need's lawlefs law
 Enforc'd, *Sanferra's* ftarved men did draw
 From parboyl'd shoes and boots, and all the reft,
 Which were with any foveraign fatnefs blest;
 And like vile ftones lying in faffron'd tin,
 Or warts, or weales, it hangs upon her skin.
 Round as the world's her head, on every fide,
 Like to the fatal Ball, which fell on *Ide* :
 Or that, whereof God had fuch jealoufie,
 As for the ravifhing thereof we dye.
 Thy head is like a rough-hewn ftatue of jeat,
 Where marks for eyes, nofe, mouth, are yet fcarce
 Like the firft Chaos, or flat feeming face [let :
 Of *Cynthia*, when th' earth's fhadows her embrace.
 Like *Proferpine's* white beauty-keeping cheft,
 Or *Jove's* beft fortune's urn, is her fair breast.
 Thine's like worm-eaten trunks cloth'd in feal's skin,
 Or Grave, that's duft without, and ftink within.
 And like that slender ftalk, at whose end ftands
 The wood-bine quivering, are her arms and hands.
 Like rough-bark'd elm-boughs, or the ruffet skin
 Of men late fcourg'd for madnefs or for fin;
 Like Sun-parch'd Quarters on the City Gate,
 Such is thy tann'd skin's lamentable ftate :

And like a bunch of ragged carrets stand
 The short swoln fingers of thy mistress' hand.
 Then like the Chymick's masculine equal fire,
 Which in the Limbeck's warm womb doth inspire
 Into th' earth's worthless dirt a soul of gold,
 Such cherishing heat her best-lov'd part doth hold.
 Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gun,
 Or like hot liquid metals newly run
 Into clay moulds, or like to that *Aetna*,
 Where round about the grass is burnt away.
 Are not your kisses then as filthy and more,
 As a worm sucking an invenom'd fore?
 Doth not thy fearful hand in feeling quake,
 As one which gathering flowers still fears a snake?
 Is not your last act harsh and violent,
 As when a plough a stony ground doth rent?
 So kifs good turtles, so devoutly nice
 A Priest is in his handling Sacrifice,
 And nice in searching wounds the Surgeon is,
 As we, when we embrace, or touch, or kifs:
 Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,
 She and Comparisons are odious.

ELEGIE IX.

The Autumnal.

NO *Spring*, nor *Summer's* beauty hath such grace,
 As I have seen in one *Autumnal* face.
 Young *Beauties* force our Loves, and that's a *Rape*;
 This doth but *counsel*, yet you cannot scape.
 If 'twere a *shame* to love, here 'twere no *shame*:
Affection here take *Reverence's* name.
 Were her first years the *Golden age*; that's true.
 But now she's *gold* oft try'd, and ever new.
 That was her torrid and inflaming time;
 This is her habitable *Tropique* clime.

Fair eyes; who asks more heat than comes from hence,
He in a fever wishes pestilence.

Call not these wrinkles *graves*: If *graves* they were,
They were *Love's graves*; or else he is no where.
yet lies not *Love dead* here, but here doth sit

Vow'd to this trench, like an *Anachorit*.

And here, till her's, which must be his *death*, come,
He doth not dig a *Grave*, but build a *Tomb*.

Here dwells he; though he sojourn ev'ry where

In *Progress*, yet his standing house is here.

Here, where still *Evening* is, not *Noon* nor *Night*,

Where no *Voluptuousness*, yet all *Delight*.

In all her words, unto all hearers fit,

You may at *Revels*, you at *Councils* sit.

This is love's timber, youth his under-wood;

There he, as wine in *June*, enrages blood,

Which then comes seasonablest, when our taste

And appetite to other things is past.

Xerxes' strange *Lydian* love, the *Platane* tree,

Was lov'd for age, none being so old as she,

Or else because, being young, nature did bless

Her youth with age's glory *Barrenness*.

If we love things long sought; *Age* is a thing,

Which we are fifty years in compassing;

If transitory things, which soon decay,

Age must be loveliest at the latest day.

But name not *Winter-faces*, whose skin's slack;

Lank, as an unthrift's purse; but a *Soul's sack*.

Whose eyes seek light within; for all here's shade;

Whose *mouthes* are holes, rather worn out than

Whose every tooth to a several place is gone [made;

To vex the soul at *Resurrection*;

Name not these living *Death-head's* unto me,

For these not *Ancient* but *Antique* be:

I hate extreams: yet I had rather stay

With *Tombs* than *Cradles*, to wear out the day.

Since such love's natural station is, may still

My love descend, and journey down the hill;

Not panting after growing beauties; so
I shall ebb on with them, who homeward go.

ELEGIE X.

The Dream.

IMage of her, whom I love more than she,
Whose fair impresson in my faithful heart
Makes me her *Medal*, and makes her love me,
As Kings do coins, to which their stamps impart
The value: go, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is grown too great and good for me.
Honours oppres weak spirits, and our sense
Strong objects dull; the more, the less we see.
When you are gone, and *Reason* gone with you,
Then *Fantastie* is Queen, and Soul, and all;
She can present joys meaner than you do;
Convenient, and more proportional.
So if I dream I have you, I have you:
For all our joys are but fantastical.
And so I scape the pain, for pain is true;
And sleep, which locks up sense, doth lock out all.
After such a fruition I shall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing shall repent;
And shall to Love more thankful Sonets make,
Than if more *honour*, *tears* and *pains* were spent,
But dearest heart, and, dearer Image, stay,
Alas! true joys at best are *dreams* enough;
Though you stay here, you pass too fast away:
For even at first life's *Taper* is a snuff.
Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown
Mad with much *heart*, than *Idiot* with none.

ELEGIE XI.

Death.

Language, thou art too narrow, and too weak
 To ease us now, great sorrows cannot speak.
 If we could sigh out accents, and weep words,
 Grief wears and lessens, that tear's breath affords,
 Sad hearts, the less they seem, the more they are,
 (So guiltiest men stand mute at the bar)
 Not that they know not, feel not their Estate,
 But extream sense hath made them desperate;
 Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we be,
 Tyrant in th' fifth and greatest Monarchy,
 Was't that she did possess all hearts before,
 Thou hast kill'd her, to make thy Empire more?
 Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,
 As in a deluge perish th' innocent?
 Was't not enough to have that palace won,
 But thou must raze it too, that was undone?
 Hadst thou stay'd there, and look'd out at her eyes,
 All had ador'd thee, that now from thee flies;
 For they let out more light than they took in,
 They told not when, but did the day begin;
 She was too Saphirine and clear for thee;
 Clay, flint, and jeat now thy fit dwellings be:
 Alas! she was too pure, but not too weak;
 Who e'er saw Crystal Ordinance but would break?
 And if we be thy conquest, by her fall
 Th' hast lost thy end, in her we perish all:
 Or if we live, we live but to rebel,
 That know her better now, who knew her well.
 If we should vapour out, and pine and dye;
 Since she first went, that were not misery:
 She chang'd our world with her's: now she is gone,
 Mirth and prosperity's oppression:

For of all moral Virtues she was all,
 That Ethicks speak of Virtues Cardinal,
 Her soul was Paradise: the Cherubin
 Set to keep it was Grace, that kept out Sin:
 She had no more than let in Death, for we
 All reap consumption from one fruitful tree:
 God took her hence, lest some of us should love
 Her, like that plant, him and his laws above:
 And when we tears, he mercy shed in this,
 To raise our minds to heav'n, where now she is:
 Whom if her virtues would have let her stay,
 We' had had a Saint, have now a holiday.
 Her heart was that strange bush, where sacred fire,
 Religion, did not consume, but inspire
 Such piety, so chaste use of God's day,
 That what we turn to feast, she turn'd to pray,
 And did prefigure here in devout taste
 The rest of her high Sabbath, which shall last.
 Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,
 (For she was of that Order whence most fell)
 Her body's left with us, lest some had said,
 She could not die, except they saw her dead;
 For from less virtue and less beautousness
 The Gentiles fram'd them Gods and Goddeses;
 The ravenous earth, that now woos her to be
 Earth too, will be a *Lemnia*; and the tree,
 That wraps that Crystal in a wooden Tomb,
 Shall be took up spruce, fill'd with Diamond:
 And we her sad glad friends all bear a part
 Of grief, for all would break a Stoick's heart.

E L E G I E XII.

*Upon the loss of his Mistresses Chain, for
 which he made Satisfaction.*

NOT, that in colour it was like thy hair,
 Armelets of that thou may'st still let me wear:

Nor, that thy hand it oft embrac'd and kiss,
 For so it had that good, which oft I miss:
 Nor for that silly old morality,
 That as these links were knit, our loves should be;
 Mourn I, that I thy sevenfold chain have lost:
 Nor for the luck's sake; but the bitter cost.
 O! shall twelve righteous *Angels*, which as yet
 No leaven of vile Solder did admit:
 Nor yet by any way have stray'd or gone
 From the first state of their Creation;
Angels, which heaven commanded to provide
 All things to me, and be my faithful guide;
 To gain new friends, t'appease old enemies;
 To comfort my soul, when I lie or rise:
 Shall these twelve innocents by thy severe
 Sentence (dread Judge) my sin's great burden bear:
 Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace thrown,
 And punish't for offences not their own?
 They save not me, they do not ease my pains,
 When in that hell they're burnt and ty'd in chains:
 Were they but Crowns of *France*, I cared not,
 For most of them their natural Country rot
 I think possesseth, they come here to us,
 So pale, so lame, so lean, so ruinous;
 And howsoe'er *French Kings* *Most Christian* be,
 Their Crowns are circumcis'd most *Jewishly*;
 Or were they *Spanish* Stamps still travelling,
 That are become as *Catholique* as their King,
 Those unlickt bear-whelps, unfil'd pistols,
 That (more than Cannon-shot) avails or lets,
 Which, negligently left unrounded, look
 Like many angled figures in the book
 Of some dread Conjuror, that would enforce
 Nature, as these do justice, from her course.
 Which, as the soul quickens head, feet, and heart,
 As streams like veins run through th' earth's ev'ry
 part,

Visit all Countries, and have sily made
 Gorgeous *France* ruin'd; ragged and decay'd
Scotland, which knew no State, proud in one day:
 And mangled seventeen-headed *Belgia*:
 Or were it such gold as that, wherewithall
 Almighty *Chimiques* from each Mineral
 Having by subtile fire a soul out-pull'd;
 Are dirtily and desperately gull'd:
 I would not spit to quench the fire they' re in;
 For they are guilty of much hainous sin.
 But shall my harmless *Angels* perish? Shall
 I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all?
 Much hope, which they should nourish, will be dead.
 Much of my able youth, and lusty head
 Will vanish, if thou, Love, let them alone,
 For thou wilt love me less, when they are gone;
 And be content, that some lewd squeaking Crier,
 Well pleas'd with one lean thread-bare groat for hire,
 May like a devil roar through every street;
 And gall the finder's conscience, if they meet.
 Or let me creep to some dread Conjuror,
 That with phantastique scenes fills full much paper:
 Which hath divided heaven in tenements,
 And with whores, thieves and murderers stuffs his rents
 So full, that though he pass them all in sin,
 He leaves himself no room to enter in.

But if, when all his art and time is spent,
 He say 'twill ne'er be found, yet be content;
 Receive from him the doom ungrudgingly,
 Because he is the mouth of Destiny.

Thou say'st (alas) the gold doth still remain,
 Though it be chang'd, and put into a chain;
 So in the first falln *Angels* resteth still
 Wisdom and knowledge, but 'tis turn'd to ill:
 As these should do good works, and should provide
 Necessities; but now must nurse thy pride:
 And they are still bad *Angels*: Mine are none:
 For form gives Being: and their form is gone:

**Pity these *Angels* yet: their dignities
Pass Virtues, Powers and Principalities.**

But thou art resolute; Thy will be done;
Yet with such anguish, as her only son
The Mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
Unto the fire these Martyrs I betray.
Good souls, (for you give life to every thing)
Good *Angels*, (for good messages you bring)
Destin'd you might have been to such an one,
As would have lov'd and worshipp'd you alone:
One that would suffer hunger, nakedness,
Yea death, ere he would make your number less.
But I am guilty of your sad decay:
May your few fellows longer with me stay.

But oh, thou wretched sinner, whom I hate
So, that I almost pity thy estate,
Gold being the heaviest Metal amongst all,
May my most heavy curse upon thee fall:
Here fetter'd, manacled and hang'd in chains;
First may'st thou be; then chain'd to hellish pains;
Or be with foreign gold brib'd to betray
Thy Country, and fail both of it and thy Pay.
May the next thing, thou stoop'st to reach, contain
Poyson, whose nimble fume rot thy moist brain:
Or libels, or some interdicted thing,
Which, negligently kept, thy ruin bring.
Lust-bred diseases rot thee; and dwell with thee
Itching desire, and no ability.
May all the evils, that gold ever wrought;
All mischief, that all devils ever thought;
Want after plenty; poor and gouty age;
The plague of travellers, love and marriage
Afflict thee; and at thy life's last moment
May thy sworn sins themselves to thee present.
But I forgive; repent, thou honest man:
Gold is restorative, restore it then:
But if that from it thou beest loth to part,
Because 'tis cordial, would 'twere at thy heart,

ELEGIE XIII.

Come, Fates; I fear you not. All, whom I owe,
 Are paid but you. Then 'rest me ere I go.
 But Chance from you all sovereignty hath got,
 Love wounded none but those, whom death dares not:
 True if you were and just in equity,
 I should have vanquish'd her, as you did me.
 Else Lovers should not brave death's pains, and live:
 But 'tis a Rule, *Death comes not to relieve.*
 Or pale and wan death's terrours, are they laid
 So deep in Lovers, they make Death afraid?
 Or (the least comfort) have I company?
 Or can the Fates love death, as well as me?
 Yes, Fates do silk unto her distaff pay
 For ransome, which tax they on us do lay.
 Love gives her youth, which is the reason why
 Youths; for her sake, some wither and some die.
 Poor Death can nothing give; yet for her sake,
 Still in her turn, he doth a Lover take.
 And if Death should prove false, she fears him not
 Our Muses to redeem her she hath got.
 That fatal night we last kiss'd, I thus pray'd,
 (Or rather thus despair'd, I should have said,)
 Kisses, and yet despair. The forbid tree
 Did promise (and deceive) no more than she.
 Like Lambs that see their teats, and must eat Hay,
 A food, whose taste hath made me pine away.
Dives, when thou saw'st bliss, and crav'dst to touch
 A drop of water, thy great pains were such.
 Here grief wants a fresh wit, for mine being spent,
 And my sighs weary, groans are all my rent;
 Unable longer to endure the pain,
 They break like thunder, and do bring down rain.
 Thus, till dry tears solder mine eyes, I weep:
 And then I dream, how you securely sleep.
 And in your dreams do laugh at me. I hate,
 And pray Love All may: He pities my state,

But says, I therein no revenge shall find;
 The Sun would shine, though all the world were blind.
 Yet, to try my hate, Love shew'd me your tear;
 And I had dy'd, had not your smile been there.
 Your frown undoes me; your smile is my wealth;
 And as you please to look, I have my health.
 Methought Love pitying me, when he saw this,
 Gave me your hands, the backs and palms to kiss.
 That cur'd me not, but to bear pain gave strength;
 And what is lost in force, is took in length.
 I call'd on Love again, who fear'd you so,
 That his compassion still prov'd greater woe:
 For then I dream'd I was in bed with you,
 But durst not feel, for fear't should not be true.
 This merits not our anger, had it been;
 The Queen of Chastity was naked seen:
 And in bed not to feel the pain, I took,
 Was more than for *Aharon* not to look.
 And that breast, which lay ope, I did not know,
 But for the clearness, from a lump of Snow.

ELEGIE XIV.

His parting from her.

Since she must go, and I must mourn, come Night,
 Environ me with darkness, whilst I write:
 Shadow that hell unto me, which alone
 I am to suffer, when my Love is gone.
 Alas! the darkest Magick cannot do it,
 And that great Hell to boot are shadows to it.
 Should *Cynthia* quit thee, *Venus*, and each star,
 It would not form one thought dark as mine are;
 I could lend them obscureness now, and say
 Out of my self, There should be no more Day.
 Such is already my self-want of light,
 Did not the fire within me force a light.

Oh Love, that fire and darkness should be mixt,
 Or to thy Triumphs such strange torments fixt!
 Is't because thou thy self art blind, that we
 Thy Martyrs must no more each other see?
 Or tak'st thou pride to break us on thy wheel,
 And view old *Chaos* in the Pains we feel?
 Or have we left undone some mutual Right,
 That thus with parting thou seek'st us to spight?
 No, no. The fault is mine, impute it to me,
 Or rather to conspiring Destiny;
 Which (since I lov'd) for me before decreed,
 That I should suffer, when I lov'd indeed:
 And therefore sooner now, than I can say
 I saw the golden fruit, 'tis wrapt away.
 Or as I 'had watcht one drop in the vast stream,
 And I left wealthy only in a dream.
 Yet, Love, thou'rt blinder than thy self in this,
 To vex my Dove-like friend for my amis:
 And, where one sad truth may expiate
 Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate.
 So blinded Justice doth, when Favourites fall,
 Strike them, their house, their friends, their favourites
 Was't not enough that thou didst dart thy fires [all.
 Into our blouds, inflaming our desires,
 And mad'st us sigh and blow, and pant, and burn,
 And then thy self into our flames didst turn?
 Was't not enough, that thou didst hazard us
 To paths in love so dark and dangerous:
 And those so ambush'd round with household spies,
 And over all thy husband's tow'ring eyes
 Inflam'd with th' ugly sweat of jealousy,
 Yet went we not still on in Constancy?
 Have we for this kept guards, like spy o'er spy?
 Had correspondence, whilst the foe stood by?
 Stolen (more to sweeten them) our many blisses
 Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses?
 Shadow'd with negligence our best respects?
 Varied our language through all dialects

Of becks, winks, looks, and often under boards
 Spoke dialogues with our feet far from our words?
 Have we prov'd all the secrets of our Art,
 Yea, thy pale inwards and thy panting heart?
 And after all this passed Purgatory
 Must sad divorce make us the vulgar story?
 First let our eyes be rivited quire through
 Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to:
 Let our arms clasp like Ivy, and our fear
 Freeze us together, that we may stick here;
 Till fortune, that would ruin us with the deed,
 Strain his eyes open, and yet make them bleed.
 For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto
 I have accus'd, should such a mischief do.
 Oh fortune, thou'rt not worth my least exclaim,
 And plague enough thou hast in thy own name:
 Do thy great worst, my friends and I have arms,
 Though not against thy strokes, against thy harms.
 Rend us in sunder, thou canst not divide
 Our bodies so, but that our souls are ty'd,
 And we can love by letters still and gifts,
 And thoughts, and dreams; Love never wanteth shifts.
 I will not look upon the quickning Sun,
 But straight her beauty to my sense shall run;
 The air shall note her soft, the fire most pure;
 Waters suggest her clear, and the earth sure;
 Time shall not lose our passages; the spring,
 How fresh our love was in the beginning;
 The Summer, how it inripened the year;
 And Autumn, what our golden harvests were.
 The Winter I'll not think on to spite thee,
 But count it a lost season, so shall she.
 And, dearest Friend, since we must part, drown night
 With hope of Day; burthens well born are light.
 The cold and darkness longer hang somewhere,
 Yet *Phæbus* equally lights all the Sphere.
 And what we cannot in like Portion pay,
 The world enjoys in Mass, and so we may.

Be ever then your self, and let no woe
 Win on your health, your youth, your beauty: so
 Declare your self base Fortune's Enemy,
 No less be your contempt than her inconstancy:
 That I may grow enamour'd on your mind,
 When my own thoughts I here neglected find.
 And this to th' comfort of my Dear I vow,
 My Deeds shall still be, what my Deeds are now;
 The Poles shall move to teach me ere I start,
 And when I change my Love, I'll change my heart;
 Nay, if I wax but cold in my desire,
 Think, heav'n hath motion lost, and the world fire:
 Much more I could; but many words have made
 That oft suspected, which men most persuade:
 Take therefore all in this; I love so true,
 As I will never look for less in you.

E L E G I E XV.

Julia.

HArk news, O Envy, thou shalt hear descry'd
 My *Julia*; who as yet was ne'er envy'd.
 To vomit gall in slander, swell her veins
 With calumny, that hell it self disdains,
 Is her continual practice, does her best,
 To tear opinion ev'n out of the breast
 Of dearest friends, and (which is worse than vile)
 Sticks jealousy in wedlock; her own child
 Scapes not the show'rs of envy: To repeat
 The monstrous fashions, how, were alive to eat
 Dear reputation; would to God she were
 But half so loth to act vice, as to hear
 My mild reproof: Liv'd *Mantuan* now again,
 That female *Maftix* to limn with his pen
 This *She-Chymera*, that hath eyes of fire,
 Burning with anger (anger feeds desire)

Tongu'd like the night-crow, whose ill-boding cries
 Give out for nothing but new injuries.
 Her breath like to the juice in *Tenarus*,
 That blasts the springs, though ne'er so prosperous,
 Her hands, I know not how, us'd more to spill
 The food of others, than her self to fill.
 But oh her mind, that *Orcus*, which includes
 Legions of mischief, countless multitudes
 Of former curses, projects unmade up,
 Abuses yet unfashion'd, thoughts corrupt,
 Mishapen Cavils, palpable untruths,
 Inevitable errors, self-accusing loaths:
 These, like those Atoms swarming in the Sun,
 Throng in her bosom for creation.
 I blush to give her half her due; yet say,
 No poyson's half so bad as *Julia*.

ELEGIE XVI.

A Tale of a Citizen and his Wife.

I Sing no harm good sooth to any wight,
 To Lord, to Fool, Cuckold, Beggar or Knight,
 To peace-teaching Lawyer, Proctor, or brave
 Reformed or reduced Captain, Knave,
 Officer, Jugler, or Justice of Peace,
 Juror or Judge; I touch no fat Sow's grease;
 I am no Libeller, nor will be any,
 But (like a true man) say there are too many:
 I fear not *ore tenus*, for my tale
 Nor Count nor Counsellor will red or pale.

A Citizen and his Wife th' other day,
 Both riding on one horse, upon the way
 I overtook; the wench a pretty peat,
 And (by her eye) well fitting for the feat;
 I saw the lecherous Citizen turn back
 His head; and on his wife's lip steal a smack.

Whence apprehending that the man was kind,
 Riding before to kiss his wife behind,
 To get acquaintance with him I began,
 And sort discourse fit for so fine a man;
 I ask'd the number of the Plaguy Bill,
 Ask'd if the Custom-Farmers held out still,
 Of the *Virginian* plot, and whether *Ward*
 The traffique of the *Midland seas* had marr'd;
 Whether the *Britain Burse* did fill apace,
 And likely were to give th' *Exchange* disgrace;
 Of new-built *Aldgate*, and the *Moore-field Crosses*,
 Of store of Bankrupts and poor Merchant's losses,
 I urged him to speak; But he (as mute
 As an old Courtier worn to his last suit)
 Replies with only *yeas* and *nays*; At last
 (To fit his element) my theme I cast
 On Tradesmen's gains; that set his tongue a going,
 Alas, good Sir (quoth he) *There is no doing*
 In Court nor City now: she smil'd and I,
 And (in my conscience) both gave him the lie
 In one met thought. But he went on apace,
 And at the present times with such a face
 He rail'd, as fray'd me; for he gave no praise
 To any but my Lord of *Essex*' days:
 Call'd those the age of action: true (quoth He)
 There's now as great an itch of bravery,
 And heat of taking up, but cold lay down;
 For put to push of pay, away they run:
 Our only City-trades of hope now are
 Bawds, Tavern-keepers, Whore and Scrivener;
 The much of Priviledg'd kinsmen, and the store
 Of fresh protections make the rest all poor:
 In the first state of their Creation
 Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one
 A righteous pay-master. Thus ran he on
 In a continu'd rage: so void of reason
 Seem'd his harsh talk, I swear for fear of treason,
 And (troth) how could I less? when in the prayer
 For the protection of the wise *Lord Mayor*

ELEGIES.

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And his wife Brethren's Worships when one prayeth,
 He swore that none could say *Amen* with faith.
 To get him off from what I glow'd to hear,
 (In happy time) an Angel did appear,
 The bright Sign of a lov'd and well-try'd Inn,
 Where many Citizens with their wives had been
 Well us'd and often: here I pray'd him stay,
 To take some due refreshment by the way;
 Look, how he look'd that hid his gold, his hope,
 And at's return found nothing but a Rope;
 So he on me; refus'd and made away,
 Though willing she pleaded a weary Day:
 I found my miss, struck hands, and pray'd him tell
 (To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell;
 He barely nam'd the street, promis'd the Wine;
 But his kind Wife gave me the very Sign.

ELEGIE XVII.

The Expostulation.

TO make the doubt clear, that no woman's true,
 Was it my fate to prove it strong in you?
 Thought I, but one had breathed purest air,
 And must she needs be false, because she's fair?
 Is it your beautie's mark, or of your youth,
 Or your perfection not to study truth?
 Or think you heav'n is deaf, or hath no eyes,
 Or those, it hath, smile at your perjuries?
 Are vows so cheap with women, or the matter
 Whereof they're made, that they are writ in water,
 And blown away with wind? Or doth their breath
 (Both hot and cold) at once make life and death?
 Who could have thought so many accents sweet
 Form'd into words, so many sighs should meet,
 As from our hearts, so many oaths, and tears
 Sprinkled among (all sweetned by our fears)

And the divine impression of stoln kisses,
 That seal'd the rest, should now prove empty blisses ?
 Did you draw bonds to forfeit? sign to break?
 Or must we read you quite from what you speak,
 And find the truth out the wrong way? or must
 He first desire you false, who'd wish you just?
 O, I prophane: though most of women be
 This kind of beast, my thoughts shall except thee,
 My dearest Love; though froward jealousie
 With circumstance might urge thy' inconstancy,
 Sooner I'll think the Sun will cease to chear
 The teeming earth, and *that* forget to bear:
 Sooner that rivers will run back, or *Thames*
 With ribs of ice in *June* will bind his streams;
 Or Nature, by whose strength the world indures,
 Would change her course, before you alter yours.
 But oh! that treacherous breast, to whom weak you,
 Did trust our Counsels, and we both may rue,
 Having his falshood found too late, 'twas he
 That made me cast you guilty, and you me;
 Whilst he (black wretch) betray'd each simple word:
 We spake unto the cunning of a third;
 Curst may he be, that so our love hath slain,
 And wander on the earth, wretched as *Cain*,
 Wretched as he, and not deserve least pity;
 In plaguing him let misery be witty.
 Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,
 Till he be noysom as his infamy;
 May he without remorse deny God thrice,
 And not be trusted more on his soul's price;
 And after all self-torment when he dies,
 May Wolves tear out his heart, Vultures his eyes;
 Swine eat his bowels; and his falser tongue,
 That utter'd all, be to some Raven flung;
 And let his Carrion-coarse be a longer feast
 To the King's Dogs, than any other Beast.
 Now I have curst, let us our love revive;
 In me the flame was never more alive;

I could begin again to court and praise,
 And in that pleasure lengthen the short days
 Of my life's Lease; Like Painters, that do take
 Delight, not in made works, but whilst they make.
 I could renew those times, when first I saw
 Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
 To like what you lik'd; and at Masks and Plays
 Commend the self-same Actors, the same ways;
 Ask how you did, and often, with intent
 Of being officious, be impertinent;
 All which were such soft pastimes, as in these
 Love was as subtly catch'd, as a disease;
 But being got it is a treasure sweet,
 Which to defend is harder than to get:
 And ought not be prophan'd on either part,
 For though 'tis got by *chance*, 'tis kept by *art*.

E L E G I E XVIII.

WH O ever loves, if he do not propose [goes
 The right true end of love, he's one, that
 To sea for nothing but to make him sick:
 Love is a bear-whelp born, if we o'er-lick
 Our love, and force it new strong shapes to take,
 We err, and of a lump a monster make.
 Were not a Calf a monster, that were grown
 Fac'd like a man, though better than his own?
 Perfection is in unity: prefer
 One woman first, and then one thing in her.
 I, when I value gold, may think upon
 The ductilness, the application,
 The wholsomness, the ingenuity,
 From rust, from soil, from fire ever free:
 But if I love it, 'tis because 'tis made
 By our new nature (Use) the soul of trade.
 All these in women we might think upon
 (If women had them) and yet love but one.

Can men more injure women than to say
 They love them for that, by which they're not they?
 Makes virtue woman? must I cool my bloud
 Till I both be, and find one wise and good?
 May barren Angels love so. But if we
 Make love to woman; virtue is not she:
 As beauties, no nor wealth: He that frays thus
 From her to hers, is more adulterous
 Than if he took her maid. Search every Sphear
 And Firmament, our *Cupid* is not there:
 He's an infernal God, and underground,
 With *Pluto* dwells, where gold and fire abound;
 Men to such Gods their sacrificing Coals
 Did not on Altars lay, but pits and holes:
 Although we see Celestial bodies move
 Above the earth, the earth we Till and love:
 So we her airs contemplate, words and heart,
 And virtues; but we love the Centrique part.

Nor is the Soul more worthy, or more fit
 For Love, than this, as infinite as it.
 But in attaining this desired place
 How much they err, that set out at the face?
 The hair a Forest is of Ambushes,
 Of springs and snares, fetters and manacles:
 The brow becalms us, when 'tis smooth and plain;
 And when 'tis wrinkled, shipwracks us again.
 Smooth, 'tis a Paradiſe, where we would have
 Immortal stay; but wrinkled, 'tis a grave.
 The Noſe (like to the ſweet Meridian) runs
 Not 'twixt an Eaſt and Weſt, but 'twixt two ſuns;
 It leaves a Cheek, a roſie Hemispher
 On either ſide, and then directs us where
 Upon the *Iſlands fortunate* we fall,
 Not faint *Canaries*, but *Ambroſial*.
 Unto her ſwelling lips when we are come,
 We anchor there, and think our ſelves at home,
 For they ſeem all: there Syren's ſongs, and there
 Wiſe *Delphick* Oracles do fill the ear;

ELEGIES.

89

Then in a Creek, where chosen pearls do swell
 The *Rhemora*, her cleaving tongue doth dwell.
 These and (the glorious Promontory) her Chin
 Being past the Straits of *Hellespont*, between
 The *Sestos* and *Abydos* of her breasts,
 (Not of two Lovers, but two Loves the nests)
 Succeeds a boundless sea, but yet thine eye
 Some Island moles may scatter'd there descry;
 And Sailing towards her *India*, in that way
 Shall at her fair *Atlantick* Navel stay;
 Though there the Current be the Pilot made,
 Yet ere thou be where thou should'st be embay'd,
 Thou shalt upon another Forest set,
 Where many Shipwrack and no further get.
 When thou art there, consider what this chace
 Mispent, by thy beginning at the Face.

Rather set out below; practise my Art;
 Some Symmetry the foot hath with that part,
 Which thou dost seek, and is thy Map for that,
 Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at:
 Least subject to disguise and change it is;
 Men say the Devil never can change his.
 It is the Emblem, that hath figured
 Firmness; 'tis the first part that comes to bed.
 Civility we see refin'd: the kifs,
 Which at the face began, transplanted is,
 Since to the hand, since to th' *Imperial* knee,
 Now at the *Papal* foot delights to be:
 If Kings think that the nearer way, and do
 Rise from the foot, Lovers may do so too.
 For as free Spears move faster far than can
 Birds, whom the air resists; so may that man,
 Which goes this empty and *Æthereal* way,
 Than if at beautie's enemies he stay.
 Rich Nature hath in women wisely made
 Two purses, and their mouths averfely laid:
 They then, which to the lower tribute owe,
 That way, which that *Exchequer* looks, must go:

He which doth not, his error is as great,
As who by Clyster gives the Stomach meat.

To his Mistress going to Bed.


Come, Madam, come, all rest my powers desire,
Until I labour, I in labour lie.
The foe oft-times having the foe in sight
Is tir'd with standing, though he never fight.
Off with that girdle, like heaven's Zone glittering,
But a far fairer world encompassing.
Unpin that spangled breast-plate, which you wear,
That th' eyes of busie fools may be stopt there,
Unlace your self, for that harmonious chyme
Tells me from you, that now it is bed-time.
Off with that happy busk, which I envie,
That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.
Your gown going off such beauteous state reveals,
As when through flow'ry meads, th' hill's shadows
Off with that wyerie Coronet, and shew [steals]
The hairy Diadem, which on your head doth grow:
Now off with those shooes, and then softly tread
In this Love's hallow'd temple, this soft bed.
In such white robes heaven's Angels us'd to be
Reveal'd to men: thou Angel bring'st with thee
A heav'n like *Mahomet's* Paradise; and though
Ill Spirits walk in white, we eas'ly know
By this these Angels from an evil Sprite;
Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.
License my roaving hands, and let them go
Before, behind, between, above, below,
O my *America!* my *Newfoundland!*
My Kingdom's safest, when with one man man'd.
My Myne of precious stones: My Emperie,
How am I blest in thus discovering thee!
To enter in these bonds is to be free;
Then where my hand is set, my seal shall be.

Full nakedness ! All joys are due to thee ;
 As souls unbodied, bodies uncloth'd must be,
 To taste whole joys. Gems, which you women use,
 Are like *Atlanta's* ball, cast in men's views ;
 That when a fool's eye lighteth on a Gem,
 His earthly soul may court that, and not them :
 Like pictures or like book's gay coverings made,
 For lay-men are all women thus array'd.
 Themselves are only mystick books, which we
 (Whom their imputed grace will dignifie)
 Must see reveal'd. Then since that I may know ;
 As liberally as to thy Midwife shew
 Thy self: cast all, yea, this white linnen hence ;
 There is no pennance due to innocence.

To teach thee, I am naked first ; why then
 What need'st thou have more covering than a man ?

The End of the Elegies.





EPITHALAMIONS,
OR
MARRIAGE SONGS.

An Epithalamion on Frederick Count Palatine of the Rhyne, and the Lady Elizabeth, being married on St. Valentine's Day.

HAil Bishop *Valentine*, whose day this is,
 All the Air is thy Diocese,
 And all the chirping Choristers
 And other birds are thy Parishioners:
 Thou marry'st every year
 The *Lyrique* Lark, and the grave whispering Dove;
 The Sparrow, that neglects his life for love;
 The household Bird with the red stomacher;
 Thou mak'st the Black-bird speed as soon,
 As doth the Goldfinch or the Halcyon;
 The Husband Cock looks out, and strait is sped,
 And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.
 This day more cheerfully than ever shine.
 This day, which might inflame thy self, old *Valentine*.

II.

Till now thou warm'st with multiplying loves
 Two Larks, two Sparrows, or two Doves;

All that is nothing unto this,
For thou this day couplest two Phoenixes.

Thou mak'st a Taper see
What the Sun never saw, and what the Ark
(Which was of fowl and beasts the cage and park,
Did not contain, one bed contains through Thee;
Two Phoenixes, whose joynd breasts
Are unto one another mutual nests;
Where motion kindles such fires, as shall give
Young Phoenixes, and yet the old shall live:
Whose love and courage never shall decline,
But make the whole year through thy day, O *Valentine*.

III.

Up then, fair Phoenix Bride, frustrate the Sun;
Thy self from thine affection
Tak'st warmth enough, and from thine eye
All lesser birds will take their jollity.

Up, up, fair Bride, and call
Thy stars from out their several boxes, take
Thy Rubies, Pearls and Diamonds forth, and make
Thy self a Constellation of them All:
And by their blazing signifie,
That a great Princess falls, but doth not die;
Be thou a new star, that to us portends
Ends of much wonder; And be thou those Ends.
Since thou dost this day in new glory shine,
May all men date Records from this day, *Valentine*.

IV.

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame,
Meeting another, grows the same:
So meet thy *Frederick*, and so
To an inseparable union go;
Since separation
Falls not on such things as are infinite,
Nor things, which are but once, an dis-unite;
You're twice inseparable, great, and one.
Go then to where the Bishop stays,
To make you one, his way, which divers ways

Must be effected ; and when all is past,
 And that y' are one, by hearts and hands made fast;
 You two have one way left your selves t'entwine,
 Besides this Bishop's knot, of Bishop *Valentine*.

V.

But oh! what ails the Sun, that hence he stays
 Longer to day than other days?

Stays he new light from these to get?

And finding here such stars, is loth to set?

And why do you two walk

So slowly pac'd in this procession?

Is all your care but to be look'd upon,

And be to others spectacle and talk?

The feast with gluttonous delays

Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise.

The Masquers come late, and I think will stay,

Like Fairies, till the Cock crow them away.

Alas! did not Antiquity assign

A night as well as day to thee, old *Valentine*?

VI.

They did, and night is come : and yet we see
 Formalities retarding thee.

What mean these Ladies, which (as though
 They were to take a clock in pieces) go

So nicely about the Bride?

A Bride, before a Good-night could be said,

Should vanish from her clothes into her bed;

As souls from bodies steal, and are not spy'd.

But now she's laid : What though she be?

Yet there are more delays ; For where is he?

He comes and passeth through Sphear after Sphear;

First her sheets, then her Arms, then any where.

Let not this day then, but this night be thine,

Thy day was but the eye to this, O *Valentine*.

VII.

Here lies a She Sun, and a He Moon there,

She gives the best light to his Sphear,

Or each is both, and all, and so

They unto one another nothing owe;

And yet they do, but are
So just and rich in that coin which they pay,
That neither would, nor needs, forbear nor stay,
Neither desires to be spar'd, nor to spare :

They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no Acquittances, but pay again ;
They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall
No occasion to be liberal.

More truth, more courage in these two do shine,
Than all thy turtles have and sparrows, *Valentine.*

VIII.

And by this act of these two Phoenixes

Nature again restored is ;

For since these two are two no more,
There's but one Phoenix still, as was before.

Rest now at last, and we

(As Satyrs watch the Sun's uprise) will stay

Waiting when your eyes opened let out day,

Only desir'd, because your face we see ;

Others near you shall whispering speak,

And wagers lay, at which side day will break,

And win by observing then whose hand it is,

That opens first a curtain, her's or his ;

This will be tryed to morrow after nine,

Till which hour we thy day enlarge, *O Valentine.*

E C L O G U E,

December 26, 1613.

*Allophanes finding Idios in the Country in Christ-
mas time, reprehends his absence from Court, at the
marriage of the Earl of Somerset; Idios gives an
account of his purpose therein, and of his actions there.*

Allophanes.

UNseasonable man, statue of Ice,
What could to Country's solitude entice

Thee, in this year's cold and decrepit time?
 Nature's instinct draws to the warmer clime
 Ev'n smaller birds, who by that courage dare
 In numerous fleets sail through their Sea, the air.
 What delicacy can in fields appear,
 Whilst *Flora* her self doth a Frize Jerkin wear?
 Whilst Winds do all the trees and hedges strip
 Of leaves, to furnish rods enough to whip
 Thy madness from thee, and all Springs by frost
 Having tak'n cold, and their sweet murmurs lost?
 If thou thy faults or fortunes would'st lament
 With just solemnity, do it in *Lent*:
 At Court the Spring already advanced is,
 The Sun stays longer up; and yet not his
 The glory is; far other, other fires:
 First zeal to Prince and State; then Love's desires
 Burn in one Breast, and, like heav'n's two great lights,
 The first doth govern days, the other nights.
 And then that early light, which did appear
 Before the Sun and Moon created were,
 The Prince's favour, is diffus'd o'er all,
 From which all Fortunes, Names and Natures fall;
 Then from those wombs of stars, the Bride's bright
 At every glance a Constellation flies, [eyes,
 And sows the Court with stars, and doth prevent
 In light and power the all-ey'd Firmament;
 First her eyes kindle other Ladie's eyes,
 Then from their beams their jewel's lusters rise,
 And from their jewels torches do take fire;
 And all is warmth, and light and good desire.
 Most other Courts, alas! are like to hell,
 Where in dark plots fire without light doth dwell
 Or but like Stoves, for lust and envy get
 Continual but artificial heat;
 Here zeal and love, grown one, all clouds digest,
 And make our Court an everlasting East.
 And canst thou be from thence?

Chide thy self then, O fool, which yesterday
 Might'st have read more than all thy books bewray :
 Hast thou a history, which doth present
 A Court, where all affections do assent
 Unto the King's, and that, that Kings are just ?
 And where it is no levity to trust,
 Where there is no ambition but t'obey,
 Where men need whisper nothing, and yet may ;
 Where the King's favours are so plac'd, that all
 Find that the King therein is liberal
 To them, in him, because his favours bend
 To Virtue, to the which they all pretend ?
 Thou hast no such ; yet here was this, and more.
 An earnest lover, wise then, and before.
 Our little *Cupid* hath sued Livery,
 And is no more in his minority,
 He is admitted now into that breast
 Where the King's Counsels and his Secrets rest.
 What hast thou lost, O ignorant man ?

Idios.

I knew

All this, and only therefore I withdrew.
 To know and feel all this, and not to have
 Words to express it, makes a man a grave
 Of his own thoughts ; I would not therefore stay
 At a great feast, having no Grace to say.
 And yet I scap'd not here ; for being come
 Full of the common joy, I utter'd some.
 Read then this nuptial song, which was not made
 Either the Court or men's hearts to invade,
 But since I am dead and buried, I could frame
 No Epitaph, which might advance my fame,
 So much as this poor song, which testifies
 I did unto that day some sacrifice.

I. *The Time of the Marriage.*

THOU art repriev'd, old year, thou shalt not die,
 Though thou upon thy death-bed lie,

And should'st within five days expire;
Yet thou art rescu'd from a mightier fire,
Than thy old Soul, the Sun,
When he doth in his largest circle run.
The passage of the West or East would thaw,
And open wide their easie liquid jaw
To all our ships, could a *Promethean* art
Either unto the Northern Pole impart [heart.
The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving

II. *Equality of Persons.*

But undiscerning Muse, which heart, which eyes,
In this new couple dost thou prize,
When his eye as inflaming is
As her's, and her heart loves as well as h's?
Be tryed by beauty, and then
The bridegroom is a maid, and not a man;
If by that manly courage they be try'd,
Which scorns unjust opinion; then the Bride
Becomes a man: Should chance or envie's Art
Divide these two, whom nature scarce did part,
Since both have the inflaming eye, and both the
[loving heart,

III. *Raising of the Bridegroom.*

Though it be some divorce to think of you
Single, so much one are you two.
Let me here contemplate thee
First, chearful Bridegroom, and first let me see,
How thou prevent'st the Sun,
And his red foaming horses dost outrun,
How, having laid down in thy Sovereign's breast
All businessses, from thence to reinvest
Them, when these triumphs cease, thou forward art
To shew to her, who doth the like impart,
The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving
F 2 [heart,

IV. *Raising of the Bride.*

But now to thee, fair Bride, it is some wrong,
 To think thou wert in Bed so long ;
 Since soon thou liest down first, 'tis fit
 Thou in first rising should allow for it .
 Powder thy Radiant hair,
 Which if without such ashes thou would'st wear,
 Thou who, to all which come to look upon,
 Wert meant for *Phæbus*, would'st be *Phaeton*.
 For our ease give thine eyes th' unusual part
 Of joy, a Tear; so quencht, thou may'st impart,
 To us that come, thy' inflaming eyes; to him, thy
 loving heart.

V. *Her apparelling.*

Thus thou descend'st to our infirmity,
 Who can the Sun in water see.
 So dost thou, when in silk and gold
 Thou cloud'st thy self; since we, which do behold,
 Are dust and worms, 'tis just
 Our Objects be the fruits of worms and dust.
 Let every Jewel be a glorious star;
 Yet stars are not so pure, as their sphears are.
 And though thou stoop, t'appear to us in part,
 Still in that picture thou intirely art, [ving heart.
 Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his lo-

VI. *Going to the Chappel.*

New from your East you issue forth, and we,
 As men, which through a Cypress see
 The rising Sun, do think it two;
 So, as you go to Church, do think of you:
 But that vail being gone,
 By the Church rites you are from thenceforth one,

The Church Triumphant made this match before,
And now the Militant doth strive no more.
Then, reverend Priest, who God's Recorder art,
Do from his Dictates to these two impart
All blessings which are seen, or thought, by Angel's
eye or heart.

VII. *The Benediction.*

Blest pair of Swans, Oh may you interbring
Daily new joys, and never sing:
Live, till all grounds of wishes fail,
Till honour, yea till wisdom grow so stale,
That new great heights to trie,
It must serve your ambition, to die;
Raise heirs, and may here to the world's end live
Heirs from this King to take thanks, you, to give.
Nature and grace do all, and nothing Art;
May never age or error overthwart
With any West these radiant eyes, with any North
this heart.

VIII. *Feasts and Revels.*

But you are over-blest. Plenty this day
Injures; it causeth time to stay;
The tables groan, as though this feast
Would, as the flood, destroy all fowl and beast.
And were the doctrine new
That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true;
For every part to dance and revel goes,
They tread the air, and fall not where they rose.
Though six hours since the Sun to bed did part,
The masks and banquets will not yet impart
A sunset to these weary eyes, a Center to this heart.

IX. *The Bride's going to bed.*

What mean'st thou, Bride, this company to keep?
 To sit up, till thou fain would sleep?
 Thou may'st not, when thou'rt laid, do so.
 Thy self must to him a new banquet grow,
 And you must entertain,
 And do all this day's dances o'er again.
 Know, that if Sun and Moon together do
 Rise in one point, they do not set so too.
 Therefore thou may'st, fair bride, to bed depart,
 Thou art not gone being gone, where e'er thou art,
 Thou leav'st in him thy watchful eyes, in him thy
 loving heart.

X. *The Bridegroom's coming.*

As he that sees a star fall, runs apace
 And finds a gelly in the place,
 So doth the Bridegroom haste as much,
 Being told this star is fain, and finds her such.
 And as friends may look strange
 By a new fashion, or apparel's change:
 Their souls, though long acquainted they had been,
 These clothes, their bodies, never yet had seen.
 Therefore at first she modestly might start,
 But must forthwith surrender every part [or heart.
 As freely, as each to each before gave either hand

XI. *The good-night.*

Now, as in *Tullia's* Tomb one lamp burnt clear,
 Unchang'd for fifteen hundred year,
 May these love-lamps, we here enshrine,
 In warmth, light, lasting equal the divine.
 Fire ever doth aspire,
 And makes all like it self, turns all to fire:

But ends in ashes; which these cannot do,
 For none of these is fuel; but fire too.
 This is joy's bonfire then, where love's strong Arts
 Make of so noble individual parts [hearts.
 One fire of four inflaming eyes, and of two loving

Idios.

As I have brought this song, that I may do
 A perfect sacrifice, I'll burn it too.

Allophanes.

No, Sir, this Paper I have justly got,
 For in burnt Incense the perfume is not
 His only, that presents it, but of all;
 What ever celebrates this Festival
 Is common, since the joy thereof is so.
 Nor may your self be Priest: but let me go
 Back to the Court, and I will lay't upon
 Such Altars, as prize your devotion.

Epithalamion made at Lincoln's Inn.

THE Sun-beams in the East are spread,
 Leave, leave, fair Bride, your solitary bed,
 No more shall you return to it alone,
 It nurseth sadness; and your bodie's print,
 Like to a grave, the yielding Down doth dint;
 You and your other You meet there anon,
 Put forth, put forth, that warm balm-breathing
 thigh,
 Which when next time you in these sheets will smother,
 There it must meet another,
 Which never was, but must be oft more nigh;
 Come glad from thence, go gladder than you came,
 To day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Daughters of *London*, you which be
 Our Golden Mynes, and furnish'd Treasury;
 You which are Angels, yet still bring with you
 Thousands of *Angels* on your Marriage days,
 Help with your presence, and devise to praise
 These rites, which also unto you grow due;
 Conceitedly dress her, and be assign'd
 By you fit place for every flower and jewel,
 Make her for love fit fuel

As gay as *Flora*, and as rich as *Indie*;
 So may she fair and rich, in nothing lame,
 To day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

And you frolique Patricians,
 Sons of those Senators, wealth's deep oceans,
 Ye painted Courtiers, barrels of other's wits,
 Ye Country-men, who but your beasts love none,
 Ye of those Fellowships, whereof he's one,
 Of study and play made strange Hermaphrodits,
 Here shine; this bridegroom to the Temple bring,
 Loe, in yon path, which store of strow'd flow'rs graceth,
 The sober virgin paceth;
 Except my sight fail, 'tis no other thing.
 Weep not, nor blush, here is no grief nor shame,
 To day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Thy two-leav'd gates, fair Temple, unfold,
 And these two in thy sacred bosom hold,
 Till mystically joyn'd but one they be;
 Then may thy lean and hunger-starved womb
 Long time expect their bodies, and their tomb,
 Long after their own parents fatten thee.
 All elder claims, and all cold barrenness,
 All yielding to new Loves be far for ever,
 Which might these two dissever,
 Always all th' other may each one possess;
 For the best Bride, best worthy of praise and fame,
 To day puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

Winter days bring much delight,
Nor for themselves, but for they soon bring night;
Other sweets wait thee than these diverse meats,
Other disports than dancing jollities,
Other love tricks than glancing with the eyes,
But that the Sun still in our half sphere sweats;
He flies in Winter, but he now stands still,
Yet shadows turn; Noon point he hath attain'd,
His steeds will be restrain'd,
But gallop lively down the Western hill;
Thou shalt, when he hath run the Heav'ns half frame,
To night put on perfection, and a woman's name.

The Amorous evening star is rose,
Why then should not our amorous star inclose
Her self in her wish'd bed? Release your strings,
Musicians, and dancers, take some truce
With these your pleasing labours, for great use
As much weariness as perfection brings.
You, and not only you, but all toyl'd beast
Rest duly; at night all their toys are dispenc'd;
But in their beds commenc'd
Are other labours, and more dainty feasts.
She goes a maid, who, lest she turn the same,
To night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

Thy virgin's girdle now unty,
And in thy nuptial bed [love's altar] lye
A pleasing sacrifice; now dispossess
Thee of these chains and robes, which were put on
T'adorn the day, not thee; for thou alone,
Like virtue and truth, art best in nakedness;
This bed is only to virginity
A grave, but to a better state a cradle,
Till now thou wast but able
To be what now thou art; then that by thee
No more be said, *I may be*, but *I am*,
To night put on perfection, and a woman's name,

Ev'n like a faithful man content,
 That this life for a better should be spent ;
 So she a mother's rich stile doth prefer,
 And at the Bridegroom's wish'd approach doth lie,
 Like an appointed Lamb, when tenderly
 The Priest comes on his knees t'imbowel her.
 Now sleep or watch with more joy ; and oh light
 Of heav'n, to morrow rise thou hot, and early,
 This Sun will love so dearly
 Her rest, that long, long we shall want her light.
 Wonders are wrought, for she, which had no name,
 To night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

*The End of the Epithalamions, or Marriage
 Songs.*





S A T Y R E S.

S A T Y R E I.

