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Let. from Baldwin

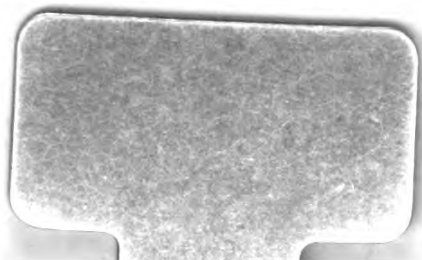
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27980 e. 71



DAVIDS { HAINOVS SINNE.
HEARTIE REPENTANCE.
HEAVIE PUNISHMENT.

BY THOMAS FULLER,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHURCH
HISTORY OF BRITAIN,"
ETC. ETC.



BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING,
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1869.

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DAVIDS { HAINOVVS SINNE.
HEARTIE Repentance.
HEAVIE Punishment.

EXODVS 35. 23.

*And every man, with whom was found—Goates
haire, and red skins of Rammes, and Badgers skins,
brought them. [to the building of the Tabernacle.]*

Ad Zoilum.

Thy Laies thou vtt'rest not, yet carpest mine,
Carpe mine no longer, or else utter thine.

By THOMAS FULLER Master of Arts of *Sidnye*
Colledge in *Cambridge*.



LONDON,
Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Iohn Bellamie*, dwelling at the
three Golden Lyons in *Cornehill*. 1631.



To the Honorable M^r. *Edward*,
M^r. *William*, and M^r. *Christopher Montagu*,
Sonnes to the Right Honora-
ble, *Edward Lord Montagu*,
of *Boughton*.

Faire Branches of a Stock as faire
Each a sonne, and each an heire :
Two *Iosepb*-like, from Sire so sage,
Sprung in Autumne of his age ;
But a *Benjamin* the other,
Gain'd with losing of his Mother.
This fruit of some spare hours I spent
To your Honours I present.

A King I for my subiect have,
And Noble Patrons well may crave ;
Things tripartite are fit for three,
With Youths, things youthful best a-
Take thē therfore in good part, (gre
Of him that ever prayeth in heart,
That as in height ye waxe apace,
Your Soules may higher grow in
(grace.

Whilst your Father (like the greene
Eagle in his Scutcheon seene,
Which with bill his age doth cast)
May longer still and longer last :
To see your Vertues o're increase
Your Yeares, ere he departs in Peace.
Thus I my Booke, to make an end,
To You : and you to God commend.

Your Honours | in all service

Tho. Fuller.





DAVIDS *Hainous Sinne.*

I.

How *Zions* Psalmist grievously offended,
How *Israels* Harper did most foulely slide,
Yet how that Psalmist penitent amended,
And how thar Harper patient did abide
Deserved chastisement, (so fitly stil'd,
Which wrath inflicted not, but love most mild,
Not for to hurt, but heale a wanton child.)

2.

How one by her owne Brother was defiled ;
And how that Brother by a Brother slaine ;
And how a Farher, by his Sonne exiled :
And by a Subject, how a Sovereigne :
How Peace procured after Battels fierce,
As *Sol* at length doth fullen cloudes dispierce ;
My Muse intends the subject of her Verse.

A 3

Great





DAVIDS

3.

Great God of might, whose power most Sovereigne,
Depends of none, yet all of thee depend,
Time cannot measure, neither place containe,
Nor wit of man thy Being comprehend :

For whil'ft I thinke on Three, I am confin'd
To One, and when I One conceive in minde
I am recal'd to Three, in One combin'd.

4.

Thy helpe I crave, thy furtherance I aske,
My head, my heart, my hand direct and guide,
That whilft I vndertake this weighty taske,
I from thy written lore start not aside :

Alas, 'tis nothing Lord with thee to breake
The strong, 'tis nothing to support the weake,
To make men dumbe, to make an Infant speake.

Each





HAJNOVS SJNNE.

5

EAch one begotten by immortall seed,
Becomes the pitcht feild of two deadly foes,
Spirit and Flesh, these never are agreed,
With trucelesse warre each other doth oppose ;
And though the Spirit oft the Flesh doth quell,
It may subdue but can it not expell,
So stoutly doth the Iebusite rebell.

6

Now *David* when on *Bathsheba* loose eyes
He fixt, his heavenly halfe did him diffwade;
Turne, turne away thy fight from vanities,
Exchange thy object, else thou wilt be made
Vnmindfull of thy Soule, her corps to minde,
Made for to lose the truth, such toyes to finde,
By looking long, made at the last, starke blinde.

A 4

What





DAVIDS

7.

What though her face, and body be most faire,
Behold, the Sun her beauty doth surpass;
His golden beames surmount her yellow hayre,
As far as purest Cristall, dyrtie glasse:
Her skinne, as is the skie, not halfe so cleare,
Her curious veines, for colour come not neare
Those azure streaks, that in the Heavens appeare.

8.

There let thy hungry fight her famine feede,
Whereon it cannot surfet with excesse:
Whil'ft tongue, heart, harp are tuned vp with speed,
The grand-contrivers glory to expresse:
Framing with words, to rayse his mighty name,
That with a mighty word, did rayse this frame,
And by his providence preserves the same.

But





HAINOVS SINNE.

9.

But let no lustfull thoughts lodge in thy minde,
Before that they be borne, they must be kill'd,
Or else the man is cruell that is kinde,
To spare the foes, wherewith his Soule is spill'd:
 And if a wanton motion may request,
 Leave for to lodge a limbe, th'incroaching gwest,
 Will foone command roome to receive the rest.

10.

Looke towards the midday Sun, and thou shalt see,
A little*tower, o're topps of hills to peepe;
That is the birth place of thy pedygree:
Full oft there hast thou fed thy fathers sheepe,
 And kept his flockes vpon the flowry plaine.
But now the Sheepe-hook of a country fwaine
Is turn'd the Scepter of of a Soueraigne.

*The Tower of *Eder*, nigh *Bethlē*, 7. miles from *Ierusalem*.



If



DAVIDS

I I

God made thee great, oh doe not him disgrace,
And by his weighty Statutes lightly fet,
Hee honour'd thee, oh doe not him debase,
Hee thee remembred, doe not him forget:
Why should fat * Ieshurun so wanton grow,
As at his Maisters head, his heeles to throw?
Maister; that all his feeding did bestow.

I 2

Behold high Cedars in the valley fet,
They in thy eyes like little shrubbs doe show,
Whil'ft little shrubbs vpon mount Oliuet,
Seeme lofty Cedars; men whose states are low
Their finnes are not so obvious to sense,
In Princes persons of great eminence,
A smaller fault doth seeme a great offence.

But

* Deut. 32. 15.





HAINOVS SINNE.

I 3

But grant, no man thy wickednes espies,
Surely the Searcher of the reines doth marke
Even infant luft, can figg-leaves bleare his eyes?
Or can thy shame bee shrowded in the darke?
Darknes shall then be turned into light,
Yea Darknes, is no Darknes, in his fight,
But seeme the fame to him, both day and night.

