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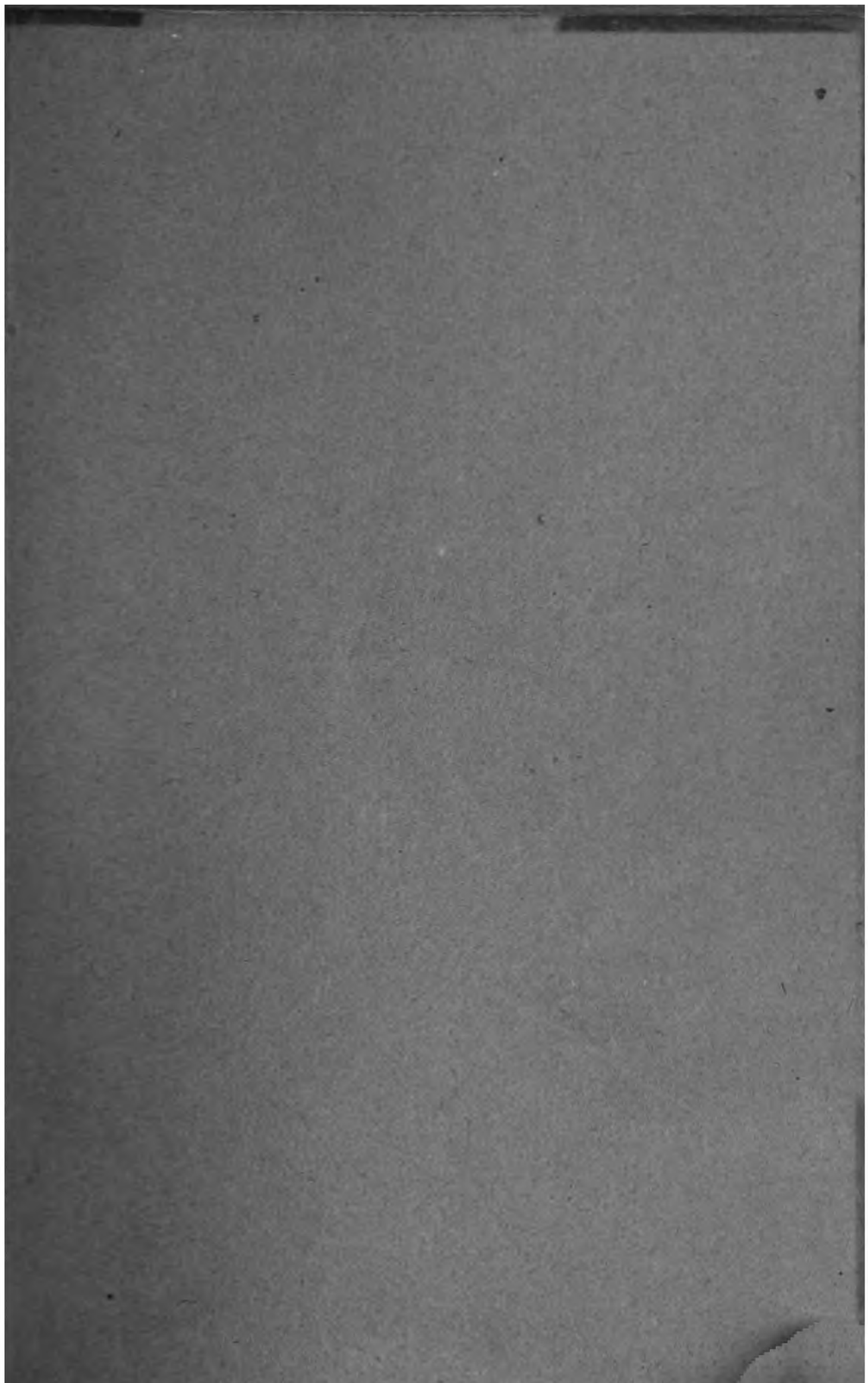
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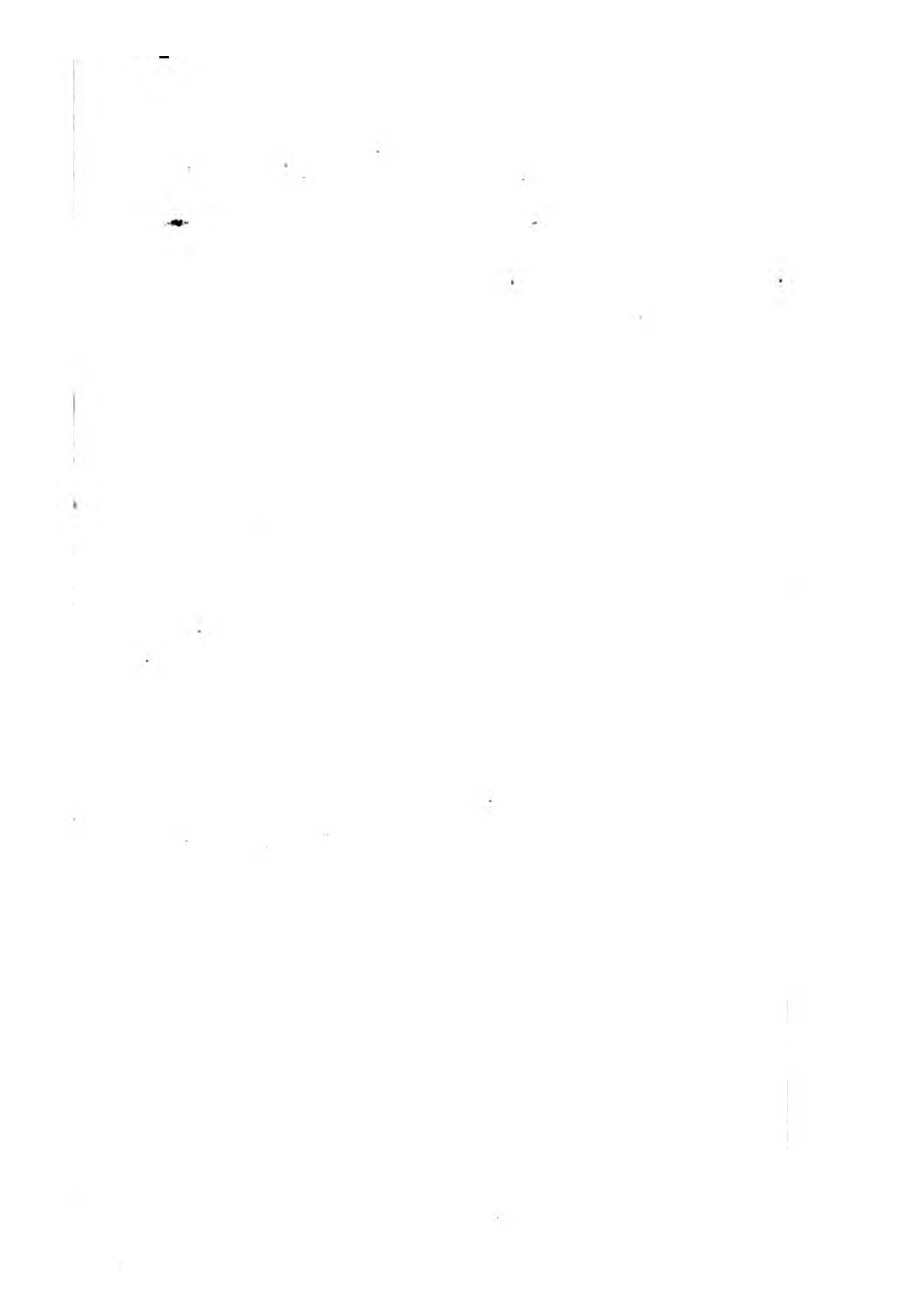
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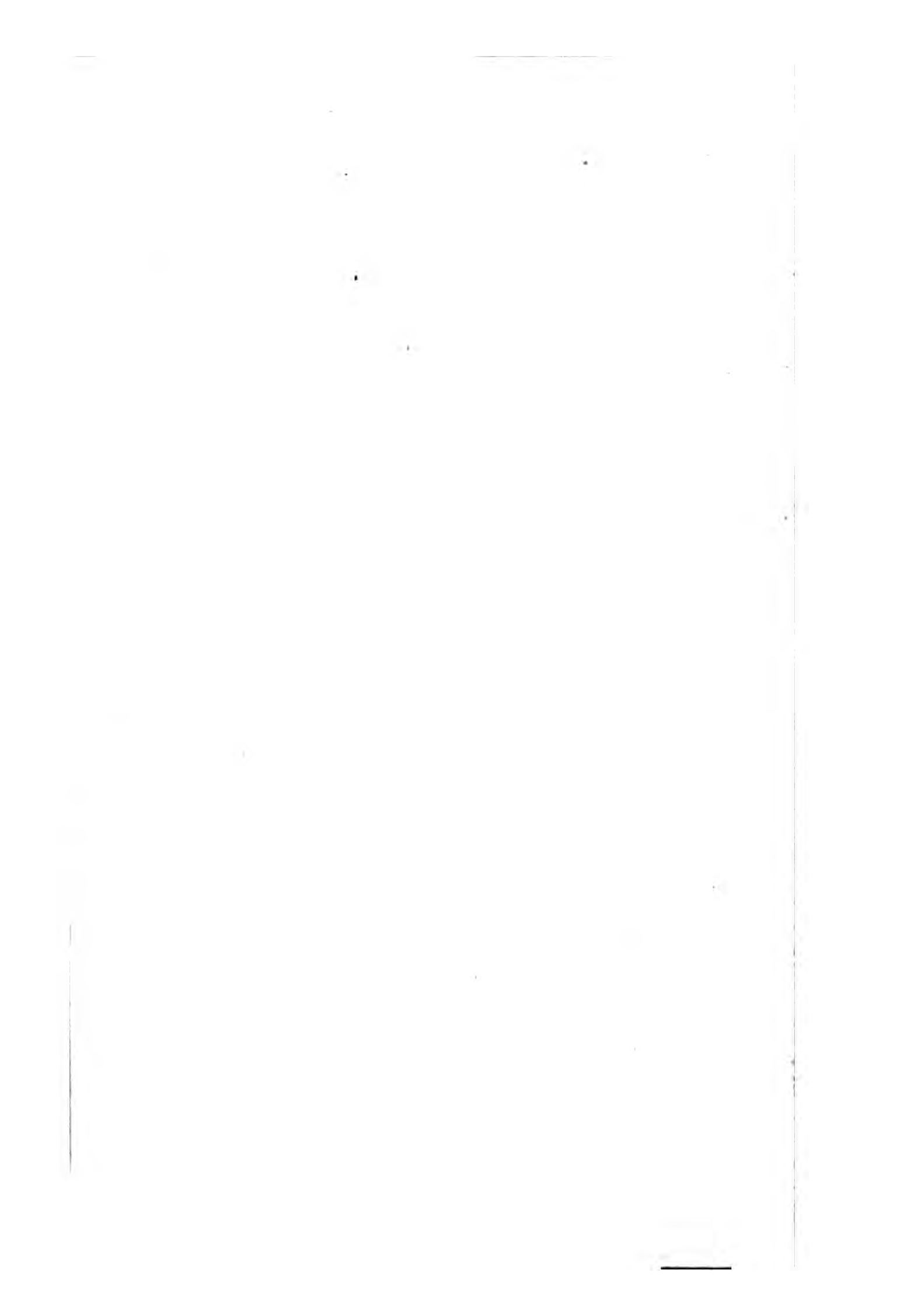
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c. Corvelli
1785.





E M B L E M S

DIVINE AND MORAL:

TOGETHER WITH

HIEROGLYPHICS

OF THE

LIFE OF MAN.

WRITTEN BY

FRANCIS QUARLES.

**HÆC LAUS, HIC APEX SAPIENTIÆ EST, EA VIVENTEM
APPETERE, QUÆ MORIENTI FORENT APPETENDA.**

L O N D O N:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY H. TRAPP, No. 1.
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M.DCC.LXXVII.



RECOMMENDATORY
P R E F A C E.

IN an age of uncommon dissipation and levity, and in which every expedient is invented, that can vitiate the mind, and corrupt the heart; the REAL CHRISTIAN and TRUE PATRIOT should lose no opportunity to make an humble and bold attempt to stop the current of vice, which must be attended with the most fatal effects. “ *Rari quippe boni:*” the good are scarce and few: but however, it ill becomes them to be *idle* in the best cause; while those of an opposite character are so resolute, industrious, and persevering, in the *worst*.

THE pious education of youth is an object of the utmost importance to the safety, the peace, and prosperity of the commonwealth. One of the statutes of Henry IV. of France begins thus: “ The happiness of kingdoms and people, and especially of a christian state, depends upon the good education of youth: whereby the minds of the crude and unskilful are civilized and fashioned; and such as would otherwise be useless, and of no value, are qualified to discharge the several offices of the state with ability and success: by *that* they

“ are taught their inviolable duties to God, their
 “ parents, and their country, with the respect and
 “ obedience which they owe to kings and magis-
 “ trates.”

WHATEVER can tend to produce such happy effects as these, and to correct that strong inclination to ill which is so deeply rooted in young people, and which will never want the sanction of example, becomes a *public good*, and ought to meet with *public encouragement*. So says unfeigned *zeal for religion*, and genuine *love for our country*.

UPON this presumption, it is hoped that QUARLES'S EMBLEMS will meet with that reception which the merit and utility of such an original work demands : and which is not only calculated to convey the most important lessons of instruction into youthful minds, but to convey them in the most pleasant and entertaining manner ; by *hieroglyphics*, or figurative signs and symbols of divine, sacred, and supernatural things : by which mode of communicating knowledge, the fancy is charmed, the invention is exercised, the mind informed, and the heart improved.
 “ *Labor ipse voluptas.*”

THE peculiar excellency of this publication, which is now become so scarce as with difficulty to be purchased at all ; a fair and elegant copy of which is promised us by the editor at a vast expence ; is, that it contains a sort of wisdom in which young and old, learned and unlearned, are equally concerned ; and without which, the greatest philosopher

P R E F A C E.

is an arrant fool. For, however highly we may esteem human arts and sciences in their proper place, it will ever be true, that “the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.”

VARIOUS and elaborate means are pursued, in order to furnish the minds of our youth with *fabulous* knowledge, and to fill them with the frivolous tales of *heathenish* science; the very perfection of which deserves but little, if any praise. And it is, no doubt, a sad proof of universal degeneracy, that the *Metamorphoses* of an *Ovid* are preferred, in our schools, to the sacred *Realities* of *Moses* and the *Prophets*; and a young person is taught to be as much affected with the recital of the dismal fate of *Phaëton's* sisters, as by that of *Isaac*, or of a greater than *Isaac*, when offered up a sacrifice to the God of heaven.

LET us, however, hope for better times and better things: when every human science shall be made subservient to divine; when the invaluable knowledge of the *sacred writings* shall have its due place and due honor; and when QUARLES'S EMBLEMS shall, at least, be preferred to the comparative nonsense of the Pantheon and *Ovid's* Epistles.

C. DE COETLOGON.

Lower Grosvenor Place.

To my much honoured, and no less truly
beloved Friend,

EDWARD BENLOWES, ESQ.

My dear Friend,

YOU have put the theorbo into my hand, and I have played: you gave the musician the first encouragement; the music returneth to you for patronage. Had it been a light air, no doubt but it had taken the most, and, among them, the worst; but being a grave strain, my hopes are, that it will please the best, and, among them, you. Toyish airs please trivial ears; they kiss the fancy, and betray it. They cry Hail, first; and after, Crucify: let daws delight to immerd themselves in dung, whilst eagles scorn so poor a game as flies. Sir, you have art and candour; let the one judge, let the other excuse

Your most affectionate Friend,

FRA. QUARLES.

T O

TO THE READER.

AN EMBLEM is but a silent parable: let not the tender eye check, to see the allusion to our blessed SAVIOUR figured in these types. In holy scripture he is sometimes called a sower, sometimes a fisher, sometimes a physician; and why not presented so, as well to the eye as to the ear? Before the knowledge of letters, GOD was known by Hieroglyphics. And indeed what are the heavens, the earth, nay, every creature, but Hieroglyphics and Emblems of his glory? I have no more to say: I wish thee as much pleasure in the reading, as I had in writing. Farewell, Reader.

BY

BY fathers back'd, by holy writ led on,
 Thou shew'ft a way to heav'n by **HELICON** :
 The Muses' font is consecrate by thee,
 And Poesy baptiz'd Divinity.
 Blest soul, that here embark'ft : thou sail'ft apace,
 'Tis hard to say, mov'd more by wit or grace,
 Each muse so plies her oar : but O the sail
 Is fill'd from heav'n with a diviner gale :
 When poets prove divines, why should not I
 Approve in verse this divine poetry ?

Let this suffice to license thee the press :

I must no more, nor could the truth say less.

Sic approbavit **RIC. LOVE**, *Procan. Cant.*

Tot Flores **QUARLES**, quot *Paradisus* habet.

Lectori bene male-volo.

*Qui legit ex Horto hęc Flores, Qui carpit, uterque
 Jure potest VIOLAS dicere, jure ROSAS :*

Non è *Parnasso VIOLAM, Festivè ROSETO*

Carpit Apollo, magis quæ sit amœna, ROSAM.

Quot Versus VIOLAS legis ; & quem verba locutum

Credis, verba dedit : Nam dedit ille ROSAS.

Utque Ego non dicam hęc VIOLAS suavissima ; Tute

Ipsè facis VIOLAS, Livide, si violas.

Nam velut è VIOLIS sibi fugit Aranea virus :

Vertis at in succos Hasque ROSASque tuos.

Quas violas Musas, VIOLAS puto, quasque recusas

Dente tuo rosas, has, reor, esse ROSAS.

Sic rosas, facis esse ROSAS, dum, Zoile, rodis :

Sic facies has VIOLAS, Livide, dum violas.

Brent Hall,

EDW. BENLOWES.

1634.

T H E



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Dum Cœlum aspicio Solum despicio.

THE
FIRST BOOK.

THE INVOCATION.

Rouse thee, my soul, and drain thee from the dregs
Of vulgar thoughts: screw up the heighten'd pegs
Of thy sublime theorbo four notes higher,
And higher yet, that so the shrill-mouth'd choir
Of swift-wing'd seraphims may come and join,
And make thy concert more than half divine.
Invoke no muse; let Heav'n be thine Apollo;
And let his sacred influences hallow
Thy high-bred strains. Let his full beams inspire
Thy ravish'd brains with more heroic fire:
Snatch thee a quill from the spread eagle's wing,
And, like the morning lark, mount up and sing:
Cast off these dangling plummets, that so clog
Thy lab'ring heart, which gropes in this dark fog
Of dungeon earth; let flesh and blood forbear
To stop thy flight, till this base world appear
A thin blue landscape: let thy pinions soar
So high a pitch, that men may seem no more
Than pismires, crawling on this mole-hill earth,
Thy ear untroubled with their frantic mirth;
Let not the frailty of thy flesh disturb
Thy new-concluded peace; let reason curb
Thy hot-mouth'd passion; and let heav'n's fire season
The fresh conceits of thy corrected reason.
Disdain to warm thee at lust's smoaky fires,
Scorn, scorn to feed on thy old bloat desires:
Come, come, my soul, hoise up thy higher sails,
The wind blows fair; shall we still creep like snails,
That

That glide their ways with their own native slimes ?
No, we must fly like eagles ; and our rhymes
Must mount to heav'n, and reach th' Olympic ear ;
Our heav'n-blown fire must seek no other sphere.

Thou great Theanthropos, that giv'st and ground'st
Thy gifts in dust, and from our dunghill crown'st
Reflecting honour, taking, by retale,
What thou hast giv'n in gross, from lapsed, frail,
And sinful man : that drink'st full draughts, wherein
Thy children's leprous fingers, scurf'd with sin,
Have paddled ; cleanse, O cleanse my crafty soul
From secret crimes, and let my thoughts controul
My thoughts : O teach me stoutly to deny
Myself, that I may be no longer I :
Enrich my fancy, clarify my thoughts,
Refine my dross ; O wink at human faults ;
And, through the slender current of my quill,
Convey thy current, whose clear streams may fill
The hearts of men with love, their tongues with praise :
Crown me with glory, take who list the bays.

JAMES



B.I. *Embl.* 1.



Totus Mundus in Maligno (Maligno)positus est.

I.

JAMES i. 14.

Every man is tempted, when he is drawn away by his own lust, and enticed.

SERPENT.

EVE.

Serp. **N**ot eat? not taste? not touch? not cast an eye
 Upon the fruit of this fair tree? And why?
 Why eat'st thou not what Heav'n ordain'd for food?
 Or canst thou think that bad which Heav'n call'd good?
 Why was it made, if not to be enjoy'd?
 Neglect of favours makes a favour void:
 Blessings unus'd, pervert into a waste,
 As well as surfeits; woman, do but taste:
 See how the laden boughs make silent fruit
 To be enjoy'd; look how their bending fruit
 Meet thee half-way: observe but how they crouch
 To kiss thy hand; coy woman, do but touch:
 Mark what a pure vermilion blush has dy'd
 Their swelling cheeks; and how for shame they hide
 Their palsy heads, to see themselves stand by
 Neglected: Woman, do but cast an eye.
 What bounteous Heav'n ordain'd for use, refuse not:
 Come, pull and eat: y'abuse the thing ye use not.

Eve. Wisest of beasts, our great Creator did
 Reserve this tree, and this alone forbid;
 The rest are freely ours, which doubtless are
 As pleasing to the taste; to th'eye as fair:
 But touching this, his strict commands are such,
 'Tis death to taste, no less than death to touch.

Serp. Pish; death's a fable: did not Heav'n inspire
 Your equal elements with living fire,

Blown from the spring of life? Is not that breath
 Immortal? Come; ye are as free from death
 As he that made you. Can the flames expire
 Which he has kindled? Can ye quench his fire?
 Did not the great Creator's voice proclaim
 Whate'er he made (from the blue spangled frame
 To the poor leaf that trembles) very good?
 Bless'd he not both the feeder and the food?
 Tell, tell me, then, what danger can accrue
 From such blest food, to such half gods as you?
 Curb needless fears, and let no fond conceit
 Abuse your freedom; woman, take and eat.

Eve. 'Tis true, we are immortal; death is yet
 Unborn, and, till rebellion make it debt,
 Undue; I know the fruit is good, until
 Presumptuous disobedience make it ill.

The lips that open to this fruit's a portal
 To let in death, and make immortal mortal. [not.

Serp. You cannot die; come, woman, taste, and fear

Eve. Shall *Eve* transgress? I dare not, O I dare not.

Serp. Afraid? Why draw'st thou back thy tim'rous
 Harm only falls on such as fear a harm. [arm?

Heav'n knows and fears the virtue of this tree:

'Twill make you perfect gods as well as He.

Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondness never

Fear death: do, pull, and eat, and live for ever.

Eve. 'Tis but an apple; and it is as good

To do, as to desire. Fruit's made for food:

I'll pull, and taste, and tempt my Adam too

To know the secrets of this dainty. *Serp.* Do.

S. C H R Y S. sup. Matth.

He forced him not : he touched him not : only said, Cast thyself down ; that we may know, that whosoever obeyeth the devil, casteth himself down : for the devil may suggest, compel he cannot.

S. B E R N. in Ser.

It is the devil's part to suggest : ours, not to consent. As oft as we resist him, so often we overcome him : as often as we overcome him, so often we bring joy to the angels, and glory to God : who opposeth us, that we may contend ; and assisteth us, that we may conquer.

E P I G. I.

Unlucky parliament ! wherein, at last,
Both houses are agreed, and firmly past
An act of death confirm'd by higher powers ;
O had it had but such success as ours !

II.

JAMES i. 15.

Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.

I.

Lament, lament; look, look, what thou hast done:
 Lament the world's, lament thine own estate:
 Look, look, by doing, how thou art undone;
 Lament thy fall, lament thy change of state:
 Thy faith is broken, and thy freedom gone,
 See, see too, soon, what thou lament'st too late.
 O thou that wert so many men, nay, all
 Abridg'd in one! how has thy desp'rate fall
 Destroy'd thy unborn seed, destroy'd thyself withal!

2.

Uxorious Adam, whom thy Maker made
 Equal to angels that excel in pow'r,
 What hast thou done? O why hast thou obey'd
 Thy own destruction? Like a new-cropt flow'r,
 How does the glory of thy beauty fade!
 How are thy fortunes blasted in an hour!
 How art thou cow'd, that had'st the pow'r to quell
 The spite of new-fall'n angels, baffle hell,
 And vie with those that stood, and vanquish those that
 [fell!

3.

See how the world (whose chaste and pregnant womb
 Of late conceiv'd, and brought forth nothing ill)

B.I. Emb. 2.



Sic Malum cecidit unicum in omne Malum.



Is now degenerated, and become
 A base adulteress, whose false births do fill
 The earth with monsters, monsters that do roam
 And rage about, and make a trade to kill :
 Now glutt'ny paunches ; lust begins to spawn ;
 Wrath takes revenge, and avarice a pawn ;
 Pale envypines, pride swells, and sloth begins to yawn.

4.

The air that whisper'd, now begins to roar ;
 And blust'ring Boreas blows the boiling tide ;
 The white-mouth'd water now usurps the shore,
 And scorns the pow'r of her tridental guide ;
 The fire now burns, that did but warm before,
 And rules her ruler with resistless pride :
 Fire, water, earth, and air, that first were made
 To be subdu'd, see how they now invade ;
 They rule whom once they serv'd, command where once
 [obey'd.

5.

Behold, that nakedness, that late bewray'd
 Thy glory, now's become thy shame, thy wonder ;
 Behold, those trees, whose various fruits were made
 For food, now turn'd a shade to shrowd thee under ;
 Behold, that voice (which thou hast disobey'd),
 That late was music, now affrights like thunder :
 Poor man ! are not thy joints grown sore with sha-
 To view th'effect of thy bold undertaking, [king
 That in one hour didst mar what Heav'n six days was
 [making ?

S. AUGUST. lib. i. de Lib. Arbit.

It is a most just punishment, that man should lose that freedom which man could not use, yet had power to keep, if he would; and that he who had knowledge to do what was right, and did not, should be deprived of the knowledge of what was right: and that he who would not do righteously when he had the power, should lose the power to do it when he had the will.

Hugo de Anima.

They are justly punished, that abuse lawful things; but they are most justly punished, that use unlawful things: thus Lucifer fell from heaven; thus Adam lost his paradise.

EPIG. 2.

See how these fruitful kernels, being cast
Upon the earth, how thick they spring! how fast!
A full-ear'd crop and thriving, rank and proud;
Prepost'rous man first sow'd, and then he plough'd.

P R O V.



B.I. Emb. 3.



Ut potior, patior, patieris, non poteris

III.

PROV. xiv. 13.

Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness.

I.

A Las ! fond child,
 How are thy thoughts beguil'd
 To hope for honey from a nest of wasps?
 Thou may'st as well
 Go seek for ease in hell,
 Or sprightly nectar from the mouths of asps.

2.

The world's a hive,
 From whence thou can'st derive
 No good, but what thy soul's vexation brings :
 Put case thou meet
 Some petti-petti-sweet,
 Each drop is guarded with a thousand stings.

3.

Why dost thou make
 These murm'ring troops forsake
 The safe protection of their waxen homes?
 Their hive contains
 No sweet that's worth thy pains ;
 There's nothing here, alas ! but empty combs.

4.

For trash and toys,
 And grief-engend'ring joys,

B 3

What

What torment seems too sharp for flesh and blood !
 What bitter pills,
 Compos'd of real ills,
 Men swallow down, to purchase one false good !

5.

The dainties here,
 Are least what they appear ;
 Though sweet in hopes, yet in fruition sour :
 The fruit that's yellow,
 Is found not always mellow ;
 The fairest tulip's not the sweetest flow'r.

6.

Fond youth, give o'er,
 And vex thy soul no more
 In seeking what were better far unfound ;
 Alas ! thy gains
 Are only present pains
 To gather scorpions for a future wound.

7.

What's earth ? or in it,
 That longer than a minute,
 Can lend a free delight that can endure ?
 O who would droil *,
 Or delve in such a soil,
 Where gain's uncertain, and the pain is sure ?

* *Droil*, i. e. drudge.

S. AUGUST.

Sweetness in temporal matters is deceitful: it is a labour and a perpetual fear; it is a dangerous pleasure, whose beginning is without providence, and whose end is not without repentance.

HUGO.

Luxury is an enticing pleasure, a bastard mirth, which hath honey in her mouth, gall in her heart, and a sting in her tail.

EPIG. 3.

What, Cupid, are thy shafts already made?
And seeking honey to set up thy trade,
True emblem of thy sweets! Thy bees do bring
Honey in their mouths, but in their tails a sting.

IV.

P S A L M lxii. 29.

*To be laid in the balance, it is altogether lighter than
vanity.*

I.

PUT in another weight: 'tis yet too light:
And yet, fond Cupid, put another in;
And yet another: still there's under-weight:
Put in another hundred: put again;
Add world to world; then heap a thousand more
To that; then, to renew thy wasted store,
Take up more worlds on trust, to draw thy balance
[low'r.

2.

Put in the flesh, with all her loads of pleasure;
Put in great Mammon's endless inventory;
Put in the pond'rous acts of mighty Cæsar:
Put in the greater weight of Sweden's glory;
Add Scipio's gauntlet; put in Plato's gown:
Put Circe's charms, put in the triple crown.
Thy balance will not draw; thy balance will not
[down.

3.

Lord! what a world is this, which day and night
Men seek with so much toil, with so much trouble?
Which, weigh'd in equal scales, is found so light,
So poorly overbalanc'd with a bubble!
Good God! that frantic mortals should destroy
Their higher hopes, and place their idle joy
Upon such airy trash, upon so light a toy!

Thou

B.L. Emb. 4:



Quis levior ? cui plus ponderi addit Amor.



4.
 Thou bold impostor, how hast thou befool'd
 The tribe of man with counterfeit desire !
 How has the breath of thy false bellows cool'd
 Heav'n's freeborn flame, and kindled bastard fire !
 How hast thou vented dross instead of treasure,
 And cheated men with thy falseweights and measure,
 Proclaiming bad for good ; and gilding death with
 [pleasure !

5.
 The world's a crafty strumpet, most affecting
 And closely following those that most reject her ;
 But seeming careless, nicely disrespecting
 And coyly flying those that most affect her :
 If thou be free, she's strange ; if strange, she's free ;
 Flee, and she follows ; follow, and she'll flee :
 Than she there's none more coy, there's none more
 [fond than she.

6.
 O what a crocodilian world is this,
 Compos'd of treach'ries, and insnaring wiles !
 She cloathes destruction in a formal kiss,
 And lodges death in her destructive smiles ;
 She hugs the soul she hates ; and there does prove
 The very't tyrant, where she vows to love ;
 And is a serpent most, when most she seems a dove.

7.
 Thrice happy he, whose nobler thoughts despise
 To make an object of so easy gains ;
 Thrice happy he, who scorns so poor a prize
 Should be the crown of his heroic pains :
 Thrice happy he, that ne'er was born to try
 Her frowns or smiles : or, being born, did lie
 In his sad nurse's arms an hour or two, and die !

S. AUGUST. lib. Confess.

O you that dote upon this world, for what victory do ye fight? Your hopes can be crowned with no greater reward than the world can give; and what is the world, but a brittle thing full of dangers, wherein we travel from lesser to greater perils? O let all her vain, light, momentary glory, perish with herself, and let us be conversant with more eternal things. Alas! this world is miserable; life is short, and death is sure.

E P I G. 4.

My soul, what's lighter than a feather? Wind.
 Than wind? The fire. And what, than fire? The
 mind.
 What's lighter than the mind? A thought. Than
 thought?
 This bubble world. What, than this bubble?
 Nought.



B.I. Emb. 5.



His vertitur Orbis.

V.

I C O R. vii. 13.

The fashion of this world passeth away.

GONE are those golden days, wherein
 Pale conscience started not at ugly sin:
 When good old Saturn's peaceful throne
 Was un usurped by his beardless son:
 When jealous Ops ne'er fear'd th' abuse
 Of her chaste bed, or breach of nuptial truce:
 When just Astræa pois'd her scales
 In mortal hearts, whose absence earth bewails:
 When froth-born Venus and her brat,
 With all that spurious brood young Jove begat,
 In horrid shapes were yet unknown:
 Those halcyon days, that golden age is gone.
 There was no client then to wait
 The leisure of his long-tail'd advocate;
 The talion law was in request,
 And chanc'ry courts were kept in ev'ry breast:
 Abused statutes had no tenters,
 And men could deal secure without indentures:
 There was no peeping hole to clear
 The wittal's * eye from his incarnate fear;
 There were no lustful cinders then
 To broil the carbonado'd hearts of men:
 The rosy cheeks did then proclaim
 A shame of guilt, but not a guilt of shame:
 There was no whining soul to start
 At Cupid's twang, or curse his flaming dart;
 The boy had then but callow wings,
 And fell Erinny's scorpions had no stings:

* *Wital*, i. e. a cuckold.

The better-acted world did move
Upon the fixed poles of truth and love.
Love essenc'd in the hearts of men !
Then reason rul'd, there was no passion then ;
Till lust and rage began to enter,
Love the circumf'rence was, and love the centre ;
Until the wanton days of Jove,
The simple world was all compos'd of love ;
But Jove grew fleshly, false, unjust ;
Inferior beauty fill'd his veins with lust :
And cucquean * Juno's fury hurl'd
Fierce balls of rape into th' incestuous world :
Astræa fled, and love return'd
From earth, earth boil'd with lust, with rage it burn'd,
And ever since the world hath been
Kept going with the scourge of lust and spleen.

* *Cucquean*, i. e. whorish.

S. AMBROSE.

Lust is a sharp spur to vice, which always putteth the affections into a false gallop.

HUGO.

Lust is an immoderate wantonness of the flesh, a sweet poison, a cruel pestilence; a pernicious poison, which weakeneth the body of man, and effeminateth the strength of an heroic mind.

S. AUGUST.

Envy is the hatred of another's felicity: in respect of superiors, because they are not equal to them; in respect of inferiors, lest he should be equal to them; in respect of equals, because they are equal to them: through envy proceeded the fall of the world, and death of Christ.

EPIG. 5.

What, Cupid, must the world be lash'd so soon?
But made at morning, and be whipt at noon?
'Tis like the wag that plays with Venus' doves,
The more 'tis lash'd, the more perverse it proves.

VI.

ECCLES. ii. 17.

All is vanity and vexation of spirit.

1.

HOW is the anxious soul of man befool'd
 In his desire,
 That thinks an hectic fever may be cool'd
 In flames of fire?
 Or hopes to rake full heaps of burnish'd gold
 From nasty mire?
 A whining lover may as well request
 A scornful breast
 To melt in gentle tears, as woo the world for rest.

2.

Let wit, and all her study'd plots effect
 The best they can;
 Let smiling fortune prosper and perfect
 What wit began;
 Let earth advise with both, and so project
 A happy man;
 Let wit or fawning fortune vie their best;
 He may be blest
 With all that earth can give; but earth can give no
 [rest.

3.

Whose gold is double with a careful hand,
 His cares are double;

The

B.I. Emb. 6.



In Cruce tuta quies.



The pleasure, honour, wealth of sea and land
 Bring but a trouble ;
 The world itself, and all the world's command,
 Is but a bubble.
 The strong desires of man's insatiate breast
 May stand possess'd
 Of all that earth can give ; but earth can give no
 { rest.

4.

The world's a seeming par'dise, but her own
 And man's tormenter ;
 Appearing fix'd, yet but a rolling stone
 Without a tenter ;
 It is a vast circumference, where none
 Can find a centre.
 Of more than earth, can earth make none possess'd ;
 And he that least
 Regards this restless world, shall in this world find
 { rest.

5.

True rest consists not in the oft revying *
 Of worldly dross ;
 Earth's miry purchase is not worth the buying ;
 Her gain is loss ;
 Her rest but giddy toil, if not relying
 Upon her cross.
 How worldlings droil † for trouble ! That fond breast
 That is possess'd
 Of earth without a cross, has earth without a rest.

* *Revyng*, a term used at cards.

† *Droil*, i. e. drudge, or labor.

C A S S. in P f.

The cross is the invincible sanctuary of the humble : the dejection of the proud, the victory of Christ, the destruction of the devil, the confirmation of the faithful, the death of the unbelievers, the life of the just.

D A M A S C E N.

The cross of Christ is the key of paradise ; the weak man's staff ; the convert's convoy ; the upright man's perfection ; the soul and body's health ; the prevention of all evil, and the procurer of all good.

E P I G. 6.

Worldlings, whose whimpering folly holds the losses
Of honour, pleasure, health, and wealth such crosses,
Look here, and tell me what your arms engross :
When the best end of what he hug's a cross.



B. I. Emb. 7.



Latet Hostis, et Otia ducis ?

VII.

I P E T. v. 8.

*Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil,
as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may
devour.*

1.

WHY dost thou suffer lustfull sloth to creep
(Dull Cyprian lad!) into thy wanton brows?
Is this a time to pay thine idle vows
At Morpheus' shrine? Is this a time to sleep
Thy brains in wasteful slumbers? up, and rouse
Thy leaden spirit: Is this a time to sleep?
Adjourn thy sanguine dreams, awake, arise,
Call in thy thoughts; and let them all advise,
Had'st thou as many heads as thou hast wounded eyes.

2.

Look, look, what horrid furies do await
Thy flatt'ring slumbers! If thy drowsy head
But chance to nod, thou fall'st into a bed
Of sulph'rous flames, whose torments want a date.
Fond boy, be wise: let not thy thoughts be fed
With Phrygian wisdom; fools are wise too late:
Beware betimes; and let thy reason sever [never;
Those gates which passion clos'd; wake now or
For if thou nod'st, thou fall'st; and, falling, fall'st for
[ever.

3.

Mark, how the ready hands of death prepare :
 His bow is bent, and he hath notch'd his dart ;
 He aims, he levels at thy slumb'ring heart :
 The wound is posting ; O be wise, beware.
 What, has the voice of danger lost the art
 To raise the spirit of neglected care ?
 Well, sleep thy fill, and take thy soft repose ;
 But know, withal, sweet tastes have sour closes ;
 And he repents in thorns, that sleeps in beds of roses.

4.

Yet, sluggard, wake, and gull thy soul no more
 With earth's false pleasure, and the world's delight,
 Whose fruit is fair, and pleasing to the sight,
 But sour in taste, false as the putrid core :
 Thy glaring glass is gems at her half light.
 She makes thee seeming rich, but truly poor :
 She boasts a kernel, and bestows a shell ;
 Performs an inch of her fair-promis'd ell :
 Her words protest a heav'n ; her works produce an
 [hell.]

5.

O thou, the fountain of whose better part
 Is earth'd and gravell'd up with vain desire :
 That daily wallow'st in the fleshly mire
 And base pollution of a lustfull heart,
 That feel'st no passion, but in wanton fire,
 And own'st no torment but in Cupid's dart ;
 Behold thy type : thou sitt'st upon this ball
 Of earth, secure ; while death, that flings at all,
 Stands arm'd to strike thee down, where flames attend
 [thy fall.]

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

Security is no-where: neither in heaven, nor in paradise, much less in the world: in heaven, the angels fell from the divine presence; in Paradise, Adam fell from his place of pleasure; in the world, Judas fell from the school of our Saviour.

HUGO:

I eat secure, I drink secure, I sleep secure, even as tho' I had passed the day of death, avoided the day of judgment, and escaped the torments of hell-fire: I play and laugh, as though I were already triumphing in the kingdom of heaven.

EPIG. 7.

Get up, my soul; redeem thy slavish eyes:
From drowsy bondage: O beware; be wise:
Thy foe's before thee; thou must fight, or fly:
Life lies most open in a closed eye.

VIII.

LUKE vi. 25.

Woe be to you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep.

THE world's a popular disease, that reigns
 Within the froward heart and frantic brains
 Of poor distemper'd mortals, oft arising
 From ill digestion, through th' unequal poisoning
 Of ill-weigh'd elements, whose light directs
 Malignant humours to malign effects :
 One raves and labours with a boiling liver ;
 Rends hair by handfulls, cursing Cupid's quiver :
 Another, with a bloody flux of oaths,
 Vows deep revenge : one doats : the other loathes :
 One frisks and sings, and cries, A flaggon more
 To drench dry cares, and make the welkin * roar :
 Another droops : the sun-shine makes him sad ;
 Heav'n cannot please : one's mope'd ; the other's mad :
 One hugs his gold ; another lets it fly :
 He knowing not, for whom ; nor t'other, why.
 One spends his day in plots, his night in play ;
 Another sleeps and slugs both night and day :
 One laughs at this thing ; t'other cries for that :
 But neither one nor t'other knows for what.
 Wonder of wonders ! what we ought t'evite †,
 As our disease, we hug as our delight :
 'Tis held a symptom of approaching danger,
 When disacquainted sense becomes a stranger,
 And takes no knowledge of an old disease ;
 But when a noisom grief begins to please

* *Welkin*, an old word for sky.

