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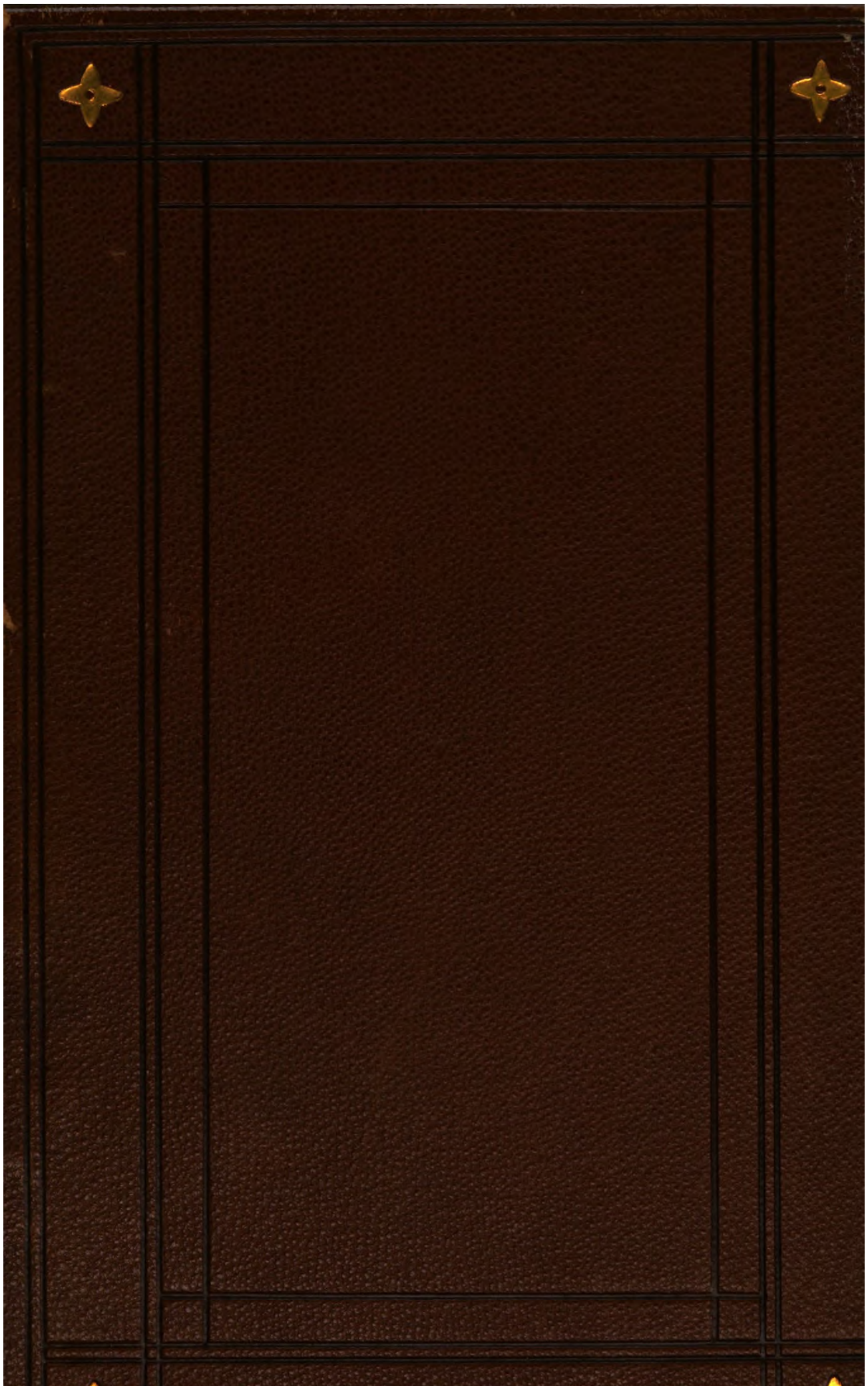
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·FIDE·SPE·AMORE·

RICARDI·JOHNSON·WALKER



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JUVENILIA;
A
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS,

WRITTEN BY
GEORGE WITHER,
IN TWO VOLUMES.

CONTENTS:

ABUSES STRIPT AND WHIPT,
PRINCE HENRY'S OBSEQUIES.
A SATYRE TO THE KING.
EPITHALAMIA, OR NUPTIAL POEMS.
THE SHEPPARD'S HUNTING,
HIS MOTTO.
and
HYMNS and SONGS OF THE CHURCH,
&c. &c.

VOLUME II.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. S. FOR JOHN BUDGE, DWELLING IN
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD, AT THE SIGN OF
THE GREEN DRAGON. 1622.

1910 VUB



[SELECTIONS FROM]
PRINCE HENRY'S
OBSEQUIES;

Or
MOURNFUL ELEGIES
upon his Death:

With
A supposed Inter-locution between
the Ghost of Prince *Henry*, and
Great Britain.

By **GEORGE WITHER.**

LONDON,
Printed by *T. S.* for *John Budge*, dwelling in Pauls-
Church-yard at the Sign of the Green
Dragon. 1622.



TO THE RIGHT HONOU-
rable, *Robert Lord Sidney of Penshurst,*
Vicount *Lisley*, Lord Chamberlain to the
Queen's Majesty, & L. Governor of
Flushing, and the Castle of *Ramekins*.

GEORGE WITHER presents these Elegiac-
Sonnets, and wisheth double Comfort after his
two-fold sorrow.

Anagrams on the name of Sir *William*
Sidney Knight, deceased.

Gulielmus Sidneius.

En vilis, gelidus sum.

* But *

Ei nil luge, sidus sum,

BESIDE our great and *universal* care,
(Wherein you one of our chief sharers are)
To add more *grief* unto your *griefs* begun,
Whilst we a *Father* lost, you lost a *Son*,
Whose hapless want had more apparent been,
But darkened by the *Other* 'twas unseen,

Which well perceiving, loth indeed was I
 The *Memory* of one so dear should die :
 Occasion thereupon I therefore took
 Thus to present your Honour with this Book.
 (Unfained and true mournful *Elegies*,
 And for our HENRY, my last *Obsequies*)
 That he which did your *Son's* late death obscure,
 Might be the *mean* to make his fame endure.
 But this may but renew your former woe :
 Indeed and I might well have doubted so,
 Had not I known that *Virtue*, which did place you
 Above the common sort, did also grace you
 With gifts of *mind*, to make you more excel,
 And far more able, *Passion's* rage to quell.
 You can and may with moderation moan,
 For all your comfort is not lost with one :
Children you have, whose *Virtues* may renew
 The comfort of decaying *Hopes* in you.
 Praised be God, for such great blessings giving,
 And happy you to have such comforts living.
 Nor do I think it can be rightly said
 You are unhappy in this *One* that's dead :
 For notwithstanding his first *Anagram*
 Frights, with * *Behold, now cold, and vile I am ;*
 Yet in his last he seems more cheerful far,
 And joys with * *Soft, mourn not, I am a Star.*
 Oh, great preferment ! what could he aspire
 That was more high, or you could more desire ?

* The English of this *Anagram*.

Well, since his soul in heaven such glory hath,
 My *Love* bequeaths his *Grave*, this *Epitaph*.

EPITAPH.

Here under lies a SIDNEY : and what then ?
Dost think here lies but relics of a man ?
Know 'tis a cabinet did once include
 Wit, Beauty, Sweetness, Court'sie, Fortitude.

So let him rest, to *Memory* still dear,
 Till his *Redeemer* in the clouds appear.
 Mean while accept his *Will*, who meaning plain
 Doth neither write for Praise, nor hope of Gain.
 And now your *Tears* and private *Grief* forbear
 To turn unto our *Great* and *Public Care*.

Your Honour's true honorer,

George Wither.

To the whole world in general, and more
 particularly to the Isles of Great *Britain*
 and Ireland, &c.

BIG-SWOLN with sighs, and almost drown'd in tears'
 My *Muse* out of a dying trance up rears ;
 Who yet not able to express her moans,
 (Instead of better utterance) here groans.
 And lest my close-breast should her health impair,
 Is thus amongst you come to take the air.
 I need not name the griefs that on her seize,
 Th'are known by this beyond th' *Antipodes*.
 But to your view some heavy rounds she brings,
 That you may bear the burthen, when she sings :
 And that's but *Woe*, which you so high should strain,
 That heaven's high vault might echo't back again.
 Then, though I have not strived to seem witty,
 Yet read, and reading note, and noting pity.
 What though there's others show in this more art,
 I have as true, as sorrowful a heart :
 What though *Opinion* give me not a *Name*,
 And I was ne'er beholding yet to *Fame* ?
 Fate would (perhaps) my *Muse*, as yet unknown,
 Should first in *Sorrow's* livery be shown.
 Then be the witness of my discontent,
 And see if griefs have made me eloquent :
 For here I mourn for your-our public loss,
 And do my penance at the *Weeping Cross*.

The most sorrowful,

G. W.

DEATH, that by stealth did wound *P. Henry's* heart,*
 Is now ta'en captive, and doth act the part
 Of one o'ercome, by being too too fierce,
 And lies himself dead under *Henry's* hearse :
 He therefore now in heavenly tunes doth sing,
Hell! where's thy triumph? Death! where is thy sting?

*The date of the prince's death was the 6th Nov. 1612. HUME speaks of him in the following terms: "This year the sudden death of Henry, Prince of Wales, diffused an universal grief throughout the nation. Though youth and royal birth, both of them strong allurements, prepossess men mightily in favour of the early ages of princes, it is with peculiar fondness that historians mention Henry; and in every respect his merit seems to have been extraordinary. He had not reached his eighteenth year, and he already possessed more dignity in his behaviour, and commanded more respect, than his father, with all his age, learning, and experience. Neither his high fortune, nor his youth, had seduced him into any irregular pleasures: business and ambition seem to have been his sole passion. His inclinations as well as exercises were martial. The French Ambassador taking leave of him, and asking his commands for France, found him employed in the exercise of the pike: *Tell your king*, said he, *in what occupation you left me engaged*. He had conceived great esteem and attention for the brave Sir Walter Raleigh. It was his saying, *Sure no king but my father would keep such a bird in a cage.*"

PRINCE HENRY'S OBSEQUIES.

ELEG. 1.

NOW that beloved HENRY'S glass is run,
 And others' duties to his body shewn;
 Now that his sad-sad *Obsequies* be done,
 And public sorrow's well-nigh over-blown:
 Now give me leave to leave all joys at one
 For a dull melancholy loneliness;
 To pine my self with a self-pining moan,
 And fat my grief with solitariness.
 For if it be a comfort in distress
 (As some think) to have sharers in our woes,
 Then my desire is to be comfortless,
 (My soul in public grief no pleasure knows.)
 Yea, I could wish, and for that wish would die,
 That there were none had cause to grieve but I.

ELEG. 4.

First for thy loss, poor world-divided Isle,
 My eyes pay grief's drink-offering of tears:
 And I set by all other thoughts awhile
 To feed my mind the better on my cares.

I saw how happy thou wert but of late
 In thy sweet *Henry's* hopes; yea, I saw too
 How thou didst glory in thy blessed state;
 Which thou indeed hadst cause enough to do.
 For when I saw thee place all thy delight
 Upon his worth; and then when thou didst place it,
 (And thy Joy almost mounted to her height)
 His hapless end so suddenly deface it;
 Methought I felt it go so near my heart,
 Mine ach'd too with a sympathizing smart.

ELEG. 5.

For thee, Great *JAMES!* my springs of sorrow run,
 For thee my Muse a heavy song doth sing,
 That hast lost more in losing of thy Son,
 Than they that lose the title of a King.
 Needs must the pains that do disturb the head
 Disease the body throughout every part;
 I therefore should have seem'd a member dead,
 If I had had no feeling of this smart.
 But oh! I grieve, and yet I grieve the less,
 Thy Kingly gift so well prevail'd to make him
 Fit for a Crown of endless happiness,
 And that it was th' Almighty's hand did take him,
 Who was himself a book for Kings to pore on,
 And might have been thy ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΝ ΔΩΡΟΝ.

ELEG. 6.

For our fair Queen my grief is no less moving,
 There's none could e'er more justly boast of child ;
 For he was every way most nobly loving,
 Most full of manly courage, and yet mild.
 Methinks I see what heavy discontent
 Beclouds her brow and over-shades her eyne ;
 Yea, I do feel her loving heart lament ;
 An earnest thought conveys the grief to mine.
 I see she notes the sadness of the Court,
 Thinks how that here, or there, she saw him last ;
 Remembers his sweet speech, his graceful sport,
 And such like things to make her Passion last.
 But what mean I? let grief my speeches smother !
 No tongue can tell the sorrows of the Mother.

ELEG. 7.

Nor thine, sweet *Charles!* nor thine, *Elizabeth!*
 Though one of you have gain'd a Princedom by't :
 The grief he hath to have it by the death
 Of his sole Brother, makes his heart deny't.
 Yet let not Sorrow's black obscuring cloud
 Quite cover and eclipse all comfort's light :
 Though one fair Star above our height doth shroud,
 Let not the Earth be left in darkness quite.

Thou, *Charles!* art now our hope; God grant it be
 More certain than our last; we trust it will;
 Yet we shall have a loving fear of thee:
 The burned child the fire much dreadeth still.
 But God loves his, and whate'er sorrows threat,
 I one day hope to see him *Charles* the Great.

ELEG. 11.

See, see, fair Princess! I but nam'd thee yet,
 Meaning thy woes within my breast to smother;
 But on my thoughts they do so lively beat,
 As if I heard thee sighing, *Oh my Brother!*
 Methinks I heard thee calling on his name,
 With plaining on his too-ungentle fate;
 And sure the *Sisters* were well worthy blame,
 To shew such spite to one that none did hate.
 I know thou sometime musest on his face,
 (Fair as a woman's, but more manly-fair)
 Sometime upon his shape, his speech, and pace,
 A thousand ways thy griefs themselves repair.
 And oh! no marvel, since your sure-pure loves
 Were nearer, dearer, than the *Turtle-Doves'*.

ELEG. 12.

How often, oh! how often did he vow
 To grace thy joyful look'd-for Nuptials;

But oh, how woeful, oh, how woeful now,
 Will they be made through these sad Funerals !
 All pleasing parlies that betwixt you two,
 Public or private, have exchanged been,
 All thou hast heard him promise for to do,
 Or by him in his life performed seen,
 Calls on remembrance : the sweet name of Sister,
 So oft pronounc'd by him, seems to take place
 Of *Queen* and *Empress*; now my thoughts do whisper,
 Those titles one day shall thy virtues grace.
 If I speak true, for his sweet sake that's dead,
 Seek how to raise dejected *Britain's* head.

ELEG. 14.

Thy brother's well, and would not change estates
 With any Prince that reigns beneath the sky ;
 No, not with all the world's great Potentates :
 His plumes have borne him to Eternity.
 He reigns o'er **Saturn* now, that reign'd o'er him :
 He fears no Planet's dangerous aspect,
 But doth above their constellations climb,
 And earthly joys and sorrows both neglect.
 We saw he had his Spring amongst us here ;
 He saw his Summer, but he skipt it over,

* *Saturn* ruled in the hour of his death.

And Autumn now hath ta'en away our dear ;
 The reason's this, which we may plain discover,
 He shall escape (for so th' Almighty wills)
 The stormy Winter of ensuing ills.

ELEG. 15.

I grieve to see the woeful face o' th' Court,
 And for each grieved member of the land ;
 I grieve for those that make these griefs their sport,
 And cannot their own evil understand.
 I also grieve to see how vices swarm,
 And Virtue, as despis'd, grow out of date ;
 How they receive most hurt that do least harm,
 And how poor honest Truth incurreth hate.
 But more, much more I grieve that we do miss
 The joy we lately had, and that he's gone,
 Whose living presence might have helpt all this :
 His everlasting absence makes me moan.
 Yea, most I grieve that *Britain's* Hope is fled,
 And that her darling, brave Prince *Henry's* dead.

ELEG. 16.

Prince *Henry* dead ! what voice is that we hear ?
 Am I awake, or dream I, tell me whether ?
 If this be true, if this be true, my dear,
 Why do I stay behind thee to do either ?

Alas ! my fate compels me ; I must 'bide
 To share the mischiefs of this present age :
 I am ordain'd to live till I have tried
 The very worst and utmost of their rage.
 But then, why mourn I not to open view,
 In sable robes, according to the rites ?
 Why is my hat without a branch of yew ?
 Alas ! my mind no compliment delights,
 Because my grief, that Ceremony lothes,
 Had rather be in heart, than seem in clothes.

ELEG. 17.

Thrice happy had I been, if I had kept
 Within the circuit of some little Village,
 In ignorance of Courts and Princes slept,
 Manuring of an honest half-plough tillage ;
 Or else I would I were as young again
 As when ELIZA, our last *Phoenix*, died ;
 My childish years had not conceived then
 What 'twas to lose a Prince so dignified.
 But now I know ; and what now doth't avail ?
 Alas ! whilst others, merry, feel no pain,
 I melancholy sit alone and wail :
 Thus sweetest profit yields the bitter'st gain.
 By disobedience we did knowledge get,
 And sorrow, ever since, hath follow'd it.

ELEG. 18.

When as the first sad rumour fill'd my ear
 Of *Henry's* sickness, an amazing terror
 Struck through my body, with a shuddering fear,
 Which I expounded but my frailty's error.
 For though a quick misdoubting of the worst
 Seem'd to foretel my soul what would ensue,
 God will forbid, thought I, that such a curst
 Or ill presaging thought should fall out true :
 It cannot sink into imagination,
 That He whose future glories we may see
 To be at least all *Europe's* expectation,
 Should in the prime of age despoiled be ;
 For if a hope so likely nought avail us,
 It is no wonder if all other fail us.

ELEG. 19.

Again, when one had forc'd unto my ear
My Prince was dead; although he much protested,
 I could not with belief his sad news hear,
 But would have sworn and sworn again he jested.
 At such a word, methought, the town should sink,
 The earth should down unto the centre cleave,
 Devouring all in her hell-gaping chink,
 And not so much as sea or island leave.

Some comet, or some monstrous blazing star
 Should have appear'd, or some strange prodigy ;
 Death might have shown't us, though't had been afar,
 That he intended some such tyranny.

But God (it seemeth) did thereof dislike,
 To shew that he will on a sudden strike.

ELEG. 20.

Thus unbelieving, I did oft enquire
 Of one, of two, of three, and so of many ;
 And still I heard what I did least desire,
 Yet grounded *Hope* would give no faith to any.
 Then at the last my heart began to fear ;
 But as I credence to my fears was giving,
 A voice of comfort I began to hear,
 Which to my fruitless *Joy* said, *Henry's* living !
 At that same word, my *Hope*, that was forsaking
 My heart, and yielding wholly to despair,
 Revived straight, and better courage taking,
 Her crazed parts so strongly did repair,
 I thought she would have held it out ; but vain :
 For oh ! e'er long, she lost it quite again.

ELEG. 22.

O cruel and insatiable *Death!*
 Would none suffice, would none suffice but he ?

What pleasure was it more to stop his breath,
 Than to have choak'd, or kill'd, or poison'd me ?
 My life for his, with thrice three millions more,
 We would have given as a ransom to thee ;
 But since thou in his loss hast made us poor,
 Foul Tyrant ! it shall never honour do thee ;
 For thou hast shewn thyself a spiteful fiend.
 Yea, Death ! thou didst envy his happy state,
 And therefore thought'st to bring it to an end ;
 But see, see whereto God hath turn'd thy hate :
 Thou meant'st to mar the bliss he had before,
 And by thy spite hast made it ten times more.

ELEG. 23.

'Tis true I know, Death with an equal spurn
 The lofty turret and low cottage beats,
 And takes impartial each one in his turn ;
 Yea, though he bribes, prays, promises, or threats,
 Nor man, beast, plant, nor sex, age nor degree,
 Prevails against his dead-sure striking hand ;
 For then, e'er we would thus despoiled be,
 All these conjoin'd his fury should withstand.
 But oh ! unseen he strikes at unaware,
 Disguised like a murdering *Jesuit* :
 Friends cannot stop him that in presence are ;
 And which is worse, when he hath done his spite,

He carries him so far away from hence,
None lives that hath the power to fetch him thence.

ELEG. 28.

May not I liken *London* now to *Troy*,
As she was that same day she lost her *Hector*?
When proud *Achilles* spoil'd her of her joy,
(And triumph'd on her losses) being victor?
May not I liken *Henry* to that Greek,
That having a whole world unto his share,
Intended other worlds to go and seek?
Oh no, I may not: they unworthy are.
Say whereto, *England!* whereto then shall I
Compare that sweet departed Prince, and thee?
That noble King bewail'd by *Jeremy*,
Of thee (Great Prince!) shall the example be;
And in our mourning we will equal them
Of woeful *Juda* and *Jerusalem*.

ELEG. 29.

You that beheld it, when the mournful train
Pass'd by the wall of his forsaken park,
Did not the very grove seem to complain
With a still murmur, and to look more dark?
Did not those pleasant walks (oh! pleasing then,
Whilst there he, healthful, used to resort)

Look like the shades of death, near some foul den?
 And that place there, where once he kept his court,
 Did it not at his parting seem to sink?
 And all forsake it, like a cave of sprights?
 Did not the earth beneath his chariot shrink,
 As grieved for the loss of our delights?
 Yea, his dumb steed, that erst for none would tarry,
 Pac'd slow, as if he scarce himself could carry.

ELEG. 30.

But oh! when it approach'd th' impaled court,
 Where *Mars* himself envied his future glory,
 And whither he in arms did oft resort,
 My heart conceived a right tragic story.
 Whither, Great Prince! O whither dost thou go?
 (Methought the very place thus seem'd to say)
 Why in black robes art thou attended so?
 Do not, Oh do not, make such haste away.
 But art thou captive, and in triumph too?
 Oh me! and worse too, lifeless, breathless, dead.
 How could the monster, Death, this mischief do?
 Surely the coward took thee in thy bed;
 For whilst that thou art arm'd within my list,
 He dar'd not meet thee like a martialist.

ELEG. 31.

Alas ! who now shall grace my tournaments,
 Or honour me with deeds of chivalry ?
 What shall become of all my merriments,
 My ceremonies, shows of heraldry,
 And other rites ? who, who shall now adorn
 Thy *Sister's nuptials with so sweet a presence ?
 Wilt thou forsake us, leave us quite forlorn,
 And of all joy at once make a defeasance ?
 Was this the time pick'd out by destiny ?
 Farewell, dear Prince ! then, since thou wilt be gone ;
 In spite of death, go live eternally,
 Exempt from sorrow, whilst we mortals moan ;
 But this ill-hap. instruct me shall to fear,
 When we are joyful'st, there's most sorrow near.

ELEG. 32.

Then, as he past along, you might espy
 How the griev'd vulgar, that shed many a tear,
 Cast after an unwilling parting eye,
 As loth to lose the sight they held so dear :
 When they had lost the figure of his face,

* His sister Elizabeth's nuptials with the Count Palatine were postponed in consequence of the death of the Prince.

Then they beheld his robes; his chariot then,
 Which being hid, their look aim'd at the place,
 Still longing to behold him once again.
 But when he was quite past, and they could find
 No object to employ their sight upon,
 Sorrow became more busy with the mind,
 And drew an army of sad passions on;
 Which made them so particularly moan,
 Each amongst thousands seem'd as if alone.

ELEG. 36.

Had he been but my Prince, and wanted all
 Those ornaments of virtue that so graced him,
 My love and life had both been at his call,
 For that his fortune had above us placed him:
 But his rare hopefulnes, his flying fame,
 His knowledge and his honest policy,
 His courage much admir'd, his very name,
 His public love and private courtesy,
 Join'd with religious firmness, might have mov'd
 Pale Envy to have prais'd him; and sure he,
 Had he been of mean birth, had been belov'd;
 For, trust me! his sweet parts so ravish'd me,
 That, if I err yet pardon me therefore,
 I lov'd him as my Prince, as *Henry* more.

ELEG. 37.

Methought his royal person did foretel
 A kingly stateliness, from all pride clear:
 His look majestic seemed to compel
 All men to love him, rather than to fear.
 And yet, though he were every good man's joy,
 And the alonely comfort of his own,
 His very name with terror did annoy
 His foreign foes, so far as he was known.
Hell droop'd for fear, the *Turkey Moon* look'd pale;
Spain trembled; and the most tempestuous Sea,
 (Where *Behemoth*, the *Babylonish Whale*,
 Keeps all his bloody and imperious plea)
 Was swoln with rage, for fear he'd stop the tide
 Of her o'er-daring and insulting pride.

ELEG. 38.

For amongst divers virtues rare to find,
 Though many I observ'd, I mark'd none more
 Than in Religion his firm constant mind,
 Which I set deep upon remembrance' score;
 And that made *Romists** for his fortunes sorry:

* "Violent reports," says *Hume*, "were propagated, as if Henry had been carried off by poison; but the physicians, on opening his body, found no symptoms to confirm such an opinion." A report was also prevalent that the Romanists had meditated his death.

When therefore they shall hear of this ill-hap,
 Those mints of mischiefs will extremely glory,
 That he is caught by him whom none shall 'scape.
 Yet boast not, *Babel!* thou insult'st in vain ;
 Thou hast not yet obtain'd the victory :
 We have a Prince still, and our King doth reign ;
 So shall his seed and their posterity.

For know, God, that loves his and their good tenders,
 Will never leave his faith without defenders.

ELEG. 44.

From passion thus to passion could I run,
 Till I had over-run a world of words :
 My Muse, might she be heard, would ne'er have done ;
 The subject matter infinite affords.
 But there's a mean in all : with too much grieving
 We must not of God's providence despair,
 Like cursed Pagans, or men unbelieving.
 'Tis true, the hopes that we have lost were fair ;
 But we beheld him with an outward eye,
 And though he in our sight most worthy seem'd,
 Yet God saw more, whose secrets none can spie,
 And finds another whom we less esteem'd.

So *Jesse's* eldest sons had most renown,
 But little *David* did obtain the Crown.

ELEG. 45.

Let us our trust alone in God repose,
 Since Princes fail; and maugre *Turk* or *Pope*,
 He will provide one that shall quail our foes:
 We saw he did it when we had less hope.
 Let's place our joys in him, and weep for sin;
 Yea, let's in time amend it, and foresee
 (If loss of earthly hope hath grievous been)
 How great the loss of heaven's true joys may be.
 This if we do, God will stretch forth his hand
 To stop those plagues he did intend to bring,
 And pour such blessings on this mournful Land,
 We shall for IO, *Hallelujah* sing;
 And our dear JAMES, if we herein persever,
 Shall have a *Son* to grace his Throne for ever.

[The panegyric of Mr. Dalrymple, in his *Extracts from Wither's Juvenilia* 1785, that this poem "is so different from the common stile of Court Funeral Elegies, that it would be unpardonable to consign it to that oblivion which such pieces generally deserve," has induced the editor to select pretty copiously from it. Several of the elegies are certainly composed in a strain of dignified sorrow, and are creditable to the feelings of Wither, who seems to have looked up to the Prince and his Sister as the patrons and protectors of his future destinies. They are not discreditable also to his poetical abilities.]

A
S A T I R E,

Written to the *KING's*
most Excellent Majesty,

BY

GEORGE WITHER,

When he was Prisoner in
the *Marshalsea*, for his first
B O O K.

L O N D O N :

Printed by T. S. for *John Budge*, dwelling in Paul's
Church-yard, at the Sign of the Green
Dragon. 1622.



The Satire to the mere Courtiers.

SIRS! I do know your minds : you look for fees,
For more respect than needs, for caps and knees ;
But be content; I have not for you now,
Nor will I have at all to do with you.
For, though I seem opprest, and you suppose
I must be fain to crouch to Virtue's foes,
Yet know, your favours, I do slight them more
In this distress than e'er I did before.
Here to my Liege a message I must tell ;
If you will let me pass, you shall do well ;
If you deny admittance, why then know,
I mean to have it whe'er you will or no.
Your formal wisdom which hath never been
In ought but in some fond invention seen,
And you that think men born to no intent
But to be train'd in apish compliment,
Doth now (perhaps) suppose me indiscreet,
And such unused messages unmeet.

But what of that? Shall I go suit my matter
Unto your wits, that have but wit to flatter?
Shall I of your opinions so much prize
To lose my will, that you may think me wise,
Who never yet to any liking had,
Unless he were a knave, a fool, or mad?
You Mushrooms! know, so much I weigh your
 powers,
I neither value you, nor what is your's.
Nay, though my crosses had me quite out-worn,
Spirit enough I'd find your spite to scorn;
Of which resolv'd, to further my adventure,
Unto my King, without your leaves I enter.

To the Honest Courtiers.

BUT you, whose only worth doth colour give
To them, that they do worthy seem to live,
Kind Gentlemen ! your aid I crave, to bring
A Satire to the presence of his King.
A shew of rudeness doth my forehead arm ;
Yet you may trust him : he intends no harm.
He that hath sent him, loyal is, and true,
And one, whose love (I know) is much to you ;
But now, he lies bound to a narrow scope,
Almost beyond the Cape of all good Hope.
Long hath he sought to free himself, but fails ;
And therefore seeing nothing else prevails,
Me, to acquaint his Sovereign, here he sends,
As one despairing of all other friends.
I do presume that you will favour shew him,
Now that a messenger from thence you know him,

For many thousands that his face ne'er knew,
Blame his accusers, and his fortune rue ;
And by the help which your good word may do,
He hopes for pity from his Sovereign too.
Then in his presence with your favours grace him,
And there's no vice so great shall dare out-face him.

To the King's most Excellent
M A J E S T Y.

A S A T I R E.

Quid tu, si pereo?

WHAT once the Poet said, I may avow,
'Tis a hard thing not to write Satires now;
Since what we speak (abuse reigns so in all),
Spite of our hearts, will be satirical.
Let it not therefore now be deemed strange,
My unsmooth'd lines their rudeness do not change;
Nor be distasteful to my gracious King,
That in the cage my old harsh notes I sing,
And rudely, make a Satire here unfold
What others would in neater terms have told.
And why? my friends and means in court are scant;
Knowledge of curious phrase and form I want;
I cannot bear to run myself in debt,
To hire the groom, to bid the page entreat
Some favour'd follower to vouchsafe his word
To get me a cold comfort from his Lord.

I cannot sooth, though it my life might save,
 Each favourite, nor crouch to ev'ry knave.
 I cannot brook delays as some men do,
 With scoffs, and scorns, and tak't in kindness too.
 For ere I'd bind myself for some slight grace,
 To one that hath no more worth than his place,
 Or by a base mean free myself from trouble,
 I rather would endure my penance double ;
 'Cause to be forc'd to what my mind disdains,
 Is worse to me than tortures, racks, and chains.
 And therefore unto *thee* I only fly,
 To whom there needs no mean but **Honesty** ;
 To thee, that lov'st nor parasite or minion
 Should, ere I speak, possess thee with opinion ;
 To thee, that do'st what thou wilt undertake
 For love of Justice, not the person's sake ;
 To thee, that know'st how vain all fair shows be,
 That flow not from the heart's sincerity,
 And canst, though shadowed in the simplest veil,
 Discern both Love and Truth, and where they fail,
 To thee do I appeal ; in whom, Heaven knows,
 I next to God my confidence repose.
 For, can it be thy grace should ever shine,
 And not enlighten such a cause as mine ?
 Can my hopes (fixt in thee, great King!) be dead ;
 Or thou those Satyrs hate thy forests bred ?

Where shall my second hopes be founded then,
 If ever I have heart to hope again ?
 Can I suppose a favour may be got
 In any place, when thy Court yields it not ?
 Or that I may obtain it in the land,
 When I shall be denied it at thy hand ?
 And if I might, could I delighted be
 To tak't of others, when I must of thee ?
 Or if I were, could I have comfort by it,
 When I should think my Sovereign did deny it ?
 No : were I sure, I to thy hate were born,
 To seek for others' favours I would scorn ;
 For, if the best-worth-loves I could not gain,
 To labour for the rest I would disdain.

But why should I thy favour here distrust,
 That have a cause so known, and known so just ?
 Which not alone my inward comfort doubles,
 But all suppose me wrong'd that hear my troubles.
 Nay, though my fault were real, I believe
 Thou art so royal that thou wouldst forgive.

For, well I know, thy sacred Majesty
 Hath ever been admir'd for clemency,
 And at thy gentleness the world hath wonder'd,
 For making sun-shine where thou mightst have
 thunder'd ;
 Yea, thou in mercy life to them didst give,
 That could not be content to see thee live.

And can I think that thou wilt make me then,
 The most unhappy of all other men ?
 Or let thy loyal subject against reason
 Be punish'd more for love than some for treason ?
 No, thou didst never yet thy glory stain
 With an injustice to the meanest swain.
 'Tis not thy will I'm wrong'd, nor dost thou know,
 If I have suffered injuries or no ;
 For, if I have not heard false rumours fly,
 Th'ast grac'd me with the stile of Honesty ;
 And if it were so (as some think it was),
 I cannot see how it should come to pass
 That thou, from whose free tongue proceedeth
 nought,
 Which is not correspondent with thy thought,
 Those thoughts, too, being fram'd in reason's mould,
 Should speak that once which should not ever hold.

But passing it as an uncertainty,
 I humbly beg thee, by that majesty
 Whose sacred glory strikes a loving fear
 Into the hearts of all to whom 'tis dear,
 To deign me so much favour, without merit,
 As read this plaint of a distemper'd spirit ;
 And think, unless I saw some hideous storm,
 Too great to be endur'd by such a worm,
 I had not thus presum'd unto a King,
 With Æsop's fly to seek an eagle's wing.

Know, I am he that enter'd once the list,
 'Gainst all the world to play the Satyrist ;
 'Twas I that made my measures, rough and rude,
 Dance, arm'd with whips,* amidst the multitude ;
 And unappalled with my charmed scowls,
 Teaz'd angry Monsters in their lurking-holes.
 I've play'd with wasps and hornets without fears,
 Till mad they grew, and swarm'd about my ears ;
 I've done it, and methinks 'tis such brave sport,
 I may be stung, but ne'er be sorry for't ;
 For all my grief is that I was so sparing,
 And had no more in't worth the name of daring.
 He that will tax these times must be more bitter :
 Tart lines of vinegar and gall are fitter.
 My fingers and my spirits were benumn'd ;
 My ink ran forth too smooth, 'twas too much gum'd :
 I'd have my pen so paint it, where it traces,
 Each accent should draw blood into their faces,
 And make them, when their villainies are blaz'd,
 Shudder and startle, as men half amaz'd,
 For fear my verse should make so loud a din,
 Heaven hearing might rain vengeance on their sin.
 Oh now for such a strain ! would art could teach it,
 Though half my spirits I consum'd to reach it,
 I'd learn my Muse so brave a course to fly,
 Men should admire the power of poesie,

* See the curious wood-cut of The Satyr in Vol. I.

And those that dar'd her greatness to resist,
 Quake even at naming of a Satyrist ;
 But when his scourging numbers flow'd, with wonder
 Should cry, God bless us ! as they did at thunder.

Alas ! my lines came from me too-too dully :
 They did not fill a Satyr's mouth up fully ;
 Hot blood, and youth, enrag'd with passions store,
 Taught me to reach a strain ne'er touch'd before.
 But it was coldly done, I thoroughly chid not,
 And somewhat there is yet to do, I did not.
 More soundly could my scourge have yerked* many,
 Which I omitted not for fear of any.
 For want of action, discontentments rage,
 Base dis-respect of virtue (in this age),
 With other things which were to goodness wrong,
 Made me so fearless in my careless song,
 That had not reason within compass won me,
 I had told truth enough to have undone me ;
 (Nay, have already, if that her divine
 And unseen power can do no more than mine ;)
 For though, foreseeing wariness was good,
 I fram'd my stile unto a milder mood,
 And clogging her high-towering wings with mire,
 Made her half earth that was before all fire ;
 Though (as you saw) in a disguised show
 I brought my Satires to the open view,

* *Yerked.* To draw, delineate, or pourtray. COTGRAVE.

Hoping (their outsides being mis-esteem'd)
 They might have passed but for what they seem'd;
 Yet some, whose comments jump not with my mind,
 In that low phrase a higher reach would find,
 And out of their deep judgements seem to know
 What 'tis uncertain if I meant or no;
 Aiming thereby, out of some private hate,
 To work my shame or overthrow my state.
 For, amongst many wrongs my foe doth do me,
 And divers imputations laid unto me,
 (Deceived in his aim) he doth misconster
 That which I have enstil'd a Man-like Monster,
 To mean some private person in the State,
 Whose worth I sought to wrong out of my hate,
 Upbraiding me, I from my word do start,
 Either for want of better ground or heart,
 'Cause from his expectation I did vary
 In the denying of his commentary;
 Whereas 'tis known I meant Abuse the while,
 Not thinking any one could be so vile
 To merit all those epithets of shame,
 However many do deserve much blame.

But say (I grant) that I had an intent
 To have it so (as he interprets) meant,
 And let my gracious Liege suppose there were
 One, whom the State may have just cause to fear;

Or think there were a man (and great in Court)
That had more faults than I could well report ;
Suppose I knew him, and had gone about
By some particular marks to point him out,
That he, best knowing his own faults, might see
He was the man I would should noted be ;
Imagine now such doings in this age,
And that this man, so pointed at, should rage,
Call me in question, and by his much threat'ning,
By long imprisonment and ill-entreating,
Urge a confession ; wer't not a mad part
For me to tell *him* what lay in my heart ?
Do not I know, a great man's power and might,
In spite of innocence, can smother right,
Colour his villainies to get esteem,
And make the honest man the villain seem ;
And that the truth I told should in conclusion,
For want of power and friends, be my confusion ?
I know it, and the world doth know 'tis true ;
Yet I protest if such a man I knew,
That might my country prejudice, or thee,
Were he the greatest or the proudest he,
That breathes this day (if so it might be found,
That any good to either might redound),
So far I'll be (though fate against me run)
From starting off from that I have begun,

I unappalled dare in such a case
 Rip up his foulest crimes before his face,
 Though for my labour I were sure to drop
 Into the mouth of ruin without hope.

But such strange far-fetch'd meanings they have
 sought,

As I was never privy to in thought,
 And that unto particulars would tie,
 Which I intended universally ;
 Whereat, some with displeasure over-gone,
 (Those I scarce dream'd of, saw, or thought upon,)
 Maugre those caveats on my Satyr's brow,
 Their honest and just passage disallow,
 And on their heads so many censures rake,
 That, spite of me, themselves they'll guilty make.

Nor is't enough to 'swage their discontent,
 To say I am (or to be) innocent ;
 For as, when once the lion made decree
 No horned beast should nigh his presence be,
 That on whose forehead only did appear
 A bunch of flesh or but some tuft of hair,
 Was even as far in danger as the rest,
 If he but said it was a horned beast ;
 So there be now, who think in that their power
 Is of much force or greater far than our,
 It is enough to prove a guilt in me,
 Because (mistaking) they so think't to be.

Yet 'tis my comfort they are not so high
 But they must stoop to thee and equity ;
 And this I know, though prick'd they storm again,
 The world doth deem them ne'er the better men.
 To stir in filth makes not the stench the less,
 Nor doth Truth fear the frown of Mightiness ;
 Because those numbers she doth deign to grace
 Men may suppress awhile, but ne'er deface.

I wonder, and 'tis wondered at by many,
 My harmless lines should breed distaste in any ;
 And so that (whereas most good men approve
 My labour to be worthy thanks and love)
 I as a villain, and my country's foe,
 Should be imprison'd, and so strictly too,
 That not alone my liberty is barr'd,
 But the resort of friends (which is more hard),
 And whilst each wanton or loose rhymer's pen
 With oily words sleeks o'er the sins of men,
 Wailing his wits to every puppet's beck,
 Which ere I'll do, I'll joy to break my neck ;
 (I say) while such as they in every place
 Can find protection, patronage and grace,
 If any look on me, 'tis but askance,
 Or if I get a favour, 'tis by chance.
 I must protect myself: poor Truth and I
 Can have scarce one speak for our honesty.

Then, whereas they can gold and gifts attain,
 Malicious hate and envy is my gain ;
 And not alone have here my freedom lost,
 Whereby my best hope's likely to be crost,
 But have been put to more charge in one day,
 Than all my patron's bounties yet will pay.
 What I have done was not for thirst of gain,
 Or out of hope preferments to attain ;
 Since to contemn them would more profit me,
 Than all the glories in the world that be ;
 Yet they are helps to Virtue, used aright ;
 And when they wanting be, she wants her might ;
 For eagle's minds ne'er fit a raven's feather :
 To dare, and to be able, suit together.

But what is't I have done so worthy blame,
 That some so eagerly pursue my fame ?
 Vouchsafe to view't with thine own eyes, and try
 (Save want of art) what fault thou canst espie.
 I have not sought to scandalize the State,
 Nor sown sedition, nor made public hate ;
 I have not aim'd at any good man's fame,
 Nor tax'd (directly) any one by name ;
 I am not he that am grown discontent
 With the religion or the government ;
 I meant no ceremonies to protect,
 Nor do I favour any new-sprung sect ;

But to my Satires gave this only warrant,
 To apprehend and punish vice apparent ;
 Who aiming in particular at none,
 In general upbraided every one,
 That each (unshamed of himself) might view
 That in himself which no man dares to shew.

And hath this age bred up neat vice so tenderly,
 She cannot brook it to be touch'd so slenderly ?
 Will she not bide my gentle Satyr's bites ?
 Harm take her then ! what makes she in their sights ?
 If with impatience she my whip-cord feel,
 How had she raged at my lash of steel ?
 But am I call'd in question for her cause ?
 Is't vice that these afflictions on me draws ?
 And need I now thus to apologize,
 Only because I scourged villainies ?
 Must I be fain to give a reason why,
 And how I dare allow of honesty,
 Whilst that each fleering parasite is bold
 Thy royal brow undaunted to behold,
 And every temporizer strikes a string
 That's music for the hearing of a King ?
 Shall not he reach out to obtain as much,
 Who dares more for thee than a hundred such ?
 Heaven grant her patience ! my Muse takes't so
 badly,
 I fear she'll lose her wits ; for she raves madly.

Yet let not my dread Sovereign too much blame her,
 Whose awful presence now hath made her tamer ;
 For if there be no fly but hath her spleen,
 Nor a poor pismire but will wreak her teen,*
 How shall I then, that have both spleen and gall,
 Being unjustly dealt with, bear with all?
 I yet with patience take what I have borne,
 And all the world's ensuing hate can scorn ;
 But 'twere in me as much stupidity
 Not to have feeling of an injury,
 As it were weakness not to brook it well ;
 What others therefore think I cannot tell.
 But he that's less than mad, is more than man,
 Who sees, when he hath done the best he can
 To keep within the bounds of innocence,
 Sought to discharge his due to God and Prince,
 That he, whilst villainies unreprieved go,
 Scoffing, to see him over-taken so,
 Should have his good endeavours misconceiv'd,
 Be of his 'dearest liberty bereav'd,
 And, which is worse, without reason why,
 Be frown'd on by authority's grim eye.
 By that great Power my soul so much doth fear,
 She scorns the stern'st frowns of a mortal Peer !

* *Teen.* Sorrow ; grief.

" Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
 And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen."

SHAKESPEARE'S *Richard III.* A. 4. sc. 1.

But that I Virtue love for her own sake,
 It were enough to make me undertake
 To speak as much in praise of vice again,
 And practise some to plague these shames of men ;
 I mean those my accusers who, mistaking
 My aims, do frame conceits of their own making.
 But, if I list, I need not buy so dear,
 The just revenge might be inflicted here.
 Now could I measures frame, in this just fury,
 Should sooner find some guilty than a jury :
 The words, like swords (temper'd with art) should
 pierce,
 And hang, and draw, and quarter them in verse.
 Or I could rack them on the wings of fame,
 (And he's half-hang'd, they say, hath an ill name) ;
 Yea, I'd go near to make those guilty elves,
 *Lycambes-like, be glad to hang themselves.
 And though this age will not abide to hear
 The faults reprov'd that custom hath made dear,
 Yet, if I pleased, I could write their crimes,
 And pile them up in walls for after-times ;

* *Lycambes-like.* Lycambes was the father of Neobule. He promised his daughter in marriage to the poet Archilochus, and afterwards refused to fulfil his engagement, when she had been courted by a man whose opulence had more influence than the fortune of the poet. This irritated Archilochus : he wrote a bitter invective against Lycambes and his daughter, and rendered them both so desperate by the satire of his composition, that they hanged themselves.

For they'll be glad (perhaps) that shall ensue,
 To see some story of their fathers true.
 Or should I smother'd be in darkness still,
 I might not use the freedom of a quill,
 'Twould raise up braver spirits than mine own
 To make my cause and this their guilt more known;
 Who by that subject should get love and fame,
 Unto my foes disgrace, and endless shame;
 Those I do mean, whose comments have mis-us'd
 me,

And to those Peers I honour, have accus'd me;
 Making against my innocence their batteries,
 And wronging them by their base flatteries.
 But of revenge I am not yet so fain
 To put myself unto that needless pain,
 Because I know a greater Power there is,
 That noteth smaller injuries than this;
 And being still as just as it is strong,
 Apportions due revenge for every wrong.

But why (some say) should his too saucy rhymes
 Thus tax the wise and great ones of our times?
 It suits not with his years to be so bold,
 Nor fits it us by him to be controul'd.
 I must confess ('tis very true indeed)
 Such should not of my censure stand in need.
 But blame me not: I saw good Virtue poor,
 Desert, among the most, thrust out of door,

Honesty hated, courtesy banished,
 Rich men excessive, poor men famished,
 Coldness in zeal, in laws partiality,
 Friendship but compliment and vain formality,
 Art I perceive contemn'd, while most advance
 To offices of worth rich ignorance,
 And those that should our lights and teachers be,
 Live (if not worse) as wantonly as we ;
 Yea, I saw Nature from her course run back,
 Disorders grow, good orders go to wrack.
 So, to encrease what all the rest began,
 I to this current of confusion ran,
 And seeing age left off the place of guiding,
 Thus play'd the saucy wag, and fell to chiding.

Wherein, however some perhaps may deem,
 I am not so much faulty as I seem ;
 For when the Elders wrong'd Susannah's honour,
 And none withstood the shame they laid upon her,
 A child rose up to stand in her defence,
 And, spite of wrong, confirm'd her innocence ;
 To shew, those must not, that good undertake,
 Strain court'sy, who shall do't for manner's sake.
 Nor do I know, whether to me God gave
 A boldness more than many others have,
 That I might shew the world what shameful blot
 Virtue by her lascivious Elders got.

Nor is't a wonder, as some do suppose,
 My youth so much corruption can disclose ;
 Since every day the sun doth light mine eyes,
 I am informed of new villainies ;
 But it is rather to be wondered how
 I either can, or dare be honest now.

And though again there be some others rage,
 That I should dare (so much above mine age)
 Thus censure each degree, both young and old,
 I see not wherein I am over-bold ;
 For if I have been plain with Vice, I care not :
 There's nought that I know good, and can, and
 dare not ;

Only this one thing doth my mind deter,
 Even a fear (through ignorance) to err.

But oh ! knew I, what thou would'st well approve,
 Or might the small'st respect within thee move,
 So in the sight of God it might be good,
 And with the quiet of my conscience stood,
 (As well I know thy true integrity
 Would command nothing against piety)
 There's nought so dangerous, or full of fear,
 That for my Sovereign's sake I would not dare.
 Which good belief, would it did not possess thee,
 Provided some just trial might re-bless me ;
 Yea, though awhile I did endure the gall
 Of thy displeasure in this loathsome thrall.

For notwithstanding in this place I lie
 By the command of that authority,
 Of which I have so much respective care,
 That in mine own (and just) defence I fear
 To use the free speech that I do intend,
 Lest ignorance or rashness should offend,
 Yet is my meaning and my thought as free
 From wilful wronging of thy laws or thee,
 As he to whom thy place and person's dearest,
 Or to himself that finds his conscience clearest.
 If there be wrong, 'tis not my making it :
 All the offence is some's mistaking it.
 And is there any justice born of late,
 Makes those faults mine which others perpetrate ?
 What man could ever any age yet find,
 That spent his spirits in this thankless kind,
 Shewing his meaning, to such words could tie it,
 That none could either wrong or mis-apply it.
 Nay, your own laws, which (as you do intend)
 In plain'st and most effectual words are penn'd,
 Cannot be fram'd so well to your intent,
 But some there be will err from what you meant.
 And yet, alas ! I must be tied unto
 What never any man before could do.
 Must all I speak, or write, so well be done
 That none may pick more meanings thence than one ?

Then all the world, I hope, will leave disunion,
 And every man become of one opinion.
 But since some may, what care soe'er we take,
 Divers constructions of our writings make,
 The honest readers ever will conceive
 The best intentions, and all others leave.
 Chiefly in that, where I fore-hand protest
 My meaning ever was the honestest ;
 And if I say so, what is he may know
 So much as to affirm it was not so ?
 Sit other men so near my thoughts to shew it,
 Or is my heart so open that all know it ?
 Sure if it were, they would no such things see,
 As those whereof some have accused me.
 But I care less how it be understood,
 Because the heav'ns know my intent was good.
 And if it be so, that my too-free rhymes
 Do much displease the world and these bad times,
 'Tis not my fault ; for had I been employ'd
 In something else, all this had now been void.
 Or if the world would but have granted me
 Wealth, or affairs whereon to busy me,
 I now unheard of, peradventure then,
 Had been as mute as some rich clergyman.
 But they are much deceiv'd, that think my mind
 Will e'er be still, while it can doing find ;

Or that unto the world so much it leans,
 As to be curtail'd for default of means.
 No, though most be, all spirits are not earth,
 Nor suiting with the fortunes of their birth.
 My body's subject unto many powers,
 But my soul's as free, as is the Emperor's;
 And though to curb her in I oft assay,
 She'll break int' action, spite of dirt and clay.
 And is't not better then to take this course,
 Than fall to study mischiefs and do worse?
 I say she must have action, and she shall;
 For if she will, how can I do withall?
 And let those, that o'er-busy think me, know,
 He made me, that knew why, he made me so.
 And though there's some that say my thoughts do fly
 A pitch beyond my state's sufficiency;
 My humble mind, I give my Saviour thank,
 Aspires nought yet above my fortune's rank.
 But say it did, will't not befit a man
 To raise his thoughts as near Heav'n as he can?
 Must the free spirit tied and curbed be,
 According to the body's poverty?
 Or can it ever be so subject to
 Base change, to rise, and fall, as fortunes do?
 Men born to noble means, and vulgar minds,
 Enjoy their wealth; and there's no law that binds

Such to abate their substance, though their pates
 Want brains, and they worth to possess such states.
 So God to some doth only great minds give,
 And little other means whereon to live.
 What law or conscience then shall make them
 smother

Their spirit, which is their life, more than other
 To bate their substance? Since if 'twere confest,
 That a brave mind could ever be suppress,
 Were't reason any should himself deprive
 Of what, the whole world hath not power to give?
 For wealth is common, and fools get it too;
 When to give spirit's more than Kings can do.

I speak not this, because I think there be
 More than the ordinarist gifts in me,
 But against those, who think I do presume
 On more than doth befit me to assume;
 Or would have all, whom Fortune bars from store,
 Make themselves wretched, as she makes them poor;
 And 'cause in other things she is unkind,
 Smother the matchless blessings of their mind;
 Whereas (although her favours do forsake them)
 Their minds are richer than the world can make
 them.

Why should a good attempt disgraced seem,
 Because the person is of mean esteem?

Virtue's a chaste queen, and yet doth not scorn
 To be embrac'd by him that's meanest born ;
 She is the prop that Majesties support,
 Yet one whom slaves as well as Kings may court.
 She loveth all that bear affection to her,
 And yields to any that hath heart to woo her.
 So Vice, how high soe'er she be in place,
 Is that, which grooms may spit at in disgrace :
 She is a strumpet, and may be abhorr'd,
 Yea, spurn'd at in the bosom of a Lord.
 Yet, had I spoke her fair, I had been free,
 As many others of her lovers be :
 If her escapes I had not chanc'd to tell,
 I might have been a villain and done well ;
 Gotten some special favour, and not sate
 As now I do, shut up within a grate.
 Or if I could have hap'd on some loose strain,
 That might have pleas'd the wanton reader's vein,
 Or but claw'd Pride, I now had been unblam'd,
 (Or else at least there's some would not have sham'd
 To plead my cause) ; but see my fatal curse !
 Sure I was either mad, or somewhat worse ;
 For I saw Vice's followers bravely kept :
 In silks they walk'd, on beds of down they slept,
 Richly they fed on dainties evermore,
 They had their pleasure, they had all things store,

(Whil'st Virtue begg'd) yea, favours had so many,
 I knew they brook'd not to be touch'd of any ;
 Yet could not I, like other men, be wise,
 Nor learn (for all this) how to temporize ;
 But must (with too much honesty made blind)
 Upbraid this loved darling of mankind ;
 Whereas I might have better thriv'd by feigning ;
 Or if I could not chuse but be complaining,
 More safe I might have raild'd on Virtue sure,
 Because her lovers and her friends are fewer.
 I might have brought some other things to pass,
 Made fiddlers' songs, or ballads, like an ass,
 Or any thing almost indeed but this.
 Yet since 'tis thus, I'm glad 'tis so amiss ;
 Because if I am guilty of a crime,
 'Tis that wherein the best of every time
 Hath been found faulty (if they faulty be)
 That do reprove abuse and villainy.

For what I'm tax'd, I can examples shew,
 In such old authors as this state allow ;
 And I would fain once learn a reason why,
 They can have kinder usage here than I ?
 I muse men do not now in question call
 Seneca, Horace, Persius, Juvenal,
 And such as they ? Or why did not that age,
 In which they lived, put them in a cage ?

If I should say, that men were juster then,
 I should near hand be made unsay't again ;
 And therefore sure I think, I were as good
 Leave it to others to be understood.
 Yet I as well may speak as deem amiss ;
 For such this age's curious cunning is,
 I scarcely dare to let mine heart think ought,
 For there be some will seem to know my thought,
 Who may out-face me that I think awry,
 When there's no witness but my conscience by ;
 And then I likely am as ill to speed,
 As if I spake or did amiss indeed.