I 4

The Spirit had resolved more to speake,
But her halfe-spoken words, the Flesh confounds,
Nor wonder is it, she so vf'd to breake
Gods Lawes, not passing for to passe their bounds,
Against mans rules of manners should offend,
Which now impatient longer to attend,
Began before her Rivall made an end.

If





DAVIDS

15.

If euer Nature lavishly did throw
Her gifts on one, which might haue served more,
Yet make them comely, if shee e're did show,
The prime, and pride, and plenty of her store.
Loe, there's the forme wherein she hath exprest
Her utmost power, and done the very best,
Her maister-peece surpassing all the rest.

16.

What if those carelesse tresses were attired?
Sure then her face for comelines transcends,
What now seemes lovely, then would be admired,
If Art might but begin, where Nature ends.
Alas, ten thousand pitties'tis indeed,
That Princes, on so common fare should feed,
Whilst Common men, on princely meat exceed.

Always





HAYNOVS SYNNE.

17.

Alwayes the fame doth glut the appetite,
But pleased is our palate, with exchange,
Variety of dishes doth delight,
Then give thy loose affections leave to range.
Forbidden things are best, and when we eate
What we have slyly gotten by deceit,
Those morsels onely make the daynty meate.

18.

But oh, reserve thy selfe, my maiden Muse,
For a more modest subject, and forbear
To tune such wanton toyes, as may abuse,
And give distaste vnto a Virgins eare :
Such rotten reasons first from Hell did flow,
And thither let the fame in silence goe,
Best knowne of them, that did them never know.

Thus





DAVIDS

19

Thus hee that conquer'd men, and beast most cruell,
(Whose greedy pawes, with fellow goods were found)
Answer'd *Goliah's* challenge in a duell,
And layd the Giant groveling on the ground:
 He, that of *Philistims*, two hundred slue:
 No whit appalled at their grisly hue,
 Him one frayle womans beauty did subdue.

20

Man is a Shippe, affections the Sayle,
The world the Sea, our finnes the Rocks and Shelves,
God is the Pylot, if hee please to fayle,
And leave the steering of us, to our selves,
 Against the ragged Rocks wee run amaine,
 Or else the winding Shelves doe us detaine,
 Till God the *Palinure*, returnes againe.

Yet





HAYNOVS SYNNE.

21

YEt *David* bold to sinne, did feare the shame,
He shunn'd the sheath, that ran upon the knife,
With a fine fetch, providing for his fame,
Hee fetcheth home *Vriah* to his wife :

So under his chaste love, to cloake his owne
Vnlawfull lust, to fault most carelesse growne,
Most carefull that his fault should not be knowne.

22

But in their plots, God doth befoole the wise,
By wayes that none can trace, all must admire:
Short of his house that nigh *Vriah* lyes,
And *David* so came short of his desire :

The man a nearer lodging place did use,
(Which made the King on further plots to muse)
And sent home, home to goe, did thus refuse.

The





DAVIDS

23.

The pilgrime Arke doth fojourne in a tent,
In open fields, *Ioab* my Lord doth lye,
And all the souldiers of his Regiment,
Have Earth their beds, the Heaven their Canopy :
Where bitter blasts of stormy winds are rife.
Shall I goe feast, drink, dally with my wife?
Not, as I live, and by your Lordships life.

24.

Then by his servants *David* did conspire,
Uriahs lust so dull, with wine to edge :
(*Venus* doth freeze, where *Bacchus* yeelds no fire)
By their constraint, he condescends to pledge
One common cup that was begun to all
Captaines incamped nigh to *Rabba* wall;
One specially, vnto the Generall.

Abishay.





HAYNOVS SƷNNE.

25

Abishay next is drunke to, *Ioabs* brother,
And this cupp, to a second paves the way,
That orderly doth vs̄her in another ;
Thus wine once walking, knowes not where to stay :
Yea such a course methodicall they take,
In ordering of cupps, the same did make
Vriah quite, all order to forsake.

26

His false supporters soone begin to flipp,
And if his faltring tongue, doth chance to light
On some long word, hee speedily doth clip
The traine therof; yea his deceitfull fight,
All objects paired doth present to him:
As double faces, both obscure and dim,
Seeme in a lying looking-glasse to swim.

B

My





DAVIDS

27.

My prayers for friends prosperity, and wealth,
Shall ne're be wanting, but if I refuse ;
To hurt my selfe, by drinking others health,
Oh let ingenious natures mee exeuse :
If men bad manners this esteeme, then I
Desire to be esteem'd unmannerly,
That to liue well, will suffer wine to dye.

28.

Well did blind *Homer* see, for to expresse
This vice, that spawnes all other; when he faines,
Dame *Circe*, an enchanting Sorceresse,
Whose cupps, made many men forgoe their braines,
Whilst with the witleffe *Affe*, one purely doats,
Others mishaped are, like lustfull *Goates*,
Or swil-ingrossing *Swiue*, with greedy throats.

Though





HAFNOVS SJNNE.

29

Though bad, yet better was *Vriah* left,
Not quite a beast, though scarce a man, disturb'd
In minde, but not distracted, nor bereft
Of witt, though drunk, yet soberly hee curb'd
His lust, being wise, though ignorant, to crosse
The Kings designs, who now new thoughts doth
Finding his former project at a losse. (toffe,

30.

The Night with mourning weeds, the world becladd,
When restless *David*, for to mend his matter,
Did make it worse; his naked sinne was bad,
More Monstrous being maskt; they oft doe scatter
The chayne, that of Gods lawes vnloose a linke:
Hee swam before in sinne, nigh to the briuke,
But now he meanes in midst thereof to sinke.

B 2

Then





DAVIDS

31

Then for a light, hee speedily did call,
(Thou Darknes with his project best agree'd)
For paper, pen, and inke, to write withall,
Though sure a poniard, might have done the deed,
Better if hee in blood had dipped it,
And on a sheet of paper what he writ,
A winding sheet far better did befit.

32

This certs I know, as Sepian juice did finke
Into his spongy paper, fabling o're
The same, with various-formed specks of inke,
Which was so pure and lilly-white before:
So spots of sinne the writers foule did staine,
Whose soylie tincture did therein remaine
Till brinish teares had washt it out againe.

Next





HAFNOVS SJNNE.

33

Next day, when day was scarce an infant growne,
Vriah, (that no mischiefe did mistrust,
As none hee did deserve, but by his owne
Did measure all mens dealings to bee just)
Bearing this letter, on his journey past
With speed, who needed not to make such haft
Whose death, had he gone slow, did come too fast.

34

Thus crafty Maisters, when they minde to beate
A carelesse boy, to gather birch they send him ;
The little lad, doth make the rod compleat,
Thinking his Maister therefore will commend him :
But busily imploy'd, he little tbought,
Hee made the net, wherein himselfe was caught
And must be beaten, with the birch hee brought.

B 3

His





DAVIDS

35.