† *Evite*, i. e. to shun, or avoid.

B.I. Emb. 8.



Et rifu necat.



The unresisting sense, it is a fear
That death has parly'd, and compounded there :
As when the dreadful Thund'rer's awful hand
Pours forth a vial on th' infected land,
At first th' affrighted mortals quake and fear ;
And ev'ry noise is thought the Thunderer :
But when the frequent soul-departing bell
Has pay'd their ears with her familiar knell,
It is reputed but a nine day's wonder,
They neither fear the Thund'rer, nor his thunder.
So when the world (a worse disease !) began
To smart for sin, poor new-created man
Could seek for shelter, and his gen'rous son
Knew by his wages what his hands had done :
But bold-face'd mortals in our blushless times
Can sing and smile, and make a sport of crimes,
Transgress of custom, and rebel in ease :
We false-joy'd fools can triumph in disease,
And (as the careless pilgrim, being bit
By the Tarantula, begins a fit
Of life-concluding laughter) waste our breath
In lavish pleasure, till we laugh to death.

HUGO.

H U G O.

What profit is there in vain-glory, momentary mirth, the world's power, the flesh's pleasure, full riches, noble descent, and great desires? Where is their laughter? where is their mirth? where their insolence? their arrogance? From how much joy, to how much sadness! After how much mirth, how much misery! From how great glory are they fallen, to how great torment! What hath fallen to them, may besal thee, because thou art a man: thou art of earth; thou livest of earth; thou shalt return to earth. Death expecteth thee every-where: be wise, therefore, and expect death every-where.

E P I G. 8.

What ails the fool to laugh? Does something please
 His vain conceit? Or is't a mere disease?
 Fool, giggle on, and waste thy wanton breath;
 Thy morning laughter breeds an ev'ning death.



B.I. Emb. 9.



Frustra quis stabilem figat in Orbe Gradum.

IX.

1 JOHN ii. 17.

The world passeth away, and all the lusts thereof.

I. [light
DRAW near, brave sparks, whose spirits scorn to
 Your hallow'd tapers but at honour's flame ;
 You, whose heroic actions take delight
 To varnish over a new painted name ;
 Whose high-bred thoughts disdain to take their flight
 But on th' Icarian wings of babbling fame ;
 Behold, how tott'ring are your high-built stories
 Of earth, whereon you trust the ground-work of your
[glories.

2.
 And you, more brain-sick lovers, that can prize
 A wanton smile before eternal joys ;
 That know no heaven but in your mistress' eyes ;
 That feel no pleasure but what sense enjoys :
 That can, like crown-distemper'd fools, despise
 True riches, and like babies whine for toys :
 Think ye the pageants of your hopes are able
 To stand secure on earth, when earth itself's unstable?

3.
 Come, dunghill worldlings, you that root like swine,
 And cast up golden trenches where ye come ;
 Whose only pleasure is to undermine,
 And view the secrets of your mother's womb :
 Come, bring your faint pouch'd in his leathern shrine,
 And summon all your griping angels home ;
 Behold your world, the bank of all your store,
 The world ye so admire, the world ye so adore.

4.

A feeble world, whose hot-mouth'd pleasures tire
 Before the race; before the start, retreat;
 A faithless world; whose false delights expire
 Before the term of half their promis'd date:
 A fickle world, not worth the least desire,
 Where ev'ry chance proclaims a change of state:
 A feeble, faithless, fickle world, wherein
 Each motion proves a vice; and ev'ry act a sin.

5.

The beauty, that of late was in her flow'r,
 Is now a ruin, not to raise a lust:
 He that was lately drench'd in Danaë's show'r,
 Is master now of neither good nor trust;
 Whose honour late was mann'd with princely pow'r,
 His glory now lies bury'd in the dust;
 O who would trust this world, or prize what's in it,
 That gives and takes, and chops and changes ev'ry
 [minute!

6.

Nor length of days, nor solid strength of brain,
 Can find a place wherein to rest secure:
 The world is various, and the earth is vain,
 There's nothing certain here, there's nothing sure:
 We trudge, we travel, but from pain to pain,
 And what's our only grief's our only cure:
 The world's a torment; he that would endeavour
 To find the way to rest, must seek the way to leave
 [her.

S. G R E G. in Hom.

Behold, the world is withered in itself, yet flourisheth in our hearts; every-where death, every-where grief, every-where desolation: on every side, we are smitten; on every side, filled with bitterness; and yet, with the blind mind of carnal desire, we love her bitterness: it flieth, and we follow it; it falleth, yet we stick to it: and because we cannot enjoy it falling, we fall with it, and enjoy it fallen.

E P I G. 9.

If Fortune fail, or envious Time but spurn,
The world turns round, and with the world we turn:
When Fortune sees, and Lynx-ey'd Time is blind,
I'll trust thy joys, O world; till then, the wind.

X.

JOHN viii. 44.

Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do.

[black :
Here's your right ground : wag gently o'er this
 'Tis a short cast ; y'are quickly at the jack.
 Rub, rub an inch or two ; two crowns to one
 On this bowl's side ; blow, wind ; 'tis fairly thrown :
 The next bowl's worle that comes ; come, bowl away :
 Mammon, you know the ground ; untutor'd, play :
 Your last was gone ; a yard of strength, well spare'd,
 Had touch'd the block ; your hand is still too hard.
 Brave pastime, readers ; to consume that day,
 Which, without pastime, flies too swift away !
 See how they labour ; as if day and night
 Were both too short to serve their loose delight :
 See how their curved bodies wreath, and screw
 Such antic shapes as Proteus never knew :
 One raps an oath, another deals a curse ;
 He never better bowl'd ; this, never worse :
 One rubs his itchless elbow, shrugs and laughs :
 The other bends his beetle brows, and chafes :
 Sometimes they whoop, sometimes their Stygian cries
 Send their black Santo's to the blushing skies :
 Thus mingling humours in a mad confusion,
 They make bad premises, and worse conclusion :
 But where's a palm that Fortune's hand allows
 To bless the victor's honourable brows ?
 Come, reader, come ; I'll light thine eye the way
 To view the prize, the while the gamesters play :

B.I. Emb. 10.



Utriusque Crepundia Merces.



Close by the jack, behold, jill Fortune stands
 To wave the game; see in her partial hands
 The glorious gartand's held in open show,
 To cheer the lads, and crown the conqu'ror's brow.
 The world's the jack; the gamesters that contend,
 Are Cupid, Mammon: that judicious fiend,
 That gives the ground, is Satan: and the bowls
 Are sinful thoughts; the prize, a crown for fools.
 Who breathes that bowls not? What bold tongue can
 Without a blush, he has not bowl'd to-day? [say,
 It is the trade of man, and ev'ry finner
 Has play'd his rubbers: every soul's a winner.
 The vulgar proverb's crost, he hardly can
 Be a good bowler and an honest man.
 Good God! turn thou my Brasil thoughts anew;
 New-sole my bowls, and make their bias true.
 I'll cease the game, till fairer ground be given;
 Nor wish to win, until the mark be heav'n.

S. BERNARD. Lib. de Confid.

O you sons of Adam, you covetous generations, what have ye to do with earthly riches, which are neither true, nor yours? Gold and silver are real earth, red and white, which the only error of man makes, or rather reputes, precious: in short, if they be yours, carry them with you.

S. HIERON. in Ep.

O lust, thou infernal fire, whose fuel is gluttony; whose flame is pride; whose sparkles are wanton words; whose smoke is infamy; whose ashes are uncleanness; whose end is hell.

E P I G. 10.

Mammon, well follow'd: Cupid; bravely led;
Both touchers; equal fortune makes a dead:
No reed can measure where the conquest lies;
Take my advice; compound, and share the prize.



B.I. Emb. II.



Mundus in Exitium ruit.

XI.

EPHES. ii. 2.

Ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the air.

1.

O Whither will this mad-brain world, at last,
 Be driv'n? Where will her restless wheels ar-
 Why hurries on her ill-match'd pair so fast? [rive?
 O whither means her furious groom to drive?
 What, will her rambling fits be never past?
 For ever ranging? Never once retrieve?
 Will earth's perpetual progress ne'er expire?
 Her team continuing in their fresh career:
 And yet they never rest, and yet they never tire.

2.

Sol's hot-mouth'd steeds, whose nostrils vomit flame,
 And brasen lungs belch forth quotidian fire;
 Their twelve hours task perform'd, grow stiff and
 And their immortal spirits faint and tire: [lame,
 At th' azure mountain's foot their labours claim
 The privilege of rest, where they retire
 To quench their burning fetlocks, and go steep
 Their flaming nostrils in the western deep,
 And 'fresh their tire'd souls with strength-restoring
 [sleep.

3.

But these prodigious hackneys, basely got
 'Twixt men and devils, made for race or flight,
 Can drag the idle world, expecting not
 The bed of rest, but travel with delight;
 Who, never weighing way nor weather, trot

Thro' dust and dirt, and droil both night and day ;
 Thus droil these fiends incarnate, whose free pains
 Are fed with dropsies and venereal blains :
 No need to use the whip ; but strength to rule the reins.

4.

Poor captive world ! how has thy lightness giv'n
 A just occasion to thy foes' illusion !
 O, how art thou betray'd ; thus fairly driv'n,
 In seeming triumph, to thy own confusion !
 How is the empty universe bereav'n
 Of all true joys, by one false joy's delusion !
 So I have seen an unblown virgin fed
 With sugar'd words so full, that she is led
 A fair attended bride to a false bankrupt's bed.

5.

Pull, gracious Lord ! Let not thine arm forsake
 The world impounded in her own devices :
 Think of that pleasure that thou once did'st take
 Amongst the lilies and sweet beds of spices.
 Hale strongly, thou whose hand has pow'r to slack
 The swift-foot fury of ten thousand vices :
 Let not that dust-devouring dragon boast,
 His craft has won what Judah's Lion lost ;
 Remember what is crav'd ; recount the price it cost.

ISIDOR. Lib. i. de Summo Bono.

By how much the nearer Satan perceiveth the world to an end, by so much the more fiercely he troubleth it with persecution; that, knowing himself to be damned, he may get company in his damnation.

CYPRIAN. in Ep.

Broad and spacious is the road to infernal life; there are inticements and death-bringing pleasures. There the devil flattereth, that he may deceive; smileth, that he may endamage; allureth, that he may destroy.

EPIG. II.

Nay, soft and fair, good world; poste not too fast;
Thy journey's end requires not half this haste.
Unless that arm thou so disdain'st, reprives* thee,
Alas, thou needs must go; the devil drives thee.

* Reprives, i. e. curbs, restrains; from the French, *reprimer*.

XII.

I S A I A H lxvi. II.

Ye may suck, but not be satisfied with the breast of her consolation.

I.

WHAT, never fill'd? Be thy lips screw'd so fast
To th'earth's full breast? for shame, for shame,
[unseize thee;
Thou take'st a surfeit where thou should'st but taste,
And make'st too much not half enough to please thee.
Ah, fool, forbear; thou swallowest at one breath
Both food and poison down; thou draw'st both milk
[and death.

2.

The ub'rous breasts, when fairly drawn, repast
The thriving infant with their milky flood;
But, being overstrain'd, return at last
Unwholsom gulps compos'd of wind and blood.
A mod'rate use doth both repast and please;
Who strains beyond a mean, draws in and gulps dis-
[ease.

3.

But, O that mean, whose good the least abuse
Makes bad, is too, too hard to be directed:
Can thorns bring grapes, or crabs a pleasing juice?
There's nothing wholsom, where the whole's infected.
Unseize thy lips: earth's milk's a ripen'd core,
That drops from her disease, that matters from her
[sore.

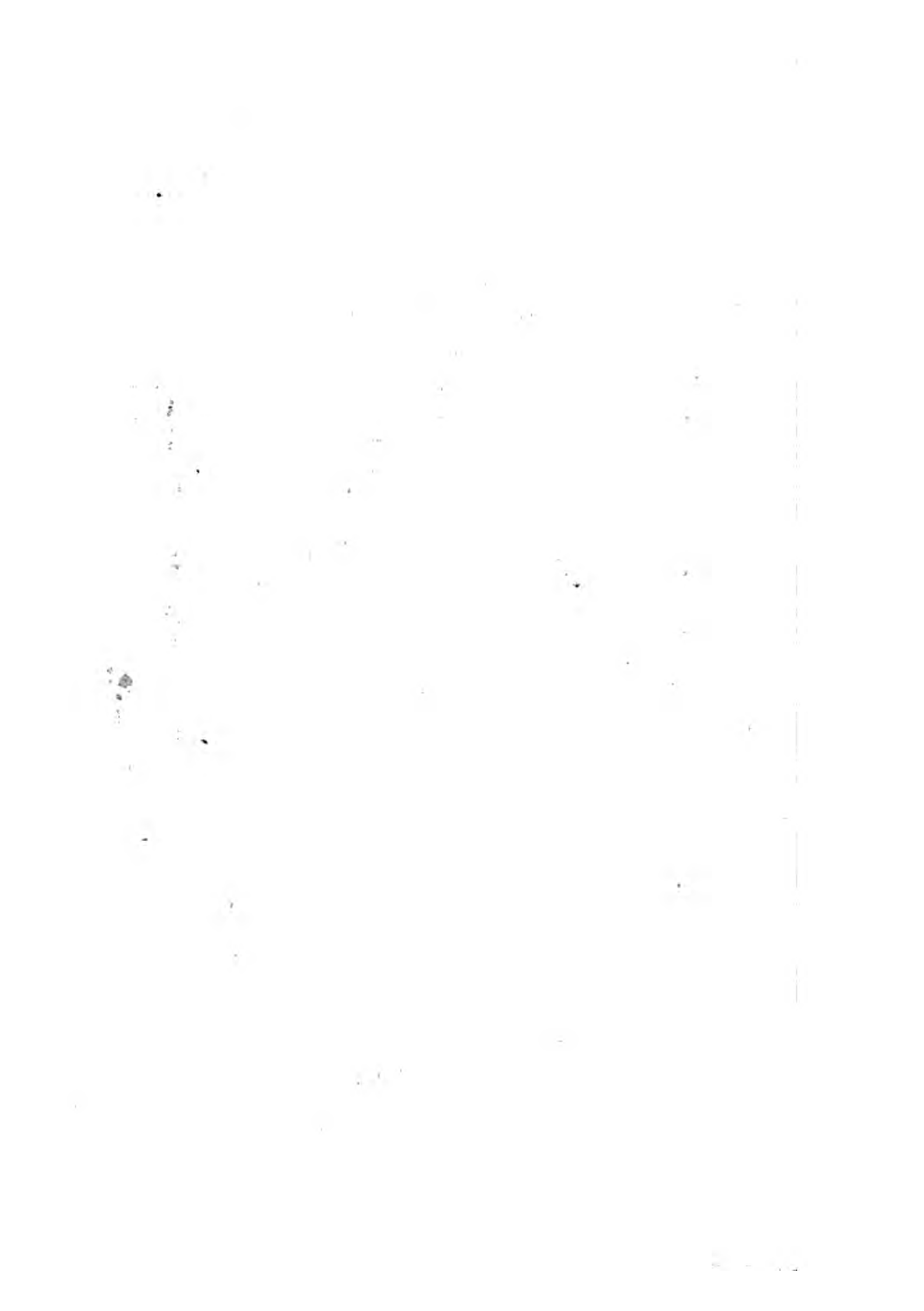
4.

Think'st thou that paunch, that burlies out thy coat,
Is thriving fat; or flesh, that seems so brawny?
Thy paunch is dropsy'd, and thy cheeks are bloat;
Thy lips are white, and thy complexion tawny;
Thy

B. I. Emb. 12.



Inopem me copia fecit.



Thy skin's a bladder blown with watry tumors;
Thy flesh a trembling bog, a quagmire full of humors.

5.

And thou, whose thriveless hands are ever straining
Earth's fluent breasts into an empty sieve,
That always hast, yet always art complaining,
And whin'st for more than earth hath pow'r to give;
Whose treasure flows and flees away as fast;
That ever hast, and hast, yet hast not what thou hast.

6.

Go chuse a substance, fool, that will remain
Within the limits of thy leaking measure;
Or else go seek an urn that will retain
The liquid body of thy slipp'ry treasure:
Alas! how poorly are thy labours crown'd!
Thy liquor's never sweet, nor yet thy vessel sound.

7.

What less than fool is man to prog and plot,
And lavish out the cream of all his care,
To gain poor seeming goods, which, being got,
Make firm possession but a thoroughfare;
Or, if they stay, they furrow thoughts the deeper;
And, being kept with care, they lose their careful
[keeper!

S. G R E G. Hom. iii. secund. Parte Ezech.

If we give more to the flesh than we ought, we nourish an enemy; if we give not to her necessity what we ought, we destroy a citizen: the flesh is to be satisfied so far as suffices to our good; whosoever alloweth so much to her as to make her proud, knoweth not how to be satisfied: to be satisfied, is a great art; lest, by the satiety of the flesh, we break forth into the iniquity of her folly.

H U G O de Anima.

The heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters. It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.

E P I G. 12.

**What makes thee, fool, so fat? Fool, thee so bare?
Ye suck the self-same milk, the self-same air:
No mean betwixt all paunch, and skin and bone?
The mean's a virtue, and the world has none.**

J O H N.



B.I. Emb. 13.



Da mihi Frcena Timor; da mihi Calcar Amor.

XIII.

JOHN iii. 19.

*Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds
are evil.*

LORD, when we leave the world, and come to thee,
How dull, how slug are we!
How backward! how prepost'rous is the motion
Of our ungain devotion!
Our thoughts are millstones, and our souls are lead,
And our desires are dead:
Our vows are fairly promis'd, faintly paid;
Or broken, or not made:
Our better work (if any good) attends
Upon our private ends:
In whose performance one poor worldly scoff
Foins us, or beats us off.
If thy sharp scourge find out some secret fault,
We grumble or revolt;
And if thy gentle hand forbear, we stray,
Or idly lose the way.
Is the road fair? we loiter; clogg'd with mire;
We stick, or else retire:
A lamb appears a lion; and we fear,
Each bush we see's a bear.
When our dull souls direct our thoughts to thee,
As slow as snails are we:
But at the earth we dart our wing'd desire,
We burn, we burn like fire.
Like as the am'rous needle joys to bend
To her magnetic friend:

Or

Or as the greedy lover's eye-balls fly
 At his fair mistress' eye :
 So, so we cling to earth ; we fly and puff,
 Yet fly not fast enough.
 If pleasure beckon with her balmy hand,
 Her beck's a strong command :
 If honour calls us with a courtly breath,
 An hour's delay is death :
 If profit's golden-finger'd charm enveigles,
 We clip more swift than eagles :
 Let Auster weep, or blustr'ing Boreas roar,
 Till eyes or lungs be fore :
 Let Neptune swell, until his dropsy fides
 Burst into broken tides :
 Nor threat'ning rocks, nor winds, nor waves, nor fire,
 Can curb our fierce desire ;
 Nor fire, nor rocks, can stop our furious minds,
 Nor waves, nor winds :
 How fast and fearless do our footsteps flee !
 The light-foot roebuck's not so swift as we.

S. AUGUST. sup. Pſal. Ixiv.

Two ſeveral lovers built two ſeveral cities : the love of God buildeth at Jeruſalem ; the love of the world buildeth a Babylon : let every one inquire of himſelf, what he loveth ; and he ſhall reſolve himſelf, of whence he is a citizen.

S. AUGUST. lib. iii. Confess.

All things are driven by their own weight, and tend to their own centre : my weight is love ; by that I am driven whitherſoever I am driven.

Ibidem.

Lord, he loveth thee leſs, that loveth any thing with thee, which he loveth not for thee.

EPIG. 13.

Lord, ſcourge my aſs, if ſhe ſhould make no haſte ;
 And curb my ſtag, if he ſhould fly too faſt :
 If he be over-ſwift, or ſhe prove idle,
 Let Love lend him a ſpur ; Fear, her a bridle.

XIV.

P S A L M xiii. 3.

Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.

Will't ne'er be morning? Will that promis'd
 Ne'er break, and clear those clouds of night?
 Sweet Phosphor, bring the day,
 Whose conqu'ring ray
 May chase these fogs; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

How long! how long shall these benighted eyes
 Languish in shades, like feeble flies
 Expecting spring? How long shall darkness soil
 The face of earth, and thus beguile
 Our souls of sprightly action? When, when will day
 Begin to dawn, whose new-born ray
 May gild the weathercocks of our devotion,
 And give our unsoul'd souls new motion?
 Sweet Phosphor, bring the day;
 Thy light will fray
 These horrid mists; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

Let those have night, that silyly love t'immure
 Their cloister'd crimes, and sin secure;
 Let those have night, that blush to let men know
 The baseness they ne'er blush to do;
 Let those have night, that love to have a nap,
 And loll in ignorance's lap;
 Let those, whose eyes, like owls, abhor the light,
 Let those have night, that love the night:

Sweet

B.I. Emb. 14.



Phosphere redde Diem.



Sweet Phosphor, bring the day;
 How sad delay
 Afflicts dull hopes! Sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

Alas! my light-in-vain-expecting eyes
 Can find no objects, but what rise
 From this poor mortal blaze, a dying spark
 Of Vulcan's forge, whose flames are dark,
 A dang'rous, dull blue-burning light,
 As melancholy as the night:
 Here's all the suns that glister in the sphere
 Of earth: Ah me! what comfort's here?
 Sweet Phosphor, bring the day;
 Hasten, hasten away,
 Heav'n's loit'ring lamp; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

Blow, Ignorance: O thou, whose idle knee
 Rocks earth into a lethargy,
 And with thy footy fingers hast bedight*
 The world's fair cheek, blow, blow thy spite;
 Since thou hast puffed our greater taper; do
 Puff on, and out the lesser too:
 If e'er that breath-exiled flame return,
 Thou hast not blown, as it will burn:
 Sweet Phosphor, bring the day:
 Light will repay
 The wrongs of night; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

* *Bedight*, i. e. besmear'd.

S. A U G. in Joh. Ser. xix.

God is all to thee : if thou be hungry, he is bread ; if thirsty, he is water ; if darkness, he is light ; if naked, he is a robe of immortality.

A L A N U S de Conq. Nat.

God is a light that is never darkened ; an unwearied life that cannot die ; a fountain always flowing ; a garden of life ; a seminary of wisdom ; a radical beginning of all goodness.

E P I G. 14.

My soul, if ignorance puff out this light,
She'll do a favour that intends a spite :
'T seems dark abroad ; but, take this light away,
Thy windows will discover *break o' day.*



B. I. Emb. 15.



Debilitata Fides ; Terras Astrœa reliquit .

XV.

R E V. xii. 12.

The devil is come unto you, having great power, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.

1.

LORD, canst thou see and suffer? Is thy hand
 Still bound to th' peace? Shall earth's black mon-
 A full possession of thy wasted land? [arch take
 O, will thy slumb'ring vengeance never wake,
 Till full-age'd law-resisting custom shake
 The pillars of thy right by false command? [down,
 Unlock thy clouds, great Thund'rer, and come
 Behold whose temples wear thy sacred crown;
 Redress, redress our wrongs; revenge, revenge thy
 [own.

2.

See how the bold usurper mounts the seat
 Of royal majesty; how overstrawing
 Perils with pleasure, pointing ev'ry threat
 With bug-bear death, by torments overawing
 Thy frightened subjects; or by favours drawing
 Their tempted hearts to his unjust retreat;
 Lord, canst thou be so mild, and he so bold?
 Or can thy flocks be thriving, when the fold
 Is govern'd by the fox? Lord, canst thou see, and
 [hold?

3.

That swift-wing'd advocate, that did commence
 Our welcome suits before the King of kings,
 E 3. That

That sweet embassador, that hurries hence
 What airs th' harmonious soul or sighs or fins,
 See how she flutters with her idle wings ;
 Her wings are clipt, and eyes put out by sense ;
 Sense-conqu'ring faith is now grown blind and
 And basely craven'd *, that in times of old {cold,
 Did conquer heav'n itself, do what th' Almighty could.

4.

Behold, how double fraud does scourge and tear
 Astræa's wounded sides, plough'd up, and rent
 With knotted cords, whose fury has no ear ;
 See how she stands a pris'ner to be sent
 A slave into eternal banishment,
 I know not whither ; O, I know not where :
 Her patent must be cancel'd in disgrace ;
 And sweet-lip'd fraud, with her divided face,
 Must act Astræa's part, must take Astræa's place.

5.

Faith's pinion's clipt, and fair Astræa gone !
 Quick-seeing Faith now blind, and Justice see :
 Has Justice now found wings ? And has Faith none ?
 What do we here ? Who would not wish to be
 Dissolv'd from earth, and with Astræa flee
 From this blind dungeon to that sun-bright throne ?
 Lord, is thy sceptre lost, or laid aside ?
 Is hell broke loose, and all her fiends unty'd ?
 Lord, rise, and rouse, and rule, and crush their furious
 [pride.

* *Craven'd*, i. e. *dishearten'd*, made to knock under, &c.

P E T E R R A V. in Matth.

The devil is the author of evil, the fountain of wickedness, the adversary of truth, the corrupter of the world, man's perpetual enemy; he planteth snares, diggeth ditches, spurreth bodies, he goadeth souls, he suggesteth thoughts, belcheth anger, exposeth virtues to hatred, maketh vices beloved, soweth errors, nourisheth contention, disturbeth peace, and scattereth affection.

M A C A R.

Let us suffer with those that suffer, and be crucified with those that are crucified, that we may be glorified with those that are glorified.

S A V A N A R.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

E P I G. 15.

My soul, sit thou a patient looker on;
 Judge not the play, before the play is done:
 Her plot has many changes: every day
 Speaks a new scene; the last act crowns the play.

T H E
S E C O N D B O O K.

I.

I S A I A H I . I I .

You that walk in the light of your own fire, and in the sparks that ye have kindled, ye shall lie down in sorrow.

I.

DO, silly Cupid, snuff and trim
Thy false, thy feeble light,
And make her self-consuming flames more bright ;
Methinks she burns too dim.
Is this, that sprightly fire,
Whose more than sacred beams inspire
The ravish'd hearts of men, and so inflame desire ?

2.

See, boy, how thy unthrifty blaze
Consumes, how fast she wanes ;
She spends herself, and her, whose wealth maintains
Her weak, her idle rays.
Cannot thy lustful blast,
Which gave it lustre, make it last ? [so fast ?
What heart can long be pleas'd, where pleasure spends.

3.

Go, wanton, place thy pale-face'd light
Where never-breaking day
Intends to visit mortals, or display
Thy sullen shades of night :
Thy torch will burn more clear
In night's un-Titan'd hemisphere ; [appear.
Heav'n's scornful flames and thine can never co-
In

B. II. *Emb. 1.*



Sic Lumine Lumen ademptum.



1871

4.

In vain thy busy hands address
 Their labour to display
 Thy easy blaze within the verge of day;
 The greater drowns the less!
 If heav'n's bright glory shine,
 Thy glimm'ring sparks must needs resign;
 Puff out heav'n's glory, then, or heav'n will work out
 [thine.

5.

Go, Cupid's rammish pander, go,
 Whose dull, whose low desire
 Can find sufficient warmth from nature's fire;
 Spend borrow'd breath, and blow,
 Blow wind made strong with spite:
 When thou hast puff'd the greater light,
 Thy lesser spark may shine, and warm the new-made
 [night.

6.

Deluded mortals, tell me, when
 Your daring breath has blown
 Heav'n's taper out, and you have spent your own,
 What fire shall warm you then?
 Ah, fools! perpetual night
 Shall haunt your souls with Stygian fright,
 Where they shall boil in flames, but flames shall bring
 [no light.

S. A U G U S T.

*The sufficiency of my merit, is, to know that my merit
is not sufficient.*

S. G R E G. Mor. xxv.

*By how much the less man seeth himself, by so much the
less he displeaseth himself; and by how much the more he
seeth the light of grace, by so much the more he disdaineth
the light of nature.*

S. G R E G. Mor.

*The light of the understanding, humility kindleth, and
pride covereth.*

E P I G. 1.

**Thou blow'st heav'n's fire, the whilst thou go'st about,
Rebellious fool, in vain, to blow it out :
Thy folly adds confusion to thy death ;
Heav'n's fire confounds, when fann'd with folly's
[breath.**



B. II. *Emb. 2.*



Donec totum expleat Orbem.

H.

ECCLES. iv. 8.

There is no end of all his labour, neither is his eye satisfied with riches.

O HOW our widen'd arms can overstretch
 Their own dimensions! How our hands can reach
 Beyond their distance! How our yielding breast
 Can shrink to be more full, and full possess
 Of this inferior orb! How earth refine'd
 Can cling to sordid earth! How kind to kind!
 We gape, we grasp, we gripe, add store to store;
 Enough requires too much; too much craves more,
 We charge our souls so sore beyond their stint,
 That we recoil or burst: the busy mint
 Of our laborious thoughts is ever going,
 And coining new desires; desires not knowing
 Where next to pitch; but, like the boundless ocean,
 Gain, and gain ground, and grow more strong by mo-
 The pale-face'd lady of the black-ey'd night [tion.
 First tips her horned brows with easy light,
 Whose curious train of spangled nymphs attire
 Her next night's glory with increasing fire;
 Each ev'ning adds more lustre, and adorns
 The growing beauty of her grasping horns:
 She sucks and draws her brother's golden store,
 Until her glutt'd orb can suck no more.
 Ev'n so the vulture of insatiate minds
 Still wants, and wanting seeks, and seeking finds,
 New fuel to increase her rav'nous fire.
 The grave is sooner cloy'd than men's desire:
 We cross the seas, and 'midst her waves we burn,
 Transporting lives, perchance, that ne'er return;

We sack, we ransack to the utmost sands
Of native kingdoms, and of foreign lands ;
We travel sea and soil, we pry, we prowl,
We progress, and we prog from pole to pole ;
We spend our mid-day sweat, our mid-night oil,
We tire the night in thought, the day in toil :
We make art servile, and the trade gentile
(Yet both corrupted with ingenious guile),
To compass earth, and, with her empty store,
To fill our arms, and grasp one handfull more ;
Thus seeking rest, our labours never cease,
But, as our years, our hot desires increase ;
Thus we, poor little worlds ! with blood and sweat,
In vain attempt to comprehend the great :
Thus, in our gain, become we gainful losers ;
And what's inclosed, incloses the inclosers.
Now, reader, close thy book, and then advise ;
Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise ;
Let not thy nobler thoughts be always raking
The world's base dunghill ; vermin's took by taking :
Take heed thou trust not the deceitful lap
Of wanton Delilah ; the world's a trap.

HUGO de Anima.

*Tell me, where be those now, that so lately loved and
bugged the world? Nothing remaineth of them but dust and
worms: observe what those men are; what those men
were: they were like thee; they did eat, drink, laugh,
and led merry days; and in a moment slipt into hell.
Here, their flesh is food for worms; there, their souls are
fuel for fire, till they shall be rejoined in an unhappy fel-
lowship, and cast into eternal torments; where they that
were once companions in sin, shall be hereafter partners in
punishment.*

EPIG. 2.

Gripe, Cupid, and gripe still, until that wind,
That's pent before, find secret vent behind:
And when th'ast done, hark here, I tell thee what,
Before I'll trust thy armfull, I'll trust that.

III.

J O B xviii. 8.

*He is cast into a net by his own feet, and walketh upon
a snare.*

I.

WHat! nets and quiver too? what need there all
These fly devices to betray poor men?
Die they not fast enough, when thousands fall
Before thy dart? what need these engines, then?
Attend they not, and answer to thy call,
Like nightly coveys, where thou list and when?
What needs a stratagem, where strength can sway?
Or what needs strength compel, where none gain-
[say?
Or what needs stratagem or strength, where hearts
[obey?

2.

Husband thy sleights : it is but vain to waste
Honey on those that will-be catch'd with gall ;
Thou canst not, ah ! thou canst not bid so fast
As men obey : thou art more slow to call
Than they to come ; thou canst not make such haste
To strike, as they, being struck, make haste to fall.
Go save thy nets for that rebellious heart
That scorns thy pow'r, and has obtain'd the art
T'avoid thy flying shaft, to quench thy fiery dart.

3.

Lost mortal ! how is thy destruction sure,
Between two bawds, and both without remorse !
The

B. II. Emb. 3.



Non amat Ille ; sed hamat Amor.



The one's a line, the other is a lure ;
 This, to intice thy soul ; that, to enforce :
 Way-laid by both, how canst thou stand secure ?
 That draws ; this woos thee to th' eternal curse.
 O charming tyrant ! how hast thou befool'd
 And 'flav'd poor man, that would not, if he could,
 Avoid thy line, thy lure ; nay, could not, if he would !

4.

Alas ! thy sweet perfidious voice betrays
 His wanton ears with thy Syrenian baits ;
 Thou wrapp'st his eyes in mists, then boldly lays
 Thy Lethal gins before their crystal gates ;
 Thou lock'st up ev'ry sense with thy false keys,
 All willing pris'ners to thy close deceits :
 His ear most nimble, where it deaf should be ;
 His eye most blind, where most it ought to see ;
 And when his heart's most bound, then thinks himself
 [most free.

5.

Thou grand impostor ! how hast thou obtain'd
 The wardship of the world ! Are all men turn'd
 Ideots and lunatics ? Are all retain'd
 Beneath thy servile bands ? Is none return'd
 To his forgotten self ? Has none regained
 His senses ? Are their senses all adjourn'd ?
 What, none dismiss'd thy court ? Will no plump
 Bribe thy false fists to make a glad decree, [see
 T'unfool whom thou hast fool'd, and set thy pris'ners
 [free ?

S. BERN. in Ser.

In this world is much treachery, little truth; here, all things are traps; here, every thing is beset with snares; here, souls are endangered, bodies are afflicted; here, all things are vanity and vexation of spirit.

EPIG. 3.

Nay, Cupid, pitch thy trammel where thou please
 Thou canst not fail to take such fish as these;
 Thy thriving sport will ne'er be spent: no need
 To fear, when ev'ry cork's a world, thou'lt speed.

H O S E A



... the ...

B. II. *Emb. 4.*



Quam grave Servitium est quod levis Esca parit.

IV.

H O S E A xiii. 3.

They shall be as the chaff that is driven with a whirlwind out of the floor, and as the smoke out of the chimney.

FLint-hearted Stoics, you, whose marble eyes
 Contemn a wrink'le, and whose souls despise
 To follow nature's too affected fashion,
 Or travel in the regent walk of passion;
 Whose rigid hearts disdain to shrink at fears,
 Or play at fast and loose, with smiles and tears;
 Come, burst your spleens with laughter to behold
 A new-found vanity, which days of old
 Ne'er knew: a vanity, that has beset
 The world, and made more slaves than Mahomet:
 That has condemn'd us to the servile yoke
 Of slavery, and made us slaves to smoke.
 But stay, why tax I thus our modern times,
 For new-born follies, and for new-born crimes?
 Are we sole guilty, and the first age free?
 No, they were smok'd and slav'd as well as we: [sure,
 What's sweet-lipthonor's blast but smoke? What's strea-
 But very smoke? And what more smoke than pleasure?
 Alas! they're all but shadows, fumes, and blasts;
 That vanishes, this fades, the other wastes.
 The restless merchant, he that loves to steep
 His brains in wealth, and lays his soul to sleep
 In bags of bullion, sees th' immortal crown,
 And fain would mount, but ingots keep him down:
 He brags to-day, perchance, and begs to-morrow:
 He lent but now, wants credit now to borrow;

F 3

Blow

Blow winds, the treasure's gone, the merchant's broke;
A slave to silver's but a slave to smoke.
Behold the glory-vying child of fame,
That from deep wounds sucks such an honor'd name;
That thinks no purchase worth the style of good,
But what is sold for sweat, and seal'd with blood;
That for a point, a blast of empty breath,
Undaunted gazes in the face of death;
Whose dear-bought bubble, fill'd with vain renown,
Breaks with a filip, or a gen'ral's frown:
His stroke-got honor staggers with a stroke;
A slave to honor is a slave to smoke.
And that fond fool, who wastes his idle days
In loose delights and sports about the blaze
Of Cupid's candle; he that daily spies
Twin babies in his mistress' Gemini's,
Whereto his sad devotion does impart
The sweet burnt-offering of a bleeding heart.
See, how his wings are findg'd in Cyprian fire,
Whose flames consume with youth, in age expire:
The world's a bubble; all the pleasures in it,
Like morning vapors, vanish in a minute:
The vapors vanish, and the bubble's broke;
A slave to pleasure, is a slave to smoke.
Now, Stoic, cease thy laughter, and repast
Thy pickled cheeks with tears, and weep as fast.

S. HIERON.

S. HIERON.

That rich man is great, who thinketh not himself great because he is rich : the proud man (who is the poor man) braggeth outwardly, but beggeth inwardly : he is blown up, but not full.

P E T. R A V.

Vexation and anguish accompany riches and honor : the pomp of the world, and the favor of the people, are but smoke, and a blast suddenly vanishing : which if they commonly please, commonly bring repentance ; and, for a minute of joy, they bring an age of sorrow.

E P I G. 4.

Cupid, thy diet's strange : it dulls, it rouses ;
It cools, it heats ; it binds, and then it looses :
Dull-sprightly-cold-hot fool, if e'er it winds thee
Into a looseness once, take heed, it binds thee.

V.

P R O V. xxiii. 25.

*Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches
make themselves wings, they flie away as an eagle.*

I.

FALSE world, thou ly'st: thou canst not lend
The least delight:
Thy favours cannot gain a friend,
They are so flight:
Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night:
Poor are the wants that thou supply'st:
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st [ly'st.
With heav'n; fond earth, thou boast'st; false world, thou

2.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
Of endless treasure;
Thy bounty offers easy sales
Of lasting pleasure;
Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,
And swear'st to ease her:
There's none can want where thou supply'st:
There's none can give where thou deny'st.
Alas! fond world, thou boast'st; false world, thou ly'st.

3.

What well-advised ear regards
What earth can say?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay:

Thy

B. II. Emb. 5.



Non Omne quod hic micat Aurum est.



Thy cunning can but pack the cards,
 Thou canst not play :
 Thy game at weakeſt, ſtill thou vy'ſt* ;
 If ſeen, and then revy'd, deny'ſt ; [ly'ſt.
 Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt ; falſe world, thou

-4.

Thy tinſel boſom ſeems a mint
 Of new-coin'd treaſure ;
 A paradise, that has no ſtint,
 No change, no meaſure ;
 A painted caſk, but nothing in't,
 Nor wealth, nor pleaſure :
 Vain earth ! that falſely thus comply'ſt
 With man ; vain man, that thou rely'ſt [ly'ſt.
 On earth ; vain man, thou doat'ſt ; vain earth, thou

5.

What mean dull ſouls, in this high meaſure,
 To haberdafh
 In earth's baſe wares, whoſe greateſt treaſure
 Is droſs and traſh ;
 The height of whoſe enchanting pleaſure
 Is but a flaſh ?
 Are theſe the goods that thou ſupply'ſt
 Us mortals with ? Are theſe the high'ſt ?
 Can theſe bring cordial peace ? Falſe world, thou ly'ſt.

* Vy'ſt, a word uſed at cards ; i. e. to *challenge*.

P E T. B L E S.

The world is deceitful: her end is doubtful; her conclusion horrible; her judge is terrible; and her punishment is intolerable.

S. A U G U S T. Lib. Confess.

The vain glory of this world is a deceitful sweetness, a fruitless labour, a perpetual fear, a dangerous honor: her beginning is without providence, and her end not without repentance.

E P I G. 5.

World, thou'rt a traitor; thou hast stamp'd thy base
And chymic metal with great Cæsar's face,
And with thy bastard bullion thou hast barter'd
For wares of price; how justly drawn and quarter'd!



B. II. Emb. 6.



Sic decipit Orbis.

VI.

J O B vi. 31.

*Let not him that is deceived, trust in vanity ; for vanity
shall be his recompence.*

1.

Believe her not, her glass diffuses
False portraitures : thou canst espy
No true reflection : she abuses
Her-mis-inform'd beholder's eye ;
Her crystal's falsely steel'd ; it scatters
Deceitful beams ; believe her not, she flatters.

2.

This glaring mirror represents
No right proportion, view, or feature :
Her very looks are compliments ;
They make thee fairer, goodlier, greater :
The skilful gloss of her reflection
But paints the context of thy coarse complexion.

3.

Were thy dimension but a stride,
Nay, wert thou stature'd but a span,
Such as the long-bill'd troops defy'd,
A very fragment of a man !
She'll make thee Mimas, which you will,
The Jove-slain tyrant, or th' Ionic hill.

4.

Had surfeits, or th' ungracious star,
Conspir'd to make one common place
Of all deformities that are
Within the volume of thy face,

She'd lend the favor should outmove
The Troy-bane Helen, or the Queen of Love.