Yet lest those who, perhaps, may malice this,
 Interpret also these few lines amiss ;
 Let them, that after thee shall read or hear,
 From a rash censure of my thoughts forbear :
 Let them, not mould the sense that this contains
 According to the forming of their brains,
 Or think I dare, or can, here tax those peers,
 Whose worths their honours to my soul endears ;
 (Those by whose loved-fear'd authority)
 I am restrained of my liberty ;
 For lest, there yet may be a man so ill,
 To haunt my lines with his black cement still,
 (In hope my luck again may be so good,
 To have my words once rightly understood),

This I protest, that I do not condemn
 Ought as unjust, that hath been done by them ;
 For though my honest heart not guilty be
 Of the least thought that may disparage me,
 Yet when such men as I shall have such foes,
 Accuse me of such crimes to such as those,
 Till I had means my innocence to shew,
 Their justice could have done no less than so.

Nor have I such a proud conceited wit,
 Or self-opinion of my knowledge yet,
 To think it may not be, that I have run
 Upon some errors in what I have done,
 Worthy this punishment which I endure ;
 (I say, I cannot so myself assure)
 For 'tis no wonder if their wisdoms can
 Discover imperfections in a man,
 So weak as I, (more than himself doth see,)
 Since my sight, dull with insufficiency,
 In men more grave and wiser far than I,
 Innumerable errors doth espye,
 Which they with all their knowledge, I'll be bold,
 Cannot, or will not, in themselves behold.
 But ere I will myself accuse my song,
 Or keep a tongue shall do my heart that wrong
 To say, I willingly, in what I penn'd,
 Did ought, that might a good man's sight offend,

Or with my knowledge did insert one word,
 That might disparage a true honour'd lord,
 Let it be in my mouth a helpless sore,
 And never speak to be believed more.

Yet man irresolute is, unconstant, weak,
 And doth his purpose oft through frailty break ;
 Lest therefore I by force hereafter may
 Be brought from this mind, and these words unsay,
 Here to the world I do proclaim before,
 If e'er my resolution be so poor,
 'Tis not the right, but might that makes me do it ;
 Yea, nought but fearful baseness brings me to it ;
 Which, if I still hate, as I now detest,
 Never can come to harbour in my breast.

Thus my fault then (if they a fault imply)
 Is not alone an ill unwillingly,
 But also, might I know it, I intend
 Not only to acknowledge, but amend ;
 Hoping that thou wilt not be so severe
 To punish me above all other here ;
 But for m'intents sake, and my love to truth,
 Impute my errors to the heat of youth ;
 Or rather ignorance than to my will,
 Which sure I am was good, what e'er be ill ;
 And like to him now, in whose place thou art,
 What e'et the residue be, accept the heart.

But I grow tedious, and my love abus'd,
 Disturbs my thoughts and makes my lines confus'd;
 Yet pardon me, and deign a gracious eye
 On this my rude unfil'd apology.
 Let not the bluntness of my phrase offend :
 Weigh but the matter, and not how 'tis penn'd.
 By these abrupt lines in my just defence,
 Judge what I might say for my innocence ;
 And think, I more could speak, that here I spare,
 Because my power suits not to what I dare.
 My unaffected stile retains (you see)
 Her old frieze-cloak of young rusticity.
 If others will use neater terms, they may :
 Ruder I am, yet love as well as they ;
 And (though if I would smooth't, I cannot do't)
 My humble heart I bend beneath thy foot,
 While here my muse her discontent doth sing
 To thee, her great Apollo, and my King.
 Imploring thee by that high sacred name,
 By justice, by those pow'rs that I could name,
 By whatsoe'er may move, entreat I thee
 To be what thou art unto all, to me.
 I fear it not, yet give me leave to pray,
 I may have foes whose power doth bear such sway ;
 If they but say, I'm guilty of offence,
 'Twere vain for me to plead my innocence.

But as the name of God thou bear'st, I trust
 Thou imitat'st him too, in being just;
 That when the right of truth thou com'st to scan,
 Thou'lt not respect the person of the man;
 For if thou do, then is my hope undone,
 The head-long way to ruin I must run.
 For whilst that they have all the helps, which may
 Procure their pleasure with my soon decay,
 How is it like, that I my peace can win me,
 When all the aid I have, comes from within me?
 Therefore, good King! that mak'st thy bounty shine,
 Sometime on those whose worths are small as mine,
 Oh save me now from envy's dangerous shelf,
 Or make me able, and I'll save myself.
 Let not the want of that make me a scorn,
 To which there are more fools than wise-men born.
 Let me not for my meanness be despis'd,
 Nor others' greatness make their words more priz'd;
 For whatsoever my outward fate appears,
 My soul's as good, my heart as great as their's;
 My love unto my country and to thee,
 As much as his that more would seem to be;
 And would this age allow, but means to shew it,
 Those, that misdoubt it, should ere long time know it.
 Pity my youth then, and let me not lie
 Wasting my time in fruitless misery.

Though I am mean, I may be born unto
 That service which another cannot do.
 In vain the little mouse the lion spar'd not :
 She did him pleasure, when a greater dar'd not.
 If ought, that I have done, do thee displease,
 Thy misconceived wrath I will appease,
 Or sacrifice my heart; but why should I
 Suffer for God knows whom, I know not why ?
 If that my words through some mistake offend,
 Let them conceive them right and make amend ;
 Or were I guilty of offence indeed,
 One fault (they say) doth but one pardon need.
 Yet one I had, and now I want one more ;
 For once I stood accus'd for this before :
 As I remember, I so long ago
 Sung Thame and Rhine's Epithalamion ;*
 When she that from thy royal self derives,
 Those gracious virtues that best title gives,
 She that makes Rhine proud of her excellence,
 And me oft mind her reverence,
 Deign'd in her great good-nature to incline
 Her gentle ear to such a cause as mine ;
 And which is more, vouchsaf'd her word to clear
 Me from all dangers (if there any were) ;

* Alluding to the marriage of the Prince Palatine of the Rhine to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I. on which occasion Wither wrote an Epithalamion.

So that I do not now entreat, or sue
 For any great boon or request that's new ;
 But only this (though absent from the land)
 Her former favour still in force might stand,
 And that her word (who, present, was so dear)
 Might be as pow'rful, as when she was here.
 Which if I find, and with thy favour may
 Have leave to shake my loathed bands away,
 (As I do hope I shall) and be set free
 From all the troubles this hath brought on me,
 I'll make her name give life unto a song,
 Whose never-dying note shall last as long
 As there is either river, grove or spring,
 Or down for sheep, or shepherd's lad to sing ;
 Yea, I will teach my muse to touch a strain,
 That was ne'er reach'd to yet by any swain ;
 For though that many deem my years unripe,
 Yet I have learn'd to tune an oaten pipe
 Whereon I'll try, what music I can make me,
 Until Bellona with her trump awake me ;
 And since the world will not have Vice thus shewn,
 By blazing Virtue I will make it known.
 Then, if the Court will not my lines approve,
 I'll go unto some mountain or thick grove ;
 There to my fellow-shepherds will I sing,
 Tuning my reeds unto some dancing spring,
 In such a note, that none should dare to trouble it,
 Till the hills answer and the woods redouble it.

And peradventure I may then go near
 To speak of something, thou'lt be pleas'd to hear,
 And that which those, who now my tunes abhor,
 Shall read, and like, and deign to love me for ;
 But the meanwhile, O pass not this suit by !
 Let thy free hand sign me my liberty ;
 And if my love may move thee more to do,
 Good King ! consider this my trouble too.
 Others have found thy favour in distress,
 Whose love to thee and thine I think was less ;
 And I might fitter for thy service live,
 On what would not be much for thee to give.

And yet I ask it, not for that I fear
 The outward means of life should fail me here ;
 For though I want to compass those good ends,
 I aim at for my country and my friends,
 In this poor state I can as well content me,
 As if that I had wealth and honours lent me :
 Not for my own sake do I seek to shun
 This thralldom, wherein now I seem undone ;
 For though I prize my freedom more than gold,
 And use the means to free myself from hold,
 Yet with a mind, I hope, unchang'd and free,
 Here can I live, and play with misery ;
 Yea, in despite of want and slavery,
 Laugh at the world in all her bravery.

Here have I learn'd to make my greatest wrongs
 Matter of mirth, and subjects but for songs ;
 Here can I smile to see myself neglected,
 And how the mean man's suit is disrespected ;
 Whilst those, that are more rich and better friended,
 Can have twice greater faults thrice sooner ended.

All this, yea more, I see and suffer too,
 Yet live content 'midst discontents I do ;
 Which whilst I can, it is all one to me,
 Whether in prison or abroad it be ;
 For should I still lie here distress'd and poor,
 It shall not make me breathe a sigh the more ;
 Since to myself it is indifferent,
 Where the small remnant of my days be spent.
 But for thy sake, my country's, and my friends',
 For whom, more than myself, God this life lends,
 I would not, could I help it, be a scorn,
 But (if I might) live free as I was born ;
 Or rather for my mistress' Virtue's sake,
 Fair Virtue, of whom most account I make,
 If I can chuse, I will not be debas'd
 In this last action, lest she be disgrac'd ;
 For 'twas the love of her, that brought me to
 What spleen nor envy could not make me do.
 And if her servants be no more regarded,
 If enemies of Vice be thus rewarded,

And I should also Virtue's wrongs conceal,
 And if none liv'd to whom she dar'd appeal,
 Will they, that do not yet her worth approve,
 Be ever drawn to entertain her love,
 When they shall see him plagu'd as an offender,
 Who, for the love he bears her, doth commend her?

This may to others more offensive be
 Than prejudicial any way to me ;
 For who will his endeavours ever bend
 To follow her, whom there is none will friend ?
 Some I do hope there be, that nothing may
 From love of truth and honesty dismay ;
 But who will (that shall see my evil fortune)
 The remedy of time's abuse importune ?
 Who will again, when they have smother'd me,
 Dare to oppose the face of villainy ?
 Whereas he must be fain to undertake
 A combat with a second Lernean snake,
 Whose ever-growing heads when as he crops,
 Not only two springs for each one he lops,
 But also he shall see in midst of dangers,
 Those he thought friends turn foes, at least-wise
 strangers ?

More I could speak ; but sure, if this do fail me,
 I never shall do aught that will avail me ;
 Nor care to speak again, unless it be
 To him that knows how heart and tongue agree ;

No, nor to live, when none dares undertake
 To speak one word for honest Virtue's sake.
 But let his will be done, that best knows, what
 Will be my future good and what will not.
 Hap' well or ill, my spotless meaning's fair ;
 And for thee, this shall ever be my prayer,
 That thou may'st here enjoy a long-blest reign,
 And dying, be in heaven re-crown'd again.

SO now, if thou hast deign'd my lines to hear,
 There's nothing can befall me that I fear ;
 For if thou hast compassion on my trouble,
 The joy I shall receive will be made double ;
 And if I fall, it may some glory be,
 That none but Jove himself did ruin me.

*Your Majesty's most loyal Subject,
 and yet Prisoner in the Marshalsea,*

G E O R G E W I T H E R .

[SATIRE TO KING JAMES. The challenge which Bishop Hall put forth in his *Virgidemiarum*, Book I.,

“ I first adventure with fool-hardy might
To tread the steps of perilous despight ;
I first adventure, follow me who list,
And be the *second* English Satirist”—

may, with much truth and propriety, be said to have been accepted by Wither. The Bishop published his *Satires* in 1597 and 8—Wither, his *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, and *Satire to the King*, in 1613 and 14.—These *Satires* of Wither are not in general marked with the same classical precision, or abound with such imitations of Persius and Juvenal, as are to be found in the *Satires* of Bishop Hall. But in animation of stile and sentiment, in boldness of conception, and in delineation of character, Wither will not certainly suffer in comparison with the Bishop. As in the *Satires* of Hall, the thorns of severe invective are not unmixed with the flowers of pure poetry. Wither seldom fails to exemplify his meaning by just imagery, and natural and pointed allusion. From this *Satire to the King* many examples might be cited :

“ Know, I am he that enter'd once the list,
'Gainst all the world to play the Satirist :
'Twas I that made my measures, rough and rude,
Dance, afm'd with whips, amidst the multitude ;
And unappalled with my charmed scrowls,
Teaz'd angry Monsters in their lurking-holes.
I've play'd with wasps and hornets without fears,
Till mad they grew, and swarm'd about my ears ;
I've done it, and methinks 'tis such brave sport,
I may be stung, but ne'er be sorry for't.”

And again :

“ What I have done was not for thirst of gain,
Or out of hope preferments to attain ;
Since to contemn them would more profit me,
Than all the glories in the world that be.
Yet they are helps to Virtue, used aright ;
And when they wanting be, she wants her might :
For eagles' minds ne'er fit a raven's feather :
To dare, and to be able, suit together.”

Wither does not indeed like Hall descend to criticise the minute follies and fashionable foibles of the day. The abuses of poetical composition which prevailed in the time of Hall; the dissolute sallies of such poets as Greene and Nash; the extravagant enchantments of Ariosto; the licentious fictions of Merlin, and the whining Ghosts of the *Mirroure of Magistrates*, works then in vogue, were pleasantly yet severely satirized by the humourous genius of Hall. But Wither confined himself to Vice in high places; to the fleering parasite; he saw,

“ good *Virtue* poor;
Desert, among the most, thrust out of door;
Honesty hated, *courtesy* banished,
Rich men excessive, *poor men* famished,
Coldness in zeal, in laws *partiality*,
Friendship but *compliment* and vain *formality*.”

It was in bold attacks upon his superiors, in caustic remarks upon the lives and actions of the ruling powers of the times, that Wither delighted to point his satiric pen. I know not a finer specimen of bold satire and independency of spirit than is contained in the following lines, indited also at the moment that he was petitioning his Sovereign to be released from an imprisonment for the former licentiousness of his Satires:

“ Do not I know, a great man's power and might,
 In spite of innocence, can smother right,
 Colour his villainies to get esteem,
 And make the honest man the villain seem?
 I know it, and the world doth know 'tis true;
 Yet I protest, if such a man I knew,
 That might my *country* prejudice, or *thee*,
 Were he the greatest or the proudest he
 That breathes this day (if so it might be found,
 That any good to either might redound),
 I unappalled dare in such a case
 Rip up his foulest crimes before his face,
 Though for my labour I were sure to drop
 Into the mouth of ruin without hope.”

If, as Mr. Dalrymple asserts in his *Extracts from Wither's Juvenilia*, “ this spirited defence had so good an effect as to obtain his release,” I know not which to admire most, the magnanimity of the King, or the lofty mind of the youthful poet. The versification also of this Satire is more than usually energetic and correct. EDITOR.]

Epithalamia:

OR

NUPTIAL POEMS

UPON THE MOST BLESSED
AND HAPPY MARRIAGE

between the High and Mighty Prince
Frederick the fifth, Count Palatine
of the Rhine, Duke of
Bavier, &c.

AND THE MOST VIRTUOUS,

Gracious, and thrice Excellent Princess *Elizabeth,*
Sole Daughter to our dread Sovereign, James, by
the grace of God, King of Great *Britain,*
France and Ireland, Defender of
the Faith, &c.

Celebrated at *White-Hall* the fourteenth
of *February.* 1612.

Written by George Wither.

LONDON,

Printed by *T. S.* for *John Budge,* dwelling in *Paul's*
Church-yard, at the sign of the Green
Dragon. 1622.



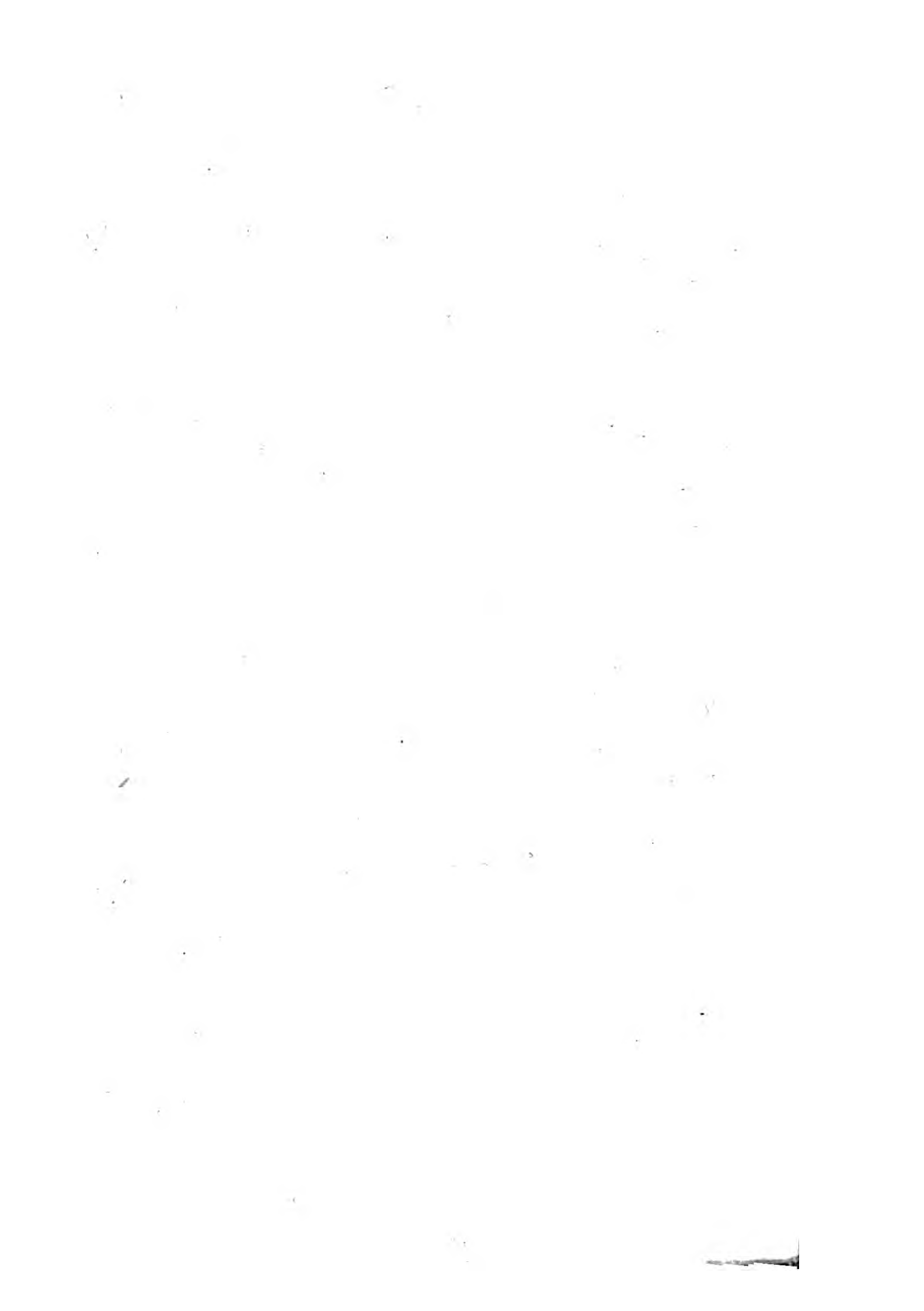
TO THE ALL-VIR-
TUOUS AND THRICE
EXCELLENT PRINCESS

Elizabeth, sole daughter to our dread
Sovereign, James, by the grace of
God, King of Great Britain,
France and Ireland,
&c.

AND WIFE TO THE HIGH
AND MIGHTY PRINCE, FREDERICK

the fifth, Count Palatine of the *Rhine*, Duke
of *Bavier*, &c. *Elector*, and *Arch-sewer* to
the sacred Roman Empire, during
the vacancy Vicar of the same,
and Knight of the most hono-
rable Order of the
Garter.

George Wither wisheth all the Health,
Joys, Honours, and Felicities of this World,
in this life, and the perfections of eternity
in the World to come.



To the Christian Readers.

READERS! for that in my book of Satirical Essays I have been deemed over cynical, to shew that I am not wholly inclined to that vein, but indeed especially out of the love which in duty I owe to these incomparable Princes, I have in honour of their Royal Solemnities published these short Epithalamiaes. By which you may perceive (however the world think of me) I am not of such a churlish constitution, but I can afford Virtue her deserved honour, and have as well an affable look to encourage

Honesty, as a stern frown to cast on
Villainy: If the times would suffer me,
I could be as pleasing as others; and
perhaps ere long I will make you amends
for my former rigour; meanwhile I
commit this unto your censures,
and bid you farewell.

G. W.

Epithalamion.

BRIGHT Northern Star and great Minerva's peer,
Sweet Lady of this day ! Great Britain's dear !
Lo, thy poor vassal, that was erst so rude
With his most rustic satyrs to intrude,
Once more like a poor Silvan now draws near,
And in thy sacred presence dares appear.
O let not that sweet bow, thy brow, be bent,
To scare him with a shaft of discontent !
One look with anger, nay, thy gentlest frown,
Is twice enough to cast a greater down.
My will is ever, never to offend
Those that are good ; and what I here intend
Your worth compels me to ; for, lately griev'd,
More than can be exprest or well believ'd,
Minding for ever to abandon sport
And live exil'd from places of resort,
Careless of all, I yielding to security,
Thought to shut up my muse in dark obscurity,

And in content the better to repose,
 A lonely grove upon a mountain chose,
 East from Cær Win, midway 'twixt Arle and Dis,
 True springs, where Britain's true Arcadia is.
 But ere I enter'd my intended course,
 Great Æolus began to offer force.
 The boisterous king was grown so mad with rage,
 That all the earth was but his fury's stage :*
 Fire, air, earth, sea, were intermix'd in one ;
 Yet fire, through water, earth and air shone.
 The sea, as if she meant to whelm them under,
 Beat on the cliffs, and rag'd more loud than thunder;
 And whilst the vales she with salt waves did fill,
 The air shower'd floods that drench'd our highest
 hill ;
 And the proud trees, that would no duty know,
 Lay overturned, twenties in a row ;
 Yea, every man, for fear, fell to devotion,
 Lest the whole isle should have been drench'd in
 th'ocean.
 Which I perceiving, conjur'd up my muse,
 The spirit whose good help I sometimes use,
 And though I meant to break her rest no more,
 I was then fain her aid for to implore ;
 And by her help indeed I came to know
 Why both the air and seas were troubled so ;

* Alluding to a remarkably tempestuous winter

For having urg'd her, that she would unfold
 What cause she knew, thus much at last she told.
 Of late (quoth she) there is by powers divine
 A match concluded, 'twixt great Thame and Rhine,
 Two famous rivers, equal both to Nile ;
 The one, the pride of Europe's greatest Isle ;
 Th'other, disdain'g to be closely pent,
 Washes a great part of the Continent,
 Yet with abundance doth the wants supply
 Of the still-thirsting sea, that's never dry.
 And now these, being not alone endear'd
 To mighty Neptune and his wat'ry herd,
 But also to the great and dreadful Jove,
 With all his sacred companies above,
 Both have assented, by their loves inviting,
 To grace with their own presence this uniting.
 Jove call'd a summons, to the world's great wonder;
 'Twas that we heard of late, which we thought
 thunder.

A thousand legions he intends to send them,
 Of cherubim and angels to attend them ;
 And those strong winds that did such blust'ring
 keep,
 Were but the tritons' sounding in the deep
 To warn each river, petty stream and spring,
 Their aid unto their sovereign to bring.

The floods and showers that came so plenteous down,
 And lay entrench'd in every field and town,
 Were but retainers to the nobler sort,
 That owe their homage at the wat'ry court ;
 Or else the streams, not pleas'd with their own store,
 To grace the Thames, their mistress, borrowed more,
 Exacting from their neighbouring dales and hills,
 But by consent all, nought against their wills.
 Yet now, since in this stir are brought to ground
 Many fair buildings, many hundreds drown'd,
 And daily found of broken ships great store,
 That lie dismember'd upon every shore,
 With divers other mischiefs known to all,
 This is the cause that those great harms befall :
 Whilst other things in readiness did make,
 Hell's hateful hags from out their prisons break,
 And spiting at this hopeful match, began
 To wreak their wrath on air, earth, sea, and man
 Some, having shapes of Romish shavelings got,
 Spew'd out their venom, and began to plot
 Which way to thwart it ; others made their way
 With much distraction through land and sea,
 Extremely raging. But Almighty Jove
 Perceives their hate and envy from above ;
 He'll check their fury, and in irons chain'd,
 Their liberty abus'd shall be restrain'd :

He'll shut them up, from coming to molest
 The merriments of Hymen's holy feast,
 Where shall be knit that sacred Gordian knot,
 Which in no age to come shall be forgot ;
 Which policy nor force shall ne'er untie,
 But must continue to eternity ;
 Which for the whole world's good was fore-decreed,
 With hope, expected long, now come indeed ;
 And of whose future glory, worth, and merit,
 Much I could speak with a prophetic spirit.
 Thus by my muse's dear assistance finding
 The cause of this disturbance, with more minding
 My country's welfare than my own content,
 And longing to behold this tale's event,
 My lonely life I suddenly forsook,
 And to the court again my journey took.

Meanwhile I saw the furious winds were laid,
 The risings of the swelling waters staid ;
 The winter 'gan to change in every thing,
 And seem'd to borrow mildness of the spring :
 The violet and primrose fresh did grow,
 And as in April, trimm'd both copse and row ;
 The city, that I left in mourning clad,
 Drooping as if it would have still been sad,
 I found deck'd up in robes so neat and trim,
 Fair Iris would have look'd but stale and dim

In her best colours, had she there appear'd.
 The sorrows of the court I found well clear'd ;
 Their woeful habits quite cast off, and tir'd
 In such a glorious fashion, I admir'd
 All her chief peers and choicest beauties too,
 In greater pomp than mortals us'd to do,
 Wait as attendants. Juno's come to see,
 Because she hears that this solemnity
 Exceeds fair Hippodamia's (where the strife
 'Twixt her, Minerva, and lame Vulcan's wife
 Did first arise), and with her leads along
 A noble, stately, and a mighty throng :
 Venus, attended with her rarest features,
 Sweet lovely-smiling and heart-moving creatures,
 The very fairest jewels of her treasure,
 Able to move the senseless stones to pleasure,
 Of all her sweetest saints hath robb'd their shrines,
 And brings them for the courtiers' valentines.
 Nor doth dame Pallas from these triumphs lurk ;
 Her noblest wits she freely sets on work :
 Of late she summon'd them unto this place
 To do your masks and revels better grace.
 Here Mars himself too, clad in armour bright,
 Hath shewn his fury in a bloodless fight,
 And both on land and water, sternly drest,
 Acted his bloody stratagems in jest ;

Which to the people, frighted by their error,
 With seeming wounds and death did add more terror.
 Besides, to give the greater cause of wonder,
 Jove did vouchsafe a rattling peal of thunder.
 Comets and meteors, by the stars exhal'd,
 Were from the middle region lately call'd,
 And to a place appointed made repair
 To shew their fiery friscols in the air.
 People innumerable do resort,
 As if all Europe here would keep one court ;
 Yea, Hymen, in his saffron-coloured weed,
 To celebrate his rites is full agreed.
 All this I see ; which seeing, makes me borrow
 Some of their mirth awhile, and lay down sorrow ;
 And yet not this, but rather the delight
 My heart doth take in the much-hoped sight
 Of these thy glories, long already due ;
 And this sweet comfort, that my eyes do view
 Thy happy bridegroom, Prince Count Palatine,
 Now thy best friend and truest Valentine ;
 Upon whose brow my mind doth read the story
 Of mighty fame and a true future glory :
 Methinks I do foresee already, how
 Princes and Monarchs at his stirrup bow ;
 I see him shine in steel, the bloody fields
 Already won, and how his proud foe yields.

God hath ordain'd him happiness great store,
 And yet in nothing is he happy more
 Than in thy love, fair Princess ! For, unless
 Heaven, like to man, be prone to fickleness,
 Thy fortunes must be greater in effect
 Than time makes show of, or men can expect.
 Yet, notwithstanding all those goods of fate,
 Thy mind shall ever be above thy state ;
 For over and beside thy proper merit,
 Our last Eliza grants her noble spirit
 To be redoubled on thee ; and your names
 Being both one, shall give you both one fames.
 O blessed thou, and they to whom thou giv'st
 The leave for to be attendants where thou liv'st !
 And hapless we, that must of force let go
 The matchless treasure we esteem of so.
 But yet we trust 'tis for our good and thine,
 Or else thou shouldst not change thy Thame for
 Rhine :

We hope that this will the uniting prove
 Of countries and of nations by your love,
 And that from out your blessed loins shall come
 Another terror to the Whore of Rome ;
 And such a stout Achilles as shall make
 Her tottering walls and weak foundation shake ;
 For Thetis-like, thy fortunes do require
 Thy issue should be greater than his sire.

But, gracious Princess ! now, since thus it fares,
 And God so well for you and us prepares,
 Since he hath deign'd such honours for to do you
 And shown himself so favourable to you,
 Since he hath chang'd your sorrows and your sadness
 Into such great and unexpected gladness,
 O now remember you to be at leisure
 Sometime to think on Him amidst your pleasure !
 Let not these glories of the world deceive you,
 Nor her vain favours of yourself bereave you :
 Consider yet, for all this jollity,
 Y'are mortal, and must feel mortality ;
 And that God can, in midst of all your joys,
 Quite dash this pomp, and fill you with annoys.
 Triumphs are fit for princes, yet we find,
 They ought not wholly to take up the mind,
 Nor yet to be let pass as things in vain ;
 For out of all things wit will knowledge gain :
 Music may teach of difference in degree,
 The best tun'd common-weals will framed be ;
 And that he moves and lives with greatest grace,
 That unto time and measure ties his pace.
 Then let these things be emblems to present
 Your mind with a more lasting true content.
 When you behold the infinite resort,
 The glory and the splendour of the court,

What wondrous favours God doth here bequeath you,
 How many hundred thousands are beneath you,
 And view with admiration your great bliss,
 Then with yourself you may imagine this :
 'Tis but a blast, or transitory shade,
 Which in the turning of a hand may fade—
 Honours, which you yourself did never win,
 And might (had God been pleas'd) another's been ;
 And think, if shadows have such majesty,
 What are the glories of eternity.
 Then by this image of a fight on sea,
 Wherein you heard the thund'ring cannons play,
 And saw flames breaking from their murdering
 throats,
 Which in true skirmish fling resistless shots,
 Your wisdom may (and will no doubt) begin
 To cast what peril a poor soldier's in :
 You will conceive his miseries and cares,
 How many dangers, deaths, and wounds he shares ;
 Then, though the most pass over, and neglect
 them,
 That rhetoric will move you to respect them.
 And if hereafter you should hap to see
 Such mimic apes (that courts' disgraces be),
 I mean such chamber-combatants, who never
 Wear other helmet than a hat of beaver,

Or ne'er board pinnace but in silken sail,
 And in the stead of boisterous shirts of mail
 Go arm'd in cambrick, if that such a kite
 (I say) should scorn an eagle in your sight,
 Your wisdom judge (by this experience) can,
 Which hath most worth, hermaphrodite, or man.
 The night's strange prospects,* made to feed the
 eyes,

With artful fires mounted in the skies,
 Graced with horrid claps of sulphury thunders,
 May make you mind th'Almighty's greater wonders.
 Nor is there any thing, but you may thence
 Reap inward gain as well as please the sense.
 But pardon me, O fairest ! that am bold
 My heart thus freely, plainly to unfold :
 What though I know, you knew all this before,
 My love this shews, and that is something more.
 Do not my honest service here disdain :
 I am a faithful though an humble swain.
 I'm none of those that have the means or place
 With shows of cost to do your nuptials grace,
 But only, master of mine own desire,
 Am hither come with others to admire.
 I am not of those Heliconian wits,
 Whose pleasing strains the court's known humour
 fits,

* *Strange prospects.* Fire-works then exhibited.

But a poor rural shepherd, that for need
Can make sheep music on an oaten reed ;
Yet for my love (I'll this be bold to boast)
It is as much to you as his that's most ;
Which, since I no way else can now explain,
If you'll in midst of all these glories deign
To lend your ears unto my muse so long,
She shall declare it in a wedding-song.

Epithalamion.

VALENTINE!* good morrow to thee,
 Love and service both I owe thee;
 And would wait upon thy pleasure,
 But I cannot be at leisure;
 For I owe this day, as debtor
 To a thousand times thy better.

Hymen now will have effected
 What hath been so long expected:
 Thame! thy Mistress, now unwedded,
 Soon must with a Prince be bedded;
 If thou'lt see her virgin ever,
 Come and do it now, or never.

Where art thou, O fair Aurora?
 Call in Ver and lady Flora;
 And you, daughters of the morning!
 In your neat'st and fitt'st adorning,
 Clear your foreheads and be sprightful,
 That this day may seem delightful.

* *Valentine.* The marriage was celebrated on the 14th Feb.

All you nymphs that use the mountains
 Or delight in groves and fountains !
 Shepherdesses, you that dally,
 Either upon hill or valley !
 And you daughters of the bower
 That acknowledge Vesta's power !

Oh ! you sleep too long ; awake ye !
 See how Time doth overtake ye.
 Hark ! the lark is up and singeth,
 And the house with echoes ringeth.
 Precious hours why neglect ye,
 Whilst affairs thus expect ye ?

Come away ! upon my blessing,
 The bride-chamber lies to dressing.
 Strew the ways with leaves of roses ;
 Some make garlands, some make posies :
 'Tis a favour, and't may joy you
 That your mistress will employ you.

Where's Sabrina,* with her daughters
 That do sport about her waters,
 Those that with their locks of amber
 Haunt the fruitful hills of †Camber ?
 We must have, to fill the number,
 All the nymphs of Trent and Humber.

* The Severn. † Wales.

Fie ! your haste is scarce sufficing ;
 For the bride's awake and rising.
 Enter, beauties ! and attend her ;
 All your helps and service lend her :
 With your quaint'st and new'st devices,
 Trim your lady, fair Thamisis.

See ! she's ready : with joys greet her,
 Lads ! go bid the bridegroom meet her ;
 But from rash approach advise him,
 Lest a too much joy surprize him :
 None I ere knew yet, that dared
 View an angel unprepared.

Now unto the church she hies her ;
 Envy bursts if she espies her :
 In her gestures, as she paces,
 Are united all the graces ;
 Which who sees, and hath his senses,
 Loves in spite of all defences.

O most true majestic creature !
 Nobles ! did you note her feature ?
 Felt you not an inward motion,
 Tempting love to yield devotion,
 And as you were e'en desiring,
 Something check you for aspiring ?

That's her virtue, which still tameth
 Loose desires, and bad thoughts blameth ;
 For whilst others were unruly,
 She observ'd Diana truly,
 And hath by that means obtained
 Gifts of her that none have gained.

Yon's the bridegroom; d'ye not spy him ?
 See how all the ladies eye him !
 Venus his perfection findeth,
 And no more Adonis mindeth.
 Much of him my heart divineth,
 On whose brow all virtue shineth.

Two such creatures Nature would not
 Let one place long keep : she should not.
 One she'll have (she cares not whether,)
 But our loves can spare her neither ;
 Therefore, ere we'll so be spited,
 They in one shall be united.

Nature's self is well contented
 By that means to be prevented.
 And behold ! they are retired,
 So conjoin'd as we desired,
 Hand in hand not only fixed,
 But their hearts are intermixed.

Happy they, and we that see it :
 For the good of Europe be it.
 And hear, Heaven ! my devotion :
 Make this Rhine and Thame an ocean,
 That it may with might and wonder
 Whelm the pride of Tiber under.

Now you shall their persons shroudeth,
 Whither all this people croudeth ;
 There they feasted are with plenty :
 Sweet Ambrosia is no dainty.
 Grooms quaff nectar ; for there's meeter,
 Yea, more costly wines and sweeter.

Young men all, for joy go ring ye,
 And your merriest carols sing ye.
 Here's of damsels many choices ;
 Let them tune their sweetest voices,
 For the muses too, to cheer them :
 They can ravish all that hear them.

Ladies ! 'tis their Highness' pleasures
 To behold you foot the measures :
 Lovely gestures addeth graces
 To your bright and angel faces.
 Give your active minds the bridle :
 Nothing worse than to be idle.

Worthies ! your affairs forbear ye,
 For the state awhile may spare ye ;
 Time was, that you loved sporting :
 Have you quite forgot your courting ?
 Joy the heart of cares beguileth :
 Once a year Apollo smileth.

Fellow-shepherds ! how, I pray you,
 Can your flocks at this time stay you ?
 Let us also hie us thither ;
 Let's lay all our wits together,
 And some pastoral invent them,
 That may shew the love we meant them.

I myself, though meanest stated,
 And in court now almost hated,
 Will knit up my Scourge, and venture
 In the midst of them to enter ;
 For I know there's no disdain
 Where I look for entertaining.

See, methinks the very season,
 As if capable of reason,
 Hath lain by her native rigour :
 The fair sun-beams have more vigour ;
 They are Æols most endeared,
 For the air's still'd and cleared.

Fawns, and lambs, and kids do play,
 In the honour of this day ;
 The shrill blackbird and the thrush
 Hop about in every bush,
 And among the tender twigs
 Chaunt their sweet harmonious jigs ;

Yea, and mov'd by this example,
 They do make each grove a temple,
 Where their time the best way using,
 They their summer-loves are chusing ;
 And unless some churl do wrong them,
 There's not an odd bird among them.

Yet I heard, as I was walking,
 Groves and hills by echoes talking,
 Reeds unto the small brooks whistling,
 Whilst they danc'd with pretty rushling.
 Then for us to sleep 'twere pity,
 Since dumb creatures are so witty.

But, O Titan ! thou dost dally ;
 Hie thee to thy western valley ;
 Let this night one hour borrow,
 She shall pay't again to morrow ;
 And if thou'lt that favour do them,
 Send thy sister Phœbe to them.

But she's come, herself, unasked,
 And brings gods and heroes masked.*
 None yet saw, or heard in story,
 Such immortal, mortal glory.
 View not, without preparation,
 Lest you faint in admiration.

Say, my Lords ! and speak truth barely,
 Mov'd they not exceeding rarely ?
 Did they not such praises merit,
 As if flesh had all been spirit ?
 True indeed ; yet I must tell them
 There was one did far excel them.

But, alas ! this is ill dealing ;
 Night unawares away is stealing :
 Their delay the poor bed wrongeth,
 That for bride with bridegroom longeth,
 And above all other places,
 Must be blest with their embraces.

Revellers ! then now forbear ye,
 And unto your rests prepare ye :
 Let's awhile your absence borrow ;
 Sleep to night, and dance to-morrow.
 We could well allow your courting,
 But 'twill hinder better sporting.

* Two masques were represented on the occasion.

They are gone, and night, all lonely,
 Leaves the bride with bridegroom only.
 Muse ! now tell, for thou hast power
 To fly through wall or tower,
 What contentments their hearts cheereth,
 And how lovely she appeareth.

And yet do not ! tell it no man ;
 Rare conceits may so grow common :
 Do not to the vulgar shew them ;
 'Tis enough that thou dost know them.
 Their ill hearts are but the centre
 Where all misconceivings enter.

But thou, Luna ! that dost lightly
 Haunt our downs and forests nightly ;
 Thou that favour'st generation,
 And art help to procreation ;
 See their issue thou so cherish,
 I may live to see it flourish.

And you, planets ! in whose power
 Doth consist these lives of our,
 You that teach us divinations,
 Help with all your constellations,
 How to frame in her a creature
 Blest in fortune, wit, and feature.

Lastly, O you angels ! ward them,
 Set your sacred spells to guard them ;
 Chace away such fears or terrors,
 As not being, seem through errors ;
 Yea, let not a dream's molesting,
 Make them start when they are resting.

But Thou chiefly, most adored,
 That shouldst only be implored !
 Thou to whom my meaning tendeth,
 Whether e'er in show it bendeth !
 Let them rest to night from sorrow,
 And awake with joy to-morrow.

Oh ! to my request be heedful ;
 Grant them that, and all things needful.
 Let not these my strains of folly
 Make true prayer be unholy ;
 But if I have here offended,
 Help, forgive, and see it mended.

Deign me this. And if my muse's
 Hasty issue, she peruses ;
 Make it unto her seem grateful,
 Though to all the world else hateful.
 But howe'er, yet, soul ! persevere
 Thus to wish her good for ever.

THUS ends the day, together with my song;
Oh! may the joys thereof continue long!
Let heaven's just, all-seeing, sacred power
Favour this happy marriage-day of your;
And bless you in your chaste embraces so,
We Britons may behold, before you go,
The hopeful issue we shall count so dear,
And whom, unborn, his foes already fear.
Yea, I desire that all your sorrows may
Never be more, than they have been to-day;
Which hoping, for acceptance now I sue,
And humbly bid your grace and court adieu.
I saw the sight I came for; which I know
Was more than all the world beside could shew.
But if amongst Apollo's lays you can
Be pleas'd to lend a gentle ear to Pan,
Or think your country-shepherd loves as dear
As if he were a courtier or a peer,
Then I, that else must to my cell of pain,
Will joyful turn unto my flock again,
And there unto my fellow-shepherds tell,
Why you are lov'd, wherein you do excel.
And when we drive our flocks afield to graze them,
So chaunt your praises that it shall amaze them;

And think that fate hath new recall'd from death
Their still-lamented, sweet Elizabeth.
For though they see the court but now and then,
They know desert as well as greater men :
And honour'd fame in them doth live or die,
As well as in the mouth of majesty.
But taking granted what I here entreat,
At heaven for you my devotions beat ;
And though I fear, fate will not suffer me
To do you service, where your fortunes be ;
Howe'er my skill hath yet despised seem'd,
And my unripened wit been mis-esteem'd,
When all this costly show away shall flit,
And not one live that doth remember it,
If envy's trouble let not to persevere,
I'll find a means to make it known for ever.

**CERTAIN E-
PIGRAMS CON-
CERNING MAR-
RIAGE.**

EPIGRAM 1.

'TIS said, in Marriage, above all the rest
 The children of a King find comforts least ;
 Because, without respect of love or hate,
 They must, and oft be, ruled by the State :
 But if contented love, religious care,
 Equality in state and years declare
 A happy match, as I suppose no less,
 Then rare and great's Eliza's happiness.

EPIGRAM 2.

GOD was the first that marriage did ordain,
By making one, two; and two, one again.

EPIGRAM 3.

SOLDIER! of thee I ask, for thou canst best,
Having known sorrow, judge of joy and rest,
What greater bliss, than after all thy harms
To have a wife that's fair and lawful thine;
And lying prison'd 'twixt her ivory arms,
There tell what thou hast 'scap'd by Powers Divine;
How many round thee thou hast murther'd seen;
How oft thy soul hath been near-hand expiring;
How many times thy flesh hath wounded been;
Whilst she thy fortune and thy worth admiring,
With joy of health, and pity of thy pain,
Doth weep and kiss, and kiss and weep again?*

* This Epigram will strongly remind the reader of the sort of *witchcraft* which Shakspeare describes the Moor of Venice to have used, to gain the love of Desdemona.

“That I have past
I ran it through, even from my boyish days.
These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline.
I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears.
My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of kisses.
She lov'd me for the dangers I have past,
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.”

EPIGRAM 4.

FAIR Helen having stain'd her husband's bed,
 And mortal hatred 'twixt two kingdoms bred,
 Had still remaining in her so much good,
 That heroes for her lost their dearest blood ;
 Then if with all that ill such worth may last,
 Oh ! what is she worth, that's as fair and chaste ?

EPIGRAM 5.

OLD Orpheus knew a good wife's worth so well,
 That when his died, he followed her to hell ;
 And for her loss, at the Elysian grove,
 He did not only ghosts to pity move,
 But the sad poet breath'd his sighs so deep,
 'Tis said, the devils could not chuse but weep.

EPIGRAM 6.

LONG did I wonder, and I wonder much
 Rome's church should from her clergy take that due :
 Thought I, why should she that contentment grudge ?
 What, doth she all with continence indue ?

No. But why, then, are they debarr'd that state?
 Is she become a foe unto her own?
 Doth she the members of her body hate?
 Or is it for some other cause unshewn?
 Oh yes! they find a woman's lips so dainty,
 They tie themselves from one, 'cause they'll have
 twenty.

EPIGRAM 7.

WOMEN, as some men say, unconstant be.
 'Tis like enough, and so no doubt are men;
 Nay, if their 'scapes we could so plainly see,
 I fear that scarce there will be one for ten.
 Men have but their own lusts that tempt to ill;
 Women have lusts, and men's allurements too.
 Alas! if their strengths cannot curb their will,
 What should poor women, that are weaker, do?
 Oh! they had need be chaste and look about them,
 That strive 'gainst lust within, and knaves without
 them.

FINIS.

THE
SHEPHERD'S
HUNTING:

Being certain Eclogues written
during the time of the Author's
Imprisonment in the
Marshalsea.

By *George Wither*, Gentleman.

LONDON,
Printed by T. S. for *John Budge*, dwelling in *Paul's*
Church-yard, at the sign of the Green
Dragon. 1622.



To those Honoured, Noble, and
right Virtuous Friends, my Visi-
tants in the Marshalsea :

And to all other my unknown Favourers,
who either privately or publicly wished
me well in my imprisonment.

*NOBLE Friends, you whose virtues made me
first in love with Virtue, and whose worths made
me be thought worthy of your loves ! I have now at
last (you see) by God's assistance, and your en-
couragement, run through the purgatory of impri-
sonment, and by the worthy favour of a just
Prince, stand free again, without the least touch*

of dejected baseness. Seeing therefore I was grown beyond my hope so fortunate (after acknowledgement of my Creator's love, together with the unequalled clemency of so gracious a Sovereign) I was troubled to think by what means, I might express my thankfulness to so many well-deserving friends: no way I found to my desire, neither yet ability to perform when I found it. But at length considering with myself what you were (that is) such who favour honesty for no second reason but because you yourselves are good, and aim at no other reward but the witness of a sound conscience that you do well, I found that thankfulness would prove the acceptablest present to suit with your dispositions; and that I imagined could be no way better expressed than in manifesting your courtesies, and giving consent to your reasonable demands. For the first, I confess (with thanks to the disposer of all things, and a true grateful heart towards you) so many were the unexpected visitations and unhop'd kindnesses received, both from some among you of my acquaintance and many other unknown well-wishers of my cause, that I was persuaded to entertain a much-better conceit of the times than I lately conceived, and assured myself, that *Virtue* had far more followers than I supposed.

Somewhat it disturbed me to behold our age's favourites, whilst they frowned on my honest enterprises, to take unto their protections the egregiousts fopperies; yet much more was my contentment, in that I was respected by so many of you, amongst whom there are some, who can and may as much disesteem these, as they neglect me; nor could I fear their malice or contempt, whilst I enjoyed your favours; who (howsoever you are under-valued by fools for a time) shall leave unto your posterity so noble a memory, that your names shall be revered by Kings, when many of these who now flourish with a show of usurped greatness, shall either wear out of being, or, despoiled of all their patched reputation, grow contemptible in the eyes of their beloved mistress, the World. Your love it is, that (enabling me with patience to endure what is already past) hath made me also careful better to prepare myself for all future misadventures, by bringing to my consideration, what the passion of my just discontentments had almost quite banished from my remembrance.

Further, to declare my thankfulness, in making apparent my willing mind to be commanded in any services of love which you shall think fit, (though I want ability to perform great matters) yet I have

according to some of your requests, been contented to give way to the printing of these *Eclogues*; which though it to many seem a slight matter, yet being well considered of, may prove a strong argument of my readiness to give you content in a greater matter; for they being (as you well know) begotten with little care, and preserved with less respect, gave sufficient evidence that I meant (rather than any way to deceive your trust) to give the world occasion of calling my discretion in question, as I now assure myself this will; and the sooner, because such expectations (I perceive) there are (of I know not what inventions) as would have been frustrated, though I had employed the utmost and very best of my endeavours.

Notwithstanding, for your sakes I have here adventured once again to make trial of the world's censures; and what hath received being from your loves, I here re-dedicated to your worths, which if your noble dispositions will like well of, or if you will but reasonably respect what yourselves drew me unto, I shall be nothing displeased at others' cavils, but resting myself contented with your good opinions, scorn all the rabble of uncharitable detractors. For none, I know, will malign it, except those who either particularly malice my person, or profess

themselves enemies to my former books; who, saving those that were incensed on others' speeches, as divers of you, according to your protestations, have observed, are either open enemies of our church, men notoriously guilty of some particular abuses therein taxt, such malicious critics who have the repute of being judicious by detracting from others, or at best, such gulls as never approve any thing good or learned, but either that which their shallow apprehensions can apply to the soothing of their own opinions, or what (indeed rather) they understand not.

Trust me, how ill soever it hath been rewarded, my love to my country is inviolate, my thankfulness to you unfained, my endeavour to do every man good, all my aim content with honesty, and this my pains (if it may be so termed) more to avoid idleness than for affectation of praise; and if notwithstanding all this, I must yet not only rest myself content that my innocency hath escaped with strict imprisonment (to the impairing of my state, and hinderance of my fortunes) but also be constrained to see my guiltless lines suffer the despight of ill tongues, yet for my further encouragement, let me entreat the continuance of your first respect, wherein I shall find that comfort as will be sufficient

to make me set light, and so much contemn all the malice of my adversaries, that ready to burst with the venom of their own hearts, they shall see

My mind, enamour'd on fair Virtue's light,
 Transcends the limits of their bleared sight,
 And plac'd above their envy, doth contemn,
 Nay, sit and laugh at, their disdain, and them.

But, Noble Friends! I make question neither of yours nor any honest man's respect, and therefore will no further urge it nor trouble your patience. Only this I'll say, that you may not think me too well conceited of myself: though the time were to blame, in ill requiting my honest endeavours, which in the eyes of the world deserved better, yet somewhat I am assured there was in me worthy that punishment, which when God shall give me grace to see and amend, I doubt not but to find that regard as will be fitting for so much merit, as my endeavours may justly challenge. Meanwhile, the better to hold myself in esteem with you, and amend the world's opinion of Virtue, I will study to amend myself, that I may be yet more worthy to be called

Your Friend,

GEO. WITHER.

Shepherd's Hunting.

The first Eclogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Willy leaves his flock awhile,
To lament his friend's exile ;
Where, though prison'd, he doth find
He's still free that's free in mind ;
And that there is no defence
Half so firm as innocence.*

PHILARETE. WILLY.

Philarete.

WILLY ! thou now full jolly tun'st thy reeds,
Making the nymphs enamour'd on thy strains ;
And whilst thy harmless flock unscared feeds,
Hast the contentment of hills, groves, and plains.
Trust me, I joy thou and thy muse so speeds
In such an age, where so much mischief reigns ;
And to my care it some redress will be,
Fortune hath so much grace to smile on thee.

Willy.

To smile on me? I ne'er yet knew her smile,
 Unless 'twere when she purpos'd to deceive me:
 Many a train and many a painted wile
 She casts, in hope of freedom to bereave me;
 Yet now, because she sees I scorn her guile,
 To fawn on fools she for my muse doth leave me;
 And here of late, her wonted spite doth tend
 To work me care by frowning on my friend.

Philarete.

Why then I see her copper-coin's no sterling:
 'Twill not be current still, for all the gilding.
 A knave, or fool, must ever be her darling;
 For they have minds to all occasions yielding.
 If we get any thing by all our parling,
 It seems an apple, but it proves a wilding.
 But let that pass. Sweet shepherd! tell me this,
 For what beloved friend thy sorrow is.

Willy.

Art thou, Philarete! in durance here,
 And dost thou ask me for what friend I grieve?
 Can I suppose thy love to me is dear,
 Or this thy joy for my content believe,
 When thou think'st thy cares touch not me as near,
 Or that I pin thy sorrows at my sleeve?
 I have in thee reposed so much trust,
 I never thought to find thee so unjust.

Philarete.

Why, Willy?

Willy.

.....Prithee do not ask me why?
 Doth it diminish any of thy care,
 That I in freedom maken melody?
 And think'st I cannot as well somewhat spare
 From my delight to moan thy misery?
 'Tis time our loves should these suspects forbear:
 Thou art that friend, which thou, unnam'd,
 should'st know,
 And not have drawn my love in question so.

Philarete.

Forgive me, and I'll pardon thy mistake;
 And so let this thy gentle anger cease.
 I never of thy love will question make
 Whilst that the number of our days encrease.
 Yet to myself I much might seem to take,
 And something near unto presumption prease,*
 To think me worthy love from such a spirit,
 But that I know thy kindness past my merit.
 Besides, methought thou spak'st now of a friend,
 That seem'd more grievous discontents to bear:
 Some things I find that do in show offend,
 Which to my patience little trouble are;

* *Prease*; *press*. Spenser used it for crowd.

And they ere long I hope will have an end ;
 Or though they have not, much I do not care.
 So this it was made me that question move,
 And not suspect of honest Willy's love.

Willy.

Alas ! thou art exiled from thy flock,
 And quite beyond the deserts here confin'd,
 Hast nothing to converse with but a rock,
 Or at least out-laws in their caves half pin'd ;
 And do'st thou at thy own misfortune mock,
 Making thyself too, to thyself unkind ?
 When heretofore we talk'd, we did embrace ;
 But now I scarce can come to see thy face.

Philarete.

Yet all that, Willy ! is not worth thy sorrow,
 For I have mirth here thou would'st not believe :
 From deepest cares the highest joys I borrow.
 If ought chance out this day may make me grieve,
 I'll learn to mend or scorn it by to-morrow.
 This barren place yields somewhat to relieve,
 For I have found sufficient to content me,
 And more true bliss than ever freedom lent me.

Willy.

Are prisons then grown places of delight ?

Philarete.

'Tis as the conscience of the prisoner is :
 The very grates are able to affright
 The guilty man, that knows his deeds amiss ;
 All outward pleasures are exiled quite,
 And it is nothing of itself but this :
 Abhorred liveness, darkness, sadness, pains,
 Numb-cold, sharp hunger, scorching thirst,
 and chains.

Willy.

And these are nothing ?

Philarete.

.....Nothing yet to me :
 Only my friend's restraint is all my pain ;
 And since I truly find my conscience free
 From that my liveness too, I reap some gain.

Willy.

But grant in this no discontentment be,
 It doth thy wished liberty restrain ;
 And to thy soul I think there's nothing nearer,
 For I could never hear thee prize ought dearer.

Philarete.

True, I did ever set it at a rate
 Too dear for any mortal's worth to buy :
 'Tis not our greatest shepherd's whole estate
 Shall purchase from me my least liberty ;

But I am subject to the powers of fate,
 And to obey them is no slavery :
 They may do much, but when they have done all,
 Only my body they may bring in thrall.