His journey came well to the welcome end,
Safe to the * Towne of Waters hee attaines,
Towne which to force, *Ioab* his force did bend,
(Nought is so hard, but vincible by paines) (hand
Some with their heads did plot, some with their
Did practise, yea as ready was the band
To ferve, as was the Captaine to command.

36.

So busie Bees, some fly abroad at large,
Of flowry Nectar for to fetch their fill,
Some stay at home, for to receive their charge,
And trustily, the liquor doe distill :
Or bottle it in waxe, whilst others strive,
Like sturdy Martials, far away to drive
The drowfy Droanes, that harbour in the hiue.

The

• *Rabba*, 2 Sam. 12. & 27.





HAYNOVS SYNNE.

37

The strong-arm'd Archer, from his crooked Bow,
Made a strait shaft, with dismall newes to speed
Into the towne which ne're return'd to show,
The sencer, how his message did succeed :
 Yea heaue bodies, mounted were on high,
 Dull stones, to which Dame Nature did deny
 Feete for to goe, Art made them wings to fly.

38

Whilft iu the towne, one with his friend did talk,
A sudder stroake did take his tongue away,
Some had their leggs arrested, as they walke,
By Martiall law, commanding them to stay:
 Here falls a massy beame, a mighty wall
 Comestumbling there, and manymen doth maule,
 Who were both slaine, and buried by the fall.

B 4

Were





DAVIDS

39.

Were there not vsed in the dayes of yore,
Enough men-murdering Engines? But our age,
Witty in wickednes, muft make them more,
By newfound plotts, mens malice to inrage:
So that fire-spitting Canons, to the coft
Of Christian blood, all valour have ingroft.
Whose finding, makes that many a life is loft.

40.

Whilst thus the well appointed army fought,
Winding in worm-like trenches neare the wall,
To humble the proud towers, *Vriah* brought
The speaking paper to the Generall,
Who when fuch language hee therein did finde,
Hee thought himfelfe, or els the king was blinde,
Himfelfe in body, or the king in minde.

Then





HAINOVS SINNE.

41

Then hee the letter did peruse againe,
The words, the words of *David* could not bee,
And yet the hand, for *Dauids* hand was plaine,
Hee thought it was, and thought it was not hee :
 Each little line, he thorowly did view,
 Till at the length, more credulous he grew,
 And what he thought was false, he found too true.

42

Now *Ioab* let thy valour be display'd,
Act not a midwife, to a deed vnjust,
By feare or fauour, be not ouerfway'd,
To proue a Pandar, to a Princes lust ;
 Returne a humble answer back againe,
 Let each word breath submission, to obtaine
 By prayers, a conquest of thy Soueraigne.

Shew





DAVIDS

43.

Shew how when God and countries good requires,
Then substance, soule and body to ingage,
Is the ambition of thy best desires,
Foes forraine to resist, to quell their rage,
 How willingly would'ft thou thy selfe despise,
 Count losing of thy goods, a gainfull prize,
 Lavish thy blood, and thy life sacrifice?

44

But when Gods lore, directly doth withstand,
And where his lawes, the contrary convince,
Wee must not breake the heauenly kings command,
Whilst we do seeke to please an earthly Prince :
 The burdens they impose on us to beare,
 Our dutie is to suffer them; but where
 Kings bid, and God forbids, we must forbear.

Behold





HAINOVS SINNE.

45

Behold the man, whose valour ouce furred, mounted,
In facking Zions mount, (mount not fo high
As men therein were haughty) and accounted,
Of Worthies chiefe, doth moft unworthily :
 Hee that to fumme the people of the land
 Withftood the King, now with the King doth ftand
 Too buxome for to finish his command.

36

Next morne, when early *Phæbus* firft arofe,
(Which then arofe laft in *Vriah's* fight)
Him *Ioab* in the forfront did difpofe,
From whom, the reft recoyled in the fight:
 Thus of his friends, betray'd by subtill traine,
 Affaulted of his foes, with might and maine,
 He loft his life, not conquered, but flaine.

His





DAVIDS

47

His mangled body, they expose to scorne,
And now each cravin coward dare defie him,
Outfaring his pale visage, which before
Were palsy-ftrook, with trembling to come nigh him:
 Thus heartlesse hares, with purblind eyes do peere
 In the dead Lyons pawes, yea daftard Deere,
 Over his breathlesse corps dare domineere.

The





Dauids hearty Repentance.

I

THE tongue of guiltlesse blood is never ti'd
In the earth's mouth, & though the greedy ground
Her gaping crannies quickly did provide,
To drinke the liquor of *Vriah's* wound,
Yet it with moanes, bescattered the skies,
And the revoicing Eccho, with replies,
Did descant on the playnsong of the cries.

2

Hereat the Lord, perceiving how the field,
Hee sow'd with grace, and compast with an heape,
Of many mercies, store of finnes did yeild,
Where he expected store of thankes to reape,
With flames of anger, furnace-like be burn'd,
For patience long despis'd, and lewdly spurn'd
Is at the length to raging fury turn'd.

Then





DAVIDS

3

Then all the Creatures, mustered their traine,
From Angells vnto worms, the blinde did see
Their Lord disgrac't, whose honour to maintaine
Things wanting life, most liuely seeme to be;
Refusing all to serue Man, that refus'd:
To serue his God, all striving to be us'd,
To punish him, his maker that abus'd:

4

Please it your Highnes, for to giue me leave,
Il'e scorch the wretch to cinders, said the *Fire* ;
Send me, said *Aire*, him Il'e of breath bereave;
No, quoth the, earnest *Water*, I desire
His foylie finnes with deluges to scoure ;
Nay, let my Lord quoth *Earth*, imploy my power,
With yawning chapps, I will him quick deuoure.

Soone





HEARTY *Repentance.*

5

Soone with a word, the Lord appeaf'd this strife,
Injoyning filence, till he did vnfold
That precious volume, cald The booke of life,
Which he the Printer, priuiledg'd of old,
Containing those he freely did imbrace,
Nor ever would I wish an higher grace,
Than in this Booke to have the lowest place.

6

Within this Booke, hee sought for *Davids* name,
Which having found, he proffered to blot,
(And *David* surely well deserv'd the fame,
That did his nature so with finne bespot,
Though none are blotted out, but such as never
Were written in, nothing Gods love can sever,
Once written there, are written there for ever.)

Strait





DAVIDS

7

Strait from his throne, the Prince of peace arose,
And with embraces did his Father binde,
Imprisoning his armes, he did so close,
(As loving Iuye on an oake did winde,
And with her curling flexures it betraile)
His father glad, to finde his force to fayle,
Strugled, as one not willing to prevaile.

8

Thus then began the Spotlesse lambe to speake,
(One word of whom, would rend the sturdy rocke;
Make hammer-scorning Adamant to breake,
And vnto sense, perfwade the senses stocke,
Yea God himselfe, that knowes not to repent,
Is made by his petitions, penitent,
His Iustice made, with Mercy to relent)

Why





HEARTYE Repentance.