5.

Were thy consume'd estate as poor
As Laz'rus or afflicted Job's :
She'll change thy wants to seeming store,
And turn thy rags to purple robes ;
She'll make thy hide-bound flank appear
As plump as theirs that feast it all the year.

6.

Look off, let not thy optics be
Abus'd : thou see'st not what thou should'st :
Thyself's the object thou should'st see,
But 'tis thy shadow thou behold'st :
And shadows thrive the more in stature,
The nearer we approach the light of nature.

7.

Where heav'n's bright beams look more direct,
The shadow shrinks as they grow stronger.
But when they glance their fair aspect,
The bold-face'd shade grows larger, longer :
And when their lamp begins to fall,
Th' increasing shadows lengthen most of all.

8.

The soul that seeks the noon of grace,
Shrinks in ; but swells, if grace retreat.
As Heav'n lifts up, or veils his face,
Our self-esteems grow less or great.
The least is greatest ; and who shall
Appear the greatest, are the least of all.

HUGO

HUGO Lib. de Anima.

In vain he lifteth up the eye of his heart to behold his God, who is not first rightly advised to behold himself: first, thou must see the visible things of thyself, before thou canst be prepared to know the invisible things of God; for if thou canst not apprehend the things within thee, thou canst not comprehend the things above thee: the best looking-glass, wherein to see thy God, is, perfectly to see thyself.

EPIG. 6.

Be not deceiv'd, great fool: there is no loss
In being small; great bulks but swell with dross.
Man is Heav'n's master-piece: if it appear
More great, the value's less; if less, more dear.

VII.

D E U T E R O N O M Y X X X . 1 9 .

*I have set before thee life and death, blessing and cursing ;
therefore chuse life, that thou and thy seed may live.*

I.

TH E world's a floor, whose swelling heaps retain
The mingled wages of the ploughman's toil ;
The world's a heap, whose yet unwinnow'd grain
Is lodg'd with chaff, and bury'd in her foil :
All things are mixt, the useful with the vain ;
The good with bad, the noble with the vile :
The world's an ark, wherein things pure and gross
Present their lossful gain, and gainful loss,
Where ev'ry dram of gold contains a pound of dross.

2.

This furnish'd ark presents the greedy view
With all that earth can give, or Heav'n can add ;
Here lasting joys ; here pleasures hourly new,
And hourly fading, may be wish'd and had :
All points of honor, counterfeit and true,
Salute thy soul, and wealth both good and bad :
Here may'st thou open wide the two-leav'd door
Of all thy wishes, to receive that store,
Which, being empty most, does overflow the more.

3.

Come then, my soul, approach this royal burse,
And see what wares our great exchange retains ;
Come, come ; here's that shall make a firm divorce
Betwixt thy wants and thee, if want complains ;
No

B. II. Emb. 7.



Hic pessima, Hic optima servat.



No need to sit in council with thy purse, [pains :
 Here's nothing good shall cost more price than
 But, O my soul, take heed ; if thou rely
 Upon thy faithless optics, thou wilt buy
 Too blind a bargain : know, fools only trade by th'eye.

4.

The worldly wisdom of the foolish man
 Is like a sieve, that does alone retain
 The grosser substance of the worthless bran :
 But thou, my soul, let thy brave thoughts disdain
 So coarse a purchase ; O be thou a fan
 To purge the chaff, and keep the winnow'd grain :
 Make clean thy thoughts, and dress thy mixt de-
 [sires :
 Thou art Heav'n's tasker ; and thy God requires
 The purest of thy flour, as well as of thy fires.

5.

Let grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,
 And wisdom bless the soul's unblemish'd ways ;
 No matter, then, how short or long's the lease,
 Whose date determines thy self-number'd days :
 No need to care for wealth's or fame's increase,
 Nor Mars his palm, nor high Apollo's bays.
 Lord, if thy gracious bounty please to fill
 The floor of my desires, and teach me skill
 To dress and chuse the corn, take those the chaff that
 [will.

S. AUGUST. Lib. I. de Doct. Christi.

Temporal things more ravish in the expectation, than in fruition: but things eternal, more in the fruition than expectation.

Ibidem.

The life of man is the middle between angels and beasts: if man takes pleasure in carnal things, he is compared to beasts; but if he delight in spiritual things, he is suited with angels.

EPIG. 7.

Art thou a child? Thou wilt not then be fed
But like a child, and with the children's bread:
But thou art fed with corn, or chaff undrest;
My soul, thou savour'st too much of the beast.

PHILIP-



B. II. *Emb. 8.*



Hæc animant Pueros Cymbala; at illa Viros.

VIII.

PHILIPPIANS iii. 19, 20.

They mind earthly things: but our conversation is in heaven.

VENUS. DIVINE CUPID.

[laby:

Ven. **W**Hat means this peevish babe? Whiff, lullaby:
 What ails my babe, what ails my babe to
 Will nothing still it? Will it neither be [cry?
 Pleas'd with the nurse's breast, nor mother's knee?
 What ails my bird? What moves my froward boy
 To make such whimp'ring faces? Peace, my joy:
 Will nothing do? Come, come, this peevish brat,
 Thus cry and brawl, and cannot tell for what?
 Come, buss and friends, my lamb; whiff, lullaby,
 What ails my babe, what ails my babe to cry?
 Peace, peace, my dear; alas! thy early years
 Had never faults to merit half these tears;
 Come, smile upon me: let thy mother spy
 Thy father's image in her baby's eye:
 Husband these guilty drops against the rage
 Of harder fortunes, and the gripes of age;
 Thine eye's not ripe for tears: whiff, lullaby;
 What ails my babe, my sweet-face'd babe to cry?
 Look, look, what's here! A dainty, golden thing:
 See how the dancing bells turn round and ring,
 To please my bantling! Here's a knack will breed
 An hundred kisses: here's a knack indeed.

So, now my bird is white, and looks as fair
 As Pelop's shoulder, or a milk-white pair :
 Here's right the father's smile ; when Mars beguil'd
 Sick Venus of her heart, just thus he smile'd.

DIVINE CUPID.

Well may they smile alike ; thy base-bred boy
 And his base fire had both one cause, a toy :
 How well their subjects and their smiles agree !
 Thy Cupid finds a toy, and Mars found thee :
 False queen of beauty, queen of false delights,
 Thy knee presents an emblem, that invites
 Man to himself, whose self-transported heart
 (O'erwhelm'd with native sorrows, and the smart
 Of purchas'd griefs) lies whining night and day,
 Not knowing why, till heavy-heel'd delay,
 The dull-brow'd pander of despair, lays by
 His leaden buskins, and presents his eye
 With antic trifles, which th' indulgent earth
 Makes proper objects of man's childish mirth.
 These be the coin that pass, the sweets that please ;
 There's nothing good, there's nothing great but these :
 These be the pipes that base-born minds dance after,
 And turn immod'rate tears to lavish laughter ;
 Whilst heav'nly raptures pass without regard ;
 Their strings are harsh, and their high strains unheard :
 The ploughman's whistle, or the trivial flute,
 Find more respect than great Apollo's lute.
 We'll look to Heav'n, and trust to higher joys :
 Let swine love husks, and children whine for toys.

S. BERN.

That is the true and chief joy, which is not conceived from the creature, but received from the Creator; which (being once possess'd thereof) none can take from thee: whereto all pleasure being compared is torment, all joy is grief, sweet things are bitter, all glory is baseness, and all delectable things are despicable.

S. BERN.

Joy, in a changeable subject, must necessarily change as the subject changeth.

EPIG. 8.

Peace, childish Cupid, peace: thy finger'd eye
 But cries for what, in time, will make thee cry.
 But are thy peevish wranglings thus pleas'd?
 Well may'st thou cry, that art so poorly pleas'd.

IX.

ISAIAH X. 3.

What will ye do in the day of your visitation? to whom will ye flee for help? and where will ye leave your glory?

1.

IS this that jolly God, whose Cyprian bow
Has shot so many flaming darts,
And made so many wounded beauties go
Sadly perplex'd with whim'ring hearts?
Is this that sov'reign deity, that brings
The slavish world in awe, and stings
The blund'ring souls of swains, and stops the hearts
[of kings?]

2.

What Circæan charm, what Hecatæan spite
Has thus abus'd the god of love?
Great Jove was vanquish'd by his greater might;
(And who is stronger-arm'd than Jove?)
Or has our lustful god perform'd a rape,
And (fearing Argus' eyes) would 'scape
The view of jealous earth, in this prodigious shape?

3.

Where be those rosy cheeks, that lately scorn'd
The malice of injurious fates?
Ah! where's that pearl port-cullis* that adorn'd
'Those dainty two-leav'd ruby gates?
Where be those killing eyes that so controll'd
The world, and locks that did infold [gold?
Like knots of flaming wire, like curls of burnish'd

* *Port-cullis* (a term of fortification), i. e. a grate dropt down, to stop a gate-way.

B. II. Emb. 9.



⊕ *Venturum exhorresco Diem.*



4.

No, no, 'twas neither Hecatæan spite,
 Nor charm below, nor pow'r above ;
 'Twas neither Circe's spell, nor Stygian sprite,
 That thus transform'd our god of love ;
 'Twas owl-ey'd lust (more potent far than they)
 Whose eyes and actions hate the day :
 Whom all the world observe, whom all the world
 [obey.

5.

See, how the latter trumpet's dreadful blast
 Affrights stout Mars his trembling son !
 See, how he startles ! how he stands aghast,
 And scrambles from his melting throne !
 Hark, how the direful hand of vengeance tears
 The swelt'ring clouds, whilst heav'n appears
 A circle fill'd with flame, and centre'd with his fears !

6.

This is that day, whose oft report hath worn
 Neglected tongues of prophets bare ;
 The faithless subject of the worldlings scorn,
 The sum of men and angels pray'r :
 This, this the day, whose all-discerning light
 Ransacks the secret dens of night
 And severs good from bad ; true joys from false de-
 [light.

7.

You grov'ling worldlings, you, whose wisdom trades
 Where light ne'er shot his golden ray,
 That hide your actions in Cimmerian shades,
 How will your eyes endure this day ?
 Hills will be dead, and mountains will not hear ;
 There be no caves, no corners there [fear.
 To shade your souls from fire, to shield your hearts from

H U G O.

H U G O.

O the extreme loathsomeness of fleshly lust, which not only effeminates the mind, but enerves the body; which not only distaineth the soul, but disguiseth the person! It is ushered with fury and wantonness: it is accompanied with filthiness and uncleanness; and it is followed with grief and repentance.

E P I G. 9.

What! sweet-face'd Cupid, have thy bastard treasure,
Thy boasted honors, and thy bold-face'd pleasure,
Perplex'd thee now? I told thee long ago,
To what they'd bring thee, fool: *to wit, to woe.*



B.II. *Emb.* 10.



Tinnit: inane est.

X.

NAHUM ii. 10.

She is empty, and void, and waste.

1.

SHE's empty: hark, she sounds, there's nothing there
 But noise to fill thy ear;
 Thy vain inquiry can at length but find
 A blast of murm'ring wind:
 It is a cask, that seems as full as fair,
 But merely tunn'd with air:
 Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds:
 The soul that vainly sounds
 Her joys upon this world, but feeds on empty sounds.

2.

She's empty: hark, she sounds: there's nothing in't,
 The spark-engend'ring flint
 Shall sooner melt, and hardest raunce* shall first
 Dissolve, and quench thy thirst;
 Ere this false world shall still thy stormy breast
 With smooth-face'd calms of rest.
 Thou may'st as well expect meridian light
 From shades of black-mouth'd night,
 As in this empty world to find a full delight.

* *Raunce*; i. e. a dry, mouldy crust of bread.

3.

She's empty : hark, she sounds ; 'tis void and vast ;
 What if some flatt'ring blast
 Of flatuous honor should perchance be there,
 And whisper in thine ear ?
 It is but wind, and blows but where it list,
 And vanisheth like mist.
 Poor honor earth can give ! What gen'rous mind
 Would be so base, to bind
 Her heav'n-bred soul a slave to serve a blast of wind ?

4.

She's empty : hark, she sounds : 'tis but a ball
 For fools to play withal :
 The painted film but of a stronger bubble,
 That's line'd with silken trouble :
 It is a world, whose work and recreation
 Is vanity and vexation ;
 A hag, repair'd with vice-complexion'd paint,
 A quest-house of complaint :
 It is a faint, a fiend ; worse fiend, when most a saint.

5.

She's empty : hark, she sounds : 'tis vain and void,
 What's here to be enjoy'd
 But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,
 Drawn now, and cross'd to-morrow ?
 Or what are men, but puffs of dying breath,
 Reviv'd with living death ?
 Fond lad, O build thy hopes on surer grounds
 Than what dull flesh propounds :
 Trust not this hollow world ; she's empty : hark, she
 [sounds.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heb.

*Contemn riches, and thou shalt be rich ; contemn glory,
and thou shalt be glorious ; contemn injuries, and thou shalt
be a conqueror ; contemn rest, and thou shalt gain rest ;
contemn earth, and thou shalt find heaven.*

HUGO Lib. de Vanit. Mundi.

*The world is a vanity, which affordeth neither beauty
to the amorous, nor reward to the laborious, nor encour-
agement to the industrious.*

EPIG. 10.

This house is to be lett for life or years ;
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears :
Cupid, 't has long stood void ; her bills make known,
She must be dearly lett ; or let alone.

X I.

M A T T H. vii. 14.

*Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there
be that find it.*

PRepost'rous fool, thou stroul'st * amidst ;
 Thou err'st ; that's not the way, 'tis this.
 Thy hopes, instructed by thine eye,
 Make thee appear more near than I ;
 My floor is not so flat, so fine,
 And has more obvious rubs than thine :
 'Tis true, my way is hard and strait,
 And leads me through a thorny gate,
 Whose rankling pricks are sharp and fell ;
 The common way to heav'n's by hell.
 'Tis true, thy path is short and fair,
 And free from rubs : Ah ! fool, beware,
 The safest road's not always ev'n ;
 The way to hell's a seeming heav'n.
 Think'st thou the crown of glory's had
 With idle ease, fond Cyprian lad ?
 Think'st thou that mirth, and vain delights,
 High feed, and shadow-short'ning nights,
 Soft knees, full bags and beds of down,
 Are proper prologues to a crown ?
 Or canst thou hope to come and view,
 Like prosp'rous Cæsar, and subdue ?
 The bond-slave usurer will trudge ;
 In spite of gout, will turn a drudge,
 And serve his soul-condemning purse,
 T' increase it with the widow's curse :

* *Troul'st*; i. e. roll a ball.

And

B. H. Emb. II.



Erras: hâc itur ad illam.



And shall the crown of glory stand
 Not worth the waving of an hand?
 The fleshly wanton, to obtain
 His minute-lust, will count it gain
 To lose his freedom, his estate,
 Upon so dear, so sweet a rate:
 Shall pleasures thus be priz'd, and must
 Heav'n's palm be cheaper than a lust?
 The true-bred spark, to hoise his name
 Upon the waxen wings of fame,
 Will fight undaunted in a flood
 That's rais'd with brackish drops and blood:
 And shall the promis'd crown of life
 Be thought a toy, not worth a strife?
 An easy good brings easy gains;
 But things of price are bought with pains.
 The pleasing way is not the right:
 He that would conquer heav'n, must fight.

S. HIERON. in Ep.

No labor is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at.

S. GREG. Lib. viii. Mor.

The valour of a just man is, to conquer the flesh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of the present life, to love and endure the miseries of this world for the reward of a better, to contemn the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the fears of adversity.

E P I G. II.

O Cupid, if thy smooother way were right,
I should mistrust this crown were counterfeit.
The way's not easy, where the prize is great :
I hope no virtues, where I smell no sweat.

GALAT.



B. II. Emb. 12.



In Cruce stat securus Amor.

XII.

G A L A T. vi. 14.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross.

I.

CAN nothing settle my uncertain breast,
 And fix my rambling love?
 Can my affections find out nothing best,
 But still and still remove?
 Has earth no mercy? Will no ark of rest
 Receive my restless dove?
 Is there no good, than which there's nothing high'r,
 To bless my full desire
 With joys that never change; with joys that ne'er
 [expire?]

2.

I wanted wealth; and, at my dear request,
 Earth lent a quick supply;
 I wanted mirth, to charm my sullen breast;
 And who more brisk than I?
 I wanted fame, to glorify the rest;
 My fame flew eagle-high:
 My joy not fully ripe, but all decay'd,
 Wealth vanish'd like a shade;
 My mirth began to flag, my fame began to fade.

3.

The world's an ocean, hurry'd to and fro
 With ev'ry blast of passion:
 Her lustfull streams, when either ebb or flow,
 Are tides of man's vexation:

H 3

They

They alter daily, and they daily grow
 The worse by alteration :
 The earth's a cask full-tunn'd, yet wanting measure ;
 Her precious wine is pleasure ;
 Her yest * is honor's puff ; her lees † are worldly trea-
 [sure.

4.

My trust is in the cross : let beauty flag
 Her loose, her wanton fail ;
 Let count'nance-gilding honor cease to brag
 In courtly terms, and vail ;
 Let ditch-bred wealth henceforth forget to wag
 Her base, though golden, tail ;
 False beauty's conquest is but real loss,
 And wealth but golden dross ;
 Best honor's but a blast : my trust is in the cross.

5.

My trust is in the cross ; there lies my rest :
 My fast, my sole delight :
 Let cold-mouth'd Boreas, or the hot-mouth'd East,
 Blow till they burst with spite ;
 Let earth and hell conspire their worst, their best,
 And join their twisted might ;
 Let show'rs of thunderbolts dart round and wound me,
 And troops of fiends surround me,
 All this may well confront ; all this shall ne'er con-
 [found me.

* *Yest*, or *yeast* ; i. e. barm, used for fermentation of liquors.

† *Lees*, the settlement, or dregs at bottom.

S. AUGUST.

*Christ's cross is the christ-cross of all our happiness; it delivers us from all blindness of error, and enriches our darkness with light; it restoreth the troubled soul to rest; it bringeth strangers to God's acquaintance; it maketh remote foreigners near neighbours; it cutteth off discord; concludeth a league of everlasting peace; and is the braun-
teous author of all good.*

S. BERN. in Ser. de Resur.

We find glory in the cross; to us that are saved, it is the power of God, and the fullness of all virtues.

E P I G. 12.

I follow'd rest; rest fled, and soon forsook me:
I ran from grief; grief ran, and overtook me.
What shall I do? Lest I be too much tost
On worldly crosses, Lord, let me be crost.

PROV.

XIII.

P R O V. xxvi. II.

As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly.

O I am wounded! and my wounds do smart
 Beyond my patience, or great Chiron's art;
 I yield, I yield the day, the palm is thine; [mine.
 Thy bow's more true, thy shaft's more fierce, than
 Hold, hold, O hold thy conqu'ring hand. What need
 To send more darts? the first has done the deed:
 Oft have we struggled, when our equal arms
 Shot equal shafts, inflicted equal harms;
 But this exceeds, and, with her flaming head,
 Twy-fork'd with death, has struck my conscience dead.
 But must I die? ah me! if that were all,
 Then, then I'd stroke my bleeding wounds, and call
 This dart a cordial, and with joy endure
 These harsh ingredients, where my grief's my cure.
 But something whispers in my dying ear,
 There is an After-day; which day I fear.

The slender debt to nature's quickly paid,
 Discharge'd perchance with greater ease than made;
 But if that pale-face'd serjeant make arrest,
 Ten thousand actions would (whereof the least
 Is more than all this lower world can bail)
 Be enter'd, and condemn me to the jail
 Of Stygian darkness, bound in red-hot chains,
 And gripe'd with tortures worse than Titian pains.
 Farewel my vain, farewel my loose delights;
 Farewel my rambling days, my rev'ling nights;

'Twas

B. II. Emb. 13.



Post Vulnera Dæmon.



'Twas you betray'd me first ; and when ye found
 My soul at 'vantage, gave my soul the wound :
 Farewel my bullion * gods, whose sov'reign looks
 So often catch'd me with their golden hooks :
 Go seek another slave ; ye all must go ;
 I cannot serve my God and bullion too.
 Farewel false honor ; you whose airy wings
 Did mount my soul above the thrones of kings ;
 Then flatter'd me, took pet, and, in disdain,
 Nipt my green buds ; then kick'd me down again :
 Farewel my bow ; farewell my Cyprian quiver ;
 Farewel dear world, farewell dear world for ever.
 O, but this most delicious world, how sweet
 Her pleasures relish ! Ah ! how jump † they meet
 The grasping soul, and, with their sprightly fire,
 Revive and raise, and rouse the wrapt desire !
 For ever ? O, to part so long ! what, never
 Meet more ? another year, and then for ever :
 Too quick resolves do resolution wrong ; -
 What, part so soon, to be divorce'd so long ?
 Things to be done, are long to be debated ;
 Heav'n is not day'd. Repentance is not dated.

* *Bullion* ; i. e. gold or silver in the mass : put for riches.

† *Jump* ; i. e. fit, or tally with.

S. A U G U S T. lib. de Util. agen. Pœn.

Go up, my soul, into the tribunal of thy conscience: there set thy guilty self before thyself: hide not thyself behind thyself, lest God bring thee forth before thyself.

S. A U G U S T. in Soliloq.

In vain is that washing, where the next sin defileth: he hath ill repented, whose sins are repeated: that stomach is the worse for vomiting, that licketh up his vomit.

A N S E L M.

God hath promised pardon to him that repenteth; but he hath not promised repentance to him that sinneth.

E P I G. 13.

Brain-wounded Cupid, had this hasty dart,
As it has prick'd thy fancy, pierce'd thy heart,
'T had been thy friend: O how hath it deceiv'd thee!
For had this dart but kill'd, this dart had sav'd thee.

P R O V.



B. II. Emb. 14



Post lapsum fortius aſto.

XIV.

PROV. xxiv. 16.

*A just man falleth seven times, and riseth again; but
the wicked shall fall into mischief.*

I.

'TIS but a foil at best, and that's the most
Your skill can boast:
My slipp'ry footing fail'd me; and you tript,
Just as I slipt:
My wanton weakness did herself betray
With too much play:
I was too bold; he never yet stood sure,
That stands secure:
Who ever trusted to his native strength,
But fell at length?
The title's craz'd*; the tenure is not good,
That claims by th' evidence of flesh and blood.

2.

Boast not thy skill; the righteous man falls oft,
Yet falls but soft:
There may be dirt to mire him, but no stones
To crush his bones:
What if he staggers? nay, put case he be
Foil'd on his knee?
That very knee will bend to heav'n, and woo
For mercy too.
The true-bred gamester ups afresh, and then
Falls to't again;
Whereas the leaden-hearted coward lies,
And yields his conquer'd life, or craven'd † dies.

* Craz'd; i. e. weak.

† Craven'd; i. e. conquer'd.

3.

Boast not thy conquest ; thou that ev'ry hour
 Fall'st ten times low'r ;
 Nay, hast not pow'r to rise, if not, in case,
 To fall more base :
 Thou wallow'st, where I slip ; and thou dost tumble,
 Where I but stumble :
 Thou glory'st in thy slav'ry's dirty badges,
 And fall'st for wages :
 Sour grief and sad repentance scours and clears
 My stains with tears ;
 Thy falling keeps thy falling still in ure * ;
 But when I slip, I stand the more secure.

4.

Lord, what a nothing is this little span,
 We call a MAN !
 What fenny trash maintains the smoth'ring fires
 Of his desires !
 How slight and short are his resolves at longest !
 How weak at strongest !
 O, if a sinner, held by that fast hand,
 Can hardly stand ;
 Good God ! in what a desp'rate case are they,
 That have no stay !
 Man's state implies a necessary curse : [worse.
 When not himself, he's mad ; when most himself, he's

* Ure ; i. e. use.

S. AMBROS. in Ser. ad Vincula.

Peter stood more firmly after he had lamented his fall, than before he fell; insomuch that he found more grace, than he lost grace.

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heliod. Monach.

It is no such heinous matter to fall afflicted, as, being down, to lie dejected. It is no danger for a soldier to receive a wound in battle, but, after the wound received, through despair of recovery, to refuse a remedy; for we often see wounded champions wear the palm at last, and, after fight, crowned with victory.

EPIG. 14.

Triumph not, Cupid, his mischance doth shew
Thy trade; doth once, what thou dost always do:
Brag not too soon; has thy prevailing hand
Foil'd him? ah fool, th' hast taught him how to stand.

XV.

J E R. xxxii. 40.

I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me.

SO, now the soul's sublime'd ; her four desires
 Are recalcine'd * in heav'n's well-temper'd fires :
 The heart restore'd and purge'd from drossy nature,
 Now finds the freedom of a new-born creature :
 It lives another life, it breathes new breath ;
 It neither fears nor feels the sting of death :
 Like as the idle vagrant (having none)
 That boldly † 'dopts each house he views, his own ;
 Makes ev'ry pisse his chequer ‡ ; and, at pleasure,
 Walks forth, and taxes all the world, like Cæsar ;
 At length, by virtue of a just command,
 His sides are lent to a severer hand ;
 Whereon his pass, not fully understood,
 Is taxed in a manuscript of blood ;
 Thus past from town to town ; until he come
 A sore repentant to his native home :
 Ev'n so the rambling heart, that idly roves
 From crimes to sin, and uncontroul'd removes
 From lust to lust, when wanton flesh invites
 From old worn pleasures to new choice delights ;
 At length, corrected by the filial rod
 Of his offended, but his gracious God,
 And lash'd from sins to sighs ; and, by degrees,
 From sighs to vows, from vows to bended knees ;
 From bended knees to a true pensive breast ;
 From thence to torments not by tongue exprest ;

* *Recalcine'd* : to calcine, is, with chymists, to burn to a cinder.

† *'Dopts* ; i. e. adopts, or makes his own.

‡ *Chequer* ; i. e. exchequer, or treasury.

B. II. Emb. 15.



Patet Ætheri ; clauditur Orbi.



Returns; and (from his sinful self exil'd)
 Finds a glad father, he a welcome child:
 O then it lives; O then it lives involv'd
 In secret raptures; pants to be dissolv'd:
 The royal off-spring of a second birth,
 Sets ope' to heav'n, and shuts the door to earth:
 If love-sick Jove commanded clouds should hap
 To rain such show'rs as quicken'd Danaë's lap:
 Or dogs (far kinder than their purple master)
 Should lick his fores; he laughs, nor weeps the faster.
 If earth (heav'n's rival) dart her idle ray;
 To heav'n, 'tis wax,—and to the world, 'tis clay:
 If earth present delights, it scorns to draw;
 But, like the jet * unrubb'd, disdains that straw.
 No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it;
 No grief disturbs it, and no error guides it;
 No good contemns it, and no virtue blames it;
 No guilt condemns it, and no folly shames it;
 No sloth besots it, and no lust enthralls it;
 No scorn afflicts it, and no passion galls it:
 It is a cark'net † of immortal life;
 An ark of peace; the lists of sacred strife;
 A purer piece of endless transitory;
 A shrine of grace, a little throne of glory:
 A heav'n born off-spring of a new-born birth;
 An earthly heav'n; an ounce of heav'nly earth.

* Jet; i. e. black amber: which, rubb'd, has an attractive quality.

† A cark'net; i. e. a necklace.

S. A U G. de Spir. & Anima.

O happy heart, where piety affecteth, where humility subjeeteth, where repentance correcteth, where obedience directeth, where perseverance perfecteth, where power protesteth, where devotion projecteth, where charity connecteth.

S. G R E G.

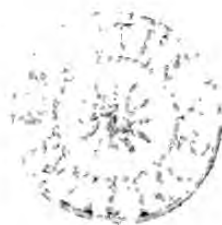
Which way soever the heart turneth itself (if carefully), it shall commonly observe, that in those very things we lose God, in those very things we shall find God: it shall find the heat of his power, in the consideration of those things, in the love of which things he was most cold; and by what things it fell, perverted, by those things it is raised, converted.

E P I G. 15.

My heart! But wherefore do I call thee so?
I have renounce'd my int'rest long ago:
When thou wert false and fleshly, I was thine;
Mine wert thou never, till thou wert not mine.



T H E



B. III. *Front.*



Pfalm. 38. 9.

T H E
T H I R D B O O K.

T H E E N T E R T A I N M E N T.

ALL you, whose better thoughts are newly born,
 And (rebaptize'd with holy fire, can scorn
 The world's base trash ; whose necks disdain to bear
 Th' imperious yoke of Satan ; whose chaste ear
 No wanton songs of syrens can surprise
 With false delight ; whose more-than-eagle eyes
 Can view the glorious flames of gold, and gaze
 On glitt'ring beams of honor, and not daze * ;
 Whose souls can spurn at pleasure, and deny
 The loose suggestions of the flesh ; draw nigh.

And you, whose am'rous, whose select desires,
 Would feel the warmth of those transcendent fires,
 Which (like the rising sun) put out the light
 Of Venus' star, and turn her day to night ;
 You that would love, and have your passions crown'd
 With greater happiness than can be found
 In your own wishes ; you that would affect
 Where neither scorn, nor guile, nor disrespect,
 Shall wound your tortur'd souls ; that would enjoy,
 Where neither want can pinch, nor fullness cloy,
 Nor double doubt afflicts, nor baser fear
 Unflames your courage in pursuit ; draw near,
 Shake hands † with earth, and let your soul respect
 Her joys no further, than her joys reflect

* *Daze* ; i. e. to be dazzled.

† *Shake hands with* ; i. e. take leave of.

Upon her Maker's glory ; if thou swim
 In wealth, see Him in all ; see all in Him :
 Sink'st thou in want, and is thy small cruse spent ?
 See Him, in want : enjoy Him, in content :
 Conceiv'st Him lodg'd in cross, or lost in pain ?
 In pray'r and patience, find Him out again :
 Make Heav'n thy mistress ; let no change remove
 Thy loyal heart,—be fond, be sick of love :
 What if he stop his ear, or knit his brow ?
 At length he'll be as fond, as sick as thou :
 Dart up thy soul in groans ; thy secret-groan
 Shall pierce his ear, shall pierce his ear alone :
 Dart up thy soul in vows : thy sacred vow
 Shall find Him out, where Heav'n alone shall know :
 Dart up thy soul in sighs : thy whisp'ring sigh
 Shall rouse his ears, and fear no list'ner nigh ;
 Send up thy groans, thy sighs, thy closet vow ; [thou
 There's none, there's none shall know but Heav'n and
 Groans fresh'd with vows, and vows made salt with
 Unscale his eyes, and scale his conquer'd ears : [tears,
 Shoot up the bosom-shafts of thy desire,
 Feather'd with faith, and double-fork'd with fire ;
 And they will hit : fear not, where Heav'n bids come ;
 Heav'n's never deaf, but when man's heart is dumb.



B. III. Emb. 1.



Isaiah. 26. 9.

I.

ISAIAH xxvi. 9.

My soul hath desired thee in the night.

GOOD God! what horrid darkness doth surround
 My groping soul! how are my senses bound
 In utter shades, and, muffled from the light,
 Lurk in the bosom of eternal night!
 The bold-face'd lamp of heav'n can set and rise,
 And, with his morning glory, fill the eyes
 Of gazing mortals; his victorious ray
 Can chase the shadows, and restore the day:
 Night's bashful empress, though she often wane,
 As oft repents her darkness, primes again;
 And, with her circling horns, doth re-embrace
 Her brother's wealth, and orbs her silver face.
 But ah! my sun, deep-swallow'd in his fall,
 Is set, and cannot shine, nor rise at all:
 My bankrupt wane can beg nor borrow light;
 Alas! my darkness is perpetual night.
 Falls have their risings, wanings have their primes,
 And desp'rate sorrows wait their better times:
 Ebbs have their floods, and autumns have their springs;
 All states have changes, hurry'd with the swings
 Of chance and time, still tiding to and fro:
 Terrestrial bodies, and celestial too.
 How often have I vainly grope'd about,
 With lengthen'd'arms, to find a passage out,
 That I might catch those beams mine eye desires,
 And bathe my soul in those celestial fires!
 Like as the hagar*, cloister'd in her mew†,
 To scour her downy robes, and to renew

* *Hagar*; i. e. a wild hawk.† *Mew*; i. e. coop, or cage.

Her broken flags *, preparing t' overlook
 The tim'rous mallard † at the sliding brook,
 Jets ‡ oft from perch to perch, from stock || to ground ;
 From ground to window ; thus surveying round
 Her dove-befeather'd prison, till at length
 (Calling her noble birth to mind, and strength
 Whereto her wing was born) her ragged beak
 Nips off her jangling jesses **, strives to break
 Her jingling fetters, and begins to bate §
 At ev'ry glimpse, and darts at ev'ry grate ¶ :
 Ev'n so my weary soul, that long has been
 An inmate in this tenement of sin,
 Lock'd up by cloud-brow'd error, which invites
 My cloister'd thoughts to feed on black delights,
 Now scorns her shadows, and begins to dart
 Her wing's desires at thee, that only art
 The sun she seeks, whose rising beams can fright
 These dusky clouds that make so dark a night :
 Shine forth, great glory, shine ; that I may see
 Both how to loath myself, and honor thee :
 But if my weakness force thee to deny
 Thy flames, yet lend the twilight of thine eye :
 If I must want those beams I wish, yet grant
 That I, at least, may wish those beams I want.

* *Flags* ; i. e. wing-feathers.

† *Mallard* ; i. e. drake (water-fowl).

‡ *Jets* ; i. e. hops.

|| *Stock* ; i. e. perch.

** *Jesses* ; i. e. leather thongs that tied on the bells.

§ *Bate* ; i. e. flutter her wings.

¶ *Grate* ; i. e. lattice.

The above are all terms in falconry.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. 33.

There was a great dark cloud of vanity before mine eyes, so that I could not see the Sun of Justice, and the Light of Truth: I, being the son of darkness, was involved in darkness, because I knew not thy light: I was blind, and loved my blindness, and did walk from darkness to darkness: but, Lord, thou art my God, who hast led me from darkness, and the shadow of death; hast called me into this glorious light, and behold, I see.

EPIG. I.

My soul, cheer up; what if the night be long,
 Heav'n finds an ear, when sinners find a tongue;
 Thy tears are morning show'rs: Heav'n bids me say,
 When Peter's cock begins to crow, 'tis day.

II.

P S A L M lxix. 5.

*O Lord, thou knowest my foolishness, and my sins are not
hid from thee.*

SEEST thou this fulsome ideot? in what measure
He seems transported with the antic pleasure
Of childish bawbles? Canst thou but admire
The empty fullness of his vain desire?
Canst thou conceive such poor delights as these
Can fill th' insatiate soul of man, or please
The fond aspect of his deluded eye?
Reader, such very fools are thou and I:
False puffs of honour; the deceitful streams
Of wealth; the idle, vain, and empty dreams
Of pleasure, are our traffick, and ensnare
Our souls, the threefold subject of our care;
We toil for trash, we barter solid joys
For airy trifles, sell our heav'n for toys:
We catch at barley-grains, whilst pearls stand by
Despis'd; such very fools are thou and I.
Aim'st thou at honor? does not th' ideot shake it
In his left hand? fond man, step forth and take it:
Or would'st thou wealth? see now the fool presents thee
With a full basket, if such wealth contents thee:
Would'st thou take pleasure? If the fool unstride
His prancing stallion, thou may'st up and ride:
Fond man, such is the pleasure, wealth, and honor
The earth affords such fools as doat upon her:
Such is the game whereat earth's ideots fly;
Such ideots, ah! such fools, are thou and I.

Had

B. III. *Emb.* 2.



Pfalm. 69 . 5 .



Had rebel man's fool-hardiness extended
 No farther than himself, and there had ended,
 It had been just; but, thus enrage'd, to fly
 Upon th' eternal eyes of Majesty,
 And drag the Son of Glory from the breast
 Of his indulgent Father; to arrest
 His great and sacred person; in disgrace
 To spit and spawl upon his sun-bright face;
 To taunt him with base terms, and, being bound,
 To scourge his soft, his trembling sides; to wound
 His head with thorns; his heart with human fears;
 His hands with nails, and his pale flank with spears;
 And then to paddle in the purer stream
 Of his spilt blood, is more than most extreme;
 Great Builder of mankind, canst thou propound
 All this to thy bright eyes, and not confound
 Thy handy-work? O! canst thou chuse but see,
 That made'st the eye? can aught be hid from thee?
 Thou seest our persons, Lord, and not our guilt;
 Thou seest not what thou may'st, but what thou wilt:
 The hand that form'd us is inforce'd to be
 A screen set up betwixt thy work and thee:
 Look, look upon that hand, and thou shalt spy
 An open wound, a thor'ghfare for thine eye;
 Or if that wound be clos'd, that passage be
 Deny'd between thy gracious eye and me,
 Yet view the scar; that scar will countermand
 Thy wrath: O read my fortune in thy hand.

S. C H R Y S. Hom. iv. Joan.

Fools seem to abound in wealth, when they want all things; they seem to enjoy happiness, when indeed they are only most miserable: neither do they understand that they are deluded by their fancy, till they be delivered from their folly.

S. G R E G. in Mor.

By so much the more are we inwardly foolish, by how much we strive to seem outwardly wise.

E P I G. 2.

Rebellious fool, what has thy folly done?
 Controul'd thy God, and crucify'd his Son!
 How sweetly has the Lord of Life deceiv'd thee!
 Thou shedd'st his blood, and that shed blood has sav'd
 [thee.



B. III. Emb. 3.



Pfalm. 6. 2.

III.

PSALM vi. 2.

*Have mercy, Lord, upon me, for I am weak; O Lord,
heal me, for my bones are vexed.*

S O U L.

J E S U S.

Soul. **A**H! Son of David, help. *Jes.* What sinful cry
Implores the Son of David? *Soul.* It is I.

Jes. Who art thou? *Soul.* Oh! a deeply-wounded
That's heavy laden, and would fain have rest. [breast

Jes. I have no scraps; and dogs must not be fed,
Like household children, with the children's bread.

Soul. True, Lord; yet tolerate a hungry whelp
To lick their crums: O Son of David, help.

Jes. Poor soul, what ail'st thou? *Soul.* O I burn, I
I cannot rest; I know not where to fly, [fry,

To find some ease: I turn my blubber'd face
From man to man; I roll from place to place,

T'avoid my tortures, to obtain relief,
But still am dogg'd and haunted with my grief:

My midnight torments call the sluggish light,
And, when the morning's come, they woo the night.

Jes. Surcease thy tears, and speak thy free desires.

Soul. Quench, quench my flames, and 'swage those
[scorching fires.

Jes. Canst thou believe my hand can cure thy grief?

Soul. Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbelief.

Jes. Hold forth thine arm, and let my fingers try
Thy pulse: where, chiefly, doth thy torment lie?

Soul. From head to foot; it reigns in ev'ry part,
But plays the self-law'd tyrant in my heart.

Jes. Canst thou digest, canst relish wholesome food?
 How stands thy taste? *Soul.* To nothing that is good.
 All sinful trash, and earth's unfav'ry stuff,
 I can digest and relish well enough.

Jesus. Is not thy blood as cold as hot, by turns?

Soul. Cold to what's good; to what is bad, it burns.

Jes. How old's thy grief? *Soul.* I took it at the fall,
 With eating fruit. *Jes.* 'Tis epidemical:
 Thy blood's infected, and th' infection sprung
 From a bad liver: 'tis a fever strong
 And full of death, unless, with present speed,
 A vein be open'd: thou must die, or bleed.

Soul. O I am faint and spent: that lance that shall
 Let forth my blood, lets forth my life withal:
 My soul wants cordials; and has greater need
 Of blood, than (being spent so far) to bleed:
 I faint already; if I bleed, I die.

Jes. 'Tis either you must bleed, sick soul, or I:
 My blood's a cordial. He that sucks my veins,
 Shall cleanse his own, and conquer greater pains
 Than these: cheer up; this precious blood of mine
 Shall cure thy grief; my heart shall bleed for thine.
 Believe, and view me with a faithful eye,
 Thy soul shall neither languish, bleed, nor die.

S. AUGUST. lib. x. Confess.

Lord, be merciful unto me! Ah me! behold, I hide not my wounds: Thou art a Physician, and I am sick; thou art merciful, and I am miserable.

S. GREG. in Pastoral.

O wisdom, with how sweet an art do thy wine and oil restore health to my healthless soul! How powerfully merciful, how mercifully powerful art thou! Powerful for me, merciful to me!

EPIG. 3.

**Canst thou be sick, and such a doctor by?
Thou canst not live, unless thy Doctor die!
Strange kind of grief, that finds no med'cine good
To 'swage her pains, but the Physician's blood!**

IV.

P S A L M XXV. 18.

