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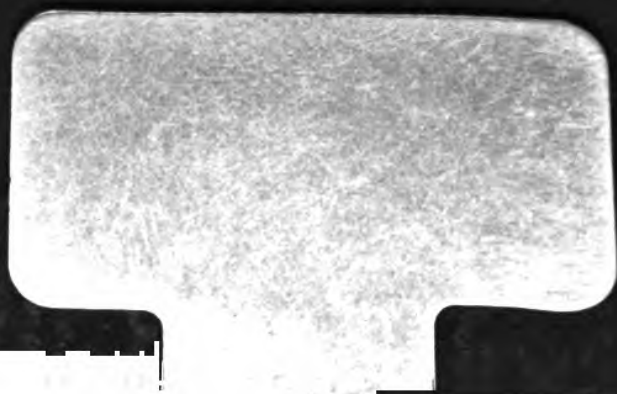
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**The temple,
sacred poems
and private
ejaculations**

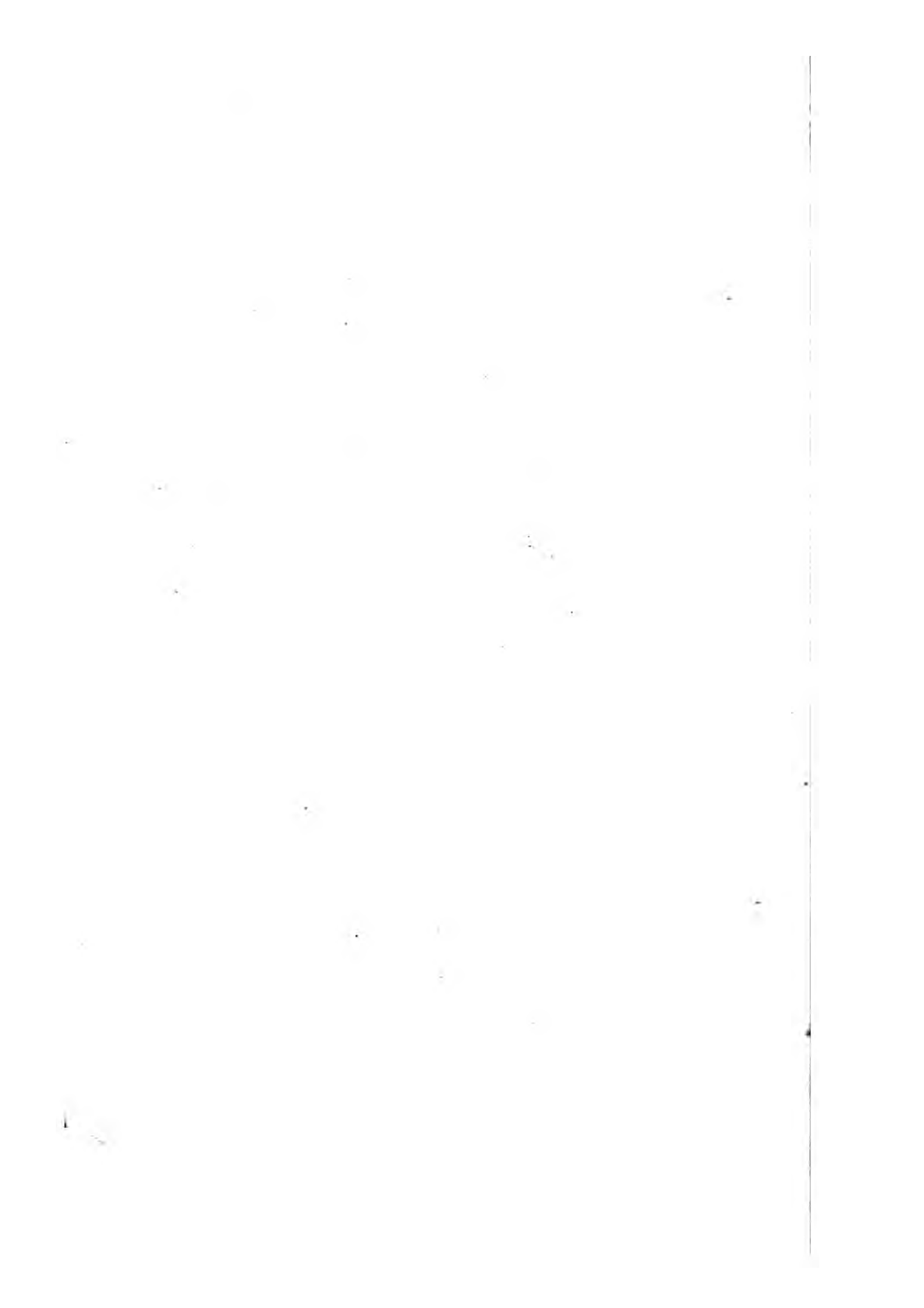
George Herbert



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The Temple.
SACRED POEMS
AND
PRIVATE EJACULATIONS:
BY
GEORGE HERBERT.

“In His Temple doth every man speak of His honour.”
Ps. xxix. 9.

A NEW EDITION.

Parker and Co.
OXFORD, AND 6 SOUTHAMPTON-STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.
1884.