9

Why doth my Fathers fury burne so fierce ?
Shall *Persian* lawes vnalterable stand ?
And shall my Lord decree, and then reverse,
Enact, and then repeale, and countermand ?
Tender thy credit, gracious God, I crave,
And kill not him, thou didst conclude to save,
Can these hands blot, what these hands did ingrave?

10.

Hath not thy wisdome, from eternity,
Before the worlds foundation first was lay'd,
Decree'd, the due time once expir'd, that I
Should Flesh become, and Man borne of a Maide ?
To live in poverty, and dye with paine,
That so thy Sonne, for sinners vilely slaine,
Might make vile Sinners bee thy Sonnes againe.

C

Let





DAVIDS

I I.

Let me, oh let me, thy feirce wrath affwage,
And for this finner, begg a full discharge,
What though hee juſtly doth prouoke thy rage?
Thy Iuſtice I will ſatiſſie at large.

If that the Lord of life muſt murder'd bee,
Let mee intreat, this murd'rer may goe free,
My Meritts caſt on him, his Sinnes on me.

I 2.

Thus ſpeaking, from his fragrant cloaths there went
A pleaſant breath, whoſe odour did excell,
Myrrhe, Aloes, and Caffia for ſent,
And all perfum'd his Father with the ſmell,
Whereat his ſmoothed face moſt ſweetly ſmil'd,
And hugging in his arms, his deareſt child, (milde.
Return'd theſe welcome words, with voyce moſt

Who





HEARTJE Repentance.

I 3

Who can so pleasing violence withstand?
Thy crauing, is the hauing a request,
Such mild intreaties, doe my heart command,
The 'mends is made, and pacifi'd I rest:
As far as Earth, from Heaven doe distant lye,
As East is parted from the Westerne skye,
So far his finnes, are fever'd from mine eye.

I 4

Hereat the heavenly Quire, lift vp their voyce,
Angells and Saints imparadif'd combine,
Vpon their golden Violls, to rejoyce,
To rayse the prayse of the cœlestiall Trine,
All in their songs a sacred strife exprest,
Which should sing better, and surpasse the rest,
All did surpasse themselves, and sang the best.

C 2

Then





DAVIDS

15.

Then said the *Fire*, my fury I recant,
Life-hatching warmth, I will for him provide:
If *Davids* breathlesse lungs do chance to pant,
Said *Aire* , Il'e fanne them with a windy tide:
 With moisture, Il'e said *Water* , quench his heat,
 And I his hunger, quoth the *Earth* , with meat,
 Of marrow, fatnesse, and the flower of Wheat.

16

Thus when a Lord, long buried in disgrace,
A King to former favor doth restore,
With all respect the Court doth him embrace,
Fawning as fast, as they did flowte before :
 Whose smiles, or frownes, are but the bare reflexiō
 Of the Kings face, and like to this direction,
 Where hee affects, they settle their affection.

Plaine





HEARTJE Repentance.

I 7

PLaine-dealing *Nathan*, presently was sent:
Nathan, than whom, was none more skil'd to lanch
A festred soule, and with a searhing tent,
To found the fore; more cunning none to stanch
A bleeding-hearted sinner, nor more kinde,
With swadling cloaths of comfort, for to binde
Vnjoynted members, of a troubled minde.

I 8

Hee did not flow with wealth, which envye breeds,
Nor yet was he with penury opprest ;
Want is the cause, from which contempt proceeds:
His meanes were in the meane, and that's the best.
High hills are parcht with heate, or hid with snow,
And humble dales, soone drown'd, that lie too low,
Whilst happy graine, on hanging hills doth grow.

C 3

For





DAVIDS

19.

For fundry duties, he did dayes devide,
Making exchange of worke, his recreation ;
For prayer, he fet the precious morne aside,
The midday he bequeath'd to meditation :
 Sweete sacred stories, he reserv'd for night,
 To read of *Moses* meeknes, *Sampsons* might,
 These were his joy, these onely his delight.

20.

But now dispensing with his dayly taske,
To court he comes, and wisely did invent,
Vnder a parable, his minde to maske,
Seeming to meane nought lesse, than what he meant,
 And Lapwing-like, round fluttering a while,
 With far-fetcht præface and a witty wile,
 Hee made the King himselfe for to beguile,

Thus





HEARTJE Repentance.

21

Thus he that thought all mortall men to cheate,
And with false shewes, his secreet finnes to shade,
Was couzned by the innocent deceite,
Of one plaine Prophet, and directly made,
As he a Iudge fate on the bench, to stand,
At barr a prisoner, holding* up his hand,
*But first condemned by his owne command.

22

Goe fond affectors of a flanting straine,
Whose sermons strike at finnes with slenting blowes,
Give me the man that's powerfull and plaine,
The Monster Vice, vnmasked to expose :
Such Preachers doe the foule, and marrow part,
And cause the guilty conscience to smart,
Such please no itching eares, but peirce the heart.

C 4

This

*Thou art the man. *The man that hath done this thing shal dye.





DAVIDS

23.

This made King *Davids* marble minde to melt,
And to the former temper to returne,
Thawing his frozen breast, when as he felt
The lively sparks of grace therein to burne,
Which vnder ashes cold, were choakt before;
And now hee weeps, and wayles, and sighs full fore,
Though sure such sorrow, did his joy restore.

24.

So have I seene one slumber'd in a ffound,
Whose fullen soule into his heart did hye,
His penfive frien'ds, soone heave him from the ground,
And to his face life-water doe apply:
At length, a long-expected sigh doth strive
To bring the wellcome newes, the man's alive,
Whose soule at last, doth in each part ariue.

Then





HEARTIE Repentance.

25

Then to his Harpe, he did himselfe betake,
(His tongue-tide harpe, long growne out of request,)
And next to this his glory must awake,
The member he of all accounted best: (wring,
Then with those hands, which hee for grieffe did
Hee also lightly strikes the warbling string,
And makes one voice serve both to sob and sing.

26

That heavenly voyce to heare, I more desire,
Than *Syren's* sweetest songs, than musicke made
By *Philomele* chiefe of the winged quire;
Or him, whose Laves so pleasing, did perswade
Stones for to lackcy, when he went before,
Or that brave harper, whom unto the shore,
His hackny Dolphin safely did restore.

Most





Dauids Heavie Punishment.

I

MOft true it is, when Penitents by grace
Acquitted are, the pardon of their finnes,
And punishments release, do both imbrace,
Like to a paire of vndivided twinns,
Parted they cannot be, they cleave so fast,
Yet when the tempest of Gods wrath is past,
Still his afflicting hony-shower doth last.

2

But let the Schooles, these thorny points dispute,
Whose searching fight can naked truth discry,
Sculking in Errors arms, and are acute,
Fine-fingred with distinctions to untye
Knotts more than Gordian, these men never mist
The slender marke, like * those in whose left fist,
There did so much dexterity consist.

Meane

*Iudges 20. 16.