*Look upon my affliction and my pain, and forgive all
my sins.*

BOTH work and strokes? both lash and labor too?
 What more could Edom or proud Ashur do?
 Stripes after stripes; and blows succeeding blows!
 Lord, has thy scourge no mercy, and my woes
 No end? my pains no ease? no intermission?
 Is this the state, is this the sad condition
 Of those that trust thee; will thy goodness please
 T'allow no other favors? none but these?
 Will not the rhet'ric of my torments move?
 Are these the symptoms, these the signs of love?
 Is't not enough, enough that I fulfill
 The toilsome task of thy laborious will?
 May not this labor expiate and purge
 My sin, without th' addition of a scourge?
 Look on my cloudy brow, how fast it rains
 Sad show'rs of sweat, the fruits of fruitless pains;
 Behold these ridges, see what purple furrows
 Thy plough has made; O think upon those sorrows
 That once were thine; O wilt thou not be woo'd
 To mercy by the charms of sweat and blood?
 Canst thou forget that drowsy mount wherein
 Thy dull disciples slept? was not my sin
 There punish'd in thy soul? Did not this brow
 Then sweat in thine? were not those drops enow?
 Remember Golgotha, where that spring-tide
 O'erflow'd thy sov'reign, sacramental side;

B. III. Emb. 4.



Pfalm. 25 . 18 .



There was no sin, there was no guilt in thee, [me.
 That caus'd those pains; thou sweat'ft, thou bled'ft for
 Was there not blood enough, when one small drop
 Had pow'r to ransom thousand worlds, and stop
 The mouth of justice? Lord, I bled before
 In thy deep wounds; can justice challenge more?
 Or dost thou vainly labor to hedge in
 Thy losses from my sides? my blood is thin,
 And thy free bounty scorns such easy thrift;
 No, no, thy blood came not as loan, but gift.
 But must I ever grind? and must I earn
 Nothing but stripes? O wilt thou disaltern*
 The rest thou gav'ft? hast thou perus'd the curse
 Thou laid'ft on Adam's fall, and made it worse?
 Canst thou repent of mercy? Heav'n thought good
 Lost man should feed in sweat; not work in blood:
 Why dost thou wound th' already wounded breast?
 Ah me! my life is but a pain at best:
 I am but dying dust: my day's a span;
 What pleasure take'ft thou in the blood of man?
 Spare, spare thy scourge, and be not so austere:
 Send fewer strokes, or lend more strength to bear.

* *Disaltern*; i. e. set aside the alternate changes of stripes and rest, common to man.

S. BERN. Hom. lxxxii. in Cant.

Miserable man! Who shall deliver me from the reproach of this shameful bondage? I am a miserable man, but a free man; free, because a man; miserable, because a servant: in regard of my bondage, miserable; in regard of my will, inexcusable: for my will, that was free, be-slaved itself to sin, by assenting to sin; for he that committeth sin, is the servant to sin.

EPIG. 4.

Tax not thy God: thine own defaults did urge
 This twofold punishment; the mill, the scourge.
 Thy sin's the author of thy self-tormenting:
 Thou grind'st for sinning; scourg'd for not repenting.



B. III. Emb. 5.



Job. 10. 9.

V.

JOB x. 9.

Remember, I beseech thee, that thou hast made me as the clay, and wilt thou bring me into dust again?

THUS from the bosom of the new-made earth
 Poorman was delv'd*, and had his unborn birth;
 The same the stuff, the self-same hand doth trim
 The plant that fades, the beast that dies, and him:
 One was their fire, one was their common mother,
 Plants are his sisters, and the beast his brother,
 The elder too; beasts draw the self-same breath,
 Wax old alike, and die the self-same death:
 Plants grow as he, with fairer robes array'd;
 Alike they flourish, and alike they fade:
 The beast in sense exceeds him, and, in growth,
 The three-age'd oak doth thrice exceed them both.
 Why look'st thou then so big, thou little span
 Of earth? what art thou more in being man?
 I t, but my great Creator did inspire
 My chosen earth with the diviner fire
 Of reason; gave me judgment and a will;
 That, to know good; this, to chuse good from ill:
 He put the reins of pow'r in my free hand,
 A jurisdiction over sea and land;
 He gave me art to lengthen out my span
 Of life,—and made me all, in being man:
 I t, but thy passion has committed treason
 Against the sacred person of thy reason:
 Thy judgment is corrupt, perverse thy will;
 That knows no good, and this makes choice of ill:

* Delv'd; i. e. dug.

† I; i. e. Aye.

The greater height sends down the deeper fall ;
 And good decline'd turns bad, turns worst of all.
 Say then, proud inch of living earth, what can
 Thy greatness claim the more in being man ?
 O but my soul transcends the pitch of nature,
 Borne up by th' image of her high Creator ;
 Outbraves the life of reason, and bears down
 Her waxen wings, kicks off her brasen crown.
 My heart's a living temple, t' entertain
 The King of glory, and his glorious train :
 How can I mend my title, then ? where can
 Ambition find a higher style than man ?
 Ah ! but that image is deface'd and foil'd ;
 Her temple's raze'd, her altars all defile'd ;
 Her vessels are polluted and distain'd
 With loathed lust, her ornaments profane'd ;
 Her oil-forsaken lamps and hallow'd tapers
 Put out ; her incense breathes unfav'ry vapors :
 Why swell'st thou then so big, thou little span
 Of earth ? what art thou more in being man ?
 Eternal Potter, whose blest hands did lay
 My coarse foundation from a sod of clay,
 Thou know'st my slender vessel's apt to leak ;
 Thou know'st, my brittle temper's prone to break :
 Are my bones brasil, or my flesh of oak ?
 O mend what thou hast made, what I have broke :
 Look, look with gentle eyes, and, in thy day
 Of vengeance, Lord, remember I am clay.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. xxxii.

Shall I ask, who made me? It was thou that madest me, without whom nothing was made: Thou art my maker, and I thy work. I thank thee, my Lord God, by whom I live, and by whom all things subsist, because thou madest me: I thank thee, O my Potter, because thy hands have made me, because thy hands have formed me.

EPIG. 5.

**Why swell'st thou, man, puffed up with fame and purse?
Th' art better earth, but born to dig the worse:
Thou came'st from earth, to earth thou must return;
And art but earth, cast from the womb to th' urn.**

VI.

JOB vii. 20.

I have sinned: what shall I do unto thee, O thou preserver of men? Why dost thou set me as a mark against thee?

LORD, I have done; and, Lord, I have misdome;
 'Tis folly to contest, to strive with one
 That is too strong; 'tis folly to assail
 Or prove an arm that will, that must, prevail.
 I've done, I've done; these trembling hands have thrown
 Their daring weapons down: the day's thine own:
 Forbear to strike, where thou hast won the field;
 The palm, the palm is thine: I yield, I yield.
 These treach'rous hands, that were so vainly bold
 To try a thriveless* combat, and to hold
 Self-wounding weapons up, are now extended
 For mercy from thy hand; that knee, that bended
 Upon her guardless guard †, doth now repent
 Upon this naked floor; see both are bent,
 And sue for pity: O my ragged wound
 Is deep and desp'rate, it is drench'd and drown'd
 In blood and briny tears: it doth begin
 To stink without, and putrify within.
 Let that victorious hand, that now appears
 Just in my blood, prove gracious to my tears:
 Thou great preserver of presumptuous man,
 What shall I do? What satisfaction can
 Poor dust and ashes make? O if that blood,
 That yet remains unshed, were half as good

* *Thriveless*; i. e. unsuccessful.

† A term in fencing.

B. III. Emb. 6.



Joh. 7. 20.



As blood of oxen, if my death might be
 An off'ring to atone my God and me,
 I would disdain injurious life, and stand
 A suitor to be wounded from thy hand.
 But may thy wrongs be measure'd by the span
 Of life, or balance'd with the blood of man?
 No, no, eternal sin expects for guerdon *,
 Eternal penance, or eternal pardon:
 Lay down thy weapons, turn thy wrath away,
 And pardon him that hath no price to pay;
 Enlarge that soul, which base presumption binds;
 Thy justice cannot loose what mercy finds;
 O thou that wilt not bruise the broken reed,
 Rub not my sores, nor prick the wounds that bleed.
 Lord, if thy peevish infant fights and flies,
 With unpare'd weapons, at his mother's eyes,
 Her frowns (half mix'd with smiles) may chance to
 An angry love-tick on his arm, or so; [shew
 Where, if the babe but make a lip and cry,
 Her heart begins to melt, and by-and-by
 She coaks † his dewy cheeks; her babe she blisses,
 And choaks her language with a thousand kisses.
 I am that child: lo, here I prostrate lie,
 Pleading for mercy; I repent, and cry
 For gracious pardon: let thy gentle ears
 Hear that in words, what mothers judge in tears:
 See not my frailties, Lord, but through § my fear,
 And look on ev'ry trespass through a tear:
 Then calm thine anger, and appear more mild;
 Remember, th' art a father, I a child.

* *Guerdon*; i. e. reward.

† *Coaks*; i. e. sooths.

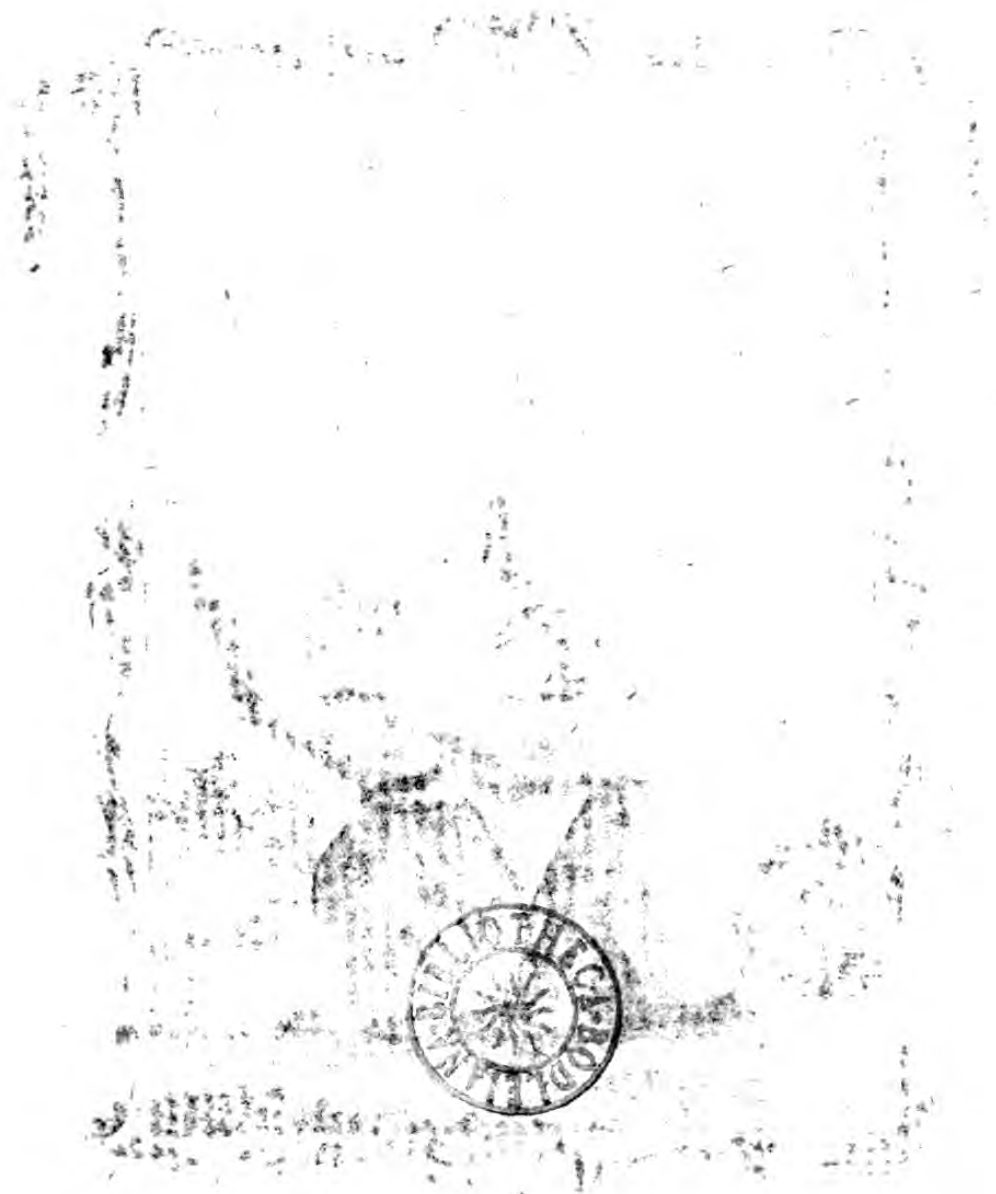
§ *Througb*; i. e. see through.

S. BERN. Ser. xxi. in Cant.

Miserable man! Who shall deliver me from the reproach of this shameful bondage? I am a miserable man, but a free man: free, because like to God; miserable, because against God. O keeper of mankind, why hast thou set me as a mark against thee? Thou hast set me, because thou hast not hindered me: it is just that thy enemy should be my enemy; and that he who repugneth thee, should repugn me: I, who am against thee, am against myself.

EPIG. 6.

But form'd, and fight? But born, and then rebel?
 How small a blast will make a bubble swell!
 But dare the floor affront the hand that made it?
 So apt is dust to fly in's face that made it!



B. III. Emb. 7.



Job .13. 24 .

VII.

J O B xiii. 24.

Wherefore hidest thou thy face, and holdest me for thine enemy?

WH Y dost thou shade thy lovely face? O why
Does that eclipsing hand so long deny
The sun-shine of thy soul-enliv'ning eye?

Without that light, what light remains in me?
Thou art my life, my way, my light; in thee
I live, I move, and by thy beams I see.

Thou art my life; if thou but turn away,
My life's a thousand deaths: thou art my way;
Without thee, Lord, I travel not, but stray.

My light thou art; without thy glorious sight,
Mine eyes are darken'd with perpetual night.
My God, thou art my way, my life, my light.

Thou art my way; I wander if thou fly:
Thou art my light; if hid, how blind am I!
Thou art my life; if thou withdraw, I die.

Mine eyes are blind and dark, I cannot see;
To whom, or whither should my darkness flee,
But to the light; and who's that light but thee?

My path is lost, my wand'ring steps do stray;
I cannot safely go, nor safely stay;
Whom should I seek but thee, my path, my way?

O, I am dead : to whom shall I, poor I,
Repair ? to whom shall my sad ashes fly,
For life ? and where is life but in thine eye ?

And yet thou turn'ft away thy face, and fly'ft me ;
And yet I sue for grace, and thou deny'ft me ;
Speak, art thou angry, Lord, or only try'ft me ?

Unscreen those heav'nly lamps, or tell me why
Thou shade'ft thy face ? perhaps thou think'ft no eye
Can view those flames, and not drop down and die.

If that be all, shine forth and draw thee nigh'r ;
Let me behold and die, for my desire
Is, Phœnix-like, to perish in that fire.

Death-conquer'd Laz'rus was redeem'd by thee :
If I am dead, Lord, set death's pris'ner free ;
Am I more spent, or stink I worse than he ?

If my puff'd life be out, give leave to tine †
My shameless snuff at that bright lamp of thine ;
O what's thy light the less for light'ning mine ?

If I have lost my path, great Shepherd, say,
Shall I still wander in a doubtful way ?
Lord, shall a lamb of Isra'l's sheepfold stray ?

Thou art the pilgrim's path, the blind man's eye,
The dead man's life : on thee my hopes rely ;
If thou remove, I err, I grope, I die.

Disclose thy sun-beams, close thy wings, and stay ;
See, see how I am blind, and dead, and stray,
O thou that art my light, my life, my way.

† To *tine*, or *tind* ; i. e. to light up.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. i.

Why dost thou hide thy face? Haply thou wilt say, none can see thy face and live: Ah, Lord, let me die, that I may see thee; let me see thee, that I may die: I would not live, but die; that I may see Christ, I desire death; that I may live with Christ, I despise life.

ANSELM. Med. Cap. v.

O excellent hiding, which is become my perfection! My God, thou hidest thy treasure, to kindle my desire: thou hidest thy pearl, to inflame the seeker; thou delayest to give, that thou mayest teach me to importune; seemest not to hear, to make me persevere.

EPIG. 7.

If Heav'n's all-quick'ning eyes vouchsafe to shine
Upon our souls, we slight; if not, we whine:
Our equinoctial hearts can never lie
Secure beneath the tropics of that eye.

VIII.

J E R. ix. 1.

O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night.

[form
O THAT mine eyes were springs, and could transfuse
 Their drops to seas; my sighs into a storm
 Of zeal, and sacred violence, wherein
 This lab'ring vessel, laden with her sin,
 Might suffer sudden shipwreck, and be split
 Upon that rock, where my drench'd soul may fit,
 O'erwhelm'd with plenteous passion: O, and there
 Drop, drop, into an everlasting tear!
 Ah me! that ev'ry sliding vein that wanders
 Through this vast isle, did work her wild meanders
 In brackish tears instead of blood, and swell
 This flesh with holy dropfies, from whose well,
 Made warm with sighs, may fume my waisting breath,
 Whilst I dissolve in steams, and reek to death!
 These narrow sluices of my dribbling eyes
 Are much too strait for those quick springs that rise,
 And hourly fill my temples to the top;
 I cannot shed for ev'ry sin a drop;
 Great Builder of mankind, why hast thou sent
 Such swelling floods, and made so small a vent?
 O that this flesh had been compos'd of snow,
 Instead of earth; and bones of ice, that so,
 Feeling the fever of my sin, and loathing
 The fire I feel, I might have thaw'd to nothing!

O thou

B. III. *Emb. 8.*



Jer. 9. 1.



O thou that didst, with hopeful joy, entomb
 Me thrice three moons in thy laborious womb,
 And then, with joyful pain, brought'st forth a son,
 What, worth thy labor, has thy labor done?
 What was there, ah! what was there in my birth
 That could deserve the easiest smile of mirth?
 A man was born; alas! and what's a man?
 A scuttle full of dust, a measure'd span
 Of sitting time; a furnish'd pack, whose wares
 Are fullen griefs, and soul-tormenting cares:
 A vial of tears, a vessel tunn'd with breath,
 By sickness broach'd, to be drawn out by death:
 A hapless, helpless thing, that, born, does cry
 To feed; that feeds to live, that lives to die.
 Great God and Man, whose eye spent drops so often
 For me, that cannot weep enough; O soften
 These marble brains, and strike this flinty rock;
 Or, if the music of thy Peter's cock
 Will more prevail, fill, fill my heark'ning ears
 With that sweet sound, that I may melt in tears!
 I cannot weep, until thou broach mine eye;
 O give me vent, or else I burst, and die.

S. AMBROS. in Psal. cxviii.

*He that commits sins to be wept for, cannot weep for
sins committed: and, being himself most lamentable, hath
no tears to lament his offences.*

NAZIANZ. Orat. iii.

Tears are the deluge of sin, and the world's sacrifice.

S. HIERON. in Esaiam.

*Prayer appeases God, but a tear compels him: that
moves him, this constrains him.*

EPIG. 8.

Earth is an island ported round with fears;
Thy way to heav'n is through the sea of tears.
It is a stormy passage, where is found
The wreck of many a ship, but no man drown'd.



B. III. *Fmb. 9.*



Pfalm 18. 5.

IX.

P S A L M xviii. 5.

The sorrows of hell compassed me about, and the snares of death prevented me.

IS not this type well cut, in ev'ry part
 Full of rich cunning? file'd with Xeuxian art?
 Are not the hunters, and their Stygian hounds,
 Limn'd full to th' life? didst ever hear the sounds
 Of music, and the lip-dividing breaths
 Of the strong-winded horn, reheats*, and deaths,
 Done more exact? th' infernal Nimrods halloo?
 The lawless purlieus †? and the game they follow?
 The hidden engines, and the snares that lie
 So undiscover'd, so obscure'd to th' eye?
 The new-drawn net, and her entangled prey?
 And him that closes it? Beholder, say,
 Is't not well done? seems 't not an em'ulous strife
 Betwixt the rare-cut picture and the life?
 These purlieu-men are devils; and the hounds
 (Those quick-nose'd canibals, that scour the grounds)
 Temptations; and the game, the fiends pursue,
 Are human souls, which still they have in view;
 Whose fury if they chance to 'scape by flying,
 The skilful hunter plants his net, close lying
 On th' unsuspected earth, baited with treasure,
 Ambitious honour, and self-wasting pleasure:
 Where, if the soul but stoop, death stands prepare'd
 To draw the net, and drown the souls ensnare'd.

* *Recheats*: an hunting term; when the horn blows to a retreat from a false scent.

† *Purlieus*; i. e. forbidden ground.

Poor soul ! how art thou hurry'd to and fro !
Where canst thou safely stay ? where safely go ?
If stay ; these hot-mouth'd hounds are apt to tear thee :
If go ; the snares inclose, the nets ensnare thee :
What good in this bad world has pow'r t' invite thee
A willing guest ? wherein can earth delight thee ?
Her pleasures are but itch ; her wealth, but cares :
A world of dangers, and a world of snares :
The close pursuers' busy hands do plant
Snares in thy substance ; snares attend thy want :
Snares in thy credit ; snares in thy disgrace :
Snares in thy high estate ; snares in thy base :
Snares tuck thy bed ; and snares surround thy board :
Snares watch thy thoughts ; and snares attach thy word :
Snares in thy quiet ; snares in thy commotion :
Snares in thy diet ; snares in thy devotion :
Snares lurk in thy resolves ; snares in thy doubt :
Snares lie within thy heart, and snares without :
Snares are above thy head, and snares beneath :
Snares in thy sickness, snares are in thy death.
O ! if these purlieus be so full of danger,
Great God of harts, the world's sole sov'reign ranger,
Preserve thy deer ; and let my soul be blest
In thy safe forest, where I seek for rest :
Then let the hell-hounds roar, I fear no ill ;
Rouse me they may, but have no pow'r to kill.

S. AMBROS. Lib. iv. in Cap. 4. Lucae.

The reward of honors, the height of power, the delicacy of diet, and the beauty of an harlot, are the snares of the devil.

S. AMBROS. de Bono Mortis.

Whilst thou seekest pleasures, thou runnest into snares; for the eye of the harlot, is the snare of the adulterer.

S A V A N A R.

In eating, he sets before us gluttony; in generation, luxury; in labor, sluggishness; in conversing, envy; in governing, covetousness; in correcting, anger; in honor, pride: in the heart, he sets evil thoughts; in the mouth, evil words; in actions, evil works: when awake, he moves us to evil actions; when asleep, to filthy dreams.

EPIG. 9.

Be sad, my heart, deep dangers 'wait thy mirth :
Thy soul's way-laid by sea, by hell, by earth :
Hell has her hounds ; earth, snares ; the sea, a shelf ;
But, most of all, my heart, beware thyself.

PSALM

X.

P S A L M cxliii. 2.

Enter not into judgment with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

J E S U S. J U S T I C E. S I N N E R.

Jes. **B**Ring forth the pris'ner, Justice. *Ju.* Thy com-
[mands
Are done, just judge: see here the pris'ner stands.

Jes. What has the pris'ner done? Say, what's the
[cause

Of his commitment? *Just.* He hath broke the laws
Of his too gracious God; conspire'd the death
Of that great Majesty that gave him breath,
And heaps transgression, Lord, upon transgression.

Jes. How know'st thou this? *Jus.* Ev'n by his own
His sins are crying; and they cry'd aloud: [confession:
They cry'd to heav'n, they cry'd to heav'n for blood.

Jes. What say'st thou, sinner? hast thou aught to plead,
That sentence should not pass? Hold up thy head,
And shew thy brazen, thy rebellious face.

Sin. Ah me! I dare not: I'm too vile and base
To tread upon the earth; much more, to lift
Mine eyes to heav'n: I need no other shrift*
Than mine own conscience: Lord, I must confess,
I am no more than dust, and no whit less
Than my indictment styles me; Ah! if thou
Search too severe, with too severe a brow,
What flesh can stand? I have transgress'd thy laws;
My merits plead thy vengeance; not my cause.

* *Sbrift*; i. e. confession; an old word for auricular confession, with
papists.

Jus.

B. III. *Emb. 10.*



Pfalm 143. 2.



Jus. Lord, shall I strike the blow? *Jes.* Hold, Justice, Sinner, speak on; what hast thou more to say? [stay:

Sin. Vile as I am, and of myself abhorr'd,
I am thy handy-work, thy creature, Lord,
Stamp't with thy glorious image, and, at first,
Most like to thee, though now a poor accurst,
Convicted caitiff, and degen'rous creature, [greater.
Here trembling at thy bar. *Jus.* Thy fault's the
Lord, shall I strike the blow? *Jes.* Hold, Justice, stay.
Speak, sinner; hast thou nothing else to say?

Sin. Nothing but *mercy, mercy*, Lord; my state
Is miserably poor and desperate:

I quite renounce myself, the world, and flee
From Lord to JESUS, from thyself to thee.

Jus. Cease thy vain hopes; my angry God has
Abused mercy must have blood for blood: [vow'd,
Shall I yet strike the blow? *Jes.* Stay, Justice, hold;
My bowels yearn, my fainting blood grows cold,
To view the trembling wretch; methinks, I spy
My Father's image in the pris'ner's eye.

Jus. I cannot hold. *Jes.* Then turn thy thirsty
Into my sides, let there the wound be made: [blade
Chear up, dear soul; redeem thy life with mine:
My soul shall smart, my heart shall bleed for thine.

Sin. O groundless* deeps! O love beyond degree!
Th'offended dies to set th'offender free.

* *Groundless*; i. e. without bottom.

S. A U G U S T.

Lord, if I have done that, for which thou mayest damn me; thou hast not lost that whereby thou mayest save me. Remember not, sweet Jesus, thy justice against the sinner, but thy benignity towards thy creature: remember not to proceed against a guilty soul, but remember thy mercy towards a miserable wretch: forget the insolence of the provoker, but behold the misery of the invoker; for what is Jesus but a Saviour?

A N S E L M.

Have respect to what thy Son hath done for me, and forget what my sins have done against thee: my flesh hath provoked thee to vengeance; let the flesh of Christ move thee to mercy: it is much that my rebellions have deserved; but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited.

E P I G. 10.

Mercy of mercies! He that was my drudge,
Is now my Advocate, is now my judge:
He suffers, pleads, and sentences, alone:
Three I adore, and yet adore but One.

my own exactly



B. III. Emb. II.



Pfalm 69 .15.

XI.

PSALM lxxix. 15.

Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the deep swallow me up.

THE world's a sea; my flesh a ship that's mann'd
 With lab'ring thoughts, and steer'd by reason's
 My heart's the seaman's card*, whereby she sails; [hand:
 My loose affections are the greater sails:
 The top-sail is my fancy; and the gusts,
 That fill these wanton sheets, are worldly lusts.
 Pray'r is the cable, at whose end appears
 The anchor hope, ne'er slipp'd but in our fears:
 My will's th' unconstant pilot, that commands
 The stagg'ring keel; my fins are like the sands:
 Repentance is the bucket; and mine eye
 The pump unus'd (but in extremes) and dry:
 My conscience is the plummet that does press
 The deeps, but seldom cries, *O fathomless!*
 Smooth calm's security; the gulf, despair;
 My freight's corruption, and this life's my fare:
 My soul's the passenger, confus'dly driv'n
 From fear to fright; her landing port is heav'n.
 My seas are stormy, and my ship doth leak;
 My sailors rude; my steersman faint and weak:
 My canvass torn, it flaps from side to side;
 My cable's crack'd, my anchor's slightly ty'd;
 My pilot's craz'd; my shipwreck-sands are cloak'd;
 My bucket's broken, and my pump is choak'd;
 My calm's deceitful, and my gulf too near;
 My wares are slubber'd, and my fare's too dear:

* *Card, sheet, cable; sea-terms, all of them proper and beautiful.*

My plummet's light, it cannot sink nor found ;
 O, shall my rock-bethreaten'd soul be drown'd ?
 Lord, still the seas, and shield my ship from harm ;
 Instruct my sailors, guide my steersman's arm :
 Touch thou my compass, and renew my sails ;
 Send stiffer courage, or send milder gales :
 Make strong my cable, bind my anchor faster ;
 Direct my pilot, and be thou his master :
 Object the sands to my more serious view,
 Make sound my bucket, bore my pump anew :
 New-cast my plummet, make it apt to try
 Where the rocks lurk, and where the quicksands lie ;
 Guard thou the gulf with love, my calms with care ;
 Cleanse thou my freight ; accept my slender fare ;
 Refresh the sea-sick passenger ; cut short
 His voyage ; land him in his wished port :
 Thou, thou, whom winds and stormy seas obey,
 That thro' the sea gav'st grumbling Isr'el way,
 Say to my soul, Be safe ; and then mine eye
 Shall scorn grim death, altho' grim death stand by.
 O thou whose strength-reviving arm did cherish
 Thy sinking Peter, at the point to perish,
 Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the wave,
 I'll come, I'll come : the voice that calls will save.

S. AMBROS. Apol. post. pro David. Cap. iii.

The confluence of lust makes a great tempest, which in this sea disturbeth the seafaring soul, that reason cannot govern it.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xxxv.

We labor in the boisterous sea: thou standest upon the shore, and seest our dangers; give us grace to hold a middle course betwixt Scylla and Charybdis, that, both dangers escaped, we may arrive at the port secure.

EPIG. II.

My soul, the seas are rough, and thou a stranger
 In these false coasts: O keep aloof; there's danger:
 Cast forth thy plummet; see, a rock appears:
 Thy ship wants sea-room; make it with thy tears.

XII.

JOB xiv. 13.

*O that thou wouldst hide me in the grave, that thou
wouldst keep me in secret, until thy wrath be past!*

O Whither shall I fly? what path untrod
Shall I seek out, to 'scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where shall I sojourn? what kind sea will hide
My head from thunder? where shall I abide,
Until his flames be quench'd or laid aside?

What if my feet should take their hasty flight,
And seek protection in the shades of night?
Alas! no shades can blind the God of light.

What if my soul should take the wings of day,
And find some desert? If the springs away,
The wings of vengeance clip* as fast as they.

What if some solid rock should entertain
My frighted soul? can solid rocks restrain
The stroke of justice, and not cleave in twain?

Nor sea, nor shade, nor shield, nor rock, nor cave,
Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,
What flame-e, e'd fury means to smite, can save.

The seas will part, graves open, rocks will split;
The shield will cleave; the frighted shadows flit:
Where Justice aims, her fiery darts must hit.

* Clip; i. e. cut the air, or fly.

No,

B. III. Emb. 12.



Job 14.13.



No, no, if stern-brow'd vengeance means to thunder,
There is no place above, beneath, or under,
So close, but will unlock, or rive in sunder.

'Tis vain to flee; 'tis neither here nor there
Can 'scape that hand, until that hand forbear;
Ah me! where is he not, that's every-where?

'Tis vain to flee, till gentle mercy shew
Her better eye; the farther off we go,
The swing of justice deals the mightier blow.

Th'ingenuous child, corrected, doth not fly
His angry mother's hand; but clings more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Shadows are faithless, and the rocks are false;
No trust in brass, no trust in marble walls;
Poor cots are ev'n as safe as princes' halls.

Great God! there is no safety here below;
Thou art my fortress, thou that seem'st my foe:
'Tis thou, that strike'st the stroke, must guard the blow.

Thou art my God, by thee I fall or stand;
Thy grace hath giv'n me courage to withstand
All tortures, but my conscience and thy hand.

I know thy justice is thyself; I know,
Just God, thy very self is mercy too;
If not to thee, where, whither shall I go?

Then work thy will; if passion bid me flee,
My reason shall obey; my wings shall be
Stretch'd out no further than from thee to thee.

S. AUGUST. in Psal. xxxiii.

Whither fly I? To what place can I safely fly? to what mountain? to what den? to what strong house? what castle shall I hold? what walls shall hold me? whithersoever I go, myself followeth me: for whatsoever thou findest, O man, thou mayest, but thy own conscience: wheresoever O Lord, I go, I find thee: if angry, a revenger; if appeased, a redeemer: what way have I, but to fly from thee to thee? That thou mayest avoid thy God, address to thy Lord.

E P I G. 12.

**Hath vengeance found thee? can thy fears command
No rocks to shield thee from her thund'ring hand?
Know'st thou not where to 'scape? I'll tell thee where;
My soul, make clean thy conscience; hide thee there.**



B. III. *Emb. 13.*



Job. 10. 20.

XIII.

J O B x. 20.

*Are not my days few? Cease then, and let me alone, that
I may take comfort a little.*

MY glass is half unspent; forbear t' arrest
My thriftless day too soon: my poor request
Is, that my glass may run but out the rest.

My time-devoured minutes will be done
Without thy help; see, see how swift they run:
Cut not my thread before my thread be spun,

The gain's not great I purchase by this stay;
What loss sustain'st thou by so small delay,
To whom ten thousand years are but a day?

My foll'wing eye can hard'y make a shift
To count my winged hours; they fly so swift,
They scarce deserve the bounteous name of gift.

The secret wheels of hurrying time do give
So short a warning, and so fast they drive,
That I am dead before I seem to live.

And what's a life? A weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory, in one day, doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepid age.

And what's a life? The flourishing array
Of the proud summer-meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

And what's a life? A blast sustain'd with cloathing,
Maintain'd with food, retain'd with vile self-loathing,
Then weary of itself, a gain to nothing. Read

Read on this dial, how the shades devour
My short-liv'd winter's day; hour eats up hour;
Alas! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold these lilies (which thy hands have made
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view), how soon they droop, how soon they fade!

Shade not that dial night will blind too soon;
My non-age'd day already points to noon;
How simple is my suit, how small my boon!

Not do I beg this slender inch, to while
The time away, or safely to beguile
My thoughts with joy; here's nothing worth a smile.

No, no: 'tis not to please my wanton ears
With frantic mirth, I beg but hours, not years:
And what thou giv'st me, I will give to tears.

Draw not that soul which would be rather led:
That Seed has not yet broke my serpent's head;
O shall I die before my sins are dead?

Behold these rags; am I a fitting guest
To taste the dainties of thy royal feast,
With hands and face unwash'd, ungirt, unblest?

First, let the Jordan streams, that find supplies
From the deep fountain of my heart, arise
And cleanse my spots, and clear my lep'rous eyes.

I have a world of sins to be lamented;
I have a sea of tears that must be vented:
O spare till then; and then I die contented.

S. AUGUST. Lib. de Civit. Dei, Cap. x.

The time wherein we live, is taken from the space of our life; and what remaineth, is daily made less, insomuch that the time of our life is nothing but a passage to death.

S. GREG. Lib. ix. Cap. xlv. in Job.

As moderate afflictions bring tears, so immoderate take away tears; insomuch that that sorrow becometh no sorrow, which, swallowing up the mind of the afflicted, taketh away the sense of the affliction.

EPIG. 13.

Fear'st thou to go, when such an arm invites thee?
Dread'st thou thy loads of sin? or what affrights thee?
If thou begin to fear, thy fear begins:
Fool, can he bear thee hence, and not thy sins?

DEUT.

XIV.

DEUT. xxxii. 29.

*O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they
would consider their latter end!*

F L E S H.

S P I R I T.

Fl. **W**HAT means my sister's eye so oft to pass
Thro' the long entry of that optic glass?
Tell me; what secret virtue doth invite
Thy wrinkled eye to such unknown delight?

Sp. It helps the sight, makes things remote appear
In perfect view; it draws the objects near.

Fl. What sense-delighting objects dost thou spy?
What doth that glass present before thine eye?

Sp. I see thy foe, my reconciled friend,
Grim death, ev'n standing at the glass's end:
His left-hand holds a branch of palm; his right
Holds forth a two-edg'd sword. *Fl.* A proper sight.
And is this all? Doth thy prospective please
Th' abused fancy with no shapes but these?

Sp. Yes, I behold the darken'd sun bereav'n
Of all his light, the battlements of heav'n
Swelt'ring in flames; the angel-guarded Son
Of glory on his high tribunal throne;
I see a brimstone sea of boiling fire,
And fiends, with knotted whips of flaming wire,
Tort'ring poor souls, that gnash their teeth in vain,
And gnaw their flame-tormented tongues for pain.
Look, sister, how the queasy-stomach'd graves
Vomit their dead, and how the purple waves
Scald their consumeless bodies; strongly cursing
All wombs for bearing, and all paps for nursing.

Fl. Can

B. III. Emb. 14.



Deuteron: 32.29.



[Faint, illegible handwritten text]

Fl. Can thy distemper'd fancy take delight
In view of tortures? These are shows t' affright:
Look in this glass triangular; look here,
Here's that will ravish eyes. *Sp.* What seest thou there?

Fl. The world in colours; colours that distain
The cheeks of Proteus, or the filken train
Of Flora's nymphs; such various sorts of hue,
As sun-confronting Iris never knew:
Here, if thou please to beautify a town,
Thou may'st; or, with a hand, turn't upside down;
Here may'st thou scant or widen by the measure
Of thine own will; make short or long at pleasure:
Here may'st thou tire thy fancy, and advise
With shows more apt to please more curious eyes.

Sp. Ah fool! that doat'st on vain, on present toys,
And disrespect'st those true, those future joys;
How strongly are thy thoughts befool'd, alas!
To doat on goods that perish with thy glass;
Nay, vanish with the turning of a hand!
Were they but painted colours, it might stand
With painted reason that they might devote thee;
But things that have no being to besot thee!
Foresight of future torments is the way
To balk those ills which present joys bewray.
As thou hast fool'd thyself, so now come hither,
Break that fond glass, and let's be wise together.

S. BONAVENT. de Contemptu Sæculi.

O that men would be wise, and understand, and foresee! Be wise, to know three things: the multitude of those that are to be damned; the few number of those that are to be saved; and the vanity of transitory things: understand three things; the multitude of sins, the omission of good things, and the loss of time: foresee three things; the danger of death, the last judgment, and eternal punishment.

E P I G. 14.

What, soul, no further yet? what, ne'er commence
 Master in faith? still bachelor of sense?
 Is't insufficiency? or what has made thee
 O'erstep thy lost degree? Thy lusts have staid thee.

P S A L M



1874

B. III. Emb. 15.



Pfalm 31.10.

XV.

P S A L M xxx. 10.

My life is spent with grief, and my years with sighing.

WHAT fullen star rule'd my untimely birth,
 That would not lend my days one hour of mirth?
 How oft have these bare knees been bent to gain
 The slender alms of one poor smile, in vain!
 How often, tire'd with the fastidious light,
 Have my faint lips implore'd the shades of night!
 How often have my nightly torments pray'd
 For ling'ring twilight, glutted with the shade!
 Day worse than night, night worse than day appears;
 In fears I spend my nights, my days in tears:
 I moan unpity'd, groan without relief;
 There is no end nor measure of my grief.
 The smiling flow'r salutes the day; it grows
 Untouch'd with care, it neither spins nor sows:
 O that my tedious life were like this flow'r,
 Or freed from grief, or finish'd with an hour!
 Why was I born? why was I born a man?
 And why proportion'd by so large a span?
 Or why suspended by the common lot?
 And, being born to die, why die I not?
 Ah me! why is my sorrow-wasted breath
 Deny'd the easy privilege of death?
 The branded slave, that tugs the weary oar,
 Obtains the sabbath of a welcome shore:
 His ransom'd stripes are heal'd; his native soil
 Sweetens the mem'ry of his foreign toil:

But ah ! my sorrows are not half so blest ;
My labour finds no point, my pains no rest :
I barter sighs for tears, and tears for groans,
Still vainly rolling Sisyphæan stones.
Thou just observer of our flying hours,
That, with thy adamantine fangs, devours
The brasen mon'ments of renowned kings,
Doth thy glass stand ? or be thy moulting wings
Unapt to fly ! If not, why dost thou spare
A willing breast ; a breast that stands so fair ?
A dying breast, that hath but only breath
To beg a wound, and strength to crave a death ?
O that the pleased heav'ns would once dissolve
These fleshly fetters, that so fast involve
My hamper'd soul ! then would my soul be blest
From all those ills, and wrap her thoughts in rest :
Till then, my days are months, my months are years ;
My years are ages, to be spent in tears :
My grief's entail'd upon my wasteful breath,
Which no recov'ry can cut off but death.
Breath drawn in cottages, puff'd out in moans,
Begins, continues, and concludes in groans.

INNOCENT. de Vilitate Condit. humanæ.

O who will give mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I may bewail the miserable ingress of man's condition; the sinful progress of man's conversation; the damnable egress in man's dissolution? I will consider with tears, whereof man was made, what man doth, and what man is to do: alas! he is formed of earth, conceived in sin, born to punishment: he doth evil things, which are not lawful; he doth filthy things, which are not decent; he doth vain things, which are not expedient.

EPIG. 15.

My heart, thy life's a debt by bond, which bears
A secret date; the use is groans and tears:
Plead not; usurious nature will have all,
As well the int'rest as the principal.