And 'tis not that, my Willy ! 'tis my mind ;
 My mind's more precious freedom I so weigh,
 A thousand ways they may my body bind,
 In thousand thralls, but ne'er my mind betray ;
 And thence it is that I contentment find,
 And bear with patience this my load away :
 I'm still myself, and that I'd rather be,
 Than to be lord of all these downs in fee.

Willy.

Nobly resolv'd ! and I do joy to hear't ;
 For 'tis the mind of man indeed that's all :
 There's nought so hard but a brave heart will bear't ;
 The guiltless men count great afflictions small :
 They'll look on death and torment, yet not fear't,
 Because they know 'tis rising so to fall.
 Tyrants may boast they to much power are born,
 Yet he hath more that tyrannies can scorn.

Philarete.

'Tis right ; but I no tyrannies endure,
 Nor have I suffer'd ought worth name of care.

Willy.

Whate'er thou'lt call't, thou may'st, but I am sure
 Many more pine, that much less pained are.
 Thy look, methinks, doth say thy meaning's pure,
 And by this past I find what thou dost dare ;
 But I could never yet the reason know,
 Why thou art lodged in this house of woe.

Philarete.

Nor I, by Pan ! nor never hope to do ;
 But thus it pleases some, and I do guess
 Partly a cause that moves them thereunto ;
 Which neither will avail me to express,
 Nor thee to hear, and therefore let it go :
 We must not say, they do so that oppress ;
 Yet I shall ne'er to sooth them or the times,
 Injure myself by bearing others' crimes.

Willy.

Then now thou may'st speak freely: there's none
 hears,
 But he, whom I do hope, thou dost not doubt.

Philarete.

True ; but if doors and walls have gotten ears,
 And closet-whisperings may be spread about,
 Do not blame him that in such causes fears
 What in his passion he may blunder out :
 In such a place, and such strict times as these,
 Where what we speak is took as others please.

But yet to-morrow, if thou come this way,
 I'll tell thee all my story to the end :
 'Tis long, and now I fear thou canst not stay,
 Because thy flock must water'd be and penn'd,
 And night begins to muffle up the day;
 Which to inform thee how alone I spend,
 I'll only sing a sorry prisoner's lay
 I fram'd this morn ; which, though it suits no
 fields,
 Is such as fits me, and sad thraldom yields.

Willy.

Well; I will set my kit another string,
 And play unto it whilst that thou dost sing.

Sonnet.

Philarete.

NOW that my body, dead-alive,
 Bereav'd of comfort, lies in thrall,
 Do thou, my soul ! begin to thrive,
 And unto honey turn this gall ;
 So shall we both, through outward woe,
 The way to inward comfort know.

As to the flesh we food do give
 To keep in us this mortal breath ;

So souls on meditations live,
 And shun thereby immortal death;
 Nor art thou ever nearer rest,
 Than when thou find'st me most opprest.

First think, my soul! if I have foes
 That take a pleasure in my care,
 And to procure these outward woes
 Have thus entrapt me unaware,
 Thou should'st by much more careful be,
 Since greater foes lay wait for thee.

Then, when mew'd up in grates of steel,
 Minding those joys mine eyes do miss,
 Thou find'st no torment thou dost feel
 So grievous as privation is;
 Muse how the damn'd, in flames that glow,
 Pine in the loss of bliss they know.

Thou seest there's given so great might
 To some that are but clay as I,
 Their very anger can affright;
 Which, if in any thou espy,
 Thus think: if mortal's frowns strike fear,
 How dreadful will God's wrath appear!

By my late hopes, that now are crost,
 Consider those that firmer be;
 And make the freedom I have lost
 A means that may remember Thee:

Had Christ not thy redeemer been,
 What horrid thrall thou hadst been in !

These iron chairs, these bolts of steel,
 Which other poor offenders grind,
 The wants and cares which they do feel,
 May bring some greater thing to mind ;
 For by their grief thou shalt do well
 To think upon the pains of hell.

Or, when through me thou seest a man
 Condemn'd unto a mortal death,
 How sad he looks, how pale, how wan,
 Drawing with fear his panting breath ;
 Think, if in that such grief thou see,
 How sad will, Go, ye cursed ! be.

Again, when he that fear'd to die,
 Past hope, doth see his pardon brought,
 Read but the joy that's in his eye,
 And then convey it to thy thought ;
 There think, betwixt my heart and thee,
 How sweet will, Come, ye blessed ! be.

Thus if thou do, though closed here,
 My bondage I shall deem the less,
 I neither shall have cause to fear,
 Nor yet bewail my sad distress ;
 For whether live, or pine, or die,
 We shall have bliss eternally.

Willy.

Trust me! I see the cage doth some birds good;
 And, if they do not suffer too much wrong,
 Will teach them sweeter descants than the wood.
 Believe't! I like the subject of thy song:
 It shews thou art in no distemper'd mood;
 But cause to hear the residue I long,
 My sheep to-morrow I will nearer bring,
 And spend the day to hear thee talk and sing.

Yet ere we part, Philarete, areed
 Of whom thou learn'dst to make such songs as these.
 I never yet heard any shepherd's reed
 Tune in mishap a strain that more could please.
 Surely thou do'st invoke, at this thy need,
 Some power that we neglect in other lays;
 For here's a name and words, that but few swains
 Have mention'd at their meeting on the plains.

Philarete.

Indeed 'tis true; and they are sore to blame
 That do so much neglect it in their songs;
 For thence proceedeth such a worthy fame
 As is not subject unto envy's wrongs;
 That is the most to be respected name
 Of our true Pan, whose worth sits on all tongues,
 And what the ancient shepherds used to praise
 In sacred anthems upon holidays.

He that first taught his music such a strain
 Was that sweet shepherd* who, until a King,
 Kept sheep upon the honey-milky plain,
 That is enrich'd by Jordan's watering :
 He in his troubles eas'd the body's pains,
 By measures rais'd to the soul's ravishing ;
 And his sweet numbers only, most divine,
 Gave first the being to this song of mine.

Willy.

Let his good spirit ever with thee dwell,
 That I might hear such music every day !

Philarete.

Thanks, swain ! But hark, thy wether rings his bell,
 And swains to fold or homeward drive away.

Willy.

And yon goes Cuddy ; therefore fare thou well !
 I'll make his sheep for me a little stay ;
 And, if thou think it fit, I'll bring him too
 Next morning hither

Philarete.

..... Prithee, Willy ! do.

* King David.

Shepherd's Hunting.

The second Eclogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Cuddy here relates, how all
Pity Philarete's thrall;
Who, requested, doth relate
The true cause of his estate;
Which broke off, because 'twas long,
They begin a three-man song.*

WILLY. CUDDY. PHILARETE.

Willy.

LO, Philarete ! thy old friend here, and I,
Are come to visit thee in these thy bands,
Whilst both our flocks, in an enclosure by,
Do pick the thin grass from the fallowed lands.
He tells me thy restraint of liberty
Each one throughout the country understands;
And there is not a gentle-natur'd lad
On all these downs, but for thy sake is sad.

Cuddy.

Not thy acquaintance and thy friends alone
 Pity thy close restraint, as friends should do;
 But some that have but seen thee, for thee moan;
 Yea, many that did never see thee, too.
 Some deem thee in a fault, and most in none;
 So divers ways do divers rumours go;
 And at all meetings where our shepherds be,
 Now the main news that's extant, is of thee.

Philarete.

Why, this is somewhat yet. Had I but kept
 Sheep on the mountains till the day of doom,
 My name should in obscurity have slept
 In brakes, in briars, shrubbed furze and broom:
 Into the world's wide ear it had not crept,
 Nor in so many men's thoughts found a room.
 But what cause of my sufferings do they know?
 Good Cuddy! tell me, how doth rumour go?

Cuddy.

'Faith! 'tis uncertain: some speak this, some that;
 Some dare say nought, yet seem to think a cause,
 And many an one, prating he knows not what,
 Comes out with proverbs and old ancient saws,
 As if he thought thee guiltless, and yet not;
 Then doth he speak half sentences, then pause,
 That what the most would say we may suppose;
 But what to say the rumour is, none knows.

Philarete.

Nor care I greatly; for it skills not much
 What the unsteady common people deems :
 His conscience doth not always feel least touch
 That blameless in the sight of others seems.
 My cause is honest, and because 'tis such,
 I hold it so, and not for men's esteems.
 If they speak justly well of me, I'm glad ;
 If falsely evil, it ne'er makes me sad.

Willy.

I like that mind ; but, shepherd ! you are quite
 Beside the matter that I long to hear :
 Remember what you promis'd yester-night ;
 You'd put us off with other talk, I fear.
 Thou know'st that honest Cuddy's heart's upright,
 And none but he, except myself, is near ;
 Come therefore, and betwixt us two relate
 The true occasion of thy present state.

Philarete.

My Friends ! I will. *You know I am a swain
 That kept a poor flock on a barren plain ;

* The incidents in the part of Wither's life here referred to, are recounted in the Biographical Notice prefixed to the first volume.

Who, though it seems I could do nothing less,
 Can make a song, and woo a shepherdess ;
 And not alone the fairest where I live
 Have heard me sing, and favours deign'd to give ;
 But, though I say't, the noblest nymph of Thame
 Hath grac'd my verse, unto my greater fame.
 Yet, being young, and not much seeking praise,
 I was not noted out for shepherd's lays,
 Nor feeding flocks, as you know others be ;
 For the delight that most possessed me
 Was hunting foxes, wolves, and beasts of prey,
 That spoil our folds, and bear our lambs away.
 For this, as also for the love I bear
 Unto my country, I laid by all care
 Of gain, or of preferment, with desire
 Only to keep that state I had entire,
 And like a true grown huntsman sought to speed
 Myself with hounds of rare and choicest breed,
 Whose names and natures, ere I further go,
 Because you are my friends, I'll let you know.
 My first esteemed dog that I did find
 Was by descent of old Acteon's kind ;
 A brache* which, if I do not aim amiss,
 For all the world is just like one of his :
 She's named Love,† and scarce yet knows her duty ;
 Her dam's my lady's pretty beagle, Beauty.

* A bitch-hound.

† The different passions here enumerated, are those which
 Wither has personified in his Abuses Stript and Whipt.

I bred her up myself with wondrous charge,
 Until she grew to be exceeding large,
 And wax'd so wanton, that I did abhor it,
 And put her out amongst my neighbours for it.
 The next is Lust, a hound that's kept abroad
 'Mongst some of mine acquaintance, but a toad
 Is not more loathsome : 'tis a cur will range
 Extremely, and is ever full of mange ;
 And cause it is infectious, she's not wont
 To come among the rest, but when they hunt.
 Hate is the third, a hound both deep and long ;
 His sire is True, or else supposed Wrong.
 He'll have a snap at all that pass him by,
 And yet pursues his game most eagerly.
 With him goes Envy coupled, a lean cur,
 And yet she'll hold out, hunt we ne'er so far :
 She pineth much, and feedeth little too,
 Yet stands and snarleth at the rest that do.
 Then there's Revenge, a wond'rous deep-mouth'd
 dog,
 So fleet, I'm fain to hunt him with a clog ;
 Yet many times he'll much out-strip his bounds,
 And hunts not closely with the other hounds :
 He'll venture on a lion in his ire.
 Curst Choler was his dam, and Wrong his sire.
 This Choler is a brache that's very old,
 And spends her mouth too much to have it hold :

She's very testy, an unpleasing cur,
 That bites the very stones if they but stir ;
 Or when that ought but her displeasure moves,
 She'll bite and snap at any one she loves.
 But my quick scented'st dog is Jealousy ;
 The truest of this breed's in Italy.
 The dam of mine would hardly fill a glove,
 It was a lady's little dog, call'd Love ;
 The sire, a poor deformed cur, nam'd Fear,
 As shagged and as rough as is a bear ;
 And yet the whelp turn'd after neither kind,
 For he is very large, and near-hand blind.
 Far-off, he seemeth of a pretty colour,
 But doth not prove so when you view him fuller ;
 A vile suspicious beast, whose looks are bad,
 And I do fear in time he will grow mad.
 To him I couple Avarice, still poor,
 Yet she devours as much as twenty more :
 A thousand horse she in her paunch can put,
 Yet whine as if she had an empty gut ;
 And having gorg'd what might a land have found,
 She'll catch for more, and hide it in the ground.
 Ambition is a hound as greedy full ;
 But he for all the daintiest bits doth cull :
 He scorns to lick up crumbs beneath the table :
 He'll fetch't from boards and shelves, if he be able ;

Nay, he can climb, if need be, and for that
 With him I hunt the martin and the cat ;
 And yet sometimes in mounting he's so quick,
 He fetches falls, are like to break his neck.
 Fear is well-mouth'd, but subject to distrust :
 A stranger cannot make him take a crust ;
 A little thing will soon his courage quail,
 And 'twixt his legs he ever claps his tail.
 With him Despair now often coupled goes,
 Which by his roaring mouth each huntsman knows.
 None hath a better mind unto the game,
 But he gives off, and always seemeth lame.
 My blood-hound Cruelty, as swift as wind,
 Hunts to the death, and never comes behind ;
 Who, but she's strapt, and muzzled too withal,
 Would eat her fellows, and the prey and all ;
 And yet, she cares not much for any food,
 Unless it be the purest harmless blood.

All these are kept abroad at charge of many :
 They do not cost me in a year a penny.
 But there's two couple, of a middling size,
 That seldom pass the sight of my own eyes ;
 Hope, on whose head I've laid my life to pawn ;
 Compassion, that on every one will fawn.
 This would, when 'twas a whelp, with rabbits play,
 Or lambs, and let them go unhurt away ;

Nay, now she is of growth, she'll now and then
 Catch you a hare and let her go again.
 The two last, Joy and Sorrow, make me wonder,
 For they can ne'er agree, nor 'bide asunder.
 Joy's ever wanton, and no order knows :
 She'll run at larks, or stand and bark at crows.
 Sorrow goes by her, and ne'er moves his eye,
 Yet both do serve to help make up the cry.
 Then comes, behind all these, to bear the bass,
 Two couple more of a far larger race,
 Such wide-mouth'd trollops, that 'twould do you
 good
 To hear their loud-loud echoes tear the wood :
 There's Vanity, who by her gaudy hide
 May far away from all the rest be 'spied ;
 Though huge, yet quick ; for she's now here, now
 there ;
 Nay, look about you, and she's every where,
 Yet ever with the rest, and still in chace.
 Right so, Inconstancy fills every place,
 And yet so strange a fickle-natur'd hound,
 Look for her, and she's no where to be found.
 Weakness is no fair dog unto the eye,
 And yet she hath her proper quality.
 But there's Presumption, when he heat hath got,
 He drowns the thunder and the cannon-shot ;

And when at start he his full roaring makes,
 The Earth doth tremble and the Heaven shakes.
 These were my dogs, ten couple just in all,
 Whom by the name of Satyres I do call:
 Mad curs they be, and I can ne'er come nigh
 them,
 But I'm in danger to be bitten by them.
 Much pains I took, and spent days not a few,
 To make them keep together and hunt true ;
 Which yet I do suppose had never been,
 But that I had a Scourge to keep them in.
 Now, when that I this kennel first had got,
 Out of mine own demesnes I hunted not,
 Save on these downs, or among yonder rocks,
 After those beasts that spoil'd our parish flocks ;
 Nor during that time was I ever wont
 With all my kennel in one day to hunt ;
 Nor had done yet, but that this other year,
 Some beasts of prey, that haunt the deserts here,
 Did, not alone, for many nights together,
 Devour, sometime a lamb, sometime a wether,
 And so disquiet many a poor man's herd,
 But thereof losing all were much afear'd.
 Yea, I among the rest did fare as bad,
 Or rather worse ; for the best ewes* I had,

* *Ewes.* *Hopes.*

Whose breed should be my means of life and gain,
 Were in one evening by these monsters slain;
 Which mischief I resolved to repay,
 Or else grow desperate and hunt all away.
 For in a fury, such as you shall see
 Huntsmen in missing of their sport will be,
 I vow'd a monster should not lurk about
 In all this province, but I'd find him out;
 And thereupon, without respect or care
 How lame, how full, or how unfit they were,
 In haste unkennel'd all my roaring crew,
 Who were as mad as if my mind they knew;
 And ere they trail'd a flight-shot, the fierce curs
 Had rous'd a hart, and through brakes, briers, and
 furze

Follow'd at gaze so close, that Love and Fear
 Got in together, and had surely, there
 Quite overthrown him, but that Hope thrust in
 'Twixt both, and sav'd the pinching of his skin;
 Whereby he 'scap'd, till coursing overthwart,
 Despair came in, and grip'd him to the heart.
 I halloed in the res'due to the fall,
 And for an entrance, there I flesh'd them all;
 Which having done, I dipp'd my staff in blood,
 And onward led my Thunder to the wood;
 Where what they did, I'll tell you out anon:
 My keeper calls me, and I must be gone.

Go, if you please, awhile attend your flocks,
 And when the sun is over yonder rocks,
 Come to this cave again, where I will be,
 If that my guardian so much favour me.

Yet, if you please, let us three sing a strain,
 Before you turn your sheep into the plain.

Willy.

I am content.

Cuddy.

.As well content am I.

Philarete.

Then Will, begin ! and we'll the rest supply.

Song.

Willy.

SHEPHERD! would these gates were ope,
 Thou might'st take with us thy fortunes.

Philarete.

No; I'll make this narrow scope
 (Since my fate doth sô importune)
 Means unto a wider hope.

Cuddy.

Would thy shepherdess were here,
Who beloved, loves so dearly!

Philarete.

Not for both your flocks I swear,
And the gain they yield you yearly,
Would I so much wrong my dear.

Yet, to me, nor to this place,
Would she now be long a stranger.
She would hold it no disgrace,
(If she fear'd not more my danger)
Where I am to shew her face.

Willy.

Shepherd! we would wish no harms,
But some thing that might content thee.

Philarete.

Wish me then within her arms;
And that wish will ne'er repent me,
If your wishes might prove charms.

Willy.

Be thy prison her embrace,
Be thy air her sweetest breathing.

Cuddy.

Be thy prospect her sweet face,
For each look a kiss bequeathing,
And appoint thyself the place.

Philarete.

Nay! pray hold there, for I should scanty then
Come meet you here this afternoon again.
But fare you well! since wishes have no power,
Let us depart and keep th' appointed hour.

Shepherd's Hunting.

The third Eclogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Philarete, with his three friends,
Here his hunting-story ends.
Kind Alexis, with much ruth,
Wails the banish'd shepherd's youth;
But he slighteth Fortune's stings,
And in spight of thraldom sings.*

PHILARETE. CUDDY. ALEXIS. WILLY.

Philarete.

SO, now I see y'are shepherds of your word:
Thus were you wont to promise, and to do.

Cuddy.

More than our promise is, we can afford:
We come ourselves, and bring another too—
Alexis, whom thou know'st well is no foe;

Who loves thee much ; and I do know that he
Would fain a hearer of thy Hunting be.

Philarete.

Alexis ! you are welcome ; for you know
You cannot be but welcome where I am :
You ever were a friend of mine in show,
And I have found you are indeed the same :
Upon my first restraint you hither came,
And proffer'd me more tokens of your love,
Than it were fit my small deserts should prove.

Alexis.

'Tis still your use to underprize your merit.
Be not so coy to take my proffered love :
'Twill neither unbeseem your worth nor spirit.
To offer court'sie doth thy friend behove ;
And which are so, this is a place to prove.
Then once again I say, if cause there be,
First make a trial, if thou please, of me.

Philarete.

Thanks, good Alexis ! sit down by me here ;
I have a task, these shepherds know, to do ;
A tale already told this morn well near,
With which I very fain would forward go,
And am as willing thou should'st hear it too ;
But thou canst never understand this last,
Till I have also told thee what is past,

Willy.

It shall not need, for I so much presum'd
 I on your mutual friendships might be bold,
 That I a freedom to myself assum'd,
 To make him know what is already told.
 If I have done amiss, then you may scold.
 But in my telling I prevised this ;
 He knew not whose, nor to what end it is.

Philarete.

Well, now he may ; for here my tale goes on.
 My eager dogs and I to wood are gone ;
 Where, beating through the coverts, every hound
 A several game had in a moment found.
 I rated them ; but they pursu'd their prey,
 And as it fell, by hap, took all one way.
 Then I began with quicker speed to follow,
 And teaz'd them on with a more cheerful halloo ;
 That soon we passed many weary miles,
 Tracing the subtile game through all their wiles.
 These doubled, those re-doubled on the scent,
 Still keeping in full chace where'er they went,
 Up hills, down cliffs, through bogs, and over plains,
 Stretching their music to the highest strains ;
 That when some thicket hid them from mine eye,
 My ear was ravish'd with their melody.
 Nor cross'd we only ditches, hedges, furrows,
 But hamlets, tithings, parishes, and boroughs :

They followed wheresoe'er the game did go,
 Through kitchen, parlour, hall, and chamber too;
 And, as they pass'd the city and the court,
 My Prince look'd out, and deign'd to view my
 sport;

Which then, although I suffer for it now,
 If some say true, he liking did allow;
 And so much, had I had but the wit to stay,
 I might myself, perhaps, have heard him say.
 But I, that time, as much as any daring,
 More for my pleasure than my safety caring,
 Seeing fresh game from every covert rise,
 Crossing by thousands still before their eyes,
 After I rush'd, and following close my hounds,
 Some beasts I found lie dead, some full of wounds,
 Among the willows scarce with strength to move.
 One I found here, another there, whom Love
 Had grip'd to death: and, in the self-same state
 Lay one devour'd by Envy, one by Hate.
 Lust had bit some; but I soon pass'd beside them:
 Their fester'd wounds so stunk, none could abide
 them.

Choler hurt divers, but Revenge kill'd more;
 Fear 'frighted all, behind him and before.
 Despair drove on a huge and mighty heap,
 Forcing some down from rocks and hills to leap,
 Some into water, some into the fire;
 So on themselves he made them wreak his ire.

But I remember, as I pass'd that way,
 Where the great King and Prince of Shepherds lay,
 About the walls were hid, some, once more known,
 That my fell cur Ambition had o'erthrown.
 Many I heard, pursu'd by Pity, cry ;
 And oft I saw my blood-hound, Cruelty,
 Eating her passage even to the heart,
 Whither once gotten, she is loath to part.
 All plied it well, and made so loud a cry,
 'Twas heard beyond the shores of Britany.
 Some rated them, some storm'd, some lik'd the
 game,
 Some thought me worthy praise, some worthy
 blame.

But I, not fearing th'one, mis-'steeming t'other,
 Both in shrill halloos and loud yearnings smother.
 Yea, the strong-mettled, and my long-breath'd
 crew,
 Seeing the game encreasing in their view,
 Grew the more frolic, and the course's length
 Gave better breath and added to their strength.
 Which Jove perceiving, for Jove heard their cries
 Rumbling amongst the spheres' concavities,
 He mark'd their course and courages encrease,
 Saying, 'twere pity such a chace should cease ;
 And therewith swore their mouths should never
 waste,
 But hunt as long 's mortality did last.

Soon did they feel the power of his great gift,
 And I began to find their pace more swift.
 I follow'd, and I rated, but in vain
 Striv'd to o'ertake or take them up again :
 They never stayed since, nor nights nor days,
 But to and fro still run a thousand ways ;
 Yea, often to this place where now I lie,
 They'll wheel about to cheer me with their cry ;
 And one day in good time will vengeance take
 On some offenders, for their master's sake.
 For know, my friends ! my freedom in this sort
 For them I lose, and making myself sport.

Willy.

Why ? was there any harm at all in this ?

Philarete.

No, Willy ! and I hope yet none there is.

Willy.

How comes it then ?

Philarete.

.....Note, and I'll tell thee how !
 Thou know'st that Truth and Innocency now,
 If plac'd with meanness, suffer more despight
 Than Villainies, accompanied with might.

But thus it fell; while that my hounds pursu'd
 Their noisome prey, and every field lay strew'd
 With monsters, hurt and slain; upon a beast,
 More subtile and more noisome than the rest,
 My lean-flank'd bitch, call'd Envy, hap'd to 'light,
 And, as her wont is, did so surely bite,
 That though she left behind small outward smart,
 The wounds were deep, and rankled to the heart.
 This, joining to some other, that of late
 Were very eagerly pursu'd by Hate,
 To fit their purpose, having taken leisure,
 Did thus conspire to work me a displeasure.
 For imitation, far surpassing apes,
 They laid aside their fox and wolvis shapes,
 And shrouded in the skins of harmless sheep,
 Into bye-ways and open paths did creep;
 Where they, as hardly drawing breath, did lie,
 Shewing their wounds to every passer-by,
 To make them think that they were sheep so foil'd,
 And by my dogs, in their late hunting, spoil'd.
 Beside, some other, that envied my game,
 And for their pastime kept such monsters tame,
 As you do know there's many for their pleasure
 Keep foxes, bears, and wolves, as some great
 treasure,
 Yea, many get their living by them too,
 And so did store of these I speak of do;

Who, seeing that my kennel had affrighted,
 Or hurt some vermin wherein they delighted,
 And finding their own power by much too weak
 Their malice on my innocence to wreak,
 Sworn with the deepest rancour of despite,
 Some of our greatest shepherds' folds by night
 They closely enter'd; and there having stain'd
 Their hands in villainy, of me they 'plain'd,
 Affirming, without shame or honesty,
 I and my dogs had done it purposely.
 Whereat they storm'd, and call'd me to a trial,
 Where innocence prevails not, nor denial.
 But for that cause, here in this place I lie,
 Where none so merry as my dogs and I.

Cuddy.

Believe it, here's a tale will suiten well
 For shepherds in another age to tell.

Willy.

And thou shalt be remember'd with delight,
 By this, hereafter, many a winter's night;
 For of this sport another age will ring;
 Yea, nymphs that are unborn thereof shall sing;
 And not a beauty on our greens shall play,
 That hath not heard of this thy hunting-day.

Philarete.

It may be so ; for if that gentle swain,
Who once by Tavy, on the western plain,*
Would make the song, such life his verse can give,
Then I do know my name might ever live.

Alexis.

But tell me ; are our plains and nymphs forgot,
And canst thou frolick in thy trouble be ?

Philarete.

Can I, Alexis ! say'st thou ? Can I not,
That am resolv'd to scorn more misery ?

Alexis.

Oh ! but that youth's yet green, and young blood hot ;
And liberty must needs be sweet to thee ;
But now most sweet, whilst every bushy vale,
And grove, and hill, rings of the nightingale.

Methinks, when thou rememberest those sweet lays
Which thou wouldst lead thy shepherdess to hear,
Each evening-tide among the leafy sprays,
The thought of that should make thy freedom dear ;
For now, whilst every nymph on holidays
Sports with some jolly lad, and maketh cheer,

* William Brown, the pastoral poet.

Thine sighs for thee, and mew'd up from resort,
Will neither play herself, nor see their sport.

Those shepherds that were many a morning wont
Unto their boys to leave the tender herd,
And bear thee company when thou didst hunt ;
Methinks the sport thou hast so gladly shar'd
Among those swains should make thee think upon't ;
For't seems all vain, now, that was once endear'd.

It cannot be, since I could make relation
How for less cause thou hast been deep in passion.

Philarete.

'Tis true, my tender heart was ever yet
Too capable of such conceits as these :
I never saw that object, but from it
The passions of my love I could encrease.
Those things which move not other men a whit,
I can, and do make use of, if I please :
When I am sad, to sadness I apply
Each bird, and tree, and flower that I pass by.

So, when I will be merry, I as well
Something for mirth from every thing can draw,
From misery, from prisons, nay, from hell ;
And as when to my mind grief gives a flaw,
Best comforts do but make my woes more fell :
So when I'm bent to mirth, from Mischief's paw

(Though *ceased upon me) I would something
 cull,
 That, spite of care, should make my joys more full.

I feel those wants, Alexis! thou dost name,
 Which spight of youth's affections I sustain;
 Or else, for what is't I have gotten fame,
 And am more known than many an elder swain,
 If such desires I had not learn'd to tame,
 Since many pipe much better on this plain?
 But tune your reeds, and I will in a song
 Express my care, and how I take this wrong.

Sonnet.

I THAT erst-while the world's sweet air did draw,
 (Grac'd by the fairest ever mortal saw;)
 Now closely pent with walls of ruthless stone,
 Consume my days and nights, and all alone.

When I was wont to sing of shepherds' loves,
 My walks were fields and downs, and hills and groves;
 But now, alas! so strict is my hard doom,
 Fields, downs, hills, groves, and all's but one poor room.

* Meaning, I suppose, though malice has done its worst,
 expended its utmost force, or ceased its rage from impotency
 to vent it further. The passage is certainly obscure.

Each morn, as soon as day-light did appear,
 With nature's music birds would charm mine ear ;
 Which now, instead of their melodious strains,
 Hear rattling shackles, gyves, and bolts, and chains.

But, though that all the world's delight forsake me,
 I have a Muse, and she shall music make me ;
 Whose airy notes, in spite of closest cages,
 Shall give content to me and after-ages.

Nor do I pass for all this outward ill,
 My heart's the same, and undejected still ;
 And which is more than some in freedom win,
 I have true rest, and peace, and joy within.*

* The same train of ideas runs through the following beautiful Sonnet by Col. Lovelace, written during his confinement in the Gate-House, Westminster, for political reasons, in the year 1642.

To Althea from Prison.

WHEN Love, with unconfined wings,
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at my grates ;
 When I lie tangled in her hair
 And fetter'd with her eye,
 The birds that wanton in the air
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
 With no allaying Thames,
 Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
 Our hearts with loyal flames ;
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and drafts go free,
 Fishes that tipple in the deep
 Know no such liberty.

And then my mind, that spite of prison's free,
 Whene'er she pleases, any where can be :
 She's in an hour, in France, Rome, Turkey, Spain ;
 In earth, in hell, in Heaven, and here again.

Yet there's another comfort in my woe :
 My cause is spread, and all the world may know
 My fault's no more but speaking truth and reason ;
 No debt, nor theft, nor murder, rape, nor treason.

Nor shall my foes, with all their might and power,
 Wipe out their shame, nor yet this fame of our ;
 Which when they find, they shall my fate envy,
 Till they grow lean, and sick, and mad, and die,

Then though my body here in prison rot,
 And my wrong'd *Satires* seem awhile forgot ;
 Yet when both fame and life hath left those men,
 My verse and I'll revive, and live again.

When, linnet-like, confined, I
 With shriller note shall sing
 The mercy, sweetness, majesty,
 And glories of my King ;
 When I shall voice aloud, how good
 He is, how great should be,
 Th' enlarged winds that curl the flood
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make
 Nor iron bars a cage :
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage.
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

So thus enclos'd, I bear Affliction's load,
 But with more true content than some abroad;
 For whilst their thoughts do feel my Scourge's sting,
 In bands I'll leap, and dance, and laugh, and sing.

Alexis.

Why now I see thou droop'st not with thy care,
 Neither exclaim'st thou on thy hunting-day;
 But dost, with unchang'd resolution, bear
 The heavy burthen of exile away.
 All that did truly know thee, did conceive
 Thy actions with thy spirit still agreed:
 Their good conceit thou dost no whit bereave,
 But shewest that thou'rt still thyself indeed.

If that thy mind to baseness now descends,
 Thou'lt injure Virtue, and deceive thy friends.

Willy.

Alexis! he will injure Virtue much,
 But more his friends, and most of all himself,
 If on that common bar his mind but touch,
 It wrecks his fame upon disgrace's shelf;
 Whereas, if thou steer on that happy course,
 Which in thy just adventure is begun,
 No 'thwarting tide nor adverse blast shall force
 Thy bark without the channel's bounds to run.*

* Perhaps, says Mr. Dalrymple, there never was a more perfect metaphor; but a man must be a seaman to feel the full force of it.

Thou art the same thou wert, for ought I see,
 When thou didst freely on the mountains hunt:
 In nothing changed yet, unless it be
 More merrily dispos'd than thou wert wont.
 Still keep thee thus, so others well shall know,
 Virtue can give content in midst of woe;
 And she, though mightiness with frowns doth
 threat,
 That, to be innocent, is to be great.
 Thrive and farewell!.....

Alexis.

.....In this thy trouble, flourish,

Cuddy.

While those that wish thee ill, fret, pine, and perish.

Shepherd's Hunting.

The fourth Eclogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Philarete on Willy calls,
To sing out his pastorals;
Warrants fame shall grace his rhymes,
'Spite of envy and the times;
And shews how in care he uses
To take comfort from his Muses.*

PHILARETE. WILLY.

Philarete.

PRITHEE, Willy! tell me this;
What new accident there is,
That thou, once the blithest lad,
Art become so wond'rous sad,
And so careless of thy quill,
As if thou hadst lost thy skill?

Thou wert wont to charm thy flocks,
 And among the massy rocks
 Hast so cheer'd me with thy song,
 That I have forgot my wrong.
 Something hath thee surely crost,
 That thy old wont thou hast lost.
 Tell me; have I ought mis-said,
 That hath made thee ill-apaid?
 Hath some churl done thee a spite?
 Dost thou miss a lamb to-night?
 Frowns thy fairest shepherd's lass?
 Or how comes this ill to pass?
 Is there any discontent
 Worse than this my banishment?

Willy.

Why, doth that so evil seem
 That thou nothing worse dost deem?
 Shepherds there full many be,
 That will change contents with thee;
 Those that choose their walks at will,
 On the valley or the hill;
 Or those pleasures boast of can,
 Groves or fields may yield to man;
 Never come to know the rest,
 Wherewithall thy mind is blest;

Many a one that oft resorts
 To make up the troop at sports,
 And in company some while,
 Happens to strain forth a smile ;
 Feels more want and outward smart,
 And more inward grief of heart
 Than this place can bring to thee,
 While thy mind remaineth free.
 Thou bewail'st my want of mirth,
 But what find'st thou in this earth,
 Wherein ought may be believ'd
 Worth to make me joy'd, or griev'd ?
 And yet feel I, naithelless,
 Part of both I must confess.
 Sometime I of mirth do borrow,
 Otherwhile as much of sorrow ;
 But my present state is such,
 As, nor joy, nor grieve I much.

Philarete.

Why hath Willy then so long
 Thus forborne his wonted song ?
 Wherefore doth he now let fall
 His well-tuned pastoral,
 And my ears that music bar,
 Which I more long after far,
 Than the liberty I want ?

Willy.

'That were very much to grant.
 But doth this hold alway, lad!
 Those that sing not, must be sad?
 Didst thou ever that bird hear
 Sing well, that sings all the year?
 Tom the Piper doth not play
 Till he wears his pipe away:
 There's a time to slack the string,
 And a time to leave to sing.

Philarete.

Yea ; but no man now is still,
 That can sing or tune a quill.
 Now to chaunt it were but reason :
 Song and music are in season.
 Now, in this sweet jolly tide,
 Is the Earth in all her pride :
 The fair lady of the May
 Trimm'd up in her best array,
 Hath invited all the swains,
 With the lasses of the plains,
 To attend upon her sport
 At the places of resort.
 Coridon, with his bold rout,
 Hath already been about

For the elder shepherds' dole,
 And fetch'd in the summer-pole ;
 Whilst the rest have built a bower
 To defend them from a shower,
 Ceil'd so close, with boughs all green,
 Titan cannot pry between.
 Now the dairy wenches dream
 Of their strawberries and cream ;
 And each doth herself advance
 To be taken in to dance ;
 Every one that knows to sing,
 Fits him for his carolling ;
 So do those that hope for meed,
 Either by the pipe or reed ;
 And though I am kept away,
 I do hear, this very day,
 Many learned grooms do wend,
 For the garlands to contend.
 Which a nymph, that hight Desert,
 Long a stranger in this part,
 With her own fair hand hath wrought ;
 A rare work, they say, past thought,
 As appeareth by the name,
 For she calls them Wreaths of Fame.
 She hath set in their due place
 Ev'ry flower that may grace ;

And among a thousand moe,
 Whereof some but serve for shew,
 She hath wove in Daphne's tree,
 That they may not blasted be;
 Which with Time she edg'd about,
 Lest the work should ravel out.
 And that it might wither never,
 I intermix'd it with Live-ever.
 These are to be shar'd among
 Those that do excel for song,
 Or their passions can rehearse
 In the smooth'st and sweetest verse.
 Then, for those among the rest
 That can play and pipe the best,
 There's a kidling with the dam,
 A fat wether and a lamb.
 And for those that leopen far,
 Wrestle, run, and throw the bar,
 There's appointed guerdons too :
 He that best the first can do,
 Shall for his reward be paid
 With a sheep-hook, fair in-laid
 With fine bone of a strange beast*
 That men bring out of the West.
 For the next, a scrip of red,
 Tassel'd with fine-coloured thread.

* The Elephant.

There's prepared for their meed
That in running make most speed,
Or the cunning measures foot,
Cups of turned maple-root,
Whereupon the skilful man
Hath engrav'd the loves of Pan ;
And the last hath for his due,
A fine napkin wrought with blue.
Then, my Willy ! why art thou
Careless of thy merit now ?
What dost thou here, with a wight
That is shut up from delight,
In a solitary den,
As not fit to live with men ?
Go, my Willy ! get thee gone,
Leave me in exile alone.
Hie thee to that merry throng,
And amaze them with thy song.
Thou art young, yet such a lay
Never grac'd the month of May,
As, if they provoke thy skill,
Thou canst fit unto thy quill.
I with wonder heard thee sing
At our last year's revelling.
Then I with the rest was free,
When, unknown, I noted thee,

And perceiv'd the ruder swains,
 Envy thy far sweeter strains.
 Yea, I saw the lasses cling
 Round about thee in a ring,
 As if each one jealous were,
 Any but herself should hear ;
 And I know they yet do long
 For the res'due of thy song.
 Haste thee then to sing it forth.
 Take the benefit of worth ;
 And desert will sure bequeath
 Fame's fair garland for thy wreath.
 Hie thee, Willy ! hie away.

Willy.

Phila ! rather let me stay
 And be desolate with thee,
 Than at those their revels be.
 Nought such is my skill, I wis,
 As indeed thou deem'st it is ;
 But whate'er it be, I must
 Be content, and shall, I trust.
 For a song I do not pass
 'Mongst my friends ; but what, alas !
 Should I have to do with them,
 That my music do contemn ?

Some there are, as well I wot,
 That the same yet favour not ;
 Yet I cannot well avow,
 They my carols disallow ;
 But such malice I have 'spi'd,
 'Tis as much as if they did.

Philarete.

Willy ! what may those men be,
 Are so ill to malice thee ?

Willy.

Some are worthy-well esteem'd ;
 Some without worth are so deem'd ;
 Others of so base a spirit,
 They have nor esteem nor merit.

Philarete.

What's the wrong ?

Willy.

.....A slight offence,
 Wherewithal I can dispense ;
 But hereafter, for their sake,
 To myself I'll music make.

Philarete.

What, because some clown offends,
Wilt thou punish all thy friends?

Willy.

Do not, Phil! mis-understand me:
Those that love me may command me;
But thou know'st I am but young,
And the pastoral I sung
Is by some suppos'd to be,
By a strain, too high for me:
So they kindly let me gain
Not my labour for my pain.
Trust me, I do wonder why
They should me my own deny.
Though I'm young, I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit.
I'll make my own feathers rear me,
Whither others cannot bear me.
Yet I'll keep my skill in store,
Till I've seen some winters more.

Philarete.

But in earnest mean'st thou so?
Then thou art not wise, I trow:

Better shall advise thee, Pan,
 For thou dost not rightly then :
 That's the ready way to blot
 All the credit thou hast got.
 Rather in thy age's prime
 Get another start of Time ;
 And make those that so fond be,
 Spite of their own dullness, see
 That the sacred Muses can
 Make a child in years a man.*
 It is known what thou canst do ;
 For it is not long ago,
 When that Cuddy, thou, and I,
 Each the other's skill to try,
 At Saint Dunstan's charmed well,†
 As some present there can tell,
 Sang upon a sudden theme,
 Sitting by the crimson stream ;

* A good motto for a Life of Chatterton.

† *Saint Dunstan's charmed well.* The Devil Tavern, Fleet-street, where Child's Place now stands, and where, within the memory of the Editor, about eighteen years ago, a sign hung of the Devil and Saint Dunstan. Ben Jonson made this a famous place of resort for poets, by drawing up a set of *Leges Convivales*, which were engraven in marble over the chimney-piece in the room called APOLLO. One of Drayton's poems is called *The Sacrifice to Apollo* ; it is addressed to the Priests or Wits of Apollo, and is a kind of poetical paraphrase upon the *Leges Convivales*. This tavern to the very last kept up a room of that name.

Where, if thou didst well or no,
Yet remains the song to shew.
Much experience more I've had,
Of thy skill, thou happy lad!
And would make the world to know it,
But that time will further shew it.
Envy makes their tongues now run
More than doubt of what is done;
For that needs must be thy own,
Or to be some other's known;
But how then will't suit unto
What thou shalt hereafter do?
Or I wonder, where is he
Would with that song part to thee.
Nay, were there so mad a swain,
Could such glory sell for gain,
Phœbus would not have combin'd
That gift with so base a mind.
Never did the Nine impart
The sweet secrets of their art
Unto any, that did scorn,
We should see their favours worn.
Therefore unto those that say,
Where they pleas'd to sing a lay,
They could do't and will not tho',
This I speak, for this I know

*None e'er drank the Thespian spring,
 And knew how, but he did sing.
 For, that once infus'd in man,
 Makes him shew't, do what he can;
 Nay, those that do only sip,
 Or but ev'n their fingers dip
 In that sacred fount, poor elves!
 Of that brood will shew themselves.
 Yea, in hope to get them fame,
 They will speak, though to their shame.
 Let those, then, at thee repine,
 That by their wits measure thine:
 Needs those songs must be thine own,
 And that one day will be known.
 That poor imputation too,
 I myself do undergo;
 But it will appear, ere long,
 That 'twas Envy sought our wrong;

* *None e'er drank the Thespian spring.*

I know too well, that no more than the man
 That travels thro' the burning desarts can,
 When he is beaten with the raging sun,
 Half smother'd in the dust, have power to run
 From a cool river which himself doth find,
 Ere he be slak'd; no more can he, whose mind
 Joys in the Muses, hold from that delight,
 When nature and his full thoughts bid him write.

BEAUMONT'S Commendatory Verses on
Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess.

Who, at twice ten, have sung more
 Than some will do at four score.
 Cheer thee, honest Willy ! then,
 And begin thy song again.

Willy.

Fain I would, but I do fear,
 When again my lines they hear,
 If they yield they are my rhymes,
 They will feign some other crimes ;
 And 'tis no safe vent'ring by,
 Where we see Detraction lie ;
 For, do what I can, I doubt
 She will pick some quarrel out ;
 And I oft have heard defended,
 Little said is soon amended.

Philarete.

See'st thou not, in clearest days,
 Oft thick fogs cloud Heaven's rays ?
 And that vapours which do breathe
 From the Earth's gross womb beneath,
 Seem unto us with black steams
 To pollute the Sun's bright beams,
 And yet vanish into air,
 Leaving it, unblemish'd, fair ?

So, my Willy! shall it be
 With Detraction's breath on thee:
 It shall never rise so high,
 As to stain thy poesy.
 As that sun doth oft exhale
 Vapours from each rotten vale,
 Poesy so sometime drains
 Gross conceits from muddy brains;
 Mists of envy, fogs of spite,
 'Twixt men's judgments and her light;
 But so much her power may do,
 That she can dissolve them too.
 *If thy verse do bravely tower,
 As she makes wing, she gets power;
 Yet the higher she doth soar,
 She's affronted still the more,
 Till she to the high'st hath past;
 Then she rests with Fame at last.
 Let nought therefore thee affright;
 But make forward in thy flight.

* *If thy verse do bravely tower.* A long line is a line we are long in repeating. Mark the time which it takes to repeat these lines properly! What slow movements could Alexandrines express more than these? "*As she makes wing, she gets power.*" One makes a foot of every syllable. Wither was certainly a perfect master of this species of verse.

For if I could match thy rhyme,
To the very stars I'd climb ;
There begin again, and fly
Till I reach'd eternity.
But, alas ! my Muse is slow :
For thy place she flags too low ;
Yea, the more's her hapless fate,
Her short wings were clipt of late ;
And poor I, her fortune ruing,
Am myself put up a mewling.
But if I my cage can rid,
I'll fly where I never did ;
And though for her sake I'm crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And knew she would make my trouble
Ten times more than ten times double ;
I should love and keep her too,
'Spite of all the world could do.
For though banish'd from my flocks,
And confin'd within these rocks,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the sullen night :
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keeps many cares away.
Though I miss the flow'ry fields,
With those sweets the spring-tide yields ;

Though I may not see those groves,
 Where the shepherds chaunt their loves,
 And the lasses more excel
 Than the sweet-voic'd Philomel ;
 Though of all those pleasures past,
 Nothing now remains at last,
 But Remembrance, poor relief !
 That more makes than mends my grief :
 *She's my mind's companion still,
 Maugre envy's evil will ;
 Whence she should be driven too,
 Were't in mortal's power to do.
 She doth tell me where to borrow
 Comfort in the midst of sorrow,
 Makes the desolatest place
 To her presence be a grace,
 And the blackest discontents
 To be pleasing ornaments.
 In my former days of bliss,
 Her divine skill taught me this,
 †That from every thing I saw,
 I could some invention draw ;

* *She's my mind's companion still.* These lines cannot fail to remind the poetical reader of the Ballad in Dr. Percy's Collection, of "My mind to me a Kingdom is," &c. &c.

† *That from every thing I saw,
I could some invention draw.* There is the same transmuting power of Fancy in the Duke, in *As You Like It*:

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

And raise pleasure to her height
 Through the meanest object's sight ;
 By the murmur of a spring,
 Or the least bough's rustling ;
 By a daisie, whose leaves spread,
 Shut when Titan goes to bed ;
 Or a shady bush or tree ;
 She could more infuse in me,
 Than all Nature's beauties can
 In some other wiser man.
 By her help I also now
 Make this churlish place allow
 Some things, that may sweeten gladness
 In the very gall of sadness :
 The dull liveness, the black shade
 That these hanging-vaults have made ;
 The strange music of the waves,
 Beating on these hollow caves ;
 This black den, which rocks emboss,
 Over-grown with eldest moss ;
 The rude portals that give light,
 More to terror than delight ;
 This my chamber of neglect,
 Wall'd about with disrespect ;
 *From all these, and this dull air,
 A fit object for despair,

* *From all these, and this dull air.* Drayton's verses at the

She hath taught me, by her might,
 To draw comfort and delight.
 Therefore, thou best earthly bliss !
 I will cherish thee for this.
 Poesy, thou sweet'st content
 That e'er Heav'n to mortals lent !
 Though they as a trifle leave thee,
 Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
 Though thou be to them a scorn,
 That to nought but earth are born ;
 Let my life no longer be
 Than I am in love with thee.
 Though our wise ones call thee madness,
 Let me never taste of gladness,
 If I love not thy madd'st fits
 More than all their greatest wits.
 And though some, too seeming holy,
 Do account thy raptures folly,
 Thou dost teach me to contemn
 What make knaves and fools of them.

conclusion of his Ode written in the Peak, are in the spirit of these of Wither.

"In places far or near,
 Or famous or obscure,
 Where wholesome is the air,
 Or where the most impure,
 All times and every where,
 The Muse is still in ure."

Wither's may seem to be only these amplified. All the essence of Wither is expressed in these few lines.

O high power ! that oft doth carry
Men above

Willy.

.....Good Philarete ! tarry :
I do fear thou wilt be gone
Quite above my reach, anon.
The kind flames of poesy
Have now borne thy thoughts so high,
That they up in Heaven be,
And have quite forgotten me.
Call thyself to mind again :
Are these raptures for a swain
That attends on lowly sheep,
And with simple herds doth keep ?

Philarete.

Thanks, my Willy ! I had run
Till that time had lodg'd the sun,
If thou hadst not made me stay ;
But thy pardon here I pray.
Lov'd Apollo's sacred sire
Had rais'd up my spirits higher
Through the love of poesy,
Than indeed they use to fly.
But as I said, I say still ;
If that I had Willy's skill,

Envy nor detraction's tongue
Should e'er make me leave my song ;
But I'd sing it every day,
Till they pin'd themselves away.
Be thou then advis'd in this,
Which both just and fitting is :
Finish what thou hast begun,
Or at least still forward run.
Hail and thunder ill he'll bear,
'That a blast of wind doth fear ;
And if words will thus afray thee,
Prithee how will deeds dismay thee ?
Do not think so rathe a song
Can pass through the vulgar throng,
And escape without a touch,
Or that they can hurt it much :
Frosts we see do nip that thing,
Which is forward'st in the spring ;
Yet at last, for all such lets,
Somewhat of the rest it gets ;
And I'm sure that so may'st thou.
Therefore, my kind Willy ! now,
Since thy folding-time draws on,
And I see thou must be gone,
Thee I earnestly beseech
To remember this my speech,

And some little counsel take,
For Philarete his sake ;
And I more of this will say,
If thou come next holiday.

Shepherd's Hunting.

The fifth Eclogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Philarete Alexis moves
To embrace the Muse's loves ;
Bids him never careful seem
Of another's disesteem ;
Since to them it may suffice,
They themselves can justly prize.*

PHILARETE. ALEXIS.

Philarete.

ALEXIS ! if thy worth do not disdain
The humble friendship of a meaner swain,
Or some more needful business of the day
Urge thee to be too hasty on thy way ;
Come, gentle shepherd ! rest thee here by me,
Beneath the shadow of this broad-leav'd tree ;

For though I seem a stranger, yet mine eye
Observes in thee the marks of courtesy ;
And if my judgment err not, noted too,
More than in those that more would seem to do.
Such virtues thy rare modesty doth hide,
Which by their proper lustre I espied ;
And though long mask'd in silence they have been,
I have a wisdom through that silence seen ;
Yea, I have learned knowledge from thy tongue,
And heard when thou hast in concealment sung ;
Which me the bolder and more willing made
Thus to invite thee to this homely shade.
And though it may be, thou couldst never spy
Such worth in me, I might be known thereby ;
In thee I do ; for here my neighbouring sheep
Upon the border of these downs I keep ;
Where often thou at pastorals and plays
Hast grac'd our wakes on summer-holidays ;
And many a time with thee at this cold spring
Met I, to hear your learned shepherds sing,
Saw them disporting in the shady groves,
And in chaste sonnets woo their chaster loves ;
When I, endued with the meanest skill,
'Mongst others have been urg'd to use my quill ;
But, 'cause but little cunning I had got,
Perhaps thou saw'st me, though thou knew'st me
not.

Alexis.

Yes, Philarete ! I know thee, and thy name ;
 Nor is my knowledge grounded all on Fame.
 Art thou not he, that but this other year
 Scar'dst all the wolves and foxes in the shire,
 And in a match at foot-ball lately tried,
 Having scarce twenty Satyrs on thy side,
 Held'st play, and though assailed kept'st thy stand
 'Gainst all the best-tried ruffians in the land ?
 Didst thou not then in doleful Sonnets moan,
 When the beloved of great Pan was gone,
 And at the *wedding of fair Thame and Rhine,
 Sing of their glories to thy Valentine ?
 I know it, and I must confess that long,
 In one thing I did do thy nature wrong ;
 For, till I mark'd the aim thy Satyrs had,
 I thought them over-bold, and thee half mad.
 But, since I did more nearly on thee look,
 I soon perceiv'd that I all had mistook :
 I saw, that of a cynic thou mad'st show,
 Where since I find, that thou wert nothing so ;
 And that of many thou much blame hadst got,
 When as thy innocency deserv'd it not.

* *Wedding of fair Thame and Rhine.* Alluding to his Epithalamia on the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine.

But that too good opinion thou hast seem'd
 To have of me, not so to be esteem'd,
 Prevails not ought to stay him, who doth fear,
 He rather should reproofs than praises hear.
 'Tis true, I found thee plain and honest too,
 Which made me like, then love, as now I do ;
 And, Phila! though a stranger, this to thee I'll say,
 Where I do love, I am not coy to stay.

Philarete.

Thanks, gentle swain, that dost so soon unfold,
 What I to thee as gladly would have told,
 And thus thy wonted courtesy exprest
 In kindly entertaining this request !
 Sure, I should injure much my own content,
 Or wrong thy love, to stand on compliment,
 Who hast acquaintance in one word begun,
 As well as I could in an age have done ;
 Or by an over-weening slowness mar,
 What thy more wisdom hath brought on so far.
 Then sit thou down, and I'll my mind declare,
 As freely as if we familiars were ;
 And if thou wilt but deign to give me ear,
 Something thou may'st for thy more profit hear.

Alexis.

Philarete ! I willingly obey.

Philarete.

Then know, Alexis ! from that very day
 When as I saw thee at thy shepherd's cote,
 Where each, I think, of other took first note ;
 I mean that pastor, who by Tavy's springs
 Chaste shepherds' loves in sweetest numbers sings,
 And with his music, to his greater fame,
 Hath late made proud the fairest nymphs of Thame ;
 E'en then, me thought, I did espy in thee
 Some unperceiv'd and hidden worth to be ;
 Which in thy more apparent virtues shin'd ;
 And, among many, I in thought divin'd,
 By something my conceit had understood,
 That thou wert mark'd one of the Muse's brood.
 That made me love thee ; and that love I bear
 Begot a pity, and that pity, care :
 Pity I had to see good parts conceal'd,
 Care I had how to have that good reveal'd ;
 Since 'tis a fault admitteth no excuse
 To possess much, and yet put nought in use.
 Hereon I vow'd, if we two ever met,
 The first request, that I would strive to get,
 Should be but this, that thou wouldst shew thy skill,
 How thou couldst tune thy verses to thy quill,
 And teach thy Muse in some well-framed song
 To shew the art, thou hast suppress so long ;

Which if my new acquaintance may obtain,
I will for ever honour this day's gain.

Alexis.

Alas ! my small experience scarce can tell
So much, as where those nymphs, the Muses, dwell ;
Nor, though my slow conceit still travels on,
Shall I e'er reach to drink of Helicon ;
Or, if I might so favour'd be, to taste
What those sweet streams but overflow in waste,
And touch Parnassus where it low'st doth lie,
I fear my skill would hardly flag so high.

Philarete.

Despair not, man ! the gods have prized nought
So dear, that may not be with labour bought ;
Nor need thy pain be great, since Fate and Heaven,
That, as a blessing, at thy birth have given.

Alexis.

Why, say they had ?

Philarete.

..... Then use their gifts thou must,
Or be ungrateful, and so be unjust ;
For if it cannot truly be denied,
Ingratitude men's benefits do hide,

Then more ungrateful must he be, by odds,
Who doth conceal the bounty of the gods.