Dauids heavie Punishment

3

Meane time, my Muse, come see how prettily
The patient Infant doth it selfe behave,
Infant, but newly borne, now neare to * dye,
That from the cradle, posted to the grave,
See with what silent signes, and fighes full faine,
Poore heart, it would expresse where lies the paine,
Complaining, that it knowes not to complaine.

4

Stay cruell Death thy hand for pittie hold,
Against some aged grand-fire bend thy bow,
That now hath full, twice forty winters told,
Whose head is silver'd or'e, with ages snow:
Dash out this Babe, out of thy dismall bill,
And in exchange, let him thy number fill,
So may he life, his friends enjoy him still.

Those

* The death of King *David's* Child.





DAVIDS

5.

Those hands to hurt another, never fought,
Which cannot help themselves, they are so weak;
His heart did never hatch a wanton thought,
His tongue did never lye, that cannot speake :
By wrong and violence, he ne're did wrest
The goods, wherewith his Neighbour is possesst,
Whose strength scarce servs to suck his nurse's brest

6

But ah, this Infant's guilt from him proceeds,
That knew the least, when most he sought to know,
Who was most nak't, when cloathed in his weeds,
Best cloathed then, when naked he did goe :
In vayne the wit of wisest men doth strive,
To cut off this intayle, that doth derive
Death unto all, when first they are alive.

As





HEAVY Punishment.

7

As when a tender Rose begins to blow,
Yet scarce unswadled is, some wanton maide
Pleas'd with the smell, allured with the show,
Will not reprove it, till it hath display'd
The folded leaves, but to her breast applie's
Th' abortive bud, where confined it lye's
Losing the blushing Dye, before it die's:

8

So this babes life, newly begun, did end
Which sure receiv'd the substance, though not sign'd
With graces seale; God freely doth attend
His ordinance, but will not be confin'd
Thereto, when'ts not neglected, nor despis'd,
They that want *Water* are by *Fire* baptiz'd,
Those sanctifi'd, that ne'er were circumcis'd.

Sweete





DAVIDS

9

Sweet Babe, one Sabbath thou on earth didst see,
But endles Sabbath, doest in heaven survive,
Grant, Death of joyfull howers deprived thee,
Thou hadst seene yeares of sorrowes, if alive: (crown'd
True, thou wert borne a Prince, but now art
A King by Death, sleepe therefore in the ground
Sweetly, vntill the Trnmpet last shall found.

10

By this childs death, King *David* did sustaine
One losse; but where this misery did end,
More miseries began : as in a chayne,
One linke, doth on another linke depend :
His lust, with lust, his slaying with a slaughter
Must punish't be : proportion'd thereafter
To Mother sinne, is punishment the Daughter.

Amnon





HEAVEN Punishment.

I I

A *Mnon* advis'd by *Ionadab*, a fit
Of sicknesse faines : Men wickedly inclin'd,
Worse counsellors, (that with great store of wit
Have dearth of grace) most easly may find ;
And *Thamar's* hands, his meate must onely make:
Ah happy age, when Ladies learn't to bake,
And when Kings Daughters knew to knead a cake.

I 2

Rebecka was esteem'd of comely hew,
Yet not so nice her comelinesse to keepe,
But that shee water for the cammells drew ;
Rachell was faire, yet fedd her fathers sheepe,
But now for to supply *Rebeck's* place,
Or doe as *Rachell* did, is counted base,
Our dainty dames, would take it in disgrace.

But

* The deflowring of *Thamar*.





DAVIDS

I 3

But quickly did his beaftly luft declare,
That he, to eate her daynties, had no neede,
He for the cooke, not for the cates did care,
Shee was the difh, on whom he meant to feed :
 Oh how fhe pray'd, & ftrove with might & maine!
 And then from ftiving, fell to prayers againe,
 But prayers, and ftiving, both alike in vayne.

I 4

Thus a poore Larke imprifon'd in the cage
Of a Kites claws, moft sweetly fings at large
Her owne Dirge whilft fhee feeks to calme his rage,
And from her jaylor, fue's for a difcharge ;
 Who paffing for no mufick that furpaff,
 To feede his eares, whilft that his gutts doe faft,
 On her that pray'd fo long, doth prey at laft.

Then





HEAVEN Punishment.

15

Then with dust-powdre'd haire she fore bewayles,
And punisht on herselfe, her brothers sinne,
Parting her maiden livery with nayles,
That parted was with colours, and wherein
 White streaks, their owners innocence did show ;
 The bashfull *Red*, her modesty ; the row
 Of *Sable*, forrowed for the wearers woe.

16

Comfort thy selfe more vertuous, than faire,
More faire, than happy virgin, mourne with measure,
Sinnes unconsented to, no soules impaire,
That must be done perchance with bodies pleasure,
 Which with the griefe of soule may be constrain'd
 The casket broke, the jewell still remain'd,
 Vntoucht, which in the casket was contain'd.

D

In





DAVIDS

17.

IN his brest * *Absolon* records this wrong :
Out of our minds, good turns doe quickly passe,
But injuries therein remaine too long,
Those scraul'd in dust, but these ingrav'd in brasse,
One Sun-set for our anger should suffice,
Which in his wrath fet oft, oft did arise,
With yearly race, furrounding twice the skies.

18.

Now when his fruitfull flocks, which long had worne
Their wollen coates, for to make others hot,
Were now to forfeit them, and to be shorne,
(Sure from the filly sheepe, his divelish plott,
Their owner never learnd) hee finds a way,
To worke revenge, and called on that day,
His brothers to a feast, which pro'vd a fray.

What

* The murdering of *Amnon*.





HEAVEN Punishment.

19

What *Amnon* drunke in wine, in blood he spilt,
Which did the dainties marre, and meate defile,
Cupps, carpetts, all with goary streakes were gilt,
Seeming to blush, that cruelty so vile,
 So fowly savage, should the banquet staine :
 Thus he that being well, did sicknesse faine,
 Not being ficke, was on a suddaine flaine.

20

The rest refused on the meate to feede,
Whose bellies were so full with griefe, and feare
To feele, what they had seene ; away they speed
To ride : but Fame did fly, fame that doth weare
 An hundred listning eares, an hundred eyes,
 An hundred prating tongues, she dayly plies,
 Tongues, that both tell the truth, and tattle lyes.

D 2

Shee





DAVIDS

21.

She gets by going, and doth gather strength,
As balls of snow, by rolling more doe gaine,
She whispr'd first, but lowdly blaz'd at length,
All the Kings Sonnes, all the Kings sonnes are flaine:
The pensive Court, in dolefull dumps did rue
This dismall case, till they the matter knew,
Would all bad news, like this, might prove untrue.

22.

Goe filly foules, that doe so much admire,
Court-curious intertainment, and fine fare,
May you for mee obtaine what you desire,
I for your fowles of *Phasis* do not care,
If that such riots at your feasts be rife,
And all your meate, so sowerly sauc'd with strife,
That guests to pay the shot, must lose their life.