A Way thou changeling motley humourist,
 Leave me, and in this standing wooden chest,
 Conforted with these few books, let me lye
 In prison, and here be coffin'd, when I dye.
 Here are God's Conduits, grave Divines; and here
 Is Nature's Secretary, the Philosopher:
 And wily Statesmen, which teach how to tye
 The sinews of a City's Mystick body;
 Here gathering Chroniclers, and by them stand
 Giddy fantastique Poets of each land.
 Shall I leave all this constant company,
 And follow headlong wild uncertain thee?
 First swear by thy best love here, in earnest
 (If thou, which lov'st all, canst love any best)
 Thou wilt not leave me in the middle street,
 Though some more spruce companion thou dost meet,
 Not though a Captain do come in thy way
 Bright parcel gilt, with forty dead men's pay;
 Not though a brisk perfum'd pert Courtier
 Deign with a nod thy courtesie to answer;
 Nor come a Velvet Justice with a long
 Great train of blew-coats, twelve or fourteen strong,
 Wilt thou grin or fawn on him, or prepare
 A speech to court his beauteous son and heir?

For better or worse take me, or leave me:
 To take and leave me is adultery.
 Oh monstrous, superstitious Puritan
 Of refin'd manners, yet ceremonial man,
 That, when thou meet'st one, with enquiring eyes
 Dost search, and like a needy broker prize
 The silk and gold he wears, and to that rate,
 So high or low, dost raise thy formal hat.
 That wilt consort none, till thou have known
 What lands he hath in hope, or of his own.
 As though all thy companions should make thee
 Joyntures, and marry thy dear company.
 Why should'st thou (that dost not only approve,
 But in rank itchy lust, desire and love,
 The nakedness and barrenness t' enjoy
 Of thy plump muddy whore, or prostitute boy;)
 Hate virtue, though she naked be and bare?
 At birth and death our bodies naked are;
 And, till our souls be unapparelled
 Of bodies, they from blis are banished:
 Man's first blest state was naked; when by sin
 He lost that, he was cloath'd but in beast's skin,
 And in this course attire, which I now wear,
 With God and with the Muses I confer.
 But since thou, like a contrite penitent,
 Charitably warn'd of thy sins, dost repent
 These vanities, and giddinesses, lo
 I shut my chamber door, and come, let's go.
 But sooner may a cheap whore, who hath been
 Worn out by as many several men in sin,
 As are black feathers, or musk-coloured hose,
 Name her child's right true father 'mongst all those:
 Sooner may one guess, who shall bear away
 The Infantry of *London* hence to *India*:
 And sooner may a gulling Weather-spy
 By drawing forth heav'n's Scheme tell certainly
 What fashion'd hats or ruffs, or suits next year
 Our giddy-headed antick youth will wear:

Than thou, when thou depart'st from me, can show
 Whither, why, when or with whom thou would'st go.
 But how shall I be pardon'd my offence,
 That thus have sinn'd against my conscience?
 Now we are in the street; he first of all,
 Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall;
 And so imprison'd, and hemm'd in by me
 Sells for a little state his liberty;
 Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
 Every fine silken painted fool we meet,
 He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
 And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures,
 As 'Prentices or School-boys, which do know
 Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not go.
 And as fiddlers stop lowest at highest sound,
 So to the most brave stoops he nigh'st the ground.
 But to a grave man he doth move no more
 Than the wise politike horse would heretofore,
 Or thou, O Elephant, or Ape, wilt do,
 When any names the King of *Spain* to you.
 Now leaps he upright, jogs me and cries, Do you see
 Yonder well-favour'd youth? Which? Oh! 'tis he,
 That dances so divinely; Oh, said I,
 Stand still, must you dance here for company?
 He droop'd; we went, till one (which did excell
 Th' *Indians* in drinking his Tobacco well)
 Met us: they talk'd; I whisper'd, Let us go,
 'T may be you smell him not, truly I do.
 He hears not me, but on the other side
 A many-colour'd Peacock having spy'd,
 Leaves him and me; I for my lost sheep stay;
 He follows, overtakes, goes on the way,
 Saying, Him, whom I last left, all repute
 For his device, in handsoming a suit,
 To Judge of lace, pink, panes, print, cut and plait,
 Of all the Court to have the best conceit;
 Our dull Commedians want him, let him go;
 But oh! God strengthen thee, why stoop'st thou so?

Why, He hath travail'd long; no, but to me
 Which understood none, he doth seem to be
 Perfect *French* and *Italian*. I reply'd,
 So is the *Pox*. He answer'd not, but spy'd
 More men of fort, of parts and qualities,
 At last his love he in a window spies,
 And like light dew exhal'd he flings from me
 Violently ravish'd to his lechery.
 Many there were, he could command no more;
 He quarrell'd, fought, bled; and turn'd out of doors.
 Directly came to me, hanging the head,
 And constantly a while must keep his bed.

SATYRE II.

SIR, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
 Perfectly all this Town, yet there's one state
 In all ill things so excellently best,
 That hate towards them breeds pity towards the rest.
 Though Poetry indeed be such a sin,
 As I think that brings dearth and *Spaniards* in:
 Though like the *Pestilence* and old fashion'd love,
 Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
 Never, till it be starv'd out, yet their state
 Is poor, disarm'd, like *Papists*, not worth hate:
 One (like a wretch, which at Bar judg'd as dead,
 Yet prompts him, which stands next, and cannot read,
 And saves his life) gives *Idiot Actors* means,
 (Starving himself) to live by 's labour'd scenes.
 As in some *Organs* Puppits dance above
 And bellows pant below, which them do move.
 One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's
 charms,
 Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms.
 Rams and slings now are silly battery,
 Pistolets are the best Artillery.
 And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
 Are they not like fingers at doors for meat?

And they who write, because all write, have still
 Th' excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
 But he is worst, who (beggerly) doth chaw
 Others wit's fruits, and in his ravenous Maw
 Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,
 As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true,
 For if one eat my meat, though it be known
 The meat was mine, th' excrement is his own.
 But these do me no harm, nor they which use
 To out-do Dildoes, and out-usure *Jews*,
 T' out-drink the sea, t' out-swear the *Litany*,
 Who with sin's all kinds as familiar be
 As Confessors, and for whose sinful sake
 Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make:
 Whose strange sins Canonists could hardly tell
 In which Commandment's large receipt they dwell.
 But these punish themselves. The insolence
 Of *Coscus* only breeds my just offence,
 Whom time (which rots all, and makes bitches pox,
 And plodding on must make a calf an ox)
 Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late
 But scarce a Poet; jollier of this state,
 Than are new benefic'd Ministers, he throws
 Like nets or lime-twigs, wheresoe'er he goes,
 His title of Barrister, on every wench,
 And woos in language of the *Pleas* and *Bench*;
 A motion Lady: Speak *Coscus*. I have been
 In Love e'er since *tricesimo* of the Queen.
 Continual claims I've made, Injunctions got
 To stay my rival's suit, that he should not
 Proceed; spare me, in *Hillary* term I went,
 You said, if I return'd next *'Size* in *Lent*,
 I should be in Remitter of your grace;
 In th' interim my letters should take place
 Of Affidavits. Words, words, which would tear
 The tender labyrinth of a Maid's soft ear
 More, more than ten *Sclavonians* scoldings, more
 Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbys rore.

When sick with Poetry, and possess'd with muse
 Thou wast and mad, I hop'd; but men, which chuse
 Law practice for meer gain, bold souls Repute
 Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
 Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk
 His hand still at a bill, now he must talk
 Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear,
 That only suretiship hath brought them there,
 And to every suitor lye in every thing,
 Like a King's Favourite, or like a King,
 Like a Wedge in a block, wring to the bar,
 Bearing like Asses, and more shameless far
 Than carted whores, lye to the grave Judge; for
 Bastardy abounds not in Kings titles, nor
 Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
 Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land:
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover-strand*.
 And spying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their Sins, as he.
 For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitching-stuff,
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuff
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty year
 (Reliquely kept) perchance buys Wedding chear)
 Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
 Wringing each Acre, as Maids pulling prime.
 In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
 Assurances; big, as gloss'd civil laws,
 So huge, that men (in our time's forwardness)
 Are fathers of the Church for writing less.
 These he writes not; nor for these written pays,
 Therefore spares no length, (as in those first days,
 When *Luther* was profess'd, He did desire
 Short *Pater nosters*, saying as a fryer
 Each day his beads, but having left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's prayer the *power and glory* clause.)
 But when he sells or changes land, h'impairs
 His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ses heires*,

And sily as any Commenter goes by
 Hard words or sense; or in Divinity
 As controverters in vouch'd Texts leave out [doubt.
 Shrewd words, which might against them clear the
 Where are those spread woods, which cloth'd hereto-
 fore

Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door.
 Where the old Landlord's Troops and Alms? In Halls
 Carthusian Fasts and fulsome Bacchanals
 Equally I hate. Mean's blest. In rich mens homes
 I bid kill some beasts, but no Hecatombs;
 None starve, none surfeit so. But (Oh) w^d allow
 Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
 Like old rich Wardrobes. But my words none draws
 Within the vast reach of th' huge statute Laws.

S A T Y R E III.

KInd pity checks my spleen; brave scorn forbids
 Those tears to issue, which swell my eye-lids.
 I must not laugh, nor weep sins, but be wise;
 Can railing then cure these worn maladies?
 Is not our Mistress, fair Religion,
 As worthy of our Soul's devotion,
 As virtue was to the first blinded Age?
 Are not heaven's joys as valiant to assuage
 Lusts; as earth's honour was to them? Alas
 As we do them in means, shall they surpass
 Us in the end? and shall thy father's spirit
 Meet blind Philosophers in heav'n, whose merit
 Of strict life may b' imputed faith, and hear
 Thee, whom he taught so easie ways and near
 To follow, damn'd? Oh, if thou dar'st, fear this:
 This fear great courage, and high valour is.
 Dar'st thou aid mutinous *Dutch*? and dar'st thou lay
 Thee in ship's wooden Sepulchres, a prey
 To leader's rage, to storms, to shot, to dearth?
 Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth?

Hast thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
 Of frozen North-discoveries, and thrice
 Colder than Salamanders? like divine
 Children in th' Oven, fires of *Spain*, and the *Line*,
 Whose Countries limbeck to our bodies be,
 Canst thou for gain bear? and must every he
 Which cries not, Goddess, to thy Mistress, draw,
 Or eat thy poysonous words? courage of straw!
 O desperate coward, wilt thou seem bold, and
 To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand
 Centinel in this world's Garrison) thus yield,
 And for forbid wars leave th' appointed field?
 Know thy foes: The foul devil (he, whom thou
 Striv'st to please) for hate, not love, would allow
 Thee fain his whole Realm to be quit; and as
 The world's all parts wither away and pass,
 So the world's self, thy other lov'd foe, is
 In her decrepit wane, and thou loving this
 Dost love a withered and worn strumpet; last,
 Flesh (it self's death) and joys, which flesh can taste,
 Thou lov'st; and thy fair goodly soul, which doth
 Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loath.
 Seek true Religion: O where? *Mirreus*,
 Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
 Seeks her at *Rome*, there, because he doth know
 That she was there a thousand years ago;
 He loves the raggs so, as we here obey
 The State-cloth, where the Prince sat yesterday.
Grants to such brave Loves will not be inthrall'd,
 But loves her only, who at *Geneva* is call'd
 Religion, plain, simple, sullen, young,
 Contemptuous yet unhandsome. As among
 Lecherous humours, there is one that judges
 No wenches wholesome, but coarse country drudges.
Grajus stays still at home here, and because
 Some Preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws
 Still new like fashions, bid him think that she
 Which dwells with us, is only perfect; he

Embraceth her, whom his Godfathers will
 Tender to him, being tender; as Wards still
 Take such wives as their Guardians offer, or
 Pay Values. Careless *Phrygius* doth abhor
 All, because all cannot be good; as one,
 Knowing some women whores, dares marry none.
Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that so,
 As women do in divers Countries go
 In divers habits, yet are still one kind;
 So doth, so is Religion; and this blind-
 ness too much light breeds. But unmoved thou
 Of force must one, and fore'd but one allow,
 And the right; ask thy Father which is she,
 Let him ask his. Though truth and falshood be
 Near twins, yet truth a little elder is.
 Be busie to seek her; believe me this,
 He's not of none, nor worst, that seeks the best
 T' adore, or scorn an Image, or protest,
 May all be bad. Doubt wisely, in strange way.
 To stand inquiring right, is not to stray;
 To sleep or run wrong, is. On a huge hill,
 Cragged and steep, Truth stands, and he, that will
 Reach her, about must and about it go;
 And what the hill's suddenness resists, win so.
 Yet strive so, that before age, death's twilight,
 Thy Soul rest, for none can work in that night.
 To will implies delay, therefore now do:
 Hard deeds the body's pains; hard knowledge to
 The Mind's endeavours reach; and mysteries
 Are like the Sun, dazzling, yet plain t' all eyes.
 Keep the truth, which thou hast found; men do not
 In so ill case, that God hath with his hand [stand
 Sign'd Kings blank-charters to kill whom they hate,
 Nor are they Vicars, but Hangmen to Fate.
 Fool and wretch, wilt thou let thy soul be ty'd
 To man's laws, by which she shall not be try'd
 At the last day? Or will it then boot thee
 To say a *Philip* or a *Gregory*,

A *Harry* or a *Martin* taught me this?
 Is not this excuse for meer contraries,
 Equally strong? cannot both sides say so? [know ;
 That thou may'st rightly obey power, her bounds
 Those past her nature and name's chang'd ; to be
 Then humble to her is Idolatry.
 As streams are, Power is; those blest flowers, that dwell
 At the rough stream's calm head, thrive and do well ;
 But having left their roots, and themselves given
 To the streams tyrannous rage, alas! are driven
 Through Mills, Rocks and Woods, and at last, almost
 Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost :
 So perish Souls, which more chuse men's unjust
 Power, from God claim'd, than God himself to trust.

SATYRE IV.

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My sin
 Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, such as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and scant Map of this.
 My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath been
 Poyson'd with love to see, or to be seen ;
 I had no suit there, nor new suit to shew,
 Yet went to Court ; But as *Glare*, which did go
 To *Mafs* in jest, catch'd was fain to disburse
 The hundred marks, which is the Statute's curse,
 Before he scap'd ; So't pleas'd my destiny
 (Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
 ful, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
 As vain, as witless, and as false as they
 Which dwell in Court, for once going that way
 Therefore I suffer'd this ; Towards me did run
 A thing more strange, than on *Nile's* slime the Sun
 E'er bred, or all which into *Noah's* Ark came :
 A thing which would have pos'd *Adam* to name :

Stranger than seven Antiquaries studies,
 Than *Africk's* Monsters, *Guiana's* rarities,
 Stranger than strangers: One, who for a *Dane*
 In the *Dane's* Massacre had sure been slain,
 If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
 When next the 'Prentices 'gainst Strangers rise.
 One, whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
 One, t'whom th' examining Justice sure would cry,
 Sir, by your Priesthood tell me what you are.
 His cloaths were strange, though coarse; and black
 Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been (though bare
 Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
 Become *Tufftaffaty*; and our children shall
 See it plain *Rash* a while, then nought at all.
 The thing hath travail'd, and faith, speaks all tongues,
 And only knoweth what t' all States belongs.
 Made of th' Accents, and best phrase of all these,
 He speaks one language. If strange meats displease;
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast,
 But Pedant's motley tongue, soldiers bombast,
 Mountebank's drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
 Are strong enough preparatives to draw
 Me to hear this, yet I must be content
 With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement:
 In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
 Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,
 Out-flatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovins or *Syrins*, or both together.
 He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God!
 How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,
 This fellow, chuseth me; He saith, Sir,
 I love your judgment; whom do you prefer,
 For the best Linguist? and I fillily
 Said that I thought *Calepine's* Dictionary.
 Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir? *Beza* then,
 Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
 Of our two Academies I nam'd; here
 He stopt me, and said: Nay, your Apostles were

Good pretty Linguists, so *Panurgus* was ;
 Yet a poor Gentleman ; all these may pass
 By travail ; then, as if he would have sold
 His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
 That I was fain to say, If you had liv'd, Sir,
 Time enough to have been Interpreter
 To *Babel's* bricklayers, sure the Tow'r had stood.
 He adds, if of Court life you knew the good,
 You would leave Loneness. I said, not alone
 My loneness is ; but *Spartane's* fashion,
 To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last
 Now ; *Aretine's* pictures have made few chaste ;
 No more can Princes Courts, though there be few
 Better pictures of vice, teach me Virtue.
 He like to a high-stretcht Lute-string squeakt, O Sir,
 'Tis sweet to talk of Kings. At *Westminster*,
 Said I, the man that keeps the Abby tombs,
 And for his price doth, with who ever comes,
 Of all our *Harrys*, and our *Edwards* talk,
 From King to King, and all their kin can walk :
 Your ears shall hear nought but Kings ; your eyes meet
 Kings only ; The way to it is *King's-street*.
 He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanic course ;
 So 're all your *English* men in their discourse.
 Are not your *French* men neat ? Mine, as you see,
 I have but one Sir, look, he follows me.
Certes they 're neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,
 Your only wearing is your Grogaram ;
 Not so, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
 He would not fly ; I chaf'd him : But as Itch
 Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron grownd
 Into an edge, hurts worse : So I (fool) found,
 Crossing hurt me. To fit my fullness,
 He to another key his stile doth dress :
 And asks, what news ; I tell him of new plays,
 He takes my hand, and as a Still which stays
 A Semibrief, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
 As loath to enrich me, so tells many a lye,

More than ten *Hollenshead's*, or *Hall's*, or *Stow's*,
 Of trivial household trash he knows; he knows
 When the Queen frown'd or smil'd, and he knows
 A subtle States-man may gather of that; [what
 He knows who loves whom; and who by poyson
 Haft to an Office's reversion;
 He knows who 'hath sold his land, and now doth beg
 A license old iron, boots, shoos, and egg-
 Shells to transport; Shortly boys shall not play
 As *span-counter* or *blow-point*, but shall pay
 Toll to some Courtier; and wiser than all us
 He knows, what Lady is not painted. Thus
 He with home-meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
 Look pale and sickly, like a Patient, yet
 He thrusts on more; And as he 'had undertook
 To say *Gallo-Belgicus* without book,
 Speaks of all States and Deeds, that have been since
 The *Spaniards* came to th' loss of *Amyens*,
 Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
 Ready to travail: so I sigh, and sweat
 To hear this Makaron talk in vain; for yet,
 Either my humour or his own to fit,
 He like a priviledg'd Spy, whom nothing can
 Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
 He names a price for every office paid;
 He saith, our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;
 That offices are intail'd, and that there are
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
 As the last day; and that great officers
 Do with the Pirates share and *Dunkirkers*,
 Who wastes in meat, in cloaths, in horse he notes;
 Who loves Whores, who boys, and who goats.
 I more amaz'd than *Circe's* prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt my self then
 Becoming Traytor, and methought I saw
 One of our Giant Statues ope his jaw
 To suck me in, for hearing him; I found
 That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow found

By giving others their Sores, I might grow
 Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did show
 All signs of loathing; But since I am in,
 I must pay mine and my forefather's sin
 To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
 Toughly and stubbornly I bear this cross; but th' hour
 Of mercy now was come: He tries to bring
 Me to pay a fine to scape his torturing,
 And says, Sir, can you spare me? I said, willingly;
 Nay, Sir, Can you spare me a Crown? Thankfully I
 Gave it, as Ransom; but as fiddlers still,
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Thrust one more jig upon you; so did he
 With his long complemental thanks vex me.
 But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
 And the Prerogative of my Crown: Scant
 His thanks were ended when I (which did see
 All the Court fill'd with such strange things as he)
 Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one,
 Who fears more actions, doth haste from prison.
 At home in wholesome solitariness
 My piteous soul began the wretchedness
 Of suiters at Court to mourn, and a trance
 Like his, who dream't he saw hell, did advance
 It self o'er me: Such men as he saw there,
 I saw at Court, and worse, and more. Low fear
 Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser: Then
 Shall I, none's slave, of high born or rais'd men
 Fear frowns; and, my Mistress, Truth, betray thee
 To th' huffing, braggart, pufft Nobility?
 No, no; Thou, which since yesterday hast been
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
 O Sun, in all thy journey Vanity,
 Such as swells the bladder of our Court? I
 Think, he which made your waxen garden, and
 Transported it from *Italy*, to stand
 With us at *London*, flouts our Courtiers, for
 Just such gay painted things, which no sap nor

Tast

Taft have in them, ours are; and natural
 Some of the flocks are, their fruits bastard all.
 'Tis ten a clock and past; all whom the *Mense*,
Baloun, *Tennis*, *Diet*, or the *Stews*
 Had all the morning held, now the second
 Time made ready, that day in flocks are found
 In the Presence, and I, (God pardon me)
 As fresh and sweet their Apparels be, as be
 The fields, they sold to buy them. For a King
 Those hose are, crys the flatterer; And bring
 Them next week to the Theatre to sell.
 Wants reach all states. Me seems they do as well
 At Stage, as Court: All are Players; who e'er looks
 (For themselves dare not go) o'er *Cheapside* Books,
 Shall find their wardrobe's Inventory. Now
 The Lady's come. As Pirats, which do know,
 That there came weak ships fraught with *Cocheneal*,
 The men board them; and praise (as they think) well
 Their beauties; they the men's wits; both are bought.
 Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought
 This cause: These men men's wits for speeches buy,
 And women buy all reds, which scarlets die.
 He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
 She fears her drugs ill laid, her hair loose set.
 Would n't *Heracitus* laugh to see *Macrine*
 From hat to shooe himself at door refine,
 As if the Presence were a *Moschite*; and lift
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to Shrift,
 Making them confes not only mortal
 Great stains and holes in them, but venial
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:
 And then by *Durer's* rules survey the state
 Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
 Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
 So in immaculate clothes and Symmetry
 Perfect as Circles, with such nicety,
 As a young Preacher at his first rime goes
 To preach, he enters; and a Lady, which owes

Him not so much as good will, he protests,
 And unto her protests, protests, protests;
 So much as at *Rome* would serve to've thrown
 Ten Cardinals into the Inquisition;
 And whispers by *Jesu* so oft, that a
 Pursuivant would have ravish'd him away,
 For saying of *our Lady's* Psalter. But 'tis fit
 That they each other plague, they merit it.
 But here comes *Glorius*, that will plague them both,
 Who in the other extreame only doth
 Call a rough carelessness good fashion;
 Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
 He cares not he. His ill words do no harm
 To him, he rushes in, as if arm, arm,
 He meant to cry; And though his face be as ill
 As theirs, which in old hangings whip Christ, still
 He strives to look worse, he keeps all in awe;
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
 Tir'd now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so,
 As men from gaols to execution go,
 Go through the great chamber (why is it hung
 With the seven deadly sins?) being among
 Those *Askaparts*, men big enough to throw
Charing-Cross for a bar, men that do know
 No token of worth, but Queen's man, and fine
 Living, barrels of beef, and flagons of wine.
 I shook like a spy'd Spy. Preachers, which are
 Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare
 Drown the sins of this place, for for me,
 Which am but a scant brook, it enough sha'l be
 To wash the stains away: Although I yet
 (With *Machiabees* modesty) the known merit
 Of my work lessen: yet some wise men shall,
 I hope, esteem my writs Canonical.



SATYRE V.

THOU shalt not laugh in this leaf, Muse, nor they,
 Whom any pity warms. He which did lay
 Rules to make Courtiers, he being understood
 May make good Courtiers, but who Courtiers good?
 Free's from the sting of jests, all, who in extream
 Are wretched or wicked, of these two a theam,
 Charity and liberty, give me. What is he
 Who Officer's rage, and Suitor's misery
 Can write in jest? If all things be in all,
 As I think; since all, which were, are and shall
 Be, be made of the same elements:
 Each thing each thing implies or represents.
 Then, man is a World; in which Officers
 Are the vast ravishing seas, and Suitors
 Springs, now full, now shallow, now dry, which to
 That, which drowns them, run: these self reasons do
 Prove the world a man, in which officers
 Are the devouring stomach, and Suitors
 Th' excrements, which they void. All men are dust,
 How much worse are Suitors, who to men's lust
 Are made preys? O worse than dust or worm's meat!
 For they eat you now, whose selves worm's shall eat.
 They are the mills, which grind you; yet you are
 The wind which drives them; and a wastful war
 Is fought against you, and you fight it; they
 Adulterate law, and you prepare the way,
 Like wittals, th' issue your own ruin is.
 Greatest and fairest Empress, know you this?
 Alas! no more than *Thames'* calm head doth know,
 Whose meads her arms drown, or whose corn o'er-flow,
 You, Sir, whose righteousness she loves, whom I,
 By having leave to serve, am most richly
 For service paid authoriz'd, now begin
 To know and weed out this enormous sin.

O Age of rusty Iron! Some better wit
 Call it some worse name, if ought equal it.
 Th' Iron Age was, when justice was sold; now
 Injustice is sold dearer far; allow
 All claim'd fees and duties, Gamesters, anon
 The money, which you sweat and swear for, 's gone
 Into' other hands: So controverted lands
 Escape, like *Angelica*, the striver's hands.
 If Law be in the Judge's heart, and he
 Have no heart to resist Letter or Fee,
 Where wilt thou' appeal? power of the Courts below
 Flows from the first main head; and these can throw
 Thee, if they suck thee in, to misery,
 To fetters, halters. But if th' injury
 Steel thee to dare complain, Alas! thou go'st
 Against the stream upwards, when thou art most
 Heavy' and most faint; and in these labours they,
 'Gainst whom thou should'st complain, will in thy way
 Become great seas, o'er which when thou shalt be
 Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou shalt see
 That all thy gold was drown'd in them before. [more.
 All things follow their like, only who have may' have
 Judges ate Gods; and he, who made them so,
 Meant not men should be forc'd to them to go
 By means of *Angels*. When supplications
 We send to God, to Dominations,
 Powers, Cherubins, and all heaven's Courts if we
 Should pay fees, as here, Daily bread would be
 Scarce to Kings; so 'tis. Would it not anger
 A Stoick, a Coward, yea a Martyr,
 To see a Pursuivant come in, and call
 All his clothes, Copes; Books, Primers; and all
 His Plate, Chalice; and mistake them away,
 And ask a fee for coming? Oh; ne'er may
 Fair Law's white reverend name be strumpeted,
 To warrant thefts: she is established
 Recorder to Destiny on earth, and she
 Speaks Fate's words, and tells who must be

Rich, who poor, who in chairs, and who in gaols:
 She is all fair, but yet hath foul long nails,
 With which she scratcheth Suitors. In bodies
 Of men, so in law, nails are extremities;
 So Officers stretch to more than law can do,
 As our nails reach what no else part comes to.
 Why bar'st thou to yon Officer? Fool, hath he
 Got those goods, for which erst men bar'd to thee?
 Fool, twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrong, and now
 hungerly
 Begg'st right, but that dole comes not till these dy.
 Thou had'st much, and Law's *Urim* and *Thummim* try
 Thou would'st for more; and for all hast paper
 Enough to cloath all the great *Charrick's* Pepper.
 Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese
 Than *Hammon*, when he sold's Antiquities.
 O wretch! that thy fortunes should moralize
Esope's Fables, and make tales prophecies.
 Thou art the swimming dog, whom shadows cozened,
 Which div'st, near drowning, for what vanished.

S A T Y R E VI.

MEN write that love and reason disagree,
 But I ne'er saw't exprest as 'tis in thee.
 Well, I may lead thee; God must make thee see;
 But thine eyes blind too, there's no hope for thee.
 Thou say'st she's wise and witty, fair and free;
 All these are reasons why she should scorn thee.
 Thou dost protest thy love, and would'st it show
 By matching her, as she would match her foe:
 And wouldst perswade her to a worse offence
 Than that, whereof thou didst accuse her wench.
 Reason there's none for thee; but thou may'st vex
 Her with example. Say, for fear her sex
 Shun her, she needs must change; I do not see
 How reason e'er can bring that *must* to thee.

Thou art a match a Justice to rejoyce,
 Fit to be his, and not his daughter's choice.
 Dry'd with his threats she'd scarcely stay with thee,
 And wouldst th' have this to chuse thee, being free?
 Go then and punish some soon gotten stuff;
 For her dead husband this hath mourn'd enough,
 In hating thee. Thou may'st one like this meet;
 For spight take her, prove kind, make thy breath
 sweet:

Let her see she 'hath cause, and to bring to thee
 Honest children, let her dishonest be.
 If she be a widow, I'll warrant her
 She'll thee before her first husband prefer;
 And will wish thou hadst had her maidenhead,
 (She'll love thee so) for then thou hadst been dead.
 But thou such strong love, and weak reasons hast,
 Thou must thrive there, or ever live disgrac'd.
 Yet pause a while, and thou may'st live to see
 A time to come, wherein she may beg thee.
 If thou'lt not pause nor change, she'll beg thee now,
 Do what she can, love for nothing allow.
 Besides, here were too much gain and merchandisc.
 And when thou art rewarded, desert dies.
 Now thou hast odds of him she loves, he may doubt
 Her constancy, but none can put thee out.
 Again, be thy love true, she'll prove divine,
 And in the end the good on't will be thine:
 For though thou must ne'er think of other love,
 And so wilt advance her as high above
 Virtue, as Cause above Effect can be;
 'Tis Virtue to be chaste, which she'll make thee.

The End of the Satyres.





LETTERS

TO SEVERAL PERSONAGES.

THE STORM.

*To Mr. Christopher Brook, from the Island
Voyage with the Earl of Essex.*

THou, which art I ('tis nothing to be so)
 Thou, which art still thy self, by this shalt know
 Part of our passage; And a hand, or eye,
 By *Hilliard* drawn, is worth a History
 By a worse painter made; and (without pride)
 When by thy judgment they are dignify'd,
 My lines are such. 'Tis the preheminance
 Of friendship only t'impute excellence.
England, to whom we owe, what we be, and have,
 Sad that her sons did seek a foreign grave
 (For Fate's or Fortune's drifts none can gain-sa',
 Honour and misery have one face, one way.)
 From out her pregnant entrails sigh'd a wind,
 Which at th' Air's middle marble room did find

Such strong resistance, that it self it threw
 Downward again; and so when it did view
 How in the port our fleet dear time did lose,
 Withering like prisoners, which lie but for fees,
 Mildly it kist our sails, and fresh and sweet,
 As to a stomach starv'd, whose insides meet,
 Meat comes, it came; and swole our sails, when we
 So joy'd, as *Sara* 'her swelling joy'd to see:
 But 'twas but so kind, as our country men, [then.
 Which bring friends one day's way, and leave them
 Then like two mighty Kings, which dwelling far
 Asunder meet against a third to war,
 The South and Westwinds joyn'd, and, as they blew,
 Waves like a rowling trench before them threw.
 Sooner than you read this line, did the gale,
 Like shot not fear'd till felt, our sails assail;
 And what at first was call'd a gust, the same
 Hath now a storm's, anon a tempest's name.
Jonas, I pity thee, and curse those men,
 Who when the storm rag'd most, did wake thee then:
 Sleep is pain's easiest salve, and doth fulfil
 All Offices of death, except to kill.
 But when I wak'd, I saw that I saw not.
 I and the Sun, which should teach me, 'had forgot
 East, West, day, night; and I could only say,
 Had the world lasted, that it had been day.
 Thousands our noises were, yet we 'mongst all
 Could none by his right name, but thunder call:
 Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more,
 Than if the Sun had drunk the sea before.
 Some coffin'd in their cabbins lie 'equally
 Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must die:
 And as sin-burden'd souls from graves will creep
 At the last day, some forth their cabbins peep:
 And trembling ask what news, and do hear so
 As jealous husbands, what they would not know.
 Some, sitting on the hatches, would seem there
 With hideous gazing to fear away fear.

There note they the ship's sicknesses, the Mast
 Shak'd with an ague, and the Hold and Waste
 With a salt dropie clogg'd, and our tacklings
 Snapping, like to too high-stretch'd treble strings.
 And from our tatter'd sails rags drop down so,
 As from one hang'd in chains a year ago.
 Yea ev'n our Ordinance, plac'd for our defence,
 Strives to break loose, and scape away from thence.
 Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gain?
 Seas into seas thrown we suck in again:
 Hearing hath deaf'd our Sailors, and if they
 Knew how to hear, there's none knows what to say.
 Compar'd to these storms, death is but a qualm,
 Hell somewhat lightsome, the *Bermuda's* calm.
 Darkness, light's eldest brother, his birth-right
 Claims o'er the world, and to heav'n hath chas'd light.
 All things are one; and that one none can be,
 Since all forms uniform deformity
 Doth cover; so that we, except God say
 Another *Fiat*, shall have no more day,
 So violent, yet long these furies be,
 That though thine absence starve me, 'I wish not thee.

The Calm.

OUR storm is past, and that storm's tyrannous rage
 A stupid calm, but nothing it, doth swage.
 The Fable is inverted, and far more
 A block afflicts now, than a stork before.
 Storms chafe, and soon wear out themselves or us;
 In calms Heaven laughs to see us languish thus.
 As steady as I could wish my thoughts were,
 Smooth as thy Mistress' glass, or what shines there,
 The sea is now, and as the Isles which we
 Seek, when we can move, our ships rooted be.
 As water did in storms; now pitch runs out:
 As lead, when a fir'd Church becomes one spout.

And all our beauty and our Trim decays,
 Like Courts removing, or like ending plays.
 The fighting place now seamen's rage supply;
 And all the tackling is a frippery.
 No use of Lanthorns; and in one place lay
 Feathers and dust, to day and yesterday.
 Earth's hollownesse, which the world's lungs are,
 Have no more wind than th' upper vault of air.
 We can nor lost friends nor fought foes recover,
 But meteor-like, save that we move not, hover.
 Only the Calenture together draws
 Dear friends, which meet dead in great fish's Maws;
 And on the hatches, as on Altars, lies
 Each one, his own Priest, and own Sacrifice.
 Who live, that miracle do multiply,
 Where walkers in hot Ovens do not die.
 If in despite of these we swim, that hath
 No more refreshing than a Brimstone bath;
 But from the sea into the ship we turn,
 Like parboly'd wretches, on the coals to burn.
 Like *Bajazet* encag'd, the Shepherds scoff;
 Or like slack finew'd *Sampson*, his hair off,
 Languish our ships. Now as a Myriad
 Of Ants durst th' Emperor's lov'd Snake invade:
 The crawling Gallies, Sea-Gulls, finny chips,
 Might brave our Pinnaces, our bed-rid ships:
 Whether a rotten state and hope of gain,
 Or to disuse me from the queasy pain
 Of being belov'd and loving, or the thirst
 Of honour, or fair death, out-pusht me first;
 I lose my end: for here as well as I
 A desperate may live, and coward die.
 Stag, dog, and all, which from or towards flies,
 Is paid with life or prey, or doing dies:
 Fate grudges us all, and doth subtilly lay
 A scourge, 'gainst which we all forgot to pray.
 He that at sea prays for more wind, as well
 Under the poles may beg cold, heat in hell.

What are we then? How little more, alas!
 Is man now, than, before he was, he was?
 Nothing; for us, we are for nothing fit;
 Chance or our selves still disproportion it;
 We have no power, no will, no sense; I lie,
 I should not then thus feel this misery.

To Sir Henry Wootton.

SIR, more than kisses, letters mingle Souls,
 For thus friends absent speak. This ease controuls
 The tediousness of my life: but for these,
 I could invent nothing at all to please;
 But I should wither in one day, and pass
 To a Lock of hay, that am a Bottle of grass.
 Life is a voyage, and in our life's ways
 Countries, Courts, Towns are Rocks or Remoras;
 They break or stop all ships, yet our state's such
 That (though than pitch they stain worse) we must
 If in the furnace of the even Line, [touch.
 Or underth' adverse icy Pole thou pine,
 Thou know'st, two temperate Regions girded in
 Dwell there: but oh! what refuge canst thou win.
 Parch'd in the Court, and in the Country frozen?
 Shall Cities built of both exreams be chosen?
 Can dung or garlike be 'a perfume? Or can
 A Scorpion or Torpedo cure a man?
 Cities are worst of all three; of all three?
 (O knotty riddle) each is worst equally.
 Cities are Sepulchres; they who dwell there
 Are carcasses, as if none such there were.
 And Courts are Theatres, where some men play
 Princes, some slaves, and all end in one day.
 The Country is a desert, where the good
 Gain'd, inhabits not; born, 's not understood.
 There men become beasts, and prone to all evils;
 In Cities, blocks; and in a lewd Court, devils.

As in the first Chaos confusedly
 Each Element's qualities were in th' other three:
 So pride, lust, covetize, being several
 To these three places, yet all are in all,
 And mingled thus, their issue is incestuous:
 Falshood is denizon'd; Virtue is barbarous.
 Let no man say there, Virtue's flinty wall
 Shall lock vice in me; I'll do none, but know all.
 Men are sponges, which, to pour out, receive:
 Who know false play, rather than lose, deceive.
 For in best understandings sin began;
 Angels sinn'd first, then devils, and then man.
 Only perchance beasts sin not; wretched we
 Are beasts in all, but white integrity.
 I think if men, which in these places live,
 Durst look in themselves, and themselves retrieve,
 They would like strangers greet themselves, seeing
Utopian youth, grown old *Italian*. [then
 Be then thine own home, and in thy self dwell;
 Inn any where; continuance maketh hell.
 And seeing the snail, which every where doth come;
 Carrying his own house still, still is at home:
 Follow (for he is easie pac'd) this snail,
 Be thine own Palace, or the world's thy gaol.
 And in the world's sea do not like cork sleep
 Upon the water's face, nor in the deep
 Sink like a lead without a line: but as
 Fishes glide, leaving no print where they pass,
 Nor making sound: so closely thy course go,
 Let men dispute, whether thou breath, or no:
 Only' in this be no Galenist. To make
 Court's hot ambitions wholesome, do not take
 A dram of Country's dulness; do not add
 Correctives, but as Chymiques purge the bad.
 But, Sir, I advise not you, I rather do
 Say o'er those lessons, which I learn'd of you:
 Whom, free from *Germany's* Schisms, and lightness
 Of *France*, and fair *Italy's* faithfulness,

Having from these suck'd all they had of worth,
 And brought home that faith, which you carried forth,
 I throughly love : But if my self I 'have won
 To know my rules, I have, and you have **DONNE**.

To Sir Henry Goodyere.

WH O makes the last a pattern for next year,
 Turns no new leaf, but still the same things
 reads ;

Seen things he sees again, heard things doth hear,
 And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

A Palace, when 'tis that, which it should be,
 Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays :
 But he, which dwells there, is not so ; for he
 Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise.

So had your body 'her morning, hath her noon,
 And shall not better ; her next change is night :
 But her fair larger guest, to' whom Sun and Moon
 Are sparks, and short liv'd, claims another right.

The noble Soul by age grows lustier,
 Her appetite and her digestion mend ;
 We must not starve, nor hope to pamper her
 With woman's Milk and Pap unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet ; You have seen
 All Libraries, which are Schools, Camps and Courts ;
 But ask your Garners, if you have not been
 In harvest too indulgent to your sports.

Would you redeem it ? Then your self transplant
 A while from hence. Perchance outlandish ground
 Bears no more wit than ours ; but yet more scant
 Are those diversions there, which here abound.

To be a stranger hath that benefit,
 We can beginnings, but not habits choak.
 Go, whither? Hence. You get, if you forget;
 New faults, till they prescribe to us, are smoak.

Our soul, whose Country's Heav'n, and God her father,
 Into this world, corruption's sink, is sent;
 Yet so much in her travail she doth gather,
 That she returns home wiser than she went;

It pays you well, if it teach you to spare,
 And make you asham'd to make your hawk's praise
 Which when her self she lessens in the air, [yours,
 You then first say, that high enough she tow'rs.

However keep the lively taste you hold
 Of God, love him now, but fear him more:
 And in your afternoons think what you told
 And promis'd him at morning prayer before.

Let falshood like a discord anger you,
 Else be not froward. But why do I touch
 Things, of which none is in your practice new,
 And Tables and fruit-trenchers teach as much?

But thus I make you keep your promise, Sir;
 Riding I had you, though you still stay'd there,
 And in these thoughts, although you never stir,
 You came with me to *Micham*, and are here.

To Mr. Rowland Woodward.

Like one, who' in her third widowhood doth pro-
 Her self a Nun, ty'd to retiredness, [fess
 So' affects my Muse now a chaste fallowness.

Since she to few, yet to too many, 'hath shown,
How Love-song weeds and Satyrique thorns are grown,
Where seeds of better Arts were early sown?

Though to use and love Poetry, to me,
Betroth'd to no one Art, be no Adultery;
Omissions of good, ill, as ill deeds, be.

For though to us it seem but light and thin,
Yet in those faithful scales, where God throws in
Men's works, vanity weighs as much as sin.

If our souls have stain'd their first white, yet we
May cloath them with faith and dear honesty,
Which God imputes as native purity.

There is no Virtue but Religion:
Wise, valiant, sober, just, are names, which none
Want, which want not Vice-covering discretion.

Seek we then our selves in our selves; for as
Men force the Sun with much more force to pass,
By gathering his beams with a Chrystal glafs;

So we (if we into our selves will turn,
Blowing our spark of virtue) may out-burn
The straw, which doth about our hearts sojourn.

You know, Physicians, when they would infuse
Into any 'oyl the souls of simples, use
Places, where they may lie still warm, to choose.

So works retiredness in us; To rome
Giddily, and be every where but at home,
Such freedom doth a banishment become.

We are but farmers of our selves; yet may,
If we can stock our selves and thrive, uplay
Much, much good treasure for the great rent day.

Manure thy self then, to thy self b' improv'd,
 And with vain outward things be no more mov'd,
 But to know that I love thee' and would be lov'd.

To Sir Henry Wootton.

HERE's no more news than virtue; I may as well
 Tell you *Calais*, or *Saint Michael's Mount*, as
 That vice doth here habitually dwell. [tell

Yet as, to get stomachs, we walk up and down,
 And toyl to sweeten rest; so, may God frown,
 If but to loath both, I haunt Court and Town.

For here no one is from th' extremity
 Of vice by any other reason free,
 But that the next to him still's worse than he.

In this world's warfare they, whom rugged Fate,
 (God's Commissary) doth so thoroughly hate,
 As in th' Court's Squadron to marshal their state;

If they stand arm'd with silly honesty,
 With wishing, prayers, and neat integrity,
 Like *Indians*' gainst *Spanish* hosts they be.

Suspicious boldness to this place belongs,
 And t' have as many ears as all have tongues;
 Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs

Believe me, Sir, in my youth's giddiest days,
 When to be like the Court was a Player's praise,
 Plays were not so like Courts, as Courts like Plays.

Then let us at these mimique Antiques jest,
 Whose deepest projects and egregious Gests
 Are but dull Morals at a game at Chés.

But 'tis an incongruity to smile,
 Therefore I end; and bid farewell a while
At Court, though from Court were the better stile.

To the Countess of Bedford.

M A D A M,

Reason is our Soul's left hand, Faith her right,
 By these we reach divinity, that's you:
 Their loves, who have the blessing of your light,
 Grew from their Reason; mine from fair Faith grew.

But as although a squint left-handedness
 B' ungratious, yet we cannot want that hand:
 So would I (not t' encrease, but to express
 My faith) as I believe, so understand.

Therefore I study you first in your Saints,
 Those friends, whom your election glorifies;
 Then in your deeds, accesses and restraints,
 And what you read, and what your self devise.

But soon, the reasons why you 're lov'd by all,
 Grow infinite, and so pass Reason's reach,
 Then back again t' implicit Faith I fall,
 And rest on what the Catholique voice doth teach;

That you are good: and not one Heretique
 Denies it; if he did, yet you are so.
 For rocks, which high do seem, deep-rooted stick,
 Waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow.

In ev'ry thing there naturally grows
 A *Balsamum*, to keep it fresh and new;
 If 'twere not injur'd by extrinſique blows;
 Your birth and beauty are this Balm in you.

But you of Learning and Religion,
 And virtue, 'and such ingredients, have made
 A Mithridate, whose operation
 Keeps off, or cures, what can be done or said.

Yet this is not your physick, but your food,
 A diet fit for you; for you are here
 The first good Angel, since the world's frame stood,
 That ever did in woman's shape appear.

Since you are then God's Master-piece, and so
 His Factor for our loves; do as you do,
 Make your return home gracious; and bestow
 This life on that; so make one life of two.
 For, so, God help me; I would not miss you there
 For all the good which you can do me here.

To the Countess of Bedford.

M A D A M,

YOU have refin'd me, and to worthiest things,
 Virtue, Art, Beauty, Fortune, now I see
 Rareness or use, not nature, value brings;
 And such, as they are circumstanc'd, they be.
 Two ills can ne'er perplex us, sin t' excuse,
 But of two good things we may leave or choose.

Therefore at Court, which is not virtue's clime,
 Where a transcendent height (as lowness me)
 Makes her not see, or not show: all my rhyme
 Your virtues challenge, which there rarest be;
 For as dark texts need notes; some there must be
 To usher virtue, and say, *This is she.*

So in the Country's beauty. To this place:
 You are the season (Madam) You the day,

'Tis but a grave of spices, till your face
 Exhale them, and a thick close bud display.
 Widow'd and reclus'd else, her sweets sh' enshrines ;
 As *China*, when the Sun at *Brazil* dines.

Out from your Chariot morning breaks at night,
 And falsifies both computations so ;
 Since a new world doth rise here from your light,
 We your new creatures by new reck'nings go.
 This shews that you from nature lothly stray,
 That suffer not an Artificial day.

In this you 've made the Court th' Antipodes,
 And will'd your Delegate, the vulgar Sun,
 To do prophane Autumnal offices,
 Whil'ft here to you we sacrificers run ;
 And whether Priests, or Organs, you w' obey,
 We found your influence, and your Dictates say,

Yet to that Deity which dwells in you,
 Your virtuous Soul, I now not sacrifice ;
 These are *Petitions*, and not *Hymns* ; they sue
 But that I may survey the edifice.
 In all Religions as much care hath been
 Of Temple's frames, and beauty', as Rites within,

As all which go to *Rome*, do not thereby
 Esteem Religions, and hold fast the best ;
 But serve discourse and curiosity
 With that, which doth Religion but invest,
 And shun th' entangling labyrinths of Schools,
 And make it wit to think the wiser fools :

So in this Pilgrimage I would behold
 You as You're Virtue's Temple, not as she ;
 What Walls of tender crystal her enfold,
 What eyes, hands, bosom, her pure Altars be,
 And after this survey oppose to all
 Builders of Chappels, you, th' *Escorial*,

Yet not as consecrate, but meerly 'as fair :
 On these I cast a lay and Country eye.
 Of past and future stories, which are rare,
 I find you all record and prophesie.

Purge but the book of Fate, that it admit
 No sad nor guilty Legends, you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both
 You were the Transcript and Original,
 The Elements, the Parent, and the growth ;
 And every piece of you is worth their All.

So 'intire are all your deeds and you, that you
 Must do the same things still ; you cannot two.

But these (as nicest School divinity
 Serves heresie to further or repress)
 Taste of Poetique rage, or flattery ;
 And need not, where all hearts one truth profess ;
 Oft from new proofs and new phrase new doubts
 As strange attire aliens the men we know. [grow,

Leaving then busie praise and all appeal
 To higher Courts, sense's decree is true.
 The Myne, the Magazine, the Common-weal,
 The story of beauty', in *Twicknam* is and you.
 Who hath seen one, would both ; As who hath been
 In Paradise, would seek the Cherubin.

*To Sir Edward Herbert, since Lord Her-
 bert of Cherbury, being at the Siege of
 Julyers.*

MAN is a lump, where all beasts kneaded be,
 Wisdom makes him an Ark where all agree ;
 The fool, in whom these beasts do live at jarr,
 Is sport to others, and a Theater ;

Nor scapes he so, but is himself their prey ;
 All which was man in him, is eat away :
 And now his beasts on one another feed,
 Yet couple in anger, and new monsters breed :
 How happy's he, which hath due place assign'd
 To 'his beasts ; and disforested his mind ?
 Empal'd himself to keep them out, not in ;
 Can sow, and dares trust corn, where they have been ;
 Can use his Horse, Goat, Wolf, and ev'ry beast,
 And is not As himself to all the rest ?
 Else man not only is the herd of swine,
 But he's those devils too, which did incline
 Them to an headlong rage, and mad them worse :
 For man can add weight to heav'n's heaviest curse.
 As Souls (they say) by our first touch take in
 The poysonous tincture of Original sin ;
 So to the punishments, which God doth fling,
 Our apprehension contributes the sting.
 To us, as to his chickens, he doth cast
 Hemlock ; and we, as men, his hemlock taste,
 We do infuse to what he meant for meat
 Corrosiveness, or intense cold or heat.
 For God no such specifick poyson hath
 As kills, men know not how ; his fiercest wrath
 Hath no antipathy, but may be good
 At least for physick, if not for our food.
 Thus man, that might be 'his pleasure, is his rod ;
 And is his devil, that might be his God.
 Since then our business is to rectifie
 Nature, to what she was ; we're led awry
 By them, who man to us in little show ;
 Greater than due, no form we can bestow
 On him ; for man into himself can draw
 All ; All his faith can swallow, 'or reason chew ;
 All that is fill'd, and all that which doth fill,
 All the round world, to man is but a Pill ;
 In all it works not, but it is in all
 Poysonous, or Purgative, or Cordia!

For knowledge kindles Calentures in some,
 And is to others icy *Opium*.
 As brave as true is that profession then,
 Which you do use to make; that you know man.
 This makes it credible, you've dwelt upon
 All worthy books; and now are such an one.
 Actions are Authors, and of those in you
 Your friends find ev'ry day a mart of new.

To the Countess of Bedford.