T H E
F O U R T H B O O K.

I.

R O M. vii. 23.

I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin.

I.

O HOW my will is hurry'd to and fro,
 And how my unresolv'd resolves do vary !
 I know not where to fix ; sometimes I go
 This way, then that, and then the quite contrary :
 I like, dislike ; lament for what I could not ;
 I do, undo ; yet still do what I should not,
 And at the self-same instant will the thing I would not.

2.

Thus are my weather-beaten thoughts oppress'd
 With th' earth-bred winds of my prodigious will ;
 Thus am I hourly tost from east to west
 Upon the rolling streams of good and ill :
 Thus am I driv'n upon the slipp'ry suds
 From real ills to false apparent goods :
 My life's a troubled sea, compos'd of ebbs and floods.

3.

The curious penman, having trimm'd his page
 With the dead language of his dabbled quill,
 Lets fall a heedless drop, then in a rage
 Cashiers the fruits of his unlucky skill ;
 Ev'n so my pregnant soul, in th' infant bud
 Of her best thoughts, show'rs down a coal-black
 Of unadvised ills, and cancels all her good. [flood
 Some-

B. IV. *Emb. 1.*



Pfalm 119. 20.



4.

Sometimes a sudden flash of sacred heat
 Warms my chill soul, and sets my thoughts in frame;
 But soon that fire is shouldered from her seat
 By lustfull Cupid's much inferior flame.
 I feel two flames, and yet no flame intire;
 Thus are the mongrel thoughts of mixt desire
 Consumed between that heav'nly and this earthly fire.

5.

Sometimes my trash-disdaining thoughts outpass
 The common period of terrene conceit;
 O then methinks I scorn the thing I was,
 Whilst I stand ravish'd at my new estate:
 But when th' Icarian wings of my desire
 Feel but the warmth of their own native fire,
 O then they melt, and plunge within their wonted mire.

6.

I know the nature of my wav'ring mind;
 I know the frailty of my fleshly will:
 My passion's eagle-eye'd; my judgment blind;
 I know what's good, but yet make choice of ill.
 When th' ostrich wings of my desires shall be
 So dull, they cannot mount the least degree,
 Yet grant my soul desire, but of desiring thee.

S. BERN. Med. ix.

My heart is a vain heart, a vagabond and inflable heart; while it is led by its own judgment, and wanting divine counsel, cannot subsist in itself; and whilst it divers ways seeketh rest, findeth none, but remaineth miserable through labor, and void of peace: it agreeth not with itself, it dissenteth from itself; it altereth resolutions, changeth the judgment, frameth new thoughts, pulleth down the old, and buildeth them up again: it willeth, and willeth not; and never remaineth in the same state.

S. AUGUST. de Verb. Apost.

When it would, it cannot; because when it might, it would not; therefore by an evil will man loseth his good power.

EPIG. I.

My soul, how are thy thoughts disturb'd, confin'd,
Enlarg'd betwixt thy members and thy mind!
Fix here or there; thy doubt-depending cause
Can ne'er expect one verdict 'twixt two laws.



B. IV. Emb. 2.



Pfalm 119. 5.

II.

PSALM cxix. 5.

O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!

THUS I, the object of the world's disdain,
 With pilgrim face surround the weary earth:
 I only relish what the world counts vain;
 Her mirth's my grief; her sullen grief, my mirth;
 Her light my darkness; and her truth my error.
 Her freedom is my gaol; and her delight my terror.

2.

Fond earth! proportion not my seeming love
 To my long stay; let not thy thoughts deceive thee;
 Thou art my prison, and my home's above;
 My life's a preparation but to leave thee:
 Like one that seeks a door, I walk about thee:
 With thee I cannot live; I cannot live without thee.

3.

The world's a lab'rinth, whose anfractuons * ways
 Are all compos'd of rubs and crook'd meanders:
 No resting here; he's hurry'd back that stays
 A thought; and he that goes unguided, wanders:
 Her way is dark, her path untrod, unev'n;
 So hard's the way from earth; so hard's the way to heav'n!

4.

This gyring † lab'rinth is betrench'd about
 On either hand with streams of sulph'rous fire;
 Streams closely sliding, erring in and out,
 But seeming pleasant to the fond descrier:
 Where, if his footsteps trust their own invention,
 He falls without redress, and sinks without dimension.

* *Anfractuons*; i. e. winding about. † *Gyring*; i. e. full of turnings.

Where

5.

Where shall I seek a guide? where shall I meet
 Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces?
 What trusty lantern will direct my feet
 To 'scape the danger of these dang'rous places?
 What hopes have I to pass without a guide?
 Where one gets safely through, a thousand fall beside.

6.

An unrequested star did gently slide
 Before the wise men, to a greater light;
 Backsliding Isra'l found a double guide;
 A pillar and a cloud—by day, by night:
 Yet in my desp'rate dangers, which be far
 More great than theirs, I have no pillar, cloud, nor star.

7.

O that the pinions of a clipping* dove
 Would cut my passage through the empty air;
 Mine eyes being seal'd, how would I mount above
 The reach of danger and forgotten care!
 My backward eyes should ne'er commit that fault,
 Whose lasting guilt should build a monument of salt.

8.

Great God, that art the flowing spring of light,
 Enrich mine eyes with thy refulgent ray:
 Thou art my path; direct my steps aright;
 I have no other light, no other way:
 I'll trust my God, and him alone pursue;
 His law shall be my path; his heavenly light, my clue.

* *Clipping*; i. e. swift-flying.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. iv.

O Lord, who art the light, the way, the truth, the life; in whom there is no darknes, error, vanity, nor death: the light, without which there is darknes; the way, without which there is wandering; the truth, without which there is error; the life, without which there is death: say, Lord, Let there be light, and I shall see light, and eschew darknes; I shall see the way, and avoid wandering; I shall see the truth, and shun error; I shall see life, and escape death: illuminate, O illuminate my blind soul, which sitteth in darknes, and the shadow of death; and direct my feet in the way of peace.

E P I G. 2.

Pilgrim, trudge on: what makes thy soul complain,
 Crowns thy complaint; the way to rest, is pain:
 The road to resolution, lies by doubt:
 The next way home's the farthest way about.

III.

P S A L M xvii. 5.

Stay my steps in thy paths, that my feet do not slide.

I.

WHene'er the old exchange of profit rings
 Her silver saints-bell of uncertain gains;
 My merchant-soul can stretch both legs and wings,
 How I can run, and take unwearied pains!
 The charms of profit are so strong, that I,
 Who wanted legs to go, find wings to fly.

2.

If time-beguiling pleasure but advance
 Her lustfull trump, and blow her bold alarms,
 O how my sportful soul can frisk and dance,
 And hug that syren in her twined arms! [sure
 The sprightly voice of sinew-strength'ning plea-
 Can lend my bedrid soul both legs and leisure.

3.

If blazing honor chance to fill my veins
 With flatt'ring warmth, and flash of courtly fire,
 My soul can take a pleasure in her pains:
 My lofty strutting steps disdain to tire;
 My antic knees can turn upon the hinges
 Of compliment, and scrue a thousand cringes.

4.

But when I come to thee, my God, that art
 The royal mine of everlasting treasure,
 The real honor of my better part,
 And living fountain of eternal pleasure;
 How nerveless are my limbs! how faint and slow!
 I have no wings to fly, nor legs to go.

So

B. IV. Emb. 3.



Pfalm 17. 5.



5.

So when the streams of swift-foot Rhine convey
Her upland riches to the Belgic shore,
The idle vessel slides the wat'ry way,
Without the blast, or tug, of wind or oar :
Her slipp'ry keel divides the silver foam
With ease ; so facile is the way from home !

6.

But when the home-bound vessel turns her sails
Against the breast of the resisting stream,
O then she flugs ; nor sail, nor oar prevails ;
The stream is sturdy, and her tide's extreme :
Each stroke is loss, and ev'ry tug is vain :
A boat-length's purchase is a league of pain.

7.

Great All in all, that art my rest, my home ;
My way is tedious, and my steps are slow :
Reach forth thy helpful hand, or bid me come ;
I am thy child, O teach thy child to go :
Conjoin thy sweet commands to my desire,
And I will venture, though I fall or tire.

S. AUGUST. Ser. xv. de Verb. Apost.

Be always displeas'd at what thou art, if thou desirest to attain to what thou art not: for where thou hast pleas'd thyself, there thou abidest. But if thou sayest, I have enough, thou perishest: always add, always walk, always proceed; neither stand still, nor go back, nor deviate: he that standeth still, proceedeth not; he goeth back, that continueth not; he deviateth, that revolteth; he goeth better that creepeth in his way, than he that runneth out of his way.

EPIG. 3.

Fear not, my soul, to lose for want of cunning;
Weep not; heav'n is not always got by running.
Thy thoughts are swift, although thy legs be slow;
True love will creep, not having strength to go.

PSALM



B. IV. Emb. 4.



Pfalm 119. 120.

IV.

P S A L M CXIX. 120.

My flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgments.

LET others boast of luck, and go their ways
 With their fair game; know, vengeance seldom
 To be too forward, but doth wisely frame [plays
 Her backward tables for an after-game:
 She gives thee leave to venture many a blot;
 And, for her own advantage, hits thee not;
 But when her pointed tables are made fair,
 That she be ready for thee, then beware;
 Then, if a necessary blot* be set,
 She hits thee; wins the game; perchance, the set:
 If prosp'rous chances make thy casting high,
 Be wisely temp'rate; cast a serious eye
 On after-dangers, and keep back thy game;
 Too forward seed-times make thy harvest lame.
 If left-hand Fortune give thee left-hand chances,
 Be wisely patient; let not envious glances
 Repine, to view thy gamester's heap so fair;
 The hindmost hound oft takes the doubling hare.
 The world's great dice are false; sometimes they go
 Extremely high, sometimes extremely low:
 Of all her gamesters, he that plays the least,
 Lives most at ease, plays most secure and best:
 The way to win, is to play fair, and swear
 Thyself a servant to the crown of fear.

* *Blot*, a term at backgammon.

Fear is the primer of a gamester's skill :
 Who fears not bad, stands most unarm'd to ill.
 The ill that's wisely fear'd, is half withstood ;
 And fear of bad is the best foil to good.
 True fear's th' elixir, which in days of old
 Turn'd leaden crosses into crowns of gold :
 The world's the tables ; stakes, eternal life :
 The gamesters, heav'n and I ; unequal strife !
 My fortunes are the dice, whereby I frame
 My indisposed life : this life's the game ;
 My sins are several blots ; the lookers-on
 Are angels ; and in death the game is done.
 Lord, I'm a bungler, and my game doth grow
 Still more and more unshape'd ; my dice run low :
 The stakes are great ; my careless blots are many :
 And yet thou passest by, and hit'st not any :
 Thou art too strong ; and I have none to guide me
 With the least jog ; the lookers-on deride me :
 It is a conquest undeserving thee,
 To win a stake from such a worm as me :
 I have no more to lose ; if we persevere,
 'Tis lost : and that once lost, I'm lost for ever.
 Lord, wink at faults, and be not too severe,
 And I will ply my game with greater fear.
 O give me fear, ere fear has past her date :
 Whose blot being hit, then fears, fears then too late.

S. BERN. Ser. liv. in Cant.

There is nothing so effectual to obtain grace, to retain grace, and to regain grace, as always to be found before God not otherwise, but to fear: happy art thou, if thy heart be replenished with three fears; a fear for received grace, a greater fear for lost grace, a greatest fear to recover grace.

S. AUGUST. super Psal.

Present fear begetteth eternal security: fear God, which is above all, and no need to fear man at all.

EPIG. 4.

Lord, shall we grumble when thy flames do scourge us?
 Our sins breathe fire; that fire returns to purge us.
 Lord, what an alchymist art thou, whose skill
 Transmutes to perfect good, from perfect ill!

V.

P S A L M CXIX. 37.

Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.

1.

HOW like the threads of flax,
 That touch the flame, are my inflame'd desires!
 How like to yielding wax,
 My soul dissolves before these wanton fires!
 The fire but touch'd, the flame but felt,
 Like flax, I burn; like wax, I melt.

2.

O how this flesh doth draw
 My fetter'd soul to that deceitful fire!
 And how th' eternal law
 Is baffled by the law of my desire!
 How truly bad, how seeming good,
 Are all the laws of flesh and blood!

3.

O wretched state of men,
 The height of whose ambition is to borrow
 What must be paid again
 With griping int'rest of the next day's sorrow!
 How wild his thoughts! how apt to range!
 How apt to vary! apt to change!

4.

How intricate and nice
 Is man's perplexed way to man's desire!
 Sometimes upon the ice
 He slips, and sometimes falls into the fire;
 His progress is extreme and bold,
 Or very hot, or very cold.

The

B. IV. Emb. 5.



Pfalm. u9. 37.



5.

The common food he doth
 Sustain his soul-tormenting thoughts withal,
 Is honey in his mouth
 To-night, and in his heart to-morrow gall;
 'Tis oftentimes, within an hour,
 Both very sweet and very four.

6.

If sweet Corinna smile,
 A heav'n of joys breaks down into his heart:
 Corinna frown a while,
 Hell's torments are but copies of his smart:
 Within a lustfull heart doth dwell
 A seeming heav'n, a very hell.

7.

Thus worthless, vain, and void
 Of comfort, are the fruits of earth's employment,
 Which, ere they be enjoy'd,
 Distract us, and destroy us in th' enjoyment;
 These be the pleasures that are prize'd,
 When Heav'n's cheap pen'worth stands despis'd.

8.

Lord, quench these hasty flashes,
 Which dart as lightning from the thund'ring skies,
 And ev'ry minute dashes
 Against the wanton windows of mine eyes:
 Lord, close the casement, whilst I stand
 Beneath the curtain of thy hand.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. iv.

O thou Sun, that illuminateth both heaven and earth! woe be unto those eyes which do not behold thee: woe be unto those blind eyes which cannot behold thee: woe be unto those which turn away their eyes, that they will not behold thee: woe be unto those that turn away their eyes, that they may behold vanity.

S. CHRYS. sup. Matt. xix.

What is the evil woman but the enemy of friendship, an avoidable pain, necessary mischief, a natural temptation, a desfrable calamity, a domestic danger, a delectable inconvenience, and the nature of evil, painted over with the colour of good?

EPIG. 5.

'Tis vain, great God! to close mine eyes from ill,
When I resolve to keep the old man still;
My rambling heart must cov'nant first with thee,
Or none can pass betwixt mine eye and me.



B.IV. *Emb. 6.*



Esther. 7. 3.

VI.

ESTHER vii. 3.

If I have found favour in thy sight, and if it please the king, let my life be given me at my petition.

THOU art the great Ahafuerus, whose command
Doth stretch from pole to pole; the world's thy
Rebellious Vashti's the corrupted will, [land;
Which, being call'd, refuses to fulfill
Thy just command; Esther, whose tears condole
The razed city, 's the regen'rate soul;
A captive maid, whom thou wilt please to grace
With nuptial honors in stout Vashti's place:
Her kinsman, whose unbended knee did thwart
Proud Haman's glory, is the fleshly part;
The sober eunuch, that recall'd to mind
The new-built gibbet (Haman had divine'd
For his own ruin) fifty cubits high,
Is lustfull-thought-controuling chastity;
Insulting Haman is that fleshly lust,
Whose red-hot fury, for a season, must
Triumph in pride, and study how to tread
On Mordecai, till royal Esther plead.

Great King, thy sent-for Vashti will not come;
O let the oil o' th' blessed virgin's womb
Cleanse my poor Esther: look, O look upon her
With gracious eyes; and let thy beam of honor
So scour her captive stains, that she may prove
An holy object of thy heav'nly love:
Anoint her with the spikenard of thy graces,
Then try the sweetness of her chaste embraces:

Make her the partner of thy nuptial bed,
And set thy royal crown upon her head ;
If, then, ambitious Haman chance to spend
His spleen on Mordecai, that scorns to bend
The wilfull stiffness of his stubborn knee,
Or basely crouch to any lord but thee ;
If weeping Esther should prefer a groan
Before the high tribunal of thy throne,
Hold forth thy golden sceptre, and afford
The gentle audience of a gracious Lord :
And let thy royal Esther be possesst
Of half thy kingdom, at her dear request :
Curb lustfull Haman, him that would disgrace,
Nay, ravish thy fair queen before thy face :
And as proud Haman was himself ensnare'd
On that self-gibbet which himself prepare'd ;
So nail my lust, both punishment and guilt,
On that dear cross which mine own lusts have built.

S. AUGUST. in Ep.

*O Holy Spirit, always inspire me with holy works.
Constrain me, that I may do: counsel me, that I may love
thee; confirm me, that I may hold thee; conserve me,
that I may not lose thee.*

S. AUGUST. sup. Joan.

*The spirit lusts, where the flesh resteth: for as the flesh
is nourished with sweet things, the spirit is refreshed
with sour.*

Ibidem.

*Wouldst thou that thy flesh obey thy spirit? then let
thy spirit obey thy God. Thou must be governed, that
thou mayest govern.*

EPIG. 6.

**Of mercy and justice is thy kingdom built;
This plagues my sin, and that removes my guilt;
Whene'er I sue, Ahasuerus-like, decline
Thy sceptre: Lord, say, Half my kingdom's thine.**

VII.

CANTICLES vii. II.

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field, and let us remain in the villages.

I.

CHRIST.

SOUL.

Chr. **C**OME, come, my dear, and let us both retire,
 And whiff the dainties of the fragrant field :
 Where warb'ling Phil'mel and the shrill-mouth'd choir
 Chant forth their raptures ; where the turtle builds
 Her lovely nest ; and where the new-born brier
 Breathes forth the sweetness that her April yields :
 Come, come, my lovely fair, and let us try
 These rural delicates ; where thou and I
 May melt in private flames, and fear no stander-by.

2.

Soul. My heart's eternal joy, in lieu of whom
 The earth's a blast, and all the world's a bubble ;
 Our city mansion is the fairest home,
 But country sweets are tinge'd with lesser trouble ;
 Let's try them both, and chuse the better ; come ;
 A change in pleasure makes the pleasure double ;
 On thy commands depends my go or tarry,
 I'll stir with Martha, or I'll stay with Mary :
 Our hearts are firmly fixt, altho' our pleasures vary.

Chr.

B. IV. Emb. 7.



Cant. 7. 11.



3.

Chr. Our country mansion (situate on high),
 With various objects, still renews delight;
 Her arched roof's of unstain'd ivory:
 Her walls of fiery-sparkling chrysolite;
 Her pavement is of hardest porphyry;
 Her spacious windows are all glaze'd with bright
 And flaming carbuncles; no need require
 Titan's faint rays, or Vulcan's feeble fire;
 And ev'ry gate's a pearl; and ev'ry pearl entire.

4.

Soul. Fool that I was! how were my thoughts deceiv'd!
 How falsely was my fond conceit possess'd!
 I took it for an hermitage, but pav'd
 And daub'd with neighb'ring dirt, and thatch'd at
 Alas! I ne'er expected more, nor crav'd; [best.
 A turtle hope'd but for a turtle's nest:
 Come, come, my dear, and let no idle stay
 Neglect th' advantage of the headstrong day;
 How pleasure grates, that feels the curb of dull delay!

5.

Chr. Come, then, my joy, let our divided paces
 Conduct us to our fairest territory;
 O there we'll twine our souls in sweet embraces:
Soul. And in thine arms I'll tell my passion's story.
Chr. O there I'll crown thy head with all my graces;
Soul. And all these graces shall reflect thy glory:
Chr. O there I'll feed thee with celestial manna;
 I'll be thy Elkanah. *Soul.* And I thy Hannah.
Chr. I'll sound my trump of joy. *Soul.* And I'll resound
 [Hosanna!

S. BERN.

O blessed contemplation! the death of vices, and the life of virtues! thee the law and the prophets admire: who ever attained perfection, if not by thee? O blessed solitude, the magazine of celestial treasure! by thee, things earthly and transitory are changed into heavenly and eternal.

S. BERN. in Ep.

Happy is that house, and blessed is that congregation, where Martha still complaineth of Mary.

EPIG. 7.

Mechanic soul, thou must not only do
With Martha, but with Mary ponder too:
Happy's that house where these fair sisters vary;
But most, when Martha's reconcile'd to Mary.



B. IV. Emb. 8.



Cant. 1.3.

VIII.

CANTICLES i. 3, 4.

*Draw me: we will run after thee, because of the savour
of thy good ointments.*

THUS, like a lump of the corrupted mass,
I lie secure, long lost before I was :—
And, like a block, beneath whose burden lies
That undiscover'd worm which never dies,
I have no will to rouse, I have no pow'r to rise.

Can stinking Lazarus compound or strive
With death's entangling fetters, and revive?
Or can the water-bury'd ax implore
A hand to raise it, or itself restore,
And from her sandy deeps approach the dry-foot shore?

So hard's the task for sinful flesh and blood
To lend the smallest step to what is good.
My God! I cannot move the least degree:
Ah! if but only those that active be,
None should thy glory see, none should thy glory see.

But if the potter please t' inform * the clay,
Or some strong hand remove the block away,
Their lowly fortunes soon are mounted higher;
That proves a vessel, which before was mire;
And this, being hewn, may serve for better use than fire.

And if that life-restoring voice command
Dead Laz'rus forth; or that great prophet's hand
Should charm the fullen waters, and begin
To beckon, or to dart a stick but in,
Dead Laz'rus must revive, and th' ax must float again.

* Inform; i. e. new-make.

Lord, as I am, I have no pow'r at all
To hear thy voice, or echo to thy call ;
The gloomy clouds of mine own guilt benight me ;
Thy glorious beams, not dainty sweets invite me ;
They neither can direct, nor these at all delight me.

See how my sin-bemangled body lies,
Not having pow'r to will, nor will to rise !
Shine home upon thy creature, and inspire
My lifeless will with thy regen'rate fire ;
The first degree to do, is only to desire.

Give me the pow'r to will, the will to do ;
O raise me up, and I will strive to go :
Draw me, O draw me with thy treble twist,
That have no pow'r but merely to resist ;
O lend me strength to do, and then command thy list !

My soul's a clock, whose wheels (for want of use
And winding up, being subject to th' abuse
Of eating rust) want vigour to fulfill
Her twelve hours task, and shew her Maker's skill,
But idly sleeps unmov'd, and standeth vainly still.

Great God, it is thy work, and therefore good ;
If thou be pleas'd to cleanse it with thy blood,
And wind it up with thy soul-moving keys,
Her busy wheels shall serve thee all her days ;
Her hand shall point thy pow'r, her hammer strike thy
[praise.

S. BERN. Ser. xxi. in Cant.

Let us run, let us run, but in the savour of thy ointment, not in the confidence of our merits, not in the greatness of our strength: we trust to run, but in the multitude of thy mercies; for though we run and are willing, it is not in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in God that sheweth mercy. O let thy mercy return, and we will run: thou, like a giant, runnest by thy own power; we, unless thy ointment breathe upon us, cannot run.

EPIG. 8.

**Look not, my watch, being once repair'd, to stand
Expecting motion from thy Maker's hand.
He'as wound thee up, and cleans'd thy cogs with blood:
If now thy wheels stand still, thou art not good.**

IX.

CANTICLES viii. I.

*O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts
of my mother ! when I should find thee without, I would
kiss thee.*

I.

COME, come, my blessed infant, and immure thee
Within the temple of my sacred arms ;
Secure mine arms, mine arms shall then secure thee
From Herod's fury, or the high-priest's harms :
Or if thy 'danger'd life sustain a loss,
My folded arms shall turn thy dying cross.

2.

But ah ! what savage tyrant can behold
The beauty of so sweet a face as this is,
And not himself be by himself controul'd,
And change his fury to a thousand kisses ?
One smile of thine is worth more mines of treasure
Than there were myriads in the days of Cæsar.

3.

O Had the tetrarch, as he knew thy birth,
So soon thy stock, he had not thought to paddle
In thy dear blood ; but, prostrate on the earth,
Had veil'd his crown before thy royal cradle,
And laid the sceptre of his glory down,
And begg'd a heav'nly for an earthly crown.

Illustrious

B.IV. Emb.9.



Cant:8.1.



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4.

Illustrious babe ! how is thy handmaid grace'd
 With a rich armfull ! how dost thou decline
 Thy majesty, that wert so late embrace'd
 In thy great Father's arms, and now in mine !
 How humbly gracious art thou, to refresh
 Me with thy spirit, and assume my flesh !

5.

But must the treason of a traitor's hail
 Abuse the sweetness of these ruby lips ?
 Shall marble-hearted cruelty assail
 These alabaster sides with knotted whips ?
 And must these smiling roses entertain
 The blows of scorn, and flurts of base disdain ?

6.

Ah ! must these dainty little springs *, that twine
 So fast about thy † neck, be pierce'd and torn
 With ragged nails ; and must these brows resign
 Their crown of glory for a crown of thorn ?
 Ah ! must the blessed infant taste the pain
 Of death's injurious pangs ; nay, worse, be slain ?

7.

Sweet babe ! at what dear rates do wretched I
 Commit a sin ! Lord, ev'ry sin's a dart ;
 And ev'ry trespass let's a jav'lin fly ;
 And ev'ry jav'lin wounds thy bleeding heart :
 Pardon, sweet babe, what I have done amiss ;
 And seal that granted pardon with a kiss.

* Springs ; i. e. arms.

† Thy neck ; read my neck.

S. BONAVENT. Soliloq. Cap. i.

O sweet Jesu, I knew not that thy kisses were so sweet, nor thy society so delectable, nor thy attraction so virtuous: for when I love thee, I am clean; when I touch thee, I am chaste; when I receive thee, I am a virgin. O most sweet Jesu, thy embraces defile not, but cleanse; thy attraction polluteth not, but sanctifieth. O Jesu, the fountain of universal sweetness, pardon me that I believed so late, that so much sweetness is in thy embraces.

EPIG. 9.

My burden's greatest: let not Atlas boast:
 Impartial reader, judge which bears the most:
 He bears but heav'n; my folded arms sustain
 Heav'n's maker, whom heav'n's heav'n cannot contain.



B. IV. Emb. 10.



Cant: 3.1.

X.

CANTICLES iii. 1.

*In my bed, by night, I sought him whom my soul loveth:
I sought him, but I found him not.*

THE learned Cynic, having lost the way
To honest men, did, in the height of day,
By taper-light, divide his steps about
The peopled street, to find this dainty out;
But fail'd: the Cynic search'd not where he ought;
The thing he sought for, was not where he sought.
The wise men's task seem'd harder to be done,
The wise men did by star-light seek the Sun,
And found: the wise men search'd it where they ought;
The thing they hope'd to find was where they sought.
One seeks his wishes where he should; but then
Perchance he seeks not as he should, nor when.
Another searches when he should; but there
He fails, not seeking as he should, nor where.
Whose soul desires the good it wants, and would
Obtain, must seek where, as, and when he should.
How often have my wild affections led
My wasted soul to this my widow'd bed,
To seek my lover, whom my soul desires!
(I speak not, Cupid, of thy wanton fires:
Thy fires are all but dying sparks to mine;
My flames are full of heav'n, and all divine)
How often have I sought this bed by night,
To find that greater by this lesser light!

How oft have my unwitness'd groans lamented
Thy dearest absence ! ah ! how often vented
The bitter tempests of despairing breath,
And toss'd my soul upon the waves of death !
How often has my melting heart made choice
Of silent tears (tears louder than a voice)
To plead my grief, and woo thy absent ear !
And yet thou wilt not come, thou wilt not hear.
O is thy wanted love become so cold ?
Or do mine eyes not seek thee where they should ?
Why do I seek thee, if thou art not here ?
Or find thee not, if thou art ev'ry-where ?
I see my error : 'tis not strange I could not
Find out my love ; I sought him where I should not.
Thou art not found on downy beds of ease ;
Alas ! thy music strikes on harder keys :
Nor art thou found by that false feeble light
Of nature's candle ; our Egyptian night
Is more than common darkness ; nor can we
Expect a morning but what breaks from thee.
Well may my empty bed bewail thy loss,
When thou art lodg'd upon thy shameful cross :
If thou refuse to share a bed with me,
We'll never part, I'll share a cross with thee.

ANSELM.

A N S E L M. in Protolog. i.

Lord, if thou art not present, where shall I seek thee absent? if every-where, why do I not see thee present? Thou dwellest in light inaccessible; and where is that inaccessible light? or how shall I have access to light inaccessible? I beseech thee, Lord, teach me to seek thee, and shew thyself to the seeker: because I can neither seek thee, unless thou teach me; nor find thee, unless thou shew thyself to me: let me seek thee in desiring thee, and desire thee in seeking thee: let me find thee in loving thee, and love thee in finding thee.

E P I G. 10.

**Where shouldst thou seek for rest, but in thy bed?
But now thy rest is gone, thy rest is fled:
'Tis vain to seek him there: my soul, be wise;
Go ask thy sins, they'll tell thee where he lies.**

XI.

CANTICLES iii. 2.

*I will rise, and go about the city, and will seek him
whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him
not.*

I.

O How my disappointed soul's perplext! [breast!
How restless thoughts swarm in my troubled
How vainly pleas'd with hopes, then crossly vext
With fears! and how betwixt them both distress!
What place is left unransack'd? Oh! where next
Shall I go seek the author of my rest?
Of what bless'd angel shall my lips inquire
The undiscover'd way to that intire
And everlasting solace of my heart's desire?

2.

Look how the stricken hart, that, wounded, flies
O'er hills and dales, and seeks the lower grounds
For running streams, the whilst his weeping eyes
Beg silent mercy from the foll'wing hounds;
At length, embost*, he droops, drops down, and lies
Beneath the burden of his bleeding wounds:
Ev'n so my gasping soul, dissolv'd in tears,
Doth search for thee, my God, whose deafen'd ears
Leave me th' unransom'd pris'ner to my panic fears.

* *Embost*; i. e. taking to cover.

B. IV. Emb. II.



Cant: 3. 2.



3.

Where have my busy eyes not pry'd? O where,
 Of whom hath not my thread-bare tongue de-
 I search'd this glorious city; he's not here: [manded?
 I sought the country; she stands empty-handed;
 I search'd the court; he is a stranger there:
 I ask'd the land; he's shipp'd: the sea; he's landed:
 I climb the air, my thoughts began t'aspire;
 But ah! the wings of my too bold desire,
 Soaring too near the sun, were findg'd with facred fire.

4.

I mov'd the merchant's ear, alas! but he
 Knew neither what I said, nor what to say:
 I ask'd the lawyer, he demands a fee,
 And then demurs me with a vain delay:
 I ask'd the schoolman, his advice was free,
 But score'd me out too intricate a way:
 I ask'd the watchman (best of all the four),
 Whose gentle answer could resolve no more,
 But that he lately left him at the temple-door.

5.

Thus having sought, and made my great inquest
 In ev'ry place, and search'd in ev'ry ear,
 I threw me on my bed; but ah! my rest
 Was poison'd with th' extremes of grief and fear;
 Where looking down into my troubled breast,
 The magazine of wounds, I found him there:
 Let others hunt, and shew their sportful art;
 I wish to catch the hare before she start,
 As poachers use to do; Heav'n's form* 's a troubled
 [heart.

* *Form* (a hunting term); i. e. where the hare fits.

S. AMBROS. Lib. iii. de Virg.

*Christ is not in the market, nor in the streets : for
Christ is peace, in the market are strifes : Christ is justice,
in the market is iniquity : Christ is a labourer, in the
market is idleness : Christ is charity, in the market is
slander : Christ is faith, in the market is fraud. Let us
not therefore seek Christ, where we cannot find Christ.*

S. HIERON. Ser. ix. Ep. 22. ad Eustoch.

*Jesus is jealous : he will not have thy face seen : let
foolish virgins ramble abroad ; seek thou thy love at
home.*

E P I G. II.

What, lost thy love ? will neither bed nor board
Receive him ? not by tears to be implore'd ?
It is the ship that moves, and not the coast ;
I fear, I fear, my soul, 'tis thou art lost.



B. IV. Emb. 12.



Cant:3.4.

XII.

CANTICLES iii. 3, 4.

*Have you seen him whom my soul loveth? When I had
passed a little from them, then I found him; I took
hold on him, and left him not.*

I.

WHAT secret corner? what unwonted way
Has 'scap'd the ranfack of my rambling thought?
The fox by night, nor the dull owl by day,
Have never search'd those places I have fought.
Whilst thy lamented absence taught my breast
The ready road to grief, without request;
My day had neither comfort, nor my night had rest.

2.

How hath my unregarded language vented
The sad tautologies of lavish passion!
How often have I languish'd unlamented!
How oft have I complain'd, without compassion!
I ask'd the city-watch, but some deny'd me [me;
The common street, whilst others would misguide
Some would debar me; some divert me; some deride me.

3.

Mark how the widow'd turtle, having lost
The faithful partner of her loyal heart,
Stretches her feeble wings from coast to coast,
Hunts ev'ry path; thinks ev'ry shade doth part
Her absent love and her; at length, unsped,
She re-betakes her to her lonely bed,
And there bewails her everlasting widow-head.

4.

So when my soul had progress'd ev'ry place
 That love and dear affection could contrive,
 I threw me on my couch, resolv'd t' embrace
 A death for him in whom I ceas'd to live:
 But there injurious Hymen did present
 His landscape joys; my pickled eyes did vent
 Full streams of briny tears, tears never to be spent.

5.

Whilst thus my sorrow-wasting soul was feeding
 Upon the rad'cal humour of her thought, [ing,
 Ev'n whilst mine eyes were blind, and heart was bleed-
 He that was sought, unfound, was found, unsought:
 As if the sun should dart his orb of light
 Into the secrets of the black-brow'd night:
 Ev'n so appear'd my love, my sole, my soul's, delight.

6.

O how mine eyes, now ravish'd at the sight
 Of my bright sun, shot flames of equal fire!
 Ah! how my soul dissolv'd with o'er-delight,
 To re-enjoy the crown of chaste desire!
 How sov'reign joy depos'd and dispossest'd
 Rebellious grief! and how my ravish'd breast——
 But who can 'xpress those heights, that cannot be ex-
 [press'd!

7.

O how these arms, these greedy arms did twine
 And strongly twist about his yielding waist!
 The sappy branches of the Thespian vine
 Ne'er cling their less beloved elm so fast.
 Boast not thy flames, blind boy, thy feather'd shot;
 Let Hymen's easy snarls be quite forgot: [knot.
 Time cannot quench our fires, nor death dissolve our

O R I G.

O R I G. Hom. x. in divers.

O most holy Lord, and sweetest master, how good art thou to those that are of upright heart, and humble spirit! O how blessed are they that seek thee with a simple heart! how happy, that trust in thee! It is a most certain truth, that thou lovest all that love thee, and never forsakest those that trust in thee: for behold thy love simply sought thee, and undoubtedly found thee: she trusted in thee, and is not forsaken of thee; but hath obtained more by thee, than she expected from thee.

B E D A in Cap. iii. Cant.

The longer I was in finding whom I sought, the more earnestly I beheld him being found.

E P I G. 12.

What! found him out? let strong embraces bind him;
 He'll fly, perchance, where tears can never find him:
 New sins will lose what old repentance gains,
 Wisdom not only gets, but, got, retains.

XIII.

P S A L M lxxiii. 28.

It is good for me to draw near to God, I have put my trust in the Lord God.

WHere is that good, which wise men please to
The chiefest? doth there any such befall [call
Within man's reach? or is there such a good at all?

If such there be, it neither must expire,
Nor change; than which there can be nothing high'r:
Such good must be the utter point of man's desire.

It is the mark, to which all hearts must tend;
Can be desired for no other end,
Than for itself, on which all other goods depend.

What may this exc'lence be? doth it subsist
A real essence clouded in the mist
Of curious art, or clear to ev'ry eye that list?

Or is't a tart idea, to procure
An edge, and keep the practic soul in ure*, [ture †?
Like that dear chymic dust †, or puzzling quadra-

Where shall I seek this good; where shall I find
This cath'lic pleasure, whose extremes may bind
My thoughts, and fill the gulf of my insatiate mind?

Lies it in treasure? in full heaps untold?
Doth gouty Mammon's griping hand infold
This secret faint in sacred shrines of sov'reign gold?

* Ure; i. e. exercise. † Chymic dust; i. e. the philosopher's stone, supposed to turn all metals to gold. ‡ Puzzling quadrature; i. e. squaring the circle.

No,

B. IV. Emb. 13.



Pfalm 73. 28.



No, no, she lies not there ; wealth often fours
In keeping ; makes us hers, in seeming ours ;
She slides from heav'n indeed, but not in Danae's show'rs.

Lives she in honor ? No. The royal crown
Builds up a creature, and then batters down :
Kings raise thee with a smile, and raze thee with a frown.

In pleasure ? No. Pleasure begins in rage ;
Acts the fool's part on earth's uncertain stage ;
Begins the play in youth, and epilogues in age.

These, these are bastard goods ; the best of these
Torment the soul with pleasing it ; and please,
Like waters gulp'd in fevers, with deceitful ease.

Earth's flatt'ring dainties are but sweet distresses :
Mole-hills perform the mountains she professes ;
Alas ! can earth confer more good than earth possesses ?

Mount, mount, my soul, and let my thoughts cashier
Earth's vain delights, and make thy full career
At heav'n's eternal joys ; stop, stop, thy courser there.

There shall thy soul possess uncareful treasure,
There shalt thou swim in never-fading pleasure ;
And blaze in honor far above the frowns of Cæsar.

Lord, if my hope dare let her anchor fall
On thee, the chiefest good, no need to call
For earth's inferior trash : thou, thou art all in all !

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xiii.

I follow this thing, I pursue that, but I am filled with nothing. But when I found thee, who art that immutable, individed, and only good in thyself, what I obtained, I wanted not; for what I obtained not, I grieved not; with what I was possess'd, my whole desire was satisfied.

S. BERN. Ser. ix. sup. Beati qui habent, &c.

Let others pretend merit; let him brag of the burden of the day; let him boast of his sabbath fasts, and let him glory that he is not as other men: but for me, it is good to cleave unto the Lord, and to put my trust in my Lord God.

EPIG. 13.

Let Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves be join'd,
Thy Æolus commands the waves, the wind:
Fear not the rocks, or world's imperious waves;
Thou climb'st a Rock, my soul, a Rock that saves.



B. IV. Emb. 14.



Cant. 2. 3.

XIV.

CANTICLES ii. 3.

*I sat under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit
was sweet to my taste.*

I.

LOOK how the sheep, whose rambling steps do stray
From the safe blessing of her shepherd's eyes,
Eftsoon * becomes the unprotected prey
To the wing'd squadron of beleag'ring flies ;
Where, swelter'd with the scorching beams of day,
She frisks from bush to brake, and wildly flies away
From her own self, ev'n of herself afraid ;
She shrouds her troubled brows in ev'ry glade,
And craves the mercy of the soft removing shade.

2.

Ev'n so my wand'ring soul, that hath digress'd
From her great Shepherd, is the hourly prey
Of all my sins ; these vultures in my breast
Gripe my Promothean heart ; both night and day
I hunt from place to place, but find no rest ;
I know not where to go, nor where to stay ;
The eye of vengeance burns, her flames invade
My swelt'ring soul : my soul hath oft assay'd,
Yet she can find no shroud †, yet can she feel no shade !

* *Eftsoon* ; i. e. presently.

† *Shroud* ; i. e. covering.

E M B L E M S. Book IV.

3.

I fought the shades of mirth, to wear away
My slow-pace'd hours of soul-consuming grief ;
I search'd the shades of sleep, to ease my day
Of griping sorrows with a night's reprieve.
I fought the shades of death ; thought there t'allay
My final torments with a full relief :
But mirth, nor sleep, nor death, can hide my hours
In the false shades of their deceitful bow'rs ;
The first distracts, the next disturbs, the last devours.

4.

Where shall I turn ? to whom shall I apply me ?
Are there no streams where a faint soul may wade ?
Thy Godhead, JESUS, are the flames that fry me ;
Hath thy all-glorious Deity ne'er a shade,
Where I may sit, and vengeance never eye me ;
Where I might sit refresh'd or unafraid ?
Is there no comfort ? is there no refection * ?
Is there no cover that will give protection
T'a fainting soul, the subject of thy wrath's refection ?

5.

Look up, my soul, advance the lowly stature
Of thy sad thoughts ; advance thy humble eye :
See, here's a shadow found : the human nature
Is made th' umbrella to the Deity,
To catch the sun-beams of thy just Creator :
Beneath this covert thou may'st safely lie :
Permit thine eyes to climb this fruitful tree,
As quick Zaccheus did, and thou shalt see
A cloud of dying flesh betwixt those beams and thee.

* *Refection* ; i. e. refreshment.

GUIL.

GUIL. in Cap. ii. Cant.

Who can endure the fierce rays of the Sun of justice? who shall not be consumed by his beams? Therefore the Sun of justice took flesh, that, through the conjunction of that Sun and this human body, a shadow may be made.