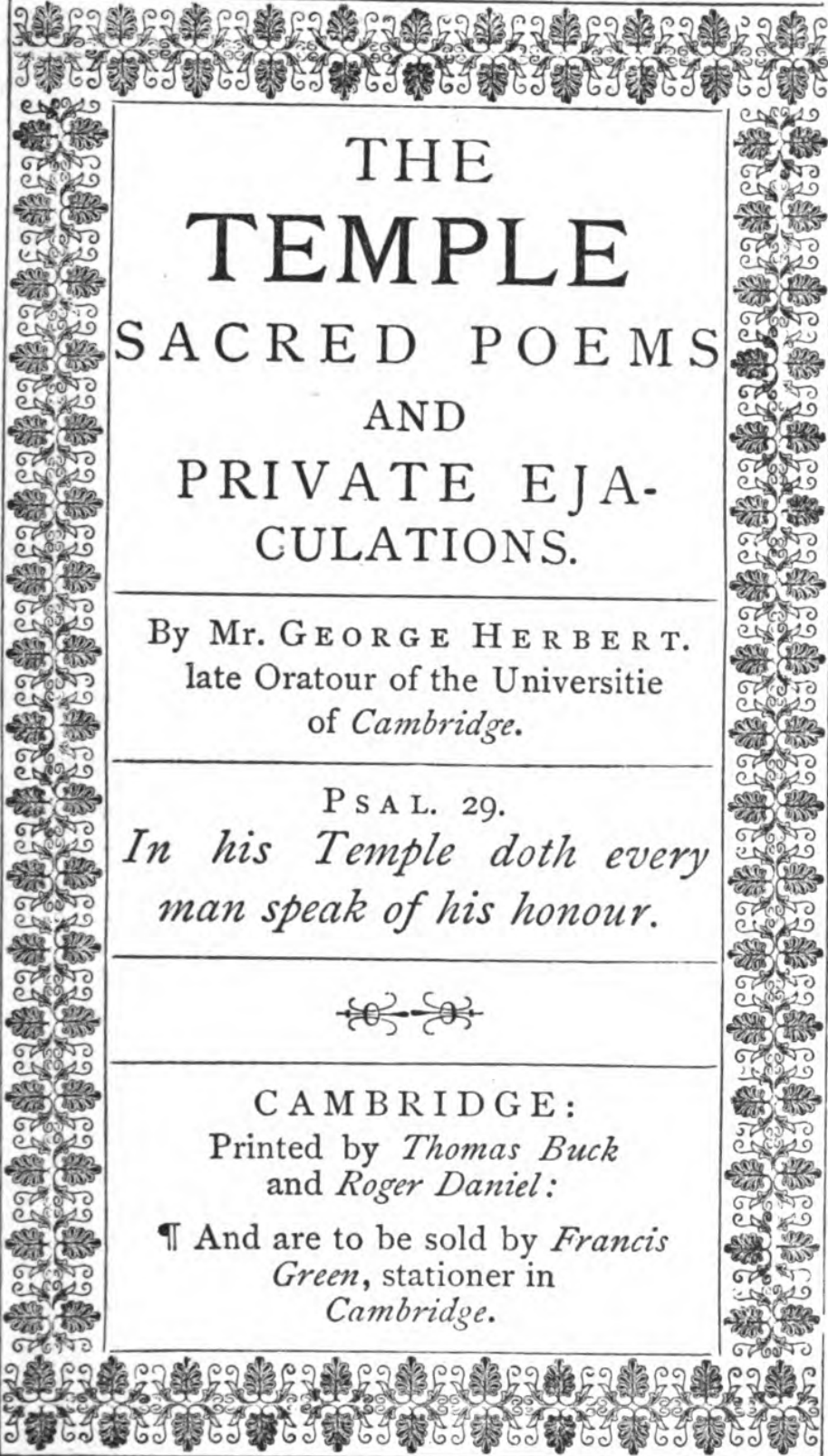
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Edition is printed from, and in accordance with, the First Edition of "The Temple," which is supposed to have been issued in 1632; excepting that the modern method of spelling has been adopted. As regards punctuation, while the old method has been followed in the main, the redundance of commas has been somewhat reduced; and with respect to capital letters, while in the original copy in only some cases the pronouns referring to our Lord are printed with a capital, in this edition they are all so printed.

OXFORD,
Oct. 1, 1884.