T' Have written then, when you writ, seem'd to me
 Worst of spiritual vices, Simony:
 And not t' have written then, seems little less
 Than worst of civil vices, Thanklessness.
 In this my debt I seem'd loth to confess,
 In that I seem'd to shun beholdingness:
 But 'tis not so. *Nothings*, as I am, may
 Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.
 Such borrow in their payments, and owe more
 By having leave to write so, than before.
 Yet since rich mynes in barren grounds are shown,
 May not I yield, not gold, but coal or stone?
 Temples were not demolish'd, though prophane:
 Here *Peter Jove's*, there *Paul* hath *Dina's* Fane.
 So whether my hymns you admit or chuse,
 In me you've hollowed a Pagan Muse,
 And denizon'd a stranger, who mis-taught
 By blamers of the times they marr'd, hath sought
 Virtues in corners, which now bravely do
 Shine in the world's best part, or all it, You.
 I have been told, that virtue in Courtier's hearts
 Suffers an *Ostracism*, and departs.
 Profit, ease, fitness, plenty bid it go,
 But whither, only knowing you, I know;
 Your, or you virtue, two vast uses serves,
 It ransoms one sex, and one Court preserves;

There's nothing but your worth; which being true
 Is known to any other, not to you:
 And you can never know it; to admit
 No knowledge of your worth, is some of it.
 But since to you your praises discords be,
 Stoop other's ills to meditate with me.
 Oh, to confess we know not what we should
 Is half excuse; we know not what we would.
 Lightness depresseth us, emptiness fills;
 We sweat and faint, yet still go down the hills;
 As new philosophy arrests the Sun,
 And bids the passive earth about it run;
 So we have dull'd our mind, it hath no ends;
 Only the body's busie, and pretends.
 As dead low earth eclipses and controuls
 The quick high Moon: so doth the body Souls.
 In none but us are such mixt engines found,
 As hands of double office: For the ground
 We till with them; and them to heaven we raise;
 Who prayer-less labours, or without these prayers,
 Doth but one half, that's none; He which said, *Plough,*
And look not back, to look up doth allow.
 Good seed degenerates, and oft obeys
 The soil's disease, and into cockle strays:
 Let the mind's thoughts be but transplanted so
 Into the body, and bastardly they grow.
 What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?
 We, but no foreign tyrants, could remove
 These, not ingrav'd, but inborn dignities
 Caskets of souls; Temples and Palaces.
 For bodies shall from death redeemed be
 Souls but preserv'd, born naturally free;
 As men to' our prisons now, souls t' us are sent,
 Which learn vice there, and come in innocent.
 First seeds of every creature are in us,
 What e'er the world hath bad, or precious,
 Man's body can produce: hence hath it been,
 That stones, worms, frogs and snakes in man are seen:

But who e'er saw, though nature can work so,
 That pearl, or gold, or corn in man did grow?
 We 've added to the world *Virginia*, and sent
 Two new stars lately to the firmament;
 Why grudge we us (not heaven) the dignity
 T' increase with ours those fair soul's company?
 But I must end this letter; though it do
 Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.
 Virtue hath some perverseness; for she will
 Neither believe her good, nor other's ill.
 Even in you, virtue's best paradise,
 Virtue hath some, but wise degrees of vice.
 Too many virtues, or too much of one
 Begets in you unjust suspicion.
 And ignorance of vice makes virtue less,
 Quenching compassion of our wretchedness.
 But these are riddles: some aspersion
 Of vice becomes well some complexion.
 Statesmen purge vice with vice, and may corrode
 The bad with bad, a spider with a toad.
 For so ill thralls not them, but they tame ill,
 And make her do much good against her will;
 But in your Common-wealth, or world in you,
 Vice hath no office or good work to do.
 Take then no vicious purge, but be content
 With cordial virtue, your known nourishment.

To the Countess of *Bedford*.

On New-Year's Day.

THIS twilight of two years, not past, nor next,
 Some emblem is of me, or I of this,
 Who (Meteor-like, of stuff and form perplex,
 Whose *what* and *where* in disputation is,
 If I should call me *any thing*, should miss.

I sum the years and me, and find me not
 Debtor to th' old, nor Creditor to th' new :
 That cannot say, my thanks I have forgot ;
 Nor trust I this with hopes, and yet scarce true :
 This bravery 's since these times shew'd me you.

In recompence I would shew future times [such.
 What you were, and teach them t' urge towards
 Verse embalms virtue ; and Tombs or Thrones of
 Preserve frail transitory fame, as much [rhymes
 As spice doth bodies from corrupt air's touch.

Mine are short-liv'd ; the tincture of your name
 Creates in them, but dissipates as fast
 New spirits ; for strong agents with the same
 Force, that doth warm and cherish us, do waste ;
 Kept hot with strong Extracts no bodies last.

So my verse, built of your just praise, might want
 Reason and likelihood, the firmest Base ;
 And made of miracle, now faith is scant,
 Will vanish soon, and so possess no place ;
 And you and it too much grace might disgrace.

When all (as truth commands assent) confess
 All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I
 (One corn of one low Ant-hill's dust, and less)
 Should name, know, or express a thing so high,
 And (not an inch) measure infinitie.

I cannot tell them, nor my self, nor you,
 But leave, lest truth b' endanger'd by my praise,
 And turn to God, who knows I think this true,
 And useth oft, when such a heart mis-says,
 To make it good ; for such a praiser prays.

He will best teach you, how you should lay out
 His stock of Beauty, learning, favour, blood ;

He will perplex security with doubt, [you good,
And clear those doubts; hide from you, and shew
And so increase your appetite and food.

He will teach you, that good and bad have not
One latitude in Cloysters and in Court;
Indifferent there the greatest space hath got,
Some pity's not good there, some vain disport,
On this side sin, with that place may comport.

Yet he, as he bounds seas, will fix your hours,
Which pleasure and delight may not ingress;
And though what none else lost, be truest yours,
He will make you, what you did not, possess,
By using other's (not vice, but) weakness.

He will make you speak truths, and credibly,
And make you doubt that others do not so:
He will provide you keys and locks, to spy,
And scape spies, to good ends, and he will show
What you will not acknowledge, what not know.

For your own Conscience he gives innocence,
But for your fame a discreet wariness,
And (though to 'scape than to revenge offence
Be better) he shews both, and to repress
Joy, when your state swells; *sadness*, when 'tis less.

From need of tears he will defend your soul,
Or make a rebaptizing of one tear;
He cannot (that's, he will not) dis-inroll
Your name; and when with active joy we hear
This private Gospel, then 'tis our New Year



To the Countess of Huntingdon.

MADAM,

MAN to God's Image; *Eve* to Man's was made,
 Nor find we that God breath'd a soul in her;
 Canons will not Church-functions you invade,
 Nor laws to civil office you prefer.

Who vagrant transitory Comets sees,
 Wonders, because they 're rare; but a new star,
 Whose motion with the Firmament agrees,
 Is miracle; for there no new things are.

In women so perchance mild innocence
 A seldom comet is, but active good
 A miracle, which reason scapes and sense;
 For Art and Nature this in them withstood.

As such a star the *Magi* led to view
 The manger-cradled infant, God below.
 By virtue's beams (by fame deriv'd from you)
 May apt souls, and the worst may virtue know.

If the world's age and death be argued well [bend;
 By the Sun's fall, which now towards earth doth
 Then we might fear that virtue, since she fell
 So low as woman, should be near her end.

But she's not stoop'd, but rais'd; exil'd by men
 She fled to heav'n, that's heav'nly things, that's
 She was in all men thinly scatter'd then. [you;
 But now a mass contracted in a few.

She gilded us, but you are gold; and She
 Informed us, but transubstantiates you:
 Soft dispositions, which ductile be,
 Elixir-like, she makes not clean, but new:

Though you a wife's and mother's name retain,
 'Tis not as woman, for all are not so ;
 But virtue, having made you virtue, 's fain
 T' adhere in these names, her and you to show.

Else, being alike pure, we should neither see,
 As water being into air rarifi'd,
 Neither appear, 'till in one cloud they be ;
 So for our sakes you do low names abide ;

Taught by great constellations, (which, being fram'd
 Of the most stars, take low names *Crab* and *Bull*,
 When single planets by the gods are nam'd)
 You covet not great names, of great things full.

So you, as woman, one doth comprehend,
 And in the vale of kindred others see ;
 To some you are reveal'd, as in a friend,
 And as a virtuous Prince far off, to me.

To whom, because from you all virtues flow,
 And 'tis not none to dare contemplate you,
 I, which do so, as your true subject owe
 Some tribute for that ; so these lines are due.

If you can think these flatteries, they are,
 For then your judgment is below my praise.
 If they were so, oft flatteries work as far
 As Counsels, and as far th' endeavour raise.

So my ill reaching you might there grow good,
 But I remain a poyson'd fountain still ;
 And not your beauty, virtue, knowledge, blood
 Are more above all flattery than my will.

And if I flatter any, 'tis not you,
 But my own judgment, who did long ago

Pronounce, that all these praises should be true,
And virtue should your beauty' and birth outgrow.

Now that my prophecies are all fulfill'd,
Rather than God should not be honour'd too,
And all these gifts confess'd, which he instill'd,
Your self were bound to say that which I do.

So I but your Recorder am in this,
Or mouth, and Speaker of the universe,
A ministerial Notary; for 'tis
Not I, but you and fame, that make this verse.

I was your Prophet in your younger days,
And now your Chaplain God in you to praise.

To Mr. J. W.

AL L hail, sweet Poet, and full of more strong fire,
Than hath or shall enkindle my dull spirit,
I lov'd what nature gave thee, but thy merit
Of wit and art I love not, but admire;
Who have before or shall write after thee,
Their works, though toughly labour'd, will be
Like infancy or age to man's firm stay,
Or early and late twilights to mid-day.

Men say, and truly, that they better be,
Which be envy'd than pitied: therefore I,
Because I wish the best, do thee envy:
O would'st thou by like reason pity me,
But care not for me, I, that ever was
In Nature's and in fortune's gifts, alas!
(But for thy grace got in the Muse's School)
A Monster and a beggar, am a fool.

Oh how I grieve, that late-born modesty
 Hath got such root in easie waxen hearts, [parts
 That men may not themselves their own good
 Extoll, without suspect of surquedry ;
 For, but thy self, no subject can be found
 Worthy thy quill, nor any quill resound
 Thy worth but thine : how good it were to see
 A Poem in thy praise, and writ by thee !

Now if this song be too 'harsh for rhyme, yet as
 The Painter's bad god made a good devil,
 'Twill be good prose, although the verse be evil.
 If thou forget the rhyme, as thou dost pass,
 Then write, that I may follow, and so be
 Thy echo, thy debtor, thy foyl, thy zance.
 I shall be thought (if mine like thine I shape)
 All the world's Lyon, though I be thy Ape.

To Mr. T. W.

HAst thee, harsh verse, as fast as thy lame measure
 Will give thee leave, to him ; My pain and plea-
 I've given thee, and yet thou art too weak, [sure
 Feet and a reasoning soul, and tongue to speak.
 Tell him, all questions, which men have defended
 Both of the place and pains of hell, are ended ;
 And 'tis decreed, our hell is but privation
 Of him, at least in this earth's habitation :
 And 'tis where I am, where in every street
 Infections follow, overtake and meet.
 Live I or dye, by you my love is sent,
 You are my pawns, or else my Testament.



To Mr. T. W.

Pregnant again with th' old twins, Hope and Fear,
Oft have I ask't for thee, both how and where
Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were :

As in our streets fly beggars narrowly
Watch motions of the giver's hand or eye,
And evermore conceive some hope thereby.

And now thy Alms is giv'n, the letter's read,
The body risen again, the which was dead,
And thy poor starveling bountifully fed.

After this banquet my soul doth say grace,
And praise thee for't, and zealously embrace
Thy love ; though I think thy love in this case
To be as glutton's, which say 'midst their meat,
They love that best, of which they most do eat.

Incerto.

AT once from hence my lines and I depart,
I to my soft still walks, they to my Heart;
I to the Nurse, they to the child of Art.

Yet as a firm house, though the Carpenter
Perish, doth stand : as an Ambassador
Lies safe, how e'er his King be in danger :

So, though I languish, prest with Melancholy,
My verse, the strict Map of my misery,
Shall live to see that, for whose want I dye.

Therefore I envy them, and do repent,
That from unhappy me things happy' are sent ;
Yet as a Picture, or bare Sacrament,

Accept these lines, and if in them there be
Merit of love, bestow that love on me.

To Mr. C. B.

THY friend, whom thy deserts to thee enchain,
Urg'd by this unexcusable occasion,
Thee and the Saint of his affection
Leaving behind, doth of both wants complain;
And let the love, I bear to both, sustain
No blot nor maim by this division;
Strong is this love, which ties our hearts in one,
And strong that love pursu'd with amorous pain:
But though besides my self I leave behind
Heaven's liberal and the thrice fair Sun,
Going to where starv'd winter aye doth won;
Yet love's hot fires, which martyr my sad mind,
Do send forth scalding sighs, which have the Art
To melt all Ice, but that which walls her heart.

To Mr. S. B.

O Thou, which to search out the secret parts
Of th' *India*, or rather *Paradise*
Of knowledge, hast with courage and advice
Lately launch'd into the vast Sea of Arts,
Disdain not in thy constant travelling
To do as other Voyagers, and make
Some turns into less Creeks, and wisely take
Fresh water at the *Heliconian* spring.
I sing not Siren-like to tempt; for I
Am harsh; nor as those *Schismatiques* with you,
Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
But seeing in you bright sparks of Poetry,
I, though I brought no fuel, had desire
With these Articulate blasts to blow the fire.

To Mr. B. B.

IS not thy sacred hunger of science,
 Yet satisfy'd? is not thy brain's rich hive
 Fulfill'd with honey, which thou dost derive
 From the Art's spirits and their Quintessence?
 Then wean thy self at last, and thee withdraw
 From *Cambridge*, thy old nurse; and, as the rest,
 Here toughly chew and sturdily digest
 Th' immense vast volumes of our Common Law;
 And begin soon, lest my grief grieve thee too,
 Which is that that, which I should have begun
 In my youth's morning, now late must be done:
 And I, as giddy Travellers must do,
 Which stray or sleep all day, and having lost [post.
 Light and strength, dark and tir'd must then ride

If thou unto thy Muse be married,
 Embrace her ever, ever multiply;
 Be far from me that strange Adultery
 To tempt thee, and procure her widowhood;
 My nurse (for I had one) because I'm cold,
 Divorc'd her self, the cause being in me,
 That I can take no new in Bigamy,
 Not my will only, but pow'r doth withhold;
 Hence comes it that these Rhymes, which never had
 Mother, want matter; and they only have
 A little form, the which their Father gave:
 They are prophane, imperfect, oh! too bad
 To be counted Children of Poetry,
 Except confirm'd and Bishopped by thee.

To Mr. R. W.

IF, as mine is, thy life a slumber be, [me;
 Stem, when thou read'st these lines, to dream of
 H. S.

Never did *Morpheus*, nor his brother wear
 Shapes so like those Shapes, whom they would appear;
 As this my letter is like me, for it
 Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, mind and
 It is my *Deed of gift* of me to thee, [wit;
 It is my Will, my self the Legacy.
 So thy retirings I love, yea envy,
 Bred in thee by a wise melancholy;
 That I rejoyce, that unto where thou art,
 Though I stay here, I can thus send my heart;
 As kindly as any enamour'd Patient
 His Picture to his absent Love hath sent.
 All news I think sooner reach thee than me;
 Havens are Heav'ns, and Ships wing'd Angels be,
 The which both Gospel and stern threatnings bring;
Guiana's harvest is nipt in the spring,
 I fear; and with us (methinks) Fate deals so,
 As with the *Jew's* Guide God did; he did show
 Him the rich land, but barr'd his entry in:
 Our slowness is our punishment and fin.
 Perchance, these *Spanish* busineses being done,
 Which as the earth between the Moon and Sun
 Eclipse the light, which *Guiana* would give,
 Our discontinued hopes we shall retrieve:
 But if (as All th' All must) hopes smoak away,
 Is not Almighty Virtue an *India*?

If men be worlds, there is in every one
 Some thing to answer in some proportion
 All the world's riches: and in good men this
 Virtue our form's form, and our soul's soul is.

To Mr. J. L.

OF that short Roll of friends writ in my heart,
 Which with thy name begins, since their depart
 Whether in th' *English* Provinces they be,
 Or drink of *Po*, *Sequan* or *Danuby*,

There's none, that sometimes greets us not; and yet
 Your *Trent* is *Lethe*, that past, us you forget.
 You do not duties of Societies,
 If from th' embrace of a lov'd wife you rise, [fields,
 View your fat beasts, stretch'd Barns, and labour'd
 Eat, play, ride, take all joys, which all day yields,
 And then again to your imbracements go;
 Some hours on us your friends, and some bestow
 Upon your Muse; else both we shall repent,
 I, that my love; she, that her gifts on you are spent.

To Mr. J. P.

BLeft are your North parts, for all this long time
 My Sun is with you, cold and dark's our Clime.
 Heaven's Sun, which stay'd so long from us this year,
 Stay'd in your North (I think) for She was there,
 And hither by kind Nature drawn from thence,
 Here rages, chafes and threatens pestilence;
 Yet I, as long as she from hence doth stay,
 Think this no South, no Summer, nor no day.
 With thee my kind and unkind heart is run,
 There sacrifice it to that beauteous Sun:
 So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts,
 As suddenly as Lard, fat thy lean beasts;
 So may thy woods oft poll'd yet ever wear
 A green, and (when she list) a golden hair;
 So may all thy sheep bring forth Twins; and so
 In chafe and race may thy horse all out-go;
 So may thy love and courage ne'er be cold;
 Thy Son ne'er Ward; thy lov'd wife ne'er seem old;
 But may'st thou wish great things, and them attain,
 As thou tell'st her, and none but her, my pain.



To E. of D. with six holy Sonets.

SEE, Sir, how as the Sun's hot masculine flame
 Begets strange creatures on Nile's dirty slime,
 In me your fatherly yet lusty Rhyme [same;
 (For these songs are their fruits) have wrought the
 But though th' ingendring force, from whence they
 Be strong enough, and nature doth admit [came,
 Sev'n to be born at once; I send as yet
 But six; they say, the seventh hath still some maim:
 I choose your judgment, which the same degree
 Doth with her sister, your invention, hold,
 As fire these drossy Rhymes to purify,
 Or as Elixir to change them to gold;
 You are that Alchymist, which always had
 Wit, whose one spark could make good things of bad.

To Sir Henry Wootton, at his going Ambassador to Venice.

AFTER those rev'rend papers, whose soul is [name,
 Our good and great King's lov'd hand and fear'd
 By which to you he derives much of his,
 And (how he may) makes you almost the same,

A Taper of his Torch, a copy writ
 From his Original, and a fair beam
 Of the same warm and dazling Sun, though it
 Must in another Sphear his virtue stream;

AFTER those learned papers, which your hand
 Hath stor'd with notes of use and pleasure too,
 From which rich treasury you may command
 Fit matter, whether you will write or do;

AFTER those loving papers, which friends send
 With glad grief to your Sea-ward steps farewell,

Which thicken on you now, as pray'rs ascend
To heaven in troops at a good man's passing bell;

Admit this honest paper, and allow
It such an Audience as your self would ask;
What you must say at *Venice*, this means now,
And hath for nature, what you have for task.

To swear much love, not to be chang'd before
Honour alone will to your fortune fit;
Nor shall I then honour your fortune more,
Than I have done your noble-wanting wit.

But 'tis an easier load (though both oppress)
To want than govern greatness; for we are
In that, our own and only business;
In this, we must for other's vices care.

'Tis therefore well your spirits now are plac'd
In their last Furnace, in Activity;
Which fits them (Schools and Courts and Wars o'er-
To touch and taste in any best degree. [pass]

For me, (if there be such a thing as I)
Fortune (if there be such a thing as she)
Spies that I bear so well her tyranny,
That she thinks nothing else so fit for me.

But though she part us, to hear my oft prayers
For your increase, God is as near me here;
And to send you what I shall begg, his stairs
In length and ease are alike every where.

To Mrs. M. H.

MAD paper, stay, and grudge not here to burn
With all those sons, whom thy brain did create;

At least lie hid with me, till thou return
To rags again, which is thy native state.

What though thou have enough unworthiness
To come unto great place as others do,
That's much, emboldens, pulls, thrusts, I confess;
But 'tis not all, thou shouldst be wicked too.

And that thou canst not learn, or not of me,
Yet thou wilt go; Go, since thou goest to her,
Who lacks but faults to be a Prince, for she
Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares prefer.

But when thou com'st to that perplexing eye,
Which equally claims *love* and *reverence*,
Thou wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt die;
And having little now, have then no sense.

Yet when her warm redeeming hand (which is
A miracle, and made such to work more)
Doth touch thee (sapless leaf) thou grow'st by this
Her creature, glorify'd more than before.

Then as a mother, which delights to hear
Her early child mis-speak half utter'd words,
Or, because Majesty doth never fear
Ill or bold speech, she Audience affords.

And then, cold speechless wretch, thou diest again,
And wisely; what discourse is left for thee?
From speech of ill and her thou must abstain?
And is there any good which is not she?

Yet may'st thou praise her servants, though not her;
And Wit and Virtue and Honour her attend,
And since they 're but her cloaths, thou shalt not err,
If thou her Shape and Beauty and Grace commend.

Who knows thy destiny? when thou hast done,
 Perchance her Cabinet may harbour thee,
 Whither all noble ambitious wits do run ;
 A nest almost as full of good as she.

When thou art there, if any, whom we know,
 Were fav'd before, and did that heaven partake,
 When she revolves his papers, mark what show
 Of favour she, alone, to them doth make.

Mark if, to get them, she o'er-skip the rest,
 Mark if she read them twice, or kiss the name ;
 Mark if she do the same that they protest ;
 Mark if she mark, whither her woman came.

Mark if sleight things be 'objected, and o'erblown,
 Mark if her oaths against him be not still
 Reserv'd, and that she grieve she's not her own,
 And chides the doctrine that denies Freewill.

I bid thee not do this to be my spie,
 Nor to make my self her familiar ;
 But so much I do love her choice, that I
 Would fain love him, that shall be lov'd of her.

To the Countess of Bedford.

Honour is so sublime perfection,
 And so refin'd ; that when God was alone,
 And creatureless at first, himself had none ;

But as of th' elements these, which we tread,
 Produce all things with which we 're joy'd or fed,
 And those are barren both above our head :

So from low persons doth all honour flow ;
Kings, whom they would have honour'd, to us show,
And but *direct* our honour, not *bestow*.

For when from herbs the pure part must be won
From gross by 'Stilling, this is better done
By despis'd Dung, than by the Fire or Sun :

Care not then Madam, 'how low your praises lye ;
In Labourer's ballads oft more piety
God finds, than in *Te deum's* melody.

And Ordinance rais'd on Tow'rs so many mile
Send not their voice, nor last so long a while,
As fires from th' earth's low vaults in *Sicil Isle*.

Should I say I liv'd darker than were true,
Your radiation can all clouds subdue,
But one, 'tis best light to contemplate you.

You, for whose Body God made better clay,
Or took Soul's stuff, such as shall late decay,
Or such as needs small change at the last day.

This, as an Amber drop enwraps a Bee,
Covering discovers your quick Soul ; that we [see.
May in your through-shine front our heart's thoughts

You teach (though we learn not) a thing unknown
To our late times, the use of specular stone,
Through which all things within without were shown.

Of such were Temples ; so, and such you are ;
Being and *seeming* is your equal care ;
And *virtues* whole *sum* is but *Know* and *Dare*.

Discretion is a wise man's Soul, and so
 Religion is a Christian's, and you know
 How these are one ; her *yea* is not her *no*.

But as our Souls of growth and Souls of Sense
 Have birthright of our reason's Soul, 'yet hence
 They fly not from that, nor seek precedence:

Nature's first lesson so Discretion
 Must not grudge zeal a place, nor yet keep none,
 Not banish it self, nor Religion.

Nor may we hope to solder still and knit
 These two, and dare to break them ; nor must wit
 Be Colleague to Religion, but be it.

In those poor types of God (round circles) so
 Religion's types the pieceless centers flow,
 And are in all the lines which all ways go.

If either ever wrought in you alone,
 Or principally, then Religion
 Wrought your ends, and your ways Discretion.

Go thither still, go the same way you went ;
 Who so would change, doth covet or repent ;
 Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

To the Countess of Huntingdon.

THAT unripe side of earth, that heavy clime
 That gives us man up now, like *Adam's* time
 Before he ate ; man's shape, that would yet be
 (Knew they not it, and fear'd beast's company)
 So naked at this day, as though man there
 From Paradise so great a distance were,

As yet the news could not arriv'd be
 Of *Adam's* tasting the forbidden tree ;
 Depriv'd of that free state which they were in,
 And wanting the reward, yet bear the sin.

But, as from extream heights who downward looks,
 Sees men at children's shapes, Rivers as brooks,
 And loseth younger forms ; so to your eye
 These (*Madam*) that without your distance lie,
 Must either mist, or nothing seem to be,
 Who are at home but wit's mere *Atomi*.

But I, who can behold them move and stay,
 Have found my self to you just their Midway ;
 And now must pity them: for as they do
 Seem sick to me, just so must I to you ;
 Yet neither will I vex your eyes to see
 A sighing Ode, nor cross-arm'd Elegy.

I come not to call pity from your heart,
 Like some white-liver'd dotard, that would part
 Else from his slippery soul with a faint groan,
 And faithfully (without you smile) were gone.
 I cannot feel the tempest of a frown,
 I may be rais'd by love, but not thrown down ;
 Though I can pity those sigh twice a day,
 I hate that thing whispers it self away.

Yet since all Love is *feverish*, who to trees
 Doth talk, yet doth in Love's cold ague freeze.
 'Tis Love, but with such fatal weakness made,
 That it destroys it self with its own shade.

Who first look't sad, griev'd, pin'd and shew'd his pain,
 Was he that first taught women to disdain.

As all things were but one *nothing*, dull and weak,
 Until this raw disorder'd heap did break,
 And several desires led parts away,
 Water declin'd with earth, the air did stay,
 Fire rose, and each from other but unty'd,
 Themselves unprison'd were and purify'd:
 So was Love, first in vast confusion hid,]
 An unripe willingness which nothing did,

A thirst, an Appetite which had no ease,
 That found a want, but knew not what would please.
 What pretty innocence in that day mov'd
 Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd;
 Both sigh'd and interchang'd a speaking eye,
 Both trembled and were sick, yet knew not why.
 That natural fearfulness, that struck man dumb,
 Might well (those times consider'd) man become.
 As all discoverers, whose first Essay
 Finds but the place; after, the nearest way:
 So passion is to woman's love, about,
 Nay, farther off, than when we first set out.
 It is not Love, that sues or doth contend;
 Love either conquers, or but meets a friend.
 Man's better part consists of purer fire,
 And finds it self allow'd, ere it desire.
 Love is wise here, keeps home, gives reason sway,
 And journies not till it find Summer-way.
 A weather-beaten Lover, but once known,
 Is sport for every girl to practise on.
 Who strives through woman's scorns women to know,
 Is lost, and seeks his shadow to outgo;
 It is meer sickness after one disdain,
 Though he be call'd aloud, to look again.
 Let others sin and grieve; one cunning sleight
 Shall freeze my Love to Crystal in a night.
 I can love first, and (if I win) love still;
 And cannot be remov'd, unless she will.
 It is her fault, if I unsure remain;
 She only can unty, I bind again.
 The honesties of love with ease I do,
 But am no Porter for a tedious woe.
 But (Madam) I now think on you; and here,
 Where we are at our heights, you but appear;
 We are but clouds, you rise from our noon-ray,
 But a foul shadow, not your break of day.
 You are at first hand all that's fair and right;
 And other's good reflects but back your light.

You are a perfectness, so curious hit,
 That youngest flatteries do scandal it;
 For what is more doth what you are restrain;
 And though beyond, is down the hill again.
 We have no next way to you, we cross to 't;
 You are the straight line, thing prais'd, attribute,
 Each good in you's a light; so many a shade
 You make, and in them are your motions made.
 These are your pictures to the life. From far
 We see you move, and here your *Zani's* are:
 So that no fountain good there is, doth grow
 In you, but our dim actions faintly show:

Then find I, if man's noblest part be Love,
 Your purest lustre must that shadow move.
 The soul with body is a heav'n combin'd
 With earth, and for man's ease nearer joyn'd.
 Where thoughts, the stars of soul, we understand,
 We guess not their large natures, but command,
 And love in you that bounty is of light,
 That gives to all, and yet hath infinite:
 Whose heat doth force us thither to intend,
 But soul we find too earthly to ascend;
 'Till slow access hath made it wholly pure,
 Able immortal clearness to endure.
 Who dare aspire this journey with a stain,
 Hath weight will force him headlong back again,
 No more can impure man retain and move
 In that pure region of a worthy love,
 Than earthly substance can unforc'd aspire,
 And leave his nature to converse with fire.

Such may have eye and hand; may sigh, may speak;
 But like swoln Bubbles, when they 're highest, they
 Though far removed *Northern Isles* scarce find [break.
 The Sun's comfort, yet some think him too kind.
 There is an equal distance from her eye;
 Men perish too far off, and burn too nigh.
 But as air takes the Sun-beams equal bright
 From the Rays first, to his last opposite:

As water causeth fire to fret and fume,
Till all consume.

Who can of love more rich gift make,
Than to Love's self for love's own sake?

I'll never dig in Quarry of an heart,
To have no part;
Nor roast in fiery eyes, which always are
Canicular.

Who this way would a Lover prove,
May shew his patience, not his love.

A frown may be sometimes for physick good,
But not for food;
And for that raging humour there is sure
A gentler Cure.
Why bar you love of private end,
Which never should to publique tend?

To the Countess of Bedford.

Begun in France, but never perfected.

THOUGH I be *dead* and buried, yet I have
(Living in you) Court enough in my grave;
As oft as there I think my self to be,
So many resurrections waken me;
That thankfulness your favours have begot
In me, embalms me, that I do not rot:
This season, as 'tis *Easter*, as 'tis *spring*,
Must both to growth and to confession bring
My thoughts dispos'd unto your influence, so
These verses bud, so these confessions grow;
First I confess I have to others lent
Your stock, and over prodigally spent
Your treasure, for since I had never known
Virtue and beauty, but as they are grown

In you, I should not think or say they shine,
 (So as I have) in any other Myne;
 Next I confess this my confession,
 For 'tis some fault thus much to touch upon
 Your praise to you, where half rights, seem too much
 And make your mind's sincere complexion blush.
 Next I confess my' impenitence; for I
 Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby
 Remote low Spirits, which shall ne'er read you,
 May in less lessons find enough to do,
 By studying Copies, not Originals;

Desunt cetera.

A Letter to the Lady Carey, and Mrs. Essex Riche, from Amyens.

M A D A M,

Here, where by All All Saints invoked are,
 'Twere too much schism to be singular,
 And 'gainst a practice general to war.

Yet turning to Saints should my 'humility
 To other Saint than you directed be,
 That were to make my schism heresie.

Nor would I be a Convertite so cold,
 As not to tell it; If this be too bold,
 Pardons are in this market cheaply sold.

Where, because Faith is in too low degree,
 I thought it some Apostleship in me
 To speak things, which by Faith alone I see.

That is, of you, who are a firmament
 Of virtues, where no one is grown, or spent;
 They're your materials, not your ornament.

Others, whom we call virtuous, are not so
In their whole substance; but their virtues grow
But in their humours, and at seasons show.

For when through raffle's flat humility
In dough-bak'd men some harmlessness we see,
'Tis but his *Flegm* that's *Virtuous*, and not He:

So is the Blood sometimes; Who ever ran
To danger unimportun'd, he was then
No better than a *sanguine-Virtuous* man.

So Cloyster'd men, who in pretence of fear
All contributions to this life forbear,
Have Virtue in *Melancholy*, and only there.

Spiritual *Cholerique* Critiques, which in all
Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,
Have through this Zeal Virtue but in their *Gall*.

We're thus but parcel gilt; to Gold we're grown,
When Virtue is our Soul's complexion;
Who knows his Virtue's name or place, hath none.

Virtue's but aguish, when 'tis several,
By occasion wak'd and circumstantial;
True virtue's *Soul*, Always in all deeds *All*.

This Virtue thinking to give dignity
To your soul, found there no infirmity;
For your soul was as good Virtue as she.

She therefore wrought upon that part of you,
Which is scarce less than soul, as she could do,
And so hath made your beauty Virtue too.

Hence

Hence comes it, that your Beauty wounds not hearts,
As others, with prophane and sensual Darts,
But as an influence virtuous thoughts imparts.

But if such friends by th' honour of your sight
Grow capable of this so great a light,
As to partake your virtues, and their might:

What must I think that influence must do,
Where it finds sympathy and matter too,
Virtue and beauty, of the same stuff as you?

Which is your noble worthy Sister; she,
Of whom if, what in this my Extasie
And revelation of you both I see,

I should write here, as in short Galleries
The Master at the end large glasses ties,
So to present the room twice to our eyes:

So I should give this letter length, and say
That which I said of you; there is no way
From either, but to th' other, not to stray.

May therefore this b' enough to testify
My true devotion, free from flattery;
He that believes himself, doth never lie.

To the Countess of Salisbury. August, 1614.

FAIR, Great, and Good, since seeing you we see
What Heav'n can do, what any Earth can be:
Since now your beauty shines, now when the Sun,
Grown stale, is to so low a value run,
That his dishevel'd beams and scatter'd fires
Serve but for Ladie's Periwigs and Tyres

In Lover's Sonets: you come to repair
 God's book of creatures, teaching what is fair.
 Since now, when all is wither'd, shrunk and dry'd,
 All virtues ebb'd out to a dead low tide,
 All the world's frame being crumbled into sand,
 Where ev'ry man thinks by himself to stand,
 Integrity, friendship and confidence,
 (Cements of greatness) being vapour'd hence,
 And narrow man being fill'd with little shares,
 Courts, City, Church, are all shops of small-wares,
 All having blown to sparks their noble fire,
 And drawn their sound gold ingot into wyre;
 All trying by a love of littleness
 To make abridgments and to draw to less,
 Even that nothing, which at first we were;
 Since in these times your greatness doth appear,
 And that we learn by it, that Man, to get
 Towards him that's infinite, must first be great.
 Since in an age so ill, as none is fit
 So much as to accuse, much less mend it,
 (For who can judge or witness of those times,
 Where all alike are guilty of the crimes?)
 Where he, that would be good, is thought by all
 A monster, or at best phantastical:
 Since now you durst be good, and that I do
 Discern, by daring to contemplate you,
 That there may be degrees of fair, great, good,
 Through your *light*, largeness, virtue understood:
 If in this sacrifice of mine be shown
 Any small spark of these, call it your own:
 And if things like these have been said by me
 Of others; call not that Idolatry.
 For had God made man first, and man had seen
 The third day's fruits and flowers, and various green,
 He might have said the best that he could say
 Of those fair creatures, which were made that day:
 And when next day he had admir'd the birth
 Of Sun, Moon, Stars, fairer than late-prais'd earth,

He might have said the best that he could say,
And not be chid for praising yesterday:
So though some things are not together true,
As, that another's worthiest, and, that you:
Yet to say so doth not condemn a man,
If, when he spoke them, they were both true then.
How fair a proof of this in our soul grows?
We first have souls of growth, and sense; and those,
When our last soul, our soul immortal, came,
Were swallow'd into it, and have no name:
Nor doth he injure those souls, which doth cast
The power and praise of both them on the last;
No more do I wrong any, if I adore
The same things now, which I ador'd before,
The subject chang'd, and measure; the same thing
In a low Constable and in the King
I reverence; His power to work on me:
So did I humbly reverence each degree
Of fair, great, good; but more, now I am come
From having found their *walks*, to find their *home*.
And as I owe my first souls thanks, that they
For my last soul did fit and mould my clay,
So am I debtor unto them, whose worth
Enabled me to profit, and take forth
This new great lesson, thus to study you;
Which none, not reading others first, could do.
Nor lack I light to read this book, though I
In a dark Cave, yea, in a Grave do lie;
For as your fellow Angels, so you do
Illustrate them, who come to study you.
The first, whom we in Histories do find
To have profest all Arts, was one born blind:
He lackt those eyes beasts have as well as we,
Not those, by which Angels are seen and see;
So, though I'm born without those eyes to live,
Which Fortune, who hath none her self, doth give,
Which are fit means to see bright courts and you,
Yet may I see you thus, as now I do;

I shall by that all goodness have discern'd,
And, though I burn my Library, be learn'd.

To the Lady BEDFORD.

YOU that are she and you, *that's* double she,
In her dead face half of your self shall see;
She was the other part ; for so they do,
Which build them friendships, become one of two ;
So two, that but themselves no third can fit,
Which were to be so, when they were not yet
Twins, though their birth *Cusco* and *Musco* take,
As divers stars one Constellation make ;
Pair'd like two eyes, have equal motion, so
Both but one mean to see, one way to go.
Had you dy'd first, a carcass she had been ;
And we your rich Tomb in her face had seen.
She like the soul is gone, and you here stay,
Not a live friend, but th' other half of clay ;
And since you act that part, As men say, here
Lies such a Prince, when but one part is there ;
And do all honour and devotion due
Unto the whole, so we all reverence you ;
For such a friendship who would not adore
In you, who are all what both were before ?
Not all, as if some perished by this,
But so, as all in you contracted is ;
As of this all though many parts decay,
The pure, which elemented them, shall stay.
And though diffus'd, and spread in infinite,
Shall recollect, and in one All unite :
So Madam, as her Soul to heav'n is fled,
Her flesh rests in the earth, as in the bed ;
Her virtues do, as to their proper sphere,
Return to dwell with you, of whom they were :
As perfect motions are all circular ;
So they to you, their sea, whence less streams are.

She was all spices, you all metals; so
 In you two we did both rich *Indias* know.
 And as no fire nor rust can spend or waste
 One dram of Gold, but what was first shall last;
 Though it be forc'd in water, earth, salt, air,
 Expans'd in infinite, none will impair;
 So to your self you may additions take,
 But nothing can you less or changed make.
 Seek not, in seeking new, to seem to doubt,
 That you can match her, or not be without;
 But let some faithful book in her room be,
 Yet but of *Judith* no such book as she.

S A P P H O to P H I L Æ N I S.

WHERE is that holy fire, which *Verse* is said
 To have? is that enchanting force decay'd?
Verse, that draws *Nature's* works from *Nature's* law,
 Thee, her best work, to her work cannot draw.
 Have my tears quench'd my old *Poétique* fire;
 Why quench'd they not as well that of *desire*?
 Thoughts, my mind's creatures, often are with thee;
 But I, their maker, want their liberty:
 Only thine image in my heart doth sit;
 But that is wax, and fires environ it.
 My fires have driven, thine have drawn it hence;
 And I am robb'd of *Picture*, *Heart* and *Sense*.
 Dwells with me still mine irksome *Memory*:
 Which both to keep and lose grieves equally.
 That tells how fair thou art: Thou art so fair,
 As *gods*, when *gods* to thee I do compare,
 Are grac'd thereby; And to make blind men see,
 What things *gods* are, I say they're like to thee.
 For if we justly call each silly *man*
 A little world, what shall we call thee then?
 Thou art not soft, and clear, and straight, and fair,
 As *Down*, as *Stars*, *Cedars* and *Lillies* are;

But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye only
 Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye.
 Such was my *Phao* a while, but shall be never
 As thou wast, art, and, oh! may'st thou be ever.
 Here lovers swear in their *Idolatry*,
 That I am such; but *Grief* discolours me:
 And yet I grieve the less, lest grief remove
 My beauty, and make m' unworthy of thy love.
 Plays some soft boy with thee? oh! there wants yet
 A mutual feeling, which should sweeten it.
 His chin a thorny hairy unevenness
 Doth threaten, and some daily change possess.
 Thy body is a natural *Paradise*,
 In whose self, unmanur'd, all pleasure lies,
 Nor needs *perfection*; why shouldst thou then
 Admit the tillage of a harsh rough man?
 Men leave behind them that, which their sin shows,
 And are as thieves trac'd, which rob when it snows;
 But of our dalliance no more signs there are,
 Than *Fishes* leave in streams, or *Birds* in air.
 And between us all sweetness may be had;
 All, all that *Nature* yields, or *Art* can add.
 My two lips, eyes, thighs differ from thy two,
 But so, as thine from one another do:
 And, oh! no more; the likeness being such,
 Why should they not alike in all parts touch?
 Hand to strange hand, lip to lip none denies;
 Why should they breast to breast, or thighs to thighs?
 Likeness begets such strange self-flattery,
 That touching my self, all seems done to thee.
 My self I embrace, and mine own hands I kiss,
 And amorously thank my self for this.
 Me in my glass I call thee; but, alas!
 When I would kiss, tears dim mine eyes and glass.
 O cure this loving madness, and restore
 Me to me; thee my *half*, my *all*, my *more*.
 So may thy cheek's red outwear scarlet die,
 And their white Whiteness of the *Galaxy*;

So may thy mighty amazing beauty move
Envy in all *women*, and in all *men love*;
 And so be change and sickness far from thee,
 As thou, by coming near, keep'st them from me.

To BEN. JOHNSON, Jan. 6, 1603.

THE State and men's affairs are the best play^e
 Next yours; 'Tis not more nor less than due
 praise:

Write, but touch not the much descending race
 Of Lord's houses, so settled in worth's place,
 As but themselves none think them usurpers:
 It is no fault in thee to suffer theirs.
 If the Queen masque, or King a hunting go,
 Though all the Court follow, Let them. We know
 Like Them in goodness that Court ne'er will be,
 For that were virtue, and not flatterie.
 Forget we were thrust out. It is but thus
 God threatens Kings, Kings Lords, as Lords do us.
 Judge of strangers, trust and believe your friend,
 And so me; and when I true friendship end,
 With guilty conscience let me be worse stung
 Than with *Popham's* sentence thieves, or *Cook's* tongue
 Traitors are. Friends are our selves. This I thee tell
 As to my friend, and my self as Counsel:
 Let for a while the time's unthrifty rout
 Contemn learning, and all your studies flout:
 Let them scorn Hell, they will a Serjeant fear,
 More than we them; that ere long God may forbear,
 But Creditors will not. Let them increase
 In riot and excess, as their means cease;
 Let them scorn him that made them, and still shun
 His Grace, but love the whore, who hath undone
 Them and their souls. But, that they that allow
 But one God, should have religions enow

For the Queen's Masque, and their husbands, for more
Than all the *Gentiles* knew or *Atlas* bore.

Well, let all pass, and trust him, who nor cracks
The bruised Reed, nor quenbeth smoaking Flax.

To BEN. JOHNSON, 9 Novembris, 1603.

IF great men wrong me, I will spare my self;
If mean, I will spare them; I know, the pelf,
Which is ill got, the Owner doth upbraid;
It may corrupt a Judge, make me afraid
And a Jury: But 'twill revenge in this,
That, though himself be Judge, he guilty is.
What care I though of weakness men tax me?
I'd rather sufferer than doer be;
That I did trust it was my Nature's praise,
For breach of word I knew but as a phrase.
That judgment is, that surely can comprise
The world in precepts, most happy and most wise.
What though? Though less, yet some of both have we,
Who have learn'd it by use and misery.
Poor I, whom every petty cross doth trouble,
Who apprehend each hurt, that's done me, double,
Am of this (though it should sink me) careless,
It would but force me t' a stricter goodness.
They have great gain of me, who gain do win
(If such gain be not loss) from every sin.
The standing of great men's lives would afford
A pretty sum, if God would sell his Word.
He cannot; they can theirs, and break them too.
How unlike they are that they're likened to?
Yet I conclude, they are amidst my evils,
If good, like Gods; the naught are so like Devils.

To Sir THO. ROWE. 1603.

Dear Tom.

TELL her, if she to hired servants shew
 Dislike, before they take their leave they go;
 When nobler spirits start at no disgrace;
 For who hath but one mind, hath but one face.
 If then why I take not my leave she ask,
 Ask her again why she did not unmask.
 Was she or proud or cruel, or knew she
 'Twould make my loss more felt, and pity'd me?
 Or did she fear one kiss might stay for mee?
 Or else was she unwilling I should go?
 I think the best, and love so faithfully,
 I cannot choose but think that she loves me.
 If this prove not my faith, then let her try
 How in her service I would fructify.
 Ladies have boldly lov'd; bid her renew
 That decay'd worth, and prove the times past true.
 Then he, whose wit and verse grows now so lame,
 With songs to her will the *wild Irish* tame.
 Howe'er I'll wear the black and white ribband;
 White for her fortunes, black for mine shall stand.
 I do esteem her favour, not the stuff;
 If what I have was given, I've enough,
 And all's well, for had she lov'd, I had not had
 All my friend's hate; for now departing sad
 I feel not that: Yet as the Rack the Gout
 Cures, so hath *this* worse grief *that* quite put out:
 My first disease nought but that worse cureth,
 Which (I dare foresay) nothing cures but death.
 Tell her all this before I am forgot,
 That not too late she grieve she lov'd me not.
 Burdened with this, I was to depart less
 Willing than those which die, and not confess.

The End of the Letters.



ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD.

*Wherein, by occasion of the untimely death
of Mistress ELIZABETH DRURY,
the frailty and the decay of this whole
world is represented.*

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

To the praise of the dead, and the ANATOMIE.

WELL dy'd the World, that we might live
to see
This world of wit in his Anatomie :
No evil wants his good; so wilder heirs
Bedew their Father's Tombs with forced tears,
Whose 'state requites their loss: while thus we gain,
Well may we walk in blacks, but not complain.
Yet how can I consent the world is dead,
While this Muse lives? which in his spirit's stead
Seems to inform a world, and bids it be,
In spite of loss or frail mortality?
And thou the subject of this well-born thought,
Thrice noble maid, couldst not have found nor sought

A fitter time to yield to thy sad Fate,
Than while this spirit lives, that can relate
Thy worth so well to our last Nephew's eyne,
That they shall wonder both at his and thine:
Admired match! where strives in mutual grace
The cunning pencil and the comely face;
A task, which thy fair goodness made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch:
Enough it is to praise them that praise thee,
And say, that but enough those praises be,
Which, hadst thou liv'd, had hid their fearful head
From th' angry checkings of thy modest red:
Death bars reward and shame; when envy's gone,
And gain, 'tis safe to give the dead their own.
As then the wise *Egyptians* wont to lay
More on their Tombs than Houses: these of clay,
But those of brass or marble were: so we
Give more unto thy Ghost than unto thee.
Yet what we give to thee, thou gav'st to us,
And may'st but thank thy self, for being thus:
Yet what thou gav'st and wert, O happy maid,
Thy grace profess all due, where 'tis repaid.
So these high songs, that to thee suited bin,
Serve but to sound thy Maker's praise and thine;
Which thy dear soul as sweetly sings to him
Amid the Choir of Saints and Seraphim,
As any Angel's tongues can sing of thee;
The subjects differ, though the skill agree:
For as by infant years men judge of age,
Thy early love, thy virtues did presage
What high part thou bear'st in those best of Songs,
Whereto no burden, nor no end belongs.
Sing on, thou virgin Soul, whose lossful gain
Thy love-sick parents have bewail'd in vain;
Never may thy name be in songs forgot,
Till we shall sing thy ditty and thy note.

AN ANATOMIE of the WORLD.

The First Anniversary.

WHEN that rich Soul, which to her heav'n is
 gone,
 Whom all do celebrate, who know they've one,
 (For who is sure he hath a Soul, unless
 It see, and judge, and follow worthiness,
 And by deeds praise it? he, who doth not this,
 May lodge an inmate soul, but 'tis not his)
 When that Queen ended here her progress time,
 And as t' her standing house to heav'n did climb;
 Where loth to make the Saints attend her long,
 She's now a part both of the Choir and Song:
 This World in that great earthquake languished;
 For in a common bath of tears it bled,
 Which drew the strongest vital spirits out:
 But succour'd them with a perplexed doubt,
 Whether the world did lose, or gain in this,
 (Because since now no other way there is
 But goodness, to see her, whom all would see,
 All must endeavour to be good as she)
 This great consumption to a fever turn'd,
 And so the world had fits; it joy'd, it mourn'd;
 And as men think that Agues physick are,
 And th' Ague being spent, give over Care:
 So thou, sick world, mistak'st thy self to be
 Well, when alas thou'rt in a Lethargie:
 Her death did wound and tame thee then, and then
 Thou might'st have better spar'd the Sun, or Man.
 That wound was deep; but 'tis more misery,
 That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.
 'Twas heavy then to hear thy voice of moan,
 But this is worse, that thou art speechless grown.
 Thou hast forgot thy name thou hadst; thou wast
 Nothing but she, and her thou hast o'erpass'd.

For as a child kept from the Font, until
A Prince, expected long, come to fulfil
The Ceremonies, thou unnam'd hadst laid,
Had not her coming thee her palace made:
Her name defin'd thee, gave thee form and frame,
And thou forgett'st to celebrate thy name.
Some months she hath been dead (but being dead,
Measures of time are all determin'd)
But long she 'hath been away, long, long; yet none
Offers to tell us, who it is that's gone.
But as in States doubtful of future heirs,
When sickness without remedie impairs
The present Prince, they're loth it should be said,
The Prince doth languish, or the Prince is dead:
So mankind, feeling now a general thaw,
A strong example gone, equal to law,
The Cement, which did faithfully compact
And give all virtues, now resolv'd and slack'd,
Thought it some blasphemy to say She' was dead,
Or that our weaknels was discovered
In that confession; therefore spoke no more,
Than tongues, the Soul being gone, the loss deplore.
But though it be too late to succour thee,
Sick World, yea dead, yea putrified, since she,
Thy intrinsique balm and thy preservative,
Can never be renew'd, thou never live;
I (since no man can make thee live) will trie
What we may gain by thy Anatomie.
Her death hath taught us dearly, that thou art
Corrupt and mortal in thy purest part.
Let no man say, the world it self being dead,
'Tis labour lost to have discovered
The world's infirmities, since there is none
Alive to study this dissection;
For there's a kind of World remaining still;
Though she, which did inanimate and fill
The world, be gone, yet in this last long night
Her Ghost doth walk, *that is*, a glimmering light,

A faint weak love of virtue, and of good
 Reflects from her on them, which understood
 Her worth; and though she have shut in all day,
 The twilight of her memory doth stay;
 Which, from the carcass of the old world free,
 Creates a new world, and new creatures be
 Produc'd: the matter and the stuff of this
 Her virtue, and the form our practice is:
 And though to be thus elemented arm
 These creatures from homeborn intrinsique harm,
 (For all assum'd unto this dignitie,
 So many weedless Paradises be,
 Which of themselves produce no venomous sin,
 Except some foreign Serpent bring it in)
 Yet because outward storms the strongest break,
 And strength it self by confidence grows weak,
 This new world may be safer, being told
 The dangers and diseases of the old:
 For with due temper men do then forego
 Or covet things, when they their true worth know.
 There is no health; Physicians say that we
 At best enjoy but a neutrality.
 And can there be worse sickness than to know,
 That we are never well, nor can be so?
 We are born ruinous: poor mothers cry,
 That Children come not right nor orderly,
 Except they headlong come and fall upon
 An ominous precipitation.
 How witty's ruin, how importunate
 Upon mankind! it labour'd to frustrate
 Even God's purpose; and made Woman, sent
 For Man's relief, cause of his languishment;
 They were to good ends, and they are so still,
 But accessary, and principal in ill;
 For that first marriage was our funeral:
 One woman at one blow then kill'd us all,
 And singly one by one they kill us now.
 And we delightfully our selves allow.