Happy





HEAVJE Punishment.

23

Happy those Swaines, that in some shady bower,
Making the grasse their cloath, the ground their board,
Doe feede on mellow fruite, or milks fine flower,
Vving no wine, but what their wells afford :
 At these did malice never bend her bow,
 Their state is shot free, it is set so low,
 They overlooke, that would them overthrow.

24

FAst unto *Geshure*, flies the patricide,
To shelter there himselfe, the sentence fore
Of angry justice, fearing to abide,
Oh happy turne had he return'd no more,
 Who wonted guise, kept in a country strange,
 Those that abroad, to forraine parts do range,
 Their climate, not conditions doe exchange :

D 3

Return'd





DAVIDS

25.

Return'd: at entrance of the Court he* stands,
If any futors there he chanc't to finde,
Hee steales their hearts, by taking of their hands,
And sucked out their soule, with kisses kinde :
 He of their name, cause, citty doth inquire,
 Proud men prove base, to compasse their desire,
 They lowest crouch, that highest do aspire.

26.

Before such kisses come vpon my face,
Oh, let the deadly Scorpion me sting,
Yea rather than such armes should me imbrace,
Let curling Snakes about my body cling :
 Than such faire words, I'de rather heare the fowle
 Vntuned schreeching of the dolefull Owle,
 Or heare the direfull mountaine Wolfe to howle.

Some

* *Abfolons* aspiring to the kingdome.





HEAVEN Punishment.

27

Some men affirme, that *Abolon* doth found
In the worlds oldest tongue [of peace a father]
But certs I know that such mistake their ground,
[Rebellious sonne] sure it importeth rather :
 And yet why so? sith since I call to minde,
 Than the *Clementes* none were more vnkind,
 Then *Innocent*, more nocent none I finde.

28

Then borrowing the plaufible disguise
Of holinesse, he mas'kt his plot so evill,
Vnder the good pretence of sacrifice,
(A Saint dissembled is a double Devill.)
 But sure were these the vowes, he went to pay,
 His Sire, that harmeleffe sheepe he vow'd to slay,
 Who o're mount *Olives* weeping fled away.

D 4

This





DAVIDS

29.

This makes mee call my Saviours grieffe to minde,
Who on * this mount, because the Lewes were growne
So wicked, those that said they saw, so blind,
Mourn'd for their sins, that mourn'd not for their own:
 Much did hee weepe for others that forbad,
 Others to weepe for him, whose being sad
 Hath made his Saints, for ever since, full glad.

30.

Downe comes the King to *Jordan*: on the sand
If that the saylors chance to ground the boat,
A flood of teares they straitwayes did command,
Whose large accession, made the vessell floate:
 And if a blast of winde, did chance to faile,
 So greivously the people did bewayle,
 Their very fighs might serve to stuffe the sayle.

Thus

* Luke 19. 42.





HEAVY Punishment.

31

Thus was the King, in his owne land exil'd,
His subjects were his hoast, and he their guest,
Whose place was ill supplied by his child,
(Vnhappy Bird defiling his owne nest)
That tooke his fathers wives, in open fight,
Those that do want of grace the shun-shine bright,
Extinguish oft dim Natures candle light.

32

The blushing Sun, no sooner did behold
So beastly lust, but sought his face to shrowd,
And shrinking in his beames of burnish't gold,
Was glad to sculke within a fullen cloud :
The shamefac't birds, with one wing faine to fly,
Did hold their other fanne before their eye,
For feare they should such filthinesse espie.

What





DAVIDS

33

What needed he, to keepe alive his name,
Erect a pillar? Sure this damned deed,
Makes us remember, and detest the fame,
That in the worlds last doating age succeed:
 Yea when that Braffe, that seemeth time to scorne,
 Shall be by all-devouring time out-worne,
 His name they'le beare in minde that are not borne.

34

But * he that gave this counsell, did not speed,
Who speeding home on witleffe asse amaine,
(Asse that for wit, his rider did exceed,)
'Cause he his will at Court could not obtaine,
 Did make his Will at home: the peevish elfe
 Amongst his household parts his cursed pelfe,
 Carefull of that, but carelesse of himselfe.

Oh

* *Achitophel* hanging himselfe.





HEAVY Punishment.

35

Oh suddaine thought of thy mortality !
Thou art not yet so thorough worne with age,
None in thy face such Symptoms can espy,
Which should so neare approaching death præfage :
Thy state is not distempered with heate,
Thy working pulse doth moderatly beate, (pleate.
All outward things seeme whole, seeme all com-

36

But ghostly is thy griefe: thou that by treason,
Against thy Leige, so lately wast combin'd,
Thy passions now rebell against thy Reason,
Reason, that is the Soveraigne of thy minde,
And seeke for to disturbe it from the throne :
Strive, strive to set these civill broyles at one,
Order thy selfe, and let thy house alone.

A





DAVIDS

37

A chayne of hemme, he to his necke made fast,
By tying of which knot, hee did vntye
The knot of Soule and Body, and at laft
Stopping the paffage of his breath, thereby
 A paffage for his Soule, wide opened hee:
 Thus traytors, rather than they fhould goe free,
 Themfelves the hangmen of themfelves will bee.

38

His friends, to balme his body spare no coft,
With fpices seeking to perfume a finke,
For certs I know, their labour was but loft,
His rotten memory, will ever ftinke,
 His foule thereby was nothing bettered,
 Because his corps were bravely buried,
 Tombeſ pleaſe the living, profit not the dead.

How





HEAV'E Punishment.

39

How many worthy Martyrs vilely flaine,
Made meate for fowles, or for the fire made fuell,
Though ground, they could not for a grave obtaine,
Were not leffe happy, but their foes more cruell,
Vnburied bodies made not them unbleft,
Their better halfe, did finde an heavenly rest,
And doth injoy, joyes not to be exprest.

40

Leave we the Traytor thus, vpon whose hearffe,
My Muse shall not a precious teare mis-spend,
Proceeding to bemoane in dolefull verse,
How * two great bands, with cruell blowes contend,
Whole clouds of arrowes, made the skye to lowre,
Dissolv'd at length, into a bloody showre,
Till Steele kill'd many, wood did more deuoure.

* *The battell betwixt Abfalon and Davids men.*

Oh





DAVIDS

41

Oh, let it not be publish't in the path,
That leads unto th' incestuous seed of *Lot*,
Tell not these tidings in the towne of *Gath*,
In *Ascalon*, see ye proclaime it not,
Leaft these rejoyce at this calamity,
Who count your fame, their greatest infamy,
Your wofull jarrs, their wellcome melody.

42

Had *Rachel* now reviv'd, her sonnes to see,
Their bloody hands, would make her heart to bleed,
Each a *Benoni* unto her would be;
Had *Leah* liv'd to see herselfe agree'd
To fall out with herselfe, with teares most fure,
She would have made her tender eyes past cure,
Who ever wonn, she must the losse endure.