S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. xxxiv.

Lord, let my soul be free from the scorching thoughts of the world, under the covert of thy wings, that, being refreshed by the moderation of thy shadow, she may sing merrily. In peace will I lay me down and rest.

EPIG. 14.

Ah! treach'rous soul, would not thy pleasures give
That Lord, which made thee living, leave to live?
See what thy sins have done: thy sins have made
The Sun of glory now become thy shade.

XV.

P S A L M CXXXVII. 4.

How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strange land?

URGE me no more: this airy mirth belongs
 To better times: these times are not for songs.
 The sprightly twang of the melodious lute
 Agrees not with my voice: and both unsuit
 My untune'd * fortunes: the affected measure
 Of strains, that are constrain'd, afford no pleasure.
 Music's the child of mirth; where griefs assail
 The troubled soul, both voice and fingers fail:
 Let such as revel out their lavish days
 In honourable riot; that can raise
 Dejected hearts, and conjure up a sp'rit
 Of madness by the magic of delight;
 Let those of Cupid's hospital, that lie
 Impatient patients to a smiling eye,
 That cannot rest, until vain hope beguile
 Their flatter'd torment with a wanton smile:
 Let such redeem their peace, and salve the wrongs
 Of froward fortune with their frolick songs:
 My grief, my grief's too great for smiling eyes
 To cure, or counter-charms to exorcise.
 The raven's dismal croaks, the midnight howls
 Of empty wolves mix'd with the screech of owls,
 The nine sad knolls of a dull passing bell,
 With the loud language of a nightly knell,

* *Untune'd fortunes; i. e. sorrowful circumstances.*

And

B.IV. Emb. 15.



Pfalm 137. 4.



And horrid outcries of revenged crimes,
 Join'd in a medley's music for these times;
 These are no times to touch the merry string
 Of Orpheus; no, these are no times to sing.
 Can hide-bound pris'ners, that have spent their souls
 And famish'd bodies in the noisome holes
 Of hell-black dungeons, apt * their rougher throats,
 Grown hoarse with begging alms, to warble notes?
 Can the sad pilgrim, that hath lost his way
 In the vast desert; there condemn'd a prey
 To the wild subject, or his savage king;
 Rouse up his palsy-smitten sp'rits, and sing?
 Can I a pilgrim, and a pris'ner too,
 Alas! where I am neither known, nor know
 Aught but my torments, an unransom'd stranger
 In this strange climate, in a land of danger?
 O, can my voice be pleasant, or my hand,
 Thus made a pris'ner to a foreign land?
 How can my music relish in your ears,
 That cannot speak for sobs, nor sing for tears?
 Ah! if my voice could, Orpheus-like, unspell
 My poor Eurydice, my soul, from hell
 Of earth's misconstru'd heav'n, O then my breast
 Should warble airs, whose rhapsodies should feast
 The ears of seraphims, and entertain
 Heav'n's highest Deity with their lofty strain;
 A strain well drench'd in the true Thespian well:
 Till then, earth's semiquaver †, wealth, farewell.

* *Apt*; i. e. adapt, or fit.

† *Semiquaver*; a time in music.

S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. xxxiii.

O infinitely happy are those heavenly virtues, which are able to praise thee in holiness and purity with excessive sweetness, and unutterable exaltation! From thence they praise thee, from whence they rejoice, because they continually see for what they rejoice, for what they praise thee: but we, press'd down with this burden of flesh, far removed from thy countenance in this pilgrimage, and blown up with worldly vanities, cannot worthily praise thee: we praise thee by faith, not face to face; but those angelical spirits praise thee face to face, and not by faith.

EPIG. 15.

Did I refuse to sing? Said I, these times
 Were not for songs; nor music for these climes?
 It was my error: are not groans and tears
 Harmonious raptures in th' Almighty's ears?



B.V. Emb. 1.



Cant. 5. 8.

T H E
F I F T H B O O K.

I.

CANTICLES v. 8.

I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him that I am sick of love.

I.

YOU holy virgins, that so oft surround
 The city's sapphire walls; whose snowy feet
 Measure the pearly paths of sacred ground,
 And trace the new Jerus'lem's jasper street;
 Ah! you whose care-forsaken hearts are crown'd
 With your best wishes; that enjoy the sweet
 Of all your hopes; if e'er you chance to spy
 My absent Love, O tell him that I lie [eye.
 Deep-wounded with the flames that furnace'd from his

2.

I charge you, virgins, as you hope to hear
 The heav'nly music of your Lover's voice;
 I charge you, by the solemn faith you bear
 To plighted vows, and to that loyal choice
 Of your affections, or, if aught more dear
 You hold; by Hymen, by your marriage joys;
 I charge you, tell him, that a flaming dart,
 Shot from his eye, hath pierce'd my bleeding heart,
 And I am sick of love, and languish in my smart.

3.

Tell him, O tell him, how my panting breast
 Is scorch'd with flames, and how my soul is pine'd;
 Tell him, O tell him, how I lie oppress'd
 With the full torment of a troubled mind;
 O tell him, tell him, that he loves in jest,
 But I in earnest; tell him he's unkind:
 But if a discontented frown appears
 Upon his angry brow, accost his ears
 With soft and fewer words, and act the rest in tears.

4.

O tell him, that his cruelties deprive
 My soul of peace, while peace in vain she seeks;
 Tell him, those damask roses that did strive
 With white, both fade upon my fallow cheeks;
 Tell him, no token doth proclaim I live,
 But tears, and sighs, and sobs, and sudden shrieks;
 Thus if your piercing words should chance to bore
 His heark'ning ear, and move a sigh, give o'er
 To speak; and tell him, tell him, that I could no more.

5.

If your elegious * breath should hap' to rouse
 A happy tear, close harb'ring in his eye,
 Then urge his plighted faith, the sacred vows,
 Which neither I can break, nor he deny;
 Bewail the torment of his loyal spouse,
 That for his sake would make a sport to die:
 O blessed virgins, how my passion tires
 Beneath the burden of her fond desires! [fires!
 Heav'n never shot such flames, earth never felt such

* *Elegious*; i. e. plaintive or complaining.

S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. xl.

What shall I say? what shall I do? whither shall I go? where shall I seek him? or when shall I find him? whom shall I ask? who will tell my Beloved, that I am sick of love?

GULIEL. in Cap. v. Cant.

I live, but not I: it is my Beloved that liveth in me: I love myself, not with my own love, but with the love of my Beloved that loveth me: I love not myself in myself, but myself in him, and him in me.

E P I G. 1.

Grieve not, my soul, nor let thy love wax faint:
Wweep'st thou to lose the cause of thy complaint?
He'll come; love ne'er was bound to times nor laws:
Till then, thy tears complain without a cause.

II.

CANTICLES. ii. 5.

Stay me with flowers, and comfort me with apples; for
I am sick of love.*

I.

O Tyrant love! how doth thy sov'reign pow'r
Subject poor souls to thy imperious thrall!
They say, thy cup's compos'd of sweet and sour;
They say, thy diet's honey mix'd with gall;
How comes it then to pass, these lips of ours
Still trade in bitter; taste no sweet at all?
O tyrant love! shall our perpetual toil
Ne'er find a sabbath to refresh a while [smile?
Our drooping souls? art thou all frowns, and ne'er a

2.

You blessed maids of honour, that frequent
The royal courts of our renown'd Jehove,
With flow'rs restore my spirits faint and spent;
O fetch me apples from love's fruitful grove,
To cool my palate, and renew my scent,
For I am sick, for I am sick of love:
These will revive my dry, my wasted pow'rs,
And they will sweeten my unfav'ry hours;
Refresh me then with fruit, and comfort me with
[flow'rs.

* The word, in our modern bibles, is *flaggons*.

O bring

B.V. Emb. 2.



Cant: 2. 5.



3.

O bring me apples to assuage that fire,
 Which, Ætna-like, inflames my flaming breast;
 Nor is it ev'ry apple I desire,
 Nor that which pleases ev'ry palate best:
 'Tis not the lasting deuzan * I require,
 Nor yet the red-cheek'd queening * I request:
 Nor that which first beshrew'd † the name of wife,
 Nor that whose beauty caus'd the golden strife;
 No, no, bring me an apple from the tree of life.

4.

Virgins, tuck up your silken laps, and fill ye
 With the fair wealth of Flora's magazine;
 The purple violet, and the pale-face'd lily:
 The pansy and the organ colombine;
 The flow'ring thyme, the gilt-bowl daffodilly;
 The lowly pink, the lofty eglantine:
 The blushing rose, the queen of flow'rs, and best
 Of Flora's beauty; but, above the rest, [breast.
 Let Jesse's ‡ sov'reign flow'r perfume my qualming

5.

Haste, virgins, haste, for I lie weak, and faint
 Beneath the pangs of love; why stand ye mute,
 As if your silence neither care'd to grant,
 Nor yet your language to deny my suit?
 No key can lock the door of my complaint,
 Until I smell this flow'r, or taste that fruit.
 Go, virgins, seek this tree, and search that bow'r;
 O how my soul shall bless that happy hour,
 That brings to me such fruit, that brings me such a
 [flow'r!

* *Deuzan, queening*; names of different sorts of apples.

† *Beshrew'd*, i. e. cursed.

‡ *Jessamine*; alluding to Christ, the Son of *Jesse*.

G I S T E N. in Cap. ii. Cant. Expof. 3.

O happy sickness, where the infirmity is not to death, but to life, that God may be glorified by it! O happy fever, that proceedeth not from a consuming, but a calcining fire! O happy distemper, wherein the soul relisheth no earthly things, but only savoureth divine nourishment!

S. B E R N. Serm. li. in Cant.

By flowers, understand faith; by fruit, good works: As the flower or blossom is before the fruit, so is faith before good works: so neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without faith.

E P I G. 2.

Why apples, O my soul? can they remove
The pains of grief, or ease the flames of love?
It was that fruit which gave the first offence:
That sent him hither; that remov'd him hence.



B. V. Emb. 3.



Cant: 2.16.

III.

CANTICLES ii. 16.

*My beloved is mine, and I am his; he feedeth among the
lilies.*

I.

EV'N like two little bank-dividing brooks,
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
And having range'd and search'd a thousand nooks,
Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,
Where in a greater current they conjoin:
So I my best beloved's am, so he is mine.

2.

Ev'n so we met; and, after long pursuit,
Ev'n so we join'd, we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a fruit,
For I was flax, and he was flames of fire.
Our firm united souls did more than twine:
So I my best beloved's am; so he is mine.

3.

If all those glitt'ring monarchs that command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,
I would not change my fortunes * for them all:
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin;
The world's, but theirs: but my Beloved's mine.

* All copies read it, *fortunes*.

4.

Nay, more ; if the fair Thespian ladies all
 Should heap together their diviner treasure,
 That treasure should be deem'd a price too small
 To buy a minute's lease of half my pleasure ;
 'Tis not the sacred wealth of all the Nine
 Can buy my heart from him, or his from being mine.

5.

Nor time, nor place, nor chance *, nor death can bow
 My least desires unto the least remove :
 He's firmly mine, by oath ; I his, by vow :
 He's mine, by faith ; and I am his, by love :
 He's mine, by water ; I am his, by wine :
 Thus I my best beloved's am ; thus he is mine.

6.

He is mine altar ; I, his holy place :
 I am his guest ; and he my living food :
 I'm his, by penitence ; he mine, by grace :
 I'm his, by purchase ; he is mine, by blood :
 He's my supporting elm ; and I his vine :
 Thus I my best beloved's am ; thus he is mine.

7.

He gives me wealth ; I give him all my vows :
 I give him songs ; he gives me length of days :
 With wreaths of grace he crowns my conqu'ring brows ;
 And I his temples with a crown of praise,
 Which he accepts : an everlasting sign,
 That I my best beloved's am ; that he is mine.

* In all editions, the author's word is *chance*.



S. AUGUST. Manu. Cap. xxiv.

O my soul, stamp'd with the image of thy God, love him, of whom thou art so much beloved: bend to him, that bendeth to thee; seek him, that seeketh thee: love the lover, by whose love thou art prevented; begin the cause of thy love: be careful with those that are careful, want with those that want; be clean with the clean, and holy with the holy: chuse this friend above all friends, who, when all are taken away, remaineth only faithful to thee: in the day of thy burial, when all leave thee, he will not deceive thee, but defend thee from the roaring lions prepared for their prey.

EPIG. 3.

**Sing, Hymen, to my soul: what, lost and found?
Welcome'd, espous'd, enjoy'd so soon, and crown'd!
He did but climb the cross, and then came down
To th' gates of hell; triumph'd, and fetch'd a crown.**

IV.

CANTICLES vii. 10.

I am my beloved's, and his desire is towards me.

1.

LIKE to the arctic needle, that doth guide
 The wand'ring shade by his magnetic pow'r,
 And leaves his filken gnomon to decide
 The question of the controverted hour,
 First frantics up and down from side to side,
 And, restless, beats his crystal'd iv'ry case,
 With vain impatience jets * from place to place,
 And seeks the bosom of his frozen bride,
 At length he slack his motion, and doth rest
 His trembling point at his bright pole's beloved breast.

2.

Ev'n so my soul, being hurry'd here and there,
 By ev'ry object that presents delight,
 Fain would be settled, but she knows not where;
 She likes at morning what she loathes at night:
 She bows to honor; then she lends an ear
 To that sweet swan-like voice of dying pleasure,
 Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of treasure;
 Now flatter'd with false hope; now foil'd with fear:
 Thus finding all the world's delight to be
 But empty toys, good God! she points alone to thee.

3.

But hath the virtue'd † steel a pow'r to move?
 Or can the untouch'd needle point aright?
 Or can my wand'ring thoughts forbear to rove,
 Unguided by the virtue of thy Sp'rit?

* Jets; i. e. hops as a bird.
 needle.

† Virtue'd steel; i. e. the mariner's

O hath

B. V. Emb. 4



Cant: 7.10.



O hath my leaden soul the art t' improve
 Her wasted talent, and, unrais'd, aspire
 In this sad moulting time of her desire?
 Not first belov'd, have I the pow'r to love;
 I cannot stir, but as thou please to move me;
 Nor can my heart return thee love, until thou love me.

4.

The still commandress of the silent night
 Borrows her beams from her bright brother's eye:
 His fair aspect fills her sharp horns with light;
 If he withdraw, her flames are quench'd and die:
 Ev'n so the beams of thy enlight'ning Sp'rit,
 Infus'd and shot into my dark desire.
 Inflame my thoughts, and fill my soul with fire,
 That I am ravish'd with a new delight;
 By if thou shroud * thy face, my glory fades,
 And I remain a nothing, all compos'd of shades.

5.

Eternal God! O thou that only art
 The sacred fountain of eternal light,
 And blessed loadstone of my better part,
 O thou, my heart's desire, my soul's delight!
 Reflect upon my soul, and touch my heart,
 And then my heart shall prize no good above thee;
 And then my soul shall know thee; knowing, love
 And then my trembling thoughts shall never start [thee;
 From thy commands, or swerve the least degree,
 Or once presume to move, but as they move in thee.

* *Sbroud*; i. e. hide.

S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. iv.

If man can love man with so intire affection, that the one can scarce brook the other's absence; if a bride can be joined to her bridegroom with so great an ardency of mind, that, for the extremity of love, she can enjoy no rest, nor suffer his absence without great anxiety; with what affection, with what fervency, ought the soul, whom thou hast espoused by faith and compassion, to love thee her true God, and glorious bridegroom!

E P I G. 4.

My soul, thy love is dear: 'twas thought a good
 And easy pen'worth of thy Saviour's blood:
 But be not proud; all matters rightly scann'd,
 'Twas over-bought: 'twas sold at second-hand.



B.V. Emb. 5.



Cant: 5.6.

V.

CANTICLES v. 6.

My soul melted whilst my beloved spake.

LORD, has the feeble voice of flesh and blood
 The pow'r to work thine ears into a flood
 Of melted mercy? or the strength t' unlock
 The gates of heav'n, and to dissolve a rock
 Of marble clouds into a morning show'r?
 Or hath the breath of whining dust the pow'r
 To stop or snatch a falling thunderbolt
 From thy fierce hand, and make thy hand revolt
 From resolute confusion, and, instead
 Of vials, pour full blessings on our head?
 Or shall the wants of famish'd ravens cry,
 And move thy mercy to a quick supply?
 Or shall the silent suits of drooping flow'rs
 Woo thee for drops, and be refresh'd with show'rs?
 Alas! what marvel then, great God, what wonder,
 If thy hell-rousing voice, that splits in sunder
 The brasen portals of eternal death;
 What wonder if that life-restoring breath
 Which dragg'd me from th' infernal shades of night,
 Should melt my ravish'd soul with o'er-delight?
 O can my frozen gutters choose but run,
 That feel the warmth of such a glorious fun?
 Methinks his language, like a flaming arrow,
 Doth pierce my bones, and melts their wounded mar-
 [row.

Thy flames, O Cupid (though the joyful heart
Feels neither tang of grief, nor fears the smart
Of jealous doubts, but drunk with full desires),
Are torments, weigh'd with these celestial fires ;
Pleasures that ravish in so high a measure,
That O I languish in excess of pleasure :
What ravish'd heart, that feels these melting joys,
Would not despise and loathe the treach'rous toys
Of dunghill earth ? what soul would not be proud
Of wry-mouth'd scorns, the worst that flesh and blood
Had rancour to devise ? who would not bear
The world's derision with a thankful ear ?
What palate would refuse full bowls of spite,
To gain a minute's taste of such delight ?
Great spring of light, in whom there is no shade,
But what my interposed sins have made ;
Whose marrow-melting fires admit no screen
But what my own rebellions put between
Their precious flames and my obdurate ear ;
Disperse this plague-distilling cloud, and clear
My mungy soul into a glorious day :
Transplant this screen, remove this bar away ;
Then, then my fluent soul shall feel the fires
Of thy sweet voice, and my dissolv'd desires
Shall turn a sov'reign balsam, to make whole
Those wounds my sins inflicted on thy soul.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xxxiv.

What fire is this, that so warmeth my heart? What sight is this, that so enlighteneth my soul? O fire, that always burneth, and never goeth out, kindle me: O light, which ever shineth, and art never darkened, illuminate me. O that I had my heat from thee, most holy fire! How sweetly dost thou burn! how secretly dost thou shine! how desiredly dost thou inflame me!

S. BONAVENT. Stim. Amoris, Cap. viii.

It maketh God man, and man God; things temporal, eternal; mortal, immortal; it maketh an enemy, a friend; a servant, a son; vile things, glorious; cold hearts, fiery; and hard things, liquid.

EPIG. 5.

My soul, thy gold is true, but full of dross;
 Thy Saviour's breath refines thee with some loss:
 His gentle furnace makes thee pure as true;
 Thou must be melted ere th' art cast anew.

VI.

P S A L M lxxiii. 25.

*Whom have I in heaven but thee; and what desire I on
earth in respect of thee?*

1.

I LOVE (and have some cause to love) the earth :
She is my Maker's creature; therefore good :
She is my mother, for she gave me birth :
She is my tender nurse; she gives me food :
But what's a creature, Lord, compare'd with thee ?
Or what's my mother, or my nurse, to me ?

2.

I love the air; her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouth'd choirs sustain me with their flesh,
And with their Polyphonian * notes delight me :
But what's the air, or all the sweets, that she
Can bless my soul withal, compare'd to thee ?

3.

I love the sea; she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor †; she provides me store :
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore :
But, Lord of oceans, when compare'd with thee,
What is the ocean, or her wealth, to me ?

* *Polyphontan*; i. e. many-sounding.

† *Purveyor*; i. e. provider.

B.V. Emb. 6.



Pfalm. 73. 25.



4.

To heav'n's high city I direct my journey,
 Whose spangled suburbs entertain my eye;
 Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
 Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:
 But what is heav'n, great God, compare'd to thee?
 Without thy presence, heav'n's no heav'n to me.

5.

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection*;
 Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure;
 Without thy presence, air's a rank infection;
 Without thy presence, heav'n itself's no pleasure:
 If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd in thee,
 What's earth, or sea, or air, or heav'n, to me?

6.

The highest honors that the world can boast
 Are subjects far too low for my desire;
 Its brightest beams of glory are (at most)
 But dying sparkles of thy living fire:
 The proudest flames, that earth can kindle, be
 But nightly glow-worms, if compare'd to thee.

7.

Without thy presence, wealth are bags of cares:
 Wisdom, but folly: joy; disquiet, sadness:
 Friendship is treason; and delights are snares:
 Pleasures, but pain; and mirth, but pleasing madness:
 Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
 Nor have their being, when compare'd with thee.

8.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
 Not having thee, what have my labors got?
 Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I?
 And having thee alone, what have I not?
 I wish nor sea, nor land; nor would I be
 Possess'd of heav'n, heav'n unpossess'd of thee.

* *Refection*; i. e. refreshment.

BONAVENT. Soliloq. Cap. i.

Alas! my God, now I understand (but blush to confess), that the beauty of thy creatures hath deceived mine eyes, and I have not observed that thou art more amiable than all the creatures; to which thou hast communicated but one drop of thy inestimable beauty: for who hath adorned the heavens with stars? who hath stored the air with fowl, the waters with fish, the earth with plants and flowers? But what are all these, but a small spark of divine beauty!

S. CHRYS. Hom. v. in Ep. ad Rom.

In having nothing, I have all things; because I have Christ. Having therefore all things in him, I seek no other reward; for he is the universal reward.

E P I G. 6.

Who would not throw his better thoughts about him,
And scorn this dross within him; that, without him?
Cast up, my soul, thy clearer eye; behold,
If thou be fully melted, there's the mould.



B. V. Emb. 7.



Pfahm 120.5.

VII.

PSALM CXX. 5.

Woe is me, that I remain in Mesech, and dwell in the tents of Kedar!

IS nature's course dissolv'd? doth time's glass stand?
 Or hath some frolick heart set back the hand
 Of fate's perpetual clock? will 't never strike?
 Is crazy time grown lazy, faint, or sick,
 With very age? or hath that great pair-royal
 Of adamantine sisters late made trial
 Of some new trade? Shall mortal hearts grow old
 In sorrow? Shall my weary arms infold
 And underprop my panting sides for ever?
 Is there no charitable hand will sever
 My well-spun thread, that my imprison'd soul
 May be deliver'd from this dull, dark hole
 Of dungeon flesh? O shall I, shall I never
 Be ransom'd, but remain a slave for ever?
 It is the lot of man but once to die;
 But, ere that death, how many deaths have I!
 What human madness makes the world afraid
 To entertain heav'n's joys, because convey'd
 By th' hand of death? will nakedness refuse
 Rich change of robes, because the man's not spruce
 That brought them? or will poverty send back
 Full bags of gold, because the bringer's black?
 Life is a bubble, blown with whining breaths,
 Fill'd with the torment of a thousand deaths;
 Which, being prick'd by death (which death deprives
 One life), presents the soul a thousand lives:

O frantick mortal, how hath earth bewitch'd
Thy bedlam soul, which hath so fondly pitch'd
Upon her false delights ! delights that cease
Before enjoyment finds a time to please :
Her fickle joys breed doubtful fears ; her fears
Bring hopeful griefs ; her griefs weep fearful tears :
Tears coin deceitful hopes ; hopes, careful-doubt,
And surly passion jostles passion out :
To-day we pamper with a full repast
Of lavish mirth ; at night, we weep as fast :
To-night, we swim in wealth, and lend ; to-morrow,
We sink in want, and find no friend to borrow.
In what a climate doth my soul reside !
Where pale-face'd murder, the first-born of pride,
Sets up her kingdom in the very smiles,
And plighted faiths, of men like crocodiles :
A land, where each embroider'd sattin word
Is line'd with fraud ; where Mars his lawless sword
Exiles Astræa's balance ; where that hand
Now slays his brother, that new-sow'd his land :
O that my days of bondage would expire
In this lewd soil ! Lord, how my soul's on fire
To be dissolv'd, that I might once obtain
Those long'd-for joys, long'd for so oft in vain !
If, Moses-like, I may not live possesst
Of this fair land ; Lord, let me see't at least.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xii.

My life is a frail life; a corruptible life; a life, which, the more it increaseth, the more it decreaseth: the farther it goeth, the nearer it cometh to death. A deceitful life, and, like a shadow, full of the snares of death: now I rejoice, now I languish, now I flourish, now infirm, now I live, and strait I die; now I seem happy, always miserable; now I laugh; now I weep: thus all things are so subject to mutability, that nothing continueth an hour in one estate. O joy above joy, exceeding all joy, without which there is no joy! when shall I enter into thee, that I may see my God that dwelleth in thee?

E P I G. 7.

Art thou so weak? O canst thou not digest
 An hour of travail for a night of rest?
 Cheer up, my soul; call home thy sp'rits, and bear
 One bad Good-Friday; full-mouth'd Easter's near.

VIII.

R O M. vii. 24.

*O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from
the body of this death?*

BEhold thy darling, which thy lustfull care
Pampers, for which thy restless thoughts prepare
Such early cares; for whom thy bubbling brow
So often sweats, and bankrupt eyes do owe
Such midnight scores to nature, for whose sake
Base earth is fainted, the infernal lake
Unfear'd, the crown of glory poorly rated:
Thy God neglected, and thy brother hated;
Behold thy darling, whom thy soul affects
So dearly; whom thy fond indulgence decks
And puppets up in soft, in silken weeds:
Behold the darling, whom thy fondness feeds
With far-fetch'd delicates, the dear-bought gains
Of ill-spent time, the price of half thy pains:
Behold thy darling, who, when clad by thee,
Derides thy nakedness; and, when most free,
Proclaims her lover slave; and, being fed
Most full, then strikes th'indulgent feeder dead.
What mean'st thou thus, my poor deluded soul,
To love so fondly? can the burning coal
Of thy affection last without the fuel
Of counter-love? Is thy compeer so cruel,
And thou so kind to love, unlov'd again?
Canst thou sow favors, and thus reap disdain?

Remember,

B. V. *Emb.* 8.



Rom: 7.24



18 11 19

Remember, O remember thou art born
 Of royal blood ; remember, thou art sworn
 A maid of honor in the court of heav'n ;
 Remember, what a costly price was giv'n
 To ransom thee from slav'ry thou wert in :
 And wilt thou now, my soul, turn slave again ?
 The son and heir to heav'n's Tri-une **J E H O V E**
 Would fain become a suitor for thy love ;
 And offers for thy dow'r * his Father's throne,
 To fit for seraphims to gaze upon ;
 He'll give thee honor, pleasure, wealth, and things
 Transcending far the majesty of kings :
 And wilt thou prostrate to the odious charms
 Of this base scullion ? shall his hollow arms
 Hug thy soft sides ? Shall these coarse hands untie
 The sacred zone of thy virginity ?
 For shame, degen'rous soul, let thy desire
 Be quicken'd up with more heroic fire ?
 Be wisely proud, let thy ambitious eye
 Read nobler objects ; let thy thoughts defy
 Such am'rous baseness ; let thy soul disdain
 Th' ignoble proffers of so base a swain ;
 Or if thy vows be past, and Hymen's bands
 Have ceremony'd your unequal hands,
 Annul, at least avoid, thy lawless act
 With insufficiency, or precontract :
 Or if the act be good, yet may'st thou plead
 A second freedom ; for the flesh is dead.

* *Dower* ; i. e. jointure, or portion.

NAZIANZ. Orat. xvi.

How I am joined to this body, I know not; which, when it is healthful, provoketh me to war; and, being damaged by war, affecteth me with grief: which I both love as a fellow-servant, and hate as an utter enemy. It is a pleasant foe, and a perfidious friend. O strange conjunction and alienation! what I fear, I embrace; and what I love, I am afraid of: before I make war, I am reconciled; before I enjoy peace, I am at variance.

EPIG. 8.

What need that house be daub'd with flesh and blood?
 Hang'd round with silks and gold? repair'd with food?
 Cost idly spent! that cost doth but prolong
 Thy thraldom. Fool, thou make'st thy gaol too strong.



B.V. *Embl.* 9.



Phil. 1. 23.

IX.

PHILIPPIANS i. 23.

I am in a strait between two, having a desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ.

1.

WHAT meant our careful parents, so to wear
 And lavish out their ill-extended hours,
 To purchase for us large possessions here,
 Which (tho' unpurchas'd) are too truly ours?
 What meant they, ah! what meant they to endure
 Such loads of needless labour, to procure
 And make that thing our own, which was our own too
 [sure?

2.

What mean these liv'rics* and possessive keys?
 What mean these bargains, and these needless sales?
 What need these jealous, these suspicious ways,
 Of law-devis'd and law-dissolv'd entails?
 No need to sweat for gold, wherewith to buy
 Estates of high-prize'd land; no need to tie
 Earth to their heirs, were they but clogg'd with earth,
 [as I.

3.

O were their souls but clogg'd with earth, as I,
 They would not purchase with so salt an itch;
 They would not take of alms, what now they buy;
 Nor call him happy, whom the world counts rich;
 They would not take such pains, project and prog,
 To charge their shoulders with so great a log:
 Who hath the greater lands, hath but the greater clog.

* *Liveries*; a law-term, expressive of legal conveyance of an estate.

4.

I cannot do an act which earth disdains not ;
 I cannot think a thought which earth corrupts not ;
 I cannot speak a word which earth profanes not ;
 I cannot make a vow earth interrupts not :
 If I but offer up an early groan, [throne,
 Or spread my wings to heav'n's long long'd-for
 She darkens my complaint, and drags my off'ring down.

5.

Ev'n like the hawk (whose keeper's wary hands
 Have made a pris'ner to her weath'ring stock),
 Forgetting quite the pow'r of her fast bands,
 Makes a rank-bate* from her forsaken block ;
 But her too faithful leash † doth soon retain
 Her broken flight, attempted oft in vain ;
 It gives her loins a twitch, and tugs her back again.

6.

So, when my soul directs her better eye
 To heav'n's bright palace, where my treasure lies,
 I spread my willing wings, but cannot fly ;
 Earth hales me down, I cannot, cannot rise :
 When I but strive to mount the least degree,
 Earth gives a jerk, and foils me on my knee ;
 Lord, how my soul is rack'd betwixt the world and thee !

7.

Great God ! I spread my feeble wings in vain ;
 In vain I offer my extended hands :
 I cannot mount till thou unlink my chain :
 I cannot come till thou release my bands :
 Which if thou please to break, and then supply
 My wings with spirit, th' eagle shall not fly
 A pitch that's half so fair, nor half so swift as I.

* Rank-bate ; i. e. a strong spring for flight. † Leash ; i. e. thong,
 by which she is fasten'd to her stock or perch.

S. BONAVENT. Soliloq. Cap. i.

Ah! sweet Jesus, pierce the marrow of my soul with the healthful shafts of thy love, that it may truly burn and melt and languish with the only desire of thee; that it may desire to be dissolved, and to be with thee: let it hunger alone for the bread of life: let it thirst after thee, the spring and fountain of eternal light, the stream of true pleasure: let it always desire thee, seek thee, and find thee, and sweetly rest in thee.

EPIG. 9.

What, will thy shackles neither loose nor break?
 Are they too strong, or is thine arm too weak?
 Art will prevail where knotty strength denies;
 My soul, there's aqua-fortis in thine eyes.

X.

P S A L M cxlii. 7.

*Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy
name.*

MY soul is like a bird ; my flesh the cage,
 Wherein she wears her weary pilgrimage
 Of hours, as few as evil, daily fed
 With sacred wine, and sacramental bread ;
 The keys that lock her in, and let her out,
 Are birth and death ; 'twixt both, she hops about
 From perch to perch, from sense to reason ; then,
 From higher reason, down to sense again :
 From sense she climbs to faith ; where, for a season,
 She sits and sings ; then down again to reason :
 From reason, back to faith ; and strait, from thence,
 She rudely flutters to the perch of sense :
 From sense, to hope ; then hops from hope to doubt ;
 From doubt, to dull despair ; there seeks about
 For desp'rate freedom, and, at ev'ry grate,
 She wildly thrusts, and begs th' untimely date
 Of th' unexpire'd thraldom, to release
 Th' afflicted captive, that can find no peace.
 Thus am I coop'd ; within this fleshly cage
 I wear my youth, and waste my weary age,
 Spending that breath, which was ordain'd to chant
 Heav'n's praises forth, in sighs and sad complaint :
 Whilst happier birds can spread their nimble wing
 From thrubs to cedars, and there chirp and sing,
 In choice of raptures, the harmonious story
 Of man's redemption, and his Maker's glory.

You

B.V. Emb. 10.



Pfalm 142 . 7 .



You glorious martyrs, you illustrious troops,
 That once were cloister'd in your fleshly coops.
 As fast as I, what rhet'ric had your tongues !
 What dextrous art had your elegiac songs !
 What Paul-like pow'r had your admire'd devotion !
 What shackle-breaking faith infus'd such motion
 To your strong pray'r, that could obtain the boon *
 To be enlarge'd ; to be uncage'd so soon !
 Whilst I, poor I, can sing my daily tears,
 Grown old in bondage, and can find no ears :
 You great partakers of eternal glory,
 That, with your heav'n-prevailing oratory,
 Releas'd your souls from your terrestrial cage,
 Permit the passion of my holy rage
 To recommend my sorrows, dearly known
 To you, in days of old, and once your own,
 To your best thoughts (but oh, 't doth not besit ye
 To move your pray'rs ; you love joy, not pity) :
 Great Lord of souls, to whom should pris'ners fly,
 But thee ? thou hadst a cage as well as I ;
 And, for my sake, thy pleasure was to know
 The sorrows that it brought, and felt't them too :
 O set me free, and I will spend those days,
 Which now I waste in begging, in thy praise.

* *Boon* ; i. e. the desired favour.

ANSELM. in Protolog. Cap. i.

O miserable condition of mankind, that has lost that for which he was created! Alas! what hath he lost? and what hath he found? He hath lost happiness, for which he was made; and found misery, for which he was not made. What is gone? and what is left? That thing is gone, without which he is unhappy: that thing is left, by which he is miserable. O wretched men! from whence are we expelled? to what are we impelled? Whence are we thrown? and whither are we hurried? From our home, into banishment; from the sight of God, into our own blindness; from the pleasure of immortality, to the bitterness of death. Miserable change! from how great a good, to how great an evil! Ah me! what have I enterprised? what have I done? whither did I go? whither am I come?

EPIG. 10.

Paul's midnight voice prevail'd; his music's thunder
 Unhinge'd the prison-doors, split bolts in sunder:
 And sit'st thou here, and hang'st the feeble wing?
 And whine'st to be enlarge'd? Soul, learn to sing.



B. V. Emb. II.



Pfalm 42 1.

XI.

P S A L M xlii. I.

*As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth
my soul after thee, O God.*

I.

HOW shall my tongue express that hallow'd fire
Which heav'n hath kindled in my ravish'd heart?
What muse shall I invoke, that will inspire
My lowly quill to act a lofty part?
What art shall I devise, t' express desire
Too intricate to be express'd by art?
Let all the Nine be silent; I refuse
Their aid in this high task; for they abuse
The flames of love too much: assist me, David's muse.

2.

Not as the thirsty soil desires soft show'rs,
To quicken and refresh her embryo grain*;
Nor as the drooping crests of fading flow'rs
Request the bounty of a morning rain,
Do I desire my God: These, in few hours,
Re-wish what late their wishes did obtain;
But as the swift-foot hart doth wounded fly
To th' much-desired streams, ev'n so do I
Pant after thee my God, whom I must find, or die.

* *Embryo grain; i. e. seed in the earth not come up.*

3.

Before a pack of deep-mouth'd lusts I flee ;
 O, they have singled out my panting heart :
 And wanton Cupid, sitting in a tree,
 Hath pierce'd my bosom with a flaming dart ;
 My soul, being spent, for refuge seeks to thee,
 But cannot find where thou my refuge art :
 Like as the swift-foot hart doth wounded fly
 To the desired streams, ev'n so do I
 Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die.

4.

At length, by flight, I overwent the pack ;
 Thou drew'st the wanton dart from out my wound ;
 The blood that follow'd, left a purple track,
 Which brought a serpent, but in shape a hound ;
 We strove, he bit me ; but thou brake'st his back,
 I left him grov'ling on th'envenom'd ground :
 But as the serpent-bitten hart doth fly
 To the long long'd-for streams, ev'n so do I
 Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die.

5.

If lust should chase my soul, made swift by fright,
 Thou art the stream whereto my soul is bound :
 Or if a jav'lin wound my sides in flight,
 Thou art the balsam that must cure my wound :
 If poison chance t'infest my soul in fight,
 Thou art the treacle that must make me sound :
 Ev'n as the wounded hart, embost *, doth fly
 To th' streams extremely long'd for, so do I
 Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die.

* *Embost* ; i. e. wearied to a foaming : a term of hunters.

S. CYRIL. Lib. v. in Joh. Cap x.

O precious water! which quencheth the noisom thirst of this world, scoureth all the stains of sinners, that watereth the earth of our souls with heavenly showers, and bringeth back the thirsty heart of man to his only God!

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xxxv.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, impassible, and dry earth, and taste the waters of thy sweetness, that I may behold thy virtue and thy glory, and slake my thirst with the streams of thy mercy! Lord, I thirst; thou art the spring of life, satisfy me: I thirst, Lord, I thirst after thee the living God!

EPIG. II.

The arrow-smitten hart, deep-wounded, flies
To th' springs, with water in his weeping eyes:
Heav'n is thy spring: if Satan's fiery dart
Pierce thy faint sides: do so, my wounded heart.

PSALM

XII.

P S A L M xlii. 2.

When shall I come and appear before God?

WHAT is my soul the better, to be tin'd *
 With holy fire? what boots † it to be coin'd
 With heav'n's own stamp? what 'vantage ‡ can there be
 To souls of heav'n-descended pedigree,
 More than to beasts that grovel? are not they
 Fed by th' Almighty's hand? and ev'ry day,
 Fill'd with his blessings too? Do they not see
 God in his creatures, as direct as we?
 Do they not taste thee? hear thee? nay, what sense
 Is not partaker of thine excellence?
 What more do we? alas! what serves our reason,
 But, like dark lanterns, to accomplish treason
 With greater closeness? It affords no light,
 Brings thee no nearer to our purblind sight:
 No pleasure rises up the least degree,
 Great God! but in the clearer view of thee:
 What priv'lege more than sense, hath reason, then?
 What 'vantage is it to be born a man?
 How often hath my patience built, dear Lord,
 Vain tow'rs of hope upon thy gracious word!
 How often hath thy hope-reviving grace
 Woo'd my suspicious eyes to seek thy face!
 How often have I sought thee! O how long
 Hath expectation taught my perfect tongue
 Repeated pray'rs, yet pray'rs could ne'er obtain!
 In vain I seek thee, and I beg in vain:

* *Tin'd*; i. e. lighted up. † *Boots*; i. e. profits. ‡ *Vantage*;
 i. e. advantage.

B. V. Emb. 12.



Pfalm 42. 2.



If it be high presumption to behold
Thy face, why didst thou make mine eyes so bold
To seek it? If that object be too bright
For man's aspect, why did thy lips invite
Mine eye t' expect it? If it might be seen,
Why is this envious curtain drawn between
My darken'd eye and it? O tell me, why
Thou dost command the thing thou dost deny?
Why dost thou give me so unprize'd a treasure,
And then deny'st my greedy soul the pleasure
To view my gift? Alas! that gift is void,
And is no gift, that may not be enjoy'd:
If those refulgent beams of heav'n's great light
Gild not the day, what is the day but night?
The drowsy shepherd sleeps, flow'rs droop and fade;
The birds are sullen, and the beast is sad:
But if bright Titan dart his golden ray,
And with his riches glorify the day,
The jolly shepherd pipes; flow'rs freshly spring;
The beasts grow gamesome, and the birds they sing
Thou art my sun, great God! O when shall I
View the full beams of thy meridian eye?
Draw, draw this fleshly curtain, that denies
The gracious presence of thy glorious eyes;
Or give me faith; and, by the eye of grace,
I shall behold thee, though not face to face.

S. AUGUST. in Psal. xxxix.

Who created all things, is better than all things : who beautified all things, is more beautiful than all things : who made strength, is stronger than all things : who made great things, is greater than all things : whatsoever thou lovest, he is that to thee : learn to love the workman in his work, the Creator in his creature. Let not that which was made by him possess thee, lest thou lose him by whom thyself was made.

S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. xxxvii.

O thou most sweet, most gracious, most amiable, most fair, when shall I see thee? when shall I be satisfied with thy beauty? when wilt thou lead me from this dark dungeon, that I may confess thy name?

EPIG. 14.

How art thou shaded, in this veil of night,
Behind thy curtain flesh! Thou seest no light,
But what thy pride doth challenge as her own;
Thy flesh is high: soul, take this curtain down.



B. V. Emb. 13.



Pfalm . 55 . 6 .

XIII.

P S A L M lv. 6.