To that consumption; and, profusely blind,
 We kill our selves to propagate our kind;
 And yet we do not that; we are not men:
 There is not now that mankind, which was then,
 When as the Sun and Man did seem to strive,
 (Joynt-tenants of the world) who should survive;
 When Stag and Raven, and the long-liv'd tree,
 Compar'd with Man, dy'd in minority;
 When, if a slow pac'd star had stoln away
 From the observer's marking, he might stay
 Two or three hundred years to see't again,
 And then make up his observation plain;
 When as the age was long, the size was great;
 Man's growth confes'd and recompenc'd the meat;
 So spacious and large, that every Soul
 Did a fair Kingdom and large Realm controul:
 And when the very Stature thus erect
 Did that Soul a good way towards heav'n direct,
 Where is this mankind now? who lives to age,
 Fit to be made *Methusalem* his Page?
 Alas! we scarce live long enough to try
 Whether a true-made clock run right or lye.
 Old Granfires talk of yesterday with sorrow:
 And for our children we reserve to-morrow.
 So short is life, that every Peasant strives,
 In a torn house, or field, to have three lives.
 And as in lasting, so in length, is man,
 Contracted to an inch, who was a span;
 For had a man at first in forests stray'd
 Or ship-wrack'd in the Sea, one would have laid
 A wager, that an Elephant or Whale,
 That met him, would not hastily assail
 A thing so equal to him: now alas!
 The Fairies and the Pygmies well may pass
 As credible; mankind decays so soon,
 We're scarce our Father's shadows cast at noon:
 Only death adds t'our length: nor are we grown
 In stature to be men, till we are none,

But this were light, did our less volume hold
 All the old Text; or had we chang'd to gold
 Their silver, or dispos'd into less glass
 Spirits of virtue, which then scatter'd was:
 But 'tis not so: we're not retir'd, but damp't;
 And as our bodies, so our minds are cramp't:
 'Tis shrinking, not close weaving, that hath thus
 In mind and body both bedwarfed us.
 We seem ambitious God's whole work t'undo;
 Of nothing he made us, and we strive too
 To bring our selves to nothing back; and we
 Do what we can, to do't as soon as he:
 With new diseases on our selves we war,
 And with new Physick, a worse Engine far.
 This Man, this world's Vice-Emperor, in whom
 All faculties, all graces are at home;
 And if in other creatures they appear,
 They're but man's Ministers and Legats there,
 To work on their rebellions, and reduce
 Them to Civility and to Man's use:
 This man, whom God did woo, and, loth t' attend
 Till man came up, did down to man descend:
 This man so great, that all that is, is his,
 Oh what a trifle and poor thing he is!
 If man were any thing, he's nothing now;
 Help, or at least some time to waste, allow
 To 'his other wants, yet when he did depart
 With her, whom we lament, he lost his heart.
 She, of whom th' Ancients seem'd to prophesie,
 When they call'd virtues by the name of *She*;
 She, in whom virtue was so much refin'd,
 That for allay unto so pure a mind
 She took the weaker Sex: she, that could drive
 The poysonous tincture and the stain of *Eve*
 Out of her thoughts and deeds, and purify
 All by a true religious Alchimy;
 She, she is dead; she's dead: when thou know'st this,
 Thou know'st how poor a trifling thing man is,

And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
The heart being perish'd, no part can be free,
And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
The supernatural food, Religion,
Thy better growth grows withered and scant;
Be more than Man, or thou'rt less than an Ant.
Then as mankind, so is the world's whole frame
Quite out of joynt, almost created lame:
For before God had made up all the rest,
Corruption entred and deprav'd the best:
It seiz'd the Angels, and then first of all
The world did in her cradle take a fall,
And turn'd her brains, and took a general maim,
Wronging each joynt of th' universal frame.
The noblest part, Man, felt it first; and then
Both beasts and plants, curst in the curse of man;
So did the world from the first hour decay,
That evening was beginning of the day;
And now the Springs and Summers, which we see,
Like sons of women after fifty be.
And new Philosophy calls all in doubt,
The Element of fire is quite put out:
The Sun is lost, and th' Earth; and no man's wit
Can well direct him where to look for it.
And freely men confesse that this world's spent,
When in the Planets and the Firmament
They seek so many new; they see that this
Is crumbled out again to his Atomies.
'Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone,
All just Supply, and all Relation:
Prince, Subject, Father, Son, are things forgot,
For every man alone thinks he hath got
To be a Phoenix, and that then can be
None of that kind, of which he is, but he.
This is the world's condition now, and now
She, that should all parts to reunion bow;
She, that had all magnetique force alone
To draw and fasten sundred patts in one;

She, whom wise nature had invented then,
 When she observ'd that every sort of men
 Did in their voyage, in this world's Sea, stray,
 And needed a new Compass for their way;
 She, that was best and first original
 Of all fair Copies, and the general
 Steward to fate; She, whose rich eyes and breast
 Gilt the *West-Indies*, and perfum'd the *East*,
 Whose having breath'd in this world did bestow
 Spice on those Isles, and bad them still smell so;
 And that rich *Indie*, which doth gold interr,
 Is but as single mony coyn'd from her:
 She, to whom this world must it self refer,
 As suburbs, or the Microcosm of her;
 She, she is dead; she's dead: when thou know'st this
 Thou know'st how lame a creeple this world is,
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
 That this world's general sickness doth not lie
 In any humour, or one certain part;
 But as thou saw'st it rotten at the heart,
 Thou seest a Hectique fever hath got hold
 Of the whole substance, not to be controul'd;
 And that thou hast but one way not t'admit
 The world's infection, to be none of it.
 For the world's subtil'st immaterial parts
 Feel this consuming wound, and Age's darts.
 For the world's beauty is decay'd or gone,
 Beauty, *that's* colour and proportion.
 We think the Heav'ns enjoy their Spherical,
 Their round proportion embracing all,
 But yet their various and perplexed course,
 Observ'd in divers ages, doth enforce
 Men to find out so many Eccentrique parts,
 Such divers down-right lines, such overthwarts,
 As disproportion that pure form: It tears
 The Firmament in eight and forty shares,
 And in these Constellations then arise
 New stars, and old do vanish from our eyes:

As though Heav'n suffered earth-quakes, peace or war,
 When new tow'rs rise, and old demolish'd are.
 They have impal'd within a Zodiack
 The free-born Sun, and keep twelve signes awake
 To watch his steps; the *Goat* and *Crab* controul
 And fright him back, who else to either Pole
 (Did not these Tropiques fetter him) might run:
 For his course is not round, nor can the Sun
 Perfect a Circle, or maintain his way
 One inch direct, but where he rose to day
 He comes no more, but with a cozening line,
 Steals by that point, and so is Serpentine:
 And seeming weary of his reeling thus,
 He means to sleep, being now fal'n nearer us.
 So of the Stars, which boast that they do run
 In Circle still, none ends where he begun:
 All their proportion's lame, it sinks, it swells;
 For of *Meridians* and *Parallels*,
 Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net thrown
 Upon the Heav'ns; and now they are his own.
 Loth to go up the hill, or labour thus
 To go to heav'n, we make heav'n come to us.
 We spur, we rein the stars, and in their race
 They're diversly content t'obey our pace.
 But keeps the earth her round proportion still?
 Doth not a *Tenarus* or higher hill
 Rise so high like a Rock, that one might think
 The floating Moon would shipwrack there and sink?
 Seas are so deep, that Whales being struck to day,
 Perchance to morrow scarce at middle way
 Of their wish'd journey's end, the bottom, die:
 And men, to sound depths, so much line unty,
 As one might justly think, that there would rise
 At end thereof one of th' *Antipodes*:
 If under all a vault infernal be,
 (Which sure is spacious, except that we
 Invent another torment, that there must
 Millions into a straight hot room be thrust)

Then solidness and roundness have no place :
 Are these but warts and pockholes in the face
 Of th' earth? Think so; but yet confess, in this
 The world's proportion disfigur'd is;
 That those two leggs, whereon it doth rely,
 Reward and punishment, are bent awry:
 And, oh! it can no more be questioned,
 That beautie's best, proportion, is dead,
 Since even grief it self, which now alone
 Is left us, is without proportion.
 She, by whose lines proportion should be
 Examin'd, measure of all Symmetry,
 Whom had that Ancient seen, who thought souls
 Of Harmony, he would at next have said [made
 That Harmony was she, and thence infer
 That Souls were but Resultances from her,
 And did from her into our bodies go,
 As to our eyes the forms from objects flow :
 She, who, if those great Doctors truly said,
 That th' Ark to man's proportion was made,
 Had been a type for that, as that might be
 A type of her in this, that contrary
 Both Elements and Passions liv'd at peace
 In her, who caus'd all Civil war to cease :
 She, after whom what form foe'er we see,
 Is discord and rude incongruity ;
 She, she is dead, she's dead ! when thou know'st this,
 Thou know'st how ugly a monster this world is ;
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
 That here is nothing to enamour thee :
 And that not only faults in inward parts,
 Corruptions in our brains, or in our hearts,
 Poysoning the fountains, whence our actions spring,
 Endanger us ; but that if every thing
 Be not done fitly and in proportion,
 To satisfie wise and good lookers on,
 Since most men be such as most think they be,
 They're loathsome too by this deformity.

For Good and Well must in our actions meet;
Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.
But beautie's other second Element,
Colour, and Lustre now is as near spent.
And had the world his just proportion,
Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone;
As a compassionate Turcoyse, which doth tell,
By looking pale, the wearer is not well:
As gold falls sick being stung with Mercury,
All the world's parts of such complexion be.
When nature was most busie, the first week
Swadling the new-born earth, God seem'd to like
That she should sport herself sometimes and play,
To mingle and vary colours every day:
And then, as though she could not make enow,
Himself his various Rainbow did allow.
Sight is the noblest sense of any one,
Yet Sight hath only Colour to feed on,
And Colour is decay'd: summer's robe grows
Dusky, and like an oft-dy'd Garment shows.
Our blushing red, which us'd in cheeks to spread,
Is inward sunk, and only our souls are red.
Perchance the World might have recovered,
If she, whom we lament, had not been dead:
But she, in whom all white, and red, and blew
(Beautie's ingredients) voluntary grew,
As in an unvest Paradise, from whom
Did all thing's Verdure and their Lustre come,
Whose composition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all diaphanous,
(For Air and Fire but thick gross bodies were,
And liveliest stones but drowsie and pale to her)
She, she is dead; she's dead: when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how wan a Ghost this our world is:
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
That it should more afright than pleasure thee:
And that, since all fair colour then did sink,
'Tis now but wicked vanity to think

To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
 Or with bought colours to illude men's sense.
 Nor in ought more this world's decay appears,
 Than that her influence the heav'n forbears,
 Or that the Elements do not feel this,
 The father or the mother barren is.
 The clouds conceive not rain, or do not pour,
 In the due birth time, down the balmy shower;
 Th' Air doth not motherly sit on the earth,
 To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth;
 Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombs;
 And false conceptions fill the general wombs;
 Th' Air shows such Meteors, as none can see,
 Not only what they mean, but what they be.
 Earth such new worms, as would have troubled much
 Th' *Egyptian Magi* to have made more such.
 What Artist now dares boast that he can bring
 Heav'n hither, or constellate any thing,
 So as the influence of those stars may be
 Imprison'd in a Herb, or Charm, or Tree,
 And do by touch all which those stars could do?
 The art is lost, and correspondence too;
 For heav'n gives little, and the earth takes less,
 And man least knows their trade and purposes.
 If this commerce 'twixt heav'n and earth were not
 Embarr'd, and all this traffique quite forgot,
 She, for whose loss we have lamented thus,
 Would work more fully and pow'rfully on us:
 Since herbs and roots by dying lose not all,
 But they, yea ashes too, 're med'cinal,
 Death could not quench her virtue so, but that
 It would be (if not follow'd) wondred at:
 And all the world would be one dying swan,
 To sing her funeral praise, and vanish then.
 But as some Serpent's poyson hurteth not,
 Except it be from the live Serpent shot;
 So doth her virtue need her here, to fit
 That unto us; she working more than it.

But she, in whom to such maturity
Virtue was grown past growth, that it must die;
She, from whose influence all impression came,
But by receiver's impotencies lame;
Who, though she could not transubstantiate
All states to gold, yet gilded every state,
So that some Princes have some temperance;
Some Counsellors some purpose to advance
The common profit; and some people have
Some stay, no more than Kings should give, to crave;
Some women have some taciturnity,
Some Nunneries some grains of chastity.
She, that did thus much, and much more could do,
But that our Age was Iron, and rusty too;
She, she is dead; she's dead! when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how dry a Cinder this world is:
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomic,
That 'tis in vain to dew or mollifie
It with thy tears, or sweat, or blood: nothing
Is worth our travail, grief, or perishing,
But those rich joys, which did possess her heart,
Of which she's now partaker, and a part.
But as in cutting up a man that's dead,
The body will not last out, to have read
On every part, and therefore men direct
Their speech to parts, that are of most effect;
So the world's carcass would not last, if I
Were punctual in this Anatomic;
Nor smells it well to hearers, if one tell
Them their disease, who fain would think they're well.
Here therefore be the end; and, blessed maid,
Of whom is meant whatever hath been said,
Or shall be spoken well by any tongue,
Whose name refines coarse lines, and makes Prose
Accept this tribute, and his first year's rent, [Song,
Who, till his dark short taper's end be spent,
As oft as thy feast sees this widow'd earth,
Will yearly celebrate thy second birth;

That is thy death; for though the soul of man
 Be got when man is made, 'tis born but then,
 When man doth die; our body's as the womb,
 And, as a Mid-wife, death directs it home;
 And you her creatures, whom she works upon,
 And have your last and best concoction
 From her example and her virtue, if you
 In reverence to her do think it due,
 That no one should her praises thus rehearse;
 As matter fit for Chronicle, not Verse:
 Vouchsafe to call to mind that God did make
 A last, and lasting'st piece, a Song. He spake
 To *Moses* to deliver unto all
 That Song, because he knew they would let fall
 The Law, the Prophets, and the History,
 But keep the Song still in their memory:
 Such an opinion, in due measure, made
 Me this great office boldly to invade:
 Nor could incomprehensibleness deter
 Me from thus trying to imprison her?
 Which when I saw that a strict grave could do,
 I saw not why verse might not do so too.
 Verse hath a middle nature; Heav'n keeps Souls,
 The Grave keeps Bodies, Verse the Fame enrolls.

A FUNERAL ELEGIE.

TIS loss to trust a Tomb with such a Guest,
 Or to confine her in a marble chest;
 Alas! what's Marble, Jeat, or Porphyrie,
 Priz'd with the Chrysolite of either eye,
 Or with those Pearls, and Rubies, which she was?
 Joyn the two *Indies* in one Tomb, 'tis glass;
 And so is all to her materials,
 Though every inch were ten *Escurials*;
 Yet she's demolish'd: can we keep her then
 In works of hands, or of the wits of men?

Can

Can these memorials, rags of paper, give
 Life to that name, by which name they must live ?
 Sickly, alas ! short liv'd, abortive be
 Those carcass verses, whose soul is not she ;
 And can she, who no longer would be she,
 (Being such a Tabernacle) stoop to be
 In paper wrapt ; or when she would not lie
 In such an House, dwell in an Elegy ?
 But 'tis no matter ; we may well allow
 Verse to live so long as the world will now,
 For her death wounded it. The world contains
 Princes for Arms, and Counsellors for Brains ;
 Lawyers for Tongues, Divines for Hearts, and more ;
 The Rich for Stomachs, and for Backs the Poor ;
 The Officers for Hands ; Merchants for Feet,
 By which remote and distant Countries meet ;
 But those fine spirits, which do tune and set
 This Organ, are those pieces, which beget
 Wonder and Love ; and these were she ; and she
 Being spent, the world must needs decrepit be :
 For since death will proceed to triumph still,
 He can find nothing after her to kill,
 Except the world it self ; so great was she.
 Thus brave and confident may Nature be ;
 Death cannot give her such another Blow,
 Because she cannot such another show.
 But must we say she's dead ? may't not be said,
 That as a sundred clock is piecemeal laid,
 Not to be lost, but by the Maker's hand
 Repolish'd, without errour then to stand ;
 Or, as the *Afrique Niger* stream enwombs
 It self into the earth, and after comes
 (Having first made a natural bridge, to pass
 For many leagues) far greater than it was,
 May't not be said, that her grave shall restore
 Her greater, purer, firmer than before ?
 Heav'n may say this, and joy in't ; but can we,
 Who live, and lack her here, this 'vantage see ?

What is't to us, alas ! if there have been
 An Angel made a Throne, or Cherubin ?
 We lose by't: and as aged men are glad,
 Being tasteless grown, to joy in joys they had ;
 So now the sick-starv'd world must feed upon
 This joy, that we had her, who now is gone.
 Rejoyce then, Nature and this World, that you,
 Fearing the last fire's hastning to subdue
 Your force and vigour, ere it were near gone,
 Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one ;
 One, whose clear body was so pure and thin,
 Because it need disguise no thought within ;
 'Twas but a through-light scarf her mind t'enroll ;
 Or exhalation breath'd out from her Soul :
 One, whom all men, who durst no more, admir'd :
 And whom, who e'er had worth enough, desir'd.
 As, when a Temple's built, Saints emulate
 To which of them it shall be consecrate.
 But as when heav'n looks on us with new eyes,
 Those new stars every Artist exercise ;
 What place they should assign to them, they doubt,
 Argue, and agree not, till those stars go out :
 So the world study'd whose this piece should be,
 Till she can be no body's else, nor she :
 But like a lamp of Balsamum, desir'd
 Rather t'adorn than last, she soon expir'd,
 Cloath'd in her virgin-white integrity ;
 For marriage, though it doth not stain, doth die.
 To 'scape th' infirmities which wait upon
 Woman, she went away before sh' was one ;
 And the world's busie noise to overcome,
 Took so much death as serv'd for *Opium* ;
 For though she could not, nor could choose to die,
 She 'hath yielded to too long an Extasie.
 He which, not knowing her sad History,
 Should come to read the book of destiny,
 How fair and chaste, humble and high she 'had been,
 Much promis'd, much perform'd at not fifteen,

And measuring future things by things before,
Should turn the leaf to read, and read no mote,
Would think that either destiny mistook,
Or that some leaves were torn out of the book ;
But 'tis not so: Fate did but usher her
To years of reason's use, and then infer
Her destiny to her self, which liberty
She took, but for thus much, thus much to die ;
Her modesty not suffering her to be
Fellow-Commissioner with Destiny,
She did no more but die ; if after her
Any shall live, which dare true good prefer,
Every such person is her Delegate,
T' accomplish that which should have been her Fate.
They shall make up that Book, and shall have thanks
Of Fate and Her, for filling up their blanks.
For future virtuous deeds are Legacies,
Which from the gift of her example rise ;
And 'tis in heav'n part of spiritual mirth,
To see how well the good play her on earth.



Of the *Progress* of the SOUL.

Wherein, by Occasion of the Religious Death of Mistress ELIZABETH DRURY, the Incommodities of the Soul in this life, and her exaltation in the next, are contemplated.

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

The Harbinger to the PROGRESS.

TWO Souls move here, and mine (a third) must
 Pace of admiration, and of love. [move
 Thy Soul (dear Virgin) whose this tribute is,
 Mov'd from this mortal Sphear to lively blifs;
 And yet moves still, and still aspires to see
 The world's last day, thy glory's full degree:
 Like as those stars, which thou o'erlookest far,
 Are in their place, and yet still moved are:
 No soul (whilst with the luggage of this clay
 It clogged is) can follow thee half way;
 Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgo
 So fast, as now the lightning moves but slow.
 But now thou art as high in heaven flown,
 As heav'n's from us; what soul besides thine own
 Can tell thy joys, or say, he can relate
 Thy glorious journals in that blessed state?
 I envy thee (Rich Soul) I envy thee,
 Although I cannot yet thy glory see:
 And thou (great Spirit) which hers follow'd hast
 So fast, as none can follow thine so fast;
 So far, as none can follow thine so far,
 (And if this flesh did not the passage bar,
 Hadst caught her) let me wonder at thy flight,
 Which long agon hadst lost the vulgar sight,

And now mak'ft proud the better eyes, that they
Can fee thee leffen'd in thine airy way ;
So while thou mak'ft her foul by progress known,
Thou mak'ft a noble progress of thine own ;
From this world's carcass having mounted high
To that pure life of immortality ;
Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raise,
That more may not beseem a creature's praise ;
Yet still thou vow'ft her more, and every year
Mak'ft a new progress, whilst thou wand'rst here ;
Still upward mount ; and let thy Maker's praise
Honour thy *Laura*, and adorn thy lays :
And since thy Muse her head in heaven shrouds,
Oh let her never stoop below the clouds :
And if those glorious fainted souls may know
Or what we do, or what we sing below,
Those acts, those songs shall still content them best,
Which praise those awful Pow'rs, that make them blest.

Of the *Progress* of the SOUL.

The SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

Nothing could make me sooner to confess,
That this world had an everlastingness,
Than to consider that a year is run,
Since both this lower World's, and the Sun's Sun,
The lustre and the vigour of this All
Did set ; 'twere blasphemy to say, did fall.
But as a ship, which hath struck sail, doth run
By force of that force, which before it won :
Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,
Though at those two Red Seas, which freely ran,
One from the Trunk, another from the Head,
His soul be sail'd to her eternal bed,

His eyes will twinkle, and his tongue will roll,
 As though he beck'ned and call'd back his soul,
 He grasps his hands, and he pulls up his feet,
 And seems to reach, and to step forth to meet
 His soul; when all these motions, which we saw,
 Are but as Ice, which crackles at a thaw:
 Or as a Lute, which in moist weather rings
 Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings;
 So struggles this dead world, now she is gone:
 For there is motion in corruption.
 As some days are at the Creation nam'd,
 Before the Sun, the which fram'd days, was fram'd:
 So after this Sun's set some shew appears,
 And orderly vicissitude of years.
 Yet a new deluge, and of *Lethe* flood,
 Hath drown'd us all; All have forgot all good,
 Forgetting her, the main reserve of all;
 Yet in this deluge, gross and general,
 Thou see'st me strive for life; my life shall be
 To be hereafter prais'd for praising thee,
 Immortal Maid, who though thou would'st refuse
 The name of Mother, be unto my Muse
 A Father, since her chaste ambition is
 Yearly to bring forth such a child as this.
 These Hymns may work on future wits, and so
 May great Grand-children of thy praises grow;
 And so, though not revive, embalm and spice
 The world, which else would putrifie with vice.
 For thus Man may extend thy progeny,
 Until Man do but vanish, and not die.
 These Hymns thy issue may increase so long,
 As till God's great *Venite* change the song.
 Thirst for that time, O my insatiate soul,
 And serve thy thirst with God's safe-sealing Bowl.
 Be thirsty still, and drink still, till thou go
 To th' only Health; to be Hydroptique so,
 Forget this rotten world; And unto thee
 Let thine own times as an old story be;

Be not concern'd: study not why, or when;
 Do not so much as not believe a man.
 For though to err be worst, to try truths forth
 Is far more business than this world is worth.
 The world is but a carcass; thou art fed
 By it, but as a worm that carcass bred;
 And why should'st thou, poor worm, consider more
 When this world will grow better than before?
 Than those thy fellow worms do think upon
 That carcase's last resurrection?
 Forget this world, and scarce think of it so,
 As of old clothes cast off a year ago.
 To be thus stupid is Alacrity;
 Men thus Lethargique have best memory.
 Look upward, *that's* towards her, whose happy state
 We now lament not, but congratulate.
 She, to whom all this world was but a stage,
 Where all sat hark'ning how her youthful age
 Should be employ'd, because in all she did
 Some figure of the golden times was hid.
 Who could not lack whate'er this world could give,
 Because she was the form, that made it live;
 Nor could complain that this world was unfit
 To be stay'd in then, when she was in it.
 She, that first try'd indifferent desires
 By virtue, and virtue by religious fires;
 She, to whose Person Paradise adher'd,
 As Courts to Princes: She, whose eyes ensphear'd
 Star-light enough, t' have made the South controll
 (Had she been there) the Star-full Northern Pole;
 She, she is gone; she's gone: when thou know'st this,
 What fragmentary rubbish this world is
 Thou know'st, and that it is not worth a thought;
 He honours it too much, that thinks it nought.
 Think then, my soul, that death is but a groom,
 Which brings a Taper to the outward room,
 Whence thou spy'st first a little glimmering light,
 And after brings it nearer to thy sight:

For such approaches doth heav'n make in death :
 Think thy self labouring now with broken breath,
 And think those broken and soft Notes to be
 Division, and thy happiest Harmony.
 Think thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slack ;
 And think that but unbinding of a pack,
 To take one precious thing, thy soul, from thence.
 Think thy self parch'd with fever's violence,
 Anger thine ague more, by calling it
 Thy Physick ; chide the slackness of the fit.
 Think that thou hear'st thy knell, and think no more,
 But that, as Bells call'd thee to Church before,
 So this to the Triumphant Church calls thee.
 Think Satan's Serjeants round about thee be,
 And think that but for Legacies they thrust ;
 Give one thy Pride, t' another give thy Lust :
 Give them those sins, which they gave thee before,
 And trust th' immaculate blood to wash thy score.
 Think thy friends weeping round, and think that they
 Weep but because they go not yet thy way.
 Think that they close thine eyes, and think in this,
 That they confess much in the world amiss,
 Who dare not trust a dead man's eye with that,
 Which they from God and Angels cover not.
 Think that they shroud thee up, and think from
 They re-invest thee in white innocence. [thence,
 Think that thy body rots, and (if so low,
 Thy soul exalted so, thy thoughts can go,)
 Think thee a Prince, who of themselves create
 Worms, which insensibly devour their state :
 Think that they bury thee, and think that rite
 Lays thee to sleep but a Saint *Luce's* night.
 Think these things cheerfully, and if thou be
 Drowsie or slack, remember then that she,
 She, whose complexion was so even made,
 That which of her ingredients should invade
 The other three, no Fear, no Art could guess ;
 So far were all remov'd from more or less :

But as in Mithridate, or just perfumes,
Where all good things being met, no one presumes
To govern, or to triumph on the rest,
Only because all were, no part was best;
And as, though all do know, that quantities
Are made of lines, and lines from points arise,
None can these lines or quantities unjoynt,
And say, this is a line, or this a point;
So though the Elements and Humours were
In her, one could not say, this governs there;
Whose even constitution might have won
Any disease to venture on the Sun,
Rather than her; and make a spirit fear,
That he too disuniting subject were;
To whose proportions if we would compare
Cubes, they're unstable; Circles, Angular;
She, who was such a chain as Fate employs
To bring Mankind all Fortunes it enjoys,
So fast, so even wrought, as one would think
No accident could threaten any link;
She, she embrac'd a sickness, gave it meat,
The purest blood and breath that e'er it eat;
And hath taught us, that though a good man hath
Title to heav'n, and plead it by his Faith,
And though he may pretend a conquest, since
Heav'n was content to suffer violence;
Yea though he plead a long possession too, [do]
(For they're in heav'n on earth, who heav'n's works
Though he had right, and pow'r, and place before,
Yet death must usher and unlock the door.
Think further on thy self, my Soul, and think
How thou at first wast made but in a sink;
Think, that it argued some infirmity,
That those two souls, which then thou found'st in me,
Thou fed'st upon, and drew'st into thee both
My second soul of sense, and first of growth.
Think but how poor thou wast, how obnoxious,
Whom a small Lump of flesh could poison thus:

This curdled milk, this poor unlitter'd whelp,
 My body, could, beyond escape or help,
 Infect thee with Original sin, and thou
 Could'st neither then refuse, nor leave it now.
 Think, that no stubborn sullen Anchorit,
 Which fixt t' a pillar, or a grave, doth sit
 Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwells
 So foully, as our souls in their first-built Cells:
 Think in how poor a prison thou dost ly,
 After enabled but to suck, and cry;
 Think, when 'twas grown to most, 'twas a poor Inn,
 A Province pack'd up in two yards of skin,
 And that usurp'd, or threatned with a rage
 Of sicknesses, or, their true Mother, Age:
 But think that death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
 Thou hast thy 'Expansion now, and Liberty.
 Think, that a rusty Piece discharg'd is flown
 In pieces, and the bullet is his own,
 And freely flies: this to thy Soul allow,
 Think thy shell broke, think thy soul hatcht but now,
 And think this slow-pac'd soul, which late did cleave
 T' a body, and went but by the body's leave,
 Twenty perchance or thirty mile a day,
 Dispatches in a minute all the way
 'Twixt heav'n and earth; she stays not in the air,
 To look what meteors there themselves prepare;
 She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
 Whether th' air's middle region be intense;
 For th' Element of fire, she doth not know,
 Whether she pass'd by such a place or no;
 She baits not at the Moon, nor cares to try
 Whether in that new world men live and die.
 Venus retards her not, t' enquire how she
 Can (being one star) *Hesper* and *Vesper* be;
 He, that charm'd *Argus'* eyes, sweet *Mercury*,
 Works not on her, who now is grown all eye;
 Who, if she meet the body of the Sun,
 Goes through, not staying till his course be run;

Who finds in *Mars* his Camp no Corps of Guard,
Nor is by *Jove*, nor by his Father, barr'd;
But ere she can consider how she went,
At once is at and through the Firmament.
And as these stars were but so many beads
Strung on one string, speed undistinguish'd leads
Her thro' those sphears, as thro' those beads a string,
Whose quick succession makes it still one thing:
As doth the pith, which, lest our bodies slack,
Strings fast the little bones of neck and back;
So by the soul doth death string Heav'n and Earth;
For when our soul enjoys this her third birth,
(Creation gave her one, a second Grace)
Heaven is near, and present to her face;
As colours are and objects in a room,
Where Darknes was before, when Tapers come.
This must, my Soul, thy long-short Progress be
T' advance these thoughts; Remember then that she,
She, whose fair body no such prison was,
But that a Soul might well be pleas'd to pass
An Age in her; she, whose rich beauty lent
Mintage to other beauties, for they went
But for so much as they were like to her;
She, in whose body (if we dare prefer
This low world to so high a mark as she,)
The Western treasure, Eastern spicery,
Europe, and *Africk*, and the *unknown* rest
Were eas'ly found, or what in them was best;
And when we've made this large discovery
Of all, in her some one part then will be
Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is
Enough to make twenty such worlds as this;
She, whom had they known, who did first betroth
The Tutelar Angels, and assigned one both
To Nations, Cities, and to Companies,
To Functions, Offices, and Dignities,
And to each several man, to him, and him,
They would have giv'n her one for every limb;

She, of whose soul if we may say, 'twas gold,
 Her body was th' Electrum, and did hold
 Many degrees of that ; we understood
 Her by her sight ; her pure and eloquent blood
 Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
 That one might almost say, her body thought ;
 She, she thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone,
 And chides us, slow-pac'd snails, who crawl upon
 Our prison's prison, earth, nor think us well,
 Longer than whilst we bear our brittle shell.
 But 'twere but little to have chang'd our room,
 If, as we were in this our living Tomb
 Oppress'd with ignorance, we still were so.
 Poor soul, in this thy flesh what dost thou know ?
 Thou know'st thy self so little, as thou know'st not
 How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot.
 Thou neither know'st, how thou at first cam'st in,
 Nor how thou took'st the poyson of man's sin ;
 Nor dost thou, (though thou know'st that thou art so)
 By what way thou art made immortal, know.
 Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend
 Even thy self, yea, though thou would'st but bend
 To know thy body. Have not all souls thought
 For many ages, that our body's wrought
 Of Air, and Fire, and other Elements ?
 And now they think of new ingredients.
 And one Soul thinks one, and another way
 Another thinks, and 'tis an even lay.
 Know'st thou but how the stone doth enter in
 The bladder's cave, and never break the skin ?
 Know'st thou how blood, which to the heart doth
 Doth from one ventricle to th' other go ? [flow,
 And for the putrid stuff, which thou dost spit,
 Know'st thou how thy lungs have attracted it ?
 There are no passages, so that there is
 (For ought thou know'st) piercing of substances.
 And of those many opinions, which men raise
 Of Nails and Hairs, dost thou know which to praise ?

What hope have we to know our selves, when we
 Know not the least things, which for our use be?
 We see in Authors, too stiff to recant,
 A hundred controversies of an Ant;
 And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats,
 To know but *Catechisms* and *Alphabets*
 Of unconcerning things, matters of fact;
 How others on our stage their parts did act:
 What *Cesar* did, yea, and what *Cicero* said.
 Why grass is green, or why our blood is red,
 Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto;
 In this low form, poor soul, what wilt thou do?
 Oh! when wilt thou shake off this Pedantry,
 Of being taught by Sense and Fantasie?
 Thou look'st thro' spectacles; small things seem great
 Below; but up unto the Watch-tower get,
 And see all things despoil'd of fallacies:
 Thou shalt not peep through lattices of eyes,
 Nor hear through Labyrinths of ears, nor learn
 By circuit or collections to discern;
 In heav'n thou straight know'st all concerning it,
 And what concerns it not, shall straight forget.
 There thou (but in no other school) may'st be
 Perchance as learned, and as full, as she;
 She, who all Libraries had thoroughly read
 At home in her own thoughts, and practis'd
 So much good, as would make as many more:
 She, whose example they must all implore,
 Who would or do, or think well, and confess
 That all the virtuous Actions they express,
 Are but a new and worse edition
 Of her some one thought, or one action:
 She, who in th' art of knowing Heav'n was grown
 Here upon earth to such perfection,
 That she hath, ever since to heav'n she came,
 (In a far fairer print) but read the same;
 She, she not satisfy'd with all this weight,
 (For so much knowledge, as would over-fraight

Another, did but ballast her) is gone
 As well t' enjoy, as get, perfection;
 And calls us after her, in that she took
 (Taking her self) our best and worthiest book.
 Return not, my soul, from this extasie,
 And meditation of what thou shalt be,
 To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appear,
 With whom thy conversation must be there.
 With whom wilt thou converse? what station
 Canst thou choose out free from infection,
 That will not give thee theirs, nor drink in thine?
 Shalt thou not find a spongy slack Divine
 Drink and suck in th' instructions of great men,
 And for the word of God vent them agen?
 Are there not some Courts (and then no things be
 So like as Courts) which in this let us see,
 That wits and tongues of Libellers are weak,
 Because they do more ill, than these can speak?
 The poyson's gone through all, poysons affect
 Chiefly the chiefest parts; but some effect
 In nails, and hairs, yea excrements will show;
 So lies the poyson of sin in the most low.
 Up, up, my drowsy soul, where thy new ear
 Shall in the Angel's songs no discord hear;
 Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid
 Joy in not being that, which men have said;
 Where she's exalted more for being good,
 Than for her interest of Motherhood:
 Up to those Patriarchs, which did longer sit
 Expecting Christ, than they've enjoy'd him yet:
 Up to those Prophets, which now gladly see
 Their Prophecies grown to be History:
 Up to th' Apostles, who did bravely run
 All the Sun's course, with more light than the Sun:
 Up to those Martyrs, who did calmly bleed
 Oyl to th' Apostle's Lamps, dew to their seed:
 Up to those Virgins, who thought, that almost
 They made joynt-tenants with the Holy Ghost,

If they to any should his Temple give:
 Up, up, for in that Squadron there doth live
 She, who hath carried thither new degrees
 (As to their number) to their Dignities:
 She, who being to her self a State, enjoy'd
 All royalties, which any State employ'd;
 For she made wars, and triumph'd; reason still
 Did not o'erthrow, but rectifie her will:
 And she made peace; for no peace is like this,
 That beauty and chastity together kiss:
 She did high justice, for she crucifi'd
 Ev'ry first motion of rebellion's pride:
 And she gave pardons, and was liberal,
 For, only 'her self except, she pardoned all:
 She coyn'd, in this, that her impression gave
 To all our actions all the worth they have:
 She gave protections; the thoughts of her breast
 Satan's rude Officers could ne'er arrest.
 As these prerogatives being met in one,
 Made her a sovereign State; Religion
 Made her a Church; and these two made her all.
 She, who was all this All, and could not fall
 To worse, by company, (for she was still
 More Antidote, than all the world was ill)
 She, she doth leave it, and by Death survive
 All this in Heav'n; whither who doth not strive
 The more, because she's there, he doth not know
 That accidental joys in Heav'n do grow.
 But pause, my Soul; And study, ere thou fall
 On accidental joys, th' essential.
 Still before Accessories do abide
 A tryal, must the Principal be try'd.
 And what essential joy canst thou expect
 Here upon earth? what permanent Effect
 Of transitory Causes? Dost thou love
 Beauty? (And beauty worthiest is to move)
 Poor cozen'd cozener, *that she, and that thou,*
 Which did begin to love, are neither now.

You are both fluid, chang'd since yesterday;
 Next day repairs (but ill) last day's decay.
 Nor are (although the river keep the name)
 Yesterday's waters and to-day's the same.
 So flows her face, and thine eyes; neither now,
 That Saint, nor Pilgrim, which your loving vow
 Concern'd, remains; but whilst you think you be
 Constant, y'are hourly in inconstancy.
 Honour may have pretence unto our love,
 Because that God did live so long above
 Without this Honour, and then lov'd it so,
 That he at last made creatures to bestow
 Honour on him; not that he needed it,
 But that to his hands man might grow more fit.
 But since all Honours from inferiours flow,
 (For they do give it; Princes do but show
 Whom they would have so honour'd) and that this
 On such opinions and capacities
 Is built, as rise and fall, to more and less;
 Alas! 'tis but a casual happiness.
 Hath ever any man t'himself assign'd
 This or that happiness t'arrest his mind,
 But that another man, which takes a worse,
 Thinks him a fool for having ta'en that course?
 They who did labour *Babel's* tow'r t'ereft,
 Might have consider'd, that for that effect
 All this whole solid Earth could not allow,
 Nor furnish forth materials enow;
 And that his Center, to raise such a place,
 Was far too little to have been the Base:
 No more affords this world foundation
 T'ereft true joy, were all the means in one.
 But as the Heathen made them several gods
 Of all God's benefits, and all his Rods,
 (For as the Wine, and Corn, and Onions are
 Gods unto them, so Agues be, and War)
 And as by changing that whole precious Gold
 To such small Copper coynes, they lost the old,

And

And lost their only God, who ever must
Be sought alone, and not in such a thrust:
So much mankind true happiness mistakes;
No joy enjoys that man, that many makes.
Then, Soul, to thy first pitch work up again;
Know that all lines, which circles do contain,
For once that they the Center touch, do touch
Twice the circumference; and be thou such,
Double on heav'n thy thoughts, on earth employ'd;
All will not serve; only who have enjoy'd
The sight of God in fulness, can think it;
For it is both the object, and the wit.
This is essential joy, where neither he
Can suffer diminution, nor we;
'Tis such a full, and such a filling good;
Had th'Angels once look'd on him, they had stood.
To fill the place of one of them, or more,
She, whom we celebrate, is gone before:
She, who had here so much essential joy,
As no chance could distract, much less destroy;
Who with God's presence was acquainted so,
(Hearing, and speaking to him) as to know
His face in any natural stone or tree,
Better than when in Images they be:
Who kept by diligent devotion
God's Image in such reparation
Within her heart, that what decay was grown,
Was her first Parent's fault, and not her own:
Who, being sollicit to any act,
Still heard God pleading his safe precontract:
Who by a faithful confidence was here
Betroth'd to God, and now is married there;
Whose twilights were more clear than our mid-day;
Who dreamt devoutlier than most use to pray:
Who being here fill'd with grace, yet strove to be
Both where more grace, and more capacity
At once is given: she to Heav'n is gone,
Who made this world in some proportion.

A Heav'n, and here became unto us all,
 Joy (as our joys admit) essential.
 But could this low world joys essential touch,
 Heav'n's accidental joys would pass them much.
 How poor and lame must then our casual be?
 If thy Prince will his subjects to call thee
My Lord, and this do swell thee, thou art then,
 By being greater, grown to be less Man.
 When no Physician of redress can speak,
 A joyful casual violence may break
 A dangerous Apostem in thy breast;
 And whilst thou joy'st in this, the dangerous rest,
 The bag may rise up, and so strangle thee.
 What e'er was casual, may ever be.
 What should the nature change? or make the same
 Certain, which was but casual, when it came?
 All casual joy doth loud and plainly say,
 Only by coming, that it can away.
 Only in Heav'n joy's strength is never spent,
 And accidental things are permanent.
 Joy of a soul's arrival ne'er decays;
 (For that soul ever joys, and ever stays)
 Joy, that their last great Consummation
 Approaches in the Resurrection;
 When earthly bodies more celestial
 Shall be, than Angels were; for they could fall;
 This kind of joy doth every day admit
 Degrees of growth, but none of losing it.
 In this fresh joy, 'tis no small part that she,
 She, in whose goodness he that names degree,
 Doth injure her; ('Tis loss to be call'd best,
 There where the stuff is not such as the rest;)

She, who left such a body, as even she
 Only in Heav'n could learn, how it can be
 Made better; for she rather was two souls,
 Or like to full on both sides-written Rolls,
 Where eyes might read upon the outward skin
 As strong Records for God, as minds within:

She, who, by making full perfection grow,
Pieces a Circle, and still keeps it so,
Long'd for, and longing for't, to heav'n is gone,
Where she receives and gives addition.
Here in a place, where misdevotion frames
A thousand prayers to Saints, whose very names
The ancient Church knew not, Heav'n knows not yet,
And where what laws of Poetry admit,
Laws of Religion have at least the same,
Immortal Maid, I might invoke thy name.
Could any Saint provoke that appetite,
Thou here should'st make me a French Convertite.
But thou would'st not; nor would'st thou be content
To take this, for my second year's true Rent,
Did this coyn bear any other stamp, than His,
That gave thee power to do; me, to say this:
Since His will is, that to posterity
Thou should'st for life and death a pattern be,
And that the world should notice have of this,
The purpose and th' authority is His.
Thou art the Proclamation; and I am
The trumpet, at whose voice the people came.

EPICEDES *and* **OBSEQUIES**
upon the Deaths of sundry Personages.

An Elegie on the untimely death of the incomparable Prince HENRY.

Look to me, Faith, and look to my faith, God;
For both my centers feel this period.
Of weight one center, one of greatness is;
And Reason is that center, Faith is this;
For into' our Reason flow, and there do end
All, that this natural world doth comprehend;

Quotidian things, and equidistant hence,
 Shut in, for Man, in one circumference:
 But for th' enormous greatnesſes, which are
 So diſproportion'd, and ſo angular,
 As is God's Eſſence, Place, and Providence,
 Where, how, when, what ſouls do, departed hence;
 Theſe things (eccentrique elſe) on Faith do ſtrike:
 Yet neither all, nor upon all, alike.
 For Reason, put t' her beſt extension,
 Almoſt meets Faith, and makes both centers one.
 And nothing ever came ſo near to this,
 As contemplation of that Prince we miſs.
 For all, that Faith might credit, mankind could,
 Reason ſtill ſeconded, that this Prince would.
 If then leaſt moving of the Center make
 More, than if whole hell belch'd, the world to ſhake,
 What muſt this do, centers diſtracted ſo,
 That we ſee not what to believe or know?
 Was it not well believ'd till now, that he,
 Whoſe reputation was an extaſie,
 On neighbour States, which knew not why to wake,
 Till he diſcover'd what ways he would take;
 For whom, what Princes angled, when they try'd,
 Met a *Torpedo* and were ſtupifi'd;
 And other's ſtudies, how he would be bent;
 Was his great father's greateſt inſtrument,
 And aſtiv'ſt ſpirit, to convey and tye
 This ſoul of peace unto Chriſtianity?
 Was it not well believ'd, that he would make
 This general peace th' Eternal overtake,
 And that his times might have ſtretcht out ſo far,
 As to touch thoſe, of which they emblems are?
 For to confirm this juſt belief, that now
 The laſt days came, we ſaw heav'n did allow,
 That, but from his aſpect and exerciſe,
 In peaceful times rumours of wars ſhould riſe.
 But now this faith is hereſie: we muſt
 Still ſtay, and vex our great grand-mother, Duſt.

Oh, is God prodigal? hath he spent his store
Of plagues on us; and only now, when more
Would ease us much, doth he grudge misery;
And will not let's enjoy our curse, to dye?
As for the earth, thrown lowest down of all,
'Twere an ambition to desire to fall;
So God, in our desire to dye, doth know
Our plot for ease, in being wretched so:
Therefore we live, though such a life we have,
As but so many mandrakes on his grave.
What had his growth and generation done,
When, what we are, his putrefaction
Sustains in us, Earth, which griefs animate?
Nor hath our world now other Soul than that.
And could grief get so high as heav'n, that Quire,
Forgetting this their new joy, would desire
(With grief to see him) he had stay'd below,
To rectifie our errours they foreknow.
Is th' other center, Reason, faster then?
Where should we look for that, now we're not men?
For if our Reason be our connection
Of causes, now to us there can be none.
For, as if all the substances were spent,
'Twere madness to enquire of accident;
So is't to look for Reason, he being gone,
The only subject Reason wrought upon.
If fate have such a chain, whose divers links
Industrious man discerneth, as he thinks,
When miracle doth come, and so steal in
A new link, man knows not where to begin:
At a much deader fault must Reason be,
Death having broke off such a link as he.
But now, for us with busy proof to come,
That we've no Reason, would prove we had some;
So would just lamentations: Therefore we
May safelier say, that we are dead, than he.
So, if our griefs we do not well declare,
We've double excuse; he's not dead, we are.

Yet would not I die yet; for though I be
 Too narrow to think him, as he is he,
 (Our Souls best baiting and mid-period,
 In her long journey of considering God)
 Yet (no dishonour) I can reach him thus,
 As he embrac'd the fires of love, with us.
 Oh may I, (since I live) but see or hear,
 That she-Intelligence which mov'd this sphear,
 I pardon Fate, my life; who-e'er thou be,
 Which hast the noble conscience, thou art she:
 I conjure thee by all the charms he spoke,
 By th' oaths, which only you two never broke,
 By all the souls ye sigh'd, that if you see
 These lines, you wish, I knew your history.
 So much, as you two mutual heav'ns were here,
 I were an Angel, singing what you were.



To the Countess of BEDFORD.

MADAM,

I Have learned by those Laws, wherein I am lit-
 tle conversant, that he which bestows any cost upon
 the dead, obliges him which is dead, but not his heir;
 I do not therefore send this paper to your Ladyship,
 that you should thank me for it, or think that I
 thank you in it; your favours and benefits to me are
 so much above my merits, that they are even above
 my gratitude; if that were to be judged by words,
 which must express it. But, Madam, since your no-
 ble brother's fortune being yours, the evidences also
 concerning it are yours: so his virtues being yours, the
 evidences concerning that belong also to you, of which
 by your acceptance this may be one piece; in which

*quality I humbly present it, and as a testimony how
entirely your family possesseth*

Your Ladyship's

Most humble and thankful servant,

JOHN DONNE.

Obsequies on the Lord Harrington, &c.

To the Countess of BEDFORD.

FAir soul, which wast not only 'as all souls be,
Then when thou wast infused, harmony,
But did'st continue so; and now dost bear
A part in God's great Organ, this whole Sphear;
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find that any way is pervious
'Twixt heav'n and earth, and that men's actions do
Come to your knowledge and affections too,
See, and with joy, me to that good degree
Of goodness grown, that I can study thee;
And by these meditations refin'd,
Can unapparel and enlarge my mind,
And so can make by this soft extasie,
This place a map of heaven, my self of thee.
Thou seest me here at midnight, now all rest;
Time's dead-low water, when all minds divest
To-morrow's business, when the labourers have
Such rest in bed, that their last Church-yard grave,
Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this;
Now when the Client, whose last hearing is
To morrow, sleeps; when the condemned man,
{Who when he opes his eyes, must shut them then

Again by death,) although sad watch he keep,
 Doth practise dying by a little sleep ;
 Thou at this midnight seest me, and as soon
 As that sun rises to me, midnight's noon ;
 All the world grows transparent, and I see
 Through all, both Church and State, in seeing thee ;
 And I discern by favour of this light
 My self, the hardest object of the sight.
 God is the glass; as thou, when thou dost see
 Him, who sees all, seest all concerning thee :
 So, yet unglorified, I comprehend
 All, in these mirrours of thy ways and end.
 Though God be our true glass, through which we see
 All, since the being of all things is he,
 Yet are the trunks, which do to us derive
 Things in proportion, fit by perspective,
 Deeds of good men: for by their being here,
 Virtues, indeed remote, seem to be near.
 But where can I affirm or where arrest
 My thoughts on his Deeds? which shall I call best?
 For fluid virtue cannot be look'd on,
 Nor can endure a contemplation.
 As bodies change, and as I do not wear
 Those spirits, humours, blood, I did last year ;
 And as, if on a stream I fix mine eye,
 That drop, which I look'd on, is presently
 Pusht with more waters from my sight, and gone:
 So in this sea of virtues, can no one
 Be 'insisted on; Virtues as rivers pass,
 Yet still remains that virtuous man there was.
 And as, if man feed on man's flesh, and so
 Part of his body to another owe,
 Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise,
 Because God knows where every Atome lies;
 So if one knowledge were made of all those,
 Who knew his minutes well, he might dispose
 His virtues into names, and ranks; but I
 Should injure Nature, Virtue, and Destiny,
Should

Should I divide and discontinue so
Virtue, which did in one entireness grow.
For as he that should say, spirits are fram'd
Of all the purest parts, that can be nam'd,
Honours not spirits half so much as he,
Which says they have no parts, but simple be :
So is't of virtue; for a point and one
Are much entirer than a million.
And had Fate meant t'have had his virtues told,
It would have let him live to have been old.
So then that virtue in season, and then this,
We might have seen, and said, that now he is
Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just:
In good short lives, virtues are fain to thrust,
And to be sure betimes to get a place,
When they would exercise, lack time, and space,
So was it in this person, forc'd to be,
For lack of time, his own Epitome:
So to exhibit in few years as much,
As all the long-breath'd Chroniclers can touch.
As when an Angel down from heav'n doth fly,
Our quick thought cannot keep him company ;
We cannot think, now he is at the Sun,
Now thro' the Moon, now thro' the Air doth run,
Yet when he's come, we know he did repair
To all 'twixt Heav'n and Earth, Sun, Moon, and Air ;
And as this Angel in an instant knows ;
And yet we know this suddain knowledge grows
By quick amassing several forms of things,
Which he successively to order brings ;
When they, whose slow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot
So fast as he, think that he doth not so ; [go
Just as a perfect reader doth not dwell
On every syllable, nor stay to spell,
Yet without doubt he doth distinctly see,
And lay together every A and B ;
So in short-liv'd good men is not understood
Each several virtue, but the compound good.