Alexis.

That's true indeed ; but Envy haunteth those
Who, seeking fame, their hidden skill disclose ;
Where else they might, obscur'd from her espying,
Escape the blasts and danger of envying.
Criticks will censure our best strains of wit,
And purblind Ignorance misconstrue it ;
And, which is bad, yet worse than this doth follow,
Most hate the Muses and contemn Apollo.

Philarete.

So let them : why should we their hate esteem ?
Is't not enough we of ourselves can deem ?
'Tis more to their disgrace that we scorn them,
Than unto us that they our art contemn.
Can we have better pastime than to see
Their gross heads may so much deceived be,
As to allow those doings best, where wholly
We scoff them to their face and flout their folly ?
Or to behold black Envy in her prime,
Die self-consum'd whilst we vie lives with time,
And in despite of her more fame attain
Than all her malice can wipe out again ?

Alexis.

Yea ; but if I applied me to those strains,
 Who should drive forth my flocks unto the plains,
 Which, whilst the Muses rest and leisure crave,
 Must watering, folding, and attendance have ?
 For if I leave with wonted care to cherish
 Those tender herds, both I and they should perish.

Philarete.

Alexis ! now I see thou dost mistake :
 There is no meaning thou thy charge forsake ;
 Nor would I wish thee so thyself abuse
 As to neglect thy calling for thy Muse ;
 But let these two so each of other borrow,
 That they may season mirth and lessen sorrow.
 Thy flock will help thy charges to defray,
 Thy Muse to pass the long and tedious day ;
 Or whilst thou tun'st sweet measures to thy reed,
 Thy sheep, to listen, will more near thee feed ;
 The wolves will shun them, birds above thee sing,
 And lambkins dance about thee in a ring.
 Nay, which is more ; in this thy low estate,
 Thou in contentment shalt with monarchs mate :
 For mighty Pan and Ceres to us grants
 Our fields and flocks shall help our outward wants ;

The Muses teach us songs to put off cares,
 Grac'd with as rare and sweet conceits as theirs ;
 And we can think our lasses on the greens
 As fair or fairer than the fairest queens ;
 Or, what is more than most of them shall do,
 We'll make their juster fames last longer too,
 And have our lines by greatest Princes grac'd,
 When both their name and memory's defac'd.
 Therefore, Alexis ! though that some disdain
 The heavenly music of the rural plain,
 What is't to us if they, o'erseen, contemn
 The dainties which were ne'er ordain'd for them ?
 And though that there be other-some envy
 The praises due to sacred poesy,
 Let them disdain and fret till they are weary,
 We in ourselves have that, shall make us merry ;
 Which he that wants, and had the power to know it,
 Would give his life that he might die a poet.

Alexis.

A brave persuasion.

Philarete.

. Here thou seest me pent
 Within the jaws of strict imprisonment,
 A forlorn shepherd, void of all the means
 Whereon man's common hope in danger leans ;

Weak in myself, exposed to the hate
Of those whose envies are insatiate ;
Shut from my friends, banish'd from all delights ;
Nay, worse, excluded from the sacred rites.
Here I do live, 'mongst outlaws mark'd for death,
As one unfit to draw the common breath ;
Where those, who to be good did never know,
Are barred from the means should make them so.
I suffer, 'cause I wish'd my country well ;
And what I more must bear, I cannot tell.
I'm sure they give my body little scope,
And would allow my mind as little hope :
I waste my means, which of itself is slender,
Consume my time, perhaps my fortunes hinder,
And many crosses have, which those that can
Conceive no wrong, that hurts another man,
Will not take note of ; though if half so much
Should light on them, or their own person touch,
Some that themselves, I fear, most worthy think,
With all their helps would into baseness shrink.
But, spite of hate and all that spite can do,
I can be patient yet and merry too.
That slender Muse of mine, by which my name,
Though scarce deserv'd, hath gain'd a little fame,
Hath made me unto such a fortune born,
That all misfortunes I know how to scorn ;

Yea, midst these bands can slight the great'st that be,
 As much as their disdain mis'steems of me.
 'This cave, whose very presence some affrights,
 I have oft made to echo forth delights ;
 And hope to turn, if any justice be,
 Both shame and care on those that wish'd it me.
 For while the world rank villainies affords,
 I will not spare to paint them out in words,
 Although I still should into troubles run.
 I knew what man could act, ere I begun ;
 And I'll fulfil what my Muse draws me to,
 Maugre all jails and purgatories too ;
 For whilst she sets me honest tasks about,
 Virtue, or she, I know, will bear me out ;
 And, if, by Fate, th'abused power of some,
 Must in the world's eye leave me overcome,
 They shall find one fort yet, so fenc'd, I trow,
 It cannot fear a mortal's overthrow.
 This hope and trust that great power did infuse,
 That first inspir'd into my breast a Muse,
 By whom I do and ever will contemn
 All those ill-haps, my foes' despite, and them.

Alexis.

Th'ast so well, young Philarete ! play'd thy part,
 I am almost in love with that sweet art ;

And if some power will but inspire my song,
Alexis will not be obscured long.

Philarete.

Enough, kind pastor ! But oh ! yonder see
Two honest shepherds walking hither, be
Cuddy and Willy, that so dearly love,
Who are repairing unto yonder grove.
Let's follow them ; for never braver swains
Made music to their flocks upon these plains.
They are more worthy, and can better tell
What rare contents do with a poet dwell.
Then, while our sheep the short sweet grass do shear,
And till the long shade of the hills appear,
We'll hear them sing ; for though the one be young,
Never was any that more sweetly sung.

A Postscript.

To the Reader.

IF you have read this and received any content, I am glad, though it be not so much as I could wish you. If you think it idle, why then I see we are not likely to fall out; for I am just of your mind. Yet weigh it well before you run too far in your censures, lest this prove less barren of wit than you of courtesy. It is very true, I know not by what chance, that I have of late been so highly beholden to Opinion, that I wonder how I crept so much into her favour; and if I did think it worthy the fearing, I should be afraid that she, having so undeservedly befriended me beyond my hope or expectation, will, upon as little cause, ere long, again pick some quarrel against me, and it may be, means to make use of this; which I know must

needs come far short of their expectation who by their earnest desire of it seemed to be fore-possessed with a far better conceit, than I can believe it proves worthy of. So much at least I doubted; and therefore, loth to deceive the world, though it often beguile me, I kept it to myself, indeed not dreaming ever to see it published: But now, by the over-much persuasion of some friends, I have been constrained to expose it to the general view. Which seeing I have done, some things I desire thee to take notice of: First, that I am he, who, to pleasure my friend, have framed myself a content out of that which would otherwise discontent me. Secondly, that I have coveted more to effect what I think truly honest in itself, than by a seeming show of art to catch the vain blasts of uncertain opinion. This that I have here written was no part of my study, but only a recreation in imprisonment, and a trifle; neither in my conceit fitting nor by me intended to be made common; yet some, who it should seem esteemed it worthy more respect than I did, took pains to copy it out, unknown to me, and in my absence got it both authorized and prepared for the press; so that if I had not hindered it, last Michaelmas-Term had been troubled with it. I was much blamed by some friends for withstanding

it; to whose request I should more easily have consented, but that I thought, as indeed I yet do, I should thereby more disparage myself than content them. For I doubt I shall be supposed one of those who, out of their arrogant desire of a little preposterous fame, thrust into the world every unseasoned trifle that drops out of their unsettled brains; whose baseness how much I hate, those that know me can witness; for if I were so affected, I might perhaps present the world with as many several Poems as I have seen years, and justly make myself appear to be the author of some things that others have shamefully usurped and made use of as their own. But I will be content other men should own some of those issues of the brain; for I would be loth to confess all that might in that kind call me Father. Neither shall any more of them, by my consent, in haste again trouble the world, unless I know which way to benefit it with less prejudice to my own estate. And therefore, if any of those less serious Poems which are already dispersed into my friends' hands come amongst you, let not their publication be imputed to me, nor their lightness be any disparagement to what hath been since more seriously written, seeing it is but such stuff as riper judgments have in their far elder years been much more guilty of.

I know an indifferent critic may find many faults, as well in the slightness of this present subject, as in the erring from the true nature of an Eclogue. Moreover, it altogether concerns myself, which divers may dislike. But neither can be done on just cause: the first hath been answered already; the last might consider that I was there where my own estate was chiefly to be looked unto, and all the comfort I could minister unto myself little enough.

If any man deem it worthy his reading, I shall be glad; if he think his pains ill bestowed, let him blame himself for meddling with that concerned him not: I neither commended it to him, neither cared whether he read it or no; because I know those, that were desirous of it, will esteem the same as much as I expect they should.

But it is not unlikely, some will think, I have in divers places been more wanton, as they take it, than befitting a Satirist; yet their severity I fear not, because I am assured all that I ever yet did was free from obscenity; neither am I so cynical, but that I think, a modest expression of such amorous conceits as suit with reason will yet very well become my years; in which not to have feeling of the power of love were as great an argument of much stupidity, as an over-sottish affection were

of extreme folly. Lastly, if you think it hath not well answered the title of the Shepherd's Hunting, go quarrel with the Stationer, who bid himself god-father, and imposed the name according to his own liking; and if you or he find any faults, pray mend them.

V A L E T E.

[The prison-notes of WITHER are finer than the wood-notes of most of his poetical brethren. Prince Henry said of Sir Walter Raleigh, that none but his father would have kept such a bird in a cage. But whether encaged or roaming at liberty, WITHER never seems to have lost the least particle of that *free spirit* which characterizes all his early writings, as much as a glowing feature of independence distinguishes every page of the poet BURNS; but Burns thinks too much of annoying his foes to be quite easy within. The spiritual defence of Wither on the contrary is like a perpetual source of inward sunshine and satisfaction. The magnanimity also of Burns is not without its alloy of soreness, and a sense of injustice which seems to gall and irritate. Wither was the best skilled in the 'sweet uses of adversity:' he knew how to extract the 'precious jewel' from the 'head of the toad,' without drawing any of the 'venom' along with it.

The description in the fourth Eclogue of the Power of Fancy, or the Muse, to extract pleasure from common objects, and even to convert the most unpromising accidents into occasions of rejoicing, has been more quoted and is better known than any extract from the Poems of Wither. Great part of the Eclogue indeed is in a strain so much above, what he himself had before written, that he could not refrain from noticing it. He remarks that his spirits had been raised higher than they used to fly, '*through the love of poesy.*' The finest parts of The Mistress of Philarete would suffer in comparison with this Eclogue.

The praises of poesy have been often sung in ancient and in modern times; strange powers have been ascribed to its influence over animals and inanimate auditors; but before Wither, no poet ever celebrated *its power at home*. It was Wither who discovered the wealth and the strength, which this divine gift confers upon the breast in which it is lodged, the alchemic virtue of the imagination, to transmute the lowest and vilest things into rare and precious, and to make the most untoward events of life to admit of a commentary and an interpretation, such as may

'sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness.'

EDITOR.]

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Nec Habeo, Nec Careo, Nec Curo.

LONDON:

Printed for *John Marriott,*

1621.

[The title-page to this Poem is a well engraved copper-plate, of which the following versified description is annexed. It represents the Author sitting on a rock. Beneath him is a fair domain of houses, gardens, meadows, and woods, and other goodly possessions, to which he points with his right hand, in which, at the same time, he holds a ribband with the words "*Nec habeo.*" At his feet is a globe of the earth, with the words "*Nec curo.*" The Author, meanwhile, is looking up to Heaven, from whence descends a stream of glory; and from his lips proceed the words "*Nec cureo.*"]

The Explanation to the Emblem.

THIS little Emblem here doth represent
 The blest condition of a man content.
 The place he lies on is a mighty rock,
 To shew that he contemns and makes a mock
 Of force or underminers. We express
 What others think him, by his nakedness.
 His mantle, with hearts-ease ywrought doth shew
 What he doth of his own well-being know.
 The pillar on whose base his head doth rest,
 Hath fortitude and constancy exprest.
 The cornucopia that so near him lies
 Declares that he enough hath to suffice,
 And that he can be pleas'd with what the fields
 Or what the fruitful tree by nature yields.
 That pleasant prospective, in which you see
 Groves, rivers, lawns and palaces there be,
 Lies far below him, and is that in which
 The truest happy man is seldom rich.
 The words *Nec Habeo* he doth there bestow ;
 And what he means doth with his finger shew.
 Above him hover angels ; and his eye
 He fixing on the glorious heavens on high,
 (From whence a ray into his breast descends)
 His other words, *Nec Careo*, thither sends,

To intimate that he can nothing need
Whom angels guard and God himself doth feed.
By force or sly temptations to prevail,
Both temporal and ghostly foes assail
His naked person ; but without a wound,
Their darts are broke or back on them rebound.
So with *Nec Curo* those he entertains ;
And to express how highly he disdains
The best contents the world afford him may,
A globe terrestrial he doth spurn away.

To any body.

TO recreate myself after some more serious studies, I took occasion to exercise my invention in the illustration of my Motto; which being thus finished, my friends made me believe, it was worth the preserving, and grew so importunate for copies thereof, that I could not deny them. But doubting lest by often transcribing, it might be much lamed through the scribes' insufficiency, as many things of this nature are, I thought fitting rather to exemplify the same by the press than by the pen, and to that end delivered it over to some Stationers to have only so many copies, as I intended to bestow.

Yet considering that other men, to whom I meant them not, might peradventure come to the view of those lines, I thought it not amiss, by way of prevention, to remove such cavils as may be made against me by those unto whom I am unknown. Not that I care to give every idle reader an account of my intentions; but to shew the ingenuous, that the carelessness expressed in this Motto proceeds from an undistempered care to make all my actions, as near as I can, such as may be decent, warrantable, and becoming an honest man; and that those, who shall foolishly seek from thence to pick advantages against me, may know, I am too well advised to write any thing, which they shall be justly able to interpret either to my hindrance or disparagement.

Let me want esteem among all good men, if I purposed, or have any secret desire in me, that any part of this should be applied to any particular man, but so as every one ought to apply things unto his own conscience; and he that believes me not, I fear is guilty. My intent was to draw the true picture of mine own heart; that my friends, who knew me outwardly, might have some representation of my inside also; and that if they liked the form of it, they might, wherein they were defective,

fashion their own minds thereunto. But my principal intention was, by recording those thoughts, to confirm mine own resolution, and to prevent such alterations, as time and infirmities may work upon me. And if there be no more reason inferred against me to remove my opinion than I am yet apprehensive of, I am confidently persuaded, that neither fear nor force shall compel me to deny any thing, which I have affirmed in this Poem. For I had rather be degraded from the greatest title of honour that could be given me, than constrained to deny this Motto.

Proud arrogance, I know, and enough too, will be laid to my charge. But those, who both know me and the necessity of this resolution, will excuse me of it. The rest, if they mis-censure me, are part of those things I care not for.

The language is but indifferent ; for I affected matter more than words. The method is none at all ; for I was loth to make a business of a recreation. And we know, he, that rides abroad for his pleasure, is not tied so strictly to keep highways, as he that takes a journey.

If the intermixing of slight and weighty things together be offensive to any, let them understand,

that if they well observe it, they shall find a seriousness even in that which they imagine least momentary. And if they had as well observed the conditions of men as I have done, they would perceive that the greatest number, like children which are allured to school with points and apples, must be drawn on with some frivolous expressions, or else will never listen to the grave precepts of virtue; which, when they once hear, do many times beget a delight in them before they be aware.

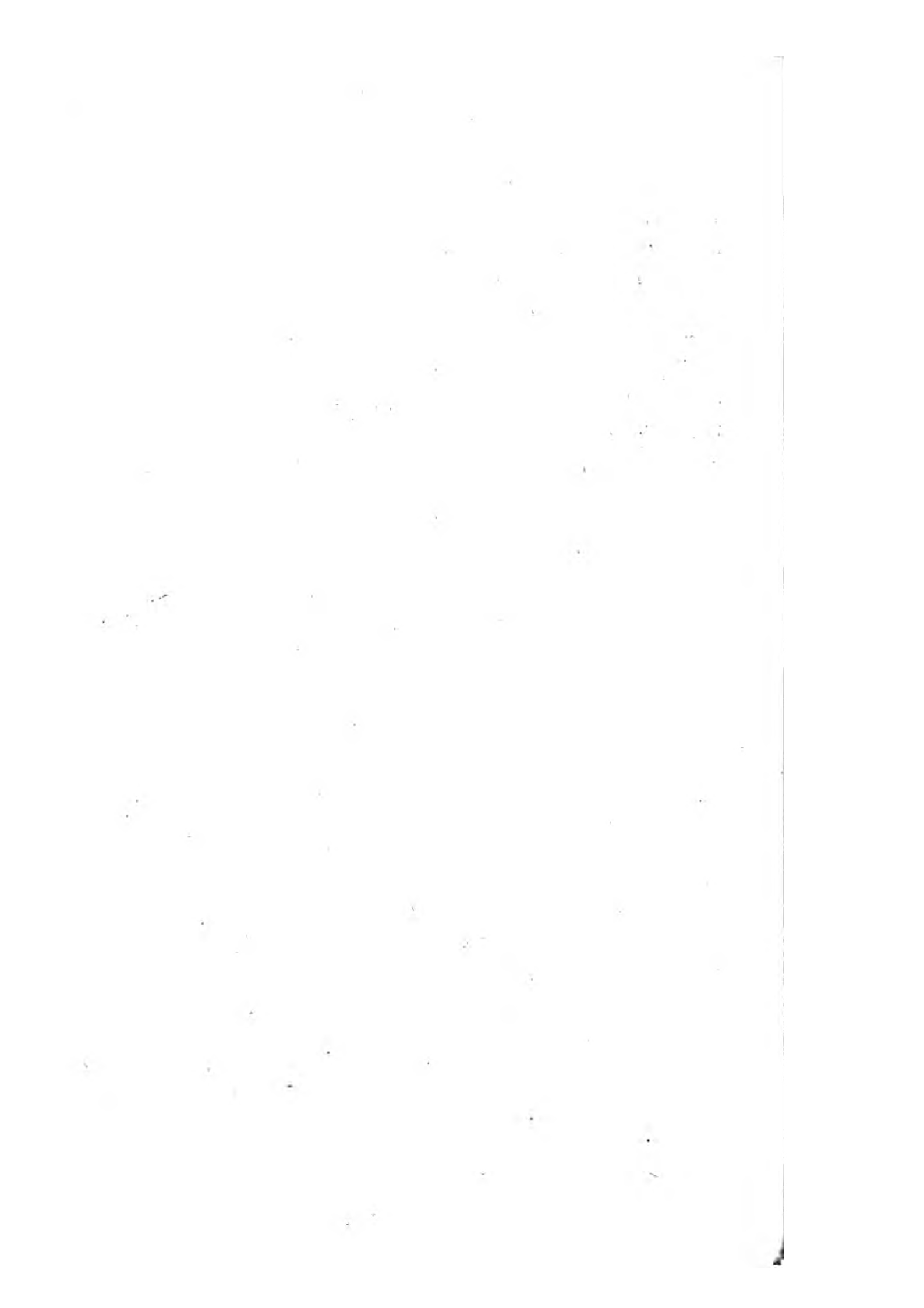
Many dishes of meat, which we affect not, may be so cook'd that we shall have a good appetite unto them; so many men, who take no pleasure to seek virtue in grave treatises of Morality, may, perhaps, finding her unlook'd for, masked under the habit of a light Poem, grow enamoured on her beauty.

The foolish Canterbury Tale in my Scourge of Vanity, which I am now almost ashamed to read over, even that hath been by some praised for a witty passage; and I have heard divers seriously protest, that they have much more feelingly been informed and moved to detest the vanity of the humour there scoffed at, by that rude Tale, than they were by the most grave precepts of philosophy. And that makes me oftentimes affect some things, in regard of their usefulness, which being considered

according to the method of art and rules of scholarship, would seem ridiculous.

But I use more words for my apology than needs. If this will not give you satisfaction, I am sorry I have said so much ; and, if you know which way, satisfy yourselves ; for how I am resolved, if you think it worth the taking notice of, the book will tell you. Farewell.

GEO. WITHER.



WITHER'S Motto.*

Nec Habeo, Nec Careo, Nec Curo.

Nor Have I, nor Want I, nor Care I.

HA! will they storm? why let them; who needs care?
 Or who dares frown on what the Muses dare,
 Who, when they list, can for a tempest call,
 Which thunders louder than their fury shall,

* This Poem is placed first on the list of books which Wither informs us "were composed when he was of riper years:" yet his "Satire to the King" had an earlier date of publication, and is included in the same list. He records its appearance in 1618; but no copy has been found with an earlier date than 1621. This date is in the engraved title before referred to; but it is inferred by Mr. Dalrymple that there must have been an earlier edition, as the plate is much worn. Wither's own account of the number taken off, may account for this effect. Mr. D. justly terms it "a splendid Poem, which shews great independence of mind and has many poetical beauties." Wither's appreciation of the Poem in his *Fragmenta Prophetica* is, "that the said *Motto* and the *descant* thereupon may perhaps appear to some readers a careless rather than a serious composure,

And if men causelessly their power contemn,
Will more than mortal vengeance fling on them ?

With thine own trembling spirit thou didst view
These free-born lines, that doubtst what may ensue ;

because expressed in an unusual and extravagant strain ; nevertheless, it hints many good principles, which the author thought would be best insinuated in that mode ; and he was not therein deceived. For it then so well pleased, that about thirty thousand copies thereof were imprinted and published within a few months." The following character of this Poem, which appeared in No. II. of the *Restituta*, is well worthy of extraction.

"I scarcely know whether, in the whole range of bibliography, there is a more interesting tract than this little volume of Wither.

"It consists of the purest confessions and most vivid delineations of real character and real emotions.

"The works of Wither are perhaps not so rare as to warrant a very particular description ; and the memoir which forms the first article of the first number of *The Bibliographer* renders any attempt at a general account of his life and writings quite out of the question at present. I shall indulge myself however in a few remarks suggested by this volume, which has been long one of my favorite companions.

"The Poem, as may be inferred from the title, relates entirely to the author's own character and feelings. It is one of those 'touching moral discussions which come home to men's business and bosoms.' The effusion of real feeling never can be contemptible. Even the reveries of the maniac, the dreams of the moping idiot, if it were possible to trace them, would afford interesting speculations to the moralist and metaphysician. It is by the unthinking and cold-hearted only, by the 'conceited plodding coxcomb,' that such delineations are condemned : and by his contemporaries, George Wither was invariably traduced, persecuted, and calumniated. But although living in perpetual imprisonment and perpetual woe, the light of genius was unquenchable. Clouded indeed it might be for an hour, a day, or even for a longer interval ; but its utter extinction was a consummation which the combined force of all his foes never could effect. The light of genius, the 'ray from heaven,' shone on him in the midst of all the horrors of eternal darkness, desolation, and solitary

For if thou feltst the temper of my soul,
And knew'st my heart, thou would'st not fear
 controul.

Do not I know my honest thoughts are clear
From any private spleen, or malice here?

confinement. Are these the characteristics of a soul which has merited oblivion?—After the lapse of centuries they shall continue to awaken, as at this moment they are awakening, the hearts and imaginations of kindred bards!

“Of the causes which led to the miseries of Wither, I doubt not that many may be referred to the same unfortunate tendency in ordinary minds, to traduce and oppress the children of genius and sensibility, which has been the enemy of the poetical character in all ages.

“The character of George Wither, amidst all his misfortunes, seems to have been marked by a chivalrous dignity and fortitude. But this could not prevent his experiencing the most acute mental sufferings.

“Nothing, I believe, is so rare as that liberality and expansion of mind, which enables its possessor to pardon the weakness and aberrations, by which genius and feeling are too often accompanied. The wrangling and selfish politician; the puffed-up church dignitary, and narrow-minded and stony-hearted special pleader; the voluptuous, the frivolous, and overweening bearer of garters and coronets; the plodders over endless tables of pounds and shillings and pence—such are the characters of whom the majority of the human race is composed: and by these, and such as these, will the frailties and errors of the man of genius and sensibility be forgiven? Oh no! It is only when the last struggles of the sufferer are long since past—when the grass waves over his tomb, and malice no longer triumphs over the ‘foe that is low,’ that his strains may be praised by congenial spirits, and praised without danger of being overwhelmed by the opposing torrent of malignant detraction.

“Whatever is not expressed with mathematical concinnity, precision, and quickness; whatever bears not directly upon the attainment and prolongation of sensual pleasures and contemporary applause, (than which last, nothing can be more despicable) or on the accumulation of riches, is by certain persons deemed contemptible and mischievous.

Do not I know that none will frown at this,
 But such as have apparent guiltiness ;
 Or such as must to shame and ruin run,
 As some, once aiming at my fall have done ?
 And can I fear those idle scare-crows then,
 Those bugbear perils, those mere shades of men,
 At whose displeasure they for terror sweat,
 Whose heart upon the world's vain love is set ?

No ; when this Motto first I mine did make,
 To me I took it not for fashion's sake,
 But that it might express me as I am,
 And keep me mindful to be still the same,
 Which I resolve to be ; for could the eye
 Of other men within my breast espy
 My resolution and the cause thereof,
 They durst not at this boldness make a scoff.

“ When ideas rise above the ordinary routine of business—when the mind forgets to accommodate itself to the petty details of office, and to the mere empty ceremonies of ‘ that which before us lies in daily life ’—when the voice falters from the pressure of ideas, which are too lofty for utterance, instead of lowering itself to some common-place mathematical truism, which has been repeated times without number—when such traces of a diviner nature are manifested, the spite and malignity of such persons arise to crush and overpower them. Hence we have to lament that George Wither spent his days in a prison—that the divine Spenser lived in misery and depression—that Otway was starved to death—that Burns expired, shrieking amid the horrors of desolate poverty—and perhaps that numberless lofty spirits have died ‘ unwept, unhonoured, ’ overwhelmed by misfortune, before opportunity was afforded them of becoming known to the world.”

Shall I be fearful of myself to speak,
 For doubt some other may exceptions take?
 If this age hold, ere long we shall go near
 Of every word of our to stand in fear;
 And, five to one, if any should confess
 Those sins in public which his soul oppress,
 Some guilty fellow, mov'd thereat, would take it
 Unto himself, and so, a libel make it!
 Nay, we shall hardly be allowed to pray
 Against a crying sin, lest great men may
 Suspect, that by a figure we intend
 To point out them, and how they do offend.
 As I have hope to prosper, ere I'll fall
 To such a bondage, I'll adventure all,
 And make the whole world mad to hear, how I
 Will fearless write and rail at villainy.

But oh! beware, grey-hair'd Discretion says:
 The dog fights well that out of danger plays;
 For now, these guilty times so captious be,
 That such as love in speaking to be free
 May for their freedom to their cost be shent,
 How harmless e'er they be in their intent;
 And such as of their future peace have care,
 Unto the Times a little servile are.

Pish! tell not me of Times or danger thus:
 To do a villainy is dangerous;

But in an honest action, my heart knows
 No more of fear than dead men do of blows ;
 And to be slave to Times is worse to me,
 Than to be that which most men fear to be.

I tell thee, Critic ! whatsoever thou
 Or any man of me shall censure now,
 They, who for ought here written do accuse
 Or with a mind malicious tax my Muse,
 Shall nor by day awake, nor sleep by night,
 With more contentment, in their glories' height,
 Than I will do, though they should lay me where,
 I must in darkness bolts of iron wear ;
 For I am not so ignorant, but that
 I partly know what things I may relate ;
 And what an honest man should still conceal,
 I know as well as what he may reveal.

If they be poor and base, that fear my strain,
 These poor base fellows are afraid in vain.
 I scorn to spurn a dog, or strike a fly,
 Or with such grooms to soil my poesy.
 If great they were and fallen, let them know,
 I do abhor to touch a wounded foe.
 If on the top of honour yet they be,
 'Tis poor weak honour, if ought done by me
 May blot or shake the same ; yea, whatsoe'er
 Their titles cost or they would fain appear,

They are ignoble and beneath me far,
 If with these measures they distemper'd are,
 For, if they had true greatness, they would know,
 The spite of all the world were far below,
 The seat of noblest honour, and that he
 In whom true worth and real virtues be,
 So well is arm'd, as that he fears no wrong
 From any tyrant's hand or villain's tongue ;
 Much less be startled at those numbers would,
 Where virtue's praised and proud vice controul'd,

Is any man the worse, if I express
 My wants, my riches, or my carelessness ?
 Or can my honest thoughts or my content
 Be turn'd to any man's disparagement,
 If he be honest ? Nay, those men will find,
 A pleasure in this picture of my mind,
 Who honour virtue, and instead of blame,
 Will, as they have done, love me for the same.

You are deceiv'd, if the Bohemian state
 You think I touch, or the Palatinate,
 Or that this ought of Eighty-eight contains,
 The powder-plot, or any thing of Spain's,
 That their ambassador need question me,
 Or bring me justly for it on my knee.
 The state of those occurrences I know
 Too well, my raptures that way to bestow.

Nor need you doubt but any friend you have
 May play the fool, and if he list the knave,
 For ought here written ; for it is not such
 As you suppose, nor what you fear so much.
 If I had been dispos'd to satyryze,
 Would I have tam'd my numbers in this wise ?
 No : I have furies that lie tied in chains,
 Bold, English mastiff-like, advent'rous strains,
 Who fearless dare on any monster fly
 That wears a body of mortality ;
 And I had let them loose, if I had list
 To play again the sharp-fang'd Satyrist.

That therefore you no more mis-title this,
 I say, it is my Motto ; and it is :
 I'll have it so ; for, if it please not me,
 It shall not be a Satire, though it be.
 What is't to you, or any man, if I
 This little Poem term as foolishly
 As some men do their children ? Is it not
 Mine own Minerva, of my brains begot ?
 For ought I know, I never did intrude
 To name your whelps ; and if you be so rude
 To meddle with my kitling, though in sport,
 'Tis odds but she'll go near to scratch you for't.

Play with your monkey then, and let it lie ;
 Or, if you be not angry, take it, pray,

And read it over
 So; the critic's gone,
 Who at these numbers carp'd; and we alone:
 Proceed we to the matter



Nec Habeo, Nec Careo, Nec Curo.

SOME having seen where I this Motto writ
 Beneath my picture, ask'd what meant it ;
 And many in my absence do assay
 What by these words they best conjecture may :
 Some have supposed that it doth express
 An unadvised desperate carelessness.
 Some others do imagine that I meant
 In little to set forth a great content.
 Some on each member of the sentence dwell :
 And first will, what *I have not*, seem to tell :
 What things *I want not*, they will next declare :
 And then they guess for what *I do not care*.
 But that they might not from my meaning err,
 I'll now become my own interpreter.

Some things *I have*, which here I will not shew ;
 Some things *I want*, which you shall never know :
 And sometime I, perchance, do *careful* grow ;
 But we with that will nothing have to do.
 If good occasion be thereof to speak,
 Another time we may the pleasure take.
 That which to treat of I now purpose, therefore,
 Is what I neither *have*, nor *want*, nor *care* for.

Nec Habeo.

AND first ; that no man else may censure me,
 For vaunting what belongeth not to me :
 Hear what *I have not* ; for I'll not deny
 To make confession of my poverty.

I have not of myself the power or grace
 To be, or not to be, one minute's space.
I have not strength another word to write,
 Or tell you what I purpose to indite,
 Or think out half a thought before my death,
 But by the leave of Him that gave me breath.
I have no native goodness in my soul,
 But I was over all corrupt and foul ;
 And till another cleans'd me, I had nought
 That was not stain'd within me, not a thought.
I have no proper merit, neither will
 Or to resolve, or act, but what is ill.
I have no means of safety or content,
 In ought which mine own wisdom can invent.
 Nor *have I* reason to be desperate, tho',
 Because for this a remedy I know.

I have no portion in the world like this,
 That I may breathe that air which common is :

Nor have I seen within this spacious round,
 What I have worth my joy or sorrow found,
 Except it hath for these that follow been ;
 The love of my Redeemer, and my sin.

I none of those great privileges *have*,
 Which make the minions of the time so brave.
I have no sumptuous palaces or bowers
 That over-top my neighbours with their towers.
I have no large demesnes or princely rents,
 Like those heroes, nor their discontents.
I have no glories from mine ancestors,
 For want of real worth to brag of theirs.
Nor have I baseness in my pedigree ;
 For it is noble, though obscure it be.

I have no gold those honours to obtain,
 Which men might heretofore by virtue gain ;
Nor have I wit, if wealth were given me,
 To think bought place or title honour'd me.
I yet have no belief that they are wise,
 Who for base ends can basely temporize,
 Or that it will at length be ill for me,
 That I liv'd poor to keep my spirit free.

I have no causes in our pleading courts ;
 Nor start I at our chancery-reports.
 No fearful bill hath yet affrighted me ;
 No motion, order, judgment, or decree.

*Nor have I forced been to tedious journies,
Betwixt my counsellors and my attornies.
I have no need of those long-gowned warriors,
Who play at Westminster unarmed barriers :
Nor gamester for those common-pleas am I,
Whose sport is marred by the chancery.*

*I have no juggling hand, no double tongue;
Nor any mind to take or do a wrong.*

*I have no shifts or cunning sleights, on which
I feed myself, with hope of being rich.*

*Nor have I one of these to make me poor ;
Hounds, humours, running-horses, hawks, or whore.*

*I have no pleasure in acquaintance, where
The rules of state and ceremony are
Observ'd so seriously, that I must dance,
And act o'er all the compliments of France
And Spain and Italy, before I can
Be taken for a well-bred Englishman ;
And every time we meet, be forc'd again
To put in action that most idle scene.*

*'Mong these, much precious time, unto my cost,
And much true hearty meaning, have I lost ;
Which having found, I do resolve therefore
To lose my time and friendship so no more.*

*I have no compliments, but what may shew
That I do manners and good breeding know :*

For much I hate the forced apish tricks
 Of those our home-disdaining politics,
 Who to the foreign guise are so affected,
 That English honesty is quite rejected ;
 And in the stead thereof, they furnish'd home
 With shadows of humanity do come.
 Oh ! how judicious in their own esteem,
 And how compleatly travelled they seem,
 If in the place of real kindnesses,
 Which nature could have taught them to express,
 They can with gestures, looks, and language sweet,
 Fawn like a courtezan on all they meet,
 And vie in humble and kind speeches, when
 They do most proudly and most falsely mean.
 On this, too many falsely set their face,
 Of courtship and of wisdom ; but 'tis base.
 For servile unto me it doth appear,
 When we descend to sooth and flatter, where
 We want affection ; yea, I hate it more
 Than to be born a slave, or to be poor.
I have no pleasure or delight in ought
That by dissembling must to pass be brought.
 If I dislike, I'll sooner tell them so,
 Than hide my face beneath a friendly show.
 For he who to be just hath an intent,
 Needs nor dissemble nor a lie invent.

I rather wish to fail with honesty,
 Than to prevail in ought by treachery.
 And with this mind I'll safer sleep, than all
 Our Machiavellian politicians shall.

I have no mind to flatter, though I might
 Be made some lord's companion, or a knight;
 Nor shall my verse for me on begging go,
 Though I might starve unless it did do so.

I have no Muses that will serve the turn
 At every triumph, and rejoice or mourn
 Upon a minute's warning, for their hire,
 If with old Sherry they themselves inspire.
 I am not of a temper like to those
 That can provide an hour's sad talk in prose,
 For any funeral; and then go dine,
 And choke my grief with sugar-plums and wine.
 I cannot at the claret sit and laugh,
 And then, half tipsy, write an epitaph;
 Or howl an epicœdium for each groom
 That is by fraud or niggardize become
 A wealthy alderman; nor for each gull
 That hath acquir'd the stile of worshipful.
 I cannot for reward adorn the hearse
 Of some old rotten miser with my verse;
 Nor like the poetasters of the time,
 Go howl a doleful elegy in rhyme,

For every lord or ladyship that dies,
 And then perplex their heirs to patronise
 That muddy poesy. Oh! how I scorn,
 Those raptures, which are free and nobly born,
 Should, fiddler-like, for entertainment scrape
 At strangers' windows; and go play the ape,
 In counterfeiting passion, when there's none;
 Or in good earnest foolishly bemoan,
 In hope of cursed bounty, their just death,
 Who, living, merit not a minute's breath
 To keep their fame alive, unless to blow
 Some trumpet which their black disgrace may shew.

I cannot, for my life, my pen compel
 Upon the praise of any man to dwell;
 Unless I know, or think at least, his worth
 To be the same which I have blazon'd forth.
 Had I some honest suit, the gain of which
 Would make me noble, eminent, and rich,
 And that to compass it no means there were,
 Unless I basely flatter'd some great peer;
 Would with that suit my ruin I might get,
 If on those terms I would endeavour it.

I have not been to their condition born,
 Who are inclined to respect, and scorn,
 As men in their estates do rise or fall:
 Or rich or poor, I virtue love in all;

And where I find it not, I do despise
 To fawn on them, how high soe'er they rise :
 For where proud greatness without worth I see,
 Old Mordecai had not a stiffer knee.

I cannot give a plaudit, I protest,
 When as his lordship thinks he breaks a jest,
 Unless it move me ; neither can I grin,
 When he a causeless laughter doth begin.
 I cannot swear him truly honourable,
 Because he once receiv'd me to his table,
 And talk'd as if the Muses glad might be,
 That he vouchsafed such a grace to me.
 His slender worth I could not blazon so,
 By strange hyperboles, as some would do,
 Or wonder at it, as if none had been
 His equal since King William first came in.
 Nor can I think true virtue ever car'd
 To give or take, for praise, what I have heard.

For if we poise them well, what goodly grace
 Have outward beauties, riches, titles, place,
 Or such, that we the owners should commend,
 When no true virtues do on those attend ?
 If beautiful he be, what honour's that ?
 As fair as he is many a beggar's brat.
 If we his noble titles would extol,
 Those titles he may have and be a fool.

If seats of justice he hath climb'd, we say,
 So tyrants and corrupt oppressors may.
 If for a large estate his praise we tell,
 A thousand villains may be praised as well.
 If he his Prince's good esteem be in,
 Why, so hath many a bloody traitor been.
 And if in these things he alone excel,
 Let those that list upon his praises dwell :
 Some other worth I find, ere I have sense
 Of any praise-deserving excellence.

I have no friends, that once affected were,
 But to my heart they sit this day as near
 As when I most endear'd them, though they seem
 To fall from my opinion or esteem ;
 For precious time in idle would be spent,
 If I with all should always compliment ;
 And till my love I may to purpose shew,
 I care not whe'er they think I love or no ;
 For sure I am, if any find me chang'd,
 Their greatness, not their meanness, me estrang'd.

I have not priz'd men's loves the less or more,
 Because I saw them either rich or poor ;
 But as their love and virtues did appear,
 I such esteem'd them, whosoe'er they were.
I have no trust or confidence in friends
 That seek to know me merely for their ends ;

Nor have I ever said I loved, yet,
 Where I expected more than love for it.
 And let me fail of that where most I lov'd,
 If that with greater joy I be not mov'd,
 By twenty-fold, when I may kindness shew,
 Than when their favours they on me bestow.

I have not that vile mind, nor shall my breast
 For ever with such baseness be possest,
 As in my anger, be it ne'er so just,
 To utter ought committed to my trust
 In time of friendship, though constrained so;
 That want of telling it should me undo;
 For whosoe'er hath trust repos'd in me,
 Shall ever find me true, though false he be.

I have no love to country, Prince, or friend,
 That can be more, or less, or have an end.
 For whatsoever state they rais'd me to,
 I would not love them better than I do;
 Nor can I hate them, though on me they should
 Heap all the scorn and injury they could.

I have no dotting humour, to affect
 Where love I find rewarded with neglect.
 I never was with melancholy fit
 Oppressed, in such stupid manner, yet,
 As that ungently to my friends I spake,
 Or heed to their contentment did not take;

Nor have I felt my anger so inflam'd
But that with gentle speech it might be tam'd.

I have no private cause of discontent,
Nor grudge against the public government.

I have no spite or envy in my breast,
Nor doth another's peace disturb my rest.

I have not, yet, that dunghill-humour which
Some great men have, who, so they may be rich,
Think all gain sweet, and nought ashamed are
In vile and rascal suits to have a share ;
For I their baseness scorn, and ever loath'd,
By wronging others to be fed or cloath'd,
Much more to have my pride or lust maintain'd
With what by foul oppression hath been gain'd.

I have not been enamour'd of the fate
Of men to great advancements fortunate.
I never yet a favourite did see
So happy, that I wished to be he ;
Nor would I, whatsoe'er of me became,
Be any other man but who I am.
For though I am assur'd the destiny
Of millions tendeth to felicity,
Yet those dear secret comforts which I find,
Unseen, within the closet of my mind,
Give more assurance of true happiness,
Than any outward glories can express ;

And 'tis so hard, what shows so'er there be,
 The inward plight of other men to see,
 That my estate with none exchange I dare,
 Although my fortunes more despised were.

I have not hitherto divulged ought
 Wherein my words dissented from my thought ;
 Nor would I fail, if I might able be,
 To make my manners and my words agree.

I have not been ashamed to confess
 My lowest fortunes or the kindnesses
 Of poorest men ; nor have I proud been made
 By any favour from a great man had.

I have not plac'd so much of my content
 Upon the goods of Fortune, to lament
 The loss of them more than may seemly be,
 To grieve for things which are no part of me ;
 For, I have known the worst of being poor,
 Yea, lost when I to lose have had no more.
 And though the coward-world more quakes for fear
 Of poverty than any plagues that are,
 Yet he that minds his end, observes his ward,
 The means pursues, and keeps a heart prepar'd,
 Dares scorn and poverty as boldly meet,
 As others gladly fame and riches greet.
 For those who on the stage of this proud world
 Into the paws of want and scorn are hurl'd,

Are in the master-prize that trieth men,
And Virtue fighteth her brav'st combat then.

I no antipathy, as yet, have had,
'Twixt me and any creature God hath made ;
For if they do not scratch, nor bite, nor sting,
Snakes, serpents, toads, or cats, or any thing
I can endure to touch or look upon ;
So cannot ev'ry one whom I have known.

I have no nation on the earth abhorr'd,
But with a Jew or Spaniard can accord
As well as with my brother, if I find
He bear a virtuous and heroic mind.

Yet, I confess, of all men, I most hate
Such as their manners do adulterate,
Those linsey-woolsey people, who are neither
French, English, Scotch, nor Dutch, but all together:
Those I affect not ; rather wish I could,
That they were fish, or flesh, or hot, or cold ;
But none among all them worse brook I than
Our mere Hispaniolis'd Englishmen ;
And if we 'scape their treacheries at home,
I'll fear no mischiefs wheresoe'er I come:

I have not fear'd who my religion knows ;
Nor ever, for preferment, made I shows
Of what I was not. For although I may,
Through want, be forc'd to put on worse array

Upon my body, I will ever find
 Means to maintain a habit for my mind,
 Of truth in grain, and wear it in the sight
 Of all the world, in all the world's despite.

I their presumption *have not*, who dare blame
 A fault in others, and correct the same
 With grievous punishments, yet guilty be
 Of those offences in more high degree.
 For oh! how bold and impudent a face,
 And what unmoved hearts of flint and brass
 Have those corrupted magistrates, who dare
 Upon the seat of judgment sit, and there
 Without an inward horror preach abroad
 The guilt of sin and heavy wrath of God,
 Against offenders pleading at their bar,
 Yet know what plots within their bosoms are.
 Who, when enthron'd for justice they behold
 A reverend magistrate, both grave and old,
 And hear how sternly he doth aggravate
 Each little crime offenders perpetrate,
 How much the fact he seemeth to abhor,
 How he a just correction labours for,
 How he admires and wonders that among
 A people where the faith hath flourish'd long,
 Such wickedness should reign which, he hath heard,
 The heathen to commit have been afeard;

Who, that observes all this, would think that he
 Did but an hour before receive a fee,
 Some innocent, by law, to murder there?
 Or else, from children fatherless to tear
 Their just inheritance? and that when this
 Were done, as if that nought had been amiss,
 He could go sleep upon a deed so foul,
 And neither think on man's or God's controul?
I have not a stupidity so mad,
 And this presumption I would no man had.

I have no question made but some there are
 Who, when of this Motto they shall hear,
 Will have a better stomach to procure
 That I may check or punishment endure,
 Than their own evil manners to amend;
 For that's a work they cannot yet intend.
 And though they many view, before their face,
 Fall'n, and each minute falling, to disgrace,
 For less offences far than they commit,
 Without remorse and penitence they sit,
 As if that they, and they alone, had been
 Without the compass of reproof for sin.

I have no great opinion of their wit,
 Nor ever saw their actions prosper yet,
 Who wedded to their own devices be,
 And will not counsel hear nor danger see

That is foretold them by their truest friends,
 But rather list to them who for their ends
 Do sooth their fancies ; and the best excuse
 That such men can to hide their folly use,
 When all their idle projects come to nought,
 Are these words of the fool, *I had not thought.*

I have not their delight who pleasure take
 At nature's imperfections scoffs to make ;
Nor have I bitterness against that sin
 Which thorough weakness hath committed been ;
 For I myself am to offences prone,
 And every day commit I many a one ;
 But at their hateful crimes I only glance
 That sin of pleasure, pride, and arrogance.

I have not so much knowledge as to call
 The arts in question ; neither wit so small,
 To waste my spirits those things to attain
 Which all the world hath labour'd for in vain.

I have not so much beauty, to attract
 The eyes of ladies ; neither have I lack'd
 Of that proportion which doth well suffice
 To make me gracious in good people's eyes.

I have not done so many a holy deed,
 As that of Jesus Christ I have no need ;
 And my good works I hope are not so few,
 But that in me a living faith they shew.

I have not found ability so much,
 To carry millstones ; yea, and were it such,
 I should not greatly vaunt it ; for in this
 A scurvy pack-horse far my better is.
 I love his manly strength that can resist
 His own desires, force passage when he list
 Through all his strong affections, and subdue
 The stout attempts of that rebellious crew.
 This were a braver strength than Samson got ;
 And this I covet, but *I have* it not.

I have not so much heedlessness of things
 Which appertain unto the Courts of Kings,
 But that from my low station I can see
 A Prince's love may oft abused be ;
 For many men their country injure dare
 At home, where all our eyes upon them are.
 And of the World's Protector I implore,
 The trust abroad be not abused more.

I have no brother but of younger age,
Nor have I birth-right without heritage ;
 And with that land let me inherit shame,
 Unless I grieve when I possess the same.

The value of a penny *have I not*,
 That was by bribery or extortion got.
I have no lands that from the church were pill'd,
 To bring, hereafter, ruin to my child ;

And hitherto, I think, I have been free
From widows or from orphans cursing me.

The spleen, the cholic, or the lethargy,
Gouts, palsies, dropsies, or a lunacy,
I, by inheritance, *have none* of these,
Nor reigning sin, nor any foul disease.

I have no debts, but such as, when I can,
I mean to pay; nor is there any man,
To whom I stand engag'd, by ought I borrow,
Shall loss sustain, though I should die to-morrow;
And if they should, so much my friends they be,
Their greatest loss they'll think the loss of me.
And well they know, I took not what they lent
To wrong their loves or to be idly spent.

Except the Devil, and that cursed brood
Which have dependence on his devilhood,
I know *no* foes *I have*; for, if there be
In none more malice than I find in me,
The earth that man, at this time, doth not bear,
Who would not, if some just occasion were,
Ev'n in his height of spleen, my life to save,
Adventure with one foot into his grave.

To make me careful, children *I have none*;
Nor have I any wife to get them on;
Nor have I yet to keep her had I one;
Nor can this spoil my marriage, being known.

Since I am sure, I was not born for her
 That shall before my worth her wealth prefer ;
 For, I do set my virtues at a rate
 As high as any prize their riches at ;
 And if all count the venture too much cost,
 In keeping it myself there's nothing lost.
 For she I wed shall somewhat think in me
 More worthy love than great revenues be ;
 And if I find not one of such a mind,
 As such indeed are jewels rare to find,
 Ill clasped in mine own embraces lie,
 And never touch a woman till I die.

For, shall a fellow whom the usurer,
 His father, by extortion did prefer
 Unto an heritage in value clear
 Above four times a thousand pounds a year,
 So worthy, or so confident become,
 By means of that his goodly annual sum,
 Which may be lost to-morrow, as to dare
 Attempt a nymph of honour for his sphere ?
 Shall he that hath with those four thousand pounds
 A gaming-vein, a deep-mouth'd cry of hounds,
 Three cast of hawks, of whores as many brace,
 Six hunting-nags, and five more for the race,
 Perhaps a numerous brood of fighting-cocks,
 Physicians, barbers, surgeons for the pox,

And twenty other humours to maintain,
 Beside the yearly charges of his train,
 With this revenue ; most of which, or all,
 To mortgage must be set, perhaps to sale,
 To pay his creditors, and yet all fail
 To keep his crazy body from the jail ;—
 Shall this dull fool, with his uncertain store
 And in all honesty and virtues poor,
 Hope for a mistress, noble, rich, and fair ?
 And is it likely that I can despair
 To be as happy, if I seek it would,
 Who such a matchless fortune have in hold,
 That though the world my ruin plot and threat,
 I can in spite of it be rich and great ?

A silly girl no sooner understands
 That she is left in portion or in lands,
 So large a fortune, that it doth excel
 The greatest part who near about her dwell,
 But straight begins to rate, and prize herself
 According to the value of her pelf,
 And though to gentry nor good breeding born,
 Can all that have estates beneath her scorn.

This wit a woman hath ; and shall not I,
 Who know I have a wealth, which none can buy
 For all the world, expect a nobler phere
 Than suits unto a hundred pounds a year ?

Shall love of truth and virtue make of me
 A match no better worthy, than is he
 Who knows not what they mean, and doth possess
 In outward fortunes neither more nor less ?

Have I oft heard so many fair ones' plain
 How fruitless titles are; how poor and yain
 They found rich greatness, where they did not find
 True love and the endowments of the mind ?
 Have fairest ladies often sworn to me,
 That if they might but only mistress be
 Of true affection, they would prize it more
 Than all those glories, which they most adore ?
 Have I observ'd, how hard it is to find
 A constant heart, a just and honest mind,
 How few good natures in the world there are,
 How scanty true affection is, how rare,
 And shall I pass as true a heart away,
 As hath conceiv'd an honest thought to-day,
 As if in value to no more it came
 Than would endear me to a vulgar dame
 On equal terms, or else undo me with
 Some old rich croan, that hath outliv'd her teeth ?
 I'll rather break it with proud scorn, that dead,
 The worms may rifle for my maidenhead.

*I have no love to beauties which are gone,
 Much like a rose in June, as soon as blown :*

Those painted cabinets, and nought within,
 Have little power my respect to win ;
Nor have I, yet, that stupid love to pelf,
 As for the hope thereof to yoke myself
 With any female, betwixt whom and me
 There could not in the soul a marriage be.
 For whosoever join without that care,
 Fools and accursed in their matches are ;
 And so are you, that either hear or view
 What I aver, unless you think it true.

I have no meaning, whensoever I wed,
 That my companion shall become my head ;
 Nor would I, if I meant to keep my right,
 So much as say so, though that win her might,
 Not though a duchess ; for the means I'll use
 To keep my worth, though my reward I lose.
 Yea, from a prison had she raised me,
 Lord of her fortunes and herself to be,
 I that respect would still expect to have,
 Which might become her husband, not her slave.
 And should I 'spouse a beggar, I would shew
 What love and honour to a wife were due.

I have not, yet, of any scorned been,
 Whose good opinion I have sought to win ;
Nor have I, when I mean to woo, a fear
 That any man shall make me willow wear.

I have not eyes so excellent to see
 Things, as some men can do, before they be;
 Nor purblind sight, which crimes far off can mark,
 Yet seem to faults which are more near me dark.

I have not ears for every tale that's told,
 Nor memory things frivolous to hold.

I have not their credulity, that dare
 Give credit unto all reports they hear;
Nor have I subject to their dulness been,
 Who can believe no more than they have seen.

I have no feeling of those wrongs that be
 By base unworthy fellows offer'd me;
 For my contentment and my glory lies
 Above the pitch their spite or malice flies.

I have not need enough as yet, to serve,
 Nor impudence to crave till I deserve.
I have no hope, the world's esteem to get;
 Nor could a fool or knave e'er brook me yet.

I have not villainy enough to prey
 Upon the weak, or friendship to betray.
Nor have I so much love to life, that I
 Would seek to save it by dishonesty.

I have not cowardice enough to fear
 In honest actions, though my death be there;
 Nor heart to perpetrate a wilful sin,
 Though I with safety large renown might win;

And for omitting it, were sure to die,
Ne'er to be thought on, but with infamy.

I have not their base cruelty, who can
Insult upon an over-grieved man,
Or tread on him that at my feet doth bow :
For, I protest, no villainy I know
That could be done me, but if I perceiv'd,
Or thought the doer without feigning griev'd,
I truly could forgive him, as if he
Had never in a thought abused me.
And if my love to mercy I belie,
Let God deny me mercy when I die.

I have not that unhappiness to be
A rich man's son ; for he had trained me
In some vain path, and I had never sought
That knowledge which my poverty hath taught.

I have no inclination to respect
Each vulgar compliment, nor yet neglect
An honest show of friendship ; for, I swear,
I rather wish that I deceived were,
Than of so base a disposition be,
As to distrust, till cause were given me.

I have no constitution to accord
To ought dishonest, sooner for a lord
Than for his meanest groom ; and hopes there be,
It never will be otherwise with me.

*I have no policies to make me seem
A man well-worthy of the world's esteem ;
Nor have I hope, I shall hereafter grow
To any more regard for saying so.*

*I have no doubt, though here a slighted thing,
But I am favourite to Heaven's great King ;
Nor have I fear, but all that's good in me
Shall in my life or death rewarded be.*

*But yet, I have not that attain'd, for which
Those who account this nothing, think me rich ;
Nor that, which they do reckon worth esteem,
To whom the riches of the mind do seem
A scornful poverty. But let that go :
Men cannot prize the pearls they do not know ;
Nor have I power to teach them ; for if I
Should here consume my gift of poesy,
And wholly waste my spirits to express
What rich contents a poor estate may bless,
It were impossible to move the sense
Of those brave things in their intelligence.*

*I have not found on what I may rely,
Unless it carry some divinity
To make me confident ; for, all the glory
And all hopes fail, in things mere transitory.*

*What man is there among us, doth not know
A thousand men this night to bed will go,*

Of many a hundred goodly things possess,
 That shall have nought to-morrow but a chest
 And one poor sheet to lie in? What I may
 Next morning have, I know not; but to-day,
 A friend, meat, drink, and fitting clothes to wear;
 Some books and papers, which my jewels are;
 A servant and a horse: all this I have,
 And when I die, one promis'd me a grave—
 A grave, that quiet closet of content;
 And I have built myself a monument.
 But, as I live, excepting only this,
 Which of my wealth the inventory is,
 I have so little, I my oath might save,
 If I should take it, that *I nothing have*.