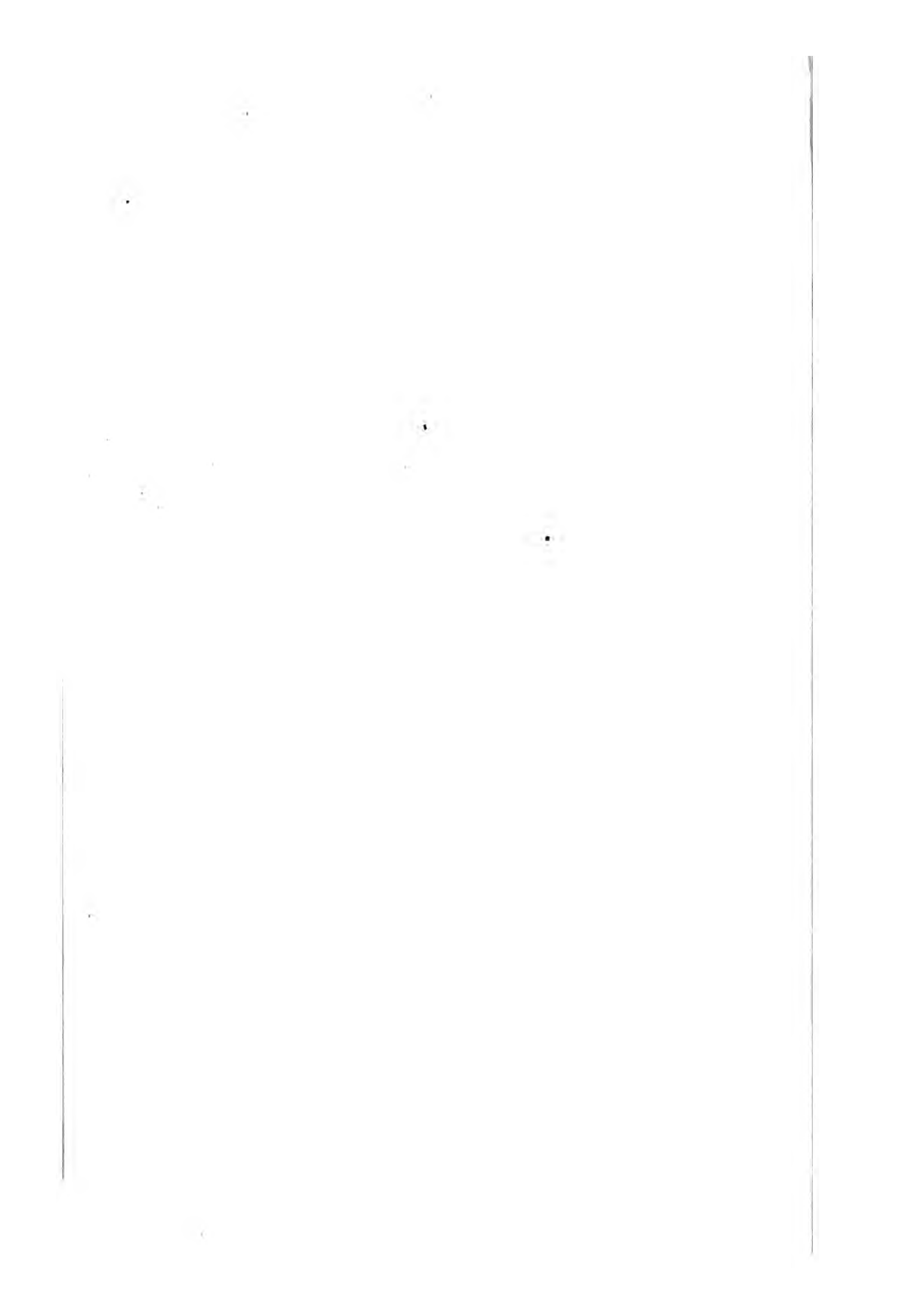
THE
TEMPLE
SACRED POEMS
AND
PRIVATE EJA-
CULATIONS.

By Mr. GEORGE HERBERT.
late Oratour of the Universitie
of *Cambridge*.

PSAL. 29.
*In his Temple doth every
man speak of his honour.*



CAMBRIDGE:
Printed by *Thomas Buck*
and *Roger Daniel*:
¶ And are to be sold by *Francis*
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Cambridge.