For they all virtue's paths in that pace tread,
 As Angels go, and know, and as Men read.
 O why should then these men, these lumps of balm,
 Sent hither the world's tempest to becalm,
 Before by deeds they are diffus'd and spread,
 And to make us alive, themselves be dead?
 O Soul! O Circle! why so quickly be
 Thy ends, thy birth, and death clos'd up in thee?
 Since one foot of thy compass still was plac'd
 In heav'n, the other might securely 'have pac'd
 In the most large extent through every path,
 Which the whole world, or Man, th' abridgment, hath.
 Thou know'st, that though the Tropique Circles have
 (Yea, and those small ones, which the Poles engrave)
 All the same roundness, evenness, and all
 The endlessness of th' Equinoctial;
 Yet when we come to measure distances,
 How here, how there the Sun affected is;
 When he doth faintly work, and when prevail;
 Only great Circles then can be our scale:
 So though thy circle to thy self express
 All tending to thy endless happiness;
 And we by our good use of it may try
 Both how to live well (young) and how to dye.
 Yet since we must be old, and age endures
 His Torrid Zone at Court, and Calentures
 Of hot ambition, irreligion's ice,
 Zeal's agues, and hydropique avarice,
 (Infirmities; which need the scale of truth,
 As well as Lust and Ignorance of youth;)
 Why didst thou not for these give medicines too,
 And by thy doing tell us what to do?
 Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheel
 Doth each mis-motion and distemper feel;
 Whose *hands* gets shaking palsies; and whose *string*
 (His sinews) slackens; and whose Soul, the *spring*,
 Expires, or languishes; whose pulse, the *see*,
 Either beats not, or beats unevenly;

Whose voice, the *Bell*, doth rattle or grow dumb,
 Or idle, as men, which to their last hour come;
 If these clocks be not wound, or be wound still,
 Or be not set, or set at every will;
 So youth is easiest to destruction,
 If then we follow all, or follow none.
 Yet as in great clocks, which in steeples chime,
 Plac'd to inform whole towns, t' employ their time,
 An error doth more harm, being general,
 When small clock's faults only on th' wearer fall:
 So work the faults of age, on which the eye
 Of children, servants, or the State rely;
 Why would'st not thou then, which hadst such a soul,
 A clock so true, as might the Sun controul,
 And daily hadst from him, who gave it thee,
 Instructions, such, as it could never be
 Disorder'd, stay here, as a general
 And great Sun-Dial, to have set us All?
 Oh why wouldest thou be an instrument
 To this unnatural course? or why consent
 To this, not miracle, but prodigy,
 That when the ebbs longer than flowings be,
 Virtue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,
 Should so much faster ebb out than flow in?
 Though her flood were blown in by thy first breath,
 All is at once sunk in the whirl-pool, Death.
 Which word I would not name, but that I see
 Death, else a Desert, grown a Court by thee,
 Now I am sure that if a man would have
 Good company, his entry is a grave.
 Methinks all Cities now but Ant-hills be,
 Where when the several labourers I see
 For children, house, provision taking pain,
 They're all but Ants, carrying eggs, straw, and grain:
 And Church-yards are our cities, unto which
 The most repair, that are in goodness rich;
 There is the best concourse and confluence,
 There are the holy suburbs, and from thence

Begins God's City, new *Jerusalem*,
 Which doth extend her utmost gates to them :
 At that gate then, Triumphant soul, dost thou
 Begin thy Triumph. But since laws allow
 That at the Triumph-day the people may,
 All that they will, 'gainst the Triumpher say,
 Let me here use that freedom, and express
 My grief, though nor to make thy Triumph less.
 By law to Triumphs none admitted be,
 Till they, as Magistrates, get victory ;
 Though then to thy force all youth's foes did yield,
 Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field,
 To which thy rank in this state destin'd thee,
 That there thy counsels might get victory,
 And so in that capacity remove
 All jealousies 'twixt Prince and Subject's love,
 Thou could'st no title to this Triumph have,
 Thou didst intrude on death, usurp a grave.
 Then (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet
 But with thine own affections, with the heat
 Of youth's desires, and colds of ignorance,
 But till thou should'st successfully advance
 Thine arms 'gainst foreign enemies, which are
 Both Envy, and Acclamations popular,
 (For both these Engines equally defeat,
 Though by a divers Myne, those which are great)
 Till then thy War was but a civil War,
 For which to Triumph none admitted are ;
 No more are they, who, though with good success,
 In a defensive war their power express.
 Before men triumph, the dominion
 Must be *enlarg'd*, and not *preserv'd* alone ;
 Why should'st thou then, whose battels were to win
 Thy self from those straits nature put thee in,
 And to deliver up to God that state,
 Of which he gave thee the Vicariate,
 (Which is thy soul and body) as entire
 As he, who takes Indentures, doth require ;

But didst not stay, t' enlarge his Kingdom too,
By making others, what thou didst, to do;
Why should'st thou triumph now, when Heav'n no
Hath got, by getting thee, than't had before? [more
For Heav'n and thou, even when thou livedst here,
Of one another in possession were.
But this from Triumph most disables thee,
That that place, which is conquered, must be
Left safe from present war, and likely doubt
Of imminent commotions to break out:
And hath he left us so? or can it be
This territory was no more than He?
No, we were all his charge; the Diocese
Of every exemplar man the whole world is:
And he was joyned in commission
With Tutelar Angels, sent to every one.
But though this freedom to upbraid, and chide
Him who Triumph'd, were lawful, it was ty'd
With this, that it might never reference have
Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave;
Men might at *Pompey* jest, but they might not
At that Authority, by which he got
Leave to Triumph, before by age he might;
So though, triumphant soul, I dare to write
Mov'd with a reverential anger, thus
That thou so early would'st abandon us;
Yet I am far from daring to dispute
With that great sovereignty, whose absolute
Prerogative hath thus dispens'd with thee
'Gainst nature's laws, which just impugnors be
Of early triumphs: And I (though with pain)
Lessen our loss, to magnifie thy gain
Of triumph, when I say it was more fit
That all men should lack thee, than thou lack it.
Though then in our times be not suffered
That testimony of love unto the dead,
To dye with them, and in their graves be hid,
As *Saxon Wives*, and French *Soldarii* did;

And though in no degree I can express
 Grief in great *Alexander's* great excess,
 Who at his Friend's death made whole towns divest
 Their walls and bulworks, which became them best:
 Do not, fair soul, this sacrifice refuse,
 That in thy grave I do interr my Muse;
 Which by my grief, great as thy worth, being cast
 Behind hand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last.

An Elegie on the Lady MARKHAM.

MAN is the World, and Death the Ocean,
 To which God gives the lower parts of man.
 This Sea invirons all, and though as yet
 God hath set marks and bounds 'twixt us and it,
 Yet doth it roar, and gnaw, and still pretend
 To break our bank, whene'er it takes a friend:
 Then our land waters (tears of passion) vent;
 Our waters then above our firmament,
 (Tears, which our Soul doth for our sins let fall)
 Take all a brackish taste, and Funeral.
 And even those tears, which should wash sin, are sin.
 We, after God, new drown our world again.
 Nothing but man, of all invenom'd things,
 Doth work upon it self with inborn stings.
 Tears are false Spectacles; we cannot see
 Through passion's mist, what we are, or what she.
 In her this Sea of death hath made no breach;
 But as the tide doth wash the slimy beach,
 And leaves embroider'd works upon the sand,
 So is her flesh refin'd by death's cold hand.
 As men of *China*, after an age's stay
 Do take up Porcelane, where they buried Clay:
 So at this grave, her limbeck, (which refines
 The Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, Pearls and Mynes
 Of which this flesh was) her soul shall inspire
 Flesh of such stuff, as God, when his last fire

Annuls this world, to recompence, it shall
Make and name them th' Elixir of this All.
They say, the sea, when it gains, loseth too;
If carnal Death (the younger brother) do
Usurp the body; 'our soul, which subject is
To th' elder death by sin, is freed by this;
They perish both, when they attempt the just;
For graves our Trophies are, and both death's dust.
So, unobnoxious now, she 'hath buried both;
For none to death sins, that to sin is loth.
Nor do they die, which are not loth to die;
So hath she this and that virginity.
Grace was in her extremely diligent,
That kept her from sin, yet made her repent.
Of what small spots pure white complains! Alas,
How little poyson cracks a chrystal glass!
She sinn'd but just enough to let us see
That God's Word must be true, *All sinners be.*
So much did zeal her conscience rarifie,
That extream truth lack'd little of a lie;
Making omissions acts; laying the touch
Of sin on things, that sometime may be such.
As *Moses' Cherubins*, whose natures do
Surpass all speed, by him are winged too:
So would her soul, already 'in heav'n, seem then
To climb by tears, the common stairs of men.
How fit she was for God, I am content
To speak, that death his vain haste may repent:
How fit for us, how even and how sweet,
How good in all her titles, and how meet
To have reform'd this forward heresie,
That women can no parts of friendship be;
How Moral, how Divine, shall not be told,
Lest they, that hear her virtues, think her old;
And lest we take death's part, and make him glad
Of such a prey, and to his triumph add.

Elegie on Mistress BOULSTRED.

DEATH, I recant, and say, Unsaid by me
 Whate'er hath slipt, that might diminish thee:
 Spiritual treason, atheism 'tis, to say,
 That any can thy Summons disobey.
 Th'earth's face is but thy Table; there are set
 Plants, cattle, men, dishes for Death to eat.
 In a rude hunger now he millions draws
 Into his bloody, 'or plaguy, or starv'd jaws:
 Now he will seem to spare, and doth more waste,
 Eating the best first, well preserv'd to last:
 Now wantonly he spoils, and eats us not,
 But breaks off friends, and lets us piecemeal rot.
 Nor will this earth serve him; he sinks the Deep,
 Where harmless fish monastique silence keep;
 Who (were Death dead) the Rows of living sand
 Might sponge that element, and make it land.
 He rounds the air, and breaks the hymnique notes
 In bird's, Heav'n's chorister's, organique throats;
 Which (if they did not dye) might seem to be
 A tenth rank in the heavenly hierarchie.
 O strong and long-liv'd Death, how cam'st thou in?
 And how without Creation didst begin?
 Thou hast, and shalt see dead, before thou dy'st,
 All the four Monarchies, and Antichrist.
 How could I think thee nothing, that see now
 In all this All, nothing else is, but thou?
 Our births and lives, vices and virtues, be
 Wasteful consumptions, and degrees of thee.
 For we to live our bellows wear, and breath,
 Nor are we mortal, dying, dead, but death.
 And though thou beest (O mighty bird of prey)
 So much reclaim'd by God, that thou must lay
 All, that thou kill'st, at his feet; yet doth he
 Reserve but few, and leaves the most for thee.
 And of these few, now thou hast overthrown
 One, whom thy blow makes not ours, nor thine own;

She was more stories high : hopeless to come
To 'her Soul, thou 'hast offer'd at her lower room,
Her Soul and Body was a King and Court :
But thou hast both of Captain mis'd and Forr.
As Houses fall not, though the Kings remove;
Bodies of Saints rest for their Souls above.
Death gets 'twixt souls and bodies such a place
As sin insinuates 'twixt just men and Grace;
Both work a separation, no divorce :
Her Soul is gone to usher up her Corse,
Which shall be 'almost another soul, for there
Bodies are purer than best souls are here.
Because in her her virtues did outgo
Her years, would'st thou, O emulous death, do so,
And kill her young to thy loss? must the cost
Of beauty 'and wit, apt to do harm, be lost?
What though thou found'st her proof 'gainst sins of
Oh, every age a diverse sin pursu'th. [youth?
Thou should'st have stay'd, and taken better hold;
Shortly ambitious; covetous, when old,
She might have prov'd : and such devotion
Might once have stray'd to superstition.
If all her virtues might have grown, yet might
Abundant virtue 'have bred a proud delight.
Had she persever'd just, there would have been
Some that would sin, mis-thinking she did sin.
Such as would call her friendship Love, and feign
To sociableness a name prophane;
Or sin by tempting, or, not daring that,
By wishing, though they never told her what.
Thus might'st thou've slain more souls, hadst thou not
Thy self, and, to triumph, thine army lost. [cross
Yet though these ways be lost, thou hast left one,
Which is, immoderate grief that she is gone :
But we may scape that sin, yet weep as much ;
Our tears are due, because we are not such.
Some tears, that knot of friends, her death must cost,
Because the chain is broke; though no link lost.

Elegie on his Mistress.

BY our first strange and fatal interview,
 By all desires, which thereof did ensue,
 By our long striving hopes, by that remorse,
 Which my word's masculine persuasive force
 Begot in thee, and by the memory
 Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatned me,
 I calmly beg. But by thy father's wrath,
 By all pains, which want and divorcement hath,
 I conjure thee; and all the oaths, which I
 And thou have sworn to seal joynt constancy,
 I here unswear, and overswear them thus;
 Thou shalt not love by means so dangerous.
 Temper, O fair love, Love's impetuous rage,
 Be my true Mistress, not my feigned Page;
 I'll go, and, by thy kind leave, leave behind
 Thee, only worthy to nurse in my mind,
 Thirst to come back; O if thou die before,
 My soul from other lands to thee shall soar;
 Thy (else almighty) beauty cannot move
 Rage from the Seas, nor thy love teach them love,
 Nor tame wild *Boreas*' harshness; Thou hast read
 How roughly he in pieces shivered
 Fair *Orithea*, whom he swore he lov'd.
 Fall ill or good, 'tis madness to have prov'd
 Dangers unurg'd: feed on this flattery,
 That absent Lovers one in th'other be.
 Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
 Thy body's habit, nor mind; be not strange
 To thy self only. All will spy in thy face
 A blushing womanly discovering grace.
 Richly cloath'd Apes, are call'd Apes; and as soon
 Eclips'd, as bright we call the Moon, the Moon,
 Men of *France*, changeable Chameleons,
 Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions,
 Love's fuellers, and th'rightest company
 Of Players, which upon the world's stage be,

Will too too quickly know thee; and alas,
 Th' indifferent *Italian*, as we pass
 His warm land, well content to think thee Page,
 Will hunt thee with such lust, and hideous rage,
 As *Lot's* fair Guests were vext. But none of these,
 Nor spongy 'Hydroptique *Dutch*, shall thee displeas,
 If thou stay here. O stay here; for, for thee
England is only a worthy Gallery,
 To walk in expectation, till from thence
 Our greatest King call thee to his presence.
 When I am gone, dream me some happiness,
 Nor let thy looks our long hid love confess;
 Nor praise, nor dispraise me; nor bless, nor curse
 Openly love's force; nor in bed fright thy Nurse
 With midnight's startings, crying out, oh! oh!
 Nurse, Oh! my love is slain; I saw him go
 O'er the white *Alpes* alone; I saw him, I,
 Assail'd, taken, fight, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and dye.
 Augure me better chance, except dread *Jove*
 Think it enough for me to have had thy Love.

On himself.

MY Fortune and my choice this custom break,
 When we are speechless grown, to make stones
 Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou [speak:
 In my grave's inside see'st, what thou art now:
 Yet thou'rt not yet so good; till death us lay
 To ripe and mellow here, we're stubborn Clay.
 Parents make us earth, and souls dignifie
 Us to be glass; here to grow gold we lie.
 Whilst in our souls sin bred and pamper'd is,
 Our souls become worm-eaten carcasses;
 So we our selves miraculously destroy,
 Here bodies with less miracle enjoy
 Such priviledges, enabled here to scale
 Heav'n, when the Trumpet's ayre shall them exhale,

Hear this, and mend thy self, and thou mend'ft me;
 By making me, being dead, do good for thee;
 And think me well compos'd, that I could now
 A last-sick hour to syllables allow.

E L E G I E.

M A D A M,

THAT I might make your Cabinet my tomb,
 And for my fame, which I love next my soul,
 Next to my soul provide the happiest room,
 Admit to that place this last funeral scrowl.
 Others by Wills give Legacies, but I
 Dying of you do beg a Legacy.

My fortune and my will this custom break,
 When we are senseless grown, to make stones speak:
 Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
 In my grave's inside see, what thou art now:
 Yet thou'rt not yet so good; till us death lay
 To ripe and mellow there, w'are stubborn clay,
 Parents make us earth, and souls dignifie
 Us to be glass; here to grow gold we lie;
 Whilst in our souls sin bred and pamper'd is,
 Our souls becom worm-eaten Carcasses.

Elegie on Mistress Boulstred.

DEath, be not proud; thy hand gave not this blow,
 Sin was her captive, whence thy power doth flow;
 The executioner of wrath thou art,
 But to destroy the just is not thy part.
 Thy coming terrour, anguish, grief denounces;
 Her happy state courage, ease, joy pronounces.
 From out the Crystal palace of her breast,
 The clearer soul was call'd to endless rest,

(Not by the thund'ring voice, wherewith God threatens,
But as with crowned Saints in heav'n he treats,)
And, waited on by Angels, home was brought,
To joy that it through many dangers fought;
The key of mercy gently did unlock
The door 'twixt heav'n and it, when life did knock.

Nor boast, the fairest frame was made thy prey,
Because to mortal eyes it did decay;
A better witness than thou art assures,
That though dissolv'd, it yet a space endures;
No dram thereof shall want or loss sustain,
When her best soul inhabits it again.

Go then to people curst before they were,
Their souls in Triumph to thy conquest bear,
Glory not thou thy self in these hot tears,
Which our face, not for her, but our harm wears:
The mourning livery giv'n by Grace, not thee,
Which wills our souls in these streams washt should be;
And on our hearts, her memorie's best tomb,
In this her Epitaph doth write thy doom.
Blind were those eyes, saw not how bright did shine
Through flesh's misty veil those beams divine;
Deaf were the ears, not charm'd with that sweet sound,
Which did i'th' spirit's instructed voice abound;
Of flint the conscience, did not yield and melt,
At what in her last act it saw and felt.

Weep not, nor grudge then, to have lost her fight,
Taught thus, our after-stay's but a short night:
But by all souls, not by corruption choaked,
Let in high rais'd notes that pow'r be invoked;
Calm the rough seas, by which she sails to rest,
From sorrows here t'a kingdom ever blest.

And teach this hymn of her with joy, and sing,
The grave no conquest gets, Death hath no sting.

Elegie on the Lord C.

Sorrow, that to this house scarce knew the way,
 Is, Oh! heir of it, our All is his Pay.
 This strange chance claims strange wonder, and to us
 Nothing can be so strange, as to weep thus.
 'Tis well, his life's loud speaking works deserve,
 And give praise too; our cold tongues could not serve:
 'Tis well, he kept tears from our eyes before,
 That to fit this deep ill we might have store.
 Oh, if a sweet-bryer climb up by a tree,
 If to a paradise that transplanted be,
 Or fell'd, and burnt for holy sacrifice,
 Yet, that must wither, which by it did rise;
 As we for him dead: though no family
 E'er rigg'd a soul for heav'ns discovery,
 With whom more Venturers more boldly dare
 Venture their 'states, with him in joy to share.
 We lose, what all friends lov'd, him; he gains now
 But life by death, which worst foes would allow;
 If he could have foes, in whose practice grew
 All virtues, whose name subtile School-men knew.
 What ease can hope, that we shall see' him, beget;
 When we must dye first, and cannot dye yet?
 His children are his pictures; Oh! they be
 Pictures of him dead, senseless, cold as he.
 Here needs no marble tomb, since he is gone;
 He, and about him his, are turn'd to stone.

The end of the Funeral Elegies.

Upon Mr. Thomas Coryat's Crudities.

OH to what height will love of greatness drive
 Thy learned spirit, *Sesqui-superlative*?
 Venice' vast lake thou hast seen, and would'st seek then,
 Some vaster thing, and found'st a Courtizan,

That in-land Sea having discovered well,
 A Cellar gulf, where one might sail to hell
 From *Heydelberg*, thou long'st to see: and thou
 This book, greater than all, producest now.
 Infinite work ! which doth so far extend,
 That none can study it to any end.
 'Tis no one thing, it is not fruit, nor root,
 Nor poorly limited with head or foot.
 If man be therefore man, because he can
 Reason and laugh, thy book doth half make man.
 One half being made, thy modesty was such,
 That thou on th' other half would'st never touch.
 When wilt thou be at full, great Lunatique?
 Not till thou 'exceed the world? Canst thou be like
 A prosperous nose-born wren, which sometimes grows
 To be far greater than the mother nose?
 Go then, and as to thee, when thou didst go,
Munster did Towns, and *Gesner* Authors show;
 Mount now to *Gallo-belgicus*; appear
 As deep a Statesman as a Garretteer.
 Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back,
 Talk of *Will. Conquerour*, and *Prester Jack*;
 Go, bashful man, lest here thou blush to look
 Upon the progress of thy glorious book,
 To which both *Indies* sacrifices send;
 The West sent gold, which thou didst freely spend,
 Meaning to see't no more upon the press:
 The East sends hither her deliciousness;
 And thy leaves must embrace what comes from hence,
 The Myrre, the Pepper, and the Frankincense.
 This magnifies thy leaves; but if they stoop
 To neighbour wares, when Merchants do unhoop
 Voluminous barrels; if thy leaves do then
 Convey these wares in parcels unto men;
 If for vast Tuns of Currants, and of Figs,
 Of med'cinal and Aromaticque twigs,
 Thy leaves a better method do provide,
 Divide to pounds, and ounces sub-divide,

If they stoop lower yet, and vent our wares,
 Home-manufactures to thick popular Fairs,
 If omni-pregnant there, upon warm stalls
 They hatch all wares, for which the buyer calls;
 Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend,
 That they all kind of matter comprehend.
 Thus thou, by means, which th' Ancients never took,
 A Pandect mak'st, and universal book.
 The bravest Heroes for their Countrey's good,
 Scatter'd in divers lands their limbs and blood;
 Worst malefactors, to whom men are prize,
 Do publick good, cut in Anatomies;
 So will thy book in pieces, for a Lord,
 Which casts at Portescue's, and all the board
 Provide whole books; each leaf enough will be
 For friends to pass time, and keep company.
 Can all carouse up thee? no, thou must fit
 Measures; and fill out for the half-pint wit.
 Some shall wrap pills, and save a friend's life so;
 Some shall stop muskets, and so kill a foe.
 Thou shalt not ease the Criticks of next age
 So much, as once their hunger to assuage:
 Nor shall wit-pirats hope to find thee lye
 All in one bottom, in one Library.
 Some leaves may paste strings there in other books,
 And so one may, which on another looks,
 Pilfer, alas! a little wit from you;
 But hardly much; and yet I think this true.
 As *Sibil's* was, your book is mystical,
 For every piece is as much worth as all.
 Therefore mine Impotency I confess,
 The healths, which my brain bears, must be far less:
 Thy Gyant-wit o'erthrows me, I am gone;
 And, rather than read all, I would read none.

I. D.

Sonet

Sonet. The TOKEN.

Send me some Tokens, that my hope may live,
 Or that my easeless thoughts may sleep and rest;
 Send me some honey, to make sweet my hive,
 That in my passions I may hope the best.
I beg nor ribband wrought with thy own hands,
 To knit our loves in the fantastick strain
 Of new-touch't youth; nor Ring, to shew the stands
 Of our affection, that, as that's round and plain,
 So should our loves meet in simplicity;
 No, nor the Corals, which thy wrist infold,
 Lac'd up together in congruity,
 To shew our thoughts should rest in the same hold;
No, nor thy picture, though most gracious,
 And most desired, 'cause 'tis like the best;
Nor witty Lines, which are most copious,
 Within the Writings, which thou hast address'd.
 Send me nor this, nor that, t'increase my score;
 But swear thou think'st I love thee, and no more.





LETTERS.

HEN. GOODERE.

ETiam vulgari linguâ scripta testantur litera nos amicorum meminisse, sed alienâ nos de illis meditari. In illis enim affulgent nobis de amicis cogitatuuncula, sed, ut matutina stella, transeunt, & evanescent: In his autem hæremus, & immoramur, & amicos, uti solem ipsum permanentem nobiscum degentemque, contemplamur. Habes cur Latinè. Ipsius etiam scribendi audi rationem. Peto consilium, in quo simul amicitiam profiteor meam, tuamque agnosco: Etenim non libenter nosmetipsos exuimus, aut ingenii prudentiave dotibus aliorum nos fateamur indigos. Nec certe quicquam quisquam (sit modo ingenuus) ei denegabit à quo consilium petiit. Quod enim divina sapientia extremum charitatis terminum passuerat, animam ponere; idem regularum Ecclesia tractatores (quod ipsimet Canonici crassam aequitatem vocant) de fama & honore cedendum asserunt & usurpant. Certè non tam beneficiis obnoxii quam consiliis reddimur. Sed ad rem. Philosophentur otiosiores, aut quibus otia sua negotia appellare lubet: Nobis enim nos dudum perspicui sumus & fenestrati; Elucescit mihi nova, nec inopportuna, nec inutilis (paulo quædam optatam fortassis magis inhonora) occasio externa visendi regna, liberosque, perquam amantissima conjugis charissima pignora, cateraque hujus aura oblectamenta, aliquot ad annos relinquendi. De hoc ut tecum agerem, te convenire cupio. Quod (etsi nec id recusem) nollem in adibus Barlotianis. Habeo cur abstineam. Amicitia enim nec veteris, nec ita stricta munera paulo quam deceat imprudentiori im-

petu mihi videor ibi peregisse. Prandere si vacat foras aut cœnare, horulamve perdere pomeridianam, aut matutinam, liceat mihi illud apud Rabbinum Tincombum jam commoranti per te intelligere, & satis mihi fiet. Interim seponas oro chartulas meas, quas cum sponsione citæ redhibitionis (ut barbarè, sed cum ingeniosissimo Appollinari loquar) accepisti. Inter quas, si epigrammata mea Latina, & Catalogus librorum satyricus non sunt, non sunt; extremum judicium, hoc est, manum ultimam jamjam subitura sunt. Earum nonnulla Purgatorium suum passura, ut correctiores emanent; Alia, quarum me inscio in mundum crepserunt exempla, tamen in archetypis igne absumpta fatebuntur se à me ad Inferos damnatas esse; Reliquæ, quæ aut virgines sunt (nisi quod à multis contrectatæ) aut ita infeliciter steriles, ut ab illis nulla ingenita sint exemplaria, penitus in annihilationem (quod flagitiosissimis non minatur Deus) corrudent & dilabentur. Vale & amore meo frui, quem vetat fortuna sola ne uti possis. Et, nisi animo candido ingenuæve meæ libertate gaudere malis, habe tibi mancipium

JOH. DONNE.

**De Libro cum mutaretur, Impresso, Domi
à pueris frustratim lacerato, & post red-
dito Manuscripto.**

Doctissimo Amicissimoque Viro D. D. Andrews.

PArturiunt madido quæ nixu præla, recepta;
Sed quæ scripta manu sunt, veneranda magis.
Transit in Sequanam Mœnus; Victoris in ades,
Et Francofurtum, te revehente, meat.
Qui liber in plures blattis cinerique relictos,
Si modo sit præli sanguine tinctus, abit,
Accedat calamo scriptus, reverenter habetur,
Involat & veterum scrinia summa Patrum.

*Disat Apollo modum; Pueros infundere libro
Nempe vetustatem canitiemque novo.*

Nil mirum, medico pueros de semine natos

Hac nova fata libro posse dedisse novo.

Si veterem faciunt pueri, qui nuperus, Annon

Ipse Pater Juvenem me dabit arte senem?

Hei miseris senibus! nos vertit dura senectus

Omnes in pueros, neminem at in Juvenem.

Hoc tibi servasti praestandum, Antiquae Dierum,

Quo viso, & vivit, & juvenescit Adam.

Interea, infirma fallamus tadia vita,

Libris, & Caelorum amulâ amicitia.

Hos inter, qui à te mihi redditus iste libellus,

Non mihi tam charus, tam meus antè fuit.

To Sir H. G.

I Send not my Letters as tribute, nor interest, nor recompence, nor for commerce, nor as testimonials of my love, nor provokers of yours, nor to justify my custom of writing, nor for a vent and utterance of my meditations; For my Letters are either above or under all such offices, yet I write very affectionately, and I chide and accuse my self of diminishing that affection, which sends them, when I ask my self why. Only I am sure, that I desire that you might have in your hands letters of mine of all kinds, as conveyances and deliverers of me to you, whether you accept me as a friend, or as a patient, or as a penitent, or as a beads-man; for I decline no jurisdiction, nor refuse any tenure. I would not open any door upon you, but look in, when you open it. Angels have not, nor affect not other knowledge of one another, than they list to reveal to one another. It is then in this only, that Friends are Angels, that they are capable and fit for such revelations, when they are offered. If at
any

any time I seem to study you more inquisitively, it is for no other end, but to know how to present you to God in my prayers, and what to ask of him for you; for even that holy exercise may not be done inopportunately, no nor importunately. I find little error in that Grecian's counsel, who says, If thou ask any thing of God, offer no sacrifice, nor ask elegantly, nor vehemently; but remember, that thou would'st not give to such an asker. Nor is his other countryman, who affirms sacrifice of blood to be so unproportionable to God, that perfumes, though much more spiritual, are too gross; yea, words, which are our subtlest and delicatest outward creatures, being composed of thoughts and breath, are so muddy, so thick, that our thoughts themselves are so; because (except at the first rising) they are ever leavened with passions and affections. And that advantage of nearer familiarity with God, which the Act of Incarnation gave us, is grounded upon God's assuming us, not our going to him: And our accesses to his presence are but his descents into us. And when we get any thing by prayer, he gave us before hand the thing and the petition: for I scarce think any ineffectual prayer free from both sin and the punishment of sin. Yet as God seposed a seventh of our time for his exterior worship, and as his Christian Church early presented him a Type of the whole year in a Lent, and after imposed the obligation of Canonique hours, constituting thereby moral Sabbaths every day, I am far from dehorting those fixed devotions: But I had rather it were disposed upon thanksgiving than petition, upon praise than prayer: Not that God is endeared by that, or wearied by this; all is one in the receiver, but not in the sender; and thanks doth both offices: For nothing doth so innocently provoke new graces, as gratitude. I would also rather make short prayers than extend

extend them, though God can neither be surprized, nor besieged: for long prayers have more of the man, as ambition of eloquence, and a complacency in the work, and more of the devil by often distractions: For after in the beginning we have well intreated God to hearken, we speak no more to him. Even this letter is some example of such infirmity; which being intended for a letter, is extended and strayed into a Homily: And whatsoever is not what it was purposed, is worse. Therefore it shall at last end like a letter, by assuring you I am, &c.

To Sir H. G.

S I R,

Nature hath made all bodies like, by mingling and kneading up the same elements in every one. And amongst men, the other Nature, custom, hath made every mind like some other. We are patterns or copies, we inform or imitate. But as he hath not presently attain'd to write a good hand, which hath equalled one excellent Master in his A, another in his B; much less he, which hath sought all the excellent masters, and employed all his time to exceed in one letter, because not so much an excellency of any nor every one, as an evenness, and proportion, and respect to one another, gives the perfection: So is no man virtuous by particular example; not he, which doth all actions to the pattern of the most valiant, or liberal, which Histories afford; nor he, which chooseth from every one their best actions, and thereupon doth something like those. Perchance such may be *in viâ perficiendorum*, which Divines allow to Monastical life, but not *Perfectorum*, which by them is only due to Prelacy: for virtue is even, and continual, and the same, and

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can therefore break no where, nor admit ends nor beginnings; it is not only not broken, but not tyed together. He is not virtuous, out of whose actions you can pick an excellent one. Vice and her fruits may be seen, because they are thick bodies; but not virtue, which is all light. And vices have swellings, and fits, and noise, because, being extreams, they dwell far asunder; and they maintain both a foreign war against virtue, and a civil against one another, and affect sovereignty, as virtue doth society. The later Physicians say, that when our natural inborn preservative is corrupted or wasted, and must be restored by a like extracted from other bodies, the chief care is, that the mummy have in it no excelling quality, but an equally digested temper: And such is true virtue. But men, who have preferred money before all, think they deal honourably with virtue, if they compare her with money: and think, that as money is not called base, till the alloy exceed the pure; so they are virtuous enough, if they have enough to make their actions currant, which is, if either they get praise, or (in a lower abasing) if they incur not infamy or penalty. But you know who said, *Angusta innocentia est ad legem bonum esse*, which rule being given for positive laws, severe mistakers apply even to God's law, and (perchance against his commandment) bind themselves to his counsels, beyond his laws. But they are worse, that think that because some men, formerly wasteful, live better with half their rents, than they did with all, being now advantaged with discretion and experience; therefore our times need less moral virtue than the first, because we have Christianity, which is the use and application of all virtue; as though our religion were but an art of thrift, to make a little virtue go far. For as plentiful springs are fittest, and best become large Aqueducts; so doth much virtue such a steward and officer as a Christian.

Christian. But I must not give you a Homily for a Letter. I said a great while since, that custom made men like; We who have been accustomed to one another are like in this, that we love not business. This therefore shall not be to you nor me a busy letter. I end with a Problem, whose errand is, to ask for his fellows. I pray, before you ingulf your self in the Progress, leave them for me, and such other of my papers, as you will lend me till your return. And besides this allegorical lending, lend me truly your counsels. And love God and me, whilst I love him and you.

To the Lady G.

MADAM,

I Am not come out of *England*, if I remain in the noblest part of it, your mind; Yet I confess it is too much diminution to call your mind any part of *England*, or this world, since every part, even of your body, deserves titles of higher dignity. No Prince would be loth to die, that were assured of so fair a tomb to preserve his memory: But I have a greater advantage than so; for since there is a religion in friendship, and a death in absence, to make up an entire friend, there must be an heaven too: and there can be no heaven so proportional to that religion, and that death, as your favour; and I am gladder that it is a Heaven, than that it were a Court, or any other high place of this world, because I am likelier to have a room there than here, and better cheap. Madam, my best treasure is time, and my best employment of that (next my thoughts of thankfulness for my Redeemer) is to study good wishes for you, in which I am, by continual meditation, so learned, that any creature (except your own good Angel) when it would do you most good, might

might be content to come and take instructions from

Amyens, the
7th of Febr.
here, 1611.

Your humble

and affectionate servant,

J. D.

To my honoured friend G. G. Esquire.

S I R,

Neither your letters, nor silence, needs excuse; your friendship is to me an abundant possession, though you remember me but twice in a year. He, that could have two harvests in that time, might justly value his land at a high rate; but, Sir, as we do not only then thank our land, when we gather the fruit, but acknowledge, that all the year she doth many motherly offices in preparing it; so is not friendship then only to be esteemed, when she is delivered of a letter, or any other real office, but in her continual propenseness and inclination to do it. This hath made me easie in pardoning my long silences, and in promising my self your forgiveness for not answering your letter sooner. For my purpose of proceeding in the profession of the law, so far as to a title, you may be pleased to correct that imagination, wheresoever you find it. I ever thought the study of it my best entertainment and pastime, but I have no ambition, nor design upon the stile. Of my Anniversaries, the fault, that I acknowledge in my self, is to have descended to print any thing in verse, which though it have excuse even in our times by men who profess, and practise much gravity; yet, I confess, I wonder how I declin'd to it, and do not pardon my self: But for the other part of the imputation, of having said too much, my defence is, That my purpose was to say as well as I could:

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for since I never saw the Gentlewoman, I cannot be understood to have bound my self to have spoken just truths; but I would not be thought to have gone about to praise her, or any other in rhyme, except I took such a person, as might be capable of all, that I could say: If any of those Ladys think that *Mistress Drury* was not so, let that Lady make her self fit for all those praises in the book, and they shall be hers. Sir, this messenger makes so much haste, that I crave your mercy for spending any time of this letter in other employment than thanking you for yours. I hope before *Christmas* to see *England*, and kiss your hand, which shall ever (if it disdain not that office) hold all the keys of the liberty and affection, and all the faculties of

Paris, the 14th of *Your most affectionate servant,*
 April here, 1612.

J. D.

To my honoured friend G. G. Esquire.

S I R,

I Should not only send you an account by my servant, but bring you an account often by my self (for our letters are our selves, and in them absent friends meet) how I do, but that two things make me forbear that writing; first, because it is not for my gravity to write of feathers and straws; and in good faith I am no more, considering in my body, or fortune; and then, because whensoever I tell you how I do by a letter, before that letter comes to you, I shall be otherways than when it left me: At this time (I humbly thank God) I am only not worse, for I should as soon look for *Roses* at this season of the year, as look for increase of strength; and if I be no worse all spring, than now, I am much better; for I make account those *Church-services*, which I am loth to decline, will spend somewhat; and if I
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can gather so much as will bear my charges, recover so much strength at *London*, as I shall spend at *London*, I shall not be loth to be left in that state I am now, after that is done. But I do but discourse, I do not wish; life, or health, or strength, I thank God, enter not into my prayers for my self; for others they often do, and amongst others for your self and son; whom I beseech God to bless with the same blessing, which I beg for the children, and for the person of

Avery-hatch, *Your friend and humble servant*
Novemb. 2. *in Christ Jesus,*
 1630. J. D.

To my honoured friend G. G. Esquire.

S I R,
THIS advantage you and my other friends have by my frequent fevers, that I so much the oftner at the gates of heaven; and this advantage by the solitude and close imprisonment, that they reduce me to after, that I am thereby the oftner at my prayers, in which I shall never leave out your happiness; and I doubt not but amongst his many other blessings, God will add some one to you for my prayers. A man would be almost content to dye, (if there were no other benefit in death) to hear of so much sorrow, and so much good testimony from good men, as I (blessed be God for it) did upon the report of my death; yet I perceive it went not through all, for one writ to me, that some (and he said, of my friends) conceived, I was not so ill as I pretended, but withdrew my self to live at ease, discharged of preaching. It is an unfriendly, and, God knows, an ill-grounded interpretation; for I have always been sorer, when I could not
M 2 preach,

preach, than any could be they could not hear me. It hath been my desire (and God may be pleased to grant it) that I might die in the Pulpit; if not that, yet that I might take my death in the Pulpit, that is, die the sooner by occasion of those labours. Sir, I hope to see you about *Candlemas*; about which time also will fall my Lent-Sermon at Court, except my Lord Chamberlain believe me to be dead, and leave me out; for as long as I live, and am not speechless, I would not decline that Service. I have better leisure to write, than you to read; yet I will not oppress you with too much letter. God bless you and your Son, as I wish.

January 7,
1630.

Your poor friend and servant
in Christ Jesus,

J. D.

To Sir H. G.

S I R,

THIS *Tuesday* morning, which hath brought me to *London*, presents me with all your letters. Methought it was a rent-day, I mean such as yours, and not as mine; and yet such too, when I considered how much I ought you for them. How good a Mother, how fertile and abundant the understanding is, if she have a good Father! And how well friendship performs that office! For that, which is denied in other generations, is done in this of yours: For here is superfoetation, child upon child, and, that which is more strange, twins at a latter conception. If in my second religion, Friendship, I had a Conscience, either *Errantem*, to mistake good and bad and indifferent, or *Opinantem*, to be ravished by others opinions or examples, or *Dubiam*, to adhere to neither part, or *Scrupulosam*, to incline

to one, but upon reasons light in themselves, or indiscussed in me (which are almost all the diseases of conscience) I might mistake your often, long, and busie letters, and fear you did but intreat me to have mercy upon you, and spare you. For you know, our Court took the resolution, that it was the best way to dispatch the *French Prince* back again quickly, to receive him solemnly, ceremoniously, and expensively, when he hoped a domestique and durable entertainment. I never meant to excell you in weight nor price, but in number and bulk I thought I might; because he may cast up a greater sum, who hath but forty small monies, than he with twenty *Portuguezes*. The memory of friends, (I mean only for Letters) neither enters ordinarily into busied men, because they are ever employed within; nor into men of pleasure, because they are never at home. For these wishes therefore, which you won out of your pleasure and recreation, you were as excusable to me, if you writ seldom, as *Sir H. Wotton* is, under the oppression of business, or the necessity of seeming so; or more than he, because I hope you have both pleasure and business; only to me, who have neither, this omission were sin. For though writing be not of the precepts of friendship, but of the counsels; yet as in some cases to some men counsels become precepts, tho' not immediately from God, yet very roundly and quickly from his Church, (as selling and dividing goods in the first time, continence in the *Roman* Church, and order and decency in ours;) so to me, who can do nothing else, it seems to bind my conscience to write: and it is sin to do against the conscience, though that err. Yet no man's letters might be better wanted than mine, since my whole letter is nothing else but a confession, that I should and would write. I ought you a letter in verse before by my own promise; and now that you think

that you have hedged in that debt by a greater, by your letter in verse, I think it now most seasonable and fashional for me to break; at least, to write presently were to accuse my self of not having read yours so often as such a letter deserves from you to me. To make my debt greater (for such is the desire of all, who cannot or mean not to pay) I pray, read these two problems: for such light flashes as these have been my hawking in my *Surrey* journies. I accompany them with another rag of verses, worthy of that name for the smallness and age, for it hath long lain among my other Papers, and laughs at them, that have adventured to you: for, I think, till now you saw it not, and neither you, nor it should repent it. Sir, if I were any thing, my love to you might multiply it, and dignifie it: but infinite nothings are but one such: Yet since even *Chimera's* have some name and titles, I am also

Tours,

To Sir H. G.

S I R,

IN the history or stile of friendship, which is best written both in deeds and words, a letter, which is of a mixt nature, and hath something of both, is a mixt Parenthesis: It may be left out; yet it contributes, though not to the being, yet to the verdure, and freshness thereof. Letters have truly the same office, as oaths: As these amongst light and empty men are but fillings, and pauses, and interjections; but with weightier they are sad attestations: So are letters to some compliment, and obligation to others. For mine, as I never authorized my servant to lye in my behalf, (for if it were officious in him, it might be worse in me;) so I allow

allow my letters much less that civil dishonesty, both because they go from me more considerately, and because they are permanent; for in them I may speak to you in your chamber a year hence, before I know not whom, and not hear my self. They shall therefore ever keep the sincerity and intemperateness of the fountain, whence they are derived. And as, wheresoever these leaves fall, the root is in my heart; so shall they, as that sucks good affections toward you there, have ever true impressions thereof. Thus much of information is in very leaves, that they can tell what the tree is; and these can tell you I am a friend, and an honest man. Of what general use, the fruit should speak, and I have none; and of what particular profit to you, your application and experimenting should tell you, and you can make none of such a nothing: yet even of barren Sycamores, such as I, there were use, if either any light flashings, or scorching vehemencies, or sudden showers made you need so shadowy an Example or Remembrancer. But (Sir) your fortune and mind do you this happy injury, that they make all kind of fruits useless unto you; Therefore I have placed my love wisely, where I need communicate nothing.

All this, though perchance you read it not till *Michaelmas*, was told you at *Mitcham*, 15 *Aug.* 1607.

To Sir H. G.

S I R,

IT should be no interruption to your pleasures to hear me often say, that I love you, and that you are as much my meditation as my self: I often compare not you and me, but the Sphear, in which your resolutions are, and my wheel; both, I hope, concentric to God; for methinks the new Astro-

nomy is thus applicable well ; that we, which are a little earth, should rather move towards God, than that he, which is fulfilling, and can come no whither, should move towards us. To your life, full of variety, nothing is old, nor new to mine. And as to that life, all stickings and hesitations seem stupid and stony ; so to this, all fluid slipperinesses and transitory migrations seem giddy and feathery. In that life one is ever in the porch or postern, going in or out, never within his house himself : It is a garment made of remnants, a life ravel'd out into ends, a line discontinued, and a number of small wretched points, useless, because they concur not : a life built of past and future, not proposing any constant present. They have more pleasures than we, but no more pleasure ; they joy oftner, we longer ; and no man but of so much understanding, as may deliver him from being a fool, would change with a mad man, which had a better proportion of wit in his often *Lucidis*. You know, they, which dwell farthest from the Sun, if in any convenient distance, have longer days, better appetites, better digestion, better growth, and longer life : and all these advantages have their minds, who are well removed from the scorchiings, and dazlings, and exhalings of the world's glory. But neither of our lives are in such extrems ; for you living at Court without ambition, which would burn you, or envy, which would divest others, live in the Sun, not in the Fire ; and I, which live in the Country without stupifying, and not in darkness, but in shadow, which is no light, but a pallid, waterish and diluted one. As all shadows are of one colour, if you respect the body from which they are cast (for our shadows upon clay will be dirty, and in a garden green and flowery ;) so all retirings into a shadowy life are alike from all causes, and alike to the barbarousness and insipid dulness

fulness of the Country: Only the employment, and that, upon which you cast and bestow your pleasure, business or books, give it the tincture or beauty. But truly, wheresoever we are, if we can but tell our selves truly, what and where we would be, we may make any state and place such: For we are so composed, that if abundance or glory scorch and melt us, we have an earthly cave, our bodies, to go into by consideration, and cool our selves: and if we be frozen, and contracted with lower and dark fortunes, we have within us a torch, a soul, lighter and warmer than any without: we are therefore our own Umbrella's, and our own Suns. These, Sir, are the Sallads and Onions of *Mitcham*, sent to you as wholesome affection, as your other friends send Melons and quelque-chofes from Court and *London*. If I present you not as good diet as they, I would yet say grace to theirs, and bid much good do it you. I send you with this a letter, which I sent to the Countess. It is not my use nor duty to do so: But for your having of it there were but two consents, and I am sure you have mine, and you are sure you have hers. I also writ to her Ladyship for the verses she shewed in the garden, which I did, not only to extort them, nor only to keep my promise of writing, (for that I had done in the other letter, and perchance she hath forgotten the promise) nor only because I think my letters just good enough for a Progress; but because I would write apace to her, whilst it is possible to express that, which I yet know of her; for by this growth, I see, how soon she will be ineffable.

*To the Countess of BEDFORD.**Happiest and worthiest Lady,*

I Do not remember, that ever I have seen a petition in verse; I would not therefore be singular, nor add these to your other papers. I have yet adventured so near as to make a petition for verse, it is for those, your Ladyship did me the honour to see in *Twicknam* garden; except you'repent your making and having mended your judgment by thinking worse, that is, better, because juster of their subject. They must needs be an excellent exercise of your wit, which speak so well of so ill. I humbly beg them of your Ladyship, with two such promises, as to any other of your compositions were threatenings, That I will not shew them, and that I will not believe them; And nothing should be so used, which comes from your brain or heart. If I should confess a fault in the boldness of asking them, or make a fault in doing it in a longer letter, your Ladyship might use your stile and old fashion of the Court towards me, and pay me with a pardon. Here therefore I humbly kiss your Ladyship's fair learned hands, and wish you good wishes and speedy grants.

Your Ladyship's servant,

JOHN DONNE.

To Sir H. G.

S I R,

BEcause I am in a place and season, where I see every thing bud forth, I must do so too, and vent some of my meditations to you; the rather, because all other buds being yet without taste or virtue, my letters may be like them, The pleasantness

ness of the season displeases me. Every thing refreshes; and I wither, and I grow older, and not better. My strength diminishes, and my load grows; and being to pass more and more storms, I find that I have not only cast out all my ballast, which nature and time gives, reason and discretion, and so am as empty and light as vanity can make me; but I have over-fraught myself with vice, and so am riddingly subject to two contrary wrecks, sinking and over-setting, and under the iniquity of such a disease, as enforces the patient, when he is almost starv'd, not only to fast, but to purge; for I have much to take in, and much to cast out. Sometimes I think it easier to discharge my self of vice than of vanity, as one may sooner carry the fire out of a room than the smoak: And then I see it was a new vanity to think so. And when I think sometimes that vanity, because it is thin and airy, may be expelled with virtue, or business, or substantial vice, I find that I give entrance thereby to new vices. Certainly as the earth and water, one sad, the other fluid, make but one body; so to one vice and vanity there is but one *Centrum morbi*. And that which latter Physicians say of our bodies, is fitter for our minds; for that, which they call destruction, (which is a corruption and want of those fundamental parts, whereof we consist) is vice: And that *Collectio Stercorum* (which is but the excrement of that corruption) is our vanity and indiscretion. Both these have but one root in me, and must be pulled out at once, or never. But I am so far from digging to it, that I know not where it is. For it is not in mine eyes only, but in every sense; not in my concupiscence only, but in every power and affection. Sir, I was willing to let you see how impotent a man you love, not to dishearten you from doing so still (for my vices are not infectious, nor wandring; they came not yesternight, nor mean to go

away to day; They Inn not, but dwell in me, and see themselves so wellcome, and find so good bad company of one another, that they will not change, especially to one not apprehensive, nor easily accessible) but I do it, that your counsel might cure me; and if you deny that, your example shall: for I will as much strive to be like you, as I wish you to continue good.

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

I Hope you are now well come to *London*, and well, and well comforted in your father's health and love, and well contented that we ask you how you do, and tell you how we are, which yet I cannot of my self. If I knew that I were ill, I were well: For we consist of three parts, a Soul, a Body, and Mind; which I call those thoughts, and affections, and passions, which neither Soul nor Body hath alone, but have been begotten by their communication, as Musick results out of our breath and a Corner. And of all these the diseases are cures, if they be known. Of our Soul's sicknesses, which are sins, the knowledge is to acknowledge, and that is her physick; in which we are not dieted by drams and scruples, for we cannot take too much: Of our body's infirmities, though our knowledge be partly *ab extrinseco*, from the opinion of the Physician, and that the subject and matter be flexible, and various, yet their rules are certain; and, if the matter be rightly applyed to the rule, our knowledge thereof is also certain: But of the diseases of the mind there is no Criterium, no Canon, no rule: for our own taste, and apprehension, and interpretation should be the judge; and that is the disease it self, Therefore sometimes, when I

find my self transported with jollity, and love of company, I hang leads at my heels, and reduce to my thoughts my fortunes, my years, the duties of a man, of a friend, of a husband, of a father, and all the iacumbencies of a family: When sadness dejects me, either I countermine it with another sadness, or I kindle squibs about me again, and fly into sportfulness and company. And I find ever after all, that I am like an Exorcist, which had long laboured about one, which at last appears to have the Mother, that I still mistake my disease. And I still vex my self with this, because, if I know it not, no body can know it: And I comfort my self, because I see dispassioned men are subject to the like ignorances. For divers minds out of the same thing often draw contrary conclusions; as *Augustine* thought devout *Anthony* to be therefore full of the holy Ghost, because, not being able to read, he could say the whole Bible, and interpret it: And *Thyrens* the Jesuite for the same reason doth think all the *Anabaptists* to be possessed. And as often out of contrary things men draw one conclusion; As to the *Roman Church* Magnificence and Splendor hath ever been an argument of God's favour; and Poverty and Affliction to the *Greek*. Out of this variety of minds it proceeds, that, though all our Souls would go to one end, heaven; and all our bodies must go to one end, the earth; yet our third part, the mind, which is our natural Guide here, chooses to every man a several way. Scarce any man likes what another doth, nor advisedly that which himself. But, Sir, I am beyond my purpose; I meant to write a letter, and I am fall'n into a discourse, and do not only take you from some business, but I make you a new business, by drawing you into these meditations. In which yet let my openness be an argument of such love, as I would fain express in some worthier fashion,

The end of the Letters,



INFINITATI SACRUM,

16 Augusti, 1601.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

Poema Satyricon.

EPISTLE.

Others at the Porches and Entries of their buildings set their Arms; I my Picture; if any colours can deliver a mind so plain, and flar, and through-light as mine. Naturally at a new Author I doubt, and stick, and do not say quickly Good. I censure much and tax; And this liberty costs me more than others. Yet I wou'd not be so rebellious against my self, as not to do it, since I love it; nor so unjust to others, to do it sine talione. As long as I give them as good hold upon me, they must pardon me my bitings. I forbid no reprehender, but him, that like the Trent Council, forbids not books, but Authors, damning what ever such a name hath or shall write. None write so ill, that he gives not something exemplary to follow, or fly. Now when I begin this book, I have no purpose to come into any man's debt; how my stock will hold out, I know not; perchance waste, perchance increase in use. If I do borrow any thing of Antiquity, besides that I make account that I pay it to posterity, with as much, and as good, you shall still find me to acknowledge it, and

EPISTLE.

to thank not him only, that hath digg'd out treasure for me, but that hath lighted me a candle to the place. All, which I will bid you remember (for I will have no such Readers, as I can teach) is, that the Pythagorean doctrine doth not only carry one soul from man to man, nor man to beast, but indifferently to plants also: and therefore you must not grudge to find the same soul in an Emperour, in a Post-horse, and in a Maceron; since no unreadiness in the soul, but an indispositon in the Organs works this. And therefore, though this soul could not move when it was a Melon, yet it may remember, and can now tell me, at what lascivious banquet it was serv'd: And though it could not speak, when it was a Spider, yet it can remember, and now tell me, who used it for poyson to attain dignity. How ever the bodys have dull'd her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her own; which makes me so seriously deliver you by her relation all her passages from her first making, when she was that apple which EVE eat, to this time when she is she, whose life you shall find in the end of this book.