Nec Careo.

AND yet, what *want I?* or who knoweth how
 I may be richer made than I am now?
 Or what great peer or wealthy alderman
 Bequeath his son so great a fortune can?
I nothing want that needful is to have,
 Sought I no more than nature bids me crave;

For, as we see, the smallest phials may
 As full as greatest glasses be, though they
 Much less contain; so my small portion gives
 That full content to me, in which he lives,
 Who most possesseth; and with larger store
 I might fill others, but myself no more.

I want not temperance, to rest content
 With what the providence of God hath lent;
Nor want I a sufficiency, to know
 Which way to use it, if he more bestow:
 For, as when me one horse would easier bear,
 To ride on two at once it madness were,
 And, as when one small bowl might quench my
 thirst,

To lift a vessel that my back might burst,
 Were wond'rous folly; so absurd a thing
 It were in me, should I neglect a spring,
 Whose plenty may a country's want supply,
 To dwell by some small pool that would be dry.
 If therefore ought do happen in the way
 Which on a just occasion seek I may,
I want not resolution to make trial,
Nor want I patience, if I have denial.

Men ask me what preferment I have gain'd,
 What riches by my studies are attain'd;
 And those that fed and fatten'd are with draff
 For their destruction, please themselves to laugh

At my low fate ; as if I nought had got,
 For my enriching, 'cause they saw it not.
 Alas ! that mole-ey'd issue cannot see
 What patrimonies are bestow'd on me :
 There is a braver wealthiness than what
 They, by abundance, have arrived at.
 Had I their wealth, I should not sleep the more
 Securely for it ; and, were I as poor
 In outward fortunes as men shipwreck'd are,
 I should of poverty have no more fear,
 Than if I had the riches and the powers
 Of all the Eastern Kings and Emperors.
 For grass, though trod into the earth, may grow,
 And highest cedars have an overthrow.
 Yea, I have seen as many beggar'd by
 Their father's wealth and much prosperity,
 As have by want misdone. And for each one,
 Whom by his riches I advanc'd have known,
 I three could reckon, who, through being poor,
 Have rais'd their fortunes and their friends the more.
 To what contents do men most wealthy mount,
 Which I enjoy not, if their cares we count ?
 My cloathing keeps me full as warm as theirs ;
 My meats unto my taste as pleasing are ;
 I feed enough my hunger to suffice ;
 I sleep, till I myself am pleas'd to rise ;

My dreams as sweet and full of quiet be ;
 My waking cares as seldom trouble me ;
 I have as oftentimes a sunny day,
 And sport, and laugh, and sing, as well as they ;
 I breathe as wholesome and as sweet an air,
 As loving as my mistress, and as fair ;
 My body is as healthy, and I find
 As little cause of sickness in my mind ;
 I am as wise, I think, as some of those,
 And oft myself as foolishly dispose :
 For, of the wisest, I am none, as yet,
 And I have nigh as little hair as wit :
 Of neither, have I ought to let to farm,
 Nor so much *want I*, as may keep me warm.

I find my liver sound, my joints well knit :
 Youth and good diet are my doctors yet ;
 Nor on potatoes or eringoes feed I ;
 No meats restorative, to raise me, need I ;
 Nor ambergris, with other things confected,
 To take away the stink of lungs infected.
 I ne'er in need of 'pothecary stood,
 Or any surgeon's hand to let me blood ;
 For since the rod my tutor hurled by,
 I have not meddled with phlebotomy.

As good as other men's my senses be ;
 Each limb I have, as able is in me ;

And whether I as lovely be or no,
 'Tis ten to one but some do think me so.

The wealthiest men no benefits possess,
 But I have such, or better, in their place.
 As they my low condition can contemn,
 So I know how to fling a scorn at them.
 My fame is yet as fair, and flies as far
 As some men's, that with titles laden are.
 Yea, by myself much more I have attain'd,
 Than many have with help of others gain'd ;
 And my esteem I will not change for their,
 Whose fortunes are ten thousand more a year.
Nor want I so much grace, as to confess
 That God is author of this happiness.

I want not so much judgment as to see
 There must 'twixt men and men a difference be ;
 And I of those in place account do make,
 Though they be wicked, for good order's sake ;
 But I could stoop to serve them at their feet,
 Where old nobility and virtue meet.

To find mine own defects, *I want not* sense ;
Nor want I will to grieve for my offence.
 To see my friend misdo, *I want not* eyes ;
 Nor love to cover his infirmities.
I want not spirit, if I once but know
 The way be just and noble that I go.

My mind's as great as theirs that greatest are ;
 Yet, I can make it fit the clothes I wear.
 And whether I ascend or lower fall,
I want not hope but I preserve it shall.

I want no slanders ; neither want I brain
 To scorn the rascal-rumours of the vain
 And giddy multitude ; and, trust me, they
 So far unable are to talk away
 My resolution, that no more it fears
 The worst their ignorance or malice dares,
 Than doth the moon, when dogs and birds of night
 Do barking stand, or whooting at her light.
 And if this mischief no way shun I could,
 But that they praise me or dispraise me would,
 I rather wish their tongues should blast my name,
 Than be beholding to them for my fame.

I want not wit nor honesty enough
 To keep my hand from such base rascal-stuff
 As is a libel ; for, although I shall
 Sometime let fly at vice in general,
 I spare particulars ; nor shall a knave
 In my lines live, so much as shame to have,
 But in his own corruption, die and rot,
 That all his memory may be forgot.

I want not so much knowledge as to know
 True wisdom lies not in a glorious show

Of human learning, or in being able
 To cite authorities innumerable,
 Nor in a new invention ; but that man,
 Who make good use of ev'ry creature can,
 And from all things that happen, well or ill,
 Contentment draws, and keeps a conscience still
 To witness his endeavours to be good,
 That man is wisest, though he understood
 The language of no country but his own,
 Nor ever had the use of letters known.

To make fair shows of honesty and arts,
 Of knowledge and religion, are the parts
 This age doth strive to play ; but few there are,
 Who truly are the same they do appear ;
 And this is that which daily makes us see
 So many, whom we honest thought to be,
 And wise and learned, while some scenes do last,
 Prove fools and knaves before their act be past.

I want not sense of those men's miseries,
 Who, lull'd asleep in their prosperities,
 Must shortly fall, and with a heavy eye,
 Behold their pomp and pleasures vanish by,
 And how that mistress they so doted on,
 Their proud Vain-glory, will with scorn be gone.
 I feel, methinks, with what a drooping heart
 They and their idle hopes begin to part,

And with what mighty burthens of unrest
 Their poor distemper'd souls will be opprest.
 How much they will repent I do foresee,
 How much confused and asham'd they'll be ;
 And as I praise their doom, ev'n so I pray,
 Their shame and sorrow work their comfort may.

I want not much experiment to shew
 That all is good God pleaseth to bestow,
 What shape soever he doth mask it in ;
 For all my former cares my joys have been,
 And I have trust, that all my woes to come
 Will bring my soul eternal comforts home.

I do not find within me other fears,
 Than what to men of all degrees appears.
 I have a conscience that is clean within ;
 For, though I guilty am of many a sin,
 A kind Redeemer I have found, and he
 His righteousness imputeth unto me.

The greatest have no greatness more than I,
 In bearing out a want or misery.
 I can as well to passion set a bound ;
 I brook as well the smarting of a wound ;
 As well endure I to be hunger-bit ;
 As well can wrestle with an ague-fit ;
 My eyes can 'wake as long as theirs, I'm sure,
 And as much cold or heat I can endure.

Yea, let my dearest friends excused be
 From heaping scorn or injuries on me :
 Come all the world, and I my heart can make
 To brook as much, before it shrink or break,
 As theirs that do the noblest titles wear,
 And slight as much their frown that mightiest are ;
 For, if in me at any time appear
 A bashfulness, which some mis-title fear,
 It is in doubt lest I, through folly, may
 Some things unfitting me, or do, or say ;
 But not that I am fearful to be shent,
 For dread of men, or fear of punishment.

And yet, *no faults I want, nor want in me*
 Affections; which in other men there be :
 As much I hate an incivility ;
 As much am taken with a courtesy ;
 As much abhor I brutish vanities ;
 As much allow I Christian liberties ;
 As soon an injury I can perceive,
 And with as free a heart I can forgive ;
 My hand, in anger, I as well can stay ;
 And I dare strike as stout a man as they ;
 And when I know, that I amiss have done,
 I am as much asham'd as any one.

If my afflictions more than others' be,
 I have more comforts to keep heart in me.

I have a Faith will carry me on high,
 Until it lift me to Eternity:
 I have a Hope, that neither want nor spite,
 Nor grim Adversity, shall stop this flight;
 But that, undaunted, I my course shall hold,
 Though twenty thousand devils cross me should.

Yet, I confess, in this my pilgrimage,
 I, like some infant, am of tender age;
 For, as the child, who from his father hath
 Stray'd in some grove through many a crooked path,
 Is sometime hopeful, that he finds the way,
 And sometime doubtful he runs more astray,
 Sometime with fair and easy paths doth meet,
 Sometime with rougher tracts that stay his feet;
 Here runs, there goes, and yon amazed stays;
 Now cries, and straight forgets his care, and plays;
 Then hearing where his loving father calls,
 Makes haste, but through a zeal ill-guided falls;
 Or runs some other way, until that he,
 Whose love is more than his endeavours be,
 To seek this wanderer forth himself doth come,
 And take him in his arms, and bear him home.

So, in this life, this grove of ignorance,
 As to my homeward, I myself advance:
 Sometime aright, and sometime wrong I go;
 Sometime my pace is speedy, sometime slow;

Sometime I stagger, and sometime I fall ;
 Sometime I sing, sometime for help I call.
 One while, my ways are pleasant unto me ;
 Another while, as full of cares they be.
 Now, I have courage, and do nothing fear ;
 Anon, my spirits half dejected are ;
 I doubt and hope, and doubt and hope again,
 And many a change of passions I sustain
 In this my journey ; so that now and then
 I lost may seem, perhaps, to other men ;
 Yea, to myself awhile, when sins impure
 Do my Redeemer's love from me obscure.
 But, whatsoe'er betide, I know full well,
 My Father, who above the clouds doth dwell,
 An eye upon his wandering child doth cast,
 And He will fetch me to my home at last.
 For, of God's love, a witness *want not I* ;
 And whom He loves, He loves eternally.

I have within my breast, a little heart,
 Which seems to be composed of a part
 Of all my friends ; for, truly, whensoe'er
 They suffer any thing, I feel it there ;
 And they no sooner a complaint do make,
 But presently, it falls to pant and ache.

I have a love, that is as strong as fate,
 And such as cannot be impair'd by hate.

And, whatsoever the success may prove,
I want not yet, the comforts of my love.

These are the jewels that do make me rich :
 These, while I do possess, *I want not much ;*
 And I so happy am, that still I bear
 These riches with me ; and so safe they are,
 That pirates, robbers, no device of man,
 Or tyrant's power, deprive me of them can.
 And were I naked, forced to exile,
 More treasure I should carry from this isle
 Than should be sold, though for it I might gain
 The wealth of all America and Spain.
 For, this makes sweet my life ; and when I die,
 Will bring the sleep of death on quietly :
 Yea, such as greatest pomp in life-time have,
 Shall find no warmer lodging in their grave.

Besides, *I want not* many things they need,
 Who me in outward fortunes do exceed.

I want no guard, or coat of musket-proof :
 My innocence is guardian'd strong enough.

I want no title ; for to be the son
 Of the Almighty, is a glorious one.

I want no followers ; for, through faith, I see
 A troop of Angels still attending me.

Through want of friendship *need I not* repine ;
 For God, and good men, are still friends of mine.

And when I journey to the North, the East,
 The pleasant South, or to the fertile West,
I cannot want for proffer'd courtesies,
 As far as our Great-Britain's empire lies :
 In every shire and corner of the land
 To welcome me do houses open stand,
 Of best esteem ; and strangers to my face
 Have thought me worth the feasting, and more grace
 Than I will boast of, lest you may suspect
 That I those glories, which I scorn, affect.
 Of my acquaintance were a thousand glad,
 And sought it, though not wealth nor place I had,
 For their advantage. And, if some more high,
 Who on the multitudes of friends rely,
 Had but a fortune equal unto me,
 Their troop of followers would as slender be ;
 And those, 'mong whom they now esteem have won
 Would scarcely think them worth the looking on.

I want no office ; for, though none be void,
 A Christian finds he may be still employ'd.
I want no pleasures ; for I pleasures make :
 Whatever God is pleas'd, I undertake.
 Companions *want I not ;* for know, that I
 Am one of that renown'd society,
 Which, by the name we carry, first was known
 At Antioch so many years ago ;*

* It was at Antioch where the name of *Christians* was first given to the followers of Jesus Christ.

And greatest kings themselves have happy thought,
That to this noble order they were brought.

I want not arms to fit me for the field ;
My prayers are my sword, my faith my shield ;
By which, howe'er you prize them, I have got
Unwounded thorough twenty thousand shot ;
And with these arms, I heaven think to scale,
Though hell the ditch were, and more high the wall.

A thousand other privileges more
I do possess, in which the world is poor ;
Yea, I so long could reckon, you would grant,
That though I nothing have, *I nothing want.*
And did the King but know how rich I were,
I durst to pawn my fortunes, he would swear
That were he not the King, I had been he
Whom he, of all men, would have wish'd to be.

*Nec Curo.**

THEN, to vouchsafe me yet more favour here,
 He that supplies my *want*, hath took my *care* ;
 And when to bar me ought, he sees it fit,
 He doth infuse a mind to sleight at it.

Why, if He all things needful doth bestow,
 Should I, for what I have not, careful grow ?
 Low place I keep, yet, to a greatness born
 Which doth the world's affected greatness scorn,
 I do disdain her glories, and contemn
 Those muddy spirits that delight in them.

I care for no man's countenance or grace,
 Unless he be as good, as great in place.

* This clause of Wither's Motto is most delightfully portrayed. The whole secret of his happiness seems to have consisted in the art of an innocent *self-pleasing*. His poems are generally so many professions of a generous egotism. Whatever he does, it is to please himself; if he writes, it is to please himself: he would have you think, he never casts a care upon his readers. This way of talking certainly requires a known warmth of heart, in the person who uses it, to make it palatable. But egotist as Wither is, the extensive benevolence of his heart betrays itself in every line. By *self*, he means a great deal: his friends, his principles, his country; all of which he sometimes includes in himself. EDITOR.

For no man's spite or envy do *I care* ;
 For none have spite at me that honest are.
I care not for that baser wealth, in which
 Vice may become, as well as virtue, rich.
I care not for their friendship who have spent
 Love's best expressions in mere compliment ;
 Nor for those favours, though a Queen's they were,
 In which I thought another had a share.

I care not for their praise, who do not shew
 That in their lives, which they in words allow.
 A rush *I care not* who condemneth me,
 That sees not what my soul's intentions be.
I care not, though to all men known it were,
 Both whom I love or hate ; for none I fear.
I care not, though some courtiers still prefer
 The parasite and smooth-tongued flatterer,
 Before my bold truth-speaking lines ; and here,
 If these should anger them, *I do not care*.

I care not for that goodly precious stone,
 Which chymists have so fondly doated on ;
 Nor would I give a rotten chip, that I
 Were of the Rosy-Cross fraternity ;
 For I the world too well have understood,
 As to be gull'd with such a brotherhood.

I care for no more knowledge, than to know
 What I to God and to my neighbour owe.

For outward beauties *I do nothing care,*
 So I within may fair to God appear.
 No other liberty *I care* to win,
 But to be wholly freed from my sin ;
 Nor more ability, whilst I have breath,
 Than strength to bear my crosses to my death ;
 Nor can the earth afford a happiness
 That shall be greater than this *carelessness.*

For such a life I soon should *careless* grow,
 In which I had not leisure more to know.
Nor care I in a knowledge pains to take,
 Which doth not those who get it wiser make.
 Nor for that wisdom do I greatly *care,*
 Which would not make me somewhat honest ;
 Nor for that moral honesty, that shall
 Refuse to join religion therewithal ;
 Nor for that zealous seeming piety,
 Which wanteth love and moral honesty ;
 Nor for their loves, whose base affections be
 More for their lust than for ought good in me.
 Nor for ought good within me should *I care,*
 But that they sprinklings of God's goodness are.

For many books *I care not ;* and my store
 Might now suffice me, though I had no more
 Than God's two Testaments, and therewithal
 That mighty volume which the World we call ;

For these well look'd on, well in mind preserv'd,
 The present age's passages observ'd,
 My private actions seriously o'erview'd,
 My thoughts recall'd, and what of them ensu'd,
 Are books which better far instruct me can
 Than all the other paper-works of man ;
 And some of these I may be reading too,
 Where'er I come, or whatsoe'er I do.

I care not, though a sight of idle gulls,
 With lavish tongues and ever-empty skulls,
 Do let my better-temper'd labours lie ;
 And since I termly make not pamphlets fly,
 Say I am idle and do nothing now ;
 As if, that I were bound to let them know
 What I were doing, or to cast away
 My breath and studies on such fools as they :
 I much disdain it ; for these blocks be those
 That use to read my verse like ragged prose ;
 And such as, so their books be new, ne'er care
 Of what esteem nor of what use they are.

I care not, though a vain and spungy crew
 Of shallow critics, in each tavern, spew
 Their drunken censures on my poesy,
 Until among their cups they sprawling lie :
 These poor betatter'd rhymers, now and then,
 With wine and impudence inspired, can

Some fustian language utter, which doth seem,
 Among their base admirers, worth esteem;
 But those base ivy-poets never knew
 Which way a sprightly, honest rapture flew;
 Nor can they relish any strain of wit,
 But what was in some drunken fury writ.

Those needy poetasters, to prefer
 Their nasty stuff to some dull stationer,
 With impudence extol it, and will tell him,
 The very title of their book shall sell him
 As many thousands of them, wholly told,
 As ever of my Satires have been sold;
 Yet, ere a twelvemonth, by the walls it lies,
 Or to the kitchen or the pastry hies.
 Sometime, that these men's rhymes may heeded be,
 They give, forsooth, a secret jerk at me,
 But so obscurely, that no man may know
 Who there was meant, until they tell them so.
 For, fearing me, they dare not to be plain;
 And yet my vengeance they suspect in vain:
 For I can keep my way, and *careless* be,
 Though twenty snarling curs do bark at me;
 And while my fame those fools do murmur at,
 And vex themselves, with laughing I am fat.

I am not much inquisitive to know
 For what brave action our last fleet did go;

What men abroad perform, or what at home ;
 Who shall be Emperor, or Pope of Rome ;
 What news from France, or Spain, or Turkey are,
 Whether of merchandize, of peace or war ;
 Whether Mogul the Sophy, Prester-John,
 The Duke of China, or the Isle Japan,
 The mightier be. For things impertinent
 To my particular or my content
 I little heed ; though much thereof I know,
Nor care I whether it be true or no ;
 Not for because *I careless* am become
 Of the neglected state of Christendom ;
 But 'cause I am assur'd, whatever shall
 Unto the church or common-wealth befall,
 Through Satan's spite, or human treachery,
 Or our relying on weak policy,
 God's promise to his glory shall prevail ;
 Yea, when the fond attempts of men do fail,
 And they lie smoaking in th'infernal pit,
 Then truth and virtue shall in glory sit :
 Those who in love to things that wicked are,
 And those who thorough cowardice and fear
 Became the damned instruments whereby
 To set up vice and falsehood's tyranny,
 Ev'n those shall perish by their own offence ;
 And they who loved truth and innocence,

Out of oppression shall advance their head,
And on the ruins of those tyrants tread.

Oh ! let that truth and innocence in me
For ever undefil'd preserved be ;
And let me live no more, if then *I care*
How many miseries I live to bear.
For well I know, I should not weigh how great
The perils are that my destruction threat :
Not chains nor dungeons should my soul affright,
Nor grimmest apparitions of the night,
Though men from hell could of the Devil borrow
Those ugly prospects to augment my sorrow.
But prove me guilty, and my conscience then
Inflicts more smart than bloody tortures can ;
And none, I think, of me could viler deem,
Than I myself unto myself should seem.

If good and honest my endeavours be,
What day they were begun né'er troubles me.
I care not whether it be calm, or blow,
Or rain, or shine, or freeze, or hail, or snow ;
Nor whether it be autumn, or the spring ;
Or whether, first I hear the cuckoo sing,
Or first the nightingale ; *nor do I care*
Whether my dreams of flow'rs or weddings are.
What beast doth cross me, *care I not* at all ;
Nor how the goblet or the salt doth fall ;

Nor what aspect the planets please to shew ;
 Nor how the dial or the clock doth go.

I do not care to be inquisitive

How many weeks or months I have to live ;
 For how is't like that I should better grow,
 When I my time shall twelvemonth longer know,
 If I dare act a villainy, and yet
 Know I may die, whilst I am doing it ?

Let them whose brains are sick of that disease,
 Be slaves unto an Ephemerides,
 Search constellations, and themselves apply
 To find the fate of their nativity.
 I'll seek within me, and if there I find
 Those stars, that should give light unto my mind,
 Rise fair and timely in me, and affect
 Each other with a natural aspect ;
 If in conjunction there perceive I may
 True virtue and religion every day,
 And walk according to that influence
 Which is derived unto me from thence,
 I fear no fortunes, whatsoe'er they be,
Nor care I what my stars do threaten me.
 For he, who to that state can once attain,
 Above the power of all the stars doth reign ;
 And he that gains a knowledge, wherewithal
 He is prepar'd for whatsoe'er may fall,

In my conceit is far a happier man,
Than such as but foretel misfortunes can.

I start not at a Friar's prophecy,
Or those with which we Merlin do belie ;
Nor am I 'frighted with the sad relation
Of any near approaching alteration ;
For things have ever chang'd, and ever shall,
Until there be a change run over all ;

And he that bears an honest heart about him,
Needs never fear what changes be without him.

The Eastern kingdoms had their times to flourish:
The Grecian empire, rising, saw them perish ;
That fell, and then the Roman pride began,
Now scourged by the race of Ottoman.
And if the course of things around must run,
Till they have ending where they first begun,
What is't to me, who peradventure must,
Ere that befall, lie moulder'd into dust ?

What if America's large tract of ground,
And all those isles adjoining, lately found,
Which we more truly may a desert call,
Than any of the world's more civil pale ;
What then, if there the wilderness do lie,
To which the woman and her son must fly,
To 'scape the dragon's fury, and there 'bide,
Till Europe's thankless nations, full of pride

And all abomination, scourged are
 With barbarism, as their neighbours were ?

If thus God please to do, and make our sin
 The cause of bringing other peoples in,
 His church to be, (as once he pleased was
 The Gentiles' calling should be brought to pass
 The better by the Jewish unbelief,)
 Why should his pleasure be my care or grief ?
 Oh ! let his name and church more glorious grow,
 Although my ruin help to make it so ;
 So I my duty in my place have done,
I care not greatly what succeed thereon ;
 For sure I am, if I can pleased be
 With what God wills, all shall be well for me.

I hate to have a thought o'er-serious spent,
 In things mere trivial or indifferent :
 When I am hungry, so I get a dish,
I care not, whether it be flesh or fish,
 Or any thing, so wholesome food it be ;
Nor care I, whether you do carve to me
 The head, the tail, the wing, the leg, or none ;
 For, all I like, and all can let alone.
I care not at your table where I sit ;
 Nor should I think, I were disgrac'd in it,
 So much as you, if I should thence, in scoff,
 To feed among your grooms be turned off ;
 For I am sure that no affront can blot,

His reputation, that deserves it not.
 To be o'er curious I do not profess ;
Nor ever car'd I for uncleanness ;
 For I ne'er loved that philosophy
 Which taught men to be rude and slovenly.

I care not what yon wears, or you, or he,
 Nor of what fashion my next clothes shall be ;
 Yet to be singular in antique fashions
 I hold as vain, as apish imitations
 Of each fantastick garb our gallants wear :
 For some as fondly proud conceited are
 To know, that the beholder taketh note,
 How they still keep their grandsire's russet-coat,
 As is the proudest lady, when that she
 Hath all the fashions that last extant be.

I care for no more credit than will serve
 The honour of the virtuous to preserve ;
 For, if the shows of honesty in me
 To others' virtues would no blemish be,
 Nor make them deemed hypocrites, if I
 Should falsely be accus'd of villainy,
 Sure, whether I were innocent or no,
 I should not think the world worth telling so ;
 Because to most men nothing bad doth seem,
 Nor nothing virtuous, but as unto them

Occasion makes it good or ill appear ;
 Yea, foulest crimes, while they unpunish'd are,
 Or bring in profit, no disgrace are thought ;
 And truest virtues, poor, are set at nought.

I care for no more pleasures than will make
 The way, which I intend to undertake
 So passable, that my unwieldy load
 Of frailties, incident to flesh and blood,
 Discourage not my willing soul from that,
 Which she on good advice hath aimed at.

I care for no more time than will amount
 To do my work and make up my account.

I care for no more money than will pay
 The reckoning and the charges of the day ;
 And if I need not now, I will not borrow,
 For fear of wants that I may have to-morrow.

What kings and statesmen mean *I do not care*,
 Nor will I judge what their intentions are :
 For private censures help not any way,
 But injure them in their proceedings may.
 Yet princes, by experience we have seen,
 By those they love have greatly wronged been :
 Their too much trust doth often danger breed,
 And serpents in their royal bosoms feed ;
 For all the favors, gifts and places, which
 Should honour them, do but these men enrich :

With those they further their own private ends,
 Their faction strengthen, gratify their friends,
 Gain new associates daily to their parts,
 And from their sovereigns steal away the hearts
 Of such as are about them ; for those be
 Their creatures ; and but rarely thanks hath he,
 Because the grants of pension and of place
 Are taken as their favors, not his grace.

And, which is yet a greater wickedness,
 When these the loyal subject do oppress,
 And grind the faces of the poor, alive,
 They'll do it by the king's prerogative :
 They make him patron of their villainy,
 And when he thinks they serve him faithfully,
 Secure him in their loves, and all things do
 According both to law and conscience too ;
 By virtue of his name they perpetrate
 A world of mischiefs : they abuse the state ;
 His true-hearted servants they displace,
 Bring their debauched followers into grace ;
 His coffers rob ; yea, worsen far they use him,
 The true affections of his people lose him,
 And make those hearts, which did in him believe,
 All matchless virtues to suspect and grieve.

Now, by that loyalty I owe my prince,
 This of all treasons is the quintessence ;

A treason so abhorred, that to me
 No treachery could half so odious be,
 Not though my death they plotted ; for more dear
 My honour and my friends' affections are
 Than twenty kingdoms and ten thousand lives ;
 And whosoever me of that deprives,
 I find it would a great deal harder be
 To move my heart to pardon, than if he
 Conspired had, when I least thought the same,
 To root out my posterity and name.

Who next in court shall fall, *I do not care* ;
 For my delights in no man's ruins are ;
 Nor mean I to depend on any, so
 That his disgrace shall be my overthrow.

I care as little, who shall next arise ;
 For none of my ambition that way lies :
 Those rising stars would never deign to shine
 On any good endeavour yet of mine ;
 Nor can I think, there shall hereafter be
 A man amongst them, that will favour me :
 For I a Scourge do carry, which doth fear them,
 And love too much plain-dealing to be near them.

If my experience teach me any thing,
I care not old antiquities to bring ;
 But can as well believe it to be so
 As if 'twere writ three thousand years ago ;

And where I find good ground for my assent,
I'll not be alter'd to a precedent.

If men speak reason, 'tis all one to me,
Whether their tenet Aristotle's be,
Or some barbarian's who, scarce heard of yet,
So much as with what names the arts we fit ;
Or whether for an author you infer
Some fool, or some renown'd philosopher.

In my religion, I dare entertain
No fancies hatched in mine own weak brain,
Nor private spirits ; but am ruled by
The scriptures and that church-authority,
Which with the ancient faith doth best agree ;
But new opinions will not down with me.
When I would learn, I never greatly care,
So truth they teach me, who my teachers are.
In points of faith, I look not on the man :
Nor Beza, Calvin, neither Luther can
More things, without just proof, persuade me to,
Than any honest parish-clerk can do.
The ancient fathers, where consent I find,
Do make me, without doubting, of their mind ;
But where in his opinion any one
Of these great pillars I shall find alone,
Except in questions which indifferent are,
And such as till his time unmoved were,

I shun his doctrine ; for, this swayeth me,
 No man alone in points of faith can be.

Old Ambrose, Austin, Jerome, Chrysostome,
 Or any father, if his reverence come
 To move my free assent to any thing,
 Which reason warrants not, unless he bring,
 The sacred word of God to give me for it ;
 I prize not this opinion, but abhor it ;
 Nay, I no faction, 'gainst the truth would follow,
 Although divinest Paul and great Apollo
 Did lead me, if that possible, it were
 That they should have permitted been to err ;
 And whilst that I am in the right, I care not,
 How wise or learned them you think, that are not.

I care not who did hear me, if I said,
 That he who for a place of justice paid
 A golden income, was no honest man,
 Nor he that sold it ; for I prove it can,
 And will maintain it, that so long as those
 And church-preferments we to sale expose,
 Nor commonwealth nor church shall ever be
 From hateful bribery or damn'd schism free.
 I may be blam'd, perhaps, for speaking this,
 But much *I care not* ; for the truth it is,
 And were I certain that to blaze the same,
 Would set those things that are amiss in flame,

Shame be my end, but I would undertake it,
Though I were sure to perish, when I spake it !

I care not for preferments, which are sold,
And bought, by men of common worth, for gold ;
For he is nobler who can those contemn,
Than most of such as seek esteem in them.

I do not for those airy titles care,
Which fools and knaves as well as I may wear,
Or that my name, whene'er it shall be writ,
Should be obscur'd with twenty after it ;
For could I set my mind on vulgar fame,
I would not think it hard to make my name,
Mine own name, purchase me as true renown,
As to be call'd by some old ruin'd town.

I love my county, yet *I do not care*
In what dominions my abidings are ;
For any region on the earth shall be,
On good occasion, native soil to me.

I care not though there be a muddy crew
Whose blockishness, because it never knew
The ground of this my *carelessness*, will smile,
As if they thought I raved all this while.

For those, the proverb saith, that live in hell,
Can ne'er conceive what 'tis in heaven to dwell.

I care not for those places, whereunto
Bad men do sooner climb than good men do,

And from whose ever-joggling station all
 May at the pleasure of another fall.
 But oh ! how careless every way am I
 Of their base minds, who living decently
 Upon their own demesnes, there fearless might
 Enjoy the day, from morning until night,
 In sweet contentments, rendering praise to Him
 Who gave the blessings and this rest to them ;
 That free from cares and envies of the court,
 They, honour'd in their neighbours' good report,
 Might twenty pleasures, that kings not, try,
 And keep a quiet conscience till they die.

O God ! how mad are they, who thus may do,
 Yet, that poor happiness to reach unto
 Which is but painted, will those blessings shun,
 And bribe, and woo, and sweat to be undone !
 How dull are they, who, when they home may keep,
 And there upon their own soft pillows sleep
 In dear security, would roam about
 Uncertain hopes or pleasures to find out ;
 Yea, strain themselves a slippery place to buy,
 With hazarding their states to beggary,
 With giving up their liberties, their fame,
 With their adventuring on perpetual shame,
 With prostituting nieces, daughters, wives ;
 By putting into jeopardy their lives ;

By selling of their country, and the sale
 Of justice, or religion, soul and all,
 Still dreaming on content ; although they may
 Behold, by new examples every day,
 That those hopes fail, and fail them not alone
 In such vain things as they presumed on ;
 But bring them also, many times, those cares,
 Those sad distractions, those despairs and fears,
 That all their glorious gilding cannot hide
 Those woeful ruins on the inner-side ;
 But, ten to one, at length they do depart
 With loss, with shame, and with a broken heart.

I care not for this humour ; but I had
 Far rather lie in Bedlam, chain'd and mad,
 Than be with these men's frantic mood possest ;
 For there they do less harm, and have more rest.

I care not when there comes a parliament ;
 For I am no projector, who invent
 New monopolies, or such suits as those
 Who, wickedly pretending goodly shows,
 Abuses to reform, engender more
 And far less tolerable than before ;
 Abusing prince, and state, and common-weal,
 Their just-deserved beggaries to heal,
 Or that their ill-got profit may advance
 To some great place their pride and ignorance.

Nor through extortion, nor through bribery,
 To any seat of justice climb'd am I ;
 Nor live I so as that I need *to care*,
 Though my proceedings should be question'd there ;
 And some there be, would give their coat away,
 That they could this as confidently say.

I care for no such thriving policy
 As makes a fool of moral honesty ;
 For such occasions happen now and then,
 That he proves wise, that proves an honest man.
 And howsoe'er our project-mongers deem
 Of such men's fortunes, and of them esteem,
 How big soe'er they look, how brave soe'er
 Among their base admirers they appear,
 Though ne'er so trim in others' feathers dight,
 Though clad with title of a lord or knight,
 And by a hundred thousand croucht unto ;
 Those gaudy upstarts no more prize I do,
 Than poorest kennel-rakers ; yea, they are
 Things, which I count so little worth my care,
 That, as I love fair virtue, I protest,
 Among all honest men the beggar'est
 And most betatter'd peasant, in mine eye,
 Is nobler and more full of majesty,
 Than all that brave bespangled rabblement,
 Compos'd of pride, of shifts, and compliment.

Let great and courtly persons delight
 In some dull jester or a parasite,
 Or in their dry buffoon, that gracefully
 Can sing them bawdy songs, and swear, and lie;
 And let their mastership, if so they please,
 Still favor more the slaverings of these
 Than my free numbers, for I care no more
 To be approved or esteemed for
 A witty make-sport, than an ape to be.
 And whosoever takes delight in me
 For any quality, that doth affect
 His senses better than his intellect,
I care not for his love. My dog doth so :
 He loves, as far as sensual love can go,
 And if, how well he lov'd me, I did weigh,
 Deserves, perhaps, as much respect as they.
 I have a soul, and must beloved be
 For that, which makes a lovely soul in me ;
 Or else, their loves so little *care* I for,
 That them and their affections I abhor.

I care not though some fellows, whose desert
 Might raise them to the pillory, the cart,
 The stocks, the branding-iron, or the whip,
 With such-like due preferment, those do skip,
 And by their black endeavors purchase can
 The privileges of a noblema

And be as confident in what they do,
 As if by virtue they were rais'd thereto.
 For, as true virtue hath a confidence,
 So, vice and villains have their impudence,
 And manly resolution both are thought,
 Till both are to an equal trial brought ;
 But vicious impudence then proves a mock,
 And virtuous constancy endures the shock.

Though such unworthy grooms, who t'other day
 Were but their masters' pandars to purvey
 The fuel of their lust, and had no more
 But the reversion of their meat, their whore,
 And their old clothes to brag of; though that these,
 The foes to virtue and the time's disease,
 Have now, to cover o'er their knav'ry,
 Got on their robes of wealth and bravery,
 And dare behave their roguishness saucily
 In presence of our old nobility,
 As if they had been born to act a part
 In the contempt of honour and desert ;
 Though all this be, and though it often hath
 Discourag'd many a one in virtue's path,
 I am the same, and *care not* ; for I know,
 Those butter-flies have but a time to shew
 Their painted wings, that when a storm is near,
 Our habits, which for any weather are,

May shew more glorious, whilst they shrinking lie
 In some old crevice, and there starve and die.
 Those dues, which unto virtue do belong,
 He that despiseth, offers virtue wrong ;
 So, he that follows virtue for rewards,
 And more the credit than the act regards,
 Or such esteem as others seek doth miss,
 Himself imagines worthier than he is.
 If therefore I can tread the way, I ought,
I care not how ignoble, I be thought ;
 Nor for those honours do I care a fly,
 Which any man can give me, or deny :
 For what I reckon worth aspiring to
 Is got and kept, whe'er others will or no ;
 And all the world can never raise a man
 To such brave heights, as his own virtues can.

I care not for that gentry, which doth lie
 In nothing but a coat of heraldry.
 One virtue more I rather wish I had,
 Than all the heralds to mine arms could add ;
 Yea, I had rather that by industry
 I could acquire some one good quality,
 Than through the families that noblest be,
 From fifty kings to draw my pedigree.

Of nations or of countries *I nought care*
 To be commander ; my ambitions are

To have the rule and sovereignty of things
 Which do command great emperors and kings :
 Those strong and mighty passions, wherewithal
 Great monarchs have been foil'd and brought in
 thrall,

I hope to trample on ; and whilst that they
 Force but my body, if I disobey,
 I rule that spirit, which would they constrain
 Beyond my will, they should attempt in vain ;
 Yea, whilst they, bounded within limits, here
 On some few mortals only domineer,
 Those titles and that crown I do pursue,
 Which shall the devils to my power subdue.

*I care not for that valor, which is got
 By furious choler, or the sherry-pot ;
 Nor, if my cause be ill, to hear men say
 I fought it out, e'en when my bowels lay
 Beneath my feet. A desperateness it is,
 And there is nothing worthy praise in this ;
 For I have seen, and you may see it too,
 That any mastiff-dog as much will do.
 He valiant is, who knows the disesteem
 The vulgar have of such as cowards seem,
 And yet dares seem one, rather than bestow
 Against an honest cause, or word, or blow ;
 Though, else he fear'd no more to fight or die,
 Than you to strike a dog or kill a fly.*

Yea, him I honour who, new 'wak'd from sleeping,
 Finds all his spirits so their tempers keeping,
 As that he would not start, though by him there,
 Grim death, and hell, and all the devils were.

I care not for a coward ; for to me
 No beasts on earth more truly hateful be ;
 Since all the villainies that can be thought
 Throughout the world, and altogether brought
 To make one villain, can make nothing more
 Than he that is a coward was before ;
 And he that is so, can be nothing less
 Than the perfection of all wickedness :
 In him no manly virtues dwelling are,
 Nor any shows thereof, except for fear :
 In no brave resolution is he strong,
 Nor dares he 'bide in any goodness long ;
 For, if one threatning from his foe there come,
 His vowed resolution starts he from,
 And cares not what destruction others have,
 So he may gain but hope himself to save.
 The man, that hath a fearful heart, is sure
 Of that disease that never finds a cure ;
 For, take and arm him through in ev'ry place,
 Build round about him twenty walls of brass,
 Girt him with trenches whose deep bottoms lie
 Twice lower than three times the Alps are high,

Provide, those trenches and those walls to ward,
 A million of old soldiers for his guard,
 All honest men and sworn—his fear will
 Break in, despight of all, and shake him still.
 To 'scape this fear his guard he would betray,
 Make cruelly his dearest friends away,
 Act any base or any wicked thing,
 Be traitor to his country or his king,
 Forswear his God, and in his fright go nigh
 To hang himself, to 'scape the fear to die ;
 And for these reasons, *I shall never care*
 To reckon those for friends, that cowards are.

I care not for large fortunes ; for I find
 Great wants best try the greatness of the mind ;
 And though I must confess such times there be,
 In which the common wish hath place in me,
 Yet when I search my heart, and what content
 My God vouchsafe me hath, I count my rent
 To be above a thousand pounds a year
 More than it can unto the world appear ;
 And with more wealth I less content might find,
 If I with riches had some rich man's mind.
 A dainty palate would consume in cheer,
 More than I do, a hundred pounds a year,
 And leave me worse sufficed than I am.
 Had I an inclination much to game,

A thousand marks would annually away,
 And yet I want my full content at play :
 If I in hawks or dogs had much delight,
 Twelve hundred crowns it yearly waste me might ;
 And yet, not half that pleasure bring me to,
 Which, from one line of this, receive I do.
 If I to brave apparel were inclin'd,
 Five students' pensions I should yearly spend,
 Yet not be pleas'd so well with what I wear,
 As now I am, nor take so little care.
 I much for physic might be forc'd to give,
 And yet a thousand fold less healthy live.
 To keep my right, the law my goods might waste,
 And with vexation tire me out at last.

These, and no doubt with these full many a
 thing
 To make me less content, more wealth might
 bring,
 Yet more employ me too ; for few I see,
 Who owners of the greatest fortunes be,
 But they have still, as they more riches gain,
 More state, more lusts, and troubles to maintain
 With their revenues ; that the whole account
 Of their great seeming bliss doth scarce amount
 To half of my content. And can I less
 Esteem this rare-acquired happiness,

Than I a thousand pounds in rent would prize,
 Since with less trouble it doth more suffice ?
 No : for, as when the march is swift and long,
 And men have foes to meet both fierce and strong,
 That soldier in the conflict best doth fare,
 Who getteth arms of proof that lightest are ;
 So I who with a little do enjoy
 As much my pleasure and content, as they
 Whom far more wealth and business doth molest,
 Account my fortune and estate the best :
 God's favour in it I account the more,
 And great possessions much less *care I for*.

I care not, so I still myself may be,
 What others are, or who takes place of me.
I care not for the time's unjust neglect,
 Nor fear their frowns, nor praise their vain respect ;
 For, to myself my worth doth never seem
 Or more or less for other men's esteem.

The Turk, the Devil, Antichrist, and all
 The rabble of that body-mystical
I care not for ; and I should sorry be,
 If I should give them cause to care for me.

What Christians ought not to be careful for,
 What the Eternal Essence doth abhor,
 I hate as I am able ; and for aught
 Which God approves not, when I spend a thought,

I truly wish, that from my eyes might rain
A shower of tears to buy it back again.

I care not for their kin, who blush to see
Those of their blood, who are in mean degree ;
For, that betrays unworthiness, and shews
How they by chance and not by virtue rose,
To say ' my lord my cousin,' can to me
In my opinion, no such honour be,
If he from virtue's precept go astray,
As when ' my honest kinsman,' I can say.
And there are fools who, when they raised are,
Feign their beginning nobler than they were ;
Yea, they do rob themselves of truest fame,
With some false honour to belie their name :
For, such as to the highest titles rise
From poor beginnings, have more tongues and eyes
To honour and observe them far, than all
That do succeed them ever boast of shall ;
For, being nothing more than they were born,
Men heed them not, unless they merit scorn
For some unworthiness ; and then, perchance,
As their forefather's meanness did advance
His praise the higher, so their greatness shall
Make greater both their infamy and fall.

It is men's glory, therefore, not a blot,
When they the start of all their names have got ;

And it was worthless envy first begun
 That false opinion, which so far hath run,
 Which they well know, whose virtues honour win,
 And shame not to confess their poorest kin ;
 For, whensoever they do look on those,
 To God they praises give, and thus suppose :
 Lo ! when the hand of Heaven advanced us
 Above our brethren to be lifted thus,
 He let them stay behind, for marks to shew
 From whence we came and whither we must go.

To have the mind of those, *I do not care,*
 Who both so shameless and so foolish are,
 That to acquire some poor esteem where they
 Were never heard of until yesterday,
 And never shall perhaps be thought of more,
 Can prodigally there consume their store,
 And stand upon their points of honour so,
 As if their credit had an overthrow
 Without redemption, if in aught they miss
 Wherein th' accomplish'd gallant punctual is ;
 Yet basely ev'ry quality despise
 In which true wisdom and true honour lies.

If you and one of those should dine to day,
 'Twere three to one but he for all would pay ;
 If but your servant light him to the door,
 He will reward him ; if but he and's whore

Carriag'd a furlong are, the coachman may
 For se'nnight after let his horses play ;
 And yet this fellow, whom abroad you shall
 Perceive so noble and so liberal,
 To gain a day's, perhaps but one hour's fame,
 'Mong those that hardly will enquire his name,
 At home, where ev'ry good and ev'ry ill
 Remains to honour or to shame him still,
 Neglects humanity ; yea, where he lives,
 And needs must love, all cause of hatred gives :
 To poll, to rack, to ruin, and oppress
 The poor, the widow, and the fatherless ;
 To shift, to lie, to cozen, and delay
 The lab'rer and the creditor of pay,
 Are there his practices. And yet this ass
 Would for a man of worth and honour pass :
 The Devil he shall as soon ; and I will write
 The story of his being convertite.

I care not for the world's vain blast of fame,
 Nor do I greatly fear the trump of shame ;
 For whatsoever good or ill is done,
 The rumour of it in a week is gone :
 One thing puts out another, and men sorrow
 To-day, perhaps, for what they joy to-morrow ;
 And it is likely that, e'er night, they may
 Condemn the man they praised yesterday,

Hang him next morning, and be sorry then,
Because he cannot be alive again.

But grant the fame of things had larger date,
Alas ! what glory is it, if men prate
In some three parishes of what we do,
When three great kingdoms are but mole-hills to
The earth's circumference, and scarce one man
Of twenty millions know our actions can ?
Believe me, it is worth so little thought,
If the offence to others were not ought,
What men's opinions or their speeches be,
That were there not a better cause in me
Which mov'd to virtue, *I would never care*,
Whether my actions good or evil were.

Though still unheeded of the world I spend
My time and studies to the noblest end,
One hair *I care not* ; for I find reward
Beyond the world's requital or regard.
And since all men some things erroneous do,
And must in justice somewhat suffer too,
In part of my correction this I take,
And that I favour'd am, account do make.

I care not, though there ev'ry hour should be
Some outward discontent to busy me ;
And, as I would not too much trial have,
So too much carnal peace I do not crave :

The one might give my faith a dang'rous blow,
 The other would pervert my life, I know ;
 For few love virtue in adversity,
 But fewer hold it in prosperity.
 Vain hopes, when I had nought but hopes alone,
 Have made me err ; then whither had I gone,
 If I the full possession had attain'd,
 When but mere hopes my heart to folly train'd ?
 Smooth ways would make me wanton, and my
 course

Must lie where labour, industry, and force
 Must work me passage, or I shall not keep
 My soul from dull security's dead sleep ;
 But outward discontentments make me fly
 Far higher than the world's contents do lie.

I neither for their pomp or glory care,
 Who by the love of vice advanced are.
 Fair virtue is the lovely nymph I serve ;
 Her will I follow, her commands observe ;
 Yea, though the purblind world perceive not
 where,

The best of all her favors I do wear ;
 And when great vices, with fair baited hooks,
 Large promises of favour-tempting looks,
 And twenty wiles, hath woo'd me to betray
 That noble mistress I have turn'd away,

And flung defiance both at them and theirs,
In spite of all their gaudy servitors.

In which brave daring, I oppos'd have been
By mighty tyrants, and was plunged in
More wants than thrice my fortune would have
borne ;

When our heroes did or fear or scorn
To lend me succour ; yea, in that weak age
When I but newly enter'd on the stage
Of this proud world, so that unless the king
Had nobly pleas'd to hear the Muses sing
My bold apology, till now might I
Have struggling been beneath their tyranny.
But all those threat'ning comets I have seen
Blaze, till their glories quite extinct have been ;
And I, that crusht and lost was thought to be,
Live yet to pity those that spited me,
Enjoying hopes which so well grounded are,
That what may follow I nor fear *nor care*.
Yet those I know there be, who do expect
What length my hopes shall have and what
effect,

With envious eyes awaiting ev'ry day
When all my confidence shall slip away,
And make me glad through those base paths to fly
Which they have trod to raise their fortunes by.

They flout to hear that I do conscience make,
 What place I sue for or what course I take ;
 They laugh to see me spend my youthful time
 In serious studies, and to teach my rhyme
 The strains of virtue, whilst I might perchance
 By lines of ribaldry myself advance
 To place of favour. They make scoffs to hear
 The praise of honesty, as if it were
 For none but vulgar minds ; and since they live
 In brave prosperity, they do believe
 It shall continue, and account of me
 As one scarce worthy of their scorn to be.

All this is truth ; yea, trust me, *care I not*,
 Nor love I virtue aught the worse a jot ;
 For I oft said, that I should live to see
 My way far safer than their courses be.
 And I have seen, nor one, nor two, nor ten,
 But, in few years, great number of those men
 From goodly bravery to rags decline,
 And wait upon as poor a fate as mine.

Yea, those whom but a day or two before
 Were, in their own vain hopes, a great deal more
 Than any of our ancient baronage,
 And such as many wise men of this age
 Have wish'd to be the men, e'en those have I
 Seen hurled down to shame and beggary

In one twelve hours, and grow so miserable,
 That they became the scornful, hateful fable
 Of all the kingdom ; and there's none so base,
 But thought himself a man in better case.

This makes me pleased with mine own estate,
 And fearful to desire another's fate ;
 This makes me *careless* of the world's proud scorn,
 And of those glories whereto such are born ;
 And if to have me still kept mean and poor,
 To God's great glory shall aught add the more,
 Or if to have disgraces heap'd on me,
 For others in their way to bliss, may be
 Of more advantage than to see me thrive
 In outward fortunes, or more prized live,
I care not, though I never see the day,
 Which with one pin's worth more enrich me may.

Yea, by the eternal Deity I vow,
 Who knows I lie not, who doth hear me now,
 Whose dreadful majesty is all I fear,
 Of whose great Spirit these the sparklings are,
 And who will make me such proud daring rue,
 If this my protestation be untrue :
 So I may still retain that inward peace,
 That love and taste of the eternal bliss,
 Those matchless comforts and those brave desires,
 Those sweet contentments and immortal fires,

Which at this instant do inflame my breast,
And are too excellent to be exprest.

I do not care a rush, though I were born
Unto the greatest poverty and scorn
That, since God first infus'd it with his breath,
Poor flesh and blood did ever groan beneath,
Excepting only such a load it were
As no humanity was made to bear.
Yea, let me keep these thoughts, and let be hurl'd
Upon my back the spite of all the world ;
Let me have neither drink nor bread to eat,
Nor clothes to wear, but those for which I sweat ;
Let me become unto my foes a slave,
Or, causeless here, the marks of justice have
For some great villainy that I ne'er thought ;
Let my best actions be against me brought ;
That small repute and that poor little fame,
Which I have got, let men unto my shame
Hereafter turn ; let me become the fable,
A talk of fools ; let me be miserable
In all men's eyes, and let no man spare,
Though that would make me happy, half a tear ;
Nay, which is more sufferable far
Than all the miseries yet spoken are,
Let that dear friend, whose love is more to me
Than all those drops of crimson liquor be

That warm my heart, and for whose only good
 I could the brunt of all this care have stood—
 Let him forsake me; let that prized friend
 Be cruel too, and when distrest I send
 To seek his comfort, let him look on me
 With bitter scorn, and so hard-hearted be,
 As that although he knew me innocent,
 And how those miseries I underwent
 In love to him, he yet deny me should
 One gentle look, though that suffice me could,
 And, truly griev'd to make me, bring in place
 My well-known foe to scorn me to my face.

Let this befall me; and with this, beside,
 Let me be for the faulty friend belied;
 Let my religion and my honesty
 Be counted till my death hypocrisy;
 And when I die, let, till the general doom,
 My name each hour into question come
 For sins I never did; and if to this,
 You ought can add which yet more grievous is,
 Let that befall me, so that in me
 Those comforts may increase that springing be,
 To help me bear it. Let that grace descend,
 Of which I now some portion apprehend,
 And then as I already heretofore,
 Upon my Maker's strength relying, swore,

So now I swear again, if ought it could
 God's glory further that I suffer should
 Those miseries recited, *I nor care,*
 How soon they craz'd me, nor how long they were;
 For He can make them pleasures, and I know,
 As long as he inflicts them, will do so.

Nor unto this assurance am I come
 By any apothegmas gathered from
 Our old and much admir'd philosophers:
 My sayings are mine own as well as theirs;
 For whatsoever account of them is made,
 I have as good experience of them had.
 Yea, when I die, though now they slighted be,
 The times to come for them shall honour me,
 And praise that mind of mine, which now perchance
 Shall be reputed foolish arrogance.

Oh! that my lines were able to express
 The cause and ground of this my *carelessness,*
 That I might shew you what brave things they be,
 Which at this instant are a-fire in me.

Fools may deride me, and suppose that this
 No more but some vain-glorious humour is,
 Or such-like idle notion as may rise
 From furious and distemper'd phantasies;
 But let their thoughts be free, I know the flame
 That is within me, and from whence it came:

Such things have fill'd me, that I feel my brain
 Wax giddy those high raptures to contain ;
 They raise my spirits, which now whirling be :
 As if they meant to take their leave of me.
 And could those strains of contemplation stay
 To lift me higher still but half a day,
 By that time they would mount to such a height,
 That all my *cares* would have an end to night.
 But oh ! I feel the fumes of flesh and blood
 To clog these spirits in me, and like mud
 They sink again : more dimly burn my fires
 To her low pitch ; my Muse again retires,
 And as her heavenly flame extinguish'd be,
 The more I find my cares to burthen me.

Yet, I believe, I was enlightened so,
 That never shall my spirits stoop so low
 To let my servile thoughts, and dunghill cares
 Of common minds, entrap me in their snares.

For still I value not those things of nought,
 For which the greatest part take greatest thought.
 Much for the world *I care not*, and confess,
 Desire I do my care for it were less.

I do not care, for ought they me could harm,
 If with more mischiefs this last age did swarm ;
 Yea, such poor joy I have, or *care* to see
 The best contents these times can promise me ;

And that small fear of any plague at all,
 Or miseries, which on this age may fall,
 That, but for charity, *I did not care*,
 If all those coming storms which some do fear,
 Were now descending down; for hell can make
 No uproar, which my peaceful thoughts may shake.
 I founded have my hopes on Him, that hath
 A shelter for me in the day of wrath;
 And I have trust I shall, without amaze,
 Look up, when all burns round me in a blaze;
 And if to have these thoughts and this mind known
 Shall spread God's praise no further than mine own,
 Or if this shall no more instructive be
 To others than it glory is to me,
 Here let it perish, and be hurled by,
 Into oblivion everlastingly.
 For with this mind I can be pleased as much,
 Though none but I myself did know it such;
 And he that hath contentment *need not care*,
 What other men's opinions of it are.
I care not, though for many griefs to come,
 To live a hundred years it were my doom;
Nor care I, though I summon'd be away
 At night, to-morrow morning, or to-day.
I care not whether this you read or no,
 Nor whether you believe it if you do.