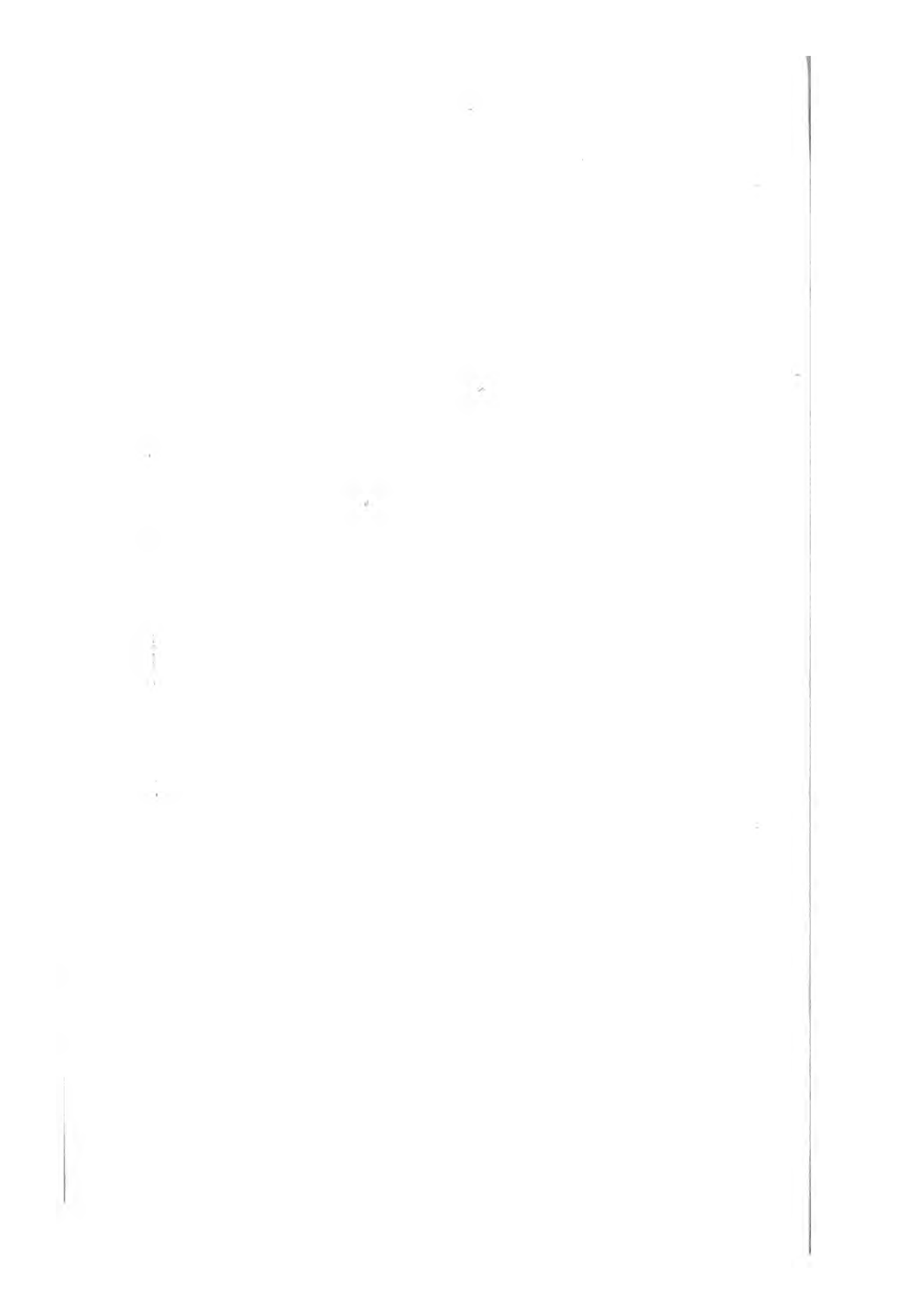




The Dedication.

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







The Printers to the Reader.

THE dedication of this work having been made by the Author to the Divine Majesty only, how should we now presume to interest any mortal man in the patronage of it? Much less think we it meet to seek the recommendation of the Muses, for that which himself was confident to have been inspired by a diviner breath than flows from Helicon. The world, therefore, shall receive it in that naked simplicity with which he left it, without any addition either of support or ornament, more than is included in itself. We leave it free and unforestalled to every man's judgment, and to the benefit that he shall find by perusal. Only for the clearing of some passages, we have thought it not unfit to make the common reader privy to some few particularities of the condition and disposition of the person.

Being nobly born, and as eminently endued with gifts of the mind, and having by industry and happy education perfected them to that great height of excellency, whereof his fellow-

ship of Trinity College in Cambridge, and his oratorship in the University, together with that knowledge which the King's Court had taken of him, could make relation far above ordinary. Quitting both his deserts and all the opportunities that he had for worldly preferment, he betook himself to the sanctuary and temple of God, choosing rather to serve at God's altar, than to seek the honour of State employments. As for those inward enforcements to this course (for outward there was none), which many of these ensuing verses bear witness of, they detract not from the freedom, but add to the honour of this resolution in him. As God had enabled him, so He accounted him meet not only to be called, but to be compelled to this service: wherein his faithful discharge was such, as may make him justly a companion to the primitive saints, and a pattern or more for the age he lived in.

To testify his independency upon all others, and to quicken his diligence in this kind, he used in his ordinary speech, when he made mention of the blessed name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to add, My Master.

Next God, he loved that which God Himself hath magnified above all things, that is, His Word: so as he hath been heard to make

solemn protestation, that he would not part with one leaf thereof for the whole world, if it were offered him in exchange.

His obedience and conformity to the Church and the discipline thereof was singularly remarkable. Though he abounded in private devotions, yet went he every morning and evening with his family to the church ; and by his example, exhortations, and encouragements drew the greater part of his parishioners to accompany him daily in the public celebration of divine service.

As for worldly matters, his love and esteem to them was so little, as no man can more ambitiously seek, than he did earnestly endeavour the resignation of an ecclesiastical dignity, which he was possessor of. But God permitted not the accomplishment of this desire, having ordained him His instrument for re-edifying of the Church belonging thereunto, that had lain ruined almost twenty years. The reparation whereof, having been uneffectually attempted by public collections, was in the end by his own and some few others' private free-will-offerings successfully effected. With the remembrance whereof, as of an especial good work, when a friend went about to comfort him on his death-bed, he made answer, " It is a good

work, if it be sprinkled with the blood of Christ:" otherwise than in this respect he could find nothing to glory or comfort himself with, neither in this nor in any other thing.

And these are but few of many that might be said, which we have chosen to premise as a glance to some parts of the ensuing book, and for an example to the Reader.

We conclude all with his own motto, with which he used to conclude all things that might seem to tend any way to his own honour ;

“ Less than the least of God’s mercies.”





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THE TEMPLE.

The Church=porch.

PERIRRHANTERIUM.

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

Beware of lust : it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in Baptism wash'd with His own blood :
It blots the lesson written in thy soul ;
The holy lines cannot be understood.
How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,
Much less towards God, whose lust is all their book ?

Abstain wholly, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allows thee choice of paths : take no by-ways ;
But gladly welcome what He doth afford ;
Not grudging that thy lust hath bounds and stays.
Contenance hath his joy : weigh both ; and still
If rottenness have more, let Heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
Man would have been the encloser : but since now
God hath impaled us, on the contrary,
Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plough.
O what were man, might he himself misplace !
Sure to be cross, he would shift feet and face.

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

He that is drunken may his mother kill
Big with his sister : he hath lost the reins,
Is outlaw'd by himself: all kind of ill
Did with his liquor slide into his veins.
The drunkard forfeits man, and doth divest
All worldly right, save what he hath by beast.

Shall I, to please another's wine-sprung mind,
Lose all mine own ? God hath given me a measure
Short of his can and body. Must I find
A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleasure ?
Stay at the third glass : if thou lose thy hold,
Then thou art modest, and the wine grows bold.

If reason move not gallants, quit the room ;
All in a shipwreck shift their several way :
Let not a common ruin thee intomb :
Be not a beast in courtesy ; but stay,
 Stay at the third cup, or forego the place.
 Wine above all things doth God's stamp deface.

Yet, if thou sin in wine or wantonness,
Boast not thereof, nor make thy shame thy glory.
Frailty gets pardon by submissiveness ;
But he that boasts, shuts that out of his story :
 He makes flat war with God, and doth defy
 With his poor clod of earth the spacious sky.