THE



THE
P R O G R E S S
Of the S O U L.

First S O N G.

I.

I Sing the progress of a deathless soul, [troll,
Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not con-
Plac'd in most shapes; all times, before the law
Yoak'd us, and when, and since, in this I sing;
And the great world t' his aged evening,
From infant morn, though manly noon I draw;
What the gold *Chaldee*, or silver *Persian* saw,
Greek brass, or *Roman* iron, 'is in this one;
A work t' out-wear *Seth's* pillars, brick and stone,
And (holy Writ excepted) made to yield to none.

II.

Thee, Eye of Heaven, this great Soul envies not;
By thy male force is all, we have begot.
In the first East thou now begin'st to shine,
Suck'st early balm, and Island spices there;
And wilt anon in thy loose-rein'd career
At *Tagns*, *Po*, *Seine*, *Thames*, and *Danow* dine,
And see at night thy *Western Land* of *Myne*;
Yet hast thou not more Nations seen than she,
That before thee one day began to be;
And, thy frail light being quench'd, shall long, long
outlive thee,

III.

Nor, holy *Janus*, in whose sovereign boat
The Church, and all the Monarchies did float;
That swimming College, and free Hospital
Of all mankind, that Cage and vivary
Of fowls and beasts, in whose womb Destiny
Us and our latest Nephews did install;
(From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this All)
Didst thou in that great stewardship embark
So divers shapes into that floating park, [spark.
As have been mov'd, and inform'd by this heav'nly

IV.

Great Destiny, the Commissary of God,
That hast mark'd out a path and period
For every thing; who, where we off-spring took,
Our ways and ends seest at one instant. Thou
Knot of all causes, thou, whose changeless brow
Ne'er smiles nor frowns, O vouchsafe thou to look,
And shew my story, in thy eternal book.
That (if my prayer be fit) I may understand
So much my self, as to know with what hand,
How scant, or liberal, this my life's race is spann'd.

V.

To my six lusters, almost now out-wore,
Except thy book owe me so many more;
Except my legend be free from the letts
Of steep ambition, sleepy poverty,
Spirit-quenching sickness, dull captivity,
Distracting business, and from beautie's nets,
And all that calls from this and t'others whets;
O! let me not launch out, but let me save
Th'expense of brain and spirit; that my grave
His right and due, a whole unwaisted man, may have.

VI.

But if my days be long, and good enough,
In vain this sea shall enlarge, or enrough
It self; for I will through the wave and foam,
And hold in sad lone ways a lively spright,
Make my dark heavy Poem light, and light.

For, though thro' many straights and lands I roam,
 I launch at Paradise, and sail towards home:
 The course, I there began, shall here be stay'd;
 Sails hoisted there, struck here; and Anchors laid
 In *Thames*, which were at *Tygris* and *Euphrates* weigh'd.

VII.

For the great soul, which here amongst us now
 Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and
 Which, as the Moon the Sea, moves us; to hear [brow,
 Whose story with long patience you will long;
 (For 'tis the crown, and last strain of my song)
 This soul, to whom *Luther* and *Mahomet* were
 Prisons of flesh; this soul, which oft did tear,
 And mend the wrecks of th' Empire, and late *Rome*,
 And liv'd when every great change did come,
 Had first in Paradise a low but fatal room.

VIII.

Yet no low room, nor then the greatest, less,
 If (as devout and sharp men fitly guess)
 That Cross, our joy and grief, (where nails did tie
 That All, which always was all, every where;
 Which could not sin, and yet all sins did bear;
 Which could not die, yet could not choose but die;)
 Stood in the self-same room in *Calvary*,
 Where first grew the forbidden learned tree;
 For on that tree hung in securitie [free.
 This soul, made by the Maker's will from pulling

IX.

Prince of the Orchard, fair as dawning morn,
 Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as soon as born,
 That apple grew, which this soul did enlive;
 Till the then climbing serpent, that now creeps
 For that offence, for which all mankind weeps,
 Took it, and t' her, whom the first man did wive
 (Whom, and her race, only forbiddings drive)
 He gave it, she t' her husband; both did eat:
 So perished the eaters, and the meat; [sweat.
 And we (for treason taints the blood) thence die and

X.

Man all at once was there by woman slain;
 And one by one we're here slain o'er again
 By them. The Mother poyson'd the Well-head,
 The daughters here corrupt us, Rivulets;
 No smallness 'scapes, no greatness breaks their nets;
 She thrust us out, and by them we are led
 Astray, from turning to whence we are fled.
 Were prisoners judges, 'twould seem rigorous;
 She sinn'd, we bear; part of our pain is thus [us
 To lovethem, whose fault to this painful love yolk'd

XI.

So fast in us doth this corruption grow,
 That now we dare ask why we should be so;
 Would God (disputes the curious Rebel) make
 A law, and would not have it kept? Or can
 His creature's will cross his? Of every man,
 For one, will God (and be just) vengeance take?
 Who sinn'd? 'twas not forbidden to the Snake,
 Nor her, who was not then made; nor is't writ,
 That *Adam* cropt, or knew the Apple; yet
 The worm, and she, and he, and we endure for it.

XII.

But snatch me, heav'nly Spirit, from this vain
 Reck'ning their vanity; less is their gain
 Than hazard still to meditate on ill, [toys
 Though with good mind; their reason's like those
 Of glassie bubbles, which the gamesome boys
 Stretch to so nice a thinness through a quill,
 That they themselves break, and do themselves spill.
 Arguing is heretique's game, and Exercise,
 As wrestlers, perfects them: Not liberties [resies.
 Of speech, but silence; hands, not tongues, end he-

XIII.

Just in that instant, when the serpent's gripe
 Broke the slight veins, and tender conduit pipe,
 Thro' which this soul from the tree's root did draw
 Life and growth to this Apple, fled away
 This loose soul, old, one and another day.

As lightning, which one scarce dare say he saw,
 'Tis so soon gone, (and better proof the law
 Of sense, than faith requires) swiftly she flew
 T' a dark and foggy Plot; Her, her fates threw
 There thro' th' earth's pores, and in a Plant hous'd her

XIV.

[anew.

The plant, thus abled, to it self did force
 A place, where no place was; by nature's course
 As air from water, water fleets away
 From thicker bodies; by this root throng'd so
 His spongy confines gave him place to grow:
 Just as in our streets, when the people stay
 To see the Prince, and so fill up the way,
 That weasels scarce could pass; when she comes near,
 They throng, and cleave up, and a passage clear,
 As if for that time their round bodies flatned were.

XV.

His right arm he thrust out towards the East,
 Westward his left; th' ends did themselves digest
 Into ten lesser strings, these fingers were:
 And as a slumb'rer stretching on his bed,
 This way he this, and that way scattered
 His other leg, which feet with toes up bear;
 Grew on his middle part, the first day, hair,
 To show, that in love's bus'ness he should still
 A dealer be, and be us'd, well or ill:
 His apples kindle; his leaves force of conception kill.

XVI.

A mouth, but dumb, he hath; blind eyes, deaf
 And to his shoulders dangle subtile hairs; [ears;
 A young *Colossus* there he stands upright:
 And, as that ground by him were conquered,
 A leafie garland wears he on his head
 Enchas'd with little fruits, so red and bright,
 That for them you would call your love's lips white;
 So of a lone unhaunted place possesst,
 Did this soul's second Inn, built by the guest
 This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest.

XVII.

No lustful woman came this plant to grieve,
But 'twas, because there was none yet but *Eve*:
And she (with other purpose) kill'd it quite;
Her sin had now brought in infirmities,
And so her cradled child the moist-red eyes
Had never shut, nor slept, since it saw light;
Poppy she knew, she knew the mandrake's might,
And tore up both, and so cool'd her child's blood:
Unvirtuous weeds might long unvex'd have stood;
But he's short liv'd, that with his death can do most

XVIII.

[good.

To an unfetter'd soul's quick nimble haste
Are falling stars, and heart's thoughts, but slow pac'd:
Thinner than burnt air flies this soul, and she,
Whom four new coming, and four parting Suns
Had found, and left the Mandrake's tenant, runs
Thoughtless of change, when her firm destiny
Confin'd, and engoal'd her, that seem'd so free,
Into a small blew shell; the which a poor
Warm bird o'erspread, and sat still evermore,
Till her enclos'd child kick'd, and pick'd it self a door.

XIX.

Out crept a sparrow, this soul's moving Inn,
On whose raw arms stiff feathers now begin,
As childrens teeth through gums, to break with pain;
His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones threads;
All a new downy mantle overspreads.
A mouth he opes, which would as much contain
As his late house, and the first hour speaks plain,
And chirps aloud for meat. Meat fit for men
His father steals for him; and so feeds then [hen.
One, that within a month will beat him from his

XX.

In this world's youth wise nature did make haste,
Things ripen'd sooner, and did longer last;
Already this hot cock in bush and tree,
In field and tent o'erflutters his next hen;
He asks her not who did so taste, nor when;

Nor if his sister or his niece she be,
 Nor doth she pule for his inconstancy,
 If in her sight he change; nor doth refuse
 The next, that calls; both liberty do use; [choose.
 Where store is of both kinds, both kinds may freely

XXI.

Men, till they took laws, which made freedom less,
 Their daughters and their sisters did ingress;
 Till now unlawful, therefore ill, 'twas *not*;
 So jolly, that it can move this soul: Is
 The body so free of his kindnesses,
 That self-preserving it hath now forgot,
 And slack'neth not the soul's and body's knot,
 Which temp'rance straitens? freely on his she-friends
 He blood, and spirit, pith, and marrow spends,
 Ill steward of himself, himself in three years ends.

XXII.

Else might he long have liv'd; man did not know
 Of gummy blood, which doth in Holly grow,
 How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive
 With feign'd calls, his nets, or enwrapping snare
 The free inhabitants of th' pliant air.
 Man to beget, and woman to conceive,
 Ask'd not of roots, nor of cock-sparrows, leave;
 Yet chooseth he, though none of these he fears,
 Pleasantly three; then straitned twenty years,
 To live, and to encrease his race, himself outwears.

XXIII.

This coal with overblowing quench'd and dead,
 The soul from her too active organs fled
 T' a brook; a female fish's sandy Roe
 With the male's jelly newly leav'ned was,
 For they had intertouch'd, as they did pass;
 And one of those small bodies, fitted so,
 This soul inform'd; and able it to row
 It self with finny oars, which she did fit,
 Her scales seem'd yet of parchment; and as yet
 Perchance a fish, but by no name, you could call it.

XXIV.

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim,
A Swan so white, that you may unto him
Compare all whiteness, but himself to none,
Glided along, and, as he glided, watch'd,
And with his arched neck this poor fish catch'd:
It mov'd with state, as if to look upon
Low things it scorn'd; and yet, before that one
Could think he sought it, he had swallow'd clear
This, and much such; and unblam'd; devour'd there
All, but who too swift, too great, or well armed were.

XXV.

Now swam a prison in a prison put,
And now this Soul in double walls was shut;
Till, melted with the Swan's digestive fire,
She left her house the fish, and vapour'd forth:
Fate, not affording bodys of more worth
For her as yet, bids her again retire
T' another fish, to any new desire
Made a new prey: For he, that can to none
Resistance make, nor complaint, is sure gone;
Weakness invites, but silence feasts oppression.

XXVI.

Pace with the native stream this fish doth keep,
And journies with her towards the glassy deep,
But oft retarded; once with a hidden net, [taught
Though with great windows, (for when need first
These tricks to catch food, then they were not
As now, with curious greediness, to let [wrought,
None 'scape, but few, and fit for use to get.)
As in this trap a rav'nous Pike was ta'en,
Who, though himself distressed, would fain have slain
This wretch; so hardly are ill habits left again.

XXVII.

Here by her smallness she two deaths o'erpass,
Once innocence 'scap'd, and left th' oppressor fast;
The net through swam, she keeps the liquid path,
And whether she leap up sometimes to breath,
And suck in air, or find it underneath;

Or working parts like mills, or limbecks hath,
 To make the water thin, and air like faith,
 Cares not, but safe the Place she's come unto,
 Where fresh with salt waves meet; and what to do
 She knows not, but between both makes a board or

XXVIII.

[two.

So far from hiding her guests water is,
 That she shews them in bigger quantities,
 Than they are. Thus her, doubtful of her way,
 For game, and not for hunger, a Sea-Pie
 Spy'd through his traiterous spectacle from high
 The silly fish, where it disputing lay,
 And, t' end her doubts and her, bears her away;
 Exalted she's but to th'exalter's good,
 (As are by great ones men, which lowly stood)
 It's rais'd to be the Raifer's instrument and food.

XXIX.

Is any kind subject to rape like fish?
 Ill unto man they neither do, nor wish;
 Fishers they kill not, nor with noyse awake;
 They do not hunt, nor strive to make a prey
 Of beasts, nor their young sons to bear away;
 Fowls they pursue not, nor do undertake
 To spoyl the nests industrious birds do make;
 Yet them all these unkind kinds feed upon:
 To kill them is an occupation,
 And laws make Fasts and Lents for their destruction.

XXX.

A sudden stiff land-wind in that self hour
 To sea-ward forc'd this bird, that did devour
 The fish; he cares not, for with ease he flies,
 Fat gluttony's best orator: at last
 So long he hath flown, and hath flown so fast,
 That leagues o'erpass at sea, now tir'd he lies,
 And with his prey, that till then languisht, dies:
 The souls, no longer foes, two ways did err.
 The fish I follow, and keep no Calendar
 Of th' other: he lives yet in some great Officer.

XXXI. Into

XXXI.

Into an embryo fish our Soul is thrown,
 And in due time thrown out again, and grown
 To such vastness; as if unmanacled
 From *Greece Morea* were, and that, by some
 Earthquake unrooted, loose *Morea* swam;
 Or seas from *Africk's* body 'had severed
 And torn the *Hopeful Promontory's* head;
 This fish would seem these, and, when all hopes fail,
 A great ship overfet, or without sail [whale.
 Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like this

XXXII.

At every stroke his brazen fins do take,
 More circles in the broken sea they make,
 Than cannon's voyces, when the air they tear:
 His ribs are pillars, and his high arch'd roof
 Of bark, that blunts best steel, is thunder-proof:
 Swim in him swallow'd Dolphins without fear,
 And feel no sides, as if his vast womb were
 Some inland sea; and ever, as he went,
 He spouted rivers up, as if he meant
 To joyn our seas with seas above the firmament.

XXXIII.

He hunts not fish, but as an officer
 Stays in his Court, at his own net, and there
 All suitors of all sorts themselves enthrall;
 So on his back lies this whale wantoning,
 And in his gulf-like throat sucks every thing,
 That passeth near. Fish chaseth fish, and all,
 Flyer and follower, in this whirlpool fall;
 O might nor States of more equalitie
 Consist? and is it of necessity [must die?
 That thousand guiltless Smalls, to make one great,

XXXIV.

Now drinks he up seas, and he eats up flocks;
 He justles Islands, and he shakes firm Rocks:
 Now in a roomful house this soul doth float,

And, like a Prince, she sends her faculties
 To all her limbs, distant as Provinces.
 The Sun hath twenty times both *Crab* and *Goat*
 Parched, since first launch'd forth this living boat ;
 'Tis greatest now, and to destruction
 Nearest: There's no pause at perfection ;
 Greatness a period hath, but hath no station.

XXXV.

Two little fishes, whom he never harm'd,
 Nor fed on their kind, two, not throughly arm'd
 With hope that they could kill him, nor could do
 Good to themselves by his death (they did not eat
 His flesh, nor suck those oyls, which thence outstreat)
 Conspir'd against him ; and it might undo
 The plot of all, that the plotters were two,
 But that they fishes were, and could not speak.
 How shall a Tyrant wise strong projects break,
 If wretches can on them the common anger wreak?

XXXVI.

The flail'd-finn'd Thresher, and steel-beak'd Sword-
 Only attempt to do, what all do wish: [fish
 The Thresher backs him, and to beat begins ;
 The sluggard Whale yields to oppression,
 And, t' hide himself from shame and danger, down
 Begins to sink ; the sword-fish upward spins,
 And gores him with his beak ; his staff-like fins
 So well the one, his sword the other plies,
 That, now a scoff and prey, this tyrant dies,
 And (his own dole) feeds with himself all companies.

XXXVII.

Who will revenge his death? or who will call
 Those to account, that thought and wrought his fall?
 The heirs of slain kings we see 'are often so
 Transported with the joy of what they get,
 That they revenge and obsequies forget ;
 Nor will against such men the people go,
 Because he's now dead, to whom they should shew

Love in that act. Some kings by vice being grown
So needy' of subject's love, that of their own [shown.
They think they lose, if love be to the dead Prince

XXXVIII.

This Soul, now free from prison and passion,
Hath yet a little indignation,
That so small hammers should so soon down beat
So great a castle: And having for her house
Got the strait cloyster of a wretched mouse,
(As basest men, that have not what to eat,
Nor enjoy ought, do far more hate the great,
Than they, who good repos'd estates possess)
This Soul, late taught that great things might by less
Be slain, to gallant mischief doth her self address.

XXXIX.

Nature's great master-piece, an Elephant
(The only harmless great thing) the giant
Of beasts; who Thought none had, to make him wise,
But to be just and thankful, loth t' offend
(Yet nature hath giv'n him no knees to bend)
Himself he up-props, on himself relies,
And, foe to none, suspects no enemies,
Still sleeping stood; vex't not his fantasie
Black dreams, like an unbent bow carelessly
His sinewy Proboscis did remissly lie.

XL.

In which, as in a gallery, this mouse
Walk'd, and survey'd the rooms of this vast house;
And to the brain, the soul's bed-chamber, went,
And gnaw'd the life-cords there: Like a whole town
Clean undermin'd, the slain beast tumbled down;
With him the murth'rer dies, whom envy sent
To kill, not 'scape (for only he, that meant
To die, did ever kill a man of better room)
And thus he made his foe his prey and tomb:
Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come.

XLI.

Next hous'd this Soul a Wolf's yet unborn whelp,
Till the best midwife, Nature, gave it help
To issue: It could kill, as soon as go.

Abel, as white and mild, as his sheep were,
(Who, in that trade, of Church and Kingdoms there
Was the first type) was still infested so
With this wolf, that it bred his loss and woe;
And yet his bitch, his Centinel, attends
The flock so near, so well warns and defends,
That the wolf (hopeless else) to corrupt her intends.

XLII.

He took a course, which since successfully
Great men have often taken, to espy
The counsels, or to break the plots of foes;
To *Abel's* tent he stealeth in the dark,
On whose skirts the bitch slept: ere she could bark,
Attach'd her with strait gripes, yet he call'd those
Embracements of love; to love's work he goes,
Where deeds move more than words; nor doth she
Nor much resist, nor needs he straighten so (shew,
His prey, for were she loose, she would not bark nor go.

XLIII.

He hath engag'd her; his she wholly bides:
Who not her own, none other's secrets hides,
If to the flock he come, and *Abel* there,
She feigns hoarse barkings, but she biteth not;
Her faith is quite, but not her love forgot.
At last a trap, of which some every where
Abel had plac'd, ends all his loss and fear,
By the wolve's death; and now just time it was,
That a quick soul should give life to that mass
Of blood in *Abel's* bitch, and thither this did pass.

XLIV.

Some have their wives, their sisters some begot;
But in the lives of Emperors you shall not
Read of a lust, the which may equal this:
This wolf begot himself, and finished,
What he began alive, when he was dead.

Son to himself, and father too, he is
A riding lust, for which Schoolmen would miss
A proper name. The whelp of both these lay
In *Abel's* tent, and with soft *Moaba*,
His sister, being young, it us'd to sport and play.

XLV.

He soon for her too harsh and churlish grew,
And *Abel* (the dam dead) would use this new
For the field; being of two kinds thus made,
He, as his dam, from sheep drove wolves away,
And, as his Sire, he made them his own prey.
Five years he liv'd, and couzened with his trade;
Then, hopeless that his faults were hid, betray'd
Himself by flight, and by all followed,
From dogs a wolf, from wolves a dog he fled;
And, like a spie to both sides false, he perished.

XLVI.

It quick'ned next a roysful Ape, and so
Gamesome it was, that it might freely go
From tent to tent, and with the children play;
His organs now so like theirs he doth find,
That, why he cannot laugh and speak his mind,
He wonders. Much with all, most he doth stay
With *Adam's* fifth daughter, *Siphatecia*:
Doth gaze on her, and, where she passeth, pass,
Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the grass;
And, wisest of that kind, the first true lover was.

XLVII.

He was the first, that more desir'd to have
One than another; first, that e'er did crave
Love by mute signs, and had no power to speak;
First, that could make love-faces, or could do
The vaulter's sombersalts, or us'd to woo
With hoiting gambols, his own bones to break,
To make his Mistress merry; or to wreak
Her anger on himself. Sins against kind
They eas'ly do, that can let feed their mind [do find]:
With outward beauty, beauty they in boys and beasts

XLVIII.

By this misled, too low things men have prov'd,
 And too high ; Beasts and Angels have been lov'd :
 This Ape, though else through-vain, in this was wise ;
 He reach'd at things too high, but open way
 There was, and he knew not she would say nay.
 His toys prevail not, likelier means he tries,
 He gazeth on her face with tear-shot eyes,
 And up lifts subtly with his ruffet paw
 Her kid-skin apron without fear or awe
 Of nature ; nature hath no goal, tho' she hath law.

XLIX.

First she was silly, and knew not what he meant :
 That virtue, by his touches chafte and spent,
 Succeeds an itchie warmth, that melts her quite ;
 She knew not first, nor cares not what he doth,
 And willing half and more, more than half wrath,
 She neither pulls nor pushes, but out-right
 Now cries, and now repents ; when *Thelemite*,
 Her brother, entred, and a great stone threw
 After the Ape, who thus prevented flew.
 This house thus batter'd down, the soul possess'd a new.

L.

And whether by this change she lose or win, [in.
 She comes out next, where th' Ape would have gone
Adam and *Eve* had mingled blouds, and now,
 Like Chymique's equal fires, her temperate womb
 Had stew'd and form'd it : and part did become
 A spongie liver, that did richly allow,
 Like a free conduit on a high hill's brow,
 Life-keeping moisture unto every part ;
 Part hardned it self to a thicker heart,
 Whose busie furnaces life's spirits do impart.

LI.

Another part became the Well of sense,
 The tender well-arm'd feeling brain, from whence
 Those sinew strings, which do our bodies tie,
 Are ravell'd out ; and, fast there by one end,
 Did this soul limbs, these limbs a soul attend ;

And now they joyn'd, keeping some quality
Of every past shape ; she knew treachery,
Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enough
To be a woman: *Themech* she is now,
Sister and wife to *Cain*, *Cain*, that first did plough.

LII.

Whoe'er thou beest, that read'st this fullen Writ,
Which just so much courts thee, as thou dost it,
Let me arrest thy thoughts ; wonder with me
Why ploughing, building, ruling, and the rest,
Or most of those arts, whence our lives are blest,
By cursed *Cain's* race invented be,
And blest *Seth* vext us with Astronomy.
There's nothing simply good nor ill alone,
Of every quality Comparison
The only measure is, and Judge Opinion.

The end of the Progress of the Soul.





H O L Y S O N E T S.

I. *La Corona.*

D*Eign at my hands this crown of prayer and praise,*
Weav'd in my lone devout melancholy,
Thou, which of good hast, yea, art treasure,
All changing unchang'd, Ancient of days;
But do not with a vile crown of frail bays
Reward my Muse's white sinceritie,
But what thy thorny crown gain'd, that give me,
A crown of Glory, which doth flower always.
The ends crown our works, but thou crown'st our ends,
For at our ends begins our endless rest;
The first last end now zealously possessest,
With a strong sober thirst, my soul attends.
'Tis time that heart and voice be lifted high,
Salvation to all, that will, is nigh.

II. A N N U N C I A T I O N.

Salvation to all, that will, is nigh;
That All, which always is all every where,
Which cannot sin, and yet all sins must bear,
Which cannot die, yet cannot choose but die,
Lo, faithful Virgin, yields himself to lie
In prison, in thy womb; and though he there
Can take no sin, nor thou give, yet he'll wear,
Taken from thence, flesh, which death's force may
Ere by the spheres time was created, thou [trie.
Wast in his mind, who is thy Son, and Brother,
Whom thou conceiv'st conceived; yet thou 'rt now
Thy Maker's maker, and thy Father's mother,
Thou 'hast light in dark, and shutt'st in little room
Immensity, cloyster'd in thy dear womb.

III. N A T I V I T I E.

Immensity, cloyster'd in thy dear womb,
 Now leaves his well-belov'd imprisonment,
 There he hath made himself to his intent
 Weak enough, now into our world to come;
 But oh, for thee, for him, hath th' Inn no room?
 Yet lay him in his stall, and from the Orient
 Stars and wise men will travel, to prevent
 Th' effect of Herod's jealous general doom.
 Seest thou, my Soul, with thy Faith's eye, how he,
 Which fills all place, yet none holds him, doth lie?
 Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,
 That would have need to be pitied by thee?
 Kiss him, and with him into Egypt go,
 With his kind mother, who partakes thy woe.

IV. T E M P L E.

WITH his kind mother, who partakes thy woe,
 Joseph, turn back; see where your child doth
 Blowing, yea, blowing out those sparks of wit, [sit
 Which himself on the Doctors did bestow;
 The World but lately could not speak, and lo
 It suddenly speaks wonders: whence comes it,
 That all which was, and all which should be writ,
 A shallow-seeming child should deeply know?
 His Godhead was not foul to his Manhood,
 Nor had time mellow'd him to this ripeness;
 But as for one, which hath a long task, 'tis good
 With the Sun to begin his business,
 He in his age's morning thus began,
 By miracles exceeding power of man.

V. M I R A C L E S.

By miracles exceeding power of man
 He faith in some, envy in some beget;
 N 5

For, what weak spirits admire, ambitious hate;
 In both affections many to him ran:
 But oh! the worst are most, they will and can,
 Alas! and do unto th' immaculate,
 Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a fate,
 Measuring self-life's infinite to span,
 Nay, to an inch. Lo, where condemned he
 Bears his own cross with pain; yet by and by,
 When it bears him, he must bear more and die.
 Now thou art lifted up, draw me to thee,
 And, at thy death giving such liberal dole,
Moist with one drop of thy bloud my dry soul.

VI. RESURRECTION.

M *OIST with one drop of thy bloud, my dry soul*
 Shall (though she now be in extream degree
 Too stony hard, and yet too fleshly) be
 Freed by that drop, from being starv'd, hard or foul;
 And life, by this death abled, shall controll
 Death, whom thy death slew; nor shall to me
 Fear of first or last death bring miserie,
 If in thy life's-book my name thou inroll:
 Flesh in that long sleep is not putrified,
 But made that there, of which, and for which 'twas;
 Nor can by other means be glorified.
 May then sins sleep, and death soon from me pass,
 That, wak'd from both, I again risen may
Salute the last and everlasting day.

VII. ASCENSION.

S *alute the last and everlasting day,*
 Joy at th' uprising of this Sun, and Son,
 Ye, whose true tears or tribulation
 Have purely washt or burnt your droffy clay;
 Behold the Highest, parting hence away,
 Lightens the dark clouds, which he treads upon.

Nor doth he by ascending shew alone,
 But first he, and he first, enters the way.
 O strong Ram, which hast batter'd heav'n for me,
 Mild Lamb, which with thy blood hast mark'd the path,
 Bright torch, which shin'st, that I the way may see,
 Oh! with thy own blood quench thy own just wrath;
 And if thy holy Spirit my Muse did raise,
Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praise.

H O L Y S O N E T S.

I.

THOU hast made me, and shall thy work decay?
 Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste;
 I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
 And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
 I dare not move my dim eyes any way;
 Despair behind, and death before doth cast
 Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
 By sin in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh.
 Only thou art above, and when t'wards thee
 By thy leave I can look, I rise again;
 But our old subtile foe so tempteth me,
 That not one hour my self I can sustain;
 Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,
 And thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.

II.

AS due by many titles, I resign
 My self to thee, O God. First I was made
 By thee, and for thee; and, when I was decay'd,
 Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine;
 I am thy Son, made with thy self to shine,
 Thy servant, whose pains thou hast still repay'd,
 Thy Sheep, thine Image, and, till I betray'd

My self, a temple of thy spirit divine.
 Why doth the devil then usurp on me?
 Why doth he steal, nay, ravish that's thy right?
 Except thou rise, and for thine own work fight,
 Oh! I shall soon despair, when I shall see [me,
 That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not choose
 And Satan hates me, yet is loth to lose me.

III.

OH! Might these sighs and tears return again
 Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
 That I might in this holy discontent
 Mourn with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vain;
 In mine Idolatry what show'rs of rain
 Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my heart did rent?
 That sufferance was my sin I now repent;
 'Cause I did suffer, I must suffer pain.
 Th' hydroptick drunkard, and night-scouting thief,
 The itchy Lecher, and self-tickling proud,
 Have th' remembrance of past joys, for relief
 Of coming ills. To (poor) me is allow'd
 No ease; for long, yet vehement grief hath been
 Th' effect and cause, the punishment and sin.

IV.

OH! my black Soul, now thou art summoned
 By sickness, death's herald and champion;
 Thou'rt like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
 Treason, and durst not turn to whence he is fled;
 Or like a thief, which till death's doom be read,
 Wiseth himself delivered from prison;
 But damn'd and hawl'd to execution,
 Wiseth that still he might b' imprisoned:
 Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lack;
 But who shall give thee that grace to begin?
 Oh make thy self with holy mourning black,
 And red with blushing, as thou art with sin;

Or wash thee in Christ's bloud, which hath this might,
That, being red, it dies red souls to white.

V.

I Am a little world, made cunningly
Of Elements and an angelick spright ;
But black sin hath betray'd to endless night
My world's both parts, and (oh) both parts must die.
You, which beyond that heav'n, which was most high,
Have found new sphears, and of new land can write,
Pour new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
Drown my world with my weeping earnestly ;
Or wash it, if it must be drown'd no more :
But oh it must be burnt ; alas ! the fire
Of lust and envy burnt it heretofore,
And made it fouler : Let their flames retire,
And burn me, O Lord, with a fierie zeal
Of thee 'and thy house, which doth in eating heal.

VI.

THIS is my play's last scene, here heavens appoint
My pilgrimage's last mile ; and my race,
Idly yet quickly run, hath this last pace,
My span's last inch, my minute's latest point ;
And gluttonous death will instantly unjoynt
My body and soul, and I shall sleep a space ;
But my 'ever-waking part shall see that face,
Whose fear already shakes my every joynt :
Then as my soul to heav'n, her first seat, takes flight,
And earth-born body in the earth shall dwell,
So fall my sins, that all may have their right,
To where they're bred, and would press me to hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evil ;
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devil.

VII.

AT the round earth's imagin'd corners blow
 Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise
 From death, you numberless infinities
 Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,
 All, whom th' flood did, and fire shall overthrow ;
 All, whom war, death, age, ague's tyrannies,
 Despair, law, chance hath slain; and you, whose eyes
 Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe.
 But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space;
 For, if above all these my sins abound,
 'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace,
 When we are there. Here on this holy ground
 Teach me how to repent; for that's as good,
 As if thou 'had'st seal'd my pardon with thy blood.

VIII.

IF faithful souls be alike glorifi'd
 As Angels, then my father's soul doth see,
 And adds this ev'n to full felicitie,
 That valiantly I hell's wide mouth o'erstride:
 But if our minds to these souls be descry'd
 By circumstances and by signs, that be
 Apparent in us not immediately,
 How shall my mind's white truth by them be try'd?
 They see idolatrous lovers weep and mourn,
 And stile blasphemous Conjurers to call
 On Jesus' name, and Pharisaical
 Dissemblers feign devotion. Then turn,
 O pensive soul, to God; for he knows best
 Thy grief, for he put it into my breast.

IX.

IF poysonous Minerals, and if that tree,
 Whose Fruit threw death on (else immortal) us,

If lecherous Goats, if Serpents envious
 Cannot be damn'd, alas! why should I be?
 Why should intent or reason, born in me,
 Make sins, else equal, in me more heinous?
 And mercy being easie and glorious
 To God, in his stern wrath why threatens he?
 But who am I, that dare dispute with thee!
 O God, oh! of thine only worthy blood,
 And my tears, make a heav'nly *Lethean* flood,
 And drown in it my sin's black memory:
 That thou remember them, some claim as debt;
 I think it mercy, if thou wilt forget.

X.

DEATH, be not proud, tho' some have called thee
 Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
 For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
 Die not, poor death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
 From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
 Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow:
 And soonest our best men with thee do go,
 Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery. [men,
 Thou'rt slave to Fate, Chance, Kings, and desperate
 And dost with poyson, war and sickness dwell,
 And poppy 'or charms can make us sleep as well,
 And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
 One short sleep past, we wake eternally;
 And death shall be no more, death, thou shalt die.

XI.

SPIT in my face, you Jews, and pierce my side,
 Buffet and scoff, scourge and crucifie me:
 For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd; and only he,
 Who could do no iniquity, hath dy'd:
 But by my death cannot be satisfi'd:
 My sins, which pass the Jew's impietic:

They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
 Crucifie him daily, being now glorifi'd.
 O let me then his strange love still admire:
 Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment;
 And *Jacob* came, cloth'd in vile harsh attire,
 But to supplant, and with gainful intent:
 God cloth'd himself in vile man's flesh, that so
 He might be weak enough to suffer woe.

XII.

WHY are we by all creatures waited on?
 Why do the prodigal elements supply
 Life and food to me, being more pure than I,
 Simpler, and further from corruption?
 Why brook'st thou, ignorant horse, subjection?
 Why do you, bull and boar, so fillily
 Dissemble weakness, and by one man's stroke die,
 Whose whole kind you might swallow 'and feed upon?
 Weaker I am, woe's me! and worse than you;
 You have not sinn'd, nor need be timorous,
 But wonder at a greater, for to us
 Created nature doth these things subdue;
 But their Creator, 'whom sin, nor nature ty'd,
 For us, his Creatures, and his Foes, hath dy'd.

XIII.

WHAT if this present were the world's last
 Mark in my heart, O soul, where thou dost
 The Picture of Christ crucifi'd, and tell [dwell,
 Whether his countenance can thee affright;
 Tears in his eyes quench the amazing light,
 Bloud fills his frowns, which from his pierc'd head fell.
 And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
 Which pray'd forgiveness for his foe's fierce spight?
 No, no; but as in my Idolatrie
 I said to all my profane Mistresses,

Beauty of pity, foulness only is
A sign of rigour: so I say to thee;
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,
This beauteous form assumes a piteous mind.

XIV.

Batter my heart, three-person'd God; for you
As yet but knock, breath, shine, and seek to mend;
That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow me, 'and bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an usurpt Town to another due,
Labour t' admit you, but oh, to no end;
Reason, your Viceroy 'in me, we should defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue;
Yet dearly' I love you, and would be lov'd fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy:
Divorce me, 'untie, or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me; for I,
Except you 'enthral me, never shall be free;
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

XV.

WILT thou love God, as he thee? then digest,
My Soul, this wholesome meditation,
How God, the Spirit, by Angels waited on
In heav'n, doth make his temple in thy breast;
The Father having begot a Son most blest,
And still begetting, (for he ne'er begun)
Hath deign'd to choose thee by adoption,
Coheir to 'his glory, 'and Sabbath's endless rest.
And as a robb'd man, which by search doth find
His stoln stuff sold, must lose or buy't again:
The Sun of glory came down, and was slain,
Us, whom he 'had made, and Satan stole, t' unbind.
'Twas much, that Man was made like God before;
But, that God should be made like Man, much more.

XVI.

FAther, part of his double interest
 Unto thy Kingdom thy Son gives to me;
 His joynture in the knotty Trinity
 He keeps, and gives to me his death's conquest.
 This Lamb, whose death with life the world hath blest,
 Was from the world's beginning slain; and he
 Hath made two Wills, which, with the Legacie
 Of his and thy Kingdom, thy Sons invest:
 Yet such are these laws, that men argue yet,
 Whether a man those statutes can fulfill;
 None doth; but thy all-healing Grace and Spirit
 Revive again, what law and letter kill:
 Thy law's abridgment and thy last command
 Is all but love; O let this last Will stand!

On the blessed Virgin Mary.

IN that, O Queen of Queens, thy birth was free
 From that, which others doth of grace bereave,
 When in their mother's womb they life receive,
 God, as his sole-born daughter, loved thee.

To match thee like thy birth's nobility,
 He thee his Spirit for his spouse did leave,
 By whom thou didst his only Son conceive,
 And so wast link'd to all the Trinity.

Cease then, O Queens, that earthly Crowns do wear,
 To glory in the Pomp of earthly things;
 If men such high respects unto you bear,
 Which daughters, wives, and mothers are of Kings,
 What honour can unto that Queen be done,
 Who had your God for Father, Spouse and Son?

The C R O S S.

Since Christ embrac'd the Cross it self, dare I,
 His image, th' image of his Cross deny?
 Would I have profit by the Sacrifice,
 And dare the chosen Altar to despise?
 It bore all other sins, but is it fit
 That it should bear the sin of scorning it?
 Who from the picture would avert his eye,
 How would he flie his pains, who there did die?
 From me no Pulpit, nor misgrounded law,
 Nor scandal taken shall this Cross with-draw;
 It shall not, for it cannot; for the loss
 Of this Cross were to me another Cross;
 Better were worse, for no affliction,
 No Cross is so extream, as to have none.
 Who can blot out the Cross, which th' instrumen
 Of God dew'd on me in the Sacrament?
 Who can deny me power and liberty
 To stretch mine arms, and mine own Cross to be?
 Swim, and at every stroke thou art thy Cross:
 The mast and yard make one, where seas do toss.
 Look down, thou spy'st our crosses in small things;
 Look up, thou see'st birds rais'd on crossed wings.
 All the Globe's frame, and sphears, is nothing else
 But the Meridian's crossing Parallels.
 Material crosses then good physick be;
 But yet spiritual have chief dignity.
 These for extracted Chymique medicine serve,
 And cure much better, and as well preserve;
 Then are you your own Physick, or need none,
 When still'd or purg'd by tribulation:
 For, when that cross ungrudg'd unto you sticks,
 Then are you to your self a Crucifix.
 As perchance Carvers do not faces make,
 But that away, which hid them there, do take:
 Let Crosses so take what hid Christ in thee,
 And be his Image, or not his, but he.

But as oft Alchymists do Coyners prove,
 So may a self-despising get self-love.
 And then as worst surfeits of best meats be,
 So is pride, issued from humility;
 For 'tis no child, but monster: therefore cross
 Your joy in crosses, else, 'tis double loss;
 And cross thy senses, else both they and thou
 Must perish soon, and to destruction bow.
 For if th' eye see good objects, and will take
 No cross from bad, we cannot 'scape a snake.
 So with harsh, hard, sow'r, stinking cross the rest,
 Make them indifferent all; nothing best.
 But most the eye needs crossing, that can come
 And move: To th'others objects must come home.
 And cross thy heart: for that in man alone
 Pants downwards, and hath palpitation.
 Cross those detorsions, when it downward tends,
 And when it to forbidden heights pretends.
 And as the brain though bony walls doth want
 By Sutures, which a Crosse's form present:
 So when thy brain works, e'er thou utter it,
 Cross and correct concupiscence of wit.
 Be covetous of crosses, let none fall:
 Cross no man else, but cross thy self in all.
 Then doth the cross of Christ work faithfully
 Within our hearts, when we love harmlessly
 The Crosse's pictures much, and with more care
 That Crosse's children, which our crosses are.

P S A L M 137.

I.

BY *Euphrates'* flow'ry side
 We did bide,
 From dear *Juda* far absented,
 Tearing the air with our cries,
 And our eyes
 With their streams his stream augmented.

II.

When poor *Sion's* doleful state,
Defolate,
Sacked, burned, and inthrall'd;
And the Temple spoil'd, which we
Ne'er should see,
To our mirthless minds we call'd :

III.

Our mute harps, untun'd, unstrung;
Up we hung
On green willows near beside us ;
Where we sitting all forlorn,
Thus in scorn
Our proud Spoylers 'gan deride us.

IV.

Come, sad captives, leave your moans,
And your groans
Under *Sion's* ruins bury;
Tune your harps, and sing us lays
In the praise
Of your God, and let's be merry.

V.

Can, ah! can we leave our moans?
And our groans
Under *Sion's* ruins bury?
Can we in this Land sing Lays
In the praise
Of our God, and here be merry?

VI.

No; dear *Sion*, if I yet
Do forget
Thine affliction miserable,
Let my nimble joynts become
Stiff and numb,
To touch warbling harp unable.

VII.

Let my tongue lose singing skill,
Let it still

To my parched roof be glew'd ;
If in either harp or voice

I rejoyce,

Till thy joys shall be renew'd.

VIII.

Lord, curse *Edom's* trait'rous kind,

Bear in mind,

In our ruins how they revell'd :

Sack, kill, burn, they cry'd out still,

Sack, burn, kill,

Down with all, let all be levell'd.

IX.

And, thou *Babel*, when the tide

Of thy pride,

Now a flowing, grows to turning ;

Victor now, shall then be thrall,

And shall fall

To as low an ebb of mourning.

X.

Happy he, who shall thee waste,

As thou hast

Us without all mercy wasted,

And shall make thee taste and see,

What poor we

By thy means have seen and tasted.

XI.

Happy, who thy tender barns

From the arms

Of their wailing mothers tearing,

'Gainst the walls shall dash their bones,

Ruthless stones

With their brains and bloud besmearing.

Resurrection; Imperfect.

Sleep, sleep, old Sun, thou canst not have repast
As yet the wound, thou took'st on *Friday* last ;

So, then, and rest: the world may bear thy stay,
 Untill the Sun rose before thee to day;
 His light not content t' enlighten all that dwell
 About the earth's face, as thou, enlightned hell;
 He had made the dark fires languish in that vale,
 As at thy presence here our fires grow pale:
 Whose body having walk'd on earth, and now
 Hastning to Heav'n, would, that he might allow
 Himself unto all stations, and fill all,
 For these three days become a mineral.
 He was all gold, when he lay down, but rose
 All tincture; and doth not alone dispose
 Lead and iron wills to good, but is
 Of pow'r to make ev'n sinful flesh like his.
 Had one of those, whose credulous piety
 Thought, that a Soul one might discern and see
 Go from a body, 'at this sepulcher been,
 And issuing from the sheet this body seen,
 He would have justly thought this body a soul,
 If not of any man, yet of the whole.

Desunt cetera.

To Sir Robert CARR.

S I R,

I Presume you rather trie what you can do in me, than
 what I can do in verse; you know my uttermost
 when it was best, and even then I did best, when I had
 least truth for my subjects. In this present case there is
 so much truth, as it defeats all Poetry. Call therefore
 this paper by what name you will, and if it be not wor-
 thy of him, nor of you, nor of me, smother it, and be
 that the sacrifice. If you had commanded me to have
 waited on his body to Scotland and preached there,
 I would have embraced the obligation with more ala-
 crity; But I thank you, that you would command me

that, which I was loth to do, for even that hath
a tincture of merit to the obedience of

Your poor friend

and servant in Christ Jesus

J. DONNE.

An Hymn to the Saints, and to Marquess
HAMILTON.

WHether that soul, which now comes up to you,
Fill any former rank, or make a new,
Whether it take a name nam'd there before,
Or be a name it self, and order more
Than was in heav'n till now; (for may not he
Be so, if every several Angel be
A kind alone) What ever order grow
Greater by him in heav'n, we do not so.
One of your orders grows by his access;
But by his loss grow all our orders less:
The name of Father, Master, Friend, the name
Of Subject and of Prince, in one is lame;
Fair mirth is dampt, and conversation black,
The *Honshold* widow'd, and the *Garter* slack;
The *Chappel* wants an ear, *Council* a tongue;
Story a theam, and *Musick* lacks a song:
Blest order, that hath him! the loss of him
Gangreen'd all Orders here; all lost a limb!
Never made body such haste to confess
What a soul was; all former comeliness
Fled in a minute, when the soul was gone;
And, having lost that beauty, would have none:
So fell our *Monasteries*, in an instant grown,
Not to less houses, but to heaps of stone;

So

So sent his body, that fair form it wore,
 Unto the spear of forms, and doth (before
 His soul shall fill up his sepulchral stone)
 Anticipate a Resurrection;
 For as it is his fame, now his soul's here,
 So in the form thereof his body's there.
 And if, fair soul, not with first *Innocents*
 Thy station be, but with the *Penitents*;
 (And who shall dare to ask then, when I am
 Dy'd scarlet in the blood of that pure Lamb,
 Whether that colour, which is scarlet then,
 Were black or white before in eyes of men?)
 When thou remembrest what sins thou didst find
 Amongst those many friends now left behind,
 And seest such sinners, as they are, with thee
 Got thither by repentance, let it be
 Thy wish to wish all there, to wish them clean;
 With *him* a *David*, *her* a *Magdalen*.

The Annunciation and Passion.

TAmely, frail flesh, abstain to day; to day
 My soul eats twice, Christ hither and away;
 She sees him man, so like God made in this,
 That of them both a circle emblem is,
 Whose first and last concurr; this doubtful day
 Of feast or fast Christ came, and went away.
 She sees him nothing twice at once, who's all;
 She sees a Cedar plant it self, and fall:
 Her Maker put to making, and the head
 Of life, at once, not yet alive, and dead;
 She sees at once the Virgin mother stay
 Reclus'd at home, Publique at *Golgotha*.
 Sad and rejoyc'd she's seen at once, and seen
 At almost fifty and at scarce fifteen:
 At once a son is promis'd her, and gone;
Gabriel gives Christ to her, He her to *John*:

Not fully a mother, She's in Orbitie,
 At once Receiver and the Legacie.
 All this, and all between, this day hath shown,
 Th' Abridgment of Christ's story, which makes one
 (As in plain Maps the furthest West is East)
 Of th' Angel's *Ave*, and *consummatum est*.
 How well the Church, God's *Court of Faculties*.
 Deals in sometimes and seldom joyning these!
 As by the self-fix'd Pole we never do
 Direct our course, but the next star thereto,
 Which shews where th' other is, and which we say
 (Because it strays not far) doth never stray:
 So God by his Church, nearest to him, we know,
 And stand firm, if we by her motion go;
 His Spirit as his fiery Pillar doth
 Lead, and his Church as Cloud; to one end both.
 This Church, by letting those feasts joyn, hath shown
 Death and conception in mankind are one;
 Or 'twas in him the same humility,
 That he would be a man and leave to be.
 Or as creation he hath made, as God,
 With the last judgment but one period;
 His imitating Spouse would joyn in one
 Manhood's extreame: *he shall come, he is gone*.
 Or as though one blood drop, which thence did fall,
 Accepted, would have serv'd, he yet shed all;
 So though the least of his pains, deeds, or words,
 Would busie a life, she all this day affords.
 This treasure then in gross, my soul, up-lay,
 And in my life retail it every day.

GOODFRIDAY, 1613. *riding Westward.*

Let man's Soul be a Sphear, and then in this
 Th' intelligence, that moves, devotion is;
 And as the other Sphears, by being grown
 Subject to foreign motion, lose their own;

And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a year their natural form obey:
Pleasure or business so our souls admit
For their first mover, and are whirl'd by it.
Hence is't, that I am carried t'wards the West
This day, when my soul's form bends to the East;
There I should see a Sun by rising set,
And by that setting endless day beget.
But that Christ on his Cross did rise and fall,
Sin had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I 'almost be glad, I do not see
That spectacle of too much weight for me.
Who sees God's face, that is self-life, must die;
What a death were it then to see God die?
It made his own *Lieutenant*, Nature, shrink;
It made his footstool crack, and the Sun wink.
Could I behold those hands, which span the Poles,
And tune all sphears at once, pierc'd with those holes?
Could I behold that endless heighth, which is
Zenith to us and our *Antipodes*,
Humbled below us? or that bloud, which is
The seat of all our souls, if not of his,
Made dirt of dust? or that flesh, which was worn
By God for his apparel, ragg'd and torn?
If on these things I durst not look, durst I
On his distressed Mother cast mine eye,
Who was God's partner here, and furnish'd thus
Half of that sacrifice, which ransom'd us?
Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
They're present yet unto my memory, [me,
For that lookstowards them; and thou look'st towards
O Saviour, as thou hang'st upon the tree.
I turn my back to thee, but to receive
Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.
O think me worth thine anger, punish me,
Burn off my rust, and my deformity;
Restore thine Image so much by thy grace,
That thou may'st know me, and I'll turn my face.

The LITANIE.I. *The Father.*

FAther of Heav'n, and him, by whom
 It, and us for it, and all else for us
 Thou mad'st and govern'st ever, come,
 And re-create me, now grown ruinous:
 My heart is by dejection clay,
 And by self-murder red.

From this red earth, O Father, purge away
 All vicious tinctures, that new fashioned
 I may rise up from death, before I'm dead.

II. *The Son.*

O Son of God, who seeing two things,
 Sin and Death, crept in, which were never made,
 By bearing one, try'dst with what stings
 The other could thine heritage invade;
 O be thou nail'd unto my heart,
 And crucified again;

Part not from it, though it from thee would part,
 But let it be, by 'applying so thy pain,
 Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy passion slain.

III. *The Holy Ghost.*

O Holy Ghost, whose temple I
 Am, but of mud walls and condensed dust,
 And being sacrilegiously
 Half wasted with youth's fires, of pride and lust,
 Must with new storms be weather-beat;
 Double in my heart thy flame,
 Which let devout sad tears intend; and let
 (Though this glass Lanthorn, flesh, do suffer maim)
 Fire, Sacrifice, Priest, Altar be the same.

IV. *The Trinity.*

O Blessed glorious Trinity,
 Bones to philosophy, but milk to faith,
 Which, as wise serpents diversly
 Most slipperiness, yet most entanglings hath,

As you distinguish'd (undistinct)
 By pow'r, love, knowledge be;
 Give me such self diff'rent instinct,
 Of these let all me elemented be,
 Of pow'r to love, to know you 'unnumbered three.

V. *The Virgin Mary.*

For that fair blessed Mother-maid,
 Whose flesh redeem'd us (That she Cherubin,
 Which unlock'd Paradise, and made
 One claim for innocence, and disseiz'd sin;
 Whose womb was a strange heav'n, for there
 God cloath'd himself, and grew)
 Our zealous thanks we pour. As her deeds were
 Our helps, so are her prayers; nor can she sue
 In vain, who hath such titles unto you.

VI. *The Angels.*

And since this life our nonage is,
 And we in Wardship to thine Angels be,
 Native in heav'n's fair Palaces,
 Where we shall be but denizon'd by thee;
 As th'earth, conceiving by the Sun,
 Yields fair diversity,
 Yet never knows what course that light doth run:
 So let me study, that mine actions be
 Worthy their sight, though blind in how they see.

VII. *The Patriarchs.*

And let thy Patriarch's Desire
 (Those great Grandfathers of thy Church, which saw
 More in the cloud, than we in fire,
 Whom Nature clear'd more, than us Grace and Law,
 And now in heav'n still pray, that we
 May use our new helps right)
 Be satisfy'd, and fructifie in me:
 Let not my mind be blinder by more light,
 Nor Faith, by Reason added, lose her sight.