I care not whether any man suppose
All this from judgment or from rashness flows;
Nor mean I to take *care* what any man
Will think thereof, or comment on it can.

I care not who shall fondly censure it,
Because it was not with more method writ,
Or fram'd in imitation of the strain
In some deep Grecian or old Roman vein.
Yea, that all men living should despise
These thoughts in me to heed or patronise,
I vow, *I care not*; and I vow no less,
I care not, who dislikes this *carelessness*.

My mind's my kingdom, and I will permit
No other's will to have the rule of it;
For I am free, and no man's power, I know,
Did make me thus, nor shall unmake me now;
But through a spirit none can quench in me,
This mind I got, and this my mind shall be.

To Envy.

NOW look upon me, *Envy!* if thou dare :
Dart all thy malice, shoot me every where :
Try all the ways thou canst to make me feel
The cruel sharpness of thy pois'ned steel ;
For I am Envy-proof, and scorn I do
The worst, thy canker'd spite can urge thee to.
This word, I care not, is so strong a charm,
That he, who speaks it, truly fears no harm
Which thy accursed rancor harbour may,
Or his perversest fortune on him lay.
Go, hateful fury, hag! go hide thou, then,
Thy snaky head in thy abhorred den ;
And since thou canst not have thy will of me,
There, damned fiend! thine own tormentress be :
Thy forked stings upon thy body turn,
With hellish flames thy scorched entrails burn,
From thy lean carcass thy black sinews tear,
With thine own venom burst, and perish there!

Nec Habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.

A Postscript.

QUITE through this Island hath my Motto rung,
 And twenty days are past since up I hung
 My bold impreza, which defiance throws
 At all the malice of fair Virtue's foes.
 The good approve it, and so crown the cause
 Of this my resolution with applause,
 That such as spite it, dare not to appear
 In opposition to the challenger.
 Their malice would enforce them, but it lies
 Oppressed yet with fearful cowardice;
 For they so arm'd have found me, that they fear,
 I may, in spite of all their envy, bear
 The conquest from them, and upon the face
 Of their bespotted fame stick more disgrace.

This makes them storm in private, slander, rail,
 Threat, libel, rhyme, detract, and to prevail
 Upon my patience, try their utmost art;
 But I still mind my Motto's latter part,
 And *care not* for it; which more makes them chaff,
 And still, the more they fret, the more I laugh.
 But now their envies have so well conspir'd,
 That they have fram'd the project they desir'd,
 And took such course, that, if their word you take,
 Shall move my choler and my patience shake.

Forsooth, some rhymers they have hir'd to chew
 Their rancour into balladry, and spew
 Their black despite, which, to a drunken note,
 They in a hundred taverns have by rote
 Already belch'd unto that auditory,
 Who are the fittest trumpets of their story.
 When their inventions, by the power divine
 Of much-inspiring sack and claret-wine,
 Are ripened to the highest, then they say
 The stationer expects it ev'ry day,
 And that he may a saving bargain make,
 Aforehand doth his customers bespeak.

But when these brain-worms crawling forth you
 spy,
 As pity 'twere such wit should smother'd lie,
 They will bewray the sires, and make't appear
 That Ignorance and Envy parents were
 To that despiteful issue; so that he,
 Who shall a rush the less esteem of me
 For aught there writ, e'en he is one of them,
 Whose hate and whose affection I contemn.

The instruments, they get to serve the turn,
 Are those, that are unworthy of my scorn,
 And if contend or answer them I should,
 It more might wrong me than their rhyming could.

As therefore when an armed soldier feels
 A testy cur in vain to gnaw his heels,
 He minds not him, but spends his blows upon
 Those churlish peasants that did set him on;
 So I, that know those dogs do but their kind,
 Will let them bark, and snarl, and spend their wind,
 Till they grow weary. But let them sit strong
 That urge them to it, or I lay along
 Their high top-gallant, where each groom shall see
 How worthy scorn and infamy they be.
 For they, who are their patrons, are such foes
 As I might somewhat worthily oppose;
 And I'll unmask them so that you shall spy
 In them Detraction's true anatomy.
 Yea, whereas they have by their malice thought
 To have on me their spiteful pleasures wrought,
 I'll from their censures an occasion take
 To shew how other men a sport shall make
 At all detractions; so those slaves undo,
 Who that base practice are inclin'd unto.

Rail, they that list; for those men know not yet
 What mind I have, who think the man, that writ
 This Motto, can be ever brought to fear
 Such poor fond things as idle carpers are;
 Nay, rather from those slanders they shall raise,
 I will advantage gather for my praise;

While they, that in my shame do take delight,
 Shall gnaw their flesh through vengeance and
 despite,

To see how I unmov'd their envy mock,
 And make of them this age's laughing-stock.

For, lest to have prevailed they should seem,
 And so grow wise men in their own esteem,
 Or by their foolish brags dishearten such
 Whose resolutions are not grown so much,
 When I at leisure am for recreation,
 I'll merry make myself to their vexation.
 Yet shall my mirth from malice be so free,
 That though I bitter to the guilty be,
 It shall appear, that I in love do scourge them,
 That of their foul corruptions I may purge them,
 And that it may be known how virtue hath
 A sting to punish, though not mov'd to wrath.

But go, and for the Pamphlet seek about;
 For yet ere night, 'tis thought, it will come out;
 Yet, when you find it, do not look for there
 His wit alone, whose name you see it bear;
 For though you nothing can collect from thence
 But foul-mouth'd language, rhyme, and impu-
 dence,

Yet there expect, since 'tis the common cause
 Of all crow poets and poetic daws,

Which I have toucht, that all the brotherhood
Will lend their wits to make the quarrel good ;
For to that purpose they are all combin'd ;
Yea, to their strong confed'racy are join'd
That corporation, by whose patronage
Such poetry hath flourish'd in this age ;
And some beside, that dare not yet be known,
Have favor to this goodly project shewn.

But let them join their force; for I had rather
Ten millions should themselves against me gather,
And plot and practise for my overthrow,
Than be the conqueror of one base foe;
For as mine enemies increasing be,
So resolution doth increase in me.

But whether on mean foes, or great, I light,
My spirit will be greater than their spite.

*An Epigram, written by the Author on
his own Picture, where this Motto
was inscribed.*

THUS others' loves have set my shadow forth
To fill a room with names of greater worth ;
And me among the rest they set to shew,
Yet what I am, I pray mistake not, though.

Imagine me nor earl, nor lord, nor knight,
Nor any new-advanced favourite ;
For you would swear, if this well-pictur'd me,
That such a one I ne'er were like to be.
No child of purblind Fortune's was I born,
For all that issue holdeth me in scorn :
Yet He, that made me, hath assur'd me too,
Fortune can make none such, nor such undo ;
And bids me in no favors take delight,
But what I shall acquire in her despite.

Which mind, in rags, I rather wish to bear,
Than rise through baseness bravest robes to wear.
Part of my outside hath the Picture shewn,
Part of my inside by these lines is known ;
And 'tis no matter of a rush to me,
How this, or that, shall now esteemed be.

WITHER'S MOTTO.

This Poem is a continued self-eulogium of four thousand lines; yet we read it to the end without feeling any distaste, and are hardly conscious of having listened so long to a man praising himself. It has none of the cold particles of vanity in it; none of those properties which make egotism hateful. The writer's mind was continually glowing with images of virtue, and a noble scorn of vice: what it felt, it honestly believed itself to possess, and as honestly proclaimed; yet so little is the avowal mixed up with any alloy of selfishness, that the writer seems to be praising qualities in another person rather than in himself; or to speak more properly, that it was indifferent to him, where he found the virtues he commends, but that being best acquainted with himself, he unaffectedly copied his own portrait. We feel, that he would allow to goodness its praise wherever found; that he does not value himself on a principle of selfish pride, but from a respect to those virtues, which he would equally admire in another. Under this impression, which seems indeed inseparable from a perusal of the poem, it may be regarded, I think, as a piece of confessional poetry not inferior in beauty to the celebrated prose work, the "*Religio Medici*" of Sir T. Browne. There are several instances indeed of a strong similarity both of feeling and language in the two authors. It is not assuming too much to suppose that Sir Thomas Browne had been reading the following lines in the first clause of Wither's Motto, p. 220.

*"I no antipathy, as yet, have had,
'Twixt me and any creature God hath made, &c."*

when he wrote the following passage—

"I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy in diet, humour, air, or any thing. I wonder not at the French for their dishes of frogs, snails, and toadstools; nor at the Jews for locusts and grasshoppers; but being among them, make them my common viands, and I find they agree with my stomach as well as their's. I would digest a sallad gathered in a church-yard, as well as in a garden. I cannot start at the presence of a serpent, scorpion, lizard, or salamander—at the sight of a toad or viper. I find in me no desire to take

up a stone to destroy them. I feel not in myself those common antipathies, that I can discover in others. Those national repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard, and Dutch; but where I find their actions in balance with my countrymen's, I honour, love, and embrace them in some degree."

Browne's Religio Medici.

Taylor, the Water-Poet, in contrast to this poem, published his Motto, "*Et habeo, et careo, et curo*: I have, I want, I care," in 1621.

*"This Motto in my head I took,
In imitation of a better book;
And to good minds, I no offence can give
To follow good examples, whilst I live."*

This is complimentary to his opponent, and so are other passages; nor does much personality appear in the production. Wood therefore had no strong authority for pitting them as he did against each other. In 1625 was printed at Oxford, "An Answer to Wither's Motto, without a frontispiece: wherein *Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo*, are neither approved nor confuted, but modestly contrasted and qualified." T. G. Esq. the author, addresses himself to Wither, and says—"If the worst come, we shall do no more than lawyers who fall out with one another at the bar, and are friends when they meet at the Temple Hall, at dinner." The purport of this tract is to point out some contradictory passages in Wither's Motto; but the writer seems afraid of his antagonist, and his performance is the product of insipidity. Shipman, in his *Carolina*, 1682, reviled Wither as a rhyming presbyterian, and trumpeter to rebellion, in his *Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo*.
EDITOR.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be supported by a valid receipt or invoice to ensure transparency and accountability.

2. In the second section, the author outlines the various methods used for data collection and analysis. This includes both primary and secondary research techniques, as well as the use of statistical software to process large datasets.

3. The third section provides a detailed overview of the findings from the study. It highlights several key trends and patterns observed in the data, which are discussed in the context of the research objectives.

4. Finally, the document concludes with a series of recommendations based on the research findings. These suggestions are aimed at improving the efficiency of the current processes and addressing the challenges identified during the study.

**THE
HYMNS
AND SONGS OF
THE CHURCH;**

Divided into two parts.

The first part comprehends the Canonical Hymns and such parcels of Holy Scripture, as may properly be sung, with some other ancient Songs and Creeds.

The second part consists of Spiritual Songs, appropriated to the several Times and Occasions observable in the Church of England.

Translated and composed

**BY
G. W.**

LONDON
Printed by the Assigns of
GEORGE WITHER.
Cum Privilegio Regis Regali.

T O T H E H I G H A N D
Mighty Prince, JAMES, by the Grace of
God, King of Great Britain, France,
and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.
Grace, Mercy, and Peace, through
Jesus Christ our Lord.

THESE Hymns, Dread Sovereign! having divers ways received life from your Majesty, as well as that approbation which the Church alloweth, are now imprinted according to your Royal Privilege, to come abroad under your gracious protection. And what I delivered unto your princely view at several times, I here present again, incorporated into one volume. The first Part whereof comprehends those Canonical Hymns which were written and left for our instruction, by the Holy Ghost. And those are not only plainly and briefly expressed in Lyric verse, but by their short Prefaces, properly applied also to the Church's particular occasions in these times; insomuch that, however some neglect them as impertinent, it is thereby apparent, that they appertain no less to us than unto those, in whose time they were first composed. And, if the conjecture of many good and learned men deceive them not, the latter Part, containing Spiritual Songs, appropriated to the several times and occasions observable in the Church of England, together with brief Arguments declaring the purpose of those Observations, shall become a means both of increasing Knowledge and Christian Conformity within

your Dominions ; which, no doubt, your Majesty wisely foresaw, when you pleased to grant and command that these Hymns should be annexed to all the Psalm-Books in English Metre ; and I hope you shall thereby encrease both the honour of God, and of your Majesty ; for these Hymns, and the knowledge which they offer, could no other way, with such certainty and so little inconvenience, be conveyed to the common people, as by that means which your Majesty hath graciously provided.

And now, maugre their malice who labour to disparage and suppress these Helps to Devotion, they shall, I trust, have free scope to work that effect, which is desired, and to which end I was encouraged to translate and compose them. For how meanly soever some men may think of this endeavour, I trust the success shall make it appear, that the Spirit of God was the first mover of the work ; wherein, as I have endeavored to make my expressions such, as may not be contemptible to men of best understandings, so I have also laboured to suit them to the nature of the subject, and the common people's capacities, without regard of catching the vain blasts of opinion. The same also hath been the aim of Master Orlando Gibbons, your Majesty's servant, and one of the Gentlemen of your Honourable Chapel, in fitting them with tunes ; for he hath chosen to make his music agreeable to the matter, and what the common apprehension can best admit, rather than to the curious fancies of the time ; which path both of us could easily have trodden. Not

caring therefore what any of those shall censure, who are more apt to controul than to consider, I commit this to God's blessing and your favourable protection; humbly beseeching your Majesty to accept of these our endeavours, and praying God to sanctify both us and this work to his glory; wishing also, most unfeignedly, everlasting consolations to your Majesty, for those temporary comforts you have vouchsafed me, and that felicity here, which may advance your happiness in the life to come.

Your Majesty's

Most Loyal Subject,

GEORGE WITHER.

T H E F I R S T P A R T O F
The H Y M N S and S O N G S of the
CHURCH, containing those which are translated out of the *Canonical Scripture*, together with such other *Hymns and Creeds* as have anciently been sung in the Church of
ENGLAND.

The Preface.

PLAINLY false is their supposition, who conceive that the Hymns, Songs, and Elegies of the Old Testament are impertinent to these latter ages of the Church; for neither the actions nor writings of the ancient Israelites, which are recorded by the Holy Spirit, were permitted to be done or written for their own sakes, so much as that they might be profitable to warn and instruct us of the latter times, according to Saint Paul, 1 Cor. x. And indeed, so much is not only testified by that Apostle in the place afore recited, and throughout the Epistle to the Hebrews; but the very names of these persons and places, mentioned in these Hymns and Songs, do manifest it, and far better express the nature of that which they mystically point out, than of what they are literally applied unto, as those, who will look into their proper significations, shall apparently discover. That, therefore, these parcels of Holy Scripture, which are for the most part metre in their original tongue, may be the better remembered to the glory of God, and

the oftener repeated, those ends for which they were written, they are here disposed into Lyric verse, and do make the first part of this book; which book is called "The Hymns and Songs of the Church;" not for that I would have it thought part of the Church Liturgy, but because they are in the person of all the Faithful, and do, for the most part, treat of those things which concern the whole Catholic Church.



[Wither has prefixed to each Hymn or Song a prose Argument, which occupies nearly half a page. As it would have swelled the volume to a greater length than was necessary, and as there is nothing novel in Wither's remarks, the Editor has omitted them altogether.]

The first Song of Moses.

Exod. 13.

SONG I.

NOW shall the praises of the Lord be sung,
 For he a most renowned triumph won:
 Both horse and man into the sea he flung,
 And them together there hath overcome.

The Lord is he whose strength doth make me
 strong,

And he is my salvation and my song,
 My God, for whom I will a house prepare,
 My father's God, whose praise I will declare.

Well knows the Lord to war what doth pertain,
 'The Lord Almighty is his glorious name:
 He Pharaoh's chariots and his armed train,
 Amid the sea o'erwhelming, overcame:

Those of his army, that were most renown'd
 He hath together in the Red Sea drown'd:
 The deeps a covering over them were thrown,
 And to the bottom sunk they like a stone.

Lord! by thy power thy right hand famous grows;
 Thy right hand, Lord! thy foe destroyed hath;
 Thy glory thy opposers overthrows,
 And stubble-like consumes them in thy wrath.

A blast but from thy nostrils forth did go,
 And up together did the waters flow;
 Yea, rolled up on heaps the liquid flood
 Amid the sea, as if congealed, stood.

I will pursue them ! their pursuer cried ;
 I will o'ertake them and the spoil enjoy :
 My lust upon them shall be satisfied ;
 With sword unsheath'd my hand shall them destroy !

Then from thy breath a gale of wind was sent,
 The billows of the sea quite o'er them went,
 And they the mighty waters sunk into,
 E'en as a weighty piece of lead will do.

Lord ! who like thee among the Gods is there ?
 In holiness so glorious who may be,
 Whose praises so exceeding dreadful are ?
 In doing wonders, who can equal thee ?

Thy glorious right hand thou on high didst rear,
 And in the earth they quickly swallow'd were ;
 But thou in mercy onward hast convey'd
 Thy people, whose redemption thou hast paid.

Then by thy strength thou hast him pleas'd to bear
 Unto a holy dwelling-place of thine ;
 The nations at report thereof shall fear,
 And grieve shall they that dwell in Palestine.

On Edom's princes shall amazement fall ;
 The mighty men of Moab tremble shall ;
 And such, as in the land of Canaan dwell,
 Shall pine away of this, when they hear tell.

They shall be seized with a dreadful fear ;
 Stone-quiet thy right hand shall make them be,
 Till passed over, Lord ! thy people are,
 Till those pass over that were bought by thee.

For thou shalt make them to thy hill repair,
 And plant them there, O Lord ! where thou art
 heir ;

E'en there, where thou thy dwelling hast prepar'd,
 That holy place which thine own hands have rear'd.

The Lord shall ever and for ever reign,
 His sovereignty shall never have an end ;
 For when as Pharoah did into the main
 With chariots and with horsemen down descend,
 The Lord did back again the sea recall,
 And with those waters overwhelm'd them all ;
 But through the very inmost of the same
 The seed of Israel safe and dry-shod came.

The second Song of Moses.

Deut. 23.

SONG II.

TO what I speak, an ear, ye Heavens lend,
 And hear, thou Earth ! what words I utter will.
 Like drops of rain my speeches shall descend,
 And as the dew my doctrine shall distill,
 Like to the smaller rain on tender flowers,
 And as upon the grass the greater showers ;
 For I the Lord's great name will publish now,
 That so our God may praised be of you.
 He is that rock, whose works perfection are,
 For all his ways with judgment guided be ;
 A God of truth, from all wrong-doing clear ;
 A truly just and righteous one is he ;
 Though they themselves defil'd, unlike his sons,
 And are a crooked race of froward ones,
 O mad and foolish nation ! why dost thou
 Thyself unto the Lord so thankless shew ?

Thy Father and Redeemer is not he?
 Hath he not made, and now confirm'd thee fast?
 O call to mind the days that older be,
 And weigh the years of many ages past!
 For if thou ask thy Father, he will tell;
 Thy Elders also can inform thee well,
 How He, the High'st, did Adam's sons divide,
 And shares for ev'ry family provide;
 And how the nation's bounds he did prepare,
 In number with the sons of Israel.
 For in his people had the Lord his share,
 And Jacob for his part allotted fell;
 Whom finding in a place possest of none
 A desert vast, untilled and unknown,
 He taught them there; he led them far and nigh,
 And kept them as the apple of his eye.
 Ev'n as an eagle to provoke her young,
 About her nest doth hover here and there,
 Spread forth her wings to train her birds along,
 And sometimes on her back her younglings bear;
 Right so, the Lord conducted them alone,
 When for his aid strange god with him was none;
 Them on the high-lands of the earth he set,
 Where they the plenties of the field might eat.
 For them he made the rock with honey flow;
 He drained oil from stones, and them did feed
 With milk of sheep, with butter of the cow,
 With goats, fat lambs, and rams of Bashan breed
 The finest of the wheat he made their food,
 And of the grapes they drunk the purest blood;
 But herewithal unthankful Israel
 So fat became, he kicked with his heel.

Grown fat, and with their grossness cover'd o'er,
 Their God, their Maker, they did soon forsake :
 Their rock of health regarded was no more,
 But with strange gods him jealous they did make.
 To move his wrath they hateful things devis'd ;
 To Devils, in his stead, they sacrific'd ;
 To gods unknown, that new invented were,
 And such as their fore-fathers did not fear.

They minded not the Rock who them begat,
 But quite forgot the God that form'd them hath ;
 Which when the Lord perceiv'd, it made him hate
 His sons and daughters, moving him to wrath.

To mark their end, said he, I'll hide my face,
 For they are faithless sons, of froward race ;
 My wrath, with what is not a god, they move,
 And my displeasure with their follies prove.

And I, by those that are no people, yet
 Their wrathful jealousy will move for this,
 And by a foolish nation make them fret ;
 For in my wrath a fire inflamed is,
 And down to Hell the Earth consume it shall,
 E'en to the mountains' bottoms, fruit and all.
 In heaps upon them mischiefs will I throw,
 And shoot mine arrows till I have no moe.

With hunger parched, and consum'd with heat,
 I will enforce them to a bitter end ;
 The teeth of beasts I will upon them set,
 And will the pois'nous dust-fed serpent send.
 The sword without, and fear within, shall slay
 Maids, young men, babes, and him whose hair
 is grey ;
 Yea, I had vow'd to spread them here and there,
 Men might forget that such a people were.

But this the foe compell'd me to delay,
 Lest that their adversaries, prouder grown,
 Should, when they heard it, thus presume to say,
 This, not the Lord, but our high hand hath done.

For in this people no discretion is,
 Nor can their dullness reach to judge of this.
 Oh ! had they wisdom this to comprehend,
 That so they might bethink them of their end !

How should one make a thousand run away,
 Or two men put ten thousand to the foil,
 Except their Rock had sold them for a prey,
 And that the Lord had clos'd them up the while ?

For though our foes themselves the judges were,
 Their god they cannot with our God compare ;
 But they have vines like those that Sodom yields,
 And such as are within Gomorrha fields.

They bear the grapes of gall upon their vine :
 Extremely bitter are their clusters all ;
 Yea, made of dragon's venom is their wines,
 And of the cruel asp's infectious gall.

And can this, ever, be forgot of me,
 Or not be sealed where my treasures be ?
 Sure, mine is vengeance, and I will repay :
 Their feet shall slide at their appointed day.

Their time of ruin near at hand is come :
 Those things, that shall befall them, haste will make ;
 For then the Lord shall give his people doom,
 And on his servants kind compassion take :

When he perceives their strength bereft and gone,
 And that in prison they are left alone,
 Where are their Gods become, he then shall say,
 Their Rock, on whom affiance they did lay ?

Who are the fattest of their sacrifice ?
 Who of their drink-oblations drank the wine ?
 Let those unto their succour now arise,
 And under their protection them enshrine.

Behold, consider now, that I am He,
 And that there is no other God with me :
 I kill and make alive ; I wound, I cure ;
 And there is none can from my hand assure.

For up to Heav'n on high my hand I rear,
 And, as I live for ever, this I say :
 When I my shining sword to whet prepare,
 And shall my hand to acting vengeance lay,
 I will not cease till I my foes requite,
 And am aveng'd on all that bear me spite ;
 But in their blood, which I shall make to flow,
 Will steep mine arrows, till they drunken grow.

My sword shall eat the flesh and drink the blood ;
 Who shall be either slain or brought in thrall,
 When I begin this vengeance on my foes.
 Sing therefore with his people, nations all !

For he his servants' blood with blood will pay,
 And due avengement on his foes will lay ;
 But to his land compassion he will shew,
 And on his people mercy shall bestow.



The Song of Deborah and Barak.

Judges 5.

SONG III.

SING praises, Israel ! to the Lord,
 That thee avenged so,
 When to the fight, with free accord,
 The people forth did go.
 You kings give ear,
 You princes hear,
 While to the Lord I raise
 My voice aloud,
 And sing to God,
 The Lord of Israel, praise.

When thou departed'st, Lord, from Scir,
 When thou left'st Edom field,
 Earth shook, the heavens dropped there,
 The clouds did water yield.
 Lord ! at thy sight
 A trembling fright
 Upon the mountains fell :
 E'en at thy look
 Mount Sinai shook,
 Lord God of Israel !

Not long ago, in Shamghar's days,
 Did Anath's valiant son,
 And late, in Jael's time, the ways
 Frequented were of none :

The passengers
 Were wanderers
 In crooked paths unknown,
 And none durst dwell
 'Through Israel,
 But in a walled town ;
 Until I, Deborah, arose,
 Who rose a mother there,
 In Israel when new Gods they chose,
 That fill'd their gates with war.
 And they had there
 Nor shield nor spear
 In their possession then,
 To arm for fight
 One Israelite
 'Mong forty thousand men.
 To those that Israel's captains are,
 My heart doth much incline ;
 To those, I mean, that willing were,
 O Lord, the praise be thine !
 Sing ye for this,
 Whose use it is
 To ride on asses grey,
 All ye that yet
 On Middin sit,
 Or travel by the way !
 The place, where they their water drew,
 From archers now is clear ;
 The Lord's uprightness they shall shew,
 And his just dealings there.
 The hamlets all
 Through Israel shall

His righteousness record ;
 And down unto
 The gates shall go
 The people of the Lord.

Arise, O Deborah, arise !
 Rise, rise, and sing a song !
 Abinoam's son, O Barak ! rise,
 Thy captains lead along !
 Their princes all
 By him made thrall
 To the survivor be ;
 To triumph on
 The mighty one
 The Lord vouchsafed me.

A root from out of Ephraim
 'Gainst Amalek arose ;
 And, of the people, next to him,
 The Benjamites were those.
 From Machir, where
 Good leaders are,
 Came well experienc'd men ;
 And they came down
 From Zabulon,
 That handle well the pen.

Along with Deborah did go
 The lords of Isachar ;
 With Isachar, e'en Barak too,
 Was one among them there.
 He forth was sent,
 And marching went
 On foot the lower way ;
 For Reuben, where

Divisions were,
 Right thoughtful hearts had they.
 The bleating of the flocks to hear
 O! wherefore didst thou stay?
 For Reuben, where divisions were,
 Right thoughtful hearts had they.
 But why did they
 Of Gilead stay
 On Jordan's other side?
 And wherefore then
 Didst thou, O Dan!
 Within thy tents abide?
 Among his harbours, lurking by
 The sea-side, Asher lay;
 But Zabulun and Nephthali
 Kept not themselves away.
 They people are,
 Who fearless dare
 Their lives to death expose,
 And did not yield
 The hilly field
 Though kings did them oppose.
 With them the Canaanitish kings
 At Tanach fought that day,
 Close by Megiddo's water springs,
 Yet bore no prize away.
 For lo! the stars
 Fought in their spheres;
 'Gainst Sisera fought they,
 And some, by force,
 The water course
 Of Kishon swept away;

Ev'n Kishon river, which was long
 A famous torrent known.
 O thou, my soul ! O thou the strong
 Hast bravely trodden down ;
 Their horse, whose pace
 So lofty was,
 Their hoofs with prancing wound ;
 Those of the strong
 That kick'd and flung,
 And fiercely beat the ground.

A heavy curse on Meroz lay,
 Curst be her dwellers all !
 The angel of the Lord doth say,
 That city curse you shall.
 And therefore this
 Accursing is :
 They came not to the fight
 To help the Lord,
 To help the Lord,
 Against the men of might.

But blest be Jael, Heber's spouse,
 The Kenite, blest be she,
 More than all women are, of those
 That use in tents to be.
 To him did she
 Give milk, when he
 Did water only wish ;
 And butter set
 For him to eat,
 Upon a lordly dish.

She in her left hand took a nail,
 And rais'd up in the right

A workman's hammer, wherewithal
She Sisera did smite.

His head she took,
When she had struck
His pierced temples through ;
He fell withal,
And in the fall
He at her feet did bow.

He at her feet did bow his head,
Fell down, and life forsook.
Meanwhile his longing mother did
From out her window look,
Thus crying at
The lattice-grate,
Why stays his chariot so
From hasting home ?
Oh ! wherefore come
His chariot wheels so slow ?

As thus she spake, her ladies wise
To her an answer gave ;
Yea, to herself, herself replies :
Sure, sped, saith she, they have ;
And all this while
They part the spoil :
A damsel, one or twaie,
Each homeward bears,
And Sisera shares
A party-colour'd prey :

Of needle-work, both sides of it
In divers colours are,
Ev'n such as doth his neck befit,
That useth spoils to wear.

So, Lord ! still so,
 Thy foes o'erthrow ;
 But, who in thee delight,
 Oh ! let them be
 Sun-like, when he
 Ascendeth in his might !

The Song of Hannah.

1 Sam. 2. 1.

SONG IV.

NOW in the Lord my heart doth pleasure take,
 My horn is in the Lord advanced high ;
 And to my foes an answer I will make,
 Because in his salvation joy'd am I.
 Like him there is not any holy one,
 And other Lord beside him there is none :
 Nor like our God another god is there ;
 So proudly vaunt not then as heretofore,
 But let your tongues from henceforth now forbear
 All vain presuming words for evermore.
 For why ? the Lord is God, who all things knows,
 And doth each purpose to his end dispose.
 Now broken is their bow, that once was stout,
 And girt with vigour they, that stumble are ;
 The full themselves for bread have hired out,
 Which now they need not do, that hungry were.
 The barren womb doth seven children own ;
 And she, that once had many, weak is grown.

The Lord doth slay, and he revives the slain ;
 He to the grave doth bring, and back he bears ;
 The Lord makes poor, and rich he makes again ;
 He throweth down, and up on high he rears :
 He from the dust and from the dunghill brings
 The beggar and the poor to sit with kings.
 He rears them to inherit Glory's throne.
 For why ? the Lord's the earth's upholders are :
 The world hath he erected thereupon ;
 He to the footing of his saints hath care ;
 But dumb, in darkness, sinners shall remain ;
 For in their strength shall men be strong in vain.
 The Lord will to destruction bring them all,
 Ev'n ev'ry one, that shall with him contend ;
 From out of heav'n he thunder on them shall,
 And judge the world unto the farthest end.
 With strength and power his king he will supply,
 And raise the horn of his anointed high.

*The Lamentation of David over Saul, and
Jonathan his Son.*

2 Sam. 1, 17.

SONG V.

Thy beauty, Israel ! is gone :
 Slain in the places high is he.
 The mighty now are overthrown !
 Oh ! thus how cometh it to be ?

Let not this news their streets throughout,
 In Gath or Askalon be told ;
 For fear Philistia's daughters flout,
 Lest vaunt th' uncircumcised should.

On you hereafter let no dew,
 You mountains of Gilboa! fall :
 Let there be neither showers on you,
 Nor fields that breed an off'ring shall.

For there with shame away was thrown
 The target of the strong, alas !
 The shield of Saul, ev'n as of one,
 That ne'er with oil anointed was.

Nor from their blood that slaughter'd lay,
 Nor from the fat of strong men slain,
 Came Jonathan his bow away,
 Nor drew forth Saul his sword in vain.

In life-time they were lovely fair,
 In death they undivided are ;
 More swift than eagles of the air,
 And stronger they than lions were.

Weep, Israel's daughters ! weep for Saul,
 Who you with scarlet hath array'd,
 Who clothed you with pleasures all,
 And on your garments gold hath laid.

How comes it, he that mighty was,
 The foil in battle doth sustain ?
 Thou, Jonathan ! oh, thou, alas !
 Upon thy places high wert slain.

And much distressed is my heart,
 My brother Jonathan ! for thee :
 My very dear delight thou wert,
 And wond'rous was thy love to me ;

So wond'rous it surpassed far
 The love of women ev'ry way.
 Oh ! how the mighty fallen are !
 How warlike instruments decay !

David's Thanksgiving.

1 Chron. 29, 10.

SONG VI.

O Lord, our everlasting God !
 Bliss, greatness, power and praise is thine :
 With thee have conquests their abode,
 And glorious majesty divine.

All things that earth and heav'n afford,
 Thou at thine own disposing hast :
 To thee belongs the kingdom, Lord,
 And thou for head o'er all art plac'd.

Thou wealth and honour dost command ;
 To thee made subject all things be :
 Both strength and power are in thine hand,
 To be dispos'd as pleaseth thee.

And now to thee, our God ! therefore,
 A song of thankfulness we frame ;
 That what we owe, we may restore,
 And glorify thy glorious name.

But what or who are we, alas !
 That we in giving are so free ?
 Thine own before our off'ring was,
 And all we have, we have from thee.

For we are guests and strangers here,
 As were our fathers in thy sight;
 Our days but shadow-like appear,
 And suddenly they take their flight.

This off'ring, Lord, our God ! which thus,
 We for thy name's sake have bestown,
 Derived was from thee to us,
 And that we give is all thine own.

O God ! thou prov'st the heart, we know,
 And dost affect uprightiness there;
 With gladness therefore we bestow,
 What we have freely offer'd here.

Still thus, O Lord our God ! incline
 Their meaning, who thy people be;
 And ever let the hearts of thine
 Be thus prepared unto thee.

Yea, give us perfect hearts, we pray,
 That we thy precepts err not from;
 And grant our contribution may
 An honour to thy name become.

The Prayer of Nehemiah.

Nehem. 1. 5.

SONG VII.

LORD God of Heav'n, who only art
 The mighty God, and full of fear,
 Who never promise-breaker wert,
 But ever shewing mercy there,
 Where men's affection bear to thee,
 And of thy laws observers be !

Give ear and ope thine eyes, I pray,
 That heard thy servant's suit may be,
 Made in thy presence night and day
 For Israel's seed, that serveth thee ;
 For Israel's seed, who, I confess,
 Against thee grievously transgress.

I and my father's house did sin,
 Corrupted all our actions be ;
 And disrespectful we have been
 Of statutes, judgments, and decree ;
 Of those, which to retain so fast,
 Thy servant Moses charg'd thou hast.

O! yet remember thou, I pray,
 These words which thou didst heretofore
 Unto thy servant Moses say :
 If e'er, saidst thou, they vex me more,
 I will disperse them ev'ry where,
 Among the nations here and there.

But if to me they shall convert
 To do those things, my law contain,
 Though spread to Heav'n's extremest part,
 I would collect them thence again,
 And bring them there to make repose,
 Where I to place my name have chose.

Now these thy people are of right
 Thy servants, who to thee belong,
 Whom thou hast purchas'd by thy might,
 And by thine arm exceeding strong.
 O let thine ear, Lord ! I thee pray,
 Attentive be to what I say.

The prayer of thy servant hear ;
 O hear thy servants when they pray,

Who willing are thy name to fear;
 Thy servants prosper now to-day;
 And be thou pleas'd to grant, that he
 May favour'd in thy presence be.

The Song of King Lemuel.

Prov. 31. 10.

SONG VIII.

WHO finds a woman good and wise,
 A gem more worth than pearls hath got;
 Her husband's heart on her relies;
 To live by spoil he needeth not.

His comfort all his life is she:
 No wrong she willingly will do;
 For wool and flax her searches be,
 And cheerful hands she puts thereto.

The merchant-ship resembling right,
 Her food she from afar doth fet.
 Ere day she 'wakes, that give she might
 Her maids their task, her household meat.

A field she views, and that she buys;
 Her hands doth plant a vineyard there;
 Her loins with courage up she ties;
 Her arms with vigour strength'ned are.

If in her work she profit feel,
 By night her candle goes not out;
 She puts her finger to the wheel,
 Her hands the spindle twirls about.

To such as poor and needy are,
 Her hand, yea both hands, reacheth she ;
 The winter none of her's doth fear,
 For double cloth'd her household be.

She mantles maketh wrought by hand,
 And silk and purple clothing gets ;
 Among the rulers of the land,
 Known in the gate her husband sits.

For sale fine linen weaveth she,
 And girdles to the merchant sends ;
 Renown and strength her clothings be,
 And joy her latter time attends.

She speaks discretely when she talks ;
 The law of grace her tongue hath learn'd ;
 She heeds the way her household walks,
 And feedeth not on bread unearn'd.

Her children rise and bless her call ;
 Her husband thus applaudeth her ;
 O ! thou hast far surpast them all,
 Though many daughters thriving are.

Deceitful favour quickly wears,
 And beauty suddenly decays ;
 But if the Lord she truly fears,
 That woman well deserveth praise.

The fruit her handy-work obtains,
 Without repining grant her that ;
 And yield her what her labour gains
 To do her honour in the gate.

The first Canticle.

SONG IX.

COME, kiss me with those lips of thine !
 For better are thy loves than wine ;
 And as the poured ointments be,
 Such is the savour of thy name ;
 And for the sweetness of the same,
 The virgins are in love with thee
 Begin but thou to draw me on,
 And then we after thee will run ;
 O King ! thy chambers bring me to :
 So we in thee delight shall find,
 And more than wine thy love will mind,
 And love thee as the righteous do.
 And daughters of Jerusalem !
 I pray you do not me contemn,
 Because that black I now appear ;
 For I as lovely am, I know,
 As Kedar tents appear in show,
 Or Solomon his curtains are.
 Though black I am, regard it not :
 It is but sun-burn I have got,
 Whereof my mother's sons were cause :
 Their vineyard-keeper me they made,
 Through envy which to me they have,
 So mine own vine neglected was.
 Thou, whom my soul doth best affect !
 Unto thy pastures me direct,
 Where thou at noon art stretch'd along ;

For why should I be straggling spied,
 Like her that loves to turn aside,
 Thy fellow-shepherds' flocks among ?

O fairest of all woman-kind !
 If him thou know not where to find,
 Go where the paths of cattle are ;
 Their track of footsteps stray not from,
 Till to the shepherds' tents thou come,
 And feed thy tender kidlings there.

My love ! thou art of greater force
 Than Pharaoh's troops of chariot-horse ;
 Thy cheeks and neck made lovely be
 With rows of stone and many a chain ;
 And we gold borders will ordain,
 Beset with silver studs for thee.

The second Canticle.

SONG X.

WHILE that the king was at repast,
 My spikenard his perfumings cast,
 And 'twixt my breasts repos'd my dear,
 My love, who is as sweet to me
 As myrrh, or camphire bundles be,
 Which at Engaddi vineyards are.

Lo ! thou art fair ; lo ! thou, my love !
 Art fair, and eyed like the dove :
 Thou fair and pleasant art my dear !
 And lo ! our bed with flowers is strew'd ;
 Our house is beam'd with cedar-wood,
 And of the fir our rafters are.

I am the rose that Sharon yields,
 The rose and lily of the fields,
 And flower of all the dales below.
 My love among the daughters shews,
 As when a sweet and beauteous rose
 Amid her bush of thorns doth grow.

Among the sons, such is my dear,
 As doth an apple-tree appear,
 Within a shrubby forest plac'd.
 I sat me down beneath his shade,
 Whereto a great desire I had,
 And sweet his fruit was to my taste.

Me to his banquet-house he bare,
 Ev'n where his wine-provisions are ;
 And there his love my banner was.
 With flaggons me from fainting stay ;
 With apples comfort me, I pray ;
 For I am sick of love, alas !

My head with his left hand he staid ;
 His right hand over me he laid ;
 And by the harts and roes said he,
 You daughters of Jerusalem !
 Stir not, for you I charge by them,
 Nor wake my love till pleas'd she be.

The third Canticle.

SONG XI.

I HEAR my love, and him I see
 Come leaping by the mountains there :
 Lo ! o'er the hillocks trippeth he,
 And roe or stag-like doth appear.

Lo ! from behind the wall he pries ;
 Now at the window-grate is he ;
 Now speaks my dear, and says, arise,
 My love, my fair, and come with me !

Lo ! winter's past, and come the spring ;
 The rain is gone, the weather clear ;
 The season woos the birds to sing,
 And on the earth the flow'rs appear.

The turtle croweth in our field ;
 Young figs the fig-tree down doth weigh ;
 The blossom'd vines a savour yield ;
 Rise love, my fair ! and come away.

My dove, that art obscured, where
 The rock's dark stairs do thee enfold !
 Thy voice, thy sweet voice, let me hear,
 And thee, that lovely sight ! behold.

Those fox's cubs the vines that mar,
 Go take us, while the grapes be young ;
 My love's am I, and mine's my dear,
 Who feeds the lily-flowers among.

While break of day, when shades depart,
 Return, my well-beloved one !
 Ev'n as a roe or lusty hart,
 That doth on Bether mountains run.

For him, that to my soul is dear,
 Within my bed by night I sought ;
 I sought, but him I found not there ;
 Thus, therefore, with myself I thought :

I'll rise, and round the city wend ;
 Through lanes and open ways I'll go,
 That I my soul's delight may find ;
 So there I sought, and miss'd him too.

The city-watch me lighted on ;
 Them ask'd I for my soul's delight ;
 And somewhat past them being gone,
 My soul's beloved found I straight.

Whom there in my embrace I caught,
 And him forsook I not, till he
 Into my mother's house I brought,
 Her chamber, who conceived me.

You daughters of Jerusalem !
 Stir not, by field-bred harts and roes,
 For you I do abjure by them ;
 Nor 'wake my love till she dispose.

The fourth Canticle.

SONG XII.

WHAT's he, that from the desert there
 Doth like those smoaky pillars come,
 Which from the incense and the myrrh,
 And all the merchant-spices fume ?

His bed, which, lo ! is Solomon's,
 Threescore stout men about it stand :

They are of Israel's valiant ones,
And all of them with swords in hand.

All those are men expert in fight,
And each one on his thigh doth wear
A sword, that terrors of the night
May be forbid from coming there.

King Solomon a goodly place
With trees of Lebanon did rear ;
Each pillar of it silver was,
And gold the bases of them were.

With purple cover'd he the same,
And all the pavement thoroughout.

O daughters of Jerusalem,
For you which charity is wrought !

Come Sion's daughters, come away !
And crowned with his diadem,
King Solomon behold you may.
That crown his mother set on him,
When he a married man was made,
And in his heart contentment had.

The fifth Canticle.

SONG XIII.

O MY love ! how comely now,
And how beautiful art thou !
Thou, of dove-like eyes a pair,
Shining hast within thy hair ;
And thy locks like kidlings be,
Which from Gilead hill we see.

Like those ewes thy teeth doth shew,
 Which in rows from washing go,
 When among them there is none
 Twinless, nor a barren one;
 And thy lips are of a red,
 Like the rosy-colour'd thread.

Speech becoming thee thou hast;
 Underneath thy tresses plac'd,
 Are thy temples, matchless fair,
 Which, o'ershadow'd with thy hair,
 Like pomegranates do appear,
 When they cut asunder are.

To that fort thy neck's compar'd,
 Which with bulwarks David rear'd;
 Where a thousand shields are hung,
 All the targets of the strong.

Breasts thou hast like twinned roes,
 Feeding where the lily grows.

While day break and shades are gone,
 To the mountains I will run,
 To that hill whence myrrh doth come,
 And to that of Libanum.

Thou, my love! all beauty art,
 Spotless fair in ev'ry part.

Come, my spouse! from Libanum:
 Come with me from Libanum;
 From Amana turn thy sight,
 Shenir's top and Hermon's height;
 From the dens of lions fell,
 And the hills where leopards dwell.

Thou, my sister! thou art she,
 Of my heart that robbeth me;

Thou, my spouse ! O thou art she,
 Of my heart that robbeth me,
 With one of thine eyes aspect,
 And with one lock of thy neck.

Sister, and espoused peer !
 Those thy breasts how fair they are !

Better be those dugs of thine
 Than the most delicious wine ;
 And thine ointments odours are
 Sweeter than all spices far.

Love ! thy lips drop sweetness, so
 As the combs of honey do.

Thou hast, underneath thy tongue,
 Honey mixt with milk among ;
 And thy robes do scent, as well
 As the frankincense doth smell.

Thou, my sister and espous'd !
 Art a garden fast enclos'd ;
 Walled spring, a fountain seal'd ;
 And the plants, thy orchard yield,
 Are of the pomegranate tree,
 With those fruits that pleasant be.

Camphor there with nard doth grow,
 Nard commixt with crocus too,
 Calamus and cinamom,
 With all trees of Libanum ;
 Sweetest aloes and myrrh,
 And all spice that precious are.

All the gardens ev'ry where
 Take their first beginning there ;
 There the precious fountain lies,
 Whence all living waters rise,

Even all those streams that come
Running down from Libanum.

The sixth Canticle.

SONG XIV.

ARISE, thou north-wind ! from the north ;
And from the south, thou south-wind ! blow ;
Upon my garden breathe ye forth,
That so my spices there that grow,
From thence abundantly may flow.

And to thy garden come, my dear !
To eat thy fruits of pleasure there.

My sister and espoused peer !
Unto my garden I am come ;
My spice I gather'd with my myrrh,
I ate my honey in the comb,
And drunk my wine with milk among.
Come friends, and best-belov'd of me !
Come, eat and drink, and merry be.

I slept, but yet my heart did 'wake ;
It is my love I knocking hear ;
It was his voice, and thus he spake :
Come open unto me, my dear !
My love, my dove, my spotless peer !
For, with the dew my head is dight,
My locks with droppings of the night.

Lo ! I have now undressed me ;
Why should I clothe me as before ?

And since my feet clean washed be,
 Why should I soil them any more?
 Then through the crevice of the door
 Appear'd the hand of my belov'd,
 And towards him my heart was mov'd.

I rose unto my love to ope,
 And from my hands distilled myrrh ;
 Pure myrrh did from my fingers drop
 Upon the handles of the bar ;
 But then departed was my dear.

 When by his voice I knew 'twas he,
 My heart was like to faint in me.

I sought, but seen he could not be ;
 I call'd, but heard no answer sound ;
 The city-watchmen met with me
 As they were walking of the round,
 And gave me stripes that made a wound ;
 Yea, they that watch and ward the wall,
 Ev'n they have took away my veil.

The seventh Canticle.

SONG XV.

OH ! if him you happen on,
 Who is my beloved one,
 Daughters of Jerusalem !
 I advise you seriously,
 To inform him how that I
 Sick am grown of love for him.

Fairest of all women ! tell,
 Tell how thy lover doth excel
 More than other lovers do :
 Thy beloved, what is he
 More than other lovers be,
 That thou dost abjure us so ?
 He, in whom I so delight,
 Is the purest red and white :
 Of ten thousands chief is he.
 Like fine gold his head doth shew,
 Whereon curled locks do grow,
 And a raven-black they be.
 Like the milky doves that 'bide
 By the rivers, he is ey'd :
 Full, and fitly set they are.
 Cheeks, like spicy beds, hath he ;
 Or like flow'rs that fairest be ;
 Lips, like lilies, dripping myrrh.
 Hands, like rings of gold, beset
 With the precious chrysolet.
 Belly'd, like white ivory,
 Wrought about with sapphires rich ;
 Legs like marble pillars which
 Set on golden bases be.
 Fac'd like Libanus is he :
 Goodly as the cedar-tree ;
 Sweetness breathing out of him.
 He is lovely ev'ry where ;
 This my friend is, this my dear,
 Daughters of Jerusalem !
 O thou fairest, ev'ry way,
 Of all women ! whither may

Thy beloved turned he ?
 Tell us whither he is gone,
 Who is thy beloved one,
 That we seek him may with thee ?
 To his garden went my dear,
 To the beds of spices there,
 Where he feeds, and lilies gets.
 I my love's am, and alone
 Mine is my beloved one,
 Who among the lilies eats.

The eighth Canticle.

SONG XVI.

BEAUTIFUL art thou, my dear !
 Thou as lovely art, as are
 Tirza or Jerusalem,
 As the beautiful'st of them ;
 And as much thou mak'st afraid,
 As arm'd troops with flags display'd.
 Turn away those eyes of thine :
 Do not fire them so on mine ;
 For there beam forth from thy sight,
 Sweets that overcome me quite ;
 And thy locks like kidlings be,
 Which from Gilead hill we see.
 Like those ewes thy teeth do shew,
 Which in rows from washing go,
 When among them there is none.
 Twinless, nor a barren one.

And, within thy locks, thy brows
Like the cut pomegranate shews.

There are with her sixty queens ;
There are eighty concubines ;

And the damsels they possess

Are in number numberless ;

But my love is all alone,

And an undefiled one.

She's her mother's only dear,

And her joy that her did bear.

When the daughters her survey'd,

That she blessed was, they said ;

She was praised of the queens,

And among the concubines.

Who is she, when forth she goes,

That so like the morning shews ;

Beautiful as is the moon,

Purely bright as is the sun ;

And appearing full of dread,

Like an host with ensigns spread ?

To the nut-yard down went I,

And the vale's increase to spy,

To behold the vine-buds come,

And to see pomegranates bloom ;

But the prince's chariots did

So vex me, I nought could heed.

Turn, O turn, thou Shulamite !

Turn, O turn thee to our sight.

What, I pray, is that which you

In the Shulamite would view ;

But that, to appearance, she

Shews like troops that armed be ?

The ninth Cantic.

SONG XVII.

THOU daughter of the royal line !
 How comely are those feet of thine,
 When their beseeming shoes they wear !
 The curious knitting of thy thighs
 Is like the costly gems of prize,
 Which wrought by skilful workmen are.

Thy navel is a goblet round,
 Where liquor evermore is found.
 Thy fair and fruitful belly shews
 As doth a goodly heap of wheat
 With lilies round about beset ;
 And thy two breasts like twinned roes.

Thy neck like some white tower doth rise ;
 Like Heshbon fish-pools are thine eyes,
 Which near the gate Bath-rabbim lye.
 Thy nose, which thee doth well become,
 Is like the tower of Libanum
 That on Damascus hath an eye.

Thy head like scarlet doth appear ;
 The hairs thereof like purple are ;
 And in those threads the king is bound.
 O love ! how wondrous fair art thou !
 How perfect do thy pleasures shew !
 And how thy joys in them abound !

Thou statur'd art in palm-tree wise ;
 Thy breasts like clusters do arise.

I said, into this palm I'll go ;
 My hold shall on her branches be ;
 And those thy breasts shall be to me
 Like clusters, that on vines do grow.

Thy nostrils savour shall as well
 As newly-gather'd fruits do smell.

Thy speech shall also relish so
 As purest wine, that for my dear
 Is fittest drink, and able were
 To cause an old man's lips to speak.

I my beloved's am, and he
 Hath his affection set on me.

Come, well-beloved ! come away ;
 Into the fields let's walk along ;
 And there the villages among,
 Ev'n in the country we will stay.

We to the vines betimes will go,
 And see if they do spring or no,
 Or if the tender grapes appear.
 We will moreover go and see
 If the pomegranates blossom'd be ;
 And I my love will give thee there.

Sweet smells the mandrakes do afford ;
 And we within our gates are stor'd
 Of all things that delightful be :
 Yea, whether new or old they are,
 Prepared they be for my dear ;
 And I have laid them up for thee.

Would, as my brother, thou might'st be,
 That suck'd my mother's paps with me :
 O would it were no otherwise !
 In public then I thee would meet,

And give thee kisses in the street ;
 And none there is should thee despise.
 Then I myself would for thee come,
 And bring thee to my mother's home.
 Thou likewise should'st instruct me there :
 And wine that is commixt with spice,
 Sweet wine of the pomegranate juice,
 I would for thee to drink prepare.
 My head with his left hand he staid ;
 His right hand over me he laid ;
 And being so embrac'd by him,
 Said he, I charge you not dis-ease
 Nor 'wake my love, until she please,
 You daughters of Jerusalem !

The tenth Canticle.

SONG XVIII.

WHO's this, that leaning on her friend,
 Doth from the wilderness ascend ?
 Mind how I raised thee,
 Ev'n where thy mother thee conceiv'd,
 Where she that brought thee forth conceiv'd,
 Beneath an apple-tree.
 Me in thy heart engraven bear,
 And seal-like on thy hand-wrist wear ;
 For love is strong as death.
 Fierce as the grave is jealousy ;
 The coals thereof do burning lie,
 And furious flames it hath.

Much water cannot cool love's flame :
 No floods have power to quench the same ;
 For love so high is priz'd,
 That who to buy it would essay,
 Though all his wealth he gave away,
 It would be all despis'd.

We have a sister scarcely grown,
 For she is such a little one,
 That yet no breasts hath she.
 What thing shall we now undertake
 To do for this our sister's sake,
 If spoken for she be ?

If that a wall she do appear,
 We turrets upon her will rear,
 And palaces of plate ;
 And then with boards of cedar-tree
 Enclose and fence her in will we,
 If that she be a gate.

A wall already built I am ;
 And now my breasts upon the same
 Do turret-like arise :
 Since when, as one that findeth rest,
 And is of settled peace possest,
 I seem'd in his eyes.

A vineyard hath king Solomon,
 This vineyard is at Baal-hamon,
 Which he to keepers put ;
 And ev'ry one that therein wrought
 A thousand silver pieces brought,
 And gave him for the fruit.

My vineyard, which belongs to me,
 Ev'n I myself do oversee.

To thee, O Solomon !
 A thousand-fold doth appertain ;
 And those, that keep the same, shall gain
 Two hundred-fold for one.

Thou, whose abode the gardens are,
 Thy fellows unto thee give ear,
 Cause me to hear thy voice ;
 And let my love as swiftly go
 As doth a hart or nimble roe,
 Upon the hills of spice.

The first Song of Esay.

Esa. 5.

SONG XIX.

A SONG of him whom I love best,
 And of his vineyard sing I will ;
 A vineyard once my love possest,
 Well seated on a fruitful hill :
 He kept it close-immured still.
 The earth from stones he did refine,
 And set it with the choicest vine.
 He in the midst a fort did rear ;
 A wine-press therein also wrought !
 But when he look'd it grapes should bear,
 Those grapes were wild ones that it brought.
 Jerusalem ! come speak thy thought ;
 And you of Judah judges be,
 Betwixt my vineyard here and me.

Unto my vineyard what could more
 Performed be, than I have done ?
 Yet, looking it should grapes have bore,
 Save wild ones it afforded none.

But go to, let it now alone ;
 Resolv'd I am to shew you too,
 What with my vineyard I will do.

The hedge I will remove from thence,
 That whatso will devour it may ;
 I down will break the walled fence,
 And through it make a trodden way ;
 Yea, of all it I waste will lay.

To dig or dress it none shall care,
 But thorns and briars it shall bear.

The clouds I also will compel,
 That there no rain descend for this ;
 For lo! the house of Israel
 The Lord of Armies' vineyard is,
 And Judah is that plant of his,
 That pleasant one, who forth hath brought
 Oppression, when he judgment sought.
 He, seeking justice, found therein,
 In lieu thereof a crying sin.

The second Song of Esay.

Esa. 12.

SONG XX.