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

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

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

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

Fly idleness, which yet thou canst not fly
By dressing, mistressing, and complement.
If those take up thy day, the sun will cry
Against thee : for his light was only lent.
God gave thy soul brave wings ; put not those
feathers
Into a bed to sleep out all ill weathers.

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

O England ! full of sin, but most of sloth,
Spit out thy phlegm, and fill thy breast with glory :
Thy gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
Transfused a sheepishness into thy story :
Not that they all are so ; but that the most
Are gone to grass, and in the pasture lost.

This loss springs chiefly from our education.
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their son :
Some mark a partridge, never their child's fashion :
Some ship them over, and the thing is done.
Study this art, make it thy great design ;
And if God's image move thee not, let thine.

Some great estates provide, but do not breed
A mastering mind ; so both are lost thereby :
Or else they breed them tender, make them need
All that they leave : this is flat poverty.
For he that needs five thousand pound to live,
Is full as poor as he that needs but five.

The way to make thy son rich, is to fill
His mind with rest, before his trunk with riches :
For wealth without contentment climbs a hill
To feel those tempests which fly over ditches.
But if thy son can make ten pound his measure,
Then all thou addest may be call'd his treasure.

When thou dost purpose aught (within thy power),
Be sure to do it, though it be but small :
Constancy knits the bones, and makes us tower,
When wanton pleasures beckon us to thrall.

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

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

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

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

Slight those who say amidst their sickly healths,
Thou livest by rule. What doth not so but man ?
Houses are built by rule, and commonwealths.
Entice the trusty sun, if that you can,
From his ecliptic line : beckon the sky.
Who lives by rule then keeps good company.

Who keeps no guard upon himself is slack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
Man is a shop of rules, a well truss'd pack,
Whose every parcel underwrites a law.

Lose not thyself, nor give thy humours way :
God gave them to thee under lock and key.

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

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

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

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

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

By no means run in debt : take thine own measure.
Who cannot live on twenty pound a year,
Cannot on forty : he's a man of pleasure,
A kind of thing that's for itself too dear.
The curious unthrift makes his clothes too wide,
And spares himself, but would his tailor chide.

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

In clothes, cheap handsomeness doth bear the bell.
Wisdom's a trimmer thing than shop e'er gave.
Say not then, This with that lace will do well ;
But, This with my discretion will be brave.
 Much curiousness is a perpetual wooing,
 Nothing with labour, folly long adoring.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who plays for more,
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart :
Perhaps his wife's too, and whom she hath bore :
Servants and churches also play their part.
 Only a herald, who that way doth pass,
 Finds his crack'd name at length in the church-glass.

If yet thou love game at so dear a rate,
Learn this, that hath old gamesters dearly cost :
Dost lose? rise up : dost win? rise in that state.
Who strive to sit out losing hands are lost.
 Game is a civil gunpowder, in peace
 Blowing up houses with their whole increase.

In conversation boldness now bears sway.
But know that nothing can so foolish be
As empty boldness : therefore first assay
To stuff thy mind with solid bravery ;
 Then march on gallant : get substantial worth :
 Boldness gilds finely, and will set it forth.

Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion sour?
Then keep such company; make them thy allay:
Get a sharp wife, a servant that will lour.
A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.
Command thyself in chief. He life's war knows
Whom all his passions follow as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not speak
Plainly and home, is coward of the two.
Think not thy fame at every twitch will break:
By great deeds show that thou canst little do;
And do them not: that shall thy wisdom be;
And change thy temperance into bravery.

If that thy fame with every toy be posed,
'Tis a thin web, which poisonous fancies make;
But the great soldier's honour was composed
Of thicker stuff, which would endure a shake.
Wisdom picks friends; civility plays the rest.
A toy shunn'd cleanly passeth with the best.

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

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,
Profaneness, filthiness, abusiveness.
These are the scum with which coarse wits abound :
The fine may spare these well, yet not go less.
All things are big with jest : nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

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

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

Towards great persons use respective boldness :
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine. In service, care, or coldness
Doth ratably thy fortunes mar or make.
Feed no man in his sins; for adulation
Doth make thee parcel-devil in damnation.

Envy not greatness : for thou makest thereby
Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.
Be not thine own worm : yet such jealousy
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
Is a good spur. Correct thy passion's spite ;
Then may the beasts draw thee to happy light.

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

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

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

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

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please :
All such is courteous, useful, new, or witty :
Usefulness comes by labour, wit by ease ;
Courtesy grows in court, news in the city.
Get a good stock of these, then draw the card
That suits him best, of whom thy speech is heard.

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

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

Be calm in arguing : for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.

Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More than his sicknesses or poverty ?

In love I should : but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither : therefore gently move.

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

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

Mark what another says : for many are
Full of themselves, and answer their own notion.
Take all into thee ; then with equal care
Balance each dram of reason, like a potion.

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

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want, and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places are the way
To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

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

A grain of glory mixt with humbleness
Cures both a fever and lethargicness.

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

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

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

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

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree ;
Love is a present for a mighty king,
Much less make any one thine enemy.
As guns destroy, so may a little sling.

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

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

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

Affect in things about thee cleanliness,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.
Slovens take up their stock of noisomeness
Beforehand, and anticipate their last hour.
Let thy mind's sweetness have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In alms regard thy means, and other's merit.
Think Heaven a better bargain, than to give
Only thy single market-money for it.
Join hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all something ; to a good poor man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is God's image ; but a poor man is
Christ's stamp to boot : both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour his :
Write, " So much given to God ;" thou shalt be heard.
Let thy alms go before, and keep Heaven's gate
Open for thee ; or both may come too late.

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

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

Though private prayer be a brave design,
Yet public hath more promises, more love :
And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
We all are but cold suitors ; let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven ;
Pray with the most : for where most pray is Heaven.