The





HEAVJE Punishment.

43

The conquest (which her verdict long suspended)
Hover'd aloft, not knowing where to light;
But at the last, the lesser side befrended
With best successe; the other put to flight,
More trusted a swift foote, than a strong fist,
Most voices oft of Verity have mist,
Nor in most men, doth Victory consist.

44

The gracelesse sonne was plung'd in deepe distresse,
For earth his weight, no longer would endure,
The angry heavens denied all accessse,
Vnto a wretch so wicked, so impure:
At last the heavens and earth with one consent,
A middle place, vnto the monster lent,
Above the earth, beneath the firmament.

His





DAVIDS

45

His skittish Mule, ran roving in the fields,
And up high hills, downe dales, o're woods did prance,
Seeming with neighing noyfe, and wanton heeles,
In token of great joy to sing and dance,
That now her maister, she should beare no more,
(An heauy bulke, whose finnes did weigh fo fore)
Now rid of him, that rid on her before.

46

Cry *Absolon*, cry *Absolon* amaine,
And let thy winged prayers, pierce the skye,
Oh to the spring of pittie, soone complaine,
That ne're is dammed up, nor drained dry,
Thy fault confesse, his favour eke implore,
Much is thy misery, his mercy more,
Thy want is great, but greater is his store.

Condemne





HEAVEN Punishment.

47

Comdemne thyfelfe, and he fhall thee acquitt,
Doe thou but pray, hee'le pittie thy eftate,
Confefse thy debt, he will the fame remit,
It never was too foone, its ne're to late:
 Alas; long finners fcarfe at laft relent,
 Hee gives not all offenders to repent,
 That granteth pardon to all penitent.

48

Whilft thus his life fufpended was on high,
Bold-ventrous *loab* opened his heart,
(Heart, where much treason lurked privily)
And peir'ct his body with a triple dart:
 Then Crimfon blades of graffe, whereon he bleeds,
 Did ftraitwayes dye, and in their roome fucceeds
 A fruitfull wilderneffe, of fruitleffe weeds.

E

When





DAVIDS

49.

When *David* heard the Victory was gain'd,
But his sonne loft(as Iordan waxing ranke,
Or'e flowes the land, and scornes to be restrain'd,
To have his Tide, ti'de in a narrow banke)
Surges of forrow in his heart did rise,
And brake the watry fluces of his eyes,
Who lightned thus himselfe, with heauy cries :

50.

My sonne, whose body had of grace the fill,
My sonne, whose soule was so devoid of grace,
Without my knowledge, and against my will,
My sonne, in cause so bad, so strange a place :
My sonne, my sonne, for which I most complaine,
I feare in soule, as in the body flaine,
Would I might dye, that thou migh't live againe.

Now





HEAVEN Punishment.

51

Now when this griefe was fwallow'd, not digested,
The subjects flock't, King *David* to restore,
Who in an instant, love what they detested,
Detest in th' instant, what they lov'd before:
 People like weather-cocks wav'd with the wind,
 We constant, in unconstancy may finde,
 As time counts minutes, so they change their mind.

52

Amongst the rest, that came the King to meete,
Lame-legd *Mephibosheth*, but loyall hearted,
Was one, that never washt his cloaths, or feete
(Except with teares) since *David* first departed ;
 Feete, which by fall from nurfes armes began
 To halt, with him a child, so fast she ran,
 That he could never goe, when growne a man.

E 2

Not





DAVIDS

53.

Not much unlike, if it give no distaste,
That reall truths, I doe with trifles match,
Whilst that my posting Muse, with headlong haste
Doth strive her rurall Layes for to dispatch,
Halting Invention, for the want of heede,
And lame unjoynted lines from her proceede,
And seldome things done speedily, doe speed.

54.

But here an vnexpected jarre arose,
Whilst people, for most part in Prince contended,
Which grew from bitter words to bloody blowes,
The King, quoth *Iudah*, of our Tribe descended,
Hee of our flesh is flesh, bone of our bone :
Nay, answer'd *Israel*, in the King wee owne
Ten parts, a single share is yours alone.

Whilst





HEAVY Punishment.

55

Whilst sparkes of discord thus began to smoake,
To finde the bellows, *Sheba* did conspire,
(**Sheba* that proudly did disdain the yoke)
And blowing of a trumpet, blew the fire:
Then those that claimed ten, disdain'd all part
In *David*, taught by his seducing art,
They discontented to their tents depart.

56

This Rebell, *Ioab* whilst to quell he strives,
A nameles woman (in the booke of life
Her name is kept, that kept so many lives)
Procur'd that he, who stirred up the strife,
The body of the Common-wealth to rend
From Prince the head, whereon it did depend,
With head, from body rent, his life did end.

E 3

By

*The sonne of *Belial*.





DAVIDS

57

By his death many Citizens surviv'd,
The losse of Traytors blood, did prove their gaine,
Soone cea'ft the flood of Discord, thence deriv'd,
When they the factious fountaine did restraine.
This warre, a vile man with *a word did rayse,
Vnto his shame, which to her endlesse prayse,
A worthy Woman with a *word allaies.

58

So in our land, a noble Queene arose,
As we have heard our fathers oft relate,
A Maide, yet Manly to confound her foes,
A Maide and yet a Mother to the State: (finde,
Which she weake, like to crumbling bricke did
Which strong, as lasting marble she resign'd,
Gold and Gods worship, both by her refin'd.

Shee

*What part have we in *David*, &c. *His head shall be thrown, &c.





HEAVEN Punishment.

59

She having florished in great renowne,
In spite of power, and policy of *Spaine*,
Did change her earthly, for an heavenly crowne,
And cea'ft to rule o're men, with God to raigne:
 Fourty and foure *Novembers* fully past,
 (Aie me that winged time should poft so fast)
 To Chrift her love, she wedded was at laft.

60

This Sunne thus fet, there followed no Night
In our Horizon, ftrait another Sunne,
Moft happily continued the light,
Which by the first was hopefully begunne:
 And, what might moft amaze all mortall eyes,
 Never before out of the *Northern* skies,
 Did men behold bright *Phæbus* to arife.

E 4

Arts





DAVIDS

61.

Arts did increase his fame, he did increase
The fame of Arts, and counting twice eleven
Twelve months upon his throne, this Prince of peace,
By falling to the Earth, did rise to Heaven:
Then downe our cheeks tears hot & cold did flow,
Those for the Sire decea'ft, expre'ft our woe,
Those joy, for his succeeding Sonne did show.

62.

Live gracious Leige, whose Vertues doe furmout
All flattery, and Envy them admires,
Center of grace and greatnesse, live in Court,
Till that thy kingdome with the world expires:
Wee subjects wish thee worft, that love thee best,
Who here long to injoy thee, doe request,
That late thou mayft injoy an heavenly rest.

And





HEAVJE Punishment.