LORD ! I will sing to thee,
 For thou displeas'd wast,
 And yet withdrew'st thy wrath from me
 And sent me comfort hast.
 Thou art my health, on whom
 A fearless trust I lay,
 For thou, O Lord ! thou art become
 My strength, my song, my stay.
 And with rejoicing now,
 Sweet waters we convey
 Forth of those springs whence life doth flow ;
 And thus we therefore say,
 O sing unto the Lord !
 His name and works proclaim ;
 Yea to the people bear record,
 That glorious is his name.
 Unto the Lord, O sing !
 For wonders he hath done ;
 And many a renowned thing,
 Which through the earth is known.
 O sing aloud, all ye
 On Sion hill that dwell !
 For lo ! the Holy-one in thee
 Is great, O Israel !

The third Song of Esay.

Esa. 26.

SONG XXI.

A CITY now we have obtain'd,
 Where strong defences are ;
 And God salvation hath obtain'd,
 For walls and bulwarks there.

The gates thereof wide open yet,
 That such as justly do,
 And those that truth's observers be,
 May enter thereinto.

There thou in peace wilt keep them sure,
 Whose thoughts well grounded be ;
 In peace, that ever shall endure,
 Because they trusted thee.
 For ever, therefore, on the Lord,
 Without distrust depend ;
 For in the Lord, th' eternal Lord,
 Is strength that hath no end.

He makes the lofty city yield,
 And her proud dwellers bow ;
 He lays it level with the field,
 Ev'n with the dust below.

Their feet that are in want and care,
 Their feet thereon shall tread ;
 Their ways are right that righteous are,
 And thou their path dost heed.

Upon thy course of judgments we,
 O Lord ! attending were ;
 And to record thy name and thee,
 Our souls desirous are.

On thee our minds, with strong desire,
 Are fixed in the night ;
 And after thee our hearts enquire
 Before the morning light.

For when thy righteous judgments are
 Upon the earth discern'd
 By those, that do inhabit there,
 Uprightness shall be learn'd.

Yet sinners for no terror will
 Just dealings understand,
 But in their sins continue still,
 Amid the Holy Land.

To seek the glory of the Lord,
 They unregardful be ;
 And thy advanced hand, O Lord !
 They will not deign to see.

But they shall see, and see with shame,
 That bear thy people spite ;
 Yea, from thy foes shall come a flame,
 Which shall devour them quite.

Then, Lord ! for us thou wilt procure,
 That we in peace may be ;
 Because that ev'ry work of our
 Is wrought for us by thee.

And, Lord our God ! though we are brought
 To other lords in thrall,
 Of thee alone shall be our thought,
 Upon thy name to call.

They are deceas'd, and never shall
Renewed life obtain ;
They die, and shall not rise at all
To tyrannize again.

For thou didst visit them therefore,
And wide dispers'd them hast ;
That so their fame for evermore
May wholly be defac'd.

But Lord ! increas'd thy people are,
Increas'd they are by thee !
And thou art glorified as far
As earth's wide limits be.

For Lord ! in their distresses, when
Thy rod on them was laid,
They unto thee did hasten then,
And without ceasing pray'd.

As one with child is pain'd, when as
Her throes of bearing be,
And cries in pangs, before thy face,
O Lord ! so fared we.

We have conceiv'd, and for a birth
Of wind have pained been.

The world's unsafe, and still on earth
They thrive, that dwell therein.

Thy dead shall live and rise again,
With my dead body shall.

O you that in the dust remain,
Awake, and sing you all !

For as the dew doth herbs renew,
That buried seem'd before,
So earth shall through thy heavenly dew
Her dead alive restore.

My people! to thy chambers fare,
 Shut close the door to thee,
 And stay awhile, a moment there,
 Till past the fury be ;

For lo ! the Lord doth now arise :
 He cometh from his place,
 To punish their impieties
 Who now the world possess.

The earth that blood discover shall,
 Which is in her conceal'd,
 And bring to light those murthers all,
 Which yet are unreveal'd.

The Prayer of Hezekiah.

Esay. 37. 15.

SONG XXII.

O LORD of Hosts and God of Israel,
 Thou, who between the Cherubim do dwell !
 Of all the world thou only art the king,
 And heav'n and earth unto their form didst bring.
 Lord ! bow thine ear : to hear attentive be ;
 Lift up thine eyes, and deign, O Lord ! to see
 What words Sennacherib hath cast abroad,
 And his proud message to the living God.
 Lord ! true it is, that lands and kingdoms all
 Are to the king of Ashur brought in thrall ;
 Yea, he their gods into the fire hath thrown ;
 For gods they were not, but of wood and stone.

Man's work they were, and men destroy'd them
 have ;
 Us therefore from his power vouchsafe to save,
 That all the kingdoms of the world may see
 That thou art God, that only thou art he.

Hezekiah's Thanksgiving.

Esa. 38. 10.

SONG XXIII.

WHEN I suppos'd, my time was at an end,
 Thus to myself I did myself bemoan :
 Now to the gates of hell I must descend,
 For all the remnant of my years are gone.
 The Lord, said I, where now the living be,
 Nor man on earth shall I for ever see.
 As when a shepherd hath remov'd his tent,
 Or as a weaver's shuttle slips away,
 Right so my dwelling and my years were spent,
 And so my sickness did my life decay.
 Each day, ere night, my death expected I;
 And ev'ry night, ere morning, thought to die.
 For he so lion-like my bones did break,
 That I scarce thought to live another day.
 A noise I did like cranes or swallows make ;
 And as the turtle I lamenting lay.
 Then with uplifted eye-lids thus I spake :
 O Lord ! on me oppressed, mercy take.

What shall I say? He did his promise give ;
 And as he promis'd he performed it :
 And therefore I will never, whilst I live,
 Those bitter passions of my soul forget :
 Yea, those that live, and those unborn, shall
 know

What life and rest, thou didst on me bestow.

My former pleasures sorrows were become ;
 But in that love which to my soul thou hast,
 The grave, that all devours, thou keptst me from,
 And didst my errors all behind thee cast.

For nor the grave, nor death can honour thee ;
 Nor hope they for the truth, that buried be.

Oh ! he that lives, that live as I do now,
 Ev'n he it is, that shall thy praise declare :
 Thy truth the father to his seed shall shew,
 And how thou me, O Lord ! hast deign'd to spare.

Yea, Lord, for this, I will throughout my days
 Make music in thy house unto thy praise.

THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMY.

Lamentation 1.

SONG XXVI.

HOW sad and solitary now, alas !
 Is that well-peopled city come to be,
 Which once so great among the nations was,
 And oh, how widow-like appeareth she !
 She rule of all the provinces hath had,
 And now herself is tributary made.

All night she maketh such excessive moan,
 That down her cheeks a flood of tears doth flow;
 And yet among her lovers there is none,
 That consolation doth on her bestow :

For they that once her lovers did appear,
 Now turned foes and faithless to her are.

Now Judah in captivity complains,
 That others, heretofore so much opprest,
 For her false service, she herself remains
 Among those heathens, where she finds no rest ;
 And apprehended in a straight is she,
 By those that persecutors of her be.

The very ways of Sion do lament ;
 The gates thereof their loneliness deplore,
 Because that no man cometh to frequent
 Her solemn festivals as heretofore.

Her priests do sigh ; her tender virgins be
 Uncomfortable left, and so is she.

Her adversaries are become her chiefs ;
 On high exalted those that hate her are ;
 And God hath brought upon her all those griefs,
 Because so many her transgressions were.

Her children, driven from her by the foe,
 Before him into loathed thraldom go.

From Sion's daughter, once without compare,
 Now all her matchless loveliness is gone,
 And like those chaced harts her princes fare,
 Who seek for pasture and can find out none.

So, of their strength depriv'd, and fainting nigh,
 Before their abler foes they feebly fly.

Jerusalem now thinks upon her crimes,
 And calls to mind, amid her present woes,

The pleasure she enjoy'd in former times,
 Till first she was surprised by her foes ;
 And how, when they perceived her forlorn,
 They at her holy sabbaths made a scorn.

Jerusalem's transgressions many were ;
 And therefore is it, she disdain'd lies.
 Those, who in former times have honour'd her,
 Her baseness now behold, and her despise ;
 Yea, she herself doth sit bewailing this,
 And of herself, herself ashamed is.

Her own uncleanness in her skirt she bore,
 Not then believing what her end would be ;
 This great destruction falls on her therefore,
 And none to help or comfort her hath she.
 O heed thou, Lord! and pity thou my woes,
 For I am triumph'd over by my foes.

Her foe hath touch'd with his polluted hand
 Her things, that sacred were, before her face ;
 And they, whose entrance thou didst countermand,
 Intruded have into her holy place ;
 Those, that were not so much approv'd by thee,
 As of thy congregation held to be.

Her people do with sighs and sorrows get
 That little bread, which for relief they have,
 And give away their precious things for meat,
 So to procure wherewith their life to save.
 O Lord! consider this, and ponder thou,
 How vile and how dejected I am now.

No pity in you passengers is there ?
 Your eyes, oh ! somewhat hitherward incline ;
 And mark if ever any grief there were,
 Or sorrow, that did equal this of mine ;

This which the Lord on me inflicted hath,
Upon the day of his incensed wrath.

He from above a flame hath hurled down,
That kindles in my bones prevailing fire ;
A net he over both my feet hath thrown,
By which I am compelled to retire.

And he hath made me a forsaken one,
To sit and weep out all the day alone.

The heavy yoke of my transgressions now,
His hand hath wreathed, and upon me laid ;
Beneath the same my tired neck doth bow,
And all my strength is totally decay'd ;
For, me to those the Lord hath given o'er,
Whose hands will hold me fast for evermore.

The Lord hath trampled underneath their feet,
Ev'n all the mighty, in the midst of me :
A great assembly he hath caus'd to meet,
That all my ablest men might slaughter'd be ;
And Judah's virgin-daughter treads upon,
As in a wine-press grapes are trodden on.

For this, alas ! thus weep I ; and mine eyes,
Mine eyes drop water thus, because that he,
On whose assistance my sad soul relies,
In my distress is far away from me ;
Ev'n while, because of my prevailing foe,
My children are compell'd from me to go.

In vain hath Sion stretched forth her hand,
For none unto her succour draweth nigh ;
Because the Lord hath given in command,
That Jacob's foes should round about her lie ;
And poor Jerusalem among them there,
Like some defiled woman doth appear.

The Lord is justified, nay-the-less,
 Because I did not his commands obey ;
 All nations, therefore, hear my heaviness,
 And heed it, for your warning, you I pray !
 For into thraldom, through my follies, be
 My virgins and my young men borne from me.

Upon my lovers I have cried out,
 But they my groundless hopes deceived all.
 I for my rev'rend priests enquir'd about ;
 I also did upon my elders call ;
 But in the city, up the ghost they gave,
 As they were seeking meat their lives to save.

O Lord ! take pity now on my distress,
 For lo ! my soul distemper'd is in me :
 My heart is overcome with heaviness,
 Because I have so much offended thee.

 Thy sword abroad my ruin doth become,
 And death doth also threaten me at home.

And of my sad complaints my foes have heard ;
 But to afford me comfort there is none.
 My troubles have at full to them appear'd,
 Yet they are joyful that thou so hast done.

 But thou wilt bring the time, set down by thee,
 And then in sorrow they shall equal me.

Then shall those foul offences they have wrought
 Before thy presence be remember'd all ;
 And whatso'er my sins on me have brought,
 For their transgressions, upon them shall fall,
 For so my sighings multiplied be,
 That therewithal my heart is faint in me.

Lamentation 2.

SONG XXV.

HOW dark, and how be-clouded, in his wrath,
 The Lord hath caused Sion to appear !
 How Israel's beauty he obscured hath,
 As if thrown down from heav'n to earth he were
 O why is his displeasure grown so hot ?
 And why hath he his footstool so forgot ?
 The Lord all Sion's dwellings hath laid waste,
 And, in so doing, he no sparing made ;
 For in his anger to the ground he cast
 The strongest holds, that Judah's daughter had :
 Them and their kingdom he to ground doth send,
 And all the princes of it doth suspend.
 When at the highest his displeasure was,
 From Israel all his horn of strength he broke ;
 And from before his adversary's face,
 His right hand, that restrained him, he took.
 Yea, he in Jacob kindled such a flame,
 As round about hath quite consum'd the same.
 His bow he as an adversary bent,
 And by his right hand he did plainly shew,
 He drew it with an enemy's intent ;
 For all that were the fairest marks he slew.
 In Sion's tabernacle this was done ;
 Ev'n there the fire of his displeasure shone.
 The Lord himself is he, that was the foe ;
 By him is Israel thus to ruin gone ;

His palaces he overturned so,
 And he his holds of strength hath overthrown :
 Ev'n he it is, from whom it doth arise,
 That Israel's daughter thus lamenting lies.

His tabernacle, garden-like that was,
 The Lord with violence hath took away :
 He hath destroyed his assembling place,
 And there nor feasts nor sabbaths now have they ;
 No, not in Sion ; for in his fierce wrath,
 He both their king and priests rejected hath.

The Lord his holy altar doth forego ;
 His sanctuary he hath quite despis'd ;
 Yea, by his mere assistance hath our foe,
 The bulwarks of our palaces surpris'd ;
 And in the Lord's own house rude noises are,
 As loud as heretofore his praises were.

The Lord his thought did purposely incline,
 The walls of Sion should be overthrown ;
 To that intent he stretched forth his line,
 And drew not back his hand till they were down ;
 And so the turrets, with the bruised wall,
 Did both together to destruction fall.

Her gates in heaps of earth obscured are ;
 The bars of them in pieces broke hath he ;
 Her king, and those that once her princes were,
 Now borne away among the Gentiles be.
 The law is lost, and they no prophet have,
 That from the Lord a vision doth receive.

In silence, seated on the lowly ground,
 The senators of Sion's daughter are ;
 With ashes they there careful heads have crown'd,
 And mourning sackcloth, girded on them, wear ;

Yea, on the earth, in a distressedwise,
 Jerusalem's young virgins fire their eyes.

And for because my people suffer this,
 Mine eyes with much lamenting dimmed grow :
 Each part within me out of quiet is,
 And on the ground my liver forth I throw ;
 When as mine eyes with so sad objects meet,
 As babes half dead and sprawling in the street.

For to their mothers called they for meaf :
 Oh ! where shall we have meat and drink ? they cry ;
 And in the city, while they food intreat,
 They swoon, like them that deadly wounded be ;
 And some of them their souls did breathe away,
 As in their mother's bosom starv'd they lay.

Jerusalem ! for thee what can I say ?
 Or unto what may'st thou resembled be ?
 O whereunto, that comfort thee I may,
 Thou Sion's daughter ! shall I liken thee ?
 For as the seas so great thy breaches are ;
 And to repair them, ah ! who is there ?

Thou by thy prophets hast deluded been,
 And foolish visions they for thee have sought ;
 For they revealed not to thee thy sin,
 To turn away the thraldom it hath brought ;
 But lying prophesies they sought for thee,
 Which of thy sad exile the causes be.

And those, thou daughter of Jerusalem !
 That on occasions pass along this way,
 With clapping hands and hissings thee contemn,
 And, nodding at thee, thus in scorn they say :
 Is this the city men did once behight
 The flower of beauty, and the world's delight ?

Thy adversaries, every one of them,
 Their mouths have open'd at thee, to thy shame :
 They hiss and gnash at thee, Jerusalem !
 We, we, say they, have quite destroy'd the same.

This is that day hath long expected been ;
 Now cometh it, and we the same have seen :

But this the Lord decreed, and brought to pass,
 He, to make good that word which once he spake,
 And that which long ago determin'd was,
 Hath hurled down, and did no pity take.

He thus hath made thee scorned of thy foe,
 And rais'd the horn of them, that hate thee so.

O, wall of Sion's daughter ! cry amain,
 Ev'n to the Lord set forth a hearty cry ;
 Down like a river cause thy tears to rain,
 And let them neither day nor night be dry.

Seek neither sleep the body to suffice,
 Nor slumber for the apples of thine eyes.

At night, and when the watch is new begun,
 Then rise and to the Lord Almighty cry :
 Before him let thy heart like water run,
 And lift thou up to him thy hands on high ;
 Ev'n for those hunger-starved babes of thine,
 That in the corners of the streets do pine.

And thou, O Lord ! oh, be thou pleas'd to see,
 And think on whom thy judgments thou hast
 thrown ;

Shall women fed with their own issue be,
 And children that a span are scarcely grown ?

Shall thus thy priests and prophets, Lord ! be
 slain,

As in the sanctuary they remain ?

Nor youth nor age is from the slaughter free ;
 For in the streets lie young, and old, and all :
 My virgins and my young men murther'd be,
 Ev'n both beneath the sword together fall.

Thou, in thy days of wrath, such havock mad'st,
 That in devouring thou no pity hadst.

Thou round about hast call'd my feared foes,
 As if that summon'd to some feast they were ;
 Who in thy day of wrath did round enclose,
 And shut me so, that none escaped are.

Yea, those that hate me, them consumed have,
 To whom I nourishment and breeding gave.

Lamentation 3.

SONG XXVI.

I AM the man who, scourged in thy wrath,
 Have in all sorrows throughly tried been ;
 Into obscurity he led me hath ;
 He brought me thither, where no light is seen ;
 And so adverse himself to me he shews,
 That all the day his hand doth me oppose.

My flesh and skin with age he tired out ;
 He bruis'd my bones, as they had broken been ;
 He with a wall enclosed me about ;
 With cares and labours he hath shut me in ;
 And me to such a place of darkness led,
 As those are in that be for ever dead.

He shut me, where I found no passage out,
 And there my heavy chains upon me laid ;

Moreover, though I loudly cried out,
 He took no heed at all for what I pray'd.
 My way with hewed stones he stopped hath,
 And left me wandring in a winding path.

He was to me like some way-lying bear,
 Or as a lion that doth lurk unseen :
 My course he hindring, me in pieces tear,
 Till I quite ruin'd and laid waste had been.
 His bow he bended, and that being bent,
 I was the mark at which his arrow went.

His arrows from his quiver forth he caught,
 And through my very reins he made them pass.
 Ev'n mine own people set me then at naught,
 And all the day their sporting-song I was.
 From him my fill of bitterness I had ;
 And me with wormwood likewise drunk he
 made.

With stones my teeth he all to pieces brake ;
 He dust and ashes over me hath thrown ;
 All rest he from my weary soul did take,
 As if contentment I had never none.

And then I cried, oh ! I am undone :
 All my dependance on the Lord is gone.

Oh ! mind thou my afflictions and my care,
 My miseries, my wormwood, and my gall ;
 For they still fresh in my remembrance are.
 And down in me my humble soul doth fall.

I this forget not ; and when this I mind,
 Some help again I do begin to find.

It is thy mercy, Lord ! that we now be ;
 For, had thy pity fail'd, not one had liv'd.

The faithfulness is great that is in thee,
And ev'ry morning it is new reviv'd.

And Lord ! such claim my soul unto thee lays,
That she will ever trust in thee, she says.

For thou art kind to those that wait thy will,
And to their souls that after thee attend ;
Good therefore is it, that in quiet still
We hope that safety, which thou, Lord ! wilt send.

And happy he, that timely doth enure
His youthful neck the burthen to endure !

He down will sit alone, and nothing say,
But, since 'tis cast upon him, bear it out ;
Yea, though his mouth upon the dust they lay,
And while there may be hope, will not misdoubt.

His cheek to him that smiteth offers he,
And is content though he reviled be.

For sure is he, whatever doth befall,
The Lord will not forsake for evermore ;
But that he having punish'd, pity shall,
Because he many mercies hath in store.

For God in plaguing take no pleasure can,
Nor willingly afflicteth any man.

The Lord delighteth not to trample down
Those men, that here on earth enthralled are ;
Or that a righteous man should be o'erthrown,
When he before the Highest doth appear ;
Nor is the Lord well pleased in the sight,
When he beholds the wrong subvert the right.

Let no man mutter then, as if he thought,
Some things were done in spite of God's decree ;
For all things at his word to pass are brought,
That either for our good or evil be.

Why then lives man such murmurs to begin ?
Oh ! let him rather murmur at his sin.

Our own lewd courses let us search and try :
We may to thee again, O Lord ! convert.
To God, that dwelleth in the heav'ns on high,
Let us, O let us lift both hand and heart !

For we have sinned, we rebellious were ;
And therefore was it that thou didst not spare.

For this, with wrath o'ershadow'd, thou hast chas'd,
And slaughter made of us without remorse.

Thy self obscured with a cloud thou hast,
That so our prayers might have no resource.

And lo ! among the heathen-people, we
As out-casts and off-scow'rings reckon'd be.

Our adversaries all, and ev'ry where,
Themselves with open mouth against us set ;

On us is fall'n a terror and a snare,

Where ruin hath with desolation met ;

And for the daughter of my people's cares

Mine eyes doth cast forth rivulets of tears.

Mine eyes perpetually were overflown,

And yet there is no ceasing of my tears ;

For if the Lord in mercy look not down,

That from the heav'ns he may behold my cares,

They will not stint ; but for my people's sake,

Mine eyes will weep until my heart doth break.

As when a bird is chased to and fro,

My foes pursued me, when cause was none ;

Into the dungeon they my life did throw,

And there they rolled over me a stone.

The waters likewise overflow'd me quite ;

And then, methought, I perished outright.

Yet on thy name, O Lord ! I called there,
 Ev'n when in that low dungeon I did lie;
 Whence thou wert pleased my complaint to hear,
 Not slighting me when I did sighing cry.

That very day I called, thou drew'st near,
 And said'st unto me, that I should not fear.

Thou, Lord ! my soul maintainest in her right :
 My life by thee alone redeemed was.

Thou hast, O Lord ! observed my despite ;
 Vouchsafe thy judgement also in my cause.

For all the grudge they bear me thou hast seen,
 And all their plots that have against me been.

Thou heard'st what slanders, they against me laid,
 And all those mishiefs they devis'd for me :

Thou notest, what their lips of me have said,
 Ev'n what their daily closest-whisp'rings be ;
 And how, whene'er they rise or down do lie,
 Their song, and subject of their mirth am I.

But, Lord ! thou shalt reward and pay them all
 That meed, their actions merit to receive :

Thy heavy malediction seize them shall ;
 Ev'n this, sad hearts they shall for ever have ;
 And by thy wrath pursued they shall be driven,
 Till they are chased out from under heaven.

Lamentation 4.

SONG XXVII.

HOW dim the gold doth now appear,
That gold which once so brightly shone!
About the city, here and there,
The sanctuary-stones are thrown.

The sons of Sion, late compar'd
To gold, the richest in esteem,
Like potsherds are without regard,
And base as earthen vessels seem.

The monsters of the sea have care
The breasts unto their young to give;
But crueller my people are,
And estridge-like in deserts live.

With thirst the sucklings' tongues are dry,
And to their parched roofs they cleave;
For bread young children also cry,
But none at all they can receive.

Those, that were us'd to dainty fare,
Now in the streets half-starved lie;
And they that once did scarlet wear
Now dunghill-rags about them tie.

Yea, greater plagues my people's crime
Hath brought on them than Sodom's were;
For that was sunk in little time,
And no prolonged death was there.

Her Nazarites, whose whiteness was
More pure than either milk or snow,

Whose ruddiness did rubies pass,
 Whose veins did like the sapphire shew,
 Now blacker than the coal are grown,
 And in the streets unknown are they :
 Their flesh is clung unto the bone,
 And like a stick is dried away.

Such therefore as the sword hath slain,
 Are far in better case than those,
 Who death for want of food sustain,
 Whilst in the fruitful field it grows.

For when my people were distress'd,
 Ev'n women, that should pity take,
 With their own hands their children dress'd,
 That so their hunger they might slake.

The Lord accomplish'd hath his wrath;
 His fierce displeasure forth is pour'd;
 A fire on Sion set he hath,
 Which ev'n her ground-work hath devour'd,
 When there was neither earthly king,
 Nor through the whole world one of all
 Thought any foe to pass could bring,
 That thus Jerusalem should fall.

But this hath happened for the guilt
 Of those that have her prophets been,
 And those her wicked priests that spill'd
 The blood of innocence therein.

Along the streets they stumbling went:
 The blindness of these men was such;
 And so with blood they were besprent,
 That no man would their garments touch.

Depart, depart ! was therefore said;
 From those pollutions get ye far !

So, wandering to the heathen, fled,
And said there was no biding there.

And them the Lord hath now in wrath
Exil'd and made despised live ;
Yea, sent their priests and elders hath,
Where none doth honour to them give.

And as for us, our eyes decay'd
With watching, vain reliefs we have ;
'Cause we expect a nation's aid,
That is unable us to save.

For at our heels so close they be,
We dare not in the streets appear ;
Our end we therefore coming see,
And know our rooting-out is near.

Our persecutors follow on,
As swift as eagles of the sky ;
They o'er the mountains make us run,
And in the deserts for us lie.

Yea, they have Christ, our life, betray'd,
And caus'd him in their pits to fall ;
Ev'n him, beneath whose shade, we said,
We live among the heathen shall.

O Edom, in the land of Huz !
Though yet o'er us triumph thou may,
Thou shalt receive this cup from us,
Be drunk, and hurl thy cloaths away.

For when thy punishments for sin
Accomplished, O Sion ! be,
To visit Edom he begins,
And public make her shame will he.

Lamentation 5.

SONG XXVIII.

O MIND thou, Lord! our sad distress;
Behold! and think on our reproach;
Our houses strangers do possess,
And on our heritage encroach.

Our mothers for their husbands grieve,
And of our fathers robb'd are we;
Yea, money we compell'd to give
For our own wood and water be.

In persecution we remain,
Where endless labour tire us doth,
And we to serve for bread are fain,
To Egypt and to Ashur both.

Our fathers err'd, and being gone,
The burthen of their sin we bear:
Ev'n slaves the rule o'er us have won,
And none to set us free is there.

For bread our lives we hazard in
The perils, which the deserts threat,
And like an oven is our skin,
Both soil'd and parch'd for want of meat.

In Sion wives destroyed were;
Deflow'ed were the virgins young,
Through Judah's cities every where;
And princes by their hands were hung.

Her elders disrespected stood;
Her young men they for grinding took;

Her children fell beneath the wood ;
And magistrates the gates forsook.

Their music young men have forborne :
Rejoicing in their hearts is none ;
To mourning doth our dancing turn,
And from our head the crown is gone.

Alas ! that ever we did sin,
For therefore feels our heart these cares ;
For that our eyes have dimmed been,
And thus the hill of Sion fares.

Such desolation there is seen,
That now the foxes play thereon.
But thou for ever, Lord ! hast been,
And without ending is thy throne.

Oh ! why are we forgotten thus ?
So long time wherefore absent art ?
Convert thyself, O Lord ! to us,
And we to thee shall soon convert.

Renew, O Lord ! those ages past,
In which thy favour we have seen ;
For we extremely are debas'd,
And bitter hath thine anger been.

The Prayer of Daniel.

Dan. 9. 4.

SONG XXIX.

LORD God Almighty, great and full of fear,
 Who always art from breach of promise free,
 And never failing to have mercy there,
 Where they observe thy laws and honour thee !

We have transgressed and amiss have done,
 We disobedient and rebellious were ;
 For from thy precepts we astray are gone,
 And we departed from thy judgments are.

We did thy servants' prophecies withstand,
 Who to our dukes, our kings, and fathers came,
 When they to all the people of the land
 Proclaimed forth their message in thy name.

In thee, O Lord ! all righteousness appears ;
 But public shame to us doth appertain,
 Ev'n as with them of Judah now it fares,
 And those that in Jerusalem remain ;

Yea, as to Israel now it doth befall,
 Throughout those lands in which they scatter'd be,
 For that their great transgression, wherewithall
 They have transgressed and offended thee.

To us, our kings, our dukes, and fathers, doth
 Disgrace pertain, O Lord ! for ang'ring thee ;
 Yet, mercy, Lord our God ! and pardon, both
 To thee belong, though we rebellious be.

We did, indeed, perversely disobey
 Thy voice, O Lord our God! and would not hear
 To keep those laws, thou didst before us lay
 By those thy servants, who thy prophets were.

Ev'n all that of the race of Israel be,
 Against thy law have grievously misdome;
 And that they might not listen unto thee,
 They backward from thy voice, O Lord! are gone.

On them therefore that curse and oath descended,
 Which in the law of Moses written was,
 The servant of that God whom we offended,
 And now his speeches he hath brought to pass.

On us and on our judges he doth bring
 That plague, wherewith he threat'ned us and them:
 For under heaven was never such a thing
 As now is fall'n upon Jerusalem.

As Moses' written law doth here record,
 Now all this mischief upon them is brought;
 And yet we prayed not before the Lord,
 That leaving sin we might his truth be taught.

For which respect the Lord in wait hath laid,
 That he on us inflict this mischief might,
 And sith his holy word we disobey'd,
 In all his doings he remains upright.

But now, O Lord our God! who from the land
 Of cruel Egypt brought thy people hast,
 And by the power' of thy Almighty hand
 Achiev'd a name, which to this day doth last!

Though we have sinned in committing ill,
 Yet, Lord! by that pure righteousness in thee,
 From thy Jerusalem, thy holy hill,
 Oh! let thy wrathful anger turned be.

For through the guilt of our displeasing sin,
 And for our father's faults, Jerusalem,
 Thy chosen people hath despised been,
 And are the scorn of all that neighbour them.

Now therefore to thy servants' pray'r incline :
 Hear thou his suit, O God ! and let thy face,
 Ev'n for the Lord's dear sake vouchsafe to shine
 Upon thy, now forsaken, holy place.

Thine ears incline thou, O my God ! and hear ;
 Lift up thine eyes, and us O look upon,
 Us, who forsaken with thy city are,
 That city where thy name is called on ;

For we upon ourselves presume not thus
 Before thy presence our request to make,
 For aught that righteous can be found in us,
 But for thy great and tender mercy's sake.

Lord, hear ! forgive, O Lord ! and weigh the same :
 O Lord, perform it ! and no more defer,
 For thine own sake, my God ! for by thy name,
 Thy city and thy people called are.

The Prayer of Jonah.

Jonah 2.

SONG XXX.

IN my distress to thee I cry'd, O Lord !
 And thou wert pleased my complaint to hear :
 Out from the bowels of the grave I roar'd,
 And to my voice thou didst incline thine ear ;
 For I amid the raging sea was cast,
 And to the bottom there thou plung'd me hast.

The floods did round about me circles make;
 Thy waves and billows overflow'd me quite;
 And then unto myself, alas ! I said,
 I am for evermore depriv'd thy sight.

Yet once again thou pleased art, that I
 Should to thy holy temple lift mine eye.

Ev'n to my soul the waters clos'd me had;
 O'erswallow'd by the deeps I fast was pent;
 About my head the weeds a wreath had made;
 Unto the mountains' bottoms down I went;
 And so that forth again I could not get,
 The earth an everlasting bar had set.

Then thou, O Lord my God ! then thou wert he,
 That from corruption didst my life defend;
 For when my soul was like to faint in me,
 Thou thither didst into my thoughts descend.

And, Lord ! my prayer thence to thee I sent,
 Which upward to thy holy temple went.

Those who believe in vain and foolish lies,
 Despisers of their own good safety be;
 But I will offer up the sacrifice
 Of singing praises with my voice to thee.

And I will that perform, which vow'd I have;
 For unto thee belongs it, Lord ! to save.

The Prayer of Habakuk.

Habak. 3.

SONG XXXI.

LORD! thy answer I did hear,
 And I grew therewith afear'd.
 When the times at fullest are,
 Let thy work be then declar'd:
 When the time, Lord! full doth grow,
 Then, in anger, mercy shew.

God Almighty, he came down:
 Down he came from Theman-ward;
 And the matchless Holy-one
 From Mount Paron forth appear'd,
 Heav'n o'erspreading with his rays,
 And earth filling with his praise.

Sun-like was his glorious light;
 From his side there did appear
 Beaming rays that shined bright,
 And his pow'r he shewed there;
 Plagues before his face he sent:
 At his feet hot coals there went.

Where he stood, he measure took
 Of the earth, and view'd it well;
 Nations vanish'd at his look,
 Ancient hills to powder fell;
 Mountains old cast lower were;
 For his ways eternal are.

Cushan tents I saw diseas'd,
 And the Midian curtains quake.
 Have the floods, Lord! thee displeas'd?
 Did the floods thee angry make?
 Was it else the sea that hath
 Thus provoked thee to wrath?

For thou rob'st thy horses there,
 And thy saving-chariots through;
 Thou didst make thy bow appear,
 And thou didst perform thy vow;
 Yea, thine oath and promise past,
 To the tribes fulfilled hast.

Through the earth thou rifts didst make,
 And the rivers there did flow;
 Mountains, seeing thee, did shake,
 And away the floods did go.

 From the deep a voice was heard,
 And his hands on high he rear'd.

Both the sun and moon made stay,
 And remov'd not in their spheres;
 By thine arrows light went they,
 By thy brightly shining spears:
 Thou in wrath the land didst crush,
 And in rage the nations thresh.

For thy people's safe release,
 With thy Christ for aid went'st thou;
 Thou hast also pierc'd the chief
 Of the sinful household through,
 And display'd them, till made bare
 From the foot to neck they were.

Thou, with javelines of their own,
 Didst their armies' leader strike;

For against me they came down
To devour me whirl-wind like;
And they joy in nothing more,
Than, unseen, to spoil the poor.

Through the sea thou mad'st a way,
And didst ride thy horses there,
Where great heaps of water lay;
I the news thereof did hear;
And the voice my bowels shook;
Yea, my lips a quiv'ring took.

Rottenness my bones possest;
Trembling fear possessed me,
I that troublous day might rest;
For when his approaches be
Inward to the people made,
His strong troops will them invade.

Bloomless shall the fig-tree be,
And the vine no fruit shall yield;
Fade shall then the olive-tree,
Meat shall none be in the field;
Neither in the fold or stall,
Flock or herd continue shall.

Yet the Lord my joy shall be,
And in him I will delight,
In my God that saveth me,
God the Lord, my only might;
Who my feet so guides, that I,
Hind-like, pace my places high.

THE *HYMNS* OF THE New Testament.

THESE five that next follow, are the Hymns of the New Testament; between which, and the Songs of the Old Testament, there is great difference: for the Songs of the Old Testament were either thanksgivings for temporal benefits, typifying and signifying future benefits touching our redemption; or else, Hymns prophetically foreshewing those mysteries, which were to be accomplished at the coming of Christ; but these Evangelical Songs were composed, not for temporal, but for spiritual things, promised and figured by those temporal benefits mentioned in the Old Testament, and perfectly fulfilled in the New. Therefore these Evangelical Hymns are more excellent, than such as are merely prophetic; in regard, the possession is to be preferred before the hope, and the end before the means of obtaining it.

Magnificat.

Luke 1. 46.

SONG XXXII.

THAT magnified the Lord may be,
 My soul now undertakes;
 And in the God that saveth me
 My spirit merry makes:
 For he vouchsafed hath to view
 His handmaid's poor degree;
 And lo! all ages that ensue
 Shall blessed reckon me.

Great things for me th' Almighty does,
 And holy is his name;
 From age to age he mercy shews
 On such as fear the same.

He, by his arm, declar'd his might,
 And thus to pass hath brought,
 That now the proud are put to flight,
 By what their hearts have thought.

The mighty plucking from their seat,
 The poor he placed there;
 And for the hungry takes the meat
 From such as wealthy are.

But, minding mercy, he hath shew'd
 His servant, Israel, grace,
 As he to our forefathers vow'd,
 To Abraham and his race.

Benedictus.

Luke 1. 68.

SONG XXXIII.

BLEST be the God of Israel!
For he his people bought,
And in his servant David's house,
Hath great salvation wrought;
As by his prophets he foretold,
Since time began to be,
That from our foes he might be safe,
And from our haters free;
That he might shew our fathers grace,
And bear in mind the same,
Which by an oath he vow'd unto
Our father Abraham;
That from our adversaries freed,
We serve him fearless might,
In righteousness and holiness,
Our life-time in his sight.
And of the highest thee, O child!
The prophet I declare,
Before the Lord his face to go,
His coming to prepare;
To teach his people how they shall
That safety come to know,
Which by remission of their sins,
He doth on them bestow.

For it is through the tender love
 Of God alone whereby
 That day-spring hath to visit us
 Descended from on high;
 To light them who in darkness sit,
 And in death's shade abide,
 And in the blessed way of peace,
 Their wand'ring feet to guide.

The Song of Angels.

Luke 2. 13.

SONG XXXIV.

THUS angels sung, and thus sing we:
 To God on high all glory be!
 Let him on earth his peace bestow,
 And unto men his favour shew!

Nunc Dimittis.

Luke 2. 29.

SONG XXXV.

GRANT now in peace, that by thy leave
 I may depart, O Lord!
 For thy salvation seen I have,
 According to thy word;

That which prepared was by thee
 Before all people's sight,
 Thy Israel's renown to be,
 And to the Gentiles light.

The Song of Moses and the Lamb.

Revel. 15. 3.

SONG XXXVI.

O thou Lord, thou God of might!
 Who dost all things work aright,
 Whatso'er is done by thee,
 Great and wond'rous proves to be.
 True thy ways are, and direct,
 Holy King of saints elect!
 And, O therefore who is there
 Who of thee retains no fear?
 Who is there that shall deny
 Thy great name to glorify?
 For thou, Lord! and thou alone,
 Art the perfect Holy One.
 In thy presence nations all
 Shall to adoration fall;
 For thy judgments now appear
 Unto all men, what they are.

*Here end the Hymns of the New
 Testament.*

The Ten Commandments.

Exod. 20.

SONG XXXVII.

THE great Almighty spake, and thus said he :
 I am the Lord thy God, and I alone
 From cruel Egypt's thraldom set thee free ;
 And other gods but me thou shalt have none.
 Have mercy, Lord ! and so our hearts incline,
 That we may keep this blessed law of thine.

Thou shalt not make an image to adore
 Of ought on earth, above it, or below ;
 A carved work thou shalt not bow before,
 Nor any worship on the same bestow :
 For I, thy God, a jealous God am known,
 And on their seed the fathers' sins correct,
 Until the third and fourth descent be gone ;
 But them I always love, that me affect.

The name of God thou never shalt abuse,
 By swearing or repeating it in vain ;
 For him that doth his name profanely use,
 The Lord will as a guilty one arraign.

To keep the Sabbath holy bear in mind :
 Six days thine own affairs apply thou to ;
 The sev'nth is God's own day, for rest assign'd,
 And thou no kind of work therein shall do,
 Thou, nor thy child, thy servants, nor thy beast,
 Nor he that guest-wise with thee doth abide ;

For after six days labour God did rest,
 And therefore he that day hath sanctified.
 See that unto thy parents thou do give
 Such honour as the child by duty owes,
 That thou a long and blessed life may live
 Within the land, the Lord thy God bestows.
 Thou shalt be wary, that thou no man slay.
 Thou shalt from all adultery be clear.
 Thou shalt not steal another's goods away,
 Nor witness false against thy neighbour bear.
 With what is thine remaining well apaid,
 Thou shalt not covet what thy neighbour's is;
 His house, nor wife, his servant, man, nor maid,
 His ox, nor ass, nor any thing of his.
 Thy mercy Lord, thy mercy let us have,
 And in our heart these laws of thine engrave.

The Lord's Prayer.

Matt. 6. 7.

SONG XXXVIII.

OUR Father which in heaven art!
 We sanctify thy name:
 Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
 In heav'n and earth the same:
 Give us this day our daily bread;
 And us forgive thou so,
 As we on them, that do offend,
 Forgiveness do bestow:

Into temptation lead us not ;
 But us from evil free :
 For thine the kingdom, pow'r, and praise,
 Is and shall ever be.

The Apostles' Creed.

SONG XXXIX.

IN God the Father I believe,
 Who made all creatures by his word ;
 And true belief I likewise have
 In Jesus Christ, his Son, our Lord ;
 Who by the Holy Ghost conceiv'd,
 Was of the Virgin Mary born ;
 Who meekly Pilate's wrongs receiv'd,
 And crucified was with scorn ;
 Who died, and in the grave hath lain ;
 Who did the lowest pit descend ;
 Who on the third day rose again,
 And up to heaven did ascend ;
 Who at his Father's right-hand there,
 Now throned sits, and thence shall come
 To take his seat of judgment here,
 And give both quick and dead their doom.
 I in the Holy Ghost believe,
 The holy Church-Catholic too ;
 And that the saints communion have,
 Undoubtedly believe I do.
 I well assured am likewise
 A pardon for my sins to gain,
 And that my flesh from death shall rise,
 And everlasting life obtain.

A Funeral Song.

SONG XL.

I AM the Life, the Lord thus saith,
 The resurrection is through me ;
 And whosoe'er in me hath faith
 Shall live, yea, though now dead he be ;
 And he for ever shall not die,
 That living doth on me rely.

That my Redeemer lives I ween,
 And that at last I rais'd shall be
 From earth, and cover'd with my skin,
 In this my flesh, my God shall see :
 Yea, with these eyes, and these alone,
 Ev'n I my God shall look upon.

Into the world we naked come,
 And naked back again we go :
 The Lord our wealth receive we from,
 And he doth take it from us too.
 The Lord both wills and works the same,
 And blessed therefore be his name.

From heav'n there came a voice to me,
 And thus it will'd me to record :
 The dead from henceforth blessed be,
 The dead that dieth in the Lord.
 The Spirit thus doth likewise say,
 For from their works at rest are they.

The Song of the Three Children.

SONG XLI.

O ALL you creatures of the Lord,
 You angels of the God most high,
 You heavens, with what you do afford,
 And waters all above the sky,
 Bless ye the Lord, him praise, adore,
 And magnify him evermore!

Of God you everlasting pow'rs,
 Sun, moon, and stars so bright that shew,
 You soaking dews, you dropping show'rs,
 And all you winds of God that blow.

Thou fire, and what doth heat contain,
 Cold winter, and thou summer fair,
 You blustering storms of hail and rain,
 And thou the frost-congealing air.

O praise him both you ice and snow;
 You nights and days, do you the same,
 With what or dark or light doth shew,
 You clouds, and ev'ry shining flame.

Thou earth, you mountains, and you hills,
 And whatsoever thereon grows;
 You fountains, rivers, springs, and rills,
 You seas, and all that ebbs or flows.

You whales, and all the water yields;
 You of the feather'd airy breed;
 You beasts and cattle of the fields,
 And you that are of human seed.

Let Israel the Lord confess;
 So let his priests that in him trust;
 Him let his servants also bless,
 Yea, souls and spirits of the just.
 You blessed saints his praises tell,
 And you that are of humble heart,
 With Ananias, Misael,
 And Azarias bearing part.
 Bless you the Lord, him praise, adore,
 And magnify him evermore.

The Song of St. Ambrose, or Te Deum.

SONG XLII.

WE praise thee, God! we 'knowledge thee
 To be the Lord for evermore;
 And the eternal Father we
 Throughout the earth do thee adore.
 All angels, with all powers within
 The compass of the heavens high,
 Both Cherubin and Seraphin
 To thee perpetually do cry,
 O holy, holy, holy one!
 Thou Lord and God of sabbath art,
 Whose praise and majesty alone
 Fills heav'n and earth in ev'ry part.
 The glorious troop apostolic,
 The prophets' worthy company,
 The martyrs' army-royal eke
 Are those, which thou art praised by.
 Thou through the holy church art known,
 The Father of unbounded pow'r;

Thy worthy, true, and only Son,
The Holy Ghost the comforter.

Of glory thou, O Christ ! art king ;
The Father's Son for ever more ;
Who, men from endless death to bring,
The virgin's womb didst not abhor.

When conqueror of death thou wert,
Heav'n to the faithful open'dst thou ;
And in the Father's glory art,
At God's right hand enthroned now :

Whence we believe, that thou shalt come
To judge us in the day of wrath :
O therefore help thy servants, whom
Thy precious blood redeemed hath !

Them with those saints do thou record,
That gain eternal glory may.
Thine heritage and people, Lord !
Save, bless, guide, and advance for aye.

By us thou daily prais'd hast been,
And we will praise thee without end.
O keep us, Lord ! this day from sin,
And let thy mercy us defend.

Thy mercy, Lord ! let us receive,
As we our trust repose in thee :
O Lord ! in thee I trusted have,
Confounded let me never be.

Athanasius's Creed, or Quincunq; vult.

SONG XLIII.

THOSE, that will saved be, must hold
 The true Catholic faith,
 And keep it wholly, if they would
 Escape eternal death;
 Which faith a Trinity adores
 In One, and One in Three;
 So, as the substance being one,
 Distinct the persons be.
 One person of the Father is,
 Another of the Son,
 Another of the Holy Ghost,
 And yet their Godhead one.
 Alike in glory, and in their
 Eternity as much;
 For, as the Father, both the Son,
 And Holy Ghost is such.
 The Father uncreate, and so
 The Son and Spirit be;
 The Father he is infinite,
 The other two as he.
 The Father an eternal is,
 Eternal is the Son;
 So is the Holy Ghost; yet these
 Eternally but one.
 Nor say we there are infinites,
 Or uncreated three;

For there can but one infinite
 Or uncreated be.
 So Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 All three Almighty are,
 And yet not three Almighty tho',
 But only one is there.

The Father likewise God and Lord,
 And God and Lord the Son,
 And God and Lord the Holy Ghost,
 Yet God and Lord but one;
 For though each person by himself,
 We God and Lord confess,
 Yet Christian faith forbids, that we
 Three Gods or Lords profess.

The Father not begot nor made;
 Begot, not made, the Son;
 Made nor begot the Holy Ghost,
 But a proceeding one.
 One Father, not three Fathers then;
 One only Son, not three;
 One Holy Ghost we do confess,
 And that no more they be.

And less or greater than the rest,
 This Trinity hath none;
 But they both co-eternal be,
 And equal every one.

He therefore, that will saved be,
 As we have said before,
 Must one in three, and three in one,
 Believe and still adore.

That Jesus Christ incarnate was,
 He must believe with this;

And how that both the Son of God,
 And God and man he is :
 God, of his Father's substance pure,
 Begot ere time was made ;
 Man, of his mother's substance born,
 When time his fulness had.

Both perfect God and perfect man,
 In soul and flesh as we :
 The Father's equal, being God ;
 As man, beneath is he.
 Though God and Man, yet but one Christ ;
 And to dispose it so,
 The Godhead was not turn'd to flesh,
 But manhood took thereto.

The substance unconfus'd, he one
 In person doth subsist :
 As soul and body make one man,
 So God and man is Christ ;
 Who suffer'd and went down to hell,
 That we might saved be ;
 The third day he arose again,
 And heav'n ascended he.

At God the Father's right hand, there
 He sits, and at the doom,
 He to adjudge both quick and dead,
 From thence again shall come.
 Then all men with their flesh shall rise,
 And he account require :
 Well-doers into bliss shall go,
 The bad to endless fire.

Veni Creator.

SONG LXIV.

COME, Holy Ghost, the Maker! come,
 Take in the souls of thine thy place:
 Thou, whom our hearts had being from,
 O fill them with thy heav'nly grace!

Thou art that comfort from above,
 The Highest doth by gift impart;
 Thou Spring of Life, a fire of love,
 And the anointed Spirit art.

Thou in thy gifts art manifold;
 God's right hand finger thou art, Lord!
 The Father's promise made of old,
 Our tongues enriching by the word.

O give our blinded senses light!
 Shed love into each heart of our!
 And grant the body's feeble plight
 May be enabled by thy pow'r.

Far from us drive away the foe,
 And let a speedy peace ensue;
 Our leader also be, that so
 We ev'ry danger may eschew.

Let us be taught the blessed creed
 Of Father and of Son by thee.

*Here ends the first part of the Hymns and
 Songs of the Church.*

THE SECOND PART OF THE
Hymns and Songs of the CHURCH,
appropriated to the several Times and
Occasions most observable in
the Church of England.

EVERY thing hath its season, says the preacher. Eccl. 3. And Saint Paul adviseth, that all things shall be done honestly, in order, and to edification. 1 Cor. 14. Which counsel the Church religiously heeding, and how by observation of times and other circumstances the memories and capacities of weak people were the better assisted, it was provided, that there should be annual commemorations of the principal mysteries of our redemption; and certain particular days were dedicated to that purpose, as nigh as might be guessed, for the most part, upon those very seasons of the year in which the several mysteries were accomplished; and, indeed, this is not that heathenish or idolatrous heeding of time, reprehended in Isaiah, 47. nor such as Jewish or superstitious observation of days, and months, and times, and years, as is reprov'd by St. Paul, Gal. 4. nor a toleration for idleness, contrary to the fourth commandment; but a Christian and warrantable observation, profitably ordained, that things might be done in order, that the understanding might

be the better edified, that the memory might be the oftener refreshed, and that the devotion might be the more stirred up.

It is true, that we ought to watch every hour ; but if the Church had not by her authority appointed set days and hours to keep us awake in, some of us would hardly watch one hour ; and therefore those, who have zeal according to knowledge, do not only religiously observe the Church's appointed time, but do, by her example, voluntarily also appoint unto themselves certain days and hours of the day for Christian exercises. Neither can any man suppose this commendable observation of feasts, neither burthensome by multitude, nor superstitious by institution, to be an abridgment of Christian liberty, who, as he ought to do, believeth that the service of God is perfect freedom. We persuade not that one day is more holy than another in its own nature, but admonish that those be reverently and christianly observed, which are upon so good ground, and with prudent moderation dedicated to the worship of God ; for it cannot be denied, that even those, who are but coldly affected to the Church's ordinances in this kind, do nevertheless often apprehend the mystery of Christ's nativity and passion, upon the days of commemorating them, much more feelingly than at other times ; and that they forget also some other mysteries altogether, until they are remembered of them by the distinction and observation of times used in the Church.

These things considered, and because there be many who, through ignorance rather than obstinacy, have neglected the Church's ordinance in this point, here are added, to those Songs of the Church, which were either taken out of the Canonical Scripture or anciently in use, certain other spiritual Songs and Hymns, appropriated to those days and occasions, which are most observable throughout the year. And before each several Hymn is prefixed a brief preface, also to declare their use and the purpose of each commemoration; that such who have heretofore, through ignorance, contemned the Church's discipline therein, might behave themselves more reverently hereafter, and learn not to speak evil of those things they understand not.

Advent Sunday.

SONG XLV.

WHEN Jesus Christ incarnate was,
 To be our brother then came he;
 When into us he comes by grace,
 Then his beloved spouse are we;
 When he from heav'n descends again,
 To be our judge, returns he then.
 And then despair will those confound,
 That his first coming nought regard,
 And those who, till the trumpet sound,
 Consume their leisures unprepared:
 Curst be those pleasures, cry they may,
 Which drove the thought of this away.
 The Jews abjected yet remain,
 That his first Advent heeded not;
 And those five virgins knock'd in vain,
 Who to provide them oil forgot;
 But fair and blessed those men are,
 Who for his comings do prepare.
 O let us therefore watch and pray,
 His time of visiting to know,
 And live so furnish'd, that we may
 With him unto his wedding go!
 Yea, though at midnight he should call,
 Let us be ready, lamps and all.

And so provide before that feast,
 Which Christ his coming next doth mind,
 That he to come, and be a guest
 Within our hearts, may pleasure find;
 And we bid welcome, with good cheer,
 That coming, which so many fear.

O come, Lord Jesu ! come away,
 Yea, though the world it should deter,
 O let thy kingdom come ! we pray,
 Whose coming most too much defer ;
 And grant us thereof such foresight,
 It come not like a thief by night.

Christmas Day.

SONG XLVI.

AS on the night before this blessed morn
 A troop of angels unto shepherds told,
 Where, in a stable, he was poorly born,
 Whom nor the earth nor heav'n of heav'ns can hold ;
 Through Bethlem rung
 This news at their return,
 Yea, angels sung,
 That God with us was born ;
 And they made mirth because we should not mourn.

CHORUS.

His love therefore, O let us all confess,
 And to the sons of men his work express !

This favour Christ vouchsafed for our sake :
 To buy us thrones he in a manger lay ;
 Our weakness took, that we his strength might
 take,
 And was disrob'd that he might us array ;
 Our flesh he wore,
 Our sins to wear away ;
 Our curse he bore,
 That we escape it may ;
 And wept for us, that we might sing for aye.
 His love therefore, O let us all confess,
 And to the sons of men his works express !

Another for Christmas Day.

SONG XLVII.

A SONG of joy unto the Lord we sing,
 And publish forth the favours he hath shewn ;
 We sing his praise, from whom all joy doth spring,
 And tell abroad the wonders he hath done,
 For such were never since the world begun.
 His love therefore, O let us all confess,
 And to the sons of men his works express !

As on this day the Son of God was born,
 The blessed Word was then incarnate made ;
 The Lord to be a servant held no scorn,
 The Godhead was with human nature clad,
 And flesh a throne above all angels had.
 Our sin and sorrows on himself he took,
 On us his bliss and goodness to bestow ;

To visit earth, he heav'n awhile forsook,
 And to advance us high, descended low;
 But with the sinful angels dealt not so.

A maid conceiv'd, whom man had never known,
 The fleece was moist'ned where no rain had been,
 A virgin she remains that had a son:
 The bush did flame, that still remained green;
 And this befell, when God with us was seen.

For sinful men all this to pass was brought,
 As long before the prophets had forespoke;
 So, he that first our shame and ruin wrought,
 Once bruis'd our heel, but now his head is broke;
 And he hath made us whole, who gave that
 stroke.

The lamb hath play'd devouring wolves among;
 The morning-star of Jacob doth appear;
 From Jesse's root our tree of life is sprung,
 And all God's words in him fulfilled are;
 Yet we are slack his praises to declare.

Circumcision, or New Year's Day.

SONG XLVIII.

THIS day thy flesh, O Christ! did bleed,
 Mark'd by the circumcision-knife;
 Because the law, for man's misdeed,
 Requir'd that earnest of thy life.

Those drops divin'd that shower of blood,
 Which in thine agony began;

And that great shower foreshew'd the flood,
Which from thy side the next day ran.

Then through that milder sacrament,
Succeeding this, thy grace inspire!
Yea, let thy smart make us repent,
And circumcised hearts desire.

For he that either is baptis'd,
Or circumcis'd in flesh alone,
Is but as an uncircumcis'd,
Or as an unbaptised one.

The year anew we now begin,
And outward gifts receiv'd have we;
Renew us also, Lord! within,
And make us new-year's gifts for thee;

Yea, let us with the passed year
Our old affections cast away,
That we new creatures may appear,
And to redeem the time essay.