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

Kneeling ne'er spoil'd silk stocking : quit thy
state.

All equal are within the church's gate.

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

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thine heart ; that spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise :
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in church-time others' symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part :
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.
Christ purged His temple : so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well ;
For churches are either our Heaven or Hell.

Judge not the preacher ; for he is thy judge :
If thou mislike him, thou conceivest him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.

The worst speak something good : if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.
He that by being at church escapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.

He that loves God's abode, and to combine
With saints on earth, shall one day with them shine.

Jest not at preacher's language, or expression :
How know'st thou but thy sins made him miscarry ?
Then turn thy faults and his into confession :
God sent him, whatsoe'er he be : O tarry,
And love him for his Master : his condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill physician.

None shall in Hell such bitter pangs endure
As those who mock at God's way of salvation.
Whom oil and balsams kill, what salve can cure ?
They drink with greediness a full damnation.
The Jews refused thunder ; and we, folly,
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy ?

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day ;
 And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
 Dress and undress thy soul : mark the decay
 And growth of it : if, with thy watch, that too
 Be down, then wind up both : since we shall be
 Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely ; play the man.
 Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
 Defer not the least virtue : life's poor span
 Make not an ell, by trifling in thy woe.
 If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains :
 If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

Superliminare.

‡ THOU, whom the former precepts have
 Sprinkled, and taught how to behave
 Thyself in church ; approach, and taste
 The Church's mystical repast.

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



The Altar.

A BROKEN ALTAR, LORD, THY SERVANT REARS,
MADE OF A HEART, AND CEMENTED WITH TEARS :
WHOSE PARTS ARE AS THY HAND DID FRAME ;
NO WORKMAN'S TOOL HATH TOUCH'D THE SAME.

A HEART ALONE
IS SUCH A STONE,
AS NOTHING BUT
THY POWER DOTH CUT.
WHEREFORE EACH PART
OF MY HARD HEART
MEETS IN THIS FRAME,
TO PRAISE THY NAME.

THAT IF I CHANCE TO HOLD MY PEACE,
THESE STONES TO PRAISE THEE MAY NOT CEASE,
O LET THY BLESSED SACRIFICE BE MINE,
AND SANCTIFY THIS ALTAR TO BE THINE.





The Sacrifice.

“**W**H all ye who pass by,” whose eyes and mind
To wordly things are sharp, but to Me blind ;
To Me, Who took eyes that I might you find :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

The princes of My people make a head
Against their Maker ; they do wish Me dead,
Who cannot wish, except I give them bread :
Was ever grief, &c.

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

Mine own Apostle, who the bag did bear,
Though he had all I had, did not forbear
To sell Me also, and to put Me there :
Was ever grief, &c.

For thirty pence he did My death devise,
Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,
Not half so sweet as My sweet sacrifice :
Was ever grief, &c.

Therefore My soul melts, and My heart's dear treasure
Drops blood (the only beads) My words to measure :
" O let this cup pass, if it be Thy pleasure :"

Was ever grief like Mine ?

These drops being temper'd with a sinner's tears,
A balsam are for both the hemispheres,
Curing all wounds, but Mine ; all, but My fears :

Was ever grief, &c.

Yet My disciples sleep : I cannot gain
One hour of watching ; but their drowsy brain
Comforts not Me, and doth My doctrine stain :

Was ever grief, &c.

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

Was ever grief, &c.

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

Was ever grief, &c.

Judas, dost thou betray Me with a kiss ?
Canst thou find Hell about My lips ? and miss
Of life, just at the gates of life and bliss ?

Was ever grief, &c.

Then they condemn Me all with that same breath,
Which I do give them daily, unto death.
Thus Adam My first breathing rendereth :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

They bind, and lead Me unto Herod : he
Sends Me to Pilate. This makes them agree ;
But yet their friendship is My enmity ;
Was ever grief, &c.

Herod and all his bands do set Me light,
Who teach all hands to war, fingers to fight,
And only am the Lord of hosts and might :
Was ever grief, &c.

Herod in judgment sits, while I do stand ;
Examines Me with a censorious hand :
I him obey, who all things else command :
Was ever grief, &c.

The Jews accuse Me with despitefulness ;
And vying malice with My gentleness,
Pick quarrels with their only happiness :
Was ever grief, &c.

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

And a seditious murderer he was :
But I, the Prince of Peace ; peace that doth pass
All understanding, more than Heaven doth glass :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

Why, Cæsar is their only king, not I :
He clave the stony rock, when they were dry :
But surely not their hearts, as I well try :
Was ever grief, &c.

Ah ! how they scourge Me ! yet My tenderness
Doubles each lash : and yet their bitterness
Winds up My grief to a mysteriousness :
Was ever grief, &c.

They buffet Me, and box Me as they list,
Who grasp the Earth and Heaven with My fist,
And never yet, whom I would punish, miss'd :
Was ever grief, &c.

Behold, they spit on Me in scornful wise,
Who by My spittle gave the blind man eyes,
Leaving his blindness to Mine enemies :
Was ever grief, &c.

My face they cover, though it be divine.
As Moses' face was veiled, so is Mine,
Lest on their double-dark souls either shine :
Was ever grief, &c.

Servants and abjects flout me ; they are witty :
 "Now prophesy who strikes Thee," is their ditty.
 So they in Me deny themselves all pity :

Was ever grief like Mine?

And now I am deliver'd unto death,
 Which each one calls for so with utmost breath,
 That he before Me well-nigh suffereth :

Was ever grief, &c.