63

And thou young Prince, hope of the future age,
Succeed to Fathers Vertues, Name, and Crowne,
A new Starre did thy Saviours birth præfage,
His death, the Sun eclipsed did renowne :
But both of these conjoynd to adorne
Thy wellcome birth, the Sun with age fo worne
Did seeme halfe dead, and a young ftarr was borne.

64

But what dost thou, my ventrous Muse, præfume
So far above thy dwarf-like strength to straine ?
Such soaring soone will melt thy waxen plume,
Let those heroike sparks, whose learned braine,
Doth merit chapletts of victorious bayes,
Make Kings the subjects of their lofty layes,
Thy worthlesse praying doth their worth dispraise

Strike





DAVIDS

65

Strike saile, and to thy matter draw more neare,
And draw thy matter nearer to an end,
Though nought prayse-worthy in thy verse appeare,
Yet strive that shortnesse may the same commend :
 Returne to see, where *Ioab* homeward goes,
 To see his Friends, that had subdu'd his foes ;
 His souldiers, and himselfe there to repose.

66

Thus when two aduerse winds, with strong command,
Summon the Sea, the waves that both do feele,
Dare follow neither, but in doubt do stand,
Whilst that the shippes with water drunke doe reele
 With men, for grieffe of drowning, drown'd in grieffe,
 Vntill at length, a Calme brings them reliefe,
 And stills the storme, that had so long bene briefe.

Oh





HEAVEN Punishment.

67

Oh that I might but live to see the day,
(Day, that I more desire, than hope to see)
When all these bloody discords done away,
Our Princes, in like manner might agree :
 When all the world, might smile in perfect peace,
 And these long-lasting broyls, at length might cease
 Broyles, which (alas) doe dayly more increafe.

68

The *Neatherlands*, with endlesse warrs are toft,
Like in successe, to their unconstant tide,
Losing their gettings, gaining what they loft.
Denmarke both sword, and *Baltick* seas divide :
 More blood, than juice of grape nigh *Rhine* is shed;
 And *Brunswicke* Land will not be comforted,
 But cries, My Duke, alas, my Duke is dead.

The





DAVIDS

69

The warrs in *France*, now layd aside, not ended,
Are onely skinned ouer with a scarre,
Yea haughty *Alps*, that to the clouds ascended,
Are ouer-climbed with a bloody Warre:

And *Maroes* birth place *Mantua*, is more
Made famous now for *Mars*, and battell fore,
Than for his Muse, it famed was before.

70

Sweden to stopp th' Imperiall flood provides,
(May his good cause, be crown'd with like successe,
And they, that now please none, to please both sides
May they themselves, his trusty friends expresse.)

But *Turks* the Cobweb of their Truce, each howre
Doe breake, they wayte a time, but want no powre,
Nor will, warr-wearied Christians to deuoure.

But





HEAVY Punishment.

71

But let the cunning *Chymicke*, whose exact
Skill, caused Light from darknesse to proceed,
Out of disorder order can extract,
Make in his due time all these jars agree'd,
Whose greivances may be bemoan'd by men,
By God alone redressed; and till then
They more befitt my Prayers than my Pen.

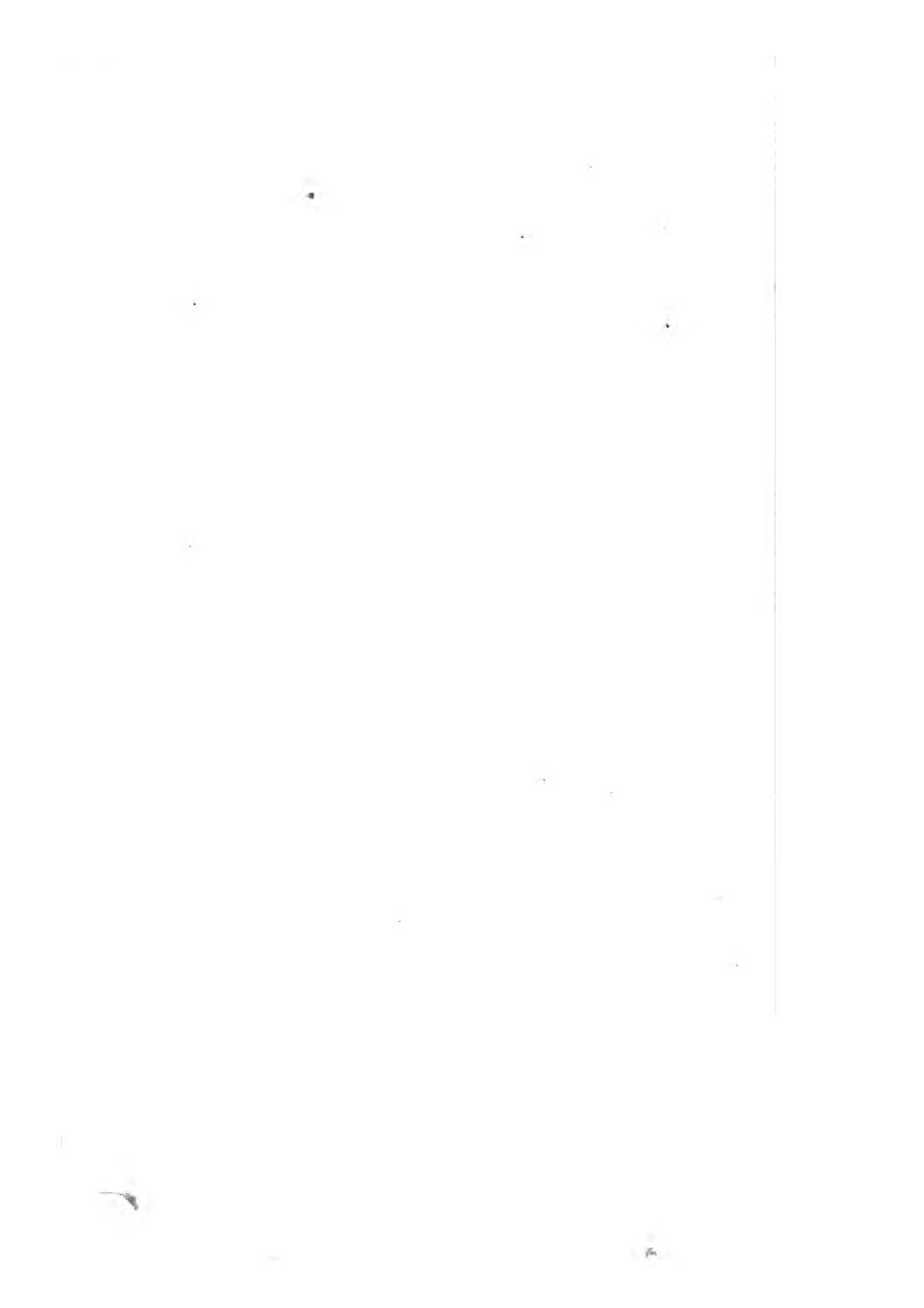
ΤΩ ΜΟΝΩ ΔΟΞΑ ΘΕΩ.

FINIS.









14/1 -