Twelfth Day, or the Epiphany.

SONG XLIX.

THAT so thy blessed birth, O Christ!
Might through the world be spread about,
Thy star appeared in the east,
Whereby the Gentiles found thee out;
And off'ring thee myrrh, incense, gold,
Thy three-fold office did unfold.

Sweet Jesus! let that star of thine,
'Thy grace, which guides to find out thee,

Within our hearts for ever shine,
 That thou of us found out may'st be;
 And thou shalt be our king therefore,
 Our priest and prophet evermore.

Tears that from true repentance drop,
 Instead of myrrh, present will we;
 For incense we will offer up
 Our prayers and praises unto thee;
 And bring for gold each pious deed,
 Which doth from saving faith proceed.

And as those wise-men never went
 To visit Herod any more,
 So, finding thee, we will repent
 Our courses follow'd heretofore;
 And, that we homeward may retire,
 The way by thee we will enquire.

The Purification of St. Mary, the Virgin.

SONG L.

NO doubt but she that had the grace,
 Thee in the womb, O Christ! to bear,
 And did all woman kind surpass,
 Was hallow'd by thy being there;
 And where the fruit so holy was,
 The birth could no pollution cause.

Yet in obedience to thy law
 Her purifying rites were done,
 That we might learn to stand in awe,
 How from thine ordinance we run;

For if we disobedient be,
Unpurified souls have we.

O keep us, Lord! from thinking vain,
What by thy word thou shalt command:
Let us be sparing to complain
On what we do not understand;
And guide thy church, that she may still
Command according to thy will.

Vouchsafe that with one joint consent
We may thy praises ever sing,
Preserve thy seamless robe unrent,
For which so many lots do fling;
And grant that being purifi'd
From sin, we may in love abide.

Moreover, as thy mother went,
That holy and thrice blessed maid,
Thee in thy temple to present
With perfect human flesh array'd;
So let us, offer'd up to thee,
Replenish'd with thy spirit be.

Yea, let the church, our mother dear,
Within whose womb new-born we be,
Before thee at her time appear
To give her children up to thee;
And take for purified things
Her and that off'ring, which she brings.

The first Day of Lent.

SONG LI.

THY wondrous fasting to record,
 And our rebellious flesh to tame,
 A holy fast to thee, O Lord!
 We have intended in thy name:

O sanctify it, we thee pray,
 That we may thereby honour thee!
 And so dispose us that it may
 To our advantage also be.

Let us not grudgingly abstain,
 And secretly the gluttons play;
 Nor openly, for glory vain,
 Thy church's ordinance obey;
 But let us fast as thou hast taught,
 Thy rule observing in each part,
 With such intentions as we ought,
 And with true singleness of heart.

So thou shalt our devotions bless,
 And make this holy discipline
 A means, that longing to suppress,
 Which keeps our will so cross to thine;

And though our strictest fastings fail
 To purchase, of themselves, thy grace,
 Yet they to make for our avail,
 By thy deservings shall have place.

True fasting helpful oft hath been
 The wanton flesh to mortify;

But takes not off the guilt of sin,
 Nor can we merit ought thereby :
 It is thine abstinence, or none,
 Which merits favour for us must ;
 For when our glorious works are done,
 We perish if in them we trust.

The Annunciation of Mary.

SONG LII.

OUR hearts, O blessed God ! incline
 Thy true affections to embrace,
 And that humility of thine
 Which for our sakes vouchsafed was.

Thy goodness teach us to put on,
 As with our nature thou wert clad ;
 And so to mind what thou hast done,
 That we may praise thee and be glad.

For thou not only held'st it meet
 To send an angel from above,
 An humble maid on earth to greet,
 And bring the message of thy love ;

But laying, as it were, aside
 Those glories none can comprehend,
 Nor any mortal eyes abide,
 Into her womb thou didst descend.

Bestow thou also thy respect
 On our despis'd and low degree ;
 And, Lord, O do not us neglect,
 Though worthy of contempt we be !



But through thy messengers prepare,
 And hallow so our hearts, we pray,
 That thou conceived being there,
 The fruits of faith bring forth we may.

Palm-Sunday.

SONG LIII.

WHEN Jesus to Jerusalem,
 And there to suffer rode,
 The people all the way for him
 With palm and garments strew'd;
 And though he did full meekly ride,
 And poorly on an ass,
 Hosanna to the King ! they cry'd,
 As he along did pass.

His glory and his royal right,
 Ev'n by a pow'r divine,
 As if in worldly pomp's despite,
 Through poverty did shine;
 And though the greater sort did frown,
 He exercis'd his pow'r,
 Till he himself did lay it down
 At his appointed hour.

Possession of his house he got,
 The merchants thence expell'd;
 And, though the priests were mad thereat,
 His lectures there he held.
 Oh ! how might any be so dull
 To doubt who this should be,

When they did things so wonderful
 And works so mighty see ?
 Lord ! when to us thou drawest nigh,
 Instruct us thee to know,
 And to receive thee joyfully,
 How mean soe'er in show ;
 Yea, though the rich and worldly wise,
 When we thy praises sing,
 Both thee and us therefore despise,
 Be thou approv'd our king.

Thursday before Easter.

SONG LIV.

A HOLY sacrament this day
 To us thou didst, O Lord ! bequeath,
 That by the same preserve we may
 A bless'd memorial of thy death ;
 Whereof, O ! let us so partake,
 We may with thee one body make.
 Thy holy supper being done,
 The last which thou vouchsafedst here,
 By thee the feet of ev'ry one
 Of thy disciples washed were ;
 To which humility of thine
 Our haughty minds do thou incline.
 The rest of that day thou didst use
 To pray, to comfort, and advise,
 None might, when thou wert gone, abuse
 Thy friends or make of them a prize ;

Yet, when thy pleasure thou hadst said,
By one of thine thou wert betray'd.

And lo! that night they all did fly,
Who sate so kindly by thy side;
Ev'n he, that for thy love would die,
With oaths and curses thee deny'd;
Which to thy soul more nigh did go,
Than all the wrongs thy foes could do.

Sweet Jesus! teach us to conceive
How near unto thy heart it struck,
When thy beloved thee did leave,
And thou didst back upon him look;
May we hereafter nigh thee keep,
And for our past denials weep.

Yea, let each passage of this day
Within our hearts be graven so,
That mind them we for ever may,
And still thy promise trust unto;
So our affections shall to thee,
In life and death, unchanged be.

Friday before Easter.

SONG LV.

YOU that like heedless strangers pass along,
As if nought here concerned you to day,
Draw nigh and hear the saddest passion-song,
That ever you did meet with in your way:
So sad a story ne'er was told before,
Nor shall there be the like for evermore.

The greatest king that ever wore a crown,
 More than the basest vassal was abus'd;
 The truest lover that was ever known,
 By them belov'd was most unkindly us'd;
 And he, that liv'd from all transgressions clear,
 Was plagu'd for all the sins, that ever were.

Ev'n they, in pity of whose fall he wept,
 Wrought for his ruin, whilst he sought their good,
 And watched for him when they should have slept,
 That they might quench their malice in his blood;
 Yet, when their bonds from him he could have
 thrown,

To save their lives he deign'd to lose his own.

Those in whose hearts compassion should have
 been,

Insulted o'er his poor afflicted soul;

And those that nothing ill in him had seen,

As guilty him accus'd of treason foul;

Nay, him that never had one idle thought,

They for blaspheming unto judgment brought;

Where, some to ask him vain demands begin,

And some to make a sport with him devise;

Some at his answers and behaviour grin,

And some do spit their filth into his eyes;

Some give him blows, some mock, and some
 revile,

And he, good heart! sits quiet all the while.

O! that where such a throng of men should be,

No heart was found so gentle to relent;

And that so good and meek a lamb as he

Should be so us'd, and yet no tear be spent!

Sure, when once malice fills the heart of man,
Nor stone nor steel can be so harden'd then.

For, after this, his clothes from him they stript,
And then, as if some slave this Lord had been,
With cruel rods and scourges him they whipt,
Till wounds were over all his body seen ;

In purple clad, and crowned too with thorn,
They set him forth and honour'd him in scorn.

And when they saw him in so sad a plight,
As might have made a flinty heart to bleed,
They not a whit recanted at the sight,
But in their hellish fury did proceed :

Away with him ! Away with him ! they said ;
And crucify him ! crucify him ! cry'd.

A cross of wood, that huge and heavy was,
Upon his bloody shoulders next they lay,
Which onward to his execution-place
He carried, till he fainted in the way ;

And, when he thither weak and tired came,
To give him rest they nail'd him to the same.

Oh ! could we but the thousandth part relate
Of those afflictions, which they made him bear,
Our hearts with passion would dissolve thereat,
And we should sit and weep for ever here ;

Nor should we glad again hereafter be,
But that we hope in glory him to see.

For while upon the cross he pained hung,
And was with foul tormentings also griev'd,
Far more than can be told by any tongue,
Or in the hearts of mortals be conceiv'd,

Those, for whose sake he underwent such pain,
Rejoic'd thereat, and held him in disdain.

One offer'd to him vinegar and gall,
 A second did his pious works deride,
 To dicing for his robes did others fall,
 And many mock'd him, when to God he cried ;
 Yet he, as they his pain still more procur'd,
 Still loud and for their good the more endur'd.

But though his matchless love immortal were,
 It was a mortal body he had on,
 That could no more than mortal bodies bear ;
 Their malice therefore did prevail thereon ;
 And lo! their utmost fury having tried,
 This Lamb of God gave up the ghost and died ;

Whose death though cruel unrelenting man
 Could view without bewailing or affright,
 The sun grew dark, the earth to quake began,
 The temple veil did rend asunder quite ;
 Yea, hardest rocks therewith in pieces brake,
 And graves did open and the dead awake.

O therefore, let us all that present be,
 This innocent with moved souls embrace !
 For this was our Redeemer, this was he,
 Who thus for our unkindness used was :
 Ev'n he, the cursed Jews and Pilate slew,
 Is he alone of whom all this is true.

Our sins of spite were part of those that day,
 Whose cruel whips and thorns did make him smart ;
 Our lusts were those, that tir'd him in the way,
 Our want of love was thatf which pierc'd his heart ;
 And still, when we forget or slight his pain,
 We crucify and torture him again.

Easter-Day.

SONG LVI.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 And therein joyful we will be ;
 For from the black infernal shade
 In triumph back return'd is he :

The snares of Satan and of death
 He hath victoriously undone,
 And fast in chains he bound them hath
 His triumph to attend upon.

The grave, which all men did detest,
 And held a dungeon full of fear,
 Is now become a bed of rest,
 And no such terrors find we there ;

For Jesus Christ hath took away
 The horrors of that loathed pit,
 Ev'n ever since that glorious day
 In which himself came out of it.

His mockings and his bitter smarts
 He to our praise and ease doth turn,
 And all things to our joy converts,
 Which he with heavy heart hath borne :

His broken flesh is now our food,
 His blood he shed is ever since,
 That drink which doth our souls most good,
 And that which shall our foulness cleanse.

Those wounds so deep and torn so wide,
 As in a rock our shelters are ;

And that they pierced through his side,
Is made a dove-hole for his dear ;

Yea, now we know, as was foretold,
His flesh did no corruption see,
And that hell wanted strength to hold
So strong and one so blest as he.

O let us praise his name therefore,
Who thus the upper hand hath won !
For we had else for evermore
Been lost and utterly undone.

Whereas this favour doth allow,
That we with boldness thus may sing :
O Hell ! where is thy conquest now ?
And thou, O Death ! where is thy sting ?

Ascension-Day.

SONG LVII.

TO GOD, with heart and cheerful voice,
A triumph-song we sing,
And with true thankful hearts rejoice
In our Almighty King ;
Yea, to his glory we record,
Who were but dust and clay,
That honour he did us afford
On his ascending-day.

The human nature, which of late
Beneath the angels was,
Now raised from that meaner state
Above them hath a place ;

And at man's feet all creatures bow,
 Which through the whole world be ;
 For at God's right hand throned now,
 In glory sitteth he.

Our Lord and brother, who hath on
 Such flesh as this we wear,
 Before us unto heaven is gone
 To get us places there.
 Captivity was captiv'd then ;
 And he doth from above
 Send ghostly presents down to men
 For tokens of his love.

Each door and everlasting gate
 To him hath lifted been,
 And in a glorious-wise thereat
 Our king is enter'd in ;
 Whom if to follow we regard,
 With ease we safely may,
 For he hath all the means prepar'd,
 And made an open way.

Then follow, follow on a-pace !
 And let us not forego
 Our captain, till we win the place
 That he hath scal'd unto ;
 And for his honour let our voice
 A shout so hearty make,
 The heav'ns may at our mirth rejoice,
 And earth and hell may shake.

Pentecost, or Whitsunday.

SONG LVIII.

EXCEEDING faithful in thy word,
 And just in all thy ways,
 We do acknowledge thee, O Lord !
 And therefore give thee praise ;
 For, as thy promise thou didst pass,
 Before thou went'st away,
 Sent down thy Holy Spirit was,
 At his appointed day.

While thy disciples in thy name
 Together did retire,
 The Holy Ghost upon them came,
 In cloven tongues of fire ;
 That in their calling they might be
 Confirmed from above,
 As thou wert, when he came on thee,
 Descending like a dove.

Whereby those men, that simple were,
 And fearful till that hour,
 Had knowledge at an instant there,
 And boldness arm'd with pow'r,
 Receiving gifts so manifold,
 That, since the word begun,
 A wonder seldom had been told,
 That could exceed this one.

Now also, blessed Spirit ! come,
 Unto our souls appear ;

And of thy graces shew them some
 In this assembly here:
 To us thy dove-like meekness lend
 That humble we might be,
 And on thy silver wings ascend,
 Our saviour Christ to see.
 O let thy cloven tongues, we pray,
 So rest on us again,
 That both thy truth confess we may,
 And teach it other men!
 Moreover let thy heavenly fire,
 Inflamed from above,
 Burn up in us each vain desire,
 And warm our hearts with love.
 Vouchsafe thou likewise to bestow
 On us thy sacred peace,
 We stronger may in union grow,
 And in debates decrease;
 Which peace though many yet contemn,
 Reformed let them be,
 That we may, Lord! have part in them,
 And they have part in thee.

Trinity-Sunday.

SONG LIX.

THOSE, O thrice holy Three in One!
 Who seek thy nature to explain
 By rules to human reason known,
 Shall find their labour all in vain;

And in a shell they may intend
The sea as well to comprehend.

What therefore no man can conceive,
Let us not curious be to know;
But when 'thou bidd'st us to believe,
Let us obey, let reason go:
Faith's objects true and surer be,
Than those that Reason's eyes do see.

Yea, as by looking on the Sun,
Though to his substance we are blind,
And by the course we see him run
Some notions we of him may find,
So what thy brightness doth conceal,
Thy word and works in part reveal.

Most glorious Essence! we confess
In thee, whom by our faith we view,
Three Persons, neither more nor less,
Whose workings them distinctly shew;
And sure we are, those Persons three
Make but one God, and thou art he.

The Sun a motion hath, we know,
Which motion doth beget us light;
The heat proceedeth from those two,
And each doth proper act delight:
The motion draws our time a line,
The heat doth warm, the light doth shine.

Yet, though this motion, light, and heat,
Distinctly by themselves we take,
Each in the other hath his seat,
And but one Sun we see they make;

For whatsoe'er the one will do,
He works it with the other two.

So in the Godhead there is knit
A wondrous threefold true-love knot,
And perfect union fastens it,
Though flesh and blood perceive it not;
And what each Person doth alone,
By all the Trinity is done.

Their work they jointly do pursue,
Though they their offices divide,
And each one by himself hath due
His proper attribute beside.

But one in substance they are still,
In virtue one, and one in will.

Eternal all thy Persons be,
And yet eternal there's but one;
So likewise infinite all three,
Yet infinite but one alone;
And neither person aught doth miss
That of the Godhead's essence is.

In unity and trinity,
Thou, O Creator! we adore
Thy ever-praised deity,
And thee confess for evermore,
One Father, one begotten Son,
One Holy Ghost, in Godhead one.

Sunday in general.

SONG LX.

SIX days, O Lord! the world to make,
 And set all creatures in array,
 Was all the leisure thou would'st take,
 And then didst rest the seventh day;
 That day thou therefore hallow'd hast,
 And rightly, by a law divine,
 Which till the end of time shall last,
 The seventh part of time is thine.

Then teach us willingly to give
 The tribute of our days to thee,
 By whom we now doth move and live,
 And have attain'd to what we be.

For of that rest which, by thy word,
 Thou hast been pleased to enjoin,
 The profit all is ours, O Lord!
 And but the praise alone is thine.

O therefore let us not consent
 To rob thee of the Sabbath-day,
 Nor rest with carnal rest content,
 But sanctify it all we may;

Yea, grant that we from sinful strife,
 And all those works thou dost detest,
 May keep a Sabbath all our life,
 And enter thy eternal day.

Saint Andrew's Day.

SONG LXI.

AS blessed Andrew on a day
 By fishing did his living gain,
 Christ came and called him away,
 That he to fish for men might learn ;
 And no delay thereat he made,
 Nor questions fram'd at his intent,
 But quite forsaking all he had,
 Along with him that call'd he went.

O that we could so ready be
 To follow Christ when he doth call,
 And that we could forsake, as he,
 Those nets that we are snar'd withall !

Or would this fisherman of men,
 Who set by all he had so light,
 By his obedience shewed then,
 And his example, mind us might !

But precepts and examples fail
 Till thou thy grace, Lord ! add thereto :
 O grant it ! and we shall prevail
 In whatso'er thou bidd'st us do ;

Yea, we shall then that bliss conceive,
 Which in thy service we may find,
 And for thy sake be glad to leave
 Our nets and all we have behind.

Saint Thomas's Day.

SONG LXII.

WHEN Christ was risen from the dead,
 And Thomas of the same was told,
 He would not credit it, he said,
 Though he himself should him behold,
 Till he his wounded hands had eyed,
 And thrust his fingers in his side.

Which trial he did undertake,
 And Christ his frailty did permit,
 By his distrusting sure to make
 Such others as may doubt of it.
 So we had right, and he no wrong,
 For by his weakness both are strong.

O blessed God! how wise thou art,
 And how confoundest thou thy foes,
 Who their temptations dost convert
 To work those ends which they oppose:
 When Satan seeks our faith to shake,
 The firmer he the same doth make.

Thus whatso'er he tempts us to,
 His disadvantage let it be;
 Yea, make those very sins we do
 The means to bring us nearer thee:
 Yet let us not to ill consent,
 Though colour'd with a good intent.

Saint Stephen's Day.

SONG LXIII.

LORD! with what zeal did the first martyr breathe
 Thy blessed truth, to such as him withstood!
 With what stout mind embraced he his death,
 A holy witness, sealing with his blood!

The praise is thine, that him so strong didst
 make,

And blest is he, that died for thy sake.

Unquenched love in him appear'd to be,
 When for his murth'rous foes he did intreat:
 A piercing eye made bright by faith had he,
 For he beheld thee in thy glory set;

And so unmov'd his patience he did keep,
 He died, as if he had but fall'n asleep.

Our luke-warm hearts with his hot zeal enflame,
 So constant and so loving let us be;
 So let us living glorify thy name,
 So let us dying fix our eyes on thee;

And when the sleep of death shall us o'ertake,
 With him to life eternal us awake.

Saint John the Evangelist.

SONG LXIV.

TEACH us by his example, Lord!
 For whom we honour thee to-day,

And grant his witness of thy word
 The church enlighten ever may ;
 And as belov'd, O Christ ! he was,
 And therefore leaned on thy breast,
 So let us also in thy grace
 And on thy sacred bosom rest.

Into us breathe that life divine,
 Whose testimony he intends ;
 About us cause that light to shine,
 That which no darkness comprehends ;
 And let that ever blessed word,
 Which all things did create of nought,
 Anew create us now, O Lord !
 Whose ruin sin hath almost wrought.

Thy holy faith we do profess,
 Us to thy fellowship receive ;
 Our sins we heartily confess,
 Thy pardon therefore let us have ;
 And as to us thy servant gives
 Occasion thus to honour thee,
 So also let our words and lives
 As lights and guides to others be.

Innocents' Day.

SONG LXV.

THAT rage whereof the Psalm doth say,
 Why are the Gentiles grown so mad ?
 Appear'd in part upon that day
 When Herod slain the infants had ;

Yet, as it saith, these storm'd in vain,
 Though many innocents they slew;
 For Christ they purpos'd to have slain,
 Who all their counsels overthrew.

Thus still vouchsafe thou to restrain
 All tyrants, Lord! pursuing thee:
 Thus let our vast desires be slain,
 That thou may'st living in us be;

So, whilst we shall enjoy our breath,
 We of thy love our song will frame;
 And with those innocents, our death
 Shall also glorify thy name.

In type those many died for one,
 That one for many more was slain;
 And what they felt in act alone,
 He did in will and act sustain.

Lord! grant that what thou hast decreed,
 In will and act we may fulfil;
 And though we reach not to the deed,
 From us, O God! accept the will.

The Conversion of Saint Paul.

SONG LXVI.

A BLEST conversion and a strange
 Was that, when Saul a Paul became;
 And Lord! for making such a change
 We praise and glorify thy name;
 For whilst he went from place to place
 To persecute thy truth and thee,

And running to perdition was,
 By pow'ful grace call'd back was he.
 When from thy truth we go astray,
 Or wrong it through our pointed zeal,
 O come and stop us in the way,
 And then thy will to us reveal !
 That brightness shew us from above,
 Which proves the sensual eye-sight blind ;
 And from our eyes those scales remove,
 That hinder us thy way to find.
 And as thy blessed servant Paul,
 When he a convert once became,
 Exceeded thy apostles all
 In painful preaching of thy name ;
 So grant that those who have in sin
 Exceeded others heretofore,
 The start of them in faith may win,
 Love, serve, and honour thee the more.

Saint Matthias.

SONG LXVII.

WHEN one among the twelve there was
 That did thy grace abuse,
 Thou left him, Lord ! and in his place
 Did just Matthias chuse ;
 So, if a traitor do remain
 Within thy church to-day,
 To grant him true repentance deign,
 Or cast him out, we pray.

Though horned like the lamb he shew,
 Or sheep-like clad he be,
 Let us his dragon-language know,
 And wolfish nature see;
 Yea, cause the lot to fall on those
 The charge of thine to take,
 That shall their actions well dispose,
 And conscience of them make.

Let us moreover mind his fall,
 Whose room Matthias got,
 So to believe and fear withall,
 That we forsake thee not;
 For titles, be they ne'er so high
 Or great, or sacred place,
 Can no man's person sanctify,
 Without thy special grace.

Saint Mark's Day.

SONG LXVIII.

FOR those blest pen-men of thy word
 Who have thy holy gospel writ,
 We praise and honour thee, O Lord!
 And our belief we build on it:
 Those happy tidings which it brings,
 With joyful hearts we do embrace,
 And prize above all other things
 That precious token of thy grace.
 To purchase what we hope thereby,
 Our utmost wealth we will bestow;

Yea, we our pleasures will deny,
 And let our lives and honours go;
 And whomsoe'er it cometh from,
 No other gospel we will hear;
 No, though an angel down should come
 From heav'n, we would not give him ear.

Our resolutions, Lord! are such,
 But in performance weak are we;
 And the deceiver's craft is such,
 Our second therefore thou must be:
 So we assuredly shall know,
 When any doctrines we receive,
 If they agreeing be or no
 To those, which we professed have.

Saint Philip and Jacob.

SONG LXIX.

TO thy apostles thou hast taught
 What they, O Christ! should do;
 And those things, which believe they ought,
 Of thee they learned too;
 And that, which thou to them hath shewn,
 Hath been disposed thus,
 They unto others made it known,
 And those have told it us.
 With them we do confess and say,
 What shall not be denied,
 Thou art the truth, the life, the way,
 And we in thee will 'bide:

By thee the Father we have known,
 Whom thou descendedst from ;
 And unto him, by thee alone,
 We have our hope to come.
 For thou to Philip didst impart,
 Which our belief shall be,
 That thou within the Father art,
 And that he is in thee ;
 And saidst, whatever in thy name
 We should with faith require,
 Thou wouldst give ear unto the same,
 And grant us our desire.
 Of thee, O Lord ! we therefore crave,
 Which thou wilt deign, we know,
 The good belief which now we have,
 We never may forego ;
 And that thy sacred truth, which we
 Thy word have learned from,
 From age to age derived may be,
 Until thy kingdom come.

Saint Barnabas's Day.

SONG LXX.

THY gifts and graces manifold,
 To many men thou, Lord ! hast lent
 Both now and in the days of old,
 To teach them faith and to repent :
 Thy prophets thou didst first ordain,
 And they as legates did appear ;

Then cam'st thyself, and in thy train,
Apostles for attendants were.

For legeir, when thou went'st away,
The Holy Ghost thou didst appoint ;
And here successions, till this day,
Remain of those he did anoint ;

Yea, thou hast likewise so ordain'd,
That to make good what those have taught,
An army-royal was maintain'd
Of martyrs, who thy battles fought.

For those and him, for whom we thus
Are met to praise thy name to-day,
We give thee thanks, as they for us,
That should come after them, did pray ;

And by this duty we declare,
Our faith assures that they and we,
In times divided though we are,
Have one communion still with thee.

Saint John Baptist.

SONG LXXI.

BECAUSE the world might not pretend,
It knew not of thy coming-day,
Thou didst, O Christ ! before thee send
A cryer to prepare the way :

Thy kingdom was the bliss he brought,
Repentance was the way he taught.

And that his voice might not alone
Inform us, what we should believe,

His life declar'd what must be done,
If thee we purpose to receive.

His life our pattern therefore make,
That we the course he took may take.

Let us not gad to pleasure's court,
With fruitless toys to feed the mind;
Nor to that wilderness resort,
Where reeds are shaken with the wind;
But tread the path he trod before,
That both a prophet was, and more.

Clad in repentant-cloth of hair,
Let us, O Christ! to seek out thee,
To those forsaken walks repair,
Which of so few frequented be,
And true repentance so intend,
That we our courses may amend.

Let us hereafter feed upon
The honey of thy word divine;
Let us the world's enticement shun,
Her drugs and her bewitching wine;
And on our loins, so loose that are,
The leather-belt of temp'rance wear.

Thus from thy cryer let us learn,
For thee, sweet Jesus! to prepare,
And others of their sins to warn,
However for the same we fare;
So thou to us, and we to thee,
Shall, when thou comest, welcome be.

Saint Peter's Day.

SONG LXXII.

HOW watchful need we to become,
 And how devoutly pray,
 That thee, O Lord! we fall not from,
 Upon our trial-day?
 For if thy great apostle said
 He would not thee deny,
 Whom he that very night denied,
 On what shall we rely?
 For of ourselves we cannot leave
 One pleasure for thy sake;
 No, nor one virtuous thought conceive,
 Till us thou able make;
 Nay, we not only thee deny,
 When persecutions be,
 But or forget, or from thee fly,
 When peace attends on thee.
 O let those prayers us avail,
 Thou didst for Peter deign,
 That when our foe shall us assail,
 His labour may be vain!
 Yea, cast on us those powerful eyes
 That mov'd him to relent,
 We may bemoan, with bitter cries,
 Our follies, and repent.
 And grant that such as him succeed
 For pastors of thy fold,

Thy sheep and lambs may guide and feed,
 As thou appoint'st they should;
 By his example speaking what
 They ought in truth to say,
 And in their lives confirming that
 They teach them to obey.

Saint James his Day.

SONG LXXIII.

HE that his father had forsook,
 And follow'd Christ at his commands,
 By human frailty overtook,
 For place and vain preferment stands;
 Till by his master he was taught
 Of what, he rather should have care,
 How indiscreetly he had sought,
 And what his servant's honours are.
 Whereby we find how much ado,
 The best men have this world to leave;
 How, when they wealth and friends forego,
 Ambitious aims to them will cleave;
 And sure this angel-sin aspires
 In such men chiefly to reside,
 That have exil'd those brute desires,
 Which in the vulgar sort abide.
 To thee, O God! we therefore pray,
 Thy humble mind in us may dwell,
 And charm that fiend of pride away,
 Which would thy graces quite expel;

But, of all other, those men keep
 From this delusion of the foe,
 Who are the shepherds of thy sheep,
 And should each good example shew.

For such as still pursuing be
 That greatness which the world respects,
 Their servile baseness neither see,
 Nor feel thy Spirit's rare effects;

And doubtless they, who most of all
 Descend to serve both thee and thine,
 Are those, who in thy kingdom shall
 In seats of greatest glory shine.

Saint Bartholomew.

SONG LXXIV.

EXCEEDING gracious favours, Lord!
 To thy Apostles hast thou shewn;
 And many wonders by thy word,
 And in thy name, by them were born:
 The blind did see, the dumb could talk,
 The deaf did hear, the lame did walk.

They all diseases took away,
 The dead to life they did restore;
 Foul spirits dispossessed they,
 And preach'd the Gospel to the poor:
 The church grew strong, the faith grew plain,
 Their foes grew mad, and mad in vain.

O let their works for ever be
 An honour to thy glorious name!

And by thy power vouchsafe that we,
Whom sin makes deaf, blind, dumb, and lame,
 May hear thy word, and see thy light,
 And speak thy truth, and walk aright.

Each deadly sickness of the soul
Let thy Apostles' doctrines cure ;
Let them expel those spirits foul,
Which makes us loathsome and impure ;
 That we the life of faith may gain,
 Who long time dead in sin have lain.

Saint Matthew.

SONG LXXV.

WHY should unchristian censures pass
On men, or that which they profess ?
A publican Saint Matthew was,
Yet God's beloved ne'ertheless,
 And was elected one of Christ's
 Apostles and Evangelists ;
For God doth not a whit respect
Profession, person, or degree,
But maketh choice of his elect
From every sort of men that be,
 That none might of his love despair ;
 But all men unto him repair.

For those, O let us therefore pray,
Who seem uncalled to remain,
Nor shunning them, as cast away,
God's favour never to obtain !

For some awhile neglected are,
To stir in us more loving care.

And for ourselves, let us desire
That we our avarice may shun,
When God our service shall require,
As this Evangelist hath done,
And spend the remnant of our days
In setting forth our Maker's praise.

Saint Michael, and all Angels.

SONG LXXVI.

TO praise, O God! and honour thee,
For all thy glorious triumphs won,
Assembled here this day are we,
And to declare thy favours done :
Thou took'st the great Arch-Angel's part,
With whom in heav'n the Dragon fought,
And that good army's friend thou wert,
That cast him and his angels out :

Whereby we now in safety are,
Our dangers all secured from ;
For to increase thy glory here,
Thy kingdom with great power is come ;
And we need stand in dread no more
Of that enraged fiend's despite,
Who in thy presence heretofore
Accused us both day and night.

In honour of thy blessed name
This hymn of thanks we therefore sing ;

And to thine everlasting fame,
Through heav'n thine endless praise shall ring.

We praise thee for thy proper might,
And, Lord! for all those angels too,
Who in thy battles came to fight,
Or have been sent thy will to do.

For many of that glorious troop,
To bring us messages from thee,
From heav'n vouchsafed have to stoop,
And clad in human shape to be;
Yea, we believe they watch and ward
About our persons evermore,
From evil spirits us to guard,
And we return thee praise therefore.

Saint Luke.

SONG LXXVII.

IF those physicians honour'd be,
That do the body's health procure,
Then worthy double praise is he,
Who can both soul and body cure.

In life-time both ways Luke excell'd,
And those receipts hath also left,
Which many soul-sick patients heal'd,
Since from the world he was bereft.

And to his honour this beside,
A blessed witness hath declar'd,
That constant he did still abide,
When others from the truth were scar'd;

For which, the glory, Lord ! be thine :
 For of thy grace those gifts had he,
 And thou his actions did incline
 Our profit and his good to be.

By his example therefore, Lord !
 Behold us, that we fall not from
 The true profession of thy word,
 Nor by this world be overcome ;
 And let his wholesome doctrine heal
 That leprous sickness of the soul,
 Which more and more would on her steal,
 And make her languish and grow foul.

Simon and Jude, Apostles.

SONG LXXVIII.

NO outward mark we have to know
 Who thine, O Christ ! may be,
 Until a Christian love doth shew
 Who appertains to thee :
 For knowledge may be reach'd unto,
 And formal justice gain'd,
 But till each other love we do,
 Both faith and works are feign'd.
 Love is the sum of those commands,
 Which thou with thine dost leave,
 And for a mark on them it stands,
 Which never can deceive ;
 For when our knowledge folly turns,
 When shows no show retain,

And zeal itself to nothing burns,
 Then love shall still remain.
 By this were thy Apostles knit,
 And joined so in one,
 Their true-love knot could never yet
 Be broken or undone.
 O let us, Lord! received be
 Into that sacred knot,
 And one become with them and thee,
 That sin undo us not.
 Yea, lest when we thy grace possess,
 We fall again away,
 Or turn it into wantonness,
 Assist thou us, we pray!
 And, that we may the better find
 What heed there should be learn'd,
 Let us the fall of angels mind,
 As blessed Jude hath warn'd.

All-Saints' Day.

SONG LXXIX.

NO bliss can so contenting prove,
 As universal love to gain,
 Could we with full-requiting love,
 All men's affections entertain;
 But such a love, the heart of man
 Nor well contain nor merit can.
 For though to all we might be dear,
 Which cannot in this life befall,

We discontented should appear,
 Because we had not hearts for all,
 That we might all men love, as we
 Beloved would of all men be.

For love in loving joys so much,
 As love for loving to obtain;
 Yea, love unfeign'd is likewise such,
 It cannot part itself in twain:
 The rival's friendship soon is gone,
 And love divided loveth none;

Which causeth that with passions pain'd
 So many men on earth we see;
 And had not God a means ordain'd,
 This discontent in heav'n would be;
 For all the saints would jealous prove
 Of God's and of each other's love.

But he, whose wisdom hath contriv'd
 His glory with their full contents,
 Hath from himself to them deriv'd
 This favour, which that strife prevents,
 One body all his saints he makes,
 And for his spouse this one he takes.

So each one of them shall obtain
 Full love from all, returning to
 Full love to all of them again,
 As members of one body do;
 None jealous, but all striving how
 Most love to others to allow:

For as the soul is all in all,
 And all through ev'ry member too,
 Love in that body mystical
 Is as the soul, and fills it so,

Uniting them to God as near
As to each other they are dear.

Yea, what they want to entertain
Such overflowing love as his,
He will supply, and likewise deign
What for his full delight they miss,
That he may all his love employ,
And they return his fill of joy.

The seed of this content was sown
When God the spacious world did frame,
And ever since the same hath grown
To be an honour to his name;
And when his saints are sealed all,
This mystery unseal he shall.

Meanwhile, as we in landscape view
Fields, rivers, cities, woods, and seas,
And, though but little they can shew,
Do therewithal our fancies please,
Let contemplation maps contrive
To shew us, where we shall arrive.

And though our hearts too shallow be,
That blest communion to conceive,
Of which we shall in heav'n be free,
Let us on earth together cleave;
For those, who keep in union here,
Shall know, by faith, what will be there;

Where all those angels we admir'd,
With ev'ry saint since time begun,
Whose sight and love we have desir'd,
Shall be with us conjoin'd in one;
And we and they, and they and we,
To God himself espoused be.

O happy wedding! where the guests,
 The bride and bridegroom shall be one;
 Where songs, embraces, triumphs, feasts,
 And joys of love are never done:

But thrice accurst are those that miss
 Their garment, when this wedding is.

Sweet Jesus! seal'd and clad therefore
 For that great meeting let us be,
 Where people, tongues, and kindreds, more
 Than can be told, attend on thee
 To make those shouts of joy and praise,
 Which to thine honour they shall raise.

Rogation-Week.

SONG LXXX.

IT was thy pleasure, Lord! to say,
 That whatsoever in thy name
 We pray'd for, as we ought to pray,
 Thou would'st vouchsafe to grant the same.

O therefore we beseech thee now,
 To these our prayers which we make,
 Thy gracious ear in favour bow,
 And grant them for thy mercy's sake!

Let not the seasons of this year,
 As they their courses do observe,
 Engender those contagions here,
 Which our transgressions do deserve:

Let not the summer-worms impair
 Those bloomings of the earth we see;

Nor blastings, or distemper'd air,
 Destroy those fruits that hopeful be.

Domestic brawls expel thou far,
 And be thou pleas'd our coast to guard,
 That dreadful sounds of in-brought war
 Within our confines be not heard;

Continue also here thy word,
 And make us thankful, we thee pray,
 The pestilence, dearth, and the sword
 Have been so long withheld away.

And, as we heedfully observe
 The certain limits of our grounds,
 And outward quiet to preserve
 About them, walk our yearly rounds,

So let us also have a care
 Our soul's possessions, Lord! to know,
 That no encroachments on us there
 Be gained by our subtle foe.

What pleasant groves, what goodly fields,
 How fruitful hills and dales have we!
 How sweet an air our climate yields,
 How stor'd with flocks and herds are we!

How milk and honey doth o'erflow,
 How clear and wholesome are our springs,
 How safe from ravenous beasts we go,
 And oh, how free from pois'nous things!

For these, and for our grass, our corn,
 For all that springs from blade or bough,
 For all those blessings that adorn
 Or wood or field, this kingdom through;

For all of these, thy praise we sing,
 And humbly, Lord! intreat thee too,

That fruit to thee we forth may bring,
As unto us thy creatures do.

So, in the sweet refreshing shade
Of thy protection sitting down,
Those gracious favours we have had,
Relate we will to thy renown;

Yea, other men, when we are gone,
Shall for thy mercies honour thee,
And famous make what thou hast done
To such, as after them shall be.

Saint George his Day.

SONG LXXXI.

ALL praise and glory that we may,
Ascribe we, Lord! to thee,
From whom the triumphs of this day,
And all our glories be;
For of itself, nor east nor west,
Doth honour ebb or flow,
But as to thee it seemeth best
Preferments to bestow.

Thou art, O Christ! that valiant knight,
Whose order we profess,
And that Saint George, who oft doth fight
For England in distress:
The dragon thou o'erthrewst is he,
That would thy church devour;
And that fair lady, Lord! is she,
Thou savest from his power.

Thou like a husbandman prepar'd
 Our fields, yea, sown them hast;
 And, knight-like, with a warlike guard,
 From spoil enclos'd them fast.
 O deign that those, who in a band
 More strict than heretofore,
 Are for this vineyard bound to stand,
 May watch it now the more.
 Yea grant, since they elected are,
 New orders to put on,
 And sacred hyroglyphicks wear
 Of thy great conquest won,
 That those, when they forget, may tell
 Why such of them are worn,
 And inwardly inform as well,
 As outwardly adorn;
 That so our Christian knighthood may
 No pagan order seem,
 Nor they their meetings pass away,
 As things of vain esteem;
 And that we may our triumphs all
 To thy renown apply,
 Who art that saint on whom we call,
 When we Saint George do cry.

For Public Deliverances.

SONG LXXXII.

WITH Israel we may truly say,
 If on our side God had not been,

Our foes had made of us their prey,
 And we this light had never seen :
 The pit was digg'd, the snare was laid,
 And we with ease had been betray'd.

But they, that hate us, undertook
 A plot, they could not bring to pass ;
 For he, that all doth overlook,
 Prevented what intended was :
 We found the pit and 'scap'd the gin,
 And saw their makers caught therein.

The means of help was not our own,
 But from the Lord alone it came,
 A favour undeserved shewn,
 And therefore let us praise his name :
 O praise his name ! for it was he
 That broke the net and set us free.

Unto his honour let us sing,
 And stories of his mercy tell :
 With praises let our temples ring,
 And on our lips thanksgiving dwell ;
 Yea, let us not his love forget,
 While sun or moon doth rise or set.

Let us redeem again the times,
 Let us begin to live anew,
 And not revive those heinous crimes,
 That dangers past so near us drew ;
 Lest he that did his hand revoke,
 Return it with a double stroke.

A true repentance takes delight
 To mind God's favours heretofore ;
 So, when his mercies men recite,
 It makes a true repentance more ;

And where those virtues do encrease,
They are the certain signs of peace:

But where encreasing sins we see,
And to such dulness men are grown,
That slighted those protections be,
Which God in former times hath shewn,
It shall betoken to that land
Some desolation near at hand.

Our hearts, O never harden so,
Nor let thine anger so return !
But with desire thy will to do,
For our offences let us mourn,
And mind to praise, ev'n tears among,
Thy mercies in a joyful song.

For the Communion.

SONG LXXXIII.

THAT favour, Lord ! which of thy grace
We do receive to-day,
Is greater than our merit was,
And more than praise we may ;
For of all things that can be told,
That, which least comfort hath,
Is more than e'er deserve we could,
Except it were thy wrath.

Yet we not only have obtain'd
This world's best gift of thee,
But thou thy flesh hast also deign'd,
Our food of life to be ;

For which, since we no 'mends can make,
 And thou requir'st no more,
 The cup of saving health we take,
 And praise thy name therefore.

O teach us rightly to receive
 What thou dost here bestow!
 And learn us truly to conceive
 What we are bound to know,
 That such as cannot wade the deep
 Of thy unfathom'd word,
 May by thy grace safe courses keep,
 Along the shallow ford.

This mystery we must confess,
 Our reach doth far exceed,
 And some of our weak faiths are less
 Than grains of mustard-seed;
 O therefore, Lord! increase it so,
 We fruit may bear to thee,
 And that implicit faith may grow,
 Explicit faith to be.

With hands we see not, as with eyes;
 Eyes think not as the heart;
 And each retains what doth suffice
 To act his proper part:
 And in the body while it 'bides,
 The meanest member shares
 That bliss, which to the best betides,
 And as the same it fares.

So if in union unto thee
 United we remain,
 The faith of those that stronger be,
 The weaker shall sustain:

Our Christian love shall that supply,
 Which we in knowledge miss,
 And humble thoughts shall mount us high,
 Ev'n to eternal bliss.

O pardon all those heinous crimes
 Whereof we guilty are;
 To serve thee more in future times
 Our hearts do thou prepare;
 And make thou gracious in thy sight
 Both us and this we do,
 That thou therein may'st take delight,
 And we have love thereto.

No new oblation we devise,
 For sins preferr'd to be;
 Propitiatory sacrifice
 Was made at full by thee:
 The sacrifice of thanks is that,
 And all that thou dost crave,
 And we ourselves are part of what,
 We sacrificed have.

We do no gross realities
 Of flesh in this conceive,
 Or that their proper qualities
 The bread or wine do leave;
 Yet in this holy Eucharist,
 We, by a means divine,
 Know we are fed by thee, O Christ!
 Receiving bread and wine.

And though the outward elements
 For signs acknowledg'd be,
 We cannot say thy sacraments,
 Things only signal be;

Because whoe'er thereof partakes,
 In those this power it hath,
 It either them thy members makes,
 Or slaves of sin and death.

Nor unto those do we incline,
 But from them are estrang'd,
 Who yield the form of bread and wine,
 Yet think the substance chang'd:
 For we believe, each element
 Is what, it seems indeed,
 Although that in thy sacrament
 Therewith on thee we feed.

Thy real presence we avow,
 And know it so divine,
 That carnal reason knows not how
 That presence to define:
 For, when thy flesh we feed on thus,
 Though strange it do appear,
 Both we in thee, and thou in us,
 Ev'n at one instant are.

No marvel many troubled were
 This secret to unfold;
 For mysteries faith's objects are,
 Not things at pleasure told;
 And he that would by reason sound,
 What faith's deep reach conceives,
 May both himself and them confound,
 To whom his rules he leaves.

Let us therefore our faith erect
 On what thy word doth say,
 And hold their knowledge in suspect,
 That new foundations lay:

For such full many a grievous rend
 Within thy church have left,
 And by thy peaceful sacrament,
 The world of peace bereft ;

Yea, what thy pledge and seal of love
 Was first ordain'd to be,
 Doth great and hateful quarrels move,
 Where wrangling spirits be ;
 And many men have lost their blood,
 Who did thy name profess,
 Because they hardly understood
 What others would express.

O let us not hereafter so
 About mere words contend,
 The while our common crafty foe
 Procures on us his end :
 But if in essence we agree,
 Let all with love essay
 A help unto the weak to be,
 And for each other pray.

Love is that blessed cement, Lord !
 Which must us re-unite ;
 In bitter speeches, fire and sword,
 It never took delight ;
 The weapons those of malice are,
 And they themselves beguile,
 Who dream that such ordained were
 Thy church to reconcile.

Love brought us hither, and that love
 Persuades us to implore,
 That thou all Christian hearts would'st move
 To seek it more and more ;

And that self will no more bewitch
 Our minds with foul debate,
 Nor fill us with that malice, which
 Disturbs a quiet state.

But this especially we crave,
 That perfect peace may be
 'Mong those, that disagreed have
 In show of love to thee;
 That they with us, and we with them,
 May Christian peace retain,
 And both in new Jerusalem
 With thee for ever reign.

No longer let ambitious ends,
 Blind zeal, or canker'd spite,
 Those churches keep from being friends,
 Whom love should fast unite;
 But let thy glory shine among
 Those candlesticks, we pray,
 We may behold, what hath so long
 Exil'd thy peace away;

That those who, heeding not thy word,
 Expect an earthly power,
 And vainly think some temp'ral sword
 Shall Antichrist devour;
 That those may know, thy weapons are
 No such as they do feign,
 And that it is no carnal war,
 Which we must entertain.

Confessors, martyrs, preachers strike
 The blows that gain this field;
 Thanks, prayer, instructions, and the like,
 Those weapons are they wield;

Long-suffering, patience, prudent care,
Must be the court of guard,
And faith and innocency are
Instead of walls prepar'd.
For these, no question, may as well
Great Babel overthrow,
As Jericho's large bulwarks fell,
When men did rams' horns blow;
Which could we credit, we should cease
All bloody plots to lay,
And to suppose God's holy peace
Should come the devil's way.
Lord! let that flesh and blood of thine,
Which fed us hath to-day,
Our hearts to thy true love incline,
And drive all thoughts away:
Let us remember, what thou hast
For our mere love endur'd,
Ev'n when of us despis'd he was,
And we thy death procur'd;
And with each other, for thy sake,
So truly let us bear,
Our patience may us dearer make,
When reconcil'd we are;
So, when our courses finish'd be,
We shall ascend above
Sun, moon and stars, to live with thee,
That art the God of Love.

Ember-Week.

SONG LXXXIV.

THOU dost from ev'ry season, Lord!
 To profit us, advantage take,
 And at their fittest times afford
 Thy blessings, for thy mercy sake:
 At winter, summer, fall or spring,
 We furnish'd are with ev'ry thing.

A part therefore from each of these,
 With one consent reserv'd have we,
 In prayer and fasting to appease
 That wrath, our sins have mov'd in thee;
 And that thou may'st not, for our crimes,
 Destroy the blessings of the times.

O grant that our devotions may
 With true sincereness be perform'd!
 And that our lives, not for a day,
 But may for ever be reform'd;
 Lest we remain as fast in sin,
 As if we ne'er had fasting been.

Our constitutions temper so,
 Those humours, which this season reign,
 May not have power to overthrow
 That health, which yet we do retain;
 Else, through that weakness which it brings,
 Lord! make us strong in better things.

And since thy holy church appoints
 These times, thy workmen forth to send,

And those for pastors now anoints,
 Who on thy fold are to attend ;
 Bless thou, where they, who should ordain,
 With prayer and fasting hands have lain.
 O bless them, ever blessed Lord !
 Whom for thy work the church doth chuse ;
 Instruct them by thy sacred word,
 And with thy spirit them infuse,
 That live and teach aright they may,
 And we their teaching well obey.

These that follow are Thanksgivings for
 Public Benefits.

For Seasonable Weather.

SONG LXXXV.

LORD! should the sun, the clouds, the wind,
 The air and seasons be
 To us so froward and unkind
 As we are false to thee,
 All fruits would quite away be burn'd,
 Or lie in water drown'd,
 Or blasted be, or overturn'd,
 Or chilled on the ground.
 But from our duty though we swerve,
 Thou still dost mercy shew,
 And deign thy creatures to preserve,
 That men might thankful grow ;

Yea, though from day to day we sin,
 And thy displeasure gain,
 No sooner we to cry begin,
 But pity we obtain.

The weather now thou changed hast,
 That put us late to fear,
 And when our hopes were almost past,
 Then comfort did appear;
 The heav'n the earth's complaints hath heard;
 They reconciled be,
 And thou such weather hast prepar'd,
 As we desir'd of thee;

For which, with lifted hands and eyes,
 To thee we do repay
 The due and willing sacrifice
 Of giving thanks to-day;
 Because, such off'rings we should not
 To render thee be slow,
 Nor let thy mercy be forgot,
 Which thou art pleas'd to shew.

For Plenty.

SONG LXXXVI.

HOW oft and in how many times,
 Thee jealous have we made!
 And, blessed God! how many times
 Have we forgiveness had!
 If we with tears to bed at night
 For our transgressions go,

To us thou dost, by morning-light,
Some comfort deign to shew.

This barren land, which for our sin
Was lately barren made,
Her fruitfulness doth new begin,
And we are therefore glad:
We for those creatures thankful be,
Which thou bestowest, Lord!
And for that plenty honour thee,
Which thou dost now afford.

O let us therefore in excess
Not wallow like to swine,
Nor into graceless wantonness
Convert this grace of thine;
But so receive our feeble pow'rs,
And so refresh the poor,
That thou may'st crown this land of ours
With plenty evermore.

For Peace.

SONG LXXXVII.

SO cause us, Lord! to think upon
Those blessings we possess,
That what is for our safety done,
We truly may confess;
For we, whose fields, in times forepast,
Most bloody war did stain,
Whilst fire and sword doth others waste,
In safety now remain.

No armed troops the ploughman fears,
 No shot our walls o'erturn,
 No temple shakes about our ears,
 No village here doth burn;
 No father hears his pretty child
 In vain for succour cry,
 Nor husband sees his wife defil'd,
 Whilst he half dead doth lie.

Dear God! vouchsafe to pity those
 In this distress that be,
 They, to protect them from their foes,
 May have a friend in thee;
 For by thy friendship we obtain
 These gladsome peaceful days,
 And, somewhat to return again,
 We thus do sing thy praise.

We praise thee for that inward peace,
 And for that outward rest,
 Wherewith, unto our joys' increase,
 This kingdom thou hast blest.
 O never take the same away,
 But let it still endure;
 And grant, O Lord! it make us may
 More thankful, not secure.

For Victory.

SONG LXXXVIII.

WE love thee, Lord! we praise thy name,
 Who, by thy great almighty arm,

Hast kept us from the spoil and shame
Of those, that sought our causeless harm:

Thou art our life, or triumph-song,
The joy and comfort of our heart ;
To thee all praises do belong,
And thou the Lord of Armies art.

We must confess it is thy power,
That made us masters of the field:
Thou art our bulwark and our tower,
Our rock of refuge and our shield ;

Thou taught'st our hands and arms to fight,
With vigour thou did'st gird us round ;
Thou mad'st our foes to take their flight,
And thou didst beat them to the ground.

With fury came our armed foes,
To blood and slaughter fiercely bent,
And perils round did us inclose,
By whatsoever way we went ;

That hadst not thou our captain been
To lead us on and off again,
We on that place had dead been seen,
Or mask'd in blood and wounds had lain.

This song we therefore sing to thee,
And pray that thou for evermore
Would'st our protector deign to be,
As at this time and heretofore ;

That thy continual favour shewn,
May cause us more to thee incline,
And make it through the world be known,
That such as are our foes are thine.

For Deliverance from a Public Sickness.

SONG LXXXIX.

WHEN thou would'st, Lord! afflict a land,
 Or scourge thy people that offend,
 To put in practice thy command,
 Thy creatures all on thee attend;
 And thou, to execute thy word,
 Hast famine, sickness, fire, and sword.

And here among us, for our sin,
 A sore disease hath lately reign'd,
 Whose fury so unstead hath been,
 It could by nothing be restrain'd,
 But overthrew both weak and strong,
 And took away both old and young.

To thee our cries we therefore sent,
 Thy wonted pity, Lord! to prove;
 Our wicked ways we did repent,
 Thy visitation to remove;
 And thou thine angel didst command
 To stay his wrath-inflicting hand:

For which thy love, in thankful wise,
 Both hearts and hands to thee we raise,
 And in the stead of former cries,
 Do sing thee now a song of praise;
 By whom the favour yet we have,
 To 'scape the never-filled grave.

For the King's Day.

SONG XC.

WHEN, Lord! we call to mind those things
 That should be sought of thee,

Rememb'ring that the hearts of kings
 At thy disposings be,
 And how of all those blessings which
 Are outwardly possest,
 To make a kingdom safe and rich,
 Good princes are the best ;

We thus are mov'd to sing thy praise,
 For him thou deigned hast,
 And humbly beg, that all our days
 Thy care of us may last.

O bless our king, and let him reign
 In peaceful safety long,
 The faith's defender to remain,
 And shield the truth from wrong !

With awful love and loving dread,
 Let us observe him, Lord !
 And, as the members with their head,
 In Christian peace accord ;
 And fill him with such royal care
 To cherish us for this,
 As if his heart did feel we are
 Some living part of his.

Let neither party struggle from
 That duty should be shewn,
 Lest each to other plagues become,
 And both be overthrown :
 For o'er a disobedient land
 Thou dost a tyrant set,
 And those, that tyrant-like command,
 Have still with rebels met.

O never let so sad a doom
 Upon these kingdoms fall,

And to assure it may not come,
 Our sins forgive us all;
 Yea, let the parties innocent
 Some damage rather share,
 Than, by unchristian discontent,
 A double curse to bear.

Make us, that placed are below,
 Our callings to apply,
 Not over curious be to know
 What he intends on high;
 But teach him justly to command,
 Us rightly to obey,
 So both shall safe together stand,
 And doubts shall fly away.

When hearts of kings we pry into
 Our own we do beguile,
 And what we ought ourselves to do,
 We leave undone the while:
 Whereas, if each man would attend
 The way he hath to live,
 And all the rest to thee commend,
 Then all would better thrive.

O make us, Lord! disposed thus,
 And our dread sovereign save;
 Bless us in him, and him in us,
 We both may blessings have;
 That many years for him we may
 This song devoutly sing,
 And mark it for a happy day,
 When he became our king.



Here endeth the Hymns, and Songs of the Church.