Weep not, dear friends, since I for both have wept,
 When all My tears were blood, the while you slept :
 Your tears for your own fortunes should be kept :

Was ever grief, &c.

The soldiers lead Me to the common hall ;
 There they deride Me, they abuse Me all :
 Yet for twelve heavenly legions I could call :

Was ever grief, &c.

Then with a scarlet robe they Me array ;
 Which shows My blood to be the only way,
 And cordial left to repair man's decay :

Was ever grief, &c.

Then on My head a crown of thorns I wear ;
 For these are all the grapes Sion doth bear,
 Though I My vine planted and water'd there :

Was ever grief, &c.

So sits the earth's great curse in Adam's fall
Upon My head : so I remove it all
From the earth unto My brows, and bear the thrall :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

Then with the reed they gave to Me before,
They strike My head, the rock from whence all store
Of heavenly blessings issue evermore :
Was ever grief, &c.

They bow their knees to Me, and cry, " Hail ! King :"
Whatever scoffs or scornfulness can bring,
I am the floor, the sink, where they it fling :
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet since man's sceptres are as frail as reeds,
And thorny all their crowns, bloody their weeds ;
I, Who am Truth, turn into truth their deeds :
Was ever grief, &c.

The soldiers also spit upon that face
Which angels did desire to have the grace,
And prophets once to see, but found no place :
Was ever grief, &c.

Thus trimmed forth they bring Me to the rout,
Who " Crucify Him " cry with one strong shout.
God holds His peace at man, and man cries out :
Was ever grief, &c.

They lead Me in once more, and putting then
 Mine own clothes on, they lead Me out again.
 Whom devils fly, thus is He toss'd of men :

Was ever grief like Mine?

And now, weary of sport, glad to engross
 All spite in one, counting My life their loss,
 They carry Me to My most bitter cross :

Was ever grief, &c.

My cross I bear Myself, until I faint :
 Then Simon bears it for Me by constraint,
 The decreed burden of each mortal saint :

Was ever grief, &c.

“O all ye who pass by, behold and see !”
 Man stole the fruit, but I must climb the tree ;
 The tree of life to all, but only Me :

Was ever grief, &c.

Lo, here I hang, charged with a world of sin,
 The greater world o' the two : for that came in
 By words, but this by sorrow I must win :

Was ever grief, &c.

Such sorrow, as if sinful man could feel,
 Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel,
 Till all were melted, though he were all steel :

Was ever grief, &c.

But, "O My God, My God ! why leav'st thou Me,"
The Son, in Whom Thou dost delight to be ?
"My God, My God——"

Never was grief like Mine.

Shame tears my soul, my body many a wound ;
Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound ;
Reproaches, which are free, while I am bound :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

Now heal Thyself, Physician ; now come down.
Alas ! I did so, when I left My crown
And Father's smile for you, to feel His frown :
Was ever grief, &c.

In healing not Myself, there doth consist
All that salvation, which ye now resist ;
Your safety in My sickness doth subsist :
Was ever grief, &c.

Betwixt two thieves I spend My utmost breath,
As he that for some robbery suffereth.
Alas ! what have I stolen from you ? Death :
Was ever grief, &c.

A King My title is, prefix'd on high ;
Yet by My subjects am condemn'd to die
A servile death in servile company :
Was ever grief, &c.

Shall I be scourged, flouted, boxed, sold?

'Tis but to tell the tale is told.

“My God, My God, why dost Thou part from Me?”

Was such a grief as cannot be.

Shall I then sing, skipping Thy doleful story,

And side with Thy triumphant glory?

Shall Thy strokes be my stroking? thorns, my
flower?

Thy rod, my posy? cross, my bower?

But how then shall I imitate Thee, and

Copy Thy fair, though bloody hand?

Surely I will revenge me on Thy love,

And try who shall victorious prove.

If Thou dost give me wealth, I will restore

All back unto Thee by the poor.

If Thou dost give me honour, men shall see

The honour doth belong to Thee.

I will not marry; or, if she be mine,

She and her children shall be Thine.

My bosom-friend, if he blaspheme Thy name,

I will tear thence his love and fame.

One half of me being gone, the rest I give

Unto some chapel, die or live.

As for Thy Passion—but of that anon,

When with the other I have done.

For Thy predestination, I'll contrive,

That three years hence, if I survive,

I'll build a spittle, or mend common ways,
 But mend mine own without delays.
 Then I will use the works of Thy creation,
 As if I used them but for fashion.
 The world and I will quarrel ; and the year
 Shall not perceive that I am here.
 My music shall find Thee, and every string
 Shall have his attribute to sing ;
 That altogether may accord in Thee,
 And prove one God, one harmony.
 If Thou shalt give me wit, it shall appear,
 If Thou hast given it me, 'tis here.
 Nay, I will read Thy book, and never move
 Till I have found therein Thy love ;
 Thy art of love, which I'll turn back on Thee,
 O my dear Saviour, victory !
 Then for Thy Passion—I will do for that—
 Alas ! my God, I know not what.

The Reprisal.

¶ **HAVE** consider'd it, and find
 There is no dealing with Thy mighty
 Passion :
 For though I die for Thee, I am behind ;
 My sins deserve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I
May give a disentangled state and free :
And yet Thy wounds still my attempts defy,
For by Thy death I die for Thee.

Ah ! was it not enough that Thou
By Thy eternal glory didst outgo me ?
Couldst Thou not grief's sad conquests me allow,
But in all victories overthrow me ?

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

The Agony.

PHILOSOPHERS have measured mountains,
Fathom'd the depths of seas, of states, and
kings,
Walk'd with a staff to Heaven, and traced fountains :
But there are two vast, spacious things,
The which to measure it doth more behove :
Yet few there are that sound them ; Sin and Love.