VIII. *The Prophees.*

Thy Eagle-sighted Prophets too,
 (Which were thy Church's Organs, and did sound

That harmony, which made of two
 One law, and did unite, but not confound ;
 Those heav'nly Poets, which did see
 Thy will, and it express
 In rythmique feet) in common pray for me ;
 That I by them excuse not my excess
 In seeking Secrets, or Poetiqueness.

IX. *The Apostles.*

And thy illustrious Zodiack
 Of twelve Apostles, which ingirt this All,
 (From whom whosoe'er do not take
 Their light, to dark deep pits thrown down do fall)
 As through their prayers thou' hast let me know,
 That their books are divine ;
 May they pray still, and be heard, that I go
 Th' old broad way in applying ; O decline
 Me, when my comment would make thy word mine.

X. *The Martyrs.*

And since thou so desirously
 Didst long to die, that long before thou could'st,
 And long since thou no more could'st dye,
 Thou in thy scatter'd mystique body would'st
 In *Abel* dye, and ever since
 In thine ; let their blood come
 To beg for us a discreet patience
 Of death, or of worse life ; for, oh ! to some
 Not to be Martyrs is a Martyrdom.

XI. *The Confessors.*

Therefore with thee triumpheth there
 A Virgin Squadron of white Confessors,
 Whose blouds betroth'd, not married were ;
 Tender'd, not taken by those Ravishers :
 They know, and pray, that we may know ;
 In every Christian
 Hourly tempestuous persecutions grow.
 Temptations martyr us alive ; A man
 Is to himself a *Dioclesian*.

XII. *The Virgins.*

The cold white-snowy Nunnery,
(Which, as thy Mother, their high Abbess, sent
Their bodies back again to thee,
As thou hadst lent them, clean and innocent)
Though they have not obtain'd of thee,
That or thy Church or I
Should keep, as they, our first integritie;
Divorce thou sin in us, or bid it die,
And call chaste widowhood Virginity.

XIII. *The Doctors.*

The sacred Academ above
Of Doctors, whose pains have unclasp'd and taught
Both books of life to us (for love
To know the Scripture tells us, we are wrote
In thy 'other book) pray for us there,
That what they have misdome,
Or mis-said, we to that may not adhere;
Their zeal may be our sin. Lord, let us run
Mean ways, and call them Stars, but not the Sun.

XIV.

And whil'ft this universal Choir,
(That Church in triumph, this in warfare here,
Warm'd with one all-partaking fire
Of love, that none be lost, which cost thee dear)
Prays ceaselessly, 'and thou hearken too,
(Since to be gracious
Our task is treble, to pray, bear, and do)
Hear this prayer, Lord; O Lord, deliver us
From trusting in those prayers, tho' pour'd out thus.

XV.

From being anxious, or secure,
Dead clouds of sadness, or light squibs of mirth;
From thinking, that great courts immure
All or no happiness; or that this earth
Is only for our prison fram'd,
Or that thou'rt covetous
To them thou lov'st, or that they are maim'd,

From reaching this world's sweets ; who seek thee thus
With all their might, Good Lord, deliver us.

XVI.

From needing danger to be good,
From owing thee yesterday's tears to-day,
From trusting so much to thy bloud,
That in that hope we wound our souls away ;
From bribing thee with Alms, t' excuse
Some sin more burdenous ;
From light affecting in religion news,
From thinking us all soul, neglecting thus
Our mutual duties, Lord, deliver us.

XVII.

From tempting Satan to tempt us,
By our connivance, or slack company ;
From measuring ill by vicious,
Neglecting to choak sin's spawn, Vanity ;
From indiscreet humility,
Which might be scandalous,
And cast reproach on Christianity ;
From being spies, or to spies pervious ;
From thirst or scorn of fame, deliver us.

XVIII.

Deliver us through thy descent
Into the Virgin, whose womb was a place
Of middle kind, and thou being sent
T' ungracious us, stay'd'st at her full Grace ;
And through thy poor birth, where first thou
Glorified'st Poverty,
And yet soon after riches didst allow,
By 'accepting King's gifts in th' Epiphany,
Deliver, and make us to both ways free.

XIX.

And through that bitter agony,
Which still is th' agony of pious wits,
Disputing what distorted thee,
And interrupted evenness with fits ;

And through thy free confession,
Though thereby they were then
Made blind, so that thou might'st from them have
Good Lord, deliver us, and teach us when [gone,
We may not, and we may blind unjust men.

XX.

Through thy submitting all, to blows
Thy face, thy robes to spoil, thy fame to scorn;
All ways, which Rage or Justice knows,
And by which thou could'st shew, that thou wast born;
And through thy gallant humbleness,
Which thou in death didst shew,
Dying before thy soul they could express;
Deliver us from death, by dying so
To this world, ere this world do bid us go.

XXI.

When senses, which thy soldiers are,
We arm against thee, and they fight for sin;
When want, sent but to tame, doth war,
And work despair a breach to enter in;
When plenty, God's Image and Seal,
Makes us idolatrous,
And love it, not him, whom it should reveal;
When we are mov'd to seem religious,
Only to vent wit, Lord, deliver us.

XXII.

In Churches when th' infirmity
Of him, which speaks, diminishes the Word;
When Magistrates do mis-apply
To us, as we judge, lay or ghostly sword;
When plague, which is thine Angel, reigns,
Or wars, thy Champions, sway;
When Heresie, thy second Deluge, gains;
In th' hour of death, th' Eve of last judgment-day,
Deliver us from the sinister way.

XXIII.

Hear us, O hear us, Lord: to thee
A sinner is more musick, when he prays,

Than Spears, or Angel's praises be
In Panegyrick *Alleluja's*;

Hear us; for till thou hear us, Lord,
We know not what to say:

Thine ear to' our sighs, tears, thoughts, gives voice and
O thou, who Satan heard'st in *Job's* sick day, [word.
Hear thy self now, for thou in us dost pray.

XXIV.

That we may change to evenness
This intermitting aguish Pietie;
That snatching cramps of wickedness,
And Apoplexies of fast sin may die;
That Musick of thy promises,
Not threats in Thunder, may
Awaken us to our just offices;
What in thy book thou dost, or creatures say,
That we may hear, Lord, hear us, when we pray.

XXV.

That our ear's sickness we may cure,
And rectifie those Labyrinths aright;
That we by heark'ning not procure
Our praise, nor other's dispraise so invite;
That we get not a slipperiness,
And senselessly decline,
From hearing bold wits jest at King's excess,
T' admit the like of Majestie divine;
That we may lock our ears, Lord, open thine.

XXVI.

That living law, the Magistrate,
Which, to give us and make us physick, doth
Our vices often aggravate;
That Preachers, taxing sin before her growth,
That Satan, and invenom'd men,
Which will, if we starve, dine,
When they do most accuse us, may see then
Us to amendment hear them; thee decline;
That we may open our ears, Lord, lock thine.

XXVII.

That learning, thine Embassadour,
From thine allegiance we never tempt;
That beauty, Paradise's flow'r,
For physick made, from poyson be exempt;
That wit, born apt high good to do,
By dwelling lazily
On Nature's nothing, be not nothing too;
That our affections kill us not, nor die;
Hear us, weak Echo's, O thou ear, and crie.

XXVIII.

Son of God, hear us; and since thou,
By taking our bloud, ow'st it us again,
Gain to thy self and us allow;
And let not both us and thy self be slain.
O Lamb of God, which took'st our sin,
Which could not stick to thee,
O let it not return to us again;
But Patient and Physician being free,
As sin is nothing, let it no where be.

*Upon the translation of the Psalms by Sir
Philip Sydney, and the Countess of Pem-
brook his Sister.*

ETernal God, (for whom whoever dare
Seek new expressions, do the Circle square,
And thrust into strait corners of poor wit
Thee, who art cornerless and infinite)
I would but bless thy Name, not name thee now;
(And thy gifts are as infinite as thou:.)
Fix we our praises therefore on this one,
That as thy blessed Spirit fell upon
These Psalm's first Author in a cloven tongue,
(For 'twas a double power by which he sung,

The highest matter in the noblest form ;)
 So thou hast cleft that Spirit, to perform
 That work again, and shed it here upon
 Two by their Blouds, and by thy Spirit one ;
 A Brother and a Sister, made by thee
 The Organ, where thou art the Harmony ;
 Two, that make one *John Baptist's* holy voice ;
 And who that Psalm, *Now let the Isles rejoyce,*
 Have both translated, and apply'd it too ;
 Both told us *what*, and taught us *how* to do.
 They shew us Islanders our Joy, our King,
 They tell us *why*, and teach us *how* to sing.
 Make all this All, three Choirs, heav'n, earth, and
 spheres ;

The first, Heav'n, hath a song, but no man hears ;
 The spheres have Musick, but they have no Tongue,
 Their harmony is rather danc'd than sung ;
 But our third Choir, to which the first gives ear,
 (For Angels learn by what the Church does here)
 This Choir hath all. The Organist is he,
 Who hath tun'd God and Man ; the Organ we :
 The songs are these, which heav'n's high holy Muse
 Whisper'd to *David*, *David* to the *Jews*,
 And *David's* Successors in holy zeal,
 In forms of joy and art do re-reveal
 To us so sweetly and sincerely too,
 That I must not rejoyce as I would do,
 When I behold, that these Psalms are become
 So well attir'd abroad, so ill at home ;
 So well in Chambers, in thy Church so ill,
 As I can scarce call that reform'd, until
 This be reform'd. Would a whole State present
 A lesser gift, than some one man hath sent ?
 And shall our Church unto our Spouse and King
 More hoarse, more harsh than any other, sing ?
 For *that* we pray, we praise thy name for *this*,
 Which by this *Moses* and this *Miriam* is
 Already done ; and as those Psalms we call
 (Though some have other Authors) *David's* all :

So though some have, some may some Psalms tran-
 We thy *Sydnean* Psalms shall celebrate; [state,
 And, till we come th' extemporal song to sing,
 (Learn'd the first hour, that we see the King,
 Who hath translated those translators) may
 These, their sweet learned labours, all the way
 Be as our tuning; that, when hence we part,
 We may fall in with them, and sing our part.

O D E.

I.

Vengeance will sit above our faults; but till
 She there do sit,
 We see her not, nor *them*. Thus blind, yet still
 We lead her way; and thus, whilst we do ill,
 We suffer it.

II.

Unhappy he, whom youth makes not beware
 Of doing ill:
 Enough we labour under age and care;
 In number, th' errors of the last place are
 The greatest still.

III.

Yet we, that should the ill, we now begin,
 As soon repent,
 (Strange thing!) perceive not; our faults are not
 But past us; neither felt, but only in [seen,
 The punishment.

IV.

But we know our selves least; Mere outward shews
 Our minds so store,
 That our souls, no more than our eyes, disclose
 But form and colour. Only he, who knows
 Himself, knows more.

J. D.

To Mr. Tilman, after he had taken Orders.

THOU, whose diviner soul hath caus'd thee now
 To put thy hand unto the holy Plough,
 Making Lay-scornings of the Ministry,
 Not an impediment, but victory;
 What bring'st thou home with thee? how is thy mind
 Affected since the vintage? Dost thou find
 New thoughts and stirrings in thee? and, as Steel
 Toucht with a Load-stone, dost new motions feel?
 Or as a Ship, after much pain and care,
 For Iron and Cloth brings home rich *Indian* ware,
 Hast thou thus traffiqu'd, but with far more gain
 Of noble goods, and with less time and pain?
 Thou art the same materials as before,
 Only the stamp is changed, but no more.
 And as new crowned Kings alter the face,
 But not the Money's substance; so hath Grace
 Chang'd only God's old Image by Creation,
 To Christ's new stamp, at this thy Coronation;
 Or as we paint Angels with wings, because
 They bear God's message, and proclaim his laws;
 Since thou must do the like, and so must move,
 Art thou new-feather'd with celestial love?
 Dear, tell me where thy purchase lies, and shew
 What thy advantage is above, below;
 But if thy gainings do surmount expression,
 Why doth the foolish world scorn that profession,
 Whose joys pass speech? Why do they think unfit
 That Gentry should joyn families with it?
 As if their day were only to be spent
 In dressing, mistressing, and compliment.
 Alas poor joys, but poorer men, whose trust
 Seems richly placed in sublimed dust!
 (For such are cloaths and beauty; which, tho' gay,
 Are, at the best, but of sublimed clay)
 Let then the world thy calling disrespect;
 But go thou on, and pity their neglect.

**What function is so noble, as to be
Embassadour to God and Destiny?**

To open life, to give kingdoms to more
Than Kings give dignities; to keep heav'n's door?
Mary's prerogative was to bear Christ, so
'Tis Preacher's to convey him; for they do,
As Angels out of Clouds, from Pulpits speak;
And bless the poor beneath, the lame, the weak.
If then th' Astronomers, whereas they spy
A new-found Star, their opticks magnifie;
How brave are those, who with their Engine can
Bring man to heav'n, and heav'n again to man?
These are thy titles and pre-eminences,
In whom must meet God's graces, Men's offences;
And so the heav'ns, which beget all things here,
And th' earth, our mother, which these things doth
Both these in thee are in thy calling knit, [bear,
And make thee now a blest Hermaphrodite.

A Hymn to Christ, at the Author's last going into Germany.

IN what torn ship soever I embark,
That ship shall be my emblem of thy Ark;
What sea soever swallow me, that flood
Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood.
Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise
Thy face, yet through that mask I know those eyes,
Which, though they turn away sometimes,
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this Island unto thee,
And all, whom I love here, and who love me;
When I have put this flood 'twixt them and me,
Put thou thy blood betwixt my sins and thee,
As the tree's sap doth seek the root below
In winter, in my winter now I go,

Where none but thee, th' Eternal root
Of true love, I may know.

Nor thou, nor thy religion, dost contrail
The amorousness of an harmonious Soul ;
But thou would'st have that love thy self : as thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now.
Thou lov'st not, till from loving more thou free
My soul : Who ever gives, takes liberty :
Oh, if thou car'st not whom I love,
Alas, thou lov'st not me.

Seal then this bill of my Divorce to All,
On whom those fainter beams of love did fall ;
Marry those loves, which in youth scatter'd be
On Face, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses) to thee.
Churches are best for Prayer, that have least light ;
To see God only, I go out of sight :
And to 'scape stormy days, I choose,
An everlasting night.

On the Sacrament.

HE was the Word, that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it ;
And what that Word did make it,
I do believe and take it.

*The Lamentations of Jeremy, for the most
part according to Tremellius.*

C H A P. I.

1. **H**OW fits this City, late most populous,
Thus solitary, 'and like a widow thus ?
Amplest of Nations, Queen of Provinces
She was, who now thus tributary is,

2. Still in the night she weeps, and her tears fall
Down by her cheeks along, and none of all
Her lovers comfort her; Perfidiously
Her friends have dealt, and now are enemy.

3. Unto great bondage and afflictions
Juda is captive led; those Nations,
With whom she dwells, no place of rest afford;
In straights she meets her Persecutor's sword.

4. Emptie are th' gates of *Sion*, and her ways
Mourn, because none come to her solemn days:
Her Priests do groan, her maids are comfortless;
And she's unto her self a bitterness.

5. Her foes are grown her head, and live at Peace;
Because, when her transgressions did encrease,
The Lord strook her with sadness: Th' enemy
Doth drive her children to captivitie.

6. From *Sion's* daughter is all beauty gone;
Like harts, which seek for Pasture, and find none,
Her Princes are: and now before the foe,
Which still pursues them, without strength they go.

7. Now in their days of Tears, *Jerusalem*
(Her men slain by the foe, none succouring them)
Remembers what of old sh' esteemed most,
Whilst her foes laugh at her, for which she 'hath lost.

8. *Jerusalem* hath sinn'd, therefore is she
Remov'd, as women in uncleanness be:
Who honour'd, scorn her; for her foulness they
Have seen; her self doth groan, and turn away.

9. Her foulness in her skirts was seen, yet she
Remembred not her end; miraculously

Therefore she fell, none comforting : Behold,
O Lord, my 'affliction, for the foe grows bold.

10. Upon all things, where her delight hath been,
The foe hath stretch'd his hand; for she hath seen
Heathen, whom thou command'ft should not do so,
Into her holy Sanctuary go.

11. And all her people groan and seek for bread;
And they have given, only to be fed,
All precious things, wherein their pleasure lay:
How cheap I'm grown, O Lord, behold, and weigh.

12. All this concerns not you, who pass by me ;
O see, and mark if any sorrow be
Like to my sorrow, which *Jehovah* hath
Done to me in the day of his fierce wrath ?

13. That fire, which by himself is governed,
He 'hath cast from heaven on my bones, and spread
A net before my feet, and me o'erthrown ;
And made me languish all the day alone.

14. His hands hath of my sins framed a yoke,
Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke
My strength: The Lord unto those enemies
Hath given me, from whom I cannot rise.

15. He under foot hath trodden in my fight
My strong men, he did company accite
To break my young men ; he the wine-press hath
Trod upon *Juda's* daughter in his wrath.

16. For these things do I weep, mine eye, mine eye
Casts water out ; for he, which should be nigh
To comfort me, is now departed far ;
The foe prevails, forlorn my children are.

17. There's none, tho' *Sion* do stretch out her hand,
 To comfort her; it is the Lord's command,
 That *Jacob's* foes girt him: *Jerusalem*
 Is as an unclean woman amongst them.

18. But yet the Lord is just, and righteous still,
 I have rebell'd against his holy will;
 O hear, all people, and my sorrow see,
 My maids, my young men in captivity.

19. I called for my *lovers* then, but they
 Deceiv'd me, and my Priests and Elders lay
 Dead in the City; for they sought for meat,
 Which should refresh their souls, and none could get.

20. Because I am in straits, *Jehovah*, see
 My heart o'erturn'd, my bowels muddy be;
 Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast
 The sword without, as death within doth waste.

21. Of all, which here I mourn, none comforts me;
 My foes have heard my grief, and glad they be,
 That thou hast done it; But thy promis'd day
 Will come, when, as I suffer, so shall they.

22. Let all their wickedness appear to thee,
 Do unto them, as thou hast done to me
 For all my sins: The sighs, which I have had,
 Are very many, and my heart is sad.

C H A P. II.

1. **H**OW over *Sion's* daughter hath God hung
 His wrath's thick cloud! and from heaven hath
 To earth the beauty 'of *Israel*, and hath [flung
 Forgot his foot-stool in the day of wrath!

2. The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed
 All *Jacob's* dwellings, and demolished
 To ground the strength of *Juda*, and prophan'd
 The Princes of the Kingdom and the Land.

3. In heat of wrath the horn of *Israel* he
 Hath clean cut off, and, left the enemy
 Be hindred, his right hand he doth retire;
 But is t'wards *Jacob* all-devouring fire.

4. Like to an enemy he bent his bow,
 His right-hand was in posture of a foe;
 To kill what *Sion's* daughter did desire,
 'Gainst whom his wrath he poured forth like fire.

5. For like an enemy *Jehovah* is,
 Devouring *Israel*, and his Palaces;
 Destroying holds, giving additions
 To *Juda's* daughter's lamentations.

6. Like to a Garden hedge he hath cast down
 The place, where was his Congregation,
 And *Sion's* Feasts and Sabbaths are forgot;
 Her King, her Priest, his wrath regarded not.

7. The Lord forsakes his Altar, and detests
 His Sanctuary; and in the foe's hands rests
 His Palace, and the Walls, in which their cries
 Are heard, as in the true solemnities.

8. The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound
 And level *Sion's* walls unto the ground;
 He draws not back his hand, which doth o'erturn
 The Wall and Rampart, which together mourn.

. The gates are sunk into the ground, and he
 Hath broke the bar; their Kings and Princes be

Amongst the Heathen, without law, nor there
Unto the Prophets doth the Lord appear.

10. There *Sion's* Elders on the ground are plac'd,
And silence keep; Dust on their heads they cast,
In sackcloth have they girt themselves, and low
The Virgins towards ground their heads do throw.

11. My bowels are grown muddy, and mine eyes
Are faint with weeping: and my liver lies
Pour'd out upon the ground, for misery,
That sucking children in the streets do die.

12. When they had cry'd unto their Mothers, where
Shall we have bread and drink? they fainted there;
And in the street like wounded persons lay,
Till 'twixt their mother's breasts they went away.

13. Daughter *Jerusalem*, oh! what may be
A witness, or comparison for thee?
Sion, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee?
Thy breach is like the Sea; what help can be?

14. For thee vain foolish things thy Prophets sought,
Thee thine iniquities they have not taught,
Which might disturb thy bondage: but for thee
False burthens and false causes they would see.

15. The passengers do clap their hands, and hiss,
And wag their head at thee, and say, Is this
That city, which so many men did call
Joy of the earth, and perfectest of all?

16. Thy foes do gape upon thee, and they hiss,
And gnash their teeth, and say, Devour we this;
For this is certainly the day, which we
Expected, and which now we find and see.

17. The Lord hath done that, which he purposed,
Fulfill'd his word, of old determined;
He hath thrown down, and not spar'd, and thy foe
Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him so.

18. But now their hearts unto the Lord do call,
Therefore, O walls of *Sion*, let tears fall
Down like a river day and night; take thee
No rest, but let thine eye incessant be.

19. Arise, cry in the night, pour out thy sins,
Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins;
Lift up thy hands to God, lest children die,
Which, faint for hunger, in the streets do lie.

20. Behold, O Lord, consider unto whom
Thou hast done this; what shall the women come
To eat their children of a span? shall thy
Prophet and Priest be slain in Sanctuary?

21. On ground in streets the young and old do lie,
My virgins and young men by sword do die;
Them in the day of thy wrath thou hast slain,
Nothing did thee from killing them contain.

22. As to a solemn feast, all, whom I fear'd,
Thou call'st about me: when thy wrath appear'd,
None did remain or 'scape; for those, which I
Brought up, did perish by mine enemy.

C H A P. III.

1. **I** Am the man, which have affliction seen,
Under the rod of God's wrath having been.
2. He hath led me to darkness, not to light:
3. And against me all day his hand doth fight.

4. He 'hath broke my bones, worn out my flesh and
5. Built up against me; and hath girt me in [skin;
With hemlock, and with labour; 6. and set me
In dark, as they who dead for ever be.

7. He 'hath hedg'd me, lest I 'scape, and added more
To my steel fetters, heavier than before.

8. When I cry out, he 'outshuts my prayer; 9. And hath
Stopp'd with hew'n stone my way, and turn'd my path.

10. And like a Lion hid in secrecy,
Or bear, which lies in wait, he was to me.

11. He stops my way, tears me, made desolate;

12. And he makes me the mark he shooteth at.

13. He made the children of his Quiver pass
Into my reins. 14. I with my people was
All the day long a song and mockery.

15. He hath fill'd me with bitterness, and he

Hath made me drunk with wormwood. 16. He hath
burst

My teeth with stones, and covered me with dust.

17. And thus my Soul far off from peace was set,
And my prosperity I did forget.

18. My strength, my hope, (unto my self I said)
Which from the Lord should come, is perished.

19. But when my mournings I do think upon,
My wormwood, hemlock, and affliction;

20. My soul is humbled in remembering this;

21. My heart considers; therefore hope there is,

22. 'Tis God's great mercy we're not utterly
Consum'd, for his compassions do not die;

23. For every morning they renewed be;
For great, O Lord, is thy fidelity.

24. The Lord is, saith my Soul, my portion,
And therefore in him will I hope alone.

25. The Lord is good to them, who 'on him rely,
And to the Soul, that seeks him earnestly.

26. It is both good to trust, and to attend
The Lord's saluation unto the end.

27. 'Tis good for one his yoke in youth to bear.

28. He sits alone, and doth all speech forbear,
Because he 'hath born it: 29. And his mouth he lays
Deep in the dust, yet then in hope he stays.

30. He gives his cheeks to who so ever will
Strike him, and so he is reproached still.

31. For not for ever doth the Lord forsake;

32. But when he 'hath struck with sadness, he doth take

Compassion, as his mercy's infinite.

33. Nor is it with his heart, that he doth smite,

34. That under foot the prisoners stamped be;

35. That a man's right the Judge himself doth see

To be wrung from him; 36. That he subverted is
In his just cause, the Lord allows not this.

37. Who then will say, that ought doth come to pass,
But that, which by the Lord commanded was?

38. Both good and evil from his mouth proceeds;

39. Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds?

40. Turn we to God, by trying out our ways;

41. To him in heav'n our hands with hearts upraise.

42. We have rebell'd, and fall'n away from thee;

Thou pardon'st not; 43. Useth no clemency;

Pursu'st us, kill'st us, cover'st us with wrath;

44. Cover'st thy self with clouds, that our prayer hath

No pow'r to pass: 45. And thou hast made us fall,
As refuse, and off-scouring, to them all.

46. All our foes gape at us. 47. Fear and a snare,
With ruin and with waste, upon us are.

48. With watry rivers doth mine eye o'erflow,
For ruin of my people's daughters so;

49. Mine eye doth drop down tears incessantly;

50. Until the Lord look down from heav'n to see.

51. And for my city, daughter's sake, mine eye
Doth break mine heart. 52. Causeless mine enemy
Like a bird chas'd me. 53. In a dungeon
They've shut my life, and cast me on a stone.

54. Waters flow'd o'er my head; then thought I, I'am
Destroy'd: 55. I called, Lord, upon thy name
Out of the pit; 56. And thou my voice didst hear:
Oh! from my sight and cry stop not thine ear.

57. Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'st near
Unto me, 'and saidst unto me, Do not fear.

58. Thou, Lord, my soul's cause handled hast, and thou
Rescu'st my life. 59. O Lord, do thou judge now.

Thou heard'st my wrong. 60. Their vengeance all
they've wrought; [thought;

61. How they reproach'd, thou'st heard, and what they

62. What their lips utter'd, which against me rose,
And what was ever whisper'd by my foes.

63. I am their song, whether they rise or sit.

64. Give them rewards, Lord, for their working fit,

65. Sorrow of heart, thy curse: 66. And with thy might
Follow, 'and from under heav'n destroy them quite.

C H A P. IV.

HOW is the gold become so dim ! How is
 Purest and finest gold thus chang'd to this !
 The stones, which were stones of the Sanctu'ry,
 Scatter'd in corners of each street do lie.

2. The precious Sons of *Sion*, which should be
 Valu'd as purest Gold, how do we see
 Low-rated now, as earthen Fitchers, stand,
 Which are the work of a poor Potter's hand !

3. Even the Sea-calves draw their breasts, and give
 Suck to their young : my people's daughters live,
 By reason of the foe's great cruelty,
 As do the Owls in the vast wilderness.

4. And when the sucking child doth strive to draw,
 His tongue for thirst cleaves to his upper jaw :
 And when for bread the little children cry,
 There is no man, that doth them satisfy.

5. They, which before were delicately fed,
 Now in the streets forlorn have perished :
 And they, which ever were in scarlet cloath'd,
 Sit and embrace the dunghills, which they loath'd.

6. The daughters of my people have sinn'd more,
 Than did the town of *Sodom* sin before ;
 Which being at once destroy'd, there did remain
 No hands amongst them to vex them again.

7. But heretofore purer her *Nazarite*
 Was than the snow, and milk was not so white :
 As carbuncles, did their pure bodies shine ;
 And all their polish'd cheeks was Saphirine.

8. They're darker now than blackness ; none can know
Them by the face, as through the street they go :
For now their skin doth cleave unto their bone,
And withered is like to dry wood grown.

9. Better by sword than famine 'tis to dye ;
And better through-pierc'd, than through penury.
10. Women, by nature pitiful, have eat
Their Children (drest with their own hand) for meat.

11. *Jehovah* here fully accomplish'd hath
His indignation, and pour'd forth his wrath ;
Kindled a fire in *Sion*, which hath pow'r
To eat, and her foundations to devour.

12. Nor would the Kings of th' earth, nor all, which
In the inhabitable world, believe, [live
That any adversary, any foe
Into *Jerusalem* should enter so.

13. For the Priest's sins, and Prophet's, which have
Blood in the streets, and the just murdered : [shed
14. Which, when those men, whom they made blind,
Thorough the streets, defiled by the way [did stray

With blood, the which impossible it was
Their Garment should 'scape touching, as they pass ;
15. Would cry aloud, Depart, defiled men,
Depart, depart, and touch us not ; and then

They fled, and stray'd, and with the Gentiles were,
Yet told their friends, they should not long dwell there.

16. For this they're scatter'd by *Jehovah's* face,
Who never will regard them more ; No grace

Unto the old men shall their foe afford ; [sword :
Nor, that they're Priests, redeem them from the

17. And we as yet, for all these miseries
Desiring our vain help, consume our eyes:

And such a nation, as cannot save,
We in desire and speculation have.

18. They hunt our steps, that in the streets we fear
To go; our end is now approached near.

Our days accomplisht are, this the last day;
Eagles of heav'n are not so swift as they,
19. Which follow us; o'er mountain's tops they flie
At us, and for us in the desert lie.

20. Th' anointed Lord, breath of our nostrils, he,
Of whom we said, under his shadow we
Shall with more ease under the Heathen dwell,
Into the pit, which these men digged, fell.

21. Rejoyce, O *Edom's* daughter; joyful be,
Thou that inhabit'st *Uz*; for unto thee
This cup shall pass, and thou with drunkenness
Shalt fill thy self, and shew thy nakedness.

22. And then thy sins, O *Sion*, shall be spent;
The Lord will not leave thee in banishment:
Thy sins, O *Edom's* daughter, he will see,
And for them pay thee with captivity.

C H A P. V.

1. **R**emember, O Lord, what is fall'n on us;
See and mark, how we are reproached thus.

2. For unto strangers our possession
Is turn'd, our houses unto Aliens gone.

3. Our mothers are become as widows, we
As Orphans all, and without Fathers be.

4. Waters, which are our own, we drink, and pay;
And upon our own wood a price they lay.

5. Our persecutors on our necks do sit,
They make us travail, and not intermit.

6. We stretch our hands unto th' *Egyptians*
To get us bread; and to th' *Assyrians*.

7. Our Fathers did these sins, and are no more;
But we do bear the sins they did before.

8. They are but servants, which do rule us thus;
Yet from their hands none would deliver us.

9. With danger of our life our bread we gat;
For in the wilderness the sword did wait.

10. The tempests of this famine we liv'd in
Black as an Oven colour'd had our Skin.

11. In *Juda's* cities they the maids abus'd
By force, and so women in *Sion* us'd.

12. The Princes with their hands they hung; no grace
Nor honour gave they to the Elder's face.

13. Unto the mill our young men carried are,
And children fell under the wood they bare:

14. Elders the gates, youth did their songs forbear;
Gone was our joy; our dancings mournings were.

15. Now is the crown fall'n from our head; and we
Be unto us, because we've sinned so.

16. For this our hearts do languish, and for this
Over our eyes a cloudy dimness is:

17. Because Mount *Sion* desolate doth lie,
And foxes there do go at liberty.

18. But thou, O Lord, art ever; and thy throne
From generation to generation.

19. Why should'st thou forget us eternally ;
 Or leave us thus long in this misery ?
 20. Restore us, Lord, to thee ; that so we may
 Return, and, as of old, renew our day.
 21. For oughtest thou, O Lord, despise us thus,
 22. And to be utterly enrag'd at us ?

Hymn to God, my God, in my sickness.

Since I am coming to that Holy room,
 Where with the Choir of Saints for evermore
 I shall be made thy Musique, as I come,
 I tune the Instrument here at the door ;
 And, what I must do then, think here before.

Whilst my Physicians by their love are grown
 Cosmographers, and I their Map, who lie
 Flat on this bed, that by them may be shown
 That this is my South-West discovery
Per fretum febris, by these straights to dye.

I joy, that in these straights I see my West ;
 For though those currants yield return to none,
 What shall my West hurt me ? As West and East
 In all flat Maps (and I am one) are one,
 So death doth touch the Resurrection.

Is the *Pacifique Sea*, my home ? Or are
 The Eastern riches ? Is *Jerusalem*,
Anyan, and *Magellan*, and *Gibraltar* ? [them,
 All straights, and none but straights are ways to
 Whether where *Japhet* dwelt, or *Cham*, or *Sem*.

We think that *Paradise* and *Calvarie*,
Christ's Cross and *Adam's* tree, stood in one place ;

Look, Lord, and find both *Adams* met in me;
As the first *Adam's* sweat surrounds my face,
May the last *Adam's* blood my soul embrace,

So in his purple wrapp'd receive me, Lord,
By these his thorns give me his other Crown;
And as to other's souls I preach'd thy word,
Be this my Text, my Sermon to mine own;
Therefore, that he may raise, the Lord throws down,

A Hymn to God the Father.

I.

Wilt thou forgive that sin, where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done be-
Wilt thou forgive that sin, through which I run, [fore?
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done;
For I have more.

II.

Wilt thou forgive that sin, which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sins their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin, which I did shun
A year or two, but wallow'd in a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done;
For I have more.

III.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by thy self, that at my death thy Son
Shall shine, as he shines now and heretofore:
And having done That, thou hast done;
I fear no more.

The end of the Divine Poems.



*To the Memory of my ever de-
sired Friend Dr. DONNE.*

TO have liv'd eminent, in a degree
Beyond our lofty'st flights, *that is*, like Thee,
Or t'have had too much merit, is not safe;
For such excesses find no Epitaph.
At common graves we have poetique eyes,
Can melt themselves in easie Elegies;
Each quill can drop his tributary verse,
And pin it, like the Hatchments, to the Hearse:
But at Thine, Poem or Inscription
(Rich soul of wit and language) we have none.
Indeed a silence does that tomb besit,
Where is no Herald left to blazon it.
Widow'd Invention justly doth forbear
To come abroad, knowing thou art not here,
Late her great Patron; Whose Prerogative
Maintain'd and cloath'd her so, as none alive
Must now presume to keep her at thy rate,
Though he the *Indies* for her dowry' estate.
Or else that awful fire, which once did burn
In thy clear brain, now fall'n into thy Urn,
Lives there to fright rude Empericks from thence,
Which might prophane thee by their Ignorance.
Who ever writes of thee, and in a style
Unworthy such a Theme, does but revile
Thy precious Dust, and wake a learned Spirit,
Which may revenge his Rapes upon thy Merit.
For all, a low-pitcht fancie can devise,
Will prove at best but Hallow'd Injuries.

Thou, like the dying Swan, * didst lately sing
Thy mournful Dirge in audience of the King;
When pale looks and faint accents of thy breath
Presented so to life *that piece of death,*
That it was fear'd and prophes'd by all,
Thou thither cam'st to preach thy Funeral.
O! hadst Thou in an Elegiack Knell
Rung out unto the world thine own farewell,
And in thy High Victorious Numbers beat
The solemn measure of thy griev'd Retreat;
Thou might'st the Poet's service now have mist,
As well as then thou didst prevent the Priest;
And never to the world beholden be,
So much as for an Epitaph for thee.

I do not like the office. Nor is't fit
Thou, who didst lend our Age such sums of wit,
Should'st not re-borrow from her bankrupt Myne
That Ore to Bury thee, which once was Thine:
Rather still leave us in thy debt; And know,
(Exalted Soul) more glory 'tis to owe
Unto thy Hearse, what we can never pay,
Than with embas'd Coyne those Rites defray.

Commit me then Thee to thy self: Nor blame
Our drooping loves, which thus to thy own Fame
Leave Thee Executor; Since, but thy own,
No pen could do Thee justice, nor Bays crown
Thy vast desert: Save that we nothing can
Depute, to be thy ashes Guardian.

So Jewellers no Art or Metal trust
To form the Diamond, but the Diamond's dust.

H. K.

* His last Sermon at Court.

In obitum venerabilis viri JOHANNIS
 DONNE, sacrae Theologiae Doctoris,
 Ecclesiae Cathedralis D. Pauli nuper
 Decani; Illi honoris, tibi (multum mihi
 solende Vir) observantiae ergo Hæc ego.

Conquerar? ignavoque sequar tua funera planctus?
 Sed, lacryma, clausisti iter; nec muta querelas
 Lingua potest proferre pias: ignoscite, manes
 Defuncti, & tacito finite indulgere dolori.

Sed scelus est tacuisse: cadant in mœsta litura
 Verba. Tuis (docta umbra) tuis hæc accipe jussis
 Cœpta, nec officii contemnens pignora nostri
 Aversare tuâ non dignum laude Poetam.

O si Pythagora non vanum dogma fuisset,
 Inque meum a vestro migraret pectore pectus
 Musa; repentinus tua nosceret urna furores.
 Sed frustra, heu! frustra hæc votis puerilibus opto:
 Tecum abiit, summoque sedens jam monte Thalia
 Ridet anhelantes, Parnassæ & culmina vates
 Desperare jubet. Verum hac nolente coactos
 Scribimus audaces numeros, & flebile carmen
 Scribimus (O soli qui te dilexit) habendum.
 Siccine perpetuus liventia lumina somnus
 Clausit? & immerito merguntur funere virtus
 Et pietas, &, qua poterant fecisse beatum.
 Cetera? sed nec te poterant servare beatum.

Quo mihi doctrinam? quorsum impallescere chartis
 Nocturnis juvat, & totidem olfecisse lucernas?
 Decolor & longos studiis deperdere Soles,
 Ut prius, aggredior, longamque accessere famam.
 Omnia sed frustra: mihi dum cunctisque minatur
 Exitium crudele & inexorabile fatum.

Nam post te sperare nihil decet: hoc mihi restat,
 Ut moriar, tennes fugiatque obscurus in auras
 Spiritus: O doctis saltem si cognitus umbris

Illic te (venerande) iterum (venerande) videbo ;
 Et dulces audire sonos, & verba disert
 Oris, & aternas dabitur mihi carpere voces :
 Quis ferus inferna tacuisset Fanitor aula
 Auditis, Nilusque minùs strepuisset ; Arion
 Eederet, & , sylvas qui post se traxerat, Orpheus.
 Eloquio sic ille viros, sic ille movere
 Voceferos potuit ; quis enim tam barbarus ? aut tam
 Facundis nimis infestus, non motus ut illo
 Hortante, & blando victus sermone sileret ?

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat ;
 Singula sic decuere senem, sic omnia. Vidi,
 Audivi, & stupui, quoties orator in Æde
 Paulinâ stetit, & mirâ gravitate levantes
 Corda oculosque viros tenuit : dum Nestoris ille
 Fudit verba (omni quanto mage dulcia melle ?)
 Nunc habet attonitos, pandit mysteria plebi
 Non concessa prius, nondum intellecta : revolvunt
 Mirantes, tacitique arrectis auribus astant.

Mutatis mox ille modo formâque loquendi
 Tristia pertractat : fatumque & flebile mortis
 Tempus, & in cineres redeunt quod corpora primos.
 Tunc gemitum cunctos dare, tunc lugere videres ;
 Forsitan à lachrymis aliquis non temperat, atque
 Ex oculis largum stillat rorem : atheris illo
 Sic pater audito voluit succumbere turbam,
 Affectusque cedere suos, & ponere nota
 Vocis ad arbitrium ; divina oracula mentis
 Dum narrat, rostrisque potens dominatur in altis.

Quo feror ? audaci & forsân pietate nocenti
 In nimia ignoscas vati, qui vatiibus olim
 Egregium decus, & tanto excellentior unus,
 Omnibus inferior quanto est & pessimus, impar
 Lenâibus hisce, tibi qui nunc facit ista, Poeta.
 Et quo nos canimus ? cur hæc tibi sacra ? Poeta,
 Desinite : en fati certus sibi voce canorâ
 Inferias pramisit olor, cum Carolus Albâ
 (Ultima volventem & Cygneâ voce loquentem)

Nuper cum, turba & magnatum audiret in Aulâ.

*Tunc Rex, tunc Proceres, Clerus, tunc astitit illi
Aula frequens. Solâ nunc in tellure recumbit,
Vermibus esca, pio malint nisi parcere: quidni
Incipiant & amare famem? Metuere Leones
Sic olim; sacrosque artus violare Propheta
Bellua non ausa est, quanquam jejuna, sitimque
Optaret nimis humano satiare cruore.*

*At non hæc de te sperabimus; omnia carpit
Predator vermis: nec talis contigit illi
Præda diu; forsân metrico pede serpet ab inde.
Vescere, & exhausto satia te sanguine. Jam nos
Adsumus; & post te cupiet quis vivere? Post te
Quis volet, aut poterit? nam post te vivere mors est.*

*Et tamen ingratas ignavi ducimus auras;
Sustinet & tibi lingua vale, vale dicere: parce
Non festinanti aternum requiescere turba.
Ipsa satis properat, quæ nescit parca morari,
Nunc urgere colum, trahere atque occare videmus,
Quin rursus (Venerande) Vale, vale: ordine nos te,
Quo Deus & quo dura volet natura, sequemur.*

*Depositum interea, lapides, servate fideles.
Fœlices! illâ quæis Aedis parte locari,
Quâ jacet iste, datur. Forsân lapis inde loquetur,
Parturietque viro plenus testantia luctus
Verba; & carminibus, quæ Donni suggeret illi
Spiritus, insolitos testari voce calores
Incipiet: (non sic Pyrrhâ jactante calebat.)*

*Mole sub hac regitur, quicquid mortale relictum est
De tanto mortale viro. Qui præfuit Aedi huic,
Formosi pecoris pastor formosior ipse.
Ite igitur, dignisque illum celebrate loquelis,
Et, quæ demuntur vita, date tempora fama.*

**Indignus tantorum meritorum Præco, virtutum
tuarum cultor religiosissimus,**

DANIEL DARNELLY,

On the Death of Dr. Donne.

I Cannot blame those men, that knew thee well,
Yet dare not help the world to ring thy knell.
In tuneful *Elegies*; there's not language known
Fit for thy mention, but 'twas first thy own.
The *Epitaphs*, thou writ'st, have so bereft
Our tongue of wit, there is no fancy left
Enough to weep thee; what henceforth we see
Of Art or Nature, must result from thee.
There may perchance some busie gathering friend
Steal from thy own works, and that varied lend,
Which thou bestow'dst on others, to thy Hearse;
And so thou shalt live still in thine own verse:
He, that shall venture farther, may commit
A pitied error; shew his zeal, not wit.
Fate hath done mankind wrong; virtue may aim
Reward of conscience, never can of fame:
Since her great trumpeter's broke, could only give
Faith to the world, command it to believe.

He then must write, that would define thy parts,
Here lies the best Divinity, All the Arts.

Edw. Hyde.

On Doctor Donne, by Doctor C. B. of O.

HE, that would write an Epitaph for thee,
And do it well, must first begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd so:
He must have wit to spare and to hurl down,
Enough, to keep the Gallants of the town.
He must have learning plenty; both the Laws,
Civil and Common, to judge any Cause;
Divinity great store above the rest;
Not of the last Edition, but the best.

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He must have Language, Travail, all the Arts;
 Judgment to use; or else he wants thy parts.
 He must have friends the highest, able to do;
 Such as *Macenas*, and *Augustus* too:
 He must have such a sickness, such a death,
 Or else his vain descriptions come beneath.
 Who then shall write an Epitaph for thee,
 He must be dead first; let it alone for me.

An Elegie upon the incomparable Dr. Donne.

ALL is not well, when such a one as I
 Dare peep abroad, and write an *Elegie*;
 When smaller *Stars* appear, and give their light,
Phæbus is gone to bed: were it not night,
 And the world witless now that *Donne* is dead,
 You sooner should have broke than seen my head.
 Dead, did I say? forgive this *Injurie*
 I do him, and his worth's *Infinitie*,
 To say he is but dead; I dare averr,
 It better may be term'd a *Massacre*,
 Than *Sleep* or *Death*. See how the *Muses* mourne
 Upon their oaten *Reeds*, and from his *Urn*
 Threaten the World with this *Calamitie*,
 They shall have *Ballads*, but no *Poetry*.

Language lies speechless; and *Divinitie*
 Lost such a *Trump*, as ev'n to *Extasie*
 Could charm the Soul, and had an *Influence*
 To teach best *Judgments*, and please dullest *Sense*.
 The *Court*, the *Church*, the *Universitie*,
 Lost *Chaplain*, *Dean*, and *Doctor*, all these *Three*.
 It was his *Merit*, that his *Funeral*
 Could cause a loss so great and general.

If there be any Spirit can answer give
 Of such as hence depart to such as live;

Speak, Doth his body there vermiculate,
Crumble to Dust, and feel the laws of Fate?
Methinks *Corruption, Worms*, what else is foul,
Should spare the *Temple* of so fair a *Soul*.
I could believe they do, but that I know,
What inconvenience might hereafter grow:
Succeeding ages would *Idolatrize*,
And as his *Numbers*, so his *Reliques* prize.

If that Philosopher, which did avow
The world to be but Motes, were living now,
He would affirm that th' *Atomes* of his mould,
Were they in several bodies blended, would
Produce new worlds of *Travellers, Divines,*
Of *Linguists, Poets*; sith these several *lines*
In him concentrated were, and flowing thence
Might fill again the world's *Circumference*.
I could believe this too; and yet my faith
Not want a Precedent: The *Phoenix* hath
(And such was he) a power to animate
Her ashes, and her self perpetuate.
But, busy Soul, thou dost not well to pry
Into these Secrets; *Grief* and *Jealousie*,
The more they know, the further still advance:
And find no way so safe as *Ignorance*.
Let this suffice thee, that his *Soul* which flew
A pitch, of all admir'd, known but of few,
(Save those of purer mould) is now translated
From Earth to Heaven, and there *Constellated*.
For if each *Priest* of God shine as a *Star*,
His *Glory's* as his *Gifts*, 'bove others far.

Hen. Valentine.

An Elegie upon Dr. Donne.

OUR *Donne* is dead; *England* should mourn, may
We had a man, where language chose to stay,

And shew her graceful pow'r. I would not praise
That and his vast wit (which in these vain days
Make many proud) but as they serv'd t' unlock
That Cabinet, his mind; where such a flock
Of knowledge was repos'd, as all lament
(Or should) this general cause of discontent.

And I rejoyce I am not so severe,
But (as I write a line) to weep a tear
For his decease; Such sad extremities
May make such men as I write Elegies.

And wonder not; for when a general loss
Falls on a Nation, and they slight the cross,
God hath rais'd Prophets to awaken them
From stupefaction; witness my mild pen,
Not us'd t' upbraid the world; though now it must
Freely and boldly, for the cause is just.

Dull age! Oh, I would spare thee, but th'art worse,
Thou art not only dull, but hast a curse
Of black ingratitude; if not, could'st thou
Part with *miraculous Donne*, and make no vow,
For thee and thine, successively to pay
A sad remembrance to his dying day?

Did his youth scatter *Poetry*, wherein
Was all *Philosophy*? was every sin,
Character'd in his *Satyrs*, made so foul [sic.]
That some have fear'd their shapes, and kept their
Safer by reading verse? did he give *days*
Past Marble Monuments to those, whose praise
He would perpetuate? Did he (I fear
The dull will doubt) these at his twentieth year?

But, more matur'd, did his full soul conceive,
And in harmonious holy numbers weave
A * *Crown of sacred Sonets*, fit to adorn
A dying Martyr's brow; or to be worn
On that blest head of *Mary Magdalen*,
After she wip'd Christ's feet, but not till then?

* *La Corona*,

Did he (fit for such penitents as she,
 And he to use) leave us a *Litany*,
 Which all devout men love? and sure it shall,
 As times grow better, grow more classical.
 Did he write *Hymns*, for piety, for wit,
 Equal to those, great, grave *Prudentius* writ?
 Spake he all *Languages*? knew he all *Laws*?
 The grounds and use of *Physick*? (but because
 'Twas mercenary, wav'd it) Went to see
 The blessed place of *Christ's Nativitie*?
 Did he return and preach him? preach him so,
 As since *St. Paul* none did, none could? Those know
 (Such as were blest to hear him) this is truth.
 Did he confirm th' aged? convert the youth?
 Did he these wonders? And is this dear loss
 Mourn'd by so few? (few, for so great a cross.)
 But sure the silent are ambitious all
 To be *Close Mourners* at his Funeral:
 If not, in common pity they forbear
 By repetitions to renew our care;
 Or knowing, Grief conceiv'd, conceal'd, consum'd
 Man irreparably, (as poyson'd fumes
 Do waste the brain) make silence a safe way
 T' enlarge the Soul from these walls, mud and clay,
 (Materials of this body) to remain
 With *Donne* in heav'n; where no promiscuous pain
 Lessens the joy we have: for with *him* all
 Are satisf'd with joys essential.
 Dwell on this joy, my thoughts; oh! do not call
 Grief back, by thinking of his Funeral.
 Forget he lov'd me; waste not my sad years,
 (Which haste to *David's* seventy) fill'd with fears
 And sorrow for his death; Forget his parts,
 Which find a living grave in good mens hearts,
 And (for my first is daily paid for sin)
 Forget to pay my second sigh for him:
 Forget his powerful Preaching; and forget
 I am his *Convert*. Oh, my frailty! let

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My flesh be no more heard; it will obtrude
 This Lethargy: so should my gratitude,
 My flows of gratitude should so be broke:
 Which can no more be, than *Donne's* virtues spoke
 By any but himself; for which cause I
 Write no *Encomium*, but this *Elegie*;
 Which, as a free-will off'ring, I here give
 Fame and the world, and parting with it grieve,
 I want abilities fit to set forth
 A monument, great as *Donne's* matchless worth.

Elegie on Dr. Donne.

NOW, by one year, time and our frailty have
 Lessen'd our first confusion, since the Grave
 Clos'd thy dear Ashes, and the tears, which flow,
 In these have no springs, but of solid wo:
 Or they are drops, which cold amazement froze
 At thy decease, and will not thaw in Prose.
 All streams of verse, which shall lament that day,
 Do truly to the Ocean tribute pay;
 But they have lost their saltness, which the eye,
 In recompence of wit, strives to reply.
 Passion's excess for thee we need not fear,
 Since first by thee our passions hallow'd were;
 Thou mad'st our sorrows, which before had been,
 Only for the success, sorrows for sin;
 We owe thee all those tears, now thou art dead,
 Which we shed not, which for our selves we shed.
 Nor didst thou only consecrate our tears,
 Give a religious tincture to our fears;
 But ev'n our joys had learn'd an innocence,
 Thou didst from gladness separate offence.
 All minds at once suckt grace from thee, as where
 (The curse revok'd) the nations had one ear.
 Pious dissector, they one hour did treat
 The thousand mazes of the heart's deceit;

Thou didst pursue our lov'd and subtile sin,
Through all the foldings we have wrapt it in;
And in thine own large mind finding the way,
By which our selves we from our selves convey,
Didst in us, narrow models, know the same
Angels, though darker, in our meaner frame.
How short of praise is this? My Muse, alas!
Climbs weakly to that truth, which none can pass.
He that writes best, can only hope to leave
A Character of all he could conceive,
But none of thee; and with me must confess,
That fancy finds some check, from an excess
Of merit most, of nothing, it hath spun;
And truth, as reason's task and theme, doth shun.
She makes a fairer flight in emptiness,
Than when a bodied truth doth her oppress.
Reason again denys her scales, because
Hers are but scales, she judges by the laws
Of weak comparison; thy virtue flights
Her feeble Beam, and her unequal Weights.
What prodigie of wit and piety
Hath she else known, by which to measure thee?
Great soul! we can no more the worthiness
Of what you were, than what you are, express.
Sidney Godolphin.