*O that I had the wings of a dove, for then I would fly
away and be at rest.*

1.

AND am I sworn a dunghill-slave for ever
To earth's base drudg'ry? Shall I never find
A night of rest? Shall my indentures never
Be cancell'd? Did injurious nature bind
My soul earth's 'prentice, with no clause to leave her?
No day of freedom? Must I for ever grind?
O that I had the pinions of a dove,
That I might quit my bands, and soar above,
And pour my just complaints before the great JEHOVA!

2.

How happy are the doves, that have the pow'r,
Whene'er they please, to spread their airy wings!
Or cloud-dividing eagles, that can tow'r
Above the scent of these inferior things!
How happy is the lark, that ev'ry hour
Leaves earth, and then for joy mounts up and sings!
Had my dull soul but wings as well as they,
How I would spring from earth, and clip * away,
As wise Astræa did, and scorn this ball of clay!

* *Clip*; i. e. fly swiftly.

3.

O how my soul would spurn this ball of clay,
 And loath the dainties of earth's painful pleasure !
 O how I'd laugh to see men night and day
 Turmoil to gain that trash, they call their treasure !
 O how I'd smile to see what plots they lay
 To catch a blast, or own a smile from Cæsar !
 Had I the pinions of a mounting dove,
 How I would soar and sing, and hate the love
 Of transitory toys, and feed on joys above !

4.

There should I find that everlasting pleasure,
 Which change removes not, and which chance pre-
 There should I find that everlasting treasure [vents not;
 Which force deprives not, fortune disaugments *
 There should I find that everlasting Cæsar, [not ;
 Whose hand recalls not, and whose heart repents
 Had I the pinions of a clipping dove, [not ;
 How I would climb the skies, and hate the love
 Of transitory toys, and joy in things above !

5.

No rank-mouth'd slander there shall give offence,
 Or blast our blooming names, as here they do ;
 No-liver-scalding lust shall there incense
 Our boiling veins ; there is no Cupid's bow :
 Lord, give my soul the milk-white innocence
 Of doves, and I shall have their pinions too :
 Had I the pinions of a clipping dove,
 How I would quit this earth, and soar above,
 And heav'n's blest kingdom find, with heav'n's blest
 [King JEHOVE !

* *Disaugments* ; i. e. wasteth.

S. AUGUST. in Psal. cxxxviii.

What wings should I desire, but the two precepts of love, on which the law and the prophets depend! O if I could obtain these wings, I could fly from thy face to thy face; from the face of thy justice, to the face of thy mercy: let me find those wings by love, which we have lost by lust.

S. AUGUST. in Psal. lxxvi.

Let us cast off whatsoever hindereth, entangleth, or burdeneth our flight, until we attain that which satisfieth; beyond which, nothing is; beneath which, all things are; of which, all things are.

EPIG. 13.

Tell me, my wishing soul, didst ever try
 How fast the wings of red-cross'd faith can fly?
 Why begg'st thou, then, the pinions of a dove?
 Faith's wings are swifter; but the swiftest, love.

XIV.

P S A L M lxxxiv. 1.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O God of hosts!

ANcient of days, to whom all things are now,
 Before whose glory seraphims do bow
 Their blushing cheeks, and veil their blemish'd faces,
 That, uncontain'd, at once dost fill all places;
 How glorious, O how far beyond the height
 Of puzzled quills, or the obtuse conceit
 Of flesh and blood, or the too flat reports
 Of mortal tongues, are thy expressless courts!
 Whose glory to paint forth with greater art,
 Ravish my fancy, and inspire my heart;
 Excuse my bold attempt, and pardon me
 For shewing sense, what faith alone should see.
 Ten thousand millions, and ten thousand more
 Of angel-measure'd leagues, from th'eastern shore
 Of dungeon earth, his glorious palace stands,
 Before whose pearly gates ten thousand bands
 Of armed angels wait to entertain
 Those purged souls, for which the Lamb was slain;
 Whose guiltless death, and voluntary yielding
 Of whose giv'n life, gave the brave court her building;
 The lukewarm blood of this dear Lamb, being spilt,
 To rubies turn'd, whereof her posts were built;
 And what dropp'd down in a kind gelid gore,
 Did turn rich sapphires, and did pave her floor:
 The brighter flames, that from his eye-balls ray'd,
 Grew chrysolites, whereof her walls were made:

The

B.V. Emb. 14.



Pfalm 84.1.



The milder glances sparkled on the ground,
 And groundfil'd ev'ry door with diamond ;
 But dying, darted upwards, and did fix
 A battlement of purest sardonix.
 Her streets with burnish'd gold are paved round,
 Stars lie like pebbles scatter'd on the ground :
 Pearl mixt with onyx, and the jasper stone,
 Made gravell'd causeways to be trampled on.
 There shines no sun by day, no moon by night ;
 The palace glory is, the palace light :
 There is no time to measure motion by,
 There time is swallow'd in eternity :
 Wry-mouth'd disdain, and corner-hunting lust,
 And twy-face'd fraud, and beetle-brow'd distrust,
 Soul-boiling rage, and trouble-state sedition,
 And giddy doubt, and goggle-eye'd suspicion,
 And lumpish sorrow, and degen'rous fear,
 Are banish'd thence, and death's a stranger there :
 But simple love, and sempiternal joys
 Whose sweetness neither gluts, nor fullness cloy ;
 Where face to face our ravish'd eye shall see
 Great E L O H I M, that glorious One in Three,
 And Three in One, and seeing him shall bless him,
 And blessing, love him ; and, in love, possess him.
 Here stay, my soul, and, ravish'd in relation,
 The words being spent, spend now in contemplation.

S. GREG. in Psal. vii. pœnitent.

Sweet Jesus, the word of the Father, the brightness of paternal glory, whom angels delight to view, teach me to do thy will; that, led by thy good Spirit, I may come to that blessed city, where day is eternal; where there is certain security, and secure eternity; and eternal peace, and peaceful happiness; and happy sweetness, and sweet pleasure; where thou, O God, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, livest and reignest world without end.

Ibidem.

There is light, without darkness; joy, without grief; desire, without punishment; love, without sadness; satiety, without loathing; safety, without fear; health, without disease; and life, without death.

EPIG. 14.

My soul, pry not too nearly; the complexion
Of Sol's bright face is seen by the reflexion: [what:
But wouldst thou know what's heav'n? I'll tell thee
Think what thou canst not think, and heav'n is that.

CANTICLES



B.V. Emb. 15.



Cant; 8.14.

XV.

CANTICLES viii. 14.

*Make haste, my beloved, and be like the roe, or the young
hart upon the mountains of spices.*

GO, gentle tyrant, go; thy flames do pierce
My soul too deep; thy flames are too, too fierce;
My marrow melts, my fainting spirits fry
P' th' torrid zone of thy meridian eye:
Away, away, thy sweets are too perfuming:
Turn, turn thy face, thy fires are too consuming:
Haste hence, and let thy winged steps outgo
The frightened roebuck, and his flying roe.
But wilt thou leave me, then? O thou, that art
Life of my soul, soul of my dying heart,
Without the sweet aspect of whose fair eyes
My soul doth languish, and her solace dies?
Art thou so eas'ly woo'd? so apt to hear
The frantic language of my foolish fear?
Leave, leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, tho' thine eyes o'ercome me.
O how they wound! but how my wounds content me!
How sweetly these delightful pains torment me!
How am I torture'd in excessive measure
Of pleasing cruelties! too cruel pleasure*!
Turn, turn away, remove thy scorching beams;
I languish with these bitter-sweet extremes:
Haste then, and let thy winged steps outgo.
The flying roebuck, and his frightened roe.

* *Treasure; seed pleasure.*

Turn back, my dear ; O let my ravish'd eye
Once more behold thy face, before thou fly ;
What, shall we part without a mutual kiss ?
O who can leave so sweet a face as this ?
Look full upon me ; for my soul desires
To turn a holy martyr in those fires :

O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me ;
Look, look upon me, tho' thy flames o'ercome me.
If thou becloud the sunshine of thine eye,
I freeze to death ; and if it shine, I fry ;
Which, like a fever, that my soul hath got,
Makes me to burn too cold, or freeze too hot :
Alas ! I cannot bear so sweet a smart,
Nor canst thou be less glorious than thou art.

Haste then, and let thy winged steps outgo
The frighted roebuck, and his flying roe.
But go not far beyond the reach of breath ;
Too large a distance makes another death :
My youth is in her spring ; autumnal vows
Will make me riper for so sweet a spouse ;
When after-times have burnish'd my desire,
I'll shoot thee flames for flames, and fire for fire.

O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me ;
Look, look upon me, tho' thy flames o'ercome me.

Autor Scalæ Paradisi, Tom. iv. Aug. Cap. viii.

*Fear not, O bride, nor despair ; think not thyself con-
temned, if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face a while :
All things co-operate for the best : both from his absence,
and his presence, thou gainest light : he cometh to thee,
and he goeth from thee : he cometh, to make thee conso-
late ; he goeth, to make thee cautious, lest thy abundant
consolation puff thee up : he cometh, that thy languishing
soul may be comforted ; he goeth, lest his familiarity should
be contemned ; and, being absent, to be more desired ; and,
being desired, to be more earnestly sought : and, being long
sought, to be more acceptably found.*

EPIG. 15.

My soul, sin's monster, whom with greater ease,
Ten thousand fold, thy God could make than please,
What would'st thou have ? Nor pleas'd with sun, nor
shade ?

Heav'n knows not what to make of what he made.

T H E
F A R E W E L L.

R E V. ii. 10.

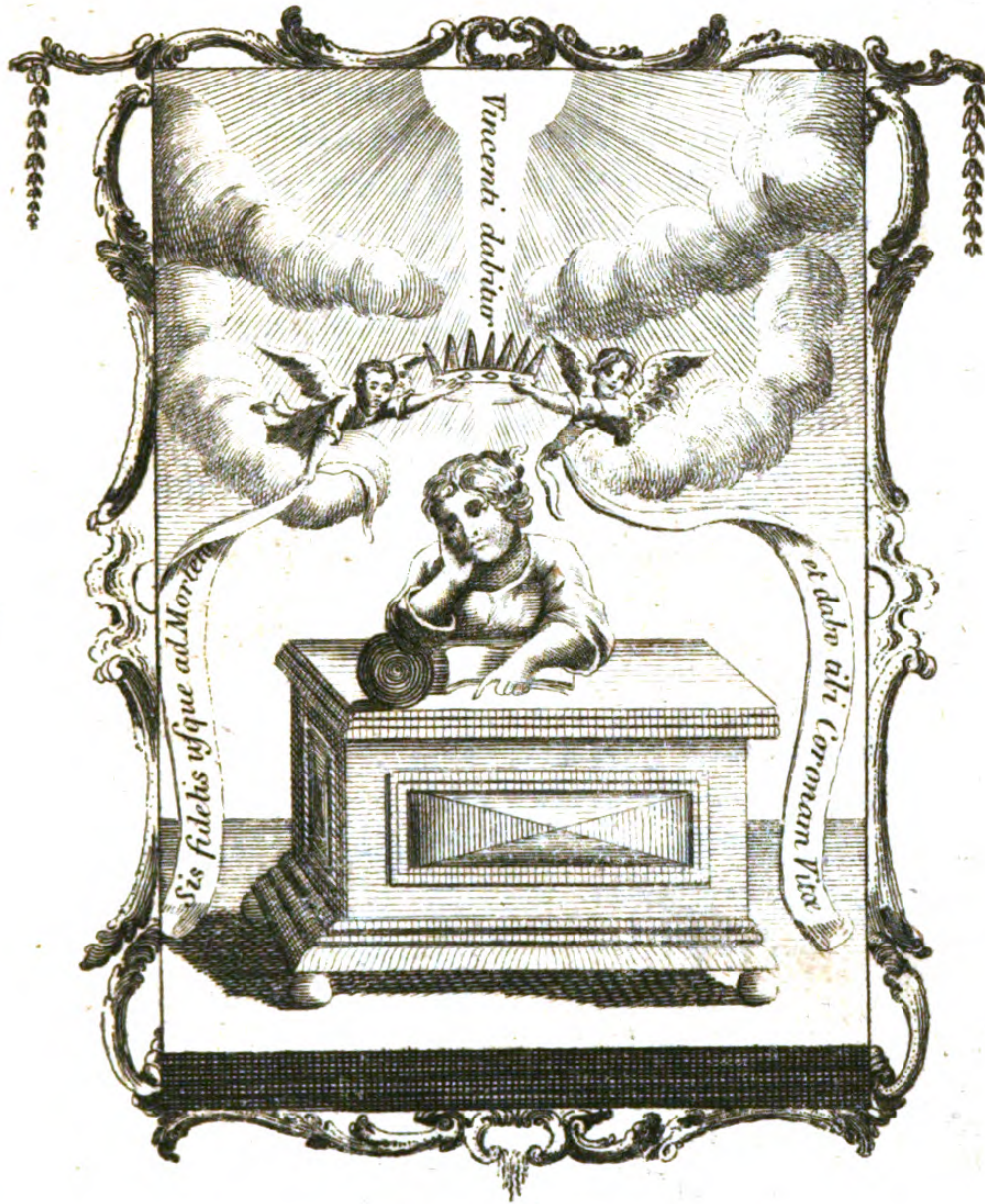
*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the
crown of life.*

1.

BE faithful; Lord, what's that?
Believe: 'Tis easy to believe; but what?
 That he whom thy hard heart hath wounded,
 And whom thy scorn hath spit upon,
 Hath paid thy fine, and hath compounded
 For these foul deeds thy hands have done:
 Believe that he, whose gentle palms
 Thy needle-pointed sins have nail'd,
 Hath borne thy slavish load (of alms),
 And made supply where thou hast fail'd:
 Did ever mis'ry find so strange relief?
 It is a love too strange for man's belief.

2.

Believe that he, whose side
 Thy crimes have pierce'd with their rebellions, dy'd
 To



Fidesque coronat ad Aras.



To save thy guilty soul from dying
 Ten thousand horrid deaths, from whence
 There was no 'scape, there was no flying,
 But through his dearest blood's expence:
 Believe, this dying friend requires
 No other thanks for all his pain,
 But ev'n the truth of weak desires,
 And, for his love, but love again:
 Did ever mis'ry find so true a friend?
 It is a love too vast to comprehend.

3.

With floods of tears baptize
 And drench these dry, these unregen'rate eyes;
 Lord, whet my dull, my blunt belief,
 And break this fleshy rock in sunder,
 That from this heart, this hell of grief,
 May spring a heav'n of love and wonder:
 O if thy mercies will remove,
 And melt this lead from my belief,
 My grief will then refine my love,
 My love will then refresh my grief:
 Then weep, mine eyes, as he hath bled; vouchsafe
 To drop for every drop an epitaph.

4.

But is the crown of glory
 The wages of a lamentable story?
 Or can so great a purchase rise
 From a salt humour? Can mine eyes
 Run fast enough t' obtain this prize?
 If so, Lord, who's so mad to die?
 Thy tears are trifles; thou must do:
 Alas! I cannot; then endeavour:
 I will: but will a tug or two
 Suffice the turn? Thou must persever*:

* *Persever*; i. e. hold on.

I'll strive till death ; and shall my feeble strife
Be crown'd ? I'll crown it with a crown of life.

5.

But is there such a dearth,
That thou must buy what is thy due by birth ?
He whom thy hands did form of dust,
And give him breath, upon condition
To love his great Creator ; must
He now be thine by composition ?
Art thou a gracious God and mild,
Or headstrong man rebellious, rather ?
O, man's a base rebellious child,
And thou a very gracious father :
The gift is thine ; we strive, thou crown'st our strife :
Thou giv'st us faith ; and faith a crown of life.

E N D of V O L. I.





**This bubble's man: hope, fear, false joy and trouble,
Are those four winds which daily to's this bubble .**

HIEROGLYPHICS

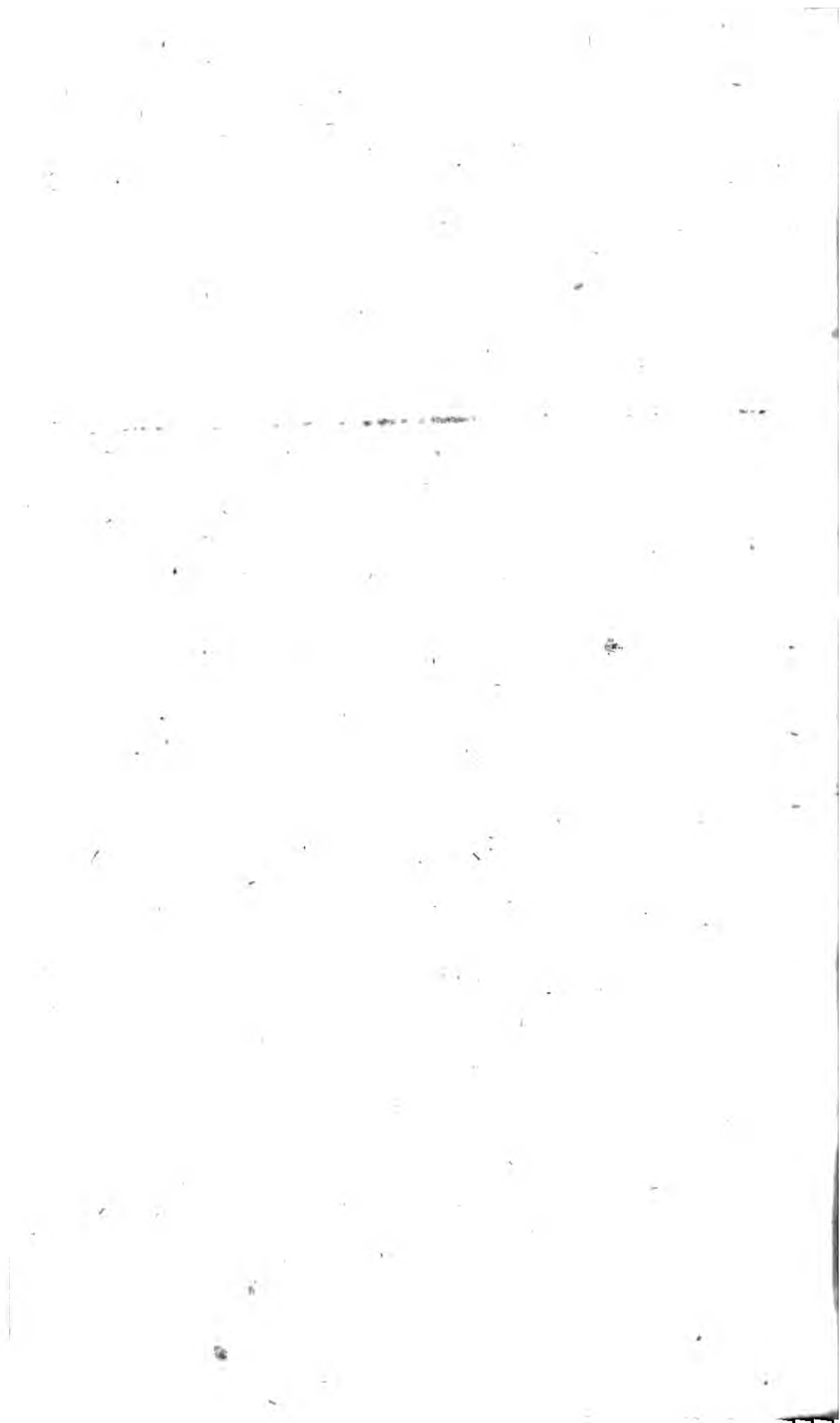
OF

THE LIFE OF MAN.

BY FRANCIS QUARLES.

N^o 7.

X



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
BOTH IN BLOOD AND VIRTUE,
AND MOST ACCOMPLISHED LADY,
M A R Y,
COUNTESS OF DORSET,
LADY GOVERNESS TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS
C H A R L E S,
PRINCE OF GREAT BRITAIN,
AND
J A M E S,
DUKE OF YORK.

EXCELLENT LADY,

I Present these tapers to burn under the safe protection of your honourable name; where, I presume, they stand secure from the damps of ignorance, and blasts of censure. It is a small part of that abundant service which my thankful heart oweth your incomparable goodness. Be pleased to honour it with your acceptance, which shall be nothing but what your own esteem shall make it.

M A D A M,

Your Ladyship's

most humble servant,

X 2 FRA. QUARLES.

TO THE READER.

IF you are satisfied with my EMBLEMS,
 I here set before you a second service.
 It is an Ægyptian dish, dressed on the
 English fashion. They, at their feasts,
 used to present a death's-head at their
 second course: this will serve for both.
 You need not fear a surfeit: here is but
 little, and that light of digestion: if it
 but please your palate, I question not
 your stomach. Fall to, and much good
 may it do you.

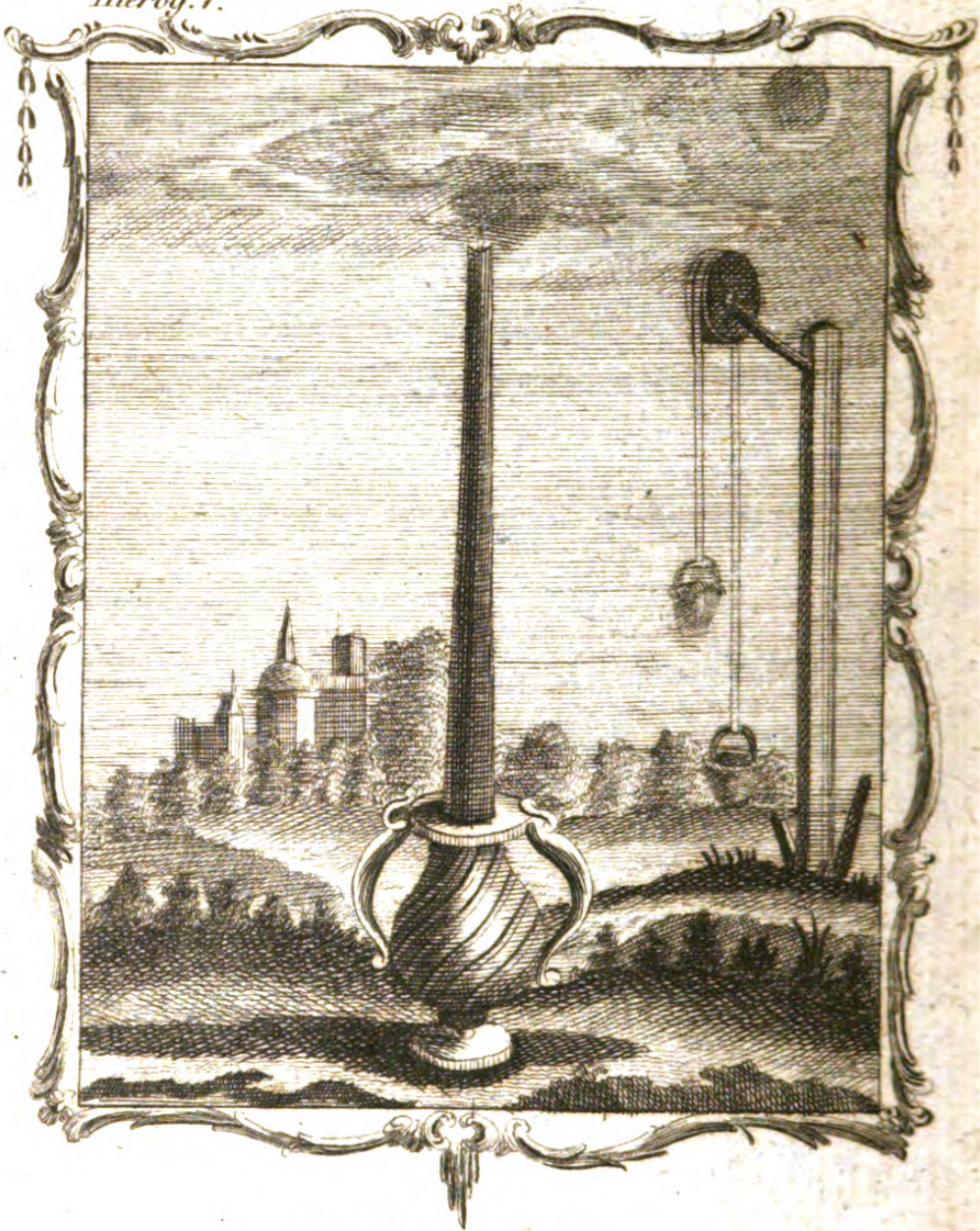
Convivio addit Minerval. E. B.

*Rem, Regem, Regimen, Regionem, Religionem,
 Exornat, celebrat, laudat, honorat, amat.*

PSALM



Hierog. 1.



Sine Lumine inane.

PSALM li. 5.

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me.

MAN is man's A. B. C. There's none that can
 Read God aright, unless he first spell man :
 Man is the stairs, whereby his knowledge climbs
 To his Creator, though it oftentimes
 Stumbles for want of light, and sometimes trips
 For want of careful heed ; and sometimes slips
 Through unadvised haste ; and when at length
 His weary steps have reach'd the top, his strength
 Oft fails to stand ; his giddy brains turn round,
 And, Phaeton-like, falls headlong to the ground :
 These stairs are often dark, and full of danger
 To him, whom want of practice makes a stranger
 To this blind way : the lamp of nature lends
 But a false light, and lights to her own ends.
 These be the ways to heav'n, these paths require
 A light that springs from that diviner fire,
 Whose human-soul-enlight'ning sun-beams dart
 Thro' the bright cranies * of th' immortal part.

And here, thou great Original of light,
 Whose error-chasing beams do unbenight †
 The very soul of darkness, and untwist
 The clouds of ignorance ; do thou assist
 My feeble quill : reflect thy sacred rays
 Upon these lines, that they may light the ways
 That lead to thee ; so guide my heart, my hand,
 That I may do what others understand.
 Let my heart practise what my hand shall write ;
 Till then, I am a taper wanting light.

* Cranies ; i. e. little cracks.
 bloom, or make day.

† Unbenight ; i. e. remove the

This golden precept, "Know thyself," came down
 From heav'n's high court: it was an art unknown
 To flesh and blood. The men of nature took
 Great jounies in it: their dim eyes did look
 But thro' the mist; like pilgrims, they did spend
 Their idle steps, but knew no journey's end.
 The way to know thyself, is first to cast *
 Thy frail beginning, progress, and thy last:
 This is the sum of man; but now return,
 And view this taper standing in this urn.
 Behold her substance sordid and impure,
 Useless and vain, and (wanting light) obscure:
 'Tis but a span at longest, nor can last
 Beyond that span; ordain'd and made to waste;
 Ev'n such was man (before his soul gave light
 To this vile substance) a mere child of night;
 Ere he had life, estated † in his urn,
 And mark'd for death; by nature born to burn:
 Thus lifeless, lightless, worthless, first began
 That glorious, that presumptuous thing, call'd man.

* *Cast*; i. e. contemplate.
 the urn or candlestick, the body.

† *Estatic*; i. e. fixed or placed in

S. AUGUST.

*Consider, O man, what thou wert before thy birth,
and what thou art from thy birth to thy death, and
what thou shalt be after death: thou wert made of an
impure substance, cleathed and nourished in thy mother's
blood.*

EPIG. I.

Forbear, fond taper: what thou seek'st, is fire:
Thy own destruction's lodg'd in thy desire.
Thy wants are far more safe than their supply:
He that begins to live, begins to die.

GEN. i. 3.

And God said, Let there be light; and there was light.

1.

THIS flame-expecting taper hath at length
 Received fire, and now begins to burn:
 It hath no vigour yet, it hath no strength;
 Apt to be puff'd and quench'd at ev'ry turn:
 It was a gracious hand that thus endow'd [shroud
 This snuff with flame: but mark, this hand doth
 Itself from mortal eyes, and folds it in a cloud.

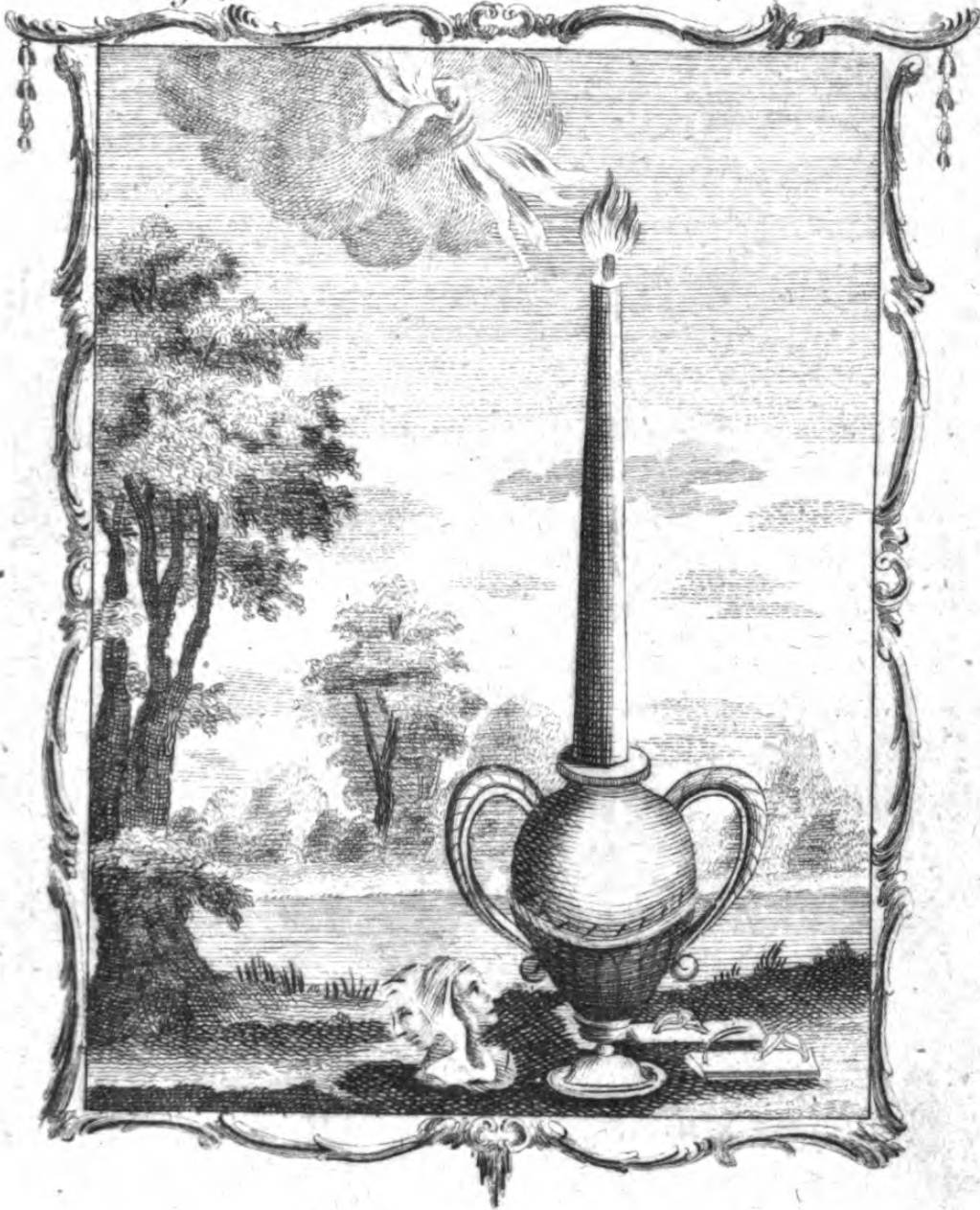
2.

Thus man begins to live. An unknown flame
 Quickens his finish'd organs, now possess
 With motion; and which motion doth proclaim
 An active soul, though in a feeble breast:
 But how, and when infus'd, ask not my pen;
 Here flies a cloud before the eyes of men:
 I cannot tell thee how, nor canst thou tell me when.

3.

Was it a parcel of celestial fire,
 Infus'd by heav'n into this fleshly mould?
 Or was it (think you) made a soul intire?
 Then, was it new created? or of old?
 Or is't a propagated spark, rake'd out
 From nature's embers? While we go about
 By reason to resolve, the more we raise a doubt.

Hierog. 2.



Nescius unde .



4.

If it be part of that celestial flame,
 It must be ev'n as pure, as free from spot,
 As that eternal fountain whence it came:
 If pure and spotless, then whence came the blot?[•]
 Itself being pure, could not itself defile;
 Nor hath unactive matter pow'r to soil
 Her pure and active form, as jars corrupt their oil.]

5.

Or if it were created, tell me when:
 If in the first six days, where kept till now?
 Or if thy soul were new-created, then
 Heav'n did not all, at first, he had to do:
 Six days expired, all creation ceas'd;
 All kinds, ev'n from the greatest to the least,
 Were finish'd and complete before the day of rest.

6.

But why should man, the lord of creatures, want
 That privilege which plants and beasts obtain?
 Beasts bring forth beasts, the plant a perfect plant,
 And ev'ry like brings forth her like again;
 Shall fowls and fishes, beasts and plants convey
 Life to their issue, and man less than they?
 Shall these get living souls, and man dead lumps of clay?

7.

Must human souls be generated, then?
 My water ebbs; behold, a rock is nigh:
 If nature's work produce the souls of men,
 Man's soul is mortal: all that's born must die.
 What shall we then conclude? what sunshine will
 Disperse this gloomy cloud? till then, be still,
 My vainly-striving thoughts; lie down, my puzzled
 [quill.

• *Blot?* i. e. original depravity.

ISIDOR.

Why dost thou wonder, O man, at the height of the stars, or the depth of the sea; enter into thine own soul, and wonder there.

Thy soul, by creation, is infused; by infusion, created.

EPIG. 2.

**What art thou now the better by this flame?
Thou know'st not how, nor when, nor whence it came;
Poor kind of happiness! that can return
No more account but this, to say, I burn.**



Hierog. 3.



Quo me cunque rapit.

PSALM ciii. 16.

The wind passeth over it, and it is gone.

I.

NO sooner is this lighted taper set
 Upon the transitory stage
 Of eye-bedark'ning night,
 But it is strait subjected to the threat
 Of envious winds, whose wasteful rage
 Disturbs her peaceful light, [less bright.
 And makes her substance waste, and makes her flames

2.

No sooner are we born, no sooner come
 To take possession of this vast,
 This soul-afflicting earth,
 But danger meets us at the very womb ;
 And sorrow, with her full-mouth'd blast,
 Salutes our painful birth,
 To put out all our joys, and puff out all our mirth.

3.

Nor infant innocence, nor childish tears,
 Nor youthful wit, nor manly pow'r,
 Nor politic old age,
 Nor virgin's pleading, nor the widow's pray'rs,
 Nor lowly cell, nor lofty tow'r,
 Nor prince, nor peer, nor page,
 Can 'scape* this common blast, or curb her stormy rage.

* 'Scape; i. e. escape or avoid.

4.

Our life is but a pilgrimage of blasts,
 And ev'ry blast brings forth a fear;
 And ev'ry fear, a death;
 The more it lengthens, ah! the more it wastes:
 Were, were we to continue here
 The days of long-live'd Seth,
 Our sorrows would renew, as we renew our breath.

5.

Toss'd to and fro, our frighted thoughts are driv'n
 With ev'ry puff, with ev'ry tide
 Of life-consuming care;
 Our peaceful flame, that would point up to heav'n,
 Is still disturb'd, and turn'd aside;
 And ev'ry blast of air
 Commits such waste in man, as man cannot repair.

6.

W' are all born debtors, and we firmly stand
 Oblige'd for our first parents' debt,
 Besides our interest;
 Alas! we have no harmless* counterbond:
 And we are ev'ry hour beset
 With threat'nings of arrest,
 And, till we pay the debt, we can expect no rest.

7.

What may this sorrow-shaken life present,
 To the false relish of our taste,
 That's worth the name of sweet?
 Her minute's pleasure's choak'd with discontent,
 Her glory soil'd with ev'ry blast;
 How many dangers meet
 Poor man between the biggin † and the winding-sheet!

* *Harmless*; i. e. indemnifying. † *Biggin*; i. e. the infant's first dress.

S. AUGUST.

In the world, not to be grieved, not to be afflicted, not to be in danger, is impossible.

Ibidem.

Behold, the world is full of trouble, yet beloved: what if it were a pleasing world? how wouldst thou delight in her calms, that canst so well endure her storms?

EPIG. 3.

Art thou consume'd with soul-afflicting crosses?
 Disturb'd with grief? annoy'd with worldly losses?
 Hold up thy head: the taper, lifted high,
 Will brook the wind; when lower tapers die.

MATTHEW ix. 12.

The whole need not the physician.

1.

Always pruning, always cropping?
Is her brightness still obscure'd?
Ever dressing, ever topping?

Always curing, never cure'd?
Too much snuffing makes a waste;
When the spirits spend too fast,
They will shrink at ev'ry blast.

2.

You that always are bestowing
Costly pains in life repairing,
Are but always overthrowing
Nature's work by over-caring:
Nature, meeting with her foe,
In a work she hath to do,
Takes a pride to overthrow.

3.

Nature knows her own perfection,
And her pride disdains a tutor;
Cannot stoop to art's correction,
And she scorns a co-adjutor.
Saucy art should not appear,
Till she whisper in her ear:
Hagar flees, if Sarah bear.

4.

Nature worketh for the better,
If not hinder'd that she cannot;
Art stands by as her abetter,
Ending nothing she began not;
If distemper chance to seize
(Nature foil'd with the disease),
Art may help her if she please.

But

Hierog: 4.



Curando labascit.



5.

But to make a trade of trying
 Drugs and doses, always pruning,
 Is to die for fear of dying ;
 He's untune'd, that's always tuning.
 He that often loves to lack
 Dear-bought drugs, hath found a knack
 To foil the man, and feed the quack.

6.

○ the sad, the frail condition
 Of the pride of nature's glory !
 How infirm his composition,
 And, at best, how transitory !
 When this riot doth impair
 Nature's weakness, then his care
 Adds more ruin by repair.

7.

Hold thy hand, health's dear maintainer,
 Life, perchance, may burn the stronger :
 Having substance to sustain her,
 She, untouch'd, may last the longer :
 When the artist goes about
 To redress her flame, I doubt,
 Oftentimes he snuffs it out.

NICOCLES.

Physicians, of all men, are most happy; what good success soever they have, the world proclaimeth; and what faults they commit, the earth covereth.

EPIG. 4.

My purse being heavy, if my light appear
 But dim, quack comes to make all clear;
 Quack, leave thy trade; thy dealings are not right,
 Thou take'st our weighty gold to give us light.



Hierog. 5.



Te auxiliante, refurgo.

PSALM xci. II.

And he will give his angels charge over thee.

I.

O HOW mine eyes could please themselves, and
Perpetual ages in this precious sight! [spend
How I could woo eternity, to lend

My wasting day, an antidote for night!
And how my flesh could with my flesh contend,
That views this object with no more delight!
My work is great, my taper spends too fast:
'Tis all I have, and soon would out or waste,
Did not this blessed screen protect it from this blast.

2.

O, I have lost the jewel of my soul,
And I must find it out, or I must die:
Alas! my sin-made darkness doth controul
The bright endeavor of my careful eye:
I must go search and ransack ev'ry hole;
Nor have I other light to seek it by:
O if this light be spent, my work not done,
My labor's worse than lost; my jewel's gone,
And I am quite forlorn, and I am quite undone.

3.

You blessed angels, you that do enjoy
The full fruition of eternal glory,
Will you be pleas'd to fancy such a toy
As man, and quit your glorious territory,
And stoop to earth, vouchsafing to employ
Your care to guard the dust that lies before ye?
Disdain you not these lumps of dying clay,
That for your pains do oftentimes repay
Neglect, if not disdain, and send you griev'd away?

Y 3.

This

4.

This taper of our lives, that once was place'd
 In the fair suburbs of eternity,
 Is now, alas ! confin'd to ev'ry blast,
 And turn'd a maypole for the sporting fly ;
 And will you, sacred spirits, please to cast
 Your care on us, and lend a gracious eye ?
 How had this slender inch of taper been
 Blasted and blaze'd, had not this heav'nly screen
 Curb'd the proud blast, and timely stepp'd between !

5.

O goodness, far transcending the report
 Of lavish tongues ! too vast to comprehend !
 Amazing quill, how far dost thou come short
 T' express expressions that so far transcend !
 You blessed courtiers of th' eternal court,
 Whose full-mouth'd hallelujahs have no end,
 Receive that world of praises that belongs
 To your great Sov'reign ; fill your holy tongues
 With our hosanna's mix'd with your seraphic songs.

S. BERN.

If thou desirest the help of angels, fly the comforts of the world, and resist the temptations of the devil.

He will give his angels charge over thee. O what reverence, what love, what confidence, deserveth so sweet a saying! For their presence, reverence; for their goodwill, love; for their tuition, confidence.

EPIG. 5.

My flame, art thou disturb'd, diseas'd, and driv'n
To death with storms of grief? point thou to heav'n:
One angel there shall ease thee more alone,
Than thrice as many thousands of thy own.

ECCLESIASTES iii. I.

To every thing there is an appointed time.

I.

T I M E.

D E A T H.

Time. **B**Ehold the frailty of this slender snuff;
 Alas! it hath not long to last;
 Without the help of either thief or puff,
 Her weakness knows the way to waste:
 Nature hath made her substance apt enough
 To spend itself, and spend too fast:
 It needs the help of none,
 That is so prone
 To lavish out untouch'd, and languish all alone.

2.

Death. Time, hold thy peace, and shake thy slow-pace'd
 Thine idle minutes make no way: [sand;
 Thy glass exceeds her hour, or else doth stand;
 I cannot hold, I cannot stay.
 Surcease* thy pleading, and enlarge my hand;
 I surfeit with too long delay:
 This brisk, this bold-face'd light
 Doth burn too bright;
 Darkness adorns my throne, my day is darkest night.

3.

Time. Great prince of darkness, hold thy needless hand;
 Thy captive's fast, and cannot flee:
 What arm can rescue; who can countermand?
 What pow'r can set thy pris'ner free?
 Or if they could, what close, what foreign land
 Can hide that head that flees from thee?

* *Surcease*; i. e. forbear,

Hierog. 6.



Tempus erit.



But if her harmless light
 Offend thy sight, [at night?
 What need'st thou snatch at noon, what will be thine

4.

Death. I have outstay'd my patience; my quick trade
 Grows dull, and makes too slow return:
 This long-liv'd debt is due, and should been paid
 When first her flame began to burn:
 But I have stay'd too long, I have delay'd
 To store my vast, my craving urn,
 My patent gives me pow'r
 Each day, each hour, [tow'r,
 To strike the peasant's thatch, and shake the princely

5.

Time. Thou count'st too fast: thy patent gives no pow'r
 Till Time shall please to say, Amen. [hour?
Death. Canst thou appoint my shaft? *Time.* Or thou my
Death. 'Tis I bid, do. *Time.* 'Tis I bid, when;
 Alas! thou canst not make the poorest flow'r
 To hang the drooping head till then:
 Thy shafts can neither kill,
 Nor strike, until [will.
 My pow'r gives them wings, and pleasure arms thy

S. AUGUST.

Thou knowest not what time he will come : wait always, that, because thou knowest not the time of his coming, thou mayest be prepared against the time he cometh. And for this, perchance, thou knowest not the time, because thou mayest be prepared against all times.

EPIG. 6.

**Expect, but fear not death : death cannot kill,
Till time (that first must seal her patent) will :
Wouldst thou live long ? keep time in high esteem ;
Whom gone, if thou canst not recall, redeem.**

Will

Not think, until

we give them wings, and place them on



Hierog. 7.



Nec fine, nec Tecum.

JOB xviii. 6.

His light shall be dark, and his candle shall be put out.

1.

WHAT ails our taper? is her lustre fled,
Or foil'd? What dire disaster bred
This change, that thus she veils her golden head?

2.

It was but very now she shine'd as fair
As Venus' star; her glory might compare
With Cynthia, burnish'd with her brother's hair.

3.

There was no cave-begotten damp that mought
Abuse her beams; no wind that went about
To break her peace; no puff to put her out.

4.

Lift up thy wond'ring thoughts, and thou shalt spy
A cause will clear thy doubts, but cloud thine eye;
Subjects must veil, whenas their sov'reign's by.

5.

Canst thou behold bright Phœbus, and thy sight
No whit impair'd? the object is too bright;
The weaker yields unto the stronger light.

6.

Great God, I am thy taper, thou my sun;
From thee, the spring of light, my light begun;
Yet if thy light but shine, my light is done.

7.

If thou withdraw thy light, my light will shine:
If thine appear, how poor a light is mine!
My light is darkness, if compare'd to thine.

8.

Thy sun-beams are too strong for my weak eye :
 If thou but shine, how nothing, Lord, am I !
 Ah ! who can see thy visage, and not die !

9.

If intervening earth should make a night,
 My wanton flame would then shine forth too bright ;
 My earth would ev'n presume t' eclipse thy light.

10.

And if thy light be shadow'd, and mine fade,
 If thine be dark, and my dark light decay'd,
 I should be cloathed with a double shade.

11.

What shall I do ? O what shall I desire ?
 What help can my distracted thoughts require,
 That thus am wasted 'twixt a double fire ?

12.

In what a strait, in what a strait am I !
 'Twixt two extremes, how my rack'd fortunes lie ?
 See I thy face, or see it not, I die.

13.

O let the steams of my Redeemer's blood,
 That breathes from my sick soul, be made a cloud,
 To interpose these lights, and be my shroud.

14.

Lord, what am I ! or what's the light I have !
 May it but light my ashes to their grave,
 And so from thence to thee ; 'tis all I crave.

15.

O make my light, that all the world may see
 Thy glory by 't : if not, it seems to me
 Honor enough to be put out by thee.

O light

O light inaccessible, in respect of which my light is utter darkness, so reflect upon my weakness, that all the world may behold thy strength! O majesty incomprehensible, in respect of which, my glory is mere shame: so shine upon my misery, that all the world may behold thy glory!

EPIG. 7.

Wilt thou complain, because thou art bereav'n
 Of all thy light? wilt thou vie lights with heav'n?
 Can thy bright eye not brook the daily light?
 Take heed: I fear, thou art a child of night.

MATTHEW V. 16.

*Let your light so shine, that men, seeing your good works,
may glorify your Father which is in heaven.*

I.

WAS it for this, the breath of heav'n was blown
Into the nostrils of this heav'nly creature?
Was it for this, that sacred Three in One
Conspire'd to make this quintessence of nature?
Did heav'nly Prov'dence intend
So rare a fabric for so poor an end?

2.

Was man, the highest matter-piece of nature,
The curious abstract of the whole creation,
Whose soul was copy'd from his great Creator,
Made to give light, and set for observation,
Ordain'd for this? to spend his light
In a dark lantern, cloister'd up in night?

3.

Tell me, recluse monastic, can it be
A disadvantage to thy beams to shine?
A thousand tapers may gain light from thee:
Is thy light less or worse for light'ning mine?
If wanting light, I stumble, shall
Thy darkness not be guilty of my fall?

4.

Why dost thou lurk so close? Is it for fear
Some busy eye should pry into thy flame,
And spy a thief, or else some blemish there?
Or, being spy'd, shrink'st thou thy head for shame?
Come, come, fond taper, shine but clear,
Thou need'st not shrink for shame, nor shroud for fear.

Remem-

Hierog. 8.



Nec Virtus obscura petit.



5.

Remember, O remember, thou wert set
 For men to see the great Creator by ;
 Thy flame is not thine own ; it is a debt
 Thou ow'st thy Master. And wilt thou deny
 To pay the int'rest of thy light ?
 And skulk in corners, and play least in fight ?

6.

Art thou afraid to trust thy easy flame
 To the injurious waste of fortune's puff ?
 Ah ! coward, rouse, and quit thyself for shame :
 Who dies in service, hath liv'd long enough :
 Who shines, and makes no eye partaker,
 Usurps himself, and closely robs his Maker.

7.

Make not thyself a pris'ner, that art free :
 Why dost thou turn thy palace to a jail ?
 Thou art an eagle : and befits it thee
 To live immured like a cloyster'd snail ?
 Let toys seek corners ; things of cost
 Gain worth by view : hid jewels are but lost.

8.

My God, my light is dark enough at lightest,
 Increase her flame, and give her strength to shine :
 'Tis frail at best ; 'tis dim enough at brightest ;
 But 'tis his * glory to be foil'd by thine :
 Let others lurk : my light shall be
 Propos'd to all men ; and by them to thee.

* *His* ; read *its*.

S. BERN.

If thou be one of the foolish virgins, the congregation is necessary for thee ; if thou be one of the wise virgins, thou art necessary for the congregation.

HUGO.

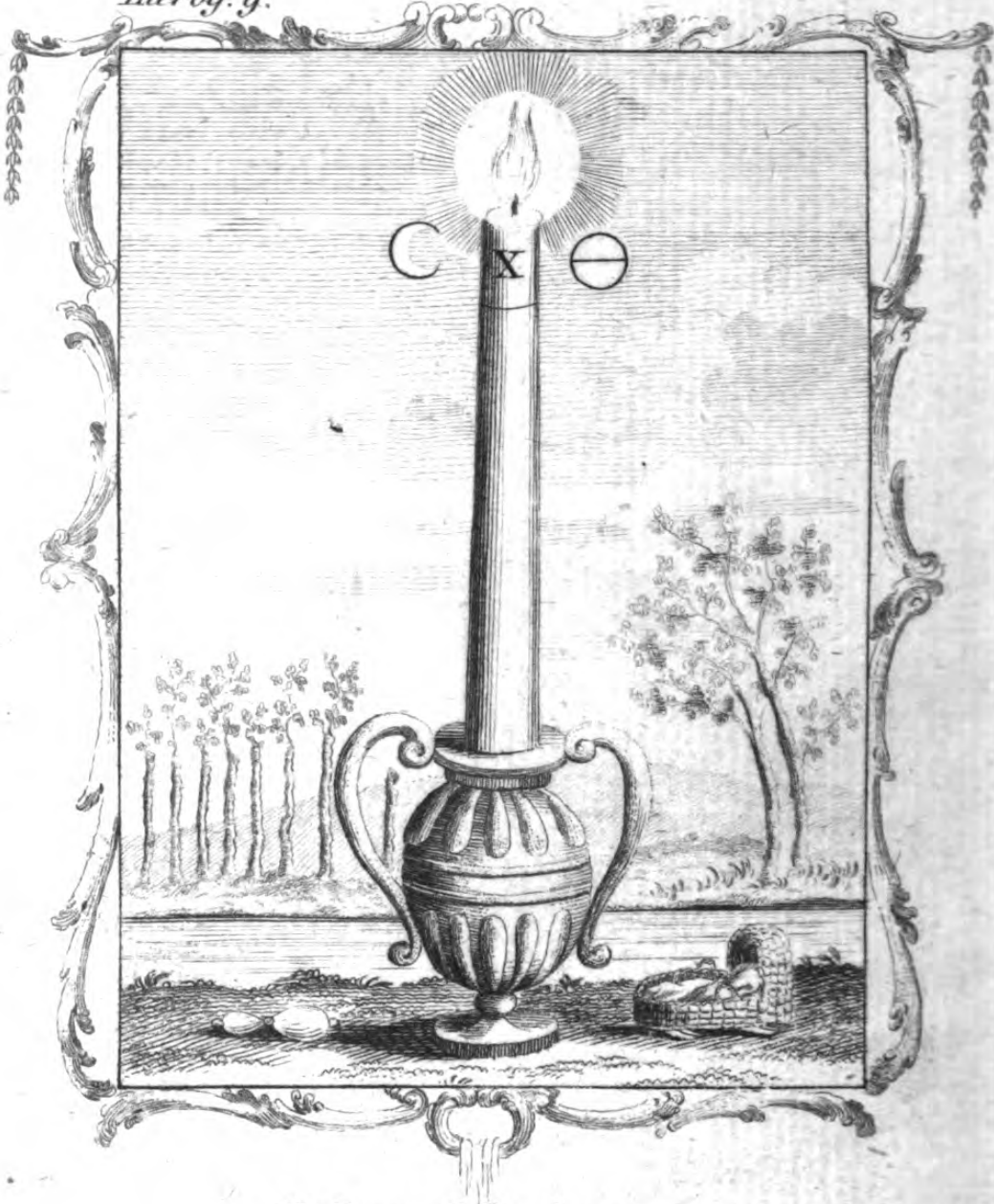
*Monastics make cloysters to inclose the outward man :
O would to God they would do the like to restrain the inward man !*

EPIG. 8.

**Afraid of eyes ? what, still play leaft in fight ?
'Tis much to be presume'd all is not right :
Too close endeavors bring forth dark events :
Come forth, monastic ; here's no parliaments.**



Hierog. 9.



Ut Luna, Infantia torpet.

JOB xiv. 2.

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down.

1.

Behold

How short a span
Was long enough of old
To measure out the life of man ;
In those well-temper'd days ! his time was then
Survey'd, cast up, and found but threescore years and
[ten.

2.

Alas !

And what is that !
They come, and slide, and pass,
Before my pen can tell thee what.
The posts of time are swift, which having run
Their sev'n short stages o'er, their short-liv'd task is
[done.

3.

Our days

Begun we lend
To sleep, to antic plays
And toys, until the first stage end :
Twelve waning moons, twice five times told, we give
To unrecover'd loss : we rather breathe than live.

4.

We spend

A ten years breath
Before we apprehend
What 'tis to live, or fear a death :
Our childish dreams are fill'd with painted joys,
Which please our sense a while, and, waking, prove but
[toys.

5.

How vain,
 How wretched, is
 Poor man, that doth remain
 A slave to such a state as this!
 His days are short, at longest; few, at most:
 They are but bad, at best; yet lavish'd out, or lost.

6.

They be
 The secret springs
 That make our minutes flee
 On wheels more swift than eagles' wings:
 Our life's a clock, and ev'ry gasp of breath
 Breathes forth a warning grief, till TIME shall strike
 [a death.

7.

How soon
 Our new-born light
 Attains to full-age'd noon!
 And this, how soon to grey-hair'd night!
 We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast,
 Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so fast.

8.

They end
 When scarce begun;
 And, ere we apprehend
 That we begin to live, our life is done:
 Man, count thy days; and, if they fly too fast
 For thy dull thoughts to count, count ev'ry day the last.

Out

Our infancy is consumed in eating and sleeping; in all which time, what differ we from beasts, but by a possibility of reason, and a necessity of sin!

O misery of mankind, in whom no sooner the image of God appeareth in the act of his reason, but the devil blurs it in the corruption of his will!

EPIG. 9.

To the decrepit man.

Thus was the seventh part of thy few days
 Consume'd in grief, in food, in toyish plays:
 Know'st thou what tears thine eyes imparted then?
 Review thy loss, and weep them o'er again.

JOB XX. II.

His bones are full of the sin of his youth.

1.

THE swift-wing'd post of Time hath now begun
 His second stage;
 The dawning of our age
 Is lost and spent without a sun;
 The light of reason did not yet appear
 Within th' horizon of this hemisphere.

2.

The infant Will had yet no other guide
 But twilight sense;
 And what is gain'd from thence,
 But doubtful steps that tread aside!
 Reason now draws her curtains; her clos'd eyes
 Begin to open, and she calls to rise.

3.

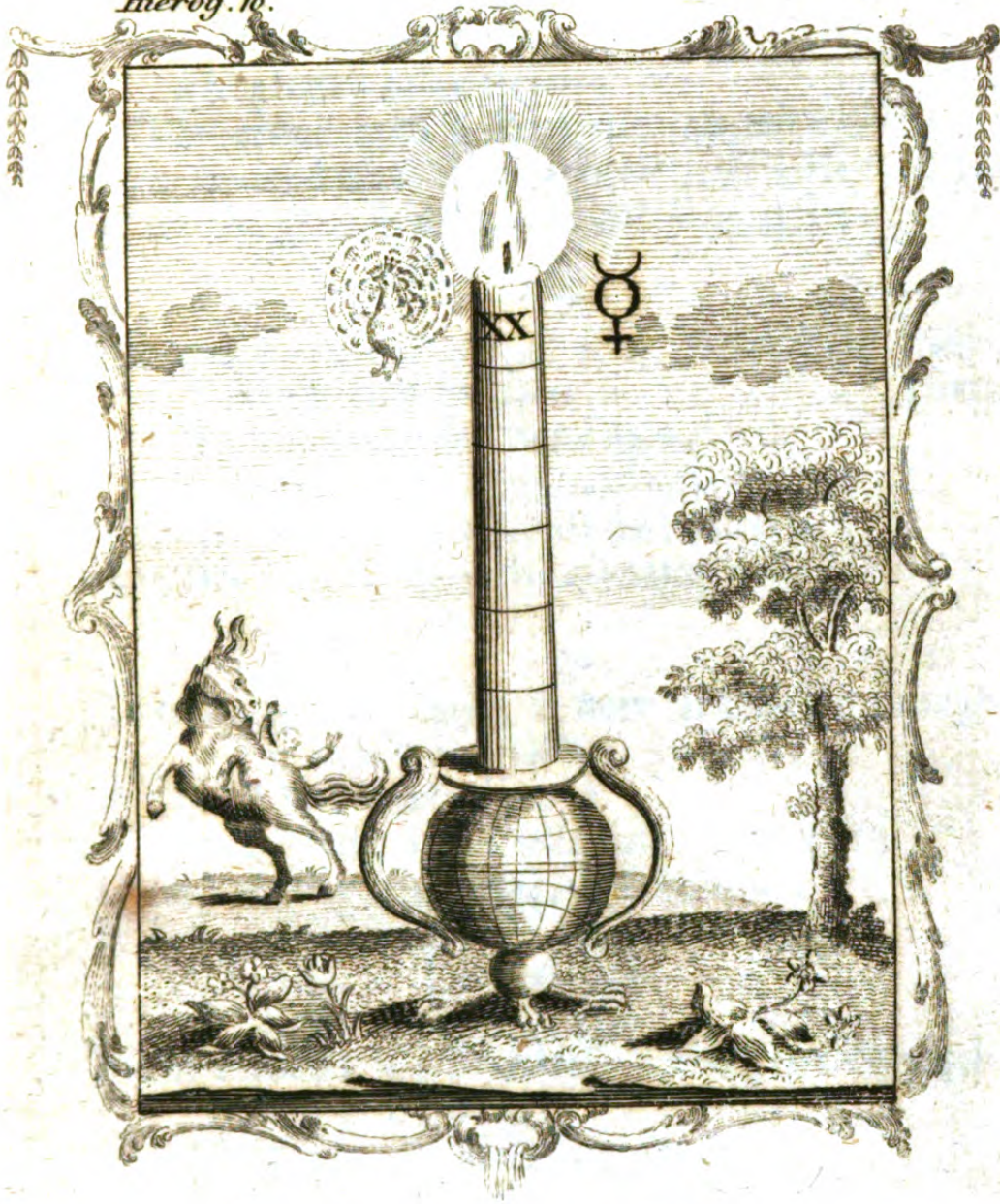
Youth's now disclosing buds peep out, and shew
 Her April head;
 And, from her grass-green bed,
 Her virgin primrose early blows;
 Whilst waking Philomel prepares to sing
 Her warbling sonnets to the wanton spring.

4.

His stage is pleasant, and the way seems short,
 All strew'd with flow'rs;
 The days appear but hours,
 Being spent in time-beguiling sport.
 Her griefs do neither press, nor doubts perplex;
 Here's neither fear to curb, nor care to vex.

His

Hierog. 10.



Proles tua Maia, Juventus.



5.

His downy cheeks grow proud, and now disdains
 The tutor's hand ;
 He glories to command
 The proud-neck'd steed with prouder reins :
 The strong-breath'd horn must now salute his ear
 With the glad downfall of the falling deer.

6.

His quick-nose'd army, with their deep-mouth'd
 Must now prepare [sounds,
 To chase the tim'rous hare,
 About his yet unmortgage'd grounds ;
 The ill he hates, is counsel and delay ;
 And fears no mischief but a rainy day.

7.

The thought he takes, is how to take no thought
 For bale* nor blifs ;
 And late repentance is
 The last dear pen'worth that he bought :
 He is a dainty morning ; and he may,
 If lust o'ercast him not, be' as fair a day.

8.

Proud blossom, use thy time : Time's headstrong horse
 Will post away.
 Trust not the foll'wing day,
 For ev'ry day brings forth a worse :
 Take time at best : believe 't, thy days will fall
 From good to bad, from bad to worst of all.

* *Bale* ; i. e. misery.

S. AMBROS.

Humility is a rare thing in a young man, therefore to be admired: when youth is vigorous, when strength is firm, when blood is hot, when cares are strangers, when mirth is free, then pride fwelleth, and humility is despised.

EPIG. 10.

To the old man.

Thy years are newly grey, his newly green!
 His youth may live to see what thine hath seen:
 He is thy parallel: his present stage
 And thine are the two tropics of man's age.



Hierog. II.



Jam ruit in Venerem.

ECCLESIASTES xi. 9.

*Rejoice, O young man, and let thy heart cheer thee,
but know, &c.*

I.

HOW flux *, how alterable, is the date
Of transitory things !

How hurry'd on the clipping † wings
Of Time, and driv'n upon the wheels of Fate !

How one condition brings
The leading prologue to another state !

No transitory things can last :
Change waits on Time, and Time is wing'd with haste ;
Time present's but the ruin of Time past.

2.

Behold how change hath inch'd away thy span ;

And how thy light doth burn

Nearer and nearer to thine urn !

For this dear waste, what satisfaction can

Injurious Time return

Thy shorten'd days, but this, the style of man ?

And what's a man ? A cask of care,

New-tunn'd and working : he's a middle stair

' Twixt birth and death ; a blast of full-age'd air.

3.

His breast is tinder, apt to entertain

The sparks of Cupid's fire,

Whose new-blown flames must now inquire

A wanton julep out, which may restrain

The rage of his desire,

Whose painful pleasure is but pleasing pain :

* Flux ; i. e. flitting.

† Clipping ; i. e. swift-flying.

His life's a sickness, that doth rise
 From a hot liver, whilst his passion lies
 Expecting cordials from his mistress' eyes.

4.

His stage is strew'd with thorns, and deck'd with
 His year sometimes appears [flow'rs ;
 A minute; and his minutes, years :
 His doubtful weather's sunshine mix'd with show'rs ;
 His traffick, hopes and fears ;
 His life's a medley, made of sweets and fours ;
 His pains reward his smiles and pouts ;
 His diet is fair language mix'd with flouts ;
 He is a nothing, all compos'd of doubts.

5.

Do, waste thine inch, proud span of living earth,
 Consume thy golden days
 In slavish freedom ; let thy ways
 Take best advantage of thy frolick mirth ;
 Thy stock of time decays,
 And lavish plenty still fore-runs a dearth :
 The bird that's flown may turn at last ;
 And painful labor may repair a waste,
 But pains nor price can call my minutes past.

S E N.

Expect great joy when thou shalt lay down the mind of a child, and deserve the style of a wise man; for at those years childhood is past, but oftentimes childishness remaineth; and, what is worse, thou hast the authority of a man, but the voice of a child.

E P I G. II.

To the declining man.

Why stand'st thou discontented? Is not he
 As equal-distant from the top as thee?
 What then may cause thy discontented frown?
 He's mounting up the hill; thou plodding down.

DEUTERONOMY xxxiii. 25.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.

The post
 Of swift-foot time
 Hath now at length begun
 The kalends of our middle stage :
 The number'd steps that we have gone, do show
 The number of those steps we are to go :
 The buds and blossoms of our age
 Are blown, decay'd, and gone,
 And all our prime
 Is lost :
 And what we boast too much, we have least cause to
 [boast.

Ah me!
 There is no rest :
 Our time is always fleeing.
 What rein can curb our headstrong hours ?
 They pass away : they pass we know not how :
 Our Now is gone, before we can say now :
 Time past and future's none of ours :
 That hath as yet no being ;
 And this hath ceas'd
 To be :
 What is, is only ours : how short a time have we !

And

Hierog. 12.



Ut Sol ardore virili.



And now
 Apollo's ear
 Expects harmonious strains,
 New minted from the Thracian lyre;
 For now the virtue of the twi-fork'd hill
 Inspires the ravish'd fancy, and doth fill
 The veins with Pegasean fire:
 And now those steril brains,
 That cannot show
 Nor bear
 Some fruits, shall never wear Apollo's sacred bow.

Excess
 And surfeit uses
 To wait upon these days;
 Full feed and flowing cups of wine
 Conjure the fancy, forcing up a sp'rit
 By the base magic of debauch'd delight;
 Ah! pity, twice-born Bacchus' vine
 Should starve Apollo's bays,
 And drown those muses
 That bless
 And calm the peaceful soul, when storms of care op-
 [press.

Strong light,
 Boast not those beams
 That can but only rise
 And blaze a while, and then away:
 There is no solstice in thy day;
 Thy midnight glory lies
 Betwixt th' extremes
 Of night,
 A glory soil'd * with shame, and fool'd with false
 [delight.

* Soil'd; i. e. sullied.

Hast thou climbed up to the full age of thy few days? Look backwards, and thou shalt see the frailty of thy youth, the folly of thy childhood, and the waste of thy infancy: look forwards, thou shalt see the cares of the world, the troubles of thy mind, the diseases of thy body.

EPIG. 12.

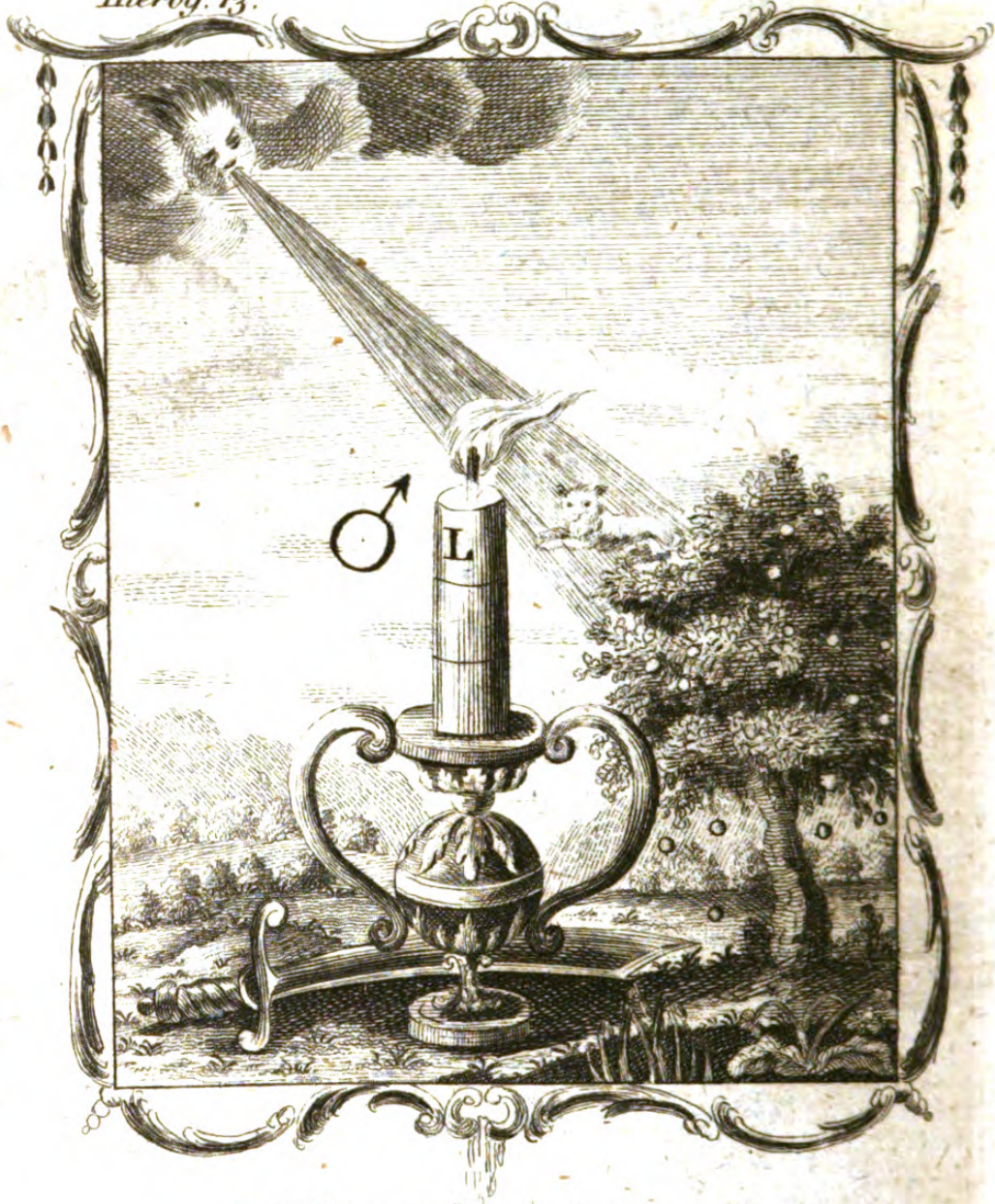
To the middle-aged.

Thou that art prancing on the lusty noon
Of thy full age, boast not thyself too soon:
Convert that breath to wail thy fickle state;
Take heed, thou'lt brag too soon, or boast too late.

JOHN



Hierog. 13.



Et Martem spirat et Arma.

JOHN iii. 30.

He must increase, but I must decrease.

TIME voids* the table, dinner's done ;
 And now our day's declining sun
 Hath hurry'd his diurnal load
 To th' borders of the western road ;
 Fierce Phlegon, with his fellow-steeds,
 Now puffs and pants, and blows and bleeds,
 And froths and fumes, rememb'ring still
 Their lashes up th' Olympic hill,
 Which having conquer'd, now disdain
 The whip, and champ the frothy rein,
 And with a full career they bend
 Their paces to their journey's end :
 Our blazing taper now hath lost
 Her better half ; nature hath crost
 Her forenoon book, and clear'd that score,
 But scarce gives trust for so much more :
 And now the gen'rous sap forsakes
 Her seir-grown twig : a breath ev'n shakes
 The down ripe fruit ; fruit soon divorc'd
 From her dear branch, untouch'd, unforce'd.
 Now sanguine Venus doth begin
 To draw her wanton colours in,
 And flees neglected in disgrace,
 Whilst Mars supplies her lukewarm place :
 Blood turns to choler : what this age
 Loses in strength, it finds in rage :
 That rich enamel, which, of old,
 Damask'd the downy cheek, and told

* *Voids* ; i. e. clears off.

A harmless guilt, unask'd, is now
 Worn off from the audacious brow ;
 Luxurious dalliance, midnight revels,
 Loose riot, and those venial evils
 Which inconfid'rate youth of late
 Could plead, now want an advocate :
 And what appear'd in former times
 Whisp'ring as faults, now roar as crimes ;
 And now all ye, whose lips were wont
 To drench their coral in the font
 Of fork'd Parnassus ; you that be
 The sons of Phœbus, and can flee
 On wings of fancy, to display
 The flag of high invention ; stay,
 Repose your quilts ; your veins grow four,
 Tempt not your salt beyond her pow'r ;
 If your pall'd fancies but decline,
 Censure will strike at ev'ry line,
 And wound your names ; the pop'lar ear
 Weighs what you are, not what you were :
 Thus, hackney-like, we tire our age,
 Spur gall'd with change from stage to stage.

*Seest thou the daily light of the greater world?
when attained to the highest pitch of meridian glory,
it stayeth not; but by the same degrees it ascended, it
descendeth. And is the light of the lesser world more
permanent? Continuance is the child of eternity, not of
time.*

EPIG. 13.

To the young man.

Young man, rejoice; and let thy rising days
Chear thy glad heart: think'st thou these uphill ways
Lead to death's dungeon? No; but know withal,
A rising's but a prologue to a fall.

JOHN xii. 35.

Yet a little while is the light with you.

1.

THE day grows old, the low-pitch'd lamp hath
 No less than treble shade, [made:
 And the descending damp doth now prepare
 T'uncurl bright Titan's hair ;
 Whose western wardrobe now begins t' unfold
 Her purples, fringe'd with gold,
 To cloath his ev'ning glory, when th' alarms
 Of rest shall call to rest in restless Thetis' arms.

2.

Nature now calls to supper, to refresh
 The spirits of all flesh ;
 The toiling plowman drives his thirsty teams,
 To taste the slipp'ry streams :
 The droiling* swineherd knocks away, and feasts
 His hungry whining guests :
 The box-bill ouzel †, and the dappled thrush,
 Like hungry rivals, meet at their beloved bush.

3.

And now the cold autumnal dews are seen
 To cobweb ev'ry green ;
 And by the low-thorn rowens ‡ doth appear
 The fast declining year :
 The sapless branches doff § their summer suits,
 And wain their winter fruits ;
 And stormy blasts have force'd the quaking trees
 To wrap their trembling limbs in suits of mossy freeze.

* *Droiling* ; i. e. drudging.‡ *Rowens* ; i. e. short latter-grass.† *Ouzel* ; i. e. blackbird.§ *Doff* ; i. e. cast off.

Hierog. 14.



Invidiosa Senectus.



4.

Our wasted taper now hath brought her light
 To the next door to-night ;
 Her sprightless flame, grown great with snuff, doth
 Sad as her neighb'ring urn : [turn
 Her slender inch, that yet unspent remains,
 Lights but to further pains ;
 And, in a silent language, bids her guest
 Prepare his weary limbs to take eternal rest.

5.

Now careful age hath pitch'd her painful plow
 Upon the furrow'd brow ;
 And snowy blasts of discontented care
 Have blanch'd the falling hair :
 Suspicious envy, mix'd with jealous spite,
 Disturbs his weary night :
 He threatens youth with age ; and now, alas !
 He owns not what he is, but vaunts the man he was.

6.

Grey hairs, peruse thy days ; and let thy past
 Read lectures to thy last :
 Those hasty wings, that hurry'd them away,
 Will give these days no day :
 The constant wheels of nature scorn to tire
 Until her works expire :
 That blast that nipt thy youth, will ruin thee ;
 That hand that shook the branch, will quickly strike
 [the tree.

S. CHRYS.

Grey hairs are honourable, when the behaviour suits with grey hairs : but when an antient man hath childish manners, he becometh more ridiculous than a child.

S E N.

Thou art in vain attained to old years, that repeatest thy youthfulness.

EPIG. 14.

To the youth.

**Seest thou this good old man ? He represents
Thy future, thou his preterperfect tense :
Thou go'st to labours, he prepares to rest :
Thou break'st thy fast, he sups, now which is best ?**



Hierog. 15.



Plumbeus in Terram.

PSALM XC. 10.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten.

1.

SO have I seen th' illustrious prince of light
 Rising in glory from his crocean * bed,
 And, trampling down the horrid shades of night,
 Advancing more and more his conqu'ring head;
 Pause first, decline, at length begin to shroud
 His fainting brows within a coal-black cloud.

2.

So have I seen a well-built castle stand
 Upon the tip-toes of a lofty hill,
 Whose active pow'r commands both sea and land,
 And curbs the pride of the beleag'ers' will:
 At length her age'd foundation fails her trust,
 And lays her tott'ring ruins in the dust.

3.

So have I seen the blazing taper shoot
 Her golden head into the feeble air;
 Whose shadow-gilding ray, spread round about,
 Makes the foul face of black-brow'd darkness fair;
 Till at the length her waffing glory fades,
 And leaves the night to her invet'rate shades.

4.

Ev'n so this little world of living clay,
 The pride of nature, glorify'd by art,
 Whom earth adores, and all her hosts obey,
 Ally'd to heav'n by his diviner part,
 Triumphs a while, then droops, and then decays;
 And, worn by age, death cancels all his days.

* *Crocean*; i. e. saffron-colour.

That

5.

That glorious sun, that whilom * shone so bright,
 Is now ev'n ravish'd from our darken'd eyes :
 That sturdy castle, mann'd with so much might,
 Lies now a mon'ment of her own disguise :
 That blazing taper, that disdain'd the puff
 Of troubled air, scarce owns the name of snuff.

6.

Poor bedrid man ! where is that glory now,
 Thy youth so vaunted ? where that majesty
 Which sat enthron'd upon thy manly brow ?
 Where, where that braving arm ? that daring eye ?
 Those buxom tunes ? those Bacchanalian tones ?
 Those swelling veins ? those marrow-flaming bones ?

7.

Thy drooping glory's blurr'd, and prostrate lies,
 Grov'ling in dust ; and frightful horror, now,
 Sharpens the glances of thy gashful eyes ;
 Whilst fear perplexes thy distracted brow :
 Thy panting breast vents all her breath by groans,
 And death enerves † thy marrow-wasted bones.

8.

Thus man that's born of woman can remain
 But a short time : his days are full of sorrow ;
 His life's a penance, and his death's a pain ;
 Springs like a flow'r to-day, and fades to-morrow :
 His breath's a bubble, and his day's a span ;
 'Tis glorious mis'ry to be born a man !

* *Whilom* ; i. e. heretofore.† *Enerves* ; i. e. enervates.

C Y P R.

When eyes are dim, ears deaf, visage pale, teeth decayed, skin decayed, breath tainted, pipes furred, knees trembling, hands fumbling, feet failing; the sudden downfall of thy house is near at hand.

S. A U G U S T.

All vices wax old by age: covetousness alone groweth young.

E P I G. 15.

To the infant.

What he doth spend in groans, thou spend'st in tears:
Judgment and strength's alike in both your years;
He's helpless; so art thou; what difference then?
He's an old infant; thou, a young old man.

END of the HIEROGLYPHICS.



ERRATA in the EMBLEMS.

P. 59. l. 15. for *light*, r. *night*.

98. l. 9. for *pulse*. r. *purse*.

125. l. 9. for *pack'd*, r. *pack*.

263. l. 3d from the bottom, for *will*, r. *will*.

To the R E A D E R.

A TRANSLATION of the Latin Motto's being desired by many, the editor readily fulfills his promise; but cannot help observing, that many of them turning upon the different meanings of the same word, and the mere sound of others; while reference is had, in several others, to names and things in the mythology and history of the antients; they will be but very imperfectly understood, after all, by the mere English reader, without explanations of a considerable length. A due attention, however, to the Epigrams before or after each Ode, will lead sufficiently into the author's design.

T R A N S L A T I O N S
O F T H E
L A T I N M O T T O ' S
I N
Q U A R L E S ' E M B L E M S .

B O O K T H E F I R S T .

EMBLEM

- I. **T**HE (fate of the) whole world is placed in this malignant tree.
- II. So one evil broke forth into all kinds of evil.
- III. That I may enjoy, I suffer; thou shalt suffer, but not enjoy.

B b

IV. Which

Translations of QUARLES's Motto's.

EMBLEM

- IV. Which is lightest? That to which love is adding more weight.
- V. The world is turn'd about by these.
- VI. 'Tis safe resting in the cross.
- VII. An enemy lies conceal'd; and dost thou indulge sloth?
- VIII. And by mirth it destroys (i. e. the world).
- IX. He who thinks to fix his foot firm on this world, will find he strives in vain.
- X. The rewards of both are but childish toys.
- XI. The world hastens to its destruction.
- XII. Plenty has made me needy.
- XIII. May fear act as a bridle to me, and love serve as a spur.
- XIV. O morning-star! bring the day.
- XV. Faith is enfeebled, and Justice has left the earth.

BOOK THE SECOND.

EMBLEM

- I. So light is destroyed by light.
- II. Until he can grasp the whole world.
- III. He does not love, but love entangles him.
- IV. How great a slavery does that bring on, which affords so slight a refreshment!
- V. All is not gold that glitters here.
- VI. So the world deceives.
- VII. This preserves the worst, and the other the best things.
- VIII. This

Translations of QUARLES's Motto's.

EMBLEM

- VIII. This music pleases children ; but that pleases men.
- IX. I dread a coming day.
- X. It sounds, 'tis empty.
- XI. Thou art mistaken ; through this, is the way to life.
- XII. On the cross, love stands secure.
- XIII. After the wound, comes the devil (i. e. after conviction, comes temptation).
- XIV. After a fall, I stand the firmer.
- XV. 'Tis open to heaven, and shut to the world.

The FAREWELL, at the End of Book V. p. 238.

To him that overcometh, it shall be given.
Be thou faithful unto death,—
And I will give thee a crown of life.
And faith crowns at the altar.

HIEROGLYPHICS.

- I. Without light, it is useless.
- II. Thou knowest not whence.
- III. Whithersoever it carrieth me.
- IV. By frequent trimming, it wastes away.
- V. By your help, I revive.
- VI. There shall be a time.
- VII. Neither with nor without thee.
- VIII. Nor doth virtue seek obscurity.

Translations of QUARLES'S Motto's.

EMBLEM

- IX. Infancy is cold like the moon.
X. Youth is thy offspring, O May!
XI. Now he seeks the joys of love,
XII. As the sun with manly ardour.
XIII. And breathes after war and arms.
XIV. Envious old-age.
XV. Like lead, into the earth he falls.
-

DIRECTIONS to the BINDER.

The *Cuts* to be placed facing the first Page of each Emblem, Hieroglyphic, and Ode, to which they respectively belong.

The *Translations of the Motto's* to Quarles' Emblems to be inserted at the End of that Part of the Work, after page 289.—And

The *Translations of the Motto's* to the School of the Heart, to be inserted immediately at the End of that Part of the Work ; after p. 154.

The *three reprinted Leaves*, in Book III. of Quarles' Emblems (viz. pages 101, 102—109, 110—145, 146) to be inserted instead of those before printed, which must be cancelled.

The CONTENTS of the *Odes* to the School of the Heart, to follow that Title ;—and omit the Half Title.