*On Dr. John Donne, late Dean of St.
Paul's, London.*

LONG since this task of tears from you was due,
Long since, O Poets, he did die to you;
Or left you dead, when wit and he took flight:
On divine wings, and soar'd out of your sight.
Preachers, 'tis you must weep; The wit, he taught,
You do enjoy; the Rebels, which he brought
From ancient discord, Giant faculties,
And now no more religion's enemies;

Honest to knowing, unto virtuous sweet,
 Witty to good, and learned to discreet
 He reconcil'd, and bid th' Usurper go;
 Dulness to vice, religion ought to flow.
 He kept his loves, but not his objects; wit
 He did not banish, but transplanted it;
 Taught it his place and use, and brought it home
 To Piety, which it doth best become.
 He shew'd us how for sins we ought to sigh,
 And how to sing Christ's *Epithalamy*.
 The Altars had his fires, and there he spoke
 Incense of loves, and fancy's holy smoak.
 Religion thus enrich'd, the people train'd,
 And God from dull vice had the fashion gain'd.
 The first effects sprung in the giddy mind
 Of flashy youth, and thirst of woman-kind,
 By colours lead, and drawn to a pursuit
 Now once again by beauty of the fruit;
 As if their longings too must set us free,
 And tempt us now to the commanded tree.
 Tell me, had ever pleasure such a dress?

Have you known crimes so snap'd? or loveliness,
 Such as his lips did cloath religion in?
 Had not reproof a beauty passing sin?
 Corrupted nature sorrow'd, when she stood
 So near the danger of becoming good;
 And wish'd our so inconstant ears exempt
 From piety, that had such pow'r to tempt.
 Did not his sacred flattery beguile
 Man to amendment? The law, taught to smile,
 Pension'd our vanity; and man grew well
 Through the same frailty, by the which he fell.
 O the sick state of man! health doth not please
 Our tastes, but in the shape of the disease.
 Thriftless is charity, coward patience,
 Justice is cruel, mercy want of sense.
 What means our Nature to bar virtue place,
 If she do come in her own cloaths and face?

Is Good a pill, we dare not chew to know?
Sense, the soul's servant, doth it keep us so,
As we might starve for good, unless it first
Do leave a pawn of relish in the gulf?
Or have we to salvation no tie
At all, but that of our infirmitie?
Who treats with us, must our affections move
To th' good we flie, by those sweets which we love;
Must seek our palats; and, with their delight
To gain our deeds, must bribe our appetite.
These trains he knew, and, laying nets to save,
Temptingly sugar'd all the health he gave.
But where is now that chime? that harmony
Hath left the world. Now the loud Organ may
Appear, the better voyce is fled to have
A thousand times the sweetness which it gave.
I cannot say how many thousand spirits
The single happiness, this soul inherits,
Damns in the other World; souls, whom no cross
O'th' sense afflicts, but only of the loss;
Whom ignorance would half save, all whose pain
Is not in what they feel, but other's gain;
Self-executing wretched spirits, who,
Carrying their guilt, transport their envy too,
But those high joys, which his wit's youngest flame
Would hurt to choose, shall not we hurt to name?
Verse-statues are all robbers; all we make
Of monument, thus doth not give, but take.
As Sails, which Seamen to a forewind fit,
By a resistance go along with it;
So pens grow while they lessen fame so left:
A weak assistance is a kind of theft.
Who hath not love to ground his tears upon,
Must weep here, if he have ambition.

J. Chudleigh.

*An Elegie upon the Dean of St. Paul's, Dr.
John Donne, by Mr. Thomas Cary.*

CAN we not force from widow'd Poetry,
 Now thou art dead (great *Donne*) an Elegy,
 To crown thy Hearse? Why yet dare we not trust,
 Tho' with unkneced dough bak'd prose, thy dust?
 Such as the unfizar'd Churchman from the flow'r
 Of fading Rhetorique, short-liv'd as his hour,
 Dry as the sand, that measures it, should lay
 Upon thy Ashes on the funeral day?
 Have we no voice, no tune? Didst thou dispense
 Thro' all our language both the words and sense?
 'Tis a sad truth; The Pulpit may her plain
 And sober Christian precepts still retain;
 Doctrines it may and wholesome uses frame,
 Grave Homilies and Lectures; But the flame
 Of thy brave soul (that shot such heat and light,
 As burnt our earth, and made our darkness bright,
 Committed holy Rapes upon our Will,
 Did through the eye the melting heart distill,
 And the deep knowledge of dark truths so teach,
 As sense might judge, what fancy could not reach)
 Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire,
 That fills with spirit and heat the *Delphique* Choir,
 Which, kindled first by the *Promethean* breath,
 Glow'd here a while, lies quencht now in thy death.
 The Muse's garden, with *Pedantique* weeds
 O'erspread, was purg'd by thee; The lazy seeds
 Of servile imitation thrown away,
 And fresh invention planted. Thou didst pay
 The debts of our penurious bankrupt age,
 Licentious thefts, that make *Poetique* rage
 A mimique fury, when our souls must be
 Possess'd, or with *Anacreon's* Extasie,
 Or *Pindar's*, not their own; The subtile cheat
 Of *She-Exchanges*, and the jugling feat

Of two-edg'd words, or whatsoever wrong
By ours was done the *Greek* or *Latin* tongue,
Thou hadst redeem'd, and open'd us a Mine
Of rich and pregnant fancy, drawn a line
Of masculine expression; which had good
Old *Orpheus* seen, or all the ancient brood
Our superstitious fools admire, and hold
Their Lead more precious than thy burnish'd Gold,
Thou hadst been their Exchequer, and no more
They in each other's dust had rak'd for Ore.
Thou shalt yield no precedence, but of time,
And the blind fate of language, whose tun'd chime
More charms the outward sense; yet thou may'st claim
From so great disadvantage greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit,
Our stubborn language bends; made only fit
With her tough thick-ribb'd hoops to gird about
Thy Giant-fancy, which had prov'd too stout
For their soft melting Phrases. As in time
They had the start, so did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred year;
And left the rifled fields, besides the fear
To touch their Harvest: yet from those bare lands
Of what is purely thine, thy only hands
(And that thy smallest work) have gleaned more,
Than all thosetimes and tongues could reap before.
But thou art gone, and thy strict laws will be
Too hard for libertines in Poetry.
They will repeal the goodly exil'd train
Of gods and goddesses, which in thy just reign
Were banish'd nobler Poems; now with these
The silenc'd tales to th' *Metamorphoses*
Shall stuff their lines, and swell the windy page,
Till Verse refin'd by thee, in this last Age,
Turn ballad-rhyme; Or those old Idols be
Ador'd again, with new Apostasie.
Oh, pardon me, that break with untun'd verse
The reverend silence, that attends thy herse,

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Whose awful solemn murmurs were to thee,
 More than these faint lines, a loud Elegie,
 That did proclaim in a dumb eloquence
 The death of all the Arts; whose influence,
 Grown feeble, in these panting numbers lies
 Gasping short-winded Accents, and so dies.
 So doth the swiftly turning wheel not stand
 In th' instant we withdraw the moving hand;
 But some small time maintains a faint weak course,
 By virtue of the first impulsive force;
 And so whilst I cast on thy funeral pile
 Thy crown of Bays, oh, let it crack a while,
 And spit disdain; till the devouring flames
 Suck all the moisture up, then turn to ashes.
 I will not draw the envy to engross
 All thy perfections, or weep all our loss;
 Those are too numerous for an Elegie,
 And this too great to be express'd by me.
 Though every pen should share a distinct part,
 Yet thou art theme enough to trie all Art.
 Let others carve the rest, it shall suffice
 I on thy Tomb this Epitaph incise.

*Here lies a King, that rul'd, as he thought fit,
 The universal Monarchy of wit;
 Here lie two Flamens, and both those, the best;
 Apollo's first, at last, the true God's Priest.*

An Elegie on Dr. Donne, by Sir Lucius Cary.

POets, attend; the Elegie I sing
 Both of a double named Priest and King:
 Instead of Coats and Pendants bring your verse,
 For you must be Chief mourners at his Hearse:
 A Tomb your Muse must to his Fame supply,
 No other Monuments can never die.

And

And as he was a twofold Priest; in youth,
Apollo's; afterwards the voice of Truth;
God's Conduit-pipe for Grace, who chose him for
His extraordinary Embassadour:
So let his Leigers with the Poets joyn;
Both having shares, both must in grief combine:
Whilst *Johnson* forceth with his Elegie
Tears from a grief-unknowing *Scythian's* eye,
(Like *Moses*, at whose stroke the waters gush
From forth the Rock, and like a torrent rush.)
Let *Lawd* his Funeral Sermon preach, and shew
Those virtues, dull eyes were not apt to know;
Nor leave that piercing Theme, till it appears
To be *Good-friday* by the Church's Tears:
Yet make not grief too long oppress our Powers,
Lest that his Funeral Sermon should prove ours.
Nor yet forget that heavenly Eloquence,
With which he did the bread of life dispense;
Preacher and Orator discharg'd both parts,
With pleasure for our sense, health for our hearts:
And the first such (though a long studied Art
Tell us, our soul is all in every part)
None was so marble, but, whilst him he hears,
His Soul so long dwelt only in his ears;
And from thence (with the fierceness of a flood
Bearing down vice) virtuall'd with that blest food
Their hearts: His seed in none could fail to grow,
Fertile he found them all, or made them so:
No Druggist of the Soul bestow'd on all
So Catholiquely a curing Cordial.
Nor only in the Pulpit dwelt his store,
His words work'd much, but his example more;
That preach'd on worky-days his Poetry,
It self was oftentimes Divinity;
Those Anthems (almost second Psalms) he writ,
To make us know the Cross, and value it,
(Although we owe that reverence to that name,
We should not need warmth from an under-flame.)

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Creates a fire in us so near extream,
 That we would dye for, and upon this theme.
 Next, his so pious Litany, which none can
 But count divine, except a Puritan ;
 And that, but for the name, nor this, nor those
 Want any thing of Sermons, but the Prose.
 Experience makes us see that many a one
 Owes to his Country his Religion;
 And in another would as strongly grow,
 Had but his nurse and mother taught him so :
 Not he the ballast on his judgment hung ;
 Nor did his preconceit do either wrong.
 He labour'd to exclude whatever sin,
 By time or carelesness, had entred in ;
 Winnow'd the chaff from wheat, but yet was loth
 A too-hot zeal should force him, burn them both ;
 Nor would allow of that so ignorant gall,
 Which, to save blotting, often would blot all ;
 Nor did those barbarous opinions own,
 To think the Organs sin, and Faction none.
 Nor was there expectation to gain grace
 From forth his Sermons only, but his Face ;
 So primitive a look, such gravity
 With humbleness, and both with Piety.
 So mild was *Moses'* count'nance, when he pray'd
 For them, whose Satanism his power gainsay'd ;
 And such his gravity, when all God's band
 Receiv'd his word (through him) at second hand ;
 Which joyn'd, did flames of more devotion move,
 Than ever *Argive Helen's* could of love.
 Now, to conclude, I must my reason bring,
 Wherefore I call'd him in his title King ;
 That Kingdom, the Philosophers believ'd
 To excell *Alexander's*, nor were griev'd
 By fear of loss (that being such a Prey
 No stronger than one's self can force away)
 The Kingdom of one's self, this he enjoy'd,
 And his authority so well employ'd,

That never any could before become
So great a Monarch in so small a room.
He conquer'd rebel passions, rul'd them so,
As under-sphears by the first Mover go;
Banisht so far their working, that we can
But know he had some; for we knew him man.
Then let his last excuse his first extreams:
His age saw visions, tho' his youth dream'd dreams.

*On Dr. Donne's death; by Mr. Mayne of
Christ-Church in Oxford.*

[less

WH O shall presume to mourn thee, *Donne*, un-
He could his tears in thy expressions dress,
And teach his grief that reverence of thy *Herse*,
To weep lines learned, as thy *Anniverse*;
A Poem of that worth, whose every tear
Deserves the title of a several year?
Indeed so far above it's Reader good,
That we are thought wits, when 'tis understood.
There that blest maid to dye who now should grieve
After thy sorrow, 'twere her loss to live;
And her fair virtues in another's line
Would faintly dawn, which are made saints in thine.
Hadst thou been shallower, and not writ so high,
Or left some new way for our pen or eye
To shed a funeral tear, perchance thy Tomb
Had not been speechless, or our *Muses* dumb;
But now we dare not write, but must conceal
Thy Epitaph, lest we be thought to steal.
For who hath read thee, and discerns thy worth,
That will not say, thy careless hours brought forth
Fancies beyond our studies, and thy play
Was happier than our serious time of day?
So learned was thy chance; thy haste had wit,
And matter from thy pen flow'd rashly fit.

What was thy recreation, turns our brain;
 Our rack and paleness is thy weakest strain:
 And when we most come near thee, 'tis our bliss
 To imitate thee, where thou dost amiss.
 Here light your Muse, you, that do only think,
 And write, and are just Poets, as you drink;
 In whose weak fancies wit doth ebb and flow,
 Just as your reckonings rise, that we may know
 In your whole carriage of your work, that here
 This flash you wrote in Wine, and that in Beer:
 This is to tap your Muse, which, running long,
 Writes flat, and takes our ear not half so strong;
 Poor suburb wits, who, if you want your cup,
 Or if a Lord recover, are blown up. [need
 Could you but reach this height, you should not
 To make each meal a project, e'er you feed;
 Nor walk in reliques cloaths, so old and bare,
 As if left off to you from *Ennius* were;
 Nor should your love in verse call Mistress those,
 Who are mine hostess, or your whores, in prose.
 From this Muse learn to court, whose power could
 A Cloyster'd coldness, or a Vestal love; [more
 And would convey such errants to their ear,
 That Ladies knew no odds to grant and hear.
 But I do wrong thee, *Donne*, and this low praise
 Is written only for thy younger days.
 I am not grown up for thy riper parts, [Arts,
 Then should I praise thee through the Tongues and
 And have that deep Divinity to know,
 What mysteries did from thy preaching flow;
 Who with thy words could charm thy audience,
 That at thy Sermons ear was all our sense.
 Yet I have seen thee in the Pulpit stand,
 Where we might take notes from thy look and hand;
 And from thy speaking action bear away
 More Sermon, than some teachers use to say.
 Such was thy carriage, and thy gesture such,
 As could divide the heart, and conscience touch.

Thy motion did confute, and we might see
An errour vanquish'd by delivery:
Not like our Sons of Zeal, who, to reform
Their hearers, fiercely at the Pulpit storm,
And beat the Cushion into worse estate,
Than if they did conclude it reprobate;
Who can out-pray the glass, then lay about,
Till all predestination be run out;
And from the point such tedious uses draw,
Their repetitions would make Gospel Law:
No, in such temper would thy Sermons flow,
So well did Doctrine and thy language shew;
And had that holy fear, as, hearing thee,
The Court would mend, and a good Christian be:
And Ladies, though unhandsome, out of grace,
Would hear thee in their unbought looks and face.
More I could write, but let this crown thine Urn;
We cannot hope the like, till thou return.

Upon Mr. J. Donne, and his Poems.

WH O dares say thou art dead, when he doth see
(Unburied yet) this living part of thee;
This part, that to thy being gives fresh flame,
And, though thou'rt *Donne*, yet will preserve thy name?
Thy flesh (whose channels left their crimson hue,
And whey-like ran at last in a pale blue)
May shew thee mortal, a dead Palsy may
Seize on't, and quickly turn it into clay;
Which, like the *Indian* earth, shall rise refin'd:
But this great Spirit thou hast left behind,
This Soul of Verse in its first pure estate
Shall live, for all the world to imitate;
But not come near: for in thy phancy's flight
Thou dost not stoop unto the vulgar sight,
But hovering highly in the air of Wit
Hold'st such a pitch, that few can follow it;

Admire they may. Each object, that the Spring
 (Or a more piercing influence) doth bring
 T' adorn Earth's face, thou sweetly didst contrive
 To beauty's elements, and thence derive
 Unspotted Lilly's white; which thou didst set
 Hand in hand with the vein-like Violet,
 Making them soft and warm, and by thy power
 Could'st give both life and sense unto a flower.
 The Cherries, thou hast made to speak, will be
 Sweeter unto the taste than from the tree;
 And (spight of winter storms) amidst the snow
 Thou oft hast made the blushing Rose to grow.
 The Sea-nymphs, that the watry caverns keep,
 Have sent their Pearls and Rubies from the deep,
 To deck thy love; and plac'd by thee they drew
 More lustre to them, than where first they grew.
 All minerals (that earth's full womb doth hold
 Promiscuously) thou could'st convert to gold;
 And with thy flaming raptures so refine,
 That it was much more pure than in the Myne.
 The lights, that gild the night, if thou didst say,
 They look like eyes, those did out-shine the day;
 For there would be more virtue in such spells,
 Than in Meridians or cross Parallels.
 What ever was of worth in this great Frame,
 That Art could comprehend, or Wit could name,
 It was thy theme for Beauty; Thou didst see
 Woman was this fair world's Epitome.
 Thy nimble *satyrs* too, and every strain,
 (With nery strength) that issued from thy brain,
 Will lose the glory of their own clear bays,
 If they admit of any other's praise.
 But thy diviner Poems (whose clear fire
 Purges all dross away) shall by a Choir
 Of Cherubims with heavenly Notes be set
 (Where flesh and bloud could ne'er attain to yet)
 There purest Spirits sing such sacred Lays,
 In Panegyrique *Halleluja's*.

Arth. Wilson.

Epitaph upon Dr. Donne, by Endy. Porter.

THIS decent Urn a sad inscription wears,
Of *Donne's* departure from us to the sphears;
And the dumb stone with silence seems to tell
The changes of this life, wherein is well
Express'd a cause to make all joy to cease,
And never let our sorrows more take ease:
For now it is impossible to find
One fraught with virtues to enrich a mind.
But why should death with a promiscuous hand
At one rude stroke impoverish a land?
Thou strict Attorney unto stricter Fate,
Didst thou confiscate his life out of hate
To his rare Parts? Or didst thou throw thy dart
With envious hand at some Plebeian heart;
And he with pious virtue kept between
To save that stroke, and so was kill'd unseen
By thee? O 'twas his goodness so to do,
Which human kindness never reach'd unto.
Thus the hard laws of death were satisfi'd,
And he left us like Orphan friends and dy'd.
Now from the Pulpit to the People's ears
Whose speech shall send repentant sighs and tears?
Or tell me, if a purer Virgin die,
Who shall hereafter write her Elegie?
Poets, be silent, let your numbers sleep;
For he is gone, that did all fancy keep:
Time hath no Soul, but his exalted verse;
Which with amazements we may now rehearse.

In Memory of Dr. Donne, by Mr. R. B.

DONNE dead! 'Tis here reported true, though I
Ne'er yet so much desir'd to hear a lye;

'Tis too too true, for so we find it still,
 Good news are often false, but seldom ill.
 But must poor fame tell us his fatal day,
 And shall we know his death the common way?
 Methinks some Comet bright should have foretold
 The death of such a man; for though of old
 'Tis held, that Comets Prince's deaths foretell,
 Why should not his have needed one as well;
 Who was the Prince of wits, 'mongst whom he reign'd
 High as a Prince, and as great state maintain'd?
 Yet wants he not his sign, for we have seen
 A dearth, the like to which hath never been
 Treading on harvest heels; which doth presage
 The dearth of wit and learning, which this age
 Shall find, now he is gone; for though there be
 Much grain in shew, none brought it forth as he.
 Or men are misers, or, if true want raises
 The dearth, then more that dearth *Donne's* plenty
 Of learning, languages, of eloquence, [praises.
 And poesie, (past ravishing of sense)
 He had a magazine, wherein such store
 Was laid up, as might hundreds serve of poor.
 But he is gone! O how will his desire
 Torture all those, that warm'd them by his fire?
 Methinks I see him in the Pulpit standing,
 Nor ears or eyes, but all men's hearts commanding,
 Where we, that heard him, to our selves did feign,
 Golden *Chrysostome* was yet alive again;
 And never were we wearied, till we saw
 His hour (and but an hour) to end did draw.
 How did he shame the doctrine-men, and use,
 With helps to boot, for men to bear th' abuse
 Of their tir'd patience, and endure th' expence
 Of time, O spent in heark'ning to nonsense;
 With marks also enough, whereby to know,
 The speaker is a zealous dunce, or so!
 'Tis true, they quitted him to their poor pow'rs,
 They humm'd against him; and with face most low'r

Call'd him a strong-lin'd man, a Macaroon,
 And no way fit to speak to clouted shoon.
*As fine words [truly] as you would desire,
 But [verily] but a bad edifier.*
 Thus did these beetles flight in him that good
 They could not see, and much less understood.
 But we may say, when we compare the stuff
 Both wrought, He was a candle, they the snuff.
 Well, Wisdom's of her children justifi'd,
 Let therefore these poor fellows stand aside;
 Nor, though of learning he deserv'd so highly,
 Would I his book should save him; rather silly
 I should advise his Clergy not to pray;
 Though of the learned't sort, methinks that they
 Of the same trade are judges not so fit;
 There's no such emulation as of wit.
 Of such the Envy might as much perchance
 Wrong him, and more, than th' other's Ignorance.
 It was his Fate, I know't, to be envy'd
 As much by Clerks, as Lay-men magnifi'd.
 And why? but 'cause he came late in the day,
 And yet his penny earn'd, and had as they.
 No more of this, lest some should say that I
 Am stray'd to Satyr, meaning Elegie:
 No, no, had *Donne* need to be judg'd or try'd,
 A Jury I would summon on his side,
 That had no sides, nor factions, past the touch
 Of all exceptions, freed from Passion, such
 As not to fear, nor flatter, e'er were bred;
 These would I bring, though called from the dead:
*Southampton, Hamilton, Pembroke, Dorset's Earls,
 Huntington, Bedford's Countesses (the Pearls
 Once of each sex.)* If these suffice not, I
 Ten *Decem tales* have of standers by;
 All which for *Donne* would such a verdict give,
 As can belong to none, that now doth live.
 But what do I? A diminution 'tis
 To speak of him in verse, so short of his,

Whereof he was the master; All indeed,
 Compar'd with him, pip'd on an oaten reed.
 O that you had but one, 'mongst all your brothers,
 Could write for him, as he hath done for others!
 (Poets I speak to:) When I see't, I'll say,
 My eye-sight betters, as my years decay.
 Mean time a quarrel I shall ever have
 Against these doughty keepers from the grave,
 Who use, it seems, their old Authority,
 When *verses men immortal make* they cry:
 Which had it been a *Recipe* true try'd,
Probatum esset, DONNE had never dy'd.

For me, if e'er I had least spark at all
 Of that, which they Poetique fire do call,
 Here I confess it fetched from his hearth;
 Which is gone out, now he is gone to earth.
 This only a poor flash, a lightning is
 Before my Muse's death, as after his.
 Farewell (fair soul) and deign receive from me
 This Type of that devotion I owe thee,
 From whom (while living) as by voice and pen
 I learned more, than from a thousand men;
 So by thy death am of one doubt releas'd,
 And now believe that miracles are ceas'd.

E P I T A P H.

HERE lies Dean DONNE: Enough; Those words
 Shew him as fully, as if all the stone, [alone
 His Church of *Paul's* contains, were thro' inscrib'd;
 Or all the walkers there, to speak him, brib'd.
 None can mistake him, for one such as he,
Donne, Dean, or Man, more none shall ever see.
 Not man? No, though unto a Sun each eye
 Were turn'd, the whole earth so to over-spy.
 A bold brave word, Yet such brave Spirits as knew
 His Spirit, will say, it is less bold than true.



News from the very Countrey.

THAT it is a Frippery of Courtiers, Merchants and others, which have been in fashion, and are very near worn out. That Justices of Peace have the felling of under-woods, but the Lords have the great falls. The Jesuits are like Apricocks, heretofore here and there one succour'd in a great man's house, and cost dear; now you may have them for nothing in every cottage. That every great Vice is a Pike in a Pond, that devours virtues and less vices. That it is wholesomest getting a stomach by walking on your own ground; and the thriftiest laying of it at another's Table. That debtors are in *London* close prisoners, and here have the liberty of the house. That *Atheists* in affliction, like blind beggars, are forced to ask, though they know not of whom. That there are (God be thanked) not two such Acres in all the Countrey, as the *Exchange* and *Westminster-hall*. That only *Christmas* Lords know their ends. That women are not so tender fruit, but that they do as well, and bear as well upon beds, as plashed against walls. That our Carts are never worse employed, than when they are waited upon by Coaches. That Sentences in Authors, like hairs in horse tails, concur in one root of beauty and strength; but, being pluckt out one by one, serve only for springs and snares. That both want and abundance equally advance a rectified man from the world, as cotton and stones are both good casting for an Hawk. That, I am sure, there is none of the forbidden fruit left, because we do not all eat thereof. That our best three-pil'd mischief comes from beyond

the Sea, and rides post through the Countrey; but his errand is to Court. That next to no wife and children your own are the best pastime; another's wife and your children worse; your wife and another's children worst. That States-men hunt their fortunes, and are often at default: Favourites course her, and are ever in view. That intemperance is not so unwholesome here; for none ever saw Sparrow sick of the Pox. That here is no treachery nor fidelity, but it is because here are no secrets. That Court-motions are up and down, ours circular: theirs, like squibs, cannot stay at the highest, nor return to the place which they rose from, but vanish and wear out in the way; ours, like Mill-wheels, busie without changing place: they have peremptory fortunes, we vicissitudes.

J. D.

Amicissimo & meritissimo *Benj. Johnson*
IN VOLPONEM.

QUOD arte ausus es hic tuâ, Poeta,
Si auderent hominum Deique juris
Consulti veteres sequi amularierque,
O omnes saperemus ad salutem.
His sed sunt veteres araneosi;
Tam nemo veterum est sequutor, ut tu,
Hos quæd sequeris, novator audis.
Fac tamen quod agis; tuique primâ
Libri canitie induantur horâ:
Nam chartis pueritia est neganda;
Nascanturque senes, oportet, illi
Libri, queis dare vis perennitatem.
Priscis ingenium facit laborque
Te parem; hos superes, ut & futuros:
Ex nostrâ vitiositate sumas,
Qua priscos superamus & futuros.

J. D.

Æ VU M sortiti sumus, quo planè indoctis nihil turpius, plenè doctis nihil rarius; tam omnes in literis aliquid sciunt, tam nemo omnia. Mediâ igitur plerumque itur viâ, & ad evitandum ignorantia turpitudinem & legendi fastidium ars una est omnibus, ut reliquas scire videri possint. Inde Epitomis, paradoxis, & prurritibus exorbitantium ingeniorum delectantur. Hinc tam sunt in pretio, Lullius, Gemma, Sebundus, Empiricus, Trithemius, Agrippa, Erasmus, Ramus, & Hæretici. Satis enim sibi videntur scire ignava ingenia, si aliorum scientiam imperfectam esse prababiliter possint demonstrare. Sed nimis invidia subest, & se prodit aerea hac, procax, & tuberosa scientia. Tibi generosior, celerior, candidior, & minùs speculatoribus literarum obnoxia via subeunda est. Et quia per occupationes, Aula, qua degis, naturales, tibi vacare literis non licet (nam post somnum non nisi post decimam ex more excutiendum, post vestes diei, loco, affectibus proprias indutas, post faciem speculo compositam, & quo quis cachinna superciliove excipiendus sit resolutionem, post epulas lususque, quota pars vita literis, animoque excolendo relinquitur?) & tamen doctus videri non dedignaris, ut aliquando habeas quo eleganter & appositè canes Regios, conservos tuos, possis laudare; & quamvis scire, quæ alii sciunt, non poteris, saltem scire valeas, quæ illi nesciunt; hac ex consilio meo viâ progredieris.

Relictis authoribus, quos vocant Classicas, Academicis & Padagogis terendis, enitere per omnes, quibus ignorantiam fateri securè poteris, libros aliis inventu difficiles exquirere. Nec in colloquiis quid ex autoribus vulgò notis afferas, sed ex istis; ut ita, quæ dicis, aut tua videri possint, si nomina taceas, aut, si minùs digna sint, & auctoritate egeant, novos authores cum reverentiâ tuî audiant illi, qui omnia scire sibi ante visi sunt. Hunc ergo catalogum ad usum tuum exaravi, ut his paratis libris, in omni pene scientiâ, si non magis, saltem aliter doctus, quàm ceteri, subito proficias.

Catalogus Librorum.

1. **N**icolai Hill Angli, de sexu & Hermaphroditate dignoscendâ in Atomis; idem de eorum Anatomia, & obstetricatione in partibus humanis; cui annexitur ars conficiendorum ignis vasorum, & instrumentorum ad hæc omnia propriorum, per conterraneum & synchronon suum Magistrum Plat.

2. *Emulus Moysis. Ars conservandi vestimenta ultra quadraginta annos, autore Topcliffio Anglic: postillata per Jac. Stonehouse, Anglic: qui eodem idiomate edidit tractatum, To keep cloaths near the fashion.*

3. *Ars exscribendi omnia ea, quæ verò ad idem dicuntur in Joanne Foxe in ambitu denarii, autore P. Bale.*

4. *Chimæram prædicari de Antichristo, autore Sorbonistâ Anonymo.*

5. *Galatinus, Judæos ubiquitarios esse, quia nusquam sunt.*

6. *Librum Tobix esse canonicum. Ubi ex Rabbiniis & secretioribus Theologis numerantur pili caudæ ejus canis, ex quorum variâ retortione, & invicem conjunctione, conficiuntur literæ, ex quibus mirifica verba consistunt. Autore Francisco Georgio Veneto.*

7. *Pax in Hierusalem; sive conciliatio flagrantissimi dissidiæ inter Rabbi Simeon Kimchi, & Onkelos, utrumque caro humana, ex carne suillâ comestâ (quod avertat Deus) concreta, in resurrectione removebitur, annihilabitur, aut purificabitur, per illuminatissimum Doctorem Reuchlinum.*

8. *Pythagoras Judæo-Christianus, Numerum 99 & 66 verso folio esse eundem, per super-seraphicum Jo. Picum.*

9. *Quidlibet ex quolibet; Or the art of decyphering and finding some treason in any intercepted letter, by Philips.*

10. *Joh. Harringtoni Hercules; sive de modo, quo evacuabatur à facibus Arca Noæ.*

11. *Crede quòd habes, & habes. Criterium Antiquitatum, lib. magnus de minimis à Walt. Copo dictatus, & ab uxore exscriptus, & ab amanuensi suo Johan. Povy latinitate donatus.*

12. *Subsaluator; in quo illuminatus, sed parùm illuminans, Hugo Broughton incredibiliter docet linguam Hebraicam esse de essentiâ salutis, & sua præcepta de essentiâ.*

13. *M. Lutherus de abbreviacione orationis Dominica.*

14. *Manipulus quereuum; sive ars comprehendendi transcendentia. Autore Raim. Sebundo.*

15. *Oceanus Aulicus; sive Pyramis, sive Colossus, sive Abyssus ingeniorum: ubi per 60000 literas à Milordis omnium nationum, ad evitandam ostentationem vulgaribus semper linguis datas & acceptas, traditur, quicquid tradi potest, de Dentiscalpiis & unguium reduviis. Collecta sunt & in unum corpus reducta, singulisque autoribus dedicata per Jo. Florio Stalo, Anglum; eorum, qua in hoc libro continentur, capita habentur primis 70 paginis; Diplomata regum cum eorum titulis, & approbationes inquisitorum 107 sequentibus; poemata in laudes Autorum 97 libro proximo.*

16. *Iustitia Anglia vacationis, Io. Davis. De Arte Anagrammatum verisimiliter conficiendorum, & sententiolis annulis inscribendis.*

17. *Tractatuli aliquot adjectitii libris Pancirolli; libro de rebus perditis additur de virtute, & de libertate populi, quod à Capellano quodam Io. Cado inchoatum, à Buchananano perfectum est; libro de rebus inventis additur de morbo multinomino per Tho. Thorney Anglicè: & post latine per Tho. Campianum, & de uxoratione post vota per Carolostadium.*

18. *Bonaventura, de particula Non à decalogo adimendo, & Symbolo Apostolorum adjiciendo.*

19. *De militibus Apocryphis per Edw. Prinne lib. unus, per Edw. Chute paulò amplior factus.*

20. *De navigabilitate aquarum supercoelestium, & utrū ibi an apud nos navis in firmamento in judicio sit appulsura, Io. Dee Autore.*

21. *Manuale justiciariorum, continens plurimas confessiones veneficarum Manwodo judici exhibitas, & ab illo abstergendis postea natibus & evacuationibus adhibitae; nunc à servulis suis redemptae, & in usum suum collectae sunt à Io. Helo.*

22. *Aequilibrium. Tom. 2. Sive ars acquiescendi in Controversiis. Primus modus dicitur simplex, quia datā controversiā (utpote estne transubstantiatio?) scribitur sic, & non variis sed aequalibus chartulis, & trutina imponantur, & ponderosiori adhaerendum. Alius modus est compositus, quia datā thesi ex unā parte, datur etiam altera ex alterā: ut Petrus sedet Romæ, & Joannes sedet Romæ, & etiam si aequalibus literis scribuntur, &c. ponderosiori adhaerendum; autore Erasmo Retorad.*

23. *Cardanus de nullibietate crepitūs.*

24. *Edmundi Hobæi eruclationes pomeridiana; sive de univocis, utpote de prerogativā Regum, & chimaris, morbo Regio, & morbo Gallico, &c.*

25. *Ars Spiritualis inescandi mulieres, sive conciones subcingulares Egertoni.*

26. *De Pessario animato, & omni morbio fœminis dando, per Magistrum Butler Cantabr.*

27. *Caput aeneum Fran. Baconi: de Roberto primo Angliæ rege.*

28. *Cape advocatorum; sive ars plorandi in Judiciis, per eundem. Sesqui-barbarus; sive de medietate lingua.*

29. *De Gurgite diametrali à Polo ad Polum, per centrum navigabile sine pyxide per Aadr. Thevet.*

30. *Quintessentia inferni; sive camera privata infernalis, ubi tractatur de loco quinto ab Homero, Virgilio, Dante, cæterisque papisticis prætermisso, ubi Reges præter damni pœnas, & sensūs, recordatione præteritorum cruciantur.*

31. *Encomium Doctoris Shaw Capellani Richardi 3. per Doct. Barlow.*

32. *Quid non? sive confutatio omnium errorum, tam in Theologiâ quàm in aliis scientiis artibusque mechanicis, præteritorum, præsentium & futurorum, omnium hominum mortuorum, superstitem, nascendorumque; unâ nocte post cœnam confecta, per D. Sutcliffe.*

33. *De Episcopabilitate Puritani. Dr. Robinson.*

34. *Tarltonus de privilegiis Parliamenti.*



In Sacram Anchoram Piscatoris G.
Herbert.

QUOD Crux nequibat fixa, Clavique additi,
(Tenere Christum scilicet, ne ascenderet)
Tunc Christum devocans facundia,
Ultra loquendi tempus; addit Anchora :
Nec hoc abundè est tibi, nisi certa Anchoræ
Addas sigillum : nempe symbolum sua
Tibi debet Unda & Terra certitudinis.

Quondam fessus Amor loquens Amato,
Tot & tanta loquens amica, scripsit :
Tandem & fessa manus dedit sigillum.

Suavis erat, qui scripta dolens lacerando recludi,
Sanctius in Regno Magni credebat Amoris
(In quo fas nihil est rumpi) donare sigillum.

Munde, suas fugiasque licet, nos nostraque fixi ;
Deridet motus sancta catena tuas.



Although the Cross could not Christ here detain,
 Though nail'd unto't, but he ascends again;
 Nor yet thy eloquence here keep him still,
 But only while thou speak'st; This *Anchor* will:
 Nor canst thou be content, unless thou to
 This certain *Anchor* add a Seal: and so
 The Water and the Earth both unto thee
 Do owe the symbol of their certainty.

When Love, being weary, made an end
 Of kind Expressions to his friend,
 He writ; when's hand could write no more,
 He gave the Seal, and so left o'er.

How sweet a friend was he, who, being griev'd
 His letters were broke rudely up, believ'd
 'Twas more secure in great Love's Common-weal
 (Where nothing should be broke) to add a Seal!

Let the world reel, we and all ours stand sure;
 This holy Cable's of all storms secure.



To Mr. George Herbert, sent him with one
of my Seals of the Anchor and Christ.

QUI prius assuetus Serpentum fasce Tabellas
Signare (hæc nostra symbola parva Domûs).
Adscitus domui Domini, patrioque relicto
Stemmata, nanciscor stemmata jure nova.
Hinc mihi Crux, primo qua fronti impressa lavacro,
Finibus extensis, anchora facta patet.
Anchora in effigiem Crux tandem desinit ipsam,
Anchora fit tandem Crux tolerata diu.
Hoc tamen ut fiat, Christo vegetatur ab ipso
Crux, & ab affixo est Anchora facta Jesu.
Nec Natalitiis penitus serpentibus orbor;
Non ita dat Deus, ut auferat ante data.
Quâ sapiens, Dos est; Quâ terram lambit & ambit,
Pestis; At in nostrâ fit Medicina Cruce.
Serpens; fixa Cruci si sit Natura; Crucique
A fixo nobis Gratia tota fluat.
Omnia cum Crux sint, Crux Anchora fixa, sigillum
Non tam dicendum hoc, quàm Catechismus erit.
Mitto, nec exigua, exiguâ sub imagine, dona,
Pignora amicitia, & munera, Vota, preces.
Plura tibi accumulet sanctus cognominis Ille,
Regia qui flavo Dena sigillat Equo.

J. D.



A sheaf of Snakes used heretofore to be my Seal, The Crest of our poor Family.

A Dopted in God's Family, and so
 Our old Coat lost, unto new arms I go.
 The Cross (my seal at Baptism) spread below,
 Does by that form into an Anchor grow.
 Crosses grow Anchors; Bear, as thou should'st do,
 Thy Cross; and that Cross grows an Anchor too.
 But he, that makes our Crosses Anchors thus,
 Is Christ, who there is crucifi'd for us.
 Yet may I, with this, my first Serpents hold ;
 God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old.
 The Serpent may, as wise, my pattern be ;
 My poyson, as he feeds on dust, *that's* me.
 And as he rounds the Earth to murder sure,
 My death he is; but on the Cross, my cure.
 Crucifie nature then, and then implore
 All Grace from him, crucifi'd there before ;
 When all is Cross, and that Cross Anchor grown,
 This Seal's a Catechism, not a Seal alone.
 Under that little Seal great gifts I send,
 Works, and prayers, pawns, and fruits of a friend.
 And may that Saint, which rides in our great Seal,
 To you, who bear his name, great bounties deal.



UT primùm per literas, eo quo solent ordine, à vobis, Amplissime, eâque Amplitudine Dignissime Antistes, Reverendissimique Patres, ad nos dimanantes, nobis innotuit; Potentissimum, simul & consultissimum Regem, etsi à Spiritu sancto, spiritu consilii, in semet abundè repletum, suorum tamen consilio, in solenni Ordinum Conventu uti non de dignatum esse; habui & ego, etsi in antro delitescens, nec in fulgore omnino, parùm in aprico versatus, hujus tumen roris guttulas meas, & Gomerulum meum (si ita diminuere liceat) hujus Mannæ; sensum partemque meam ejus, quâ universum regnum perfusum est, lætitiæ. Verè enim mihi videre visus sum exemplar ipsum, quod vidit Patriarcha Jacob, Deum in pinnaculo scalæ & Angelos ascendentes & descendentes; cùm videam eum, qui inter eos summus est, de quibus Deus dixit, *Vos Dii estis*, non ita sui contentum esse, nec ita in semet acquiescere (quo tamen uno contenti, & in quo solo acquiescimus libenter omnes) quin & in hanc scalam innitatur; in quâ illa, quæ à vobis Ecclesiæ proceribus in nos descendit, influentia, & is, qui a nobis ad vos ascendit, Odor quietis, Descensum Ascensumque Angelorum possit imitari. Quid enim non licet nobis nobis jam spondere, tam feliciter auspiciatis, ut non ex aliis, quàm ipsâ cœlesti Columbâ, avibus, divinationem statuamus, omnia harmonice, summâque cum concordia transigenda, cum videamus Deum cœlestem, terrestremque Deum, ita in unum coalescere, ut, quemadmodum nec Deus ipse ita Unus esse voluerit, ut non etiam sit Trinus, ita nec Rex summus sibi ita voluit inniti, ut non & tres ordines bonâ suâ cum veniâ accersituque convenirent? Vidit Deus opt. Max. in principio Lucem bonam, & bonam Terram, Solem bonum, & bonum Mare, singula bona; sed cùm uno intuitu omnia complexus est, vidit omnia valde bona. Vidit & ille, qui ejus apud nos vices gerit, quæ in

Corde suo diffusa est, lucem bonam, quæ ab iis, qui ei à Consiliis sunt, & qui à Concionibus, inferuntur, singula bona; Et cum jam per eum coadunata sint omnia, cum jam, sicut de exercitibus Israeliticis sæpe usurpatum, Omnes sicut unus vir exiverunt, ita & nos sicut os unum, una anima, convenimus, viderit (precamur), videbit (ominamur), omnia valde bona. Hujus cum ego benigni roris guttulas meas, & almæ hujus Mannæ Gomerulum meum mihimet pollicerer, ut aut in umbrâ familiari ea, quæ hoc in loco transigenda essent, precibus promovere, aut, quæ acta erant, præsentiam meam suffragioque testari possem, nec amplius memet ingerere, ingenuam istam spe & pollicitatione non injustam dejectum me video. Oneri, viribus meis impari, & importuno, repente suppositum, & à litore, ubi omnibus adprecando, & sanioribus annuendo, satis officio meo fecisse putari possem, in arenam, in æstum maris jam protrusum, Proloquendi & Præloquendi, Conciliandi & Consulendi, Colligendi & Referendi, Argumentandi & Arguendi, aliaque peragendi, tot & tanta, ut sepositis penitusque neglectis, quæ à corpore imbecilli, fractis viribus, & valetudine perquam incommoda, etiam in oculos vestros, catervatim se injiciunt, excusationibus & argumentis, (libens enim ea prætereo, cum misera sit eloquentia, quæ non ex aliis topicis, quam miseriam ipsam hauriatur) cum mihi ad eos, qui in animi dotibus positi sunt, defectus propalandos necessario deveniendum sit, in congerendis, quæ in excusationem conferri possent, non longius discurrendum, non amplius disquirendum sit, quam candidè profiteri, me ab hoc munere rite præstando tam longè abesse, ut, quantum abfuerim, ipse nesciam: Tam non valere hoc in munere aliis satisfacere, ut nec mihimet dicere ipse valeam, in quibus versetur, præstare posset hæc satisfactio: Tam non spondere, facturum me quod exigat, ut & ignorem planè, penitus, quid exigat. Canos istos

non dicent istæ excusationes? Sed & ipse *Moses*, dixerunt jam plenus, totoque, quod ipse in psalmo statuit, humanæ vitæ stadio, eoque longissimo, octoginta annorum, jam decurso, incircumcisa labia professus est, & urisit; nec infantilis ætatis erat, cum se puerum & infantem profiteretur *Jeremias*. Idcirco autem eorum excusationes non admisit Deus, quia, qui potis erat solus, omnia se refarturum in se sumpsit. Si nec meas admitti fas sit, nec patiatur mos, & consuetudinis improba tyrannis, ut id fiat, quod fecit erga *Mosen*, & *Jeremiam* Deus, faciatis, Oro, quo valetis modo, erga nos, R. R. R. R. ut id operetur in vobis patientia vestra, quod in illis operata est potentia Dei; ut benignitate vestrâ freti, ad omne opus quantumvis arduum, sanctâ fortitudine, & alacritate piâ nos accingamus. Et si enim non egeant *Davide* tempora nostra, cum in nos nullus exurgat *Goliath* , (nec enim hæreses à nobis debellandæ, nec schismata occurrunt refarcienda; quod vigilantia vestræ sollicitudinique unice debet Ecclesia) & quamvis in hoc me soler, Deum, qui numerosum *Gedeonis* exercitum domum remisit, ut in paucioribus Victoriâ reportaret, posse etiam & in me, homine inexercitato, exercitatis tot Athletis strenuisque viris relictis, opus suum perficere. Tamen cum satis sciam, sicut & libros à captu lectorum, ita & opera ab animis recipientium, sua fata habere, rogandæ sunt Reverendissimæ Paternitates vestræ, ut meminisse dignentur, imbecilliores stellas, à benigno fortiorum aspectu, reddi fortiores, molitionesque nostras à radiis vestris vegetari, & in sinu vestro animari Embryones nostros. Et si intempestivum sit jam orare, ut à me hoc eximatur Onus, oremus Patrem in filio Jesu, ut per Spiritum sanctum Onus commune leve faciat, ut singulis nostrum panem suum quotidianum impertiatur, ita ut nec officiosè nimis maturando, nec nimis scrupulosè retardando, ad gloriam Dei, ad Ecclesiæ bonum, ad utilitatem

Reip.

Reip. ad solamen pientissimi principis, opus diei
semper in die suo peragatur. Amen.

*Translated out of Gazæus, Vota Amico
facta. fol. 160.*

[mine,
GOD grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee
 Thou, who dost, best friend, in best things out-
 May thy soul, ever chearful, ne'er know cares; [shine;
 Nor thy life, ever lively, know gray hairs.
 Nor thy hand, ever open, know base holds;
 Nor thy purse, ever plump, know plaits or folds.
 Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a false thing;
 Nor thy words, ever mild, know quarrelling.
 Nor thy works, ever equal, know di'guise;
 Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies.
 Nor thy prayers know low objects, still Divine;
 God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine.

*To LUCY Countess of BEDFORD,
with Mr. Donne's Satires.*

Lucy, you brightness of our Sphear, who are
 Life of the *Muse's* day, their morning Star,
 If works (not th' Authors) their own grace should
 look,
 Whose poems would not wish to be your book?
 But these, desir'd by you, the maker's ends
 Crown with their own. Rare Poems ask rare Friends,
 Yet *Satires*, since the most of mankind be
 Their unavoided subject, fewest see:
 For none e'er took that pleasure in sin's sense;
 But, when they heard it tax'd, took more offence.

They then, that living where the matter's bred,
 Dare for these Poems yet both ask and read,
 And like them too, must needfully, though few,
 Be of the best: and 'mongst those best are you,
Lucy, you brightness of our Sphear, who are
 The *Muse's* evening, as their morning-star.

Ben. Johnson.

To JOHN DONNE.

WHO shall doubt, *Donne*, where I a Poet be,
 When I dare send my *Epigrams* to thee?
 That so alone canst judge, so alone make:
 And in thy censures evenly dost take.
 As free simplicity to disavow,
 As thou hast best authority t' allow.
 Read all I send: and, if I find but one
 Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better stone,
 My title's seal'd. Those, that for claps do write,
 Let puny's, porter's, player's praise delight,
 And, till they burst, their backs like asses load:
 A man should seek great glory, and not broad.

Ben. Johnson.

THE heavn's rejoyce in motion, why should I
 Abjure my so much lov'd variety,
 And not with many youth, and lov'd, divide?
 Pleasure is none, if not diversifi'd.
 The sun, that sitting in the chair of light,
 Sheds flame into what else soever doth seem bright,
 Is not contented at one Sign to inn,
 But ends his year, and with a new begins.
 All things do willingly in change delight,
 The fruitful mother of our appetite:

Rivers the clearer and more pleasing are,
 Where their fair-spreading streams run wide and clear;
 And a dead lake, that no strange bark doth greet,
 Corrupts it self, and what doth live in it.
 Let no man tell me such a one is fair,
 And worthy all alone my love to share.
 Nature in her hath done the liberal part
 Of a kind mistress, and employ'd her art
 To make her loveable; and I aver
 Him not humane, that would turn back from her;
 I love her well; and would, if need were, dye
 To do her service. But follows it that I
 Must serve her only, when I may have choice?
 The law is hard, and shall not have my voice.
 The last I saw in all extreams is fair,
 And holds me in the sun-beams of her hair;
 Her nymph-like features such agreements have,
 That I could venture with her to the grave:
 Another's brown, I like her not the worse;
 Her tongue is soft, and takes me with discourse:
 Others, for that they well descended were,
 Do in my love obtain as large a share:
 And though they be not fair, 'tis much with me
 To win their love only for their degree;
 And though I fail of my required ends,
 Th' attempt is glorious, and it self commends.
 How happy were our Sires in ancient time,
 Who held plurality of loves no crime?
 With them it was accounted charity
 To stir up race of all indifferently;
 Kindreds were not exempted from the bands:
 Which with the *Persians* still in usage stands.
 Women were then no sooner ask'd than won;
 And what they did was honest, and well done.
 But since this little honour hath been us'd,
 Our weak credulity hath been abus'd;
 The golden laws of nature are repeal'd,
 Which our first Fathers in such reverence held;

Our liberty's revers'd, and Charter's gone,
 And we made servants to *Opinion*;
 A monster in no certain shape arriv'd,
 And whose original is much desir'd;
 Formless at first, but growing on its fashions,
 And doth prescribe manners and laws to nations.
 Here love receiv'd immedicable harms,
 And was despoiled of his daring arms;
 A greater want than is his daring eyes,
 He lost those awful wings with which he flies;
 His sinewy bow, and those immortal darts,
 Wherewith he's wont to bruise resisting hearts.
 Only some few, strong in themselves, and free,
 Retain the seeds of ancient liberty;
 Following that part of love, although deprest,
 And make a throne for him within their breast;
 In spite of modern censures him avowing
 Their Sovereign, all service him allowing.
 Amongst which troop, although I am the least,
 Yet equal in perfection with the best:
 I glory in subjection of his hand,
 Nor ever did decline his least command;
 For in whatever form the message came,
 My heart did open, and receive the same.
 But time will in its course a point descry,
 When I this loved service must deny:
 For our allegiance temporary is;
 With firmer age return our liberties.
 What time in years and judgment we repos'd,
 Shall not so eas'ly be to change dispos'd;
 Nor to the art of several eyes obeying,
 But beauty with true worth securely weighing;
 Which being found assembled in some one,
 We'll love her ever, and love her alone.

HE, that cannot choose but love,
 And strives against it still,
 Never shall my fancy move,
 For he loves against his will.
 Nor he, which is all his own,
 And cannot pleasure choose;
 When I am caught, he can be gone,
 And, when he list, refuse.
 Nor he, that loves none but fair,
 For such by all are sought;
 Nor he, that can for foul ones care,
 For his judgment then is naught.
 Nor he, that hath wit, for he
 Will make me 'his jest or slave;
 Nor a fool, for when others ----
 He can neither ----
 Nor he, that still his Mistress prays,
 For she is thrall'd therefore;
 Nor he, that pays not, for he says
 Within she's worth no more.
 Is there then no kind of men,
 Whom I may freely prove?
 I will vent that humour then
 In this mine own self-love.

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