Who would know Sin, let him repair
Unto Mount Olivet ; there shall he see
A Man, so wrung with pains, that all His hair,
His skin, His garments, bloody be.

Sin is that press and vice, which forceth pain
To hunt His cruel food through every vein.

Who knows not Love, let him assay,
And taste that juice, which on the cross a pike
Did set again abroach ; then let him say

If ever he did taste the like.

Love is that liquor sweet and most divine,
Which my God feels as blood ; but I as wine.

The Sinner.

LORD, how I am all ague, when I seek
What I have treasured in my memory !
Since, if my soul make even with the week,
Each seventh note by right is due to Thee.

I find there quarries of piled vanities,
But shreds of holiness, that dare not venture
To show their face, since cross to Thy decrees:
There the circumference Earth is, Heaven the centre.

In so much dregs the quintessence is small :
The spirit and good extract of my heart
Comes to about the many hundredth part.

Yet, Lord, restore Thine image, hear my call :

And though my hard heart scarce to Thee can
groan,

Remember that Thou once didst write in stone.

Good Friday.

MY chief good,
How shall I measure out Thy blood?
How shall I count what Thee befell,
And each grief tell?

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

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

Then let each hour
Of my whole life one grief devour;
That Thy distress through all may run,
And be my sun.

Or rather let
My several sins their sorrows get;
That as each beast his cure doth know,
Each sin may so.

Since blood is fittest, Lord, to write
 Thy sorrows in, and bloody fight ;
 My heart hath store, write there, where in
 One box doth lie both ink and sin :

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

Sin being gone, oh fill the place,
 And keep possession with Thy grace ;
 Lest sin take courage and return,
 And all the writings blot or burn.

Redemption.

HAVING been tenant long to a rich Lord,
 Not thriving, I resolved to be bold,
 And make a suit unto Him, to afford
 A new small-rented lease, and cancel the old.

In Heaven, at His manor I Him sought :
 They told me there, that He was lately gone
 About some land, which He had dearly bought
 Long since on earth, to take possession.

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

Of thieves and murderers : there I Him espied,
Who straight, "Your suit is granted," said, and
died.

Sepulchre.

✠ BLESSED body ! Whither art Thou thrown ?
No lodging for Thee, but a cold hard stone ?
So many hearts on earth, and yet not one
Receive Thee ?

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

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

Where our hard hearts have took up stones to brain
 Thee,
 And missing this, most falsely did arraign Thee ;
 Only these stones in quiet entertain Thee,
 And order.

And as of old, the law by heavenly art
 Was writ in stone ; so Thou, which also art
 The letter of the word, find'st no fit heart
 To hold Thee.

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

Easter.

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

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

Easter Wings.

LORD, Who createdst man in wealth and store, My tender age in sorrow did begin :
Though foolishly he lost the same, And still with sicknesses and shame
Decaying more and more, Thou didst so punish sin,
Till he became That I became
Most poor : Most thin.

With Thee With Thee
O let me rise Let me combine,
As larks, harmoniously, And feel this day Thy victory :
And sing this day Thy victories : For, if I imp my wing on Thine,
Then shall the fall further the flight in me. Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

Holy Baptism.

AS he that sees a dark and shady grove,
Stays not, but looks beyond it on the sky ;
So when I view my sins, mine eyes remove
More backward still, and to that water fly

Which is above the heavens, whose spring and rent
Is in my dear Redeemer's piercèd side.

O blessed streams ! either ye do prevent
And stop our sins from growing thick and wide,

Or else give tears to drown them, as they grow.

In you redemption measures all my time,
And spreads the plaster equal to the crime :
You taught the Book of Life my name, that so

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

Holy Baptism.

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

O let me still
 Write Thee great God, and me a chil:
 Let me be soft and supple to Thy will,
 Small to myself, to others mild,
 Behither ill.

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

Nature.

FULL of rebellion, I would die,
 Or fight, or travel, or deny
 That Thou hast aught to do with me.
 O tame my heart;
 It is Thy highest art
 To captivate strong holds to Thee.

If Thou shalt let this venom lurk,
 And in suggestions fume and work,
 My soul will turn to bubbles straight,
 And thence by kind
 Vanish into a wind,
 Making Thy workmanship deceit.

O smooth my rugged heart, and there
Engrave Thy reverend law and fear ;
Or make a new one, since the old
 Is sapless grown,
 And a much fitter stone
To hide my dust, than Thee to hold.

Sin.

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

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

Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
 The sound of glory ringing in our ears :
 Without, our shame ; within, our consciences :
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole array
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

Affliction.

WHEN first Thou didst entice to Thee my heart,
I thought the service brave :
So many joys I writ down for my part,
Besides what I might have
Out of my stock of natural delights,
Augmented with Thy gracious benefits.
I looked on Thy furniture so fine,
And made it fine to me :
Thy glorious household-stuff did me entwine,
And 'tice me unto Thee.
Such stars I counted mine : both Heaven and Earth
Paid me my wages in a world of mirth.
What pleasures could I want, whose King I served ?
Where joys my fellows were.
Thus argued into hopes, my thoughts reserved
No place for grief or fear ;
Therefore my sudden soul caught at the place,
And made her youth and fierceness seek Thy face.
At first Thou gavest me milk and sweetnesses ;
I had my wish and way :
My days were strew'd with flowers and happiness ;
There was no month but May.
But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a party unawares for woe.

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

When I got health, Thou took'st away my life,
And more ; for my friends die :
My mirth and edge was lost ; a blunted knife
Was of more use than I.
Thus thin and lean without a fence or friend,
I was blown through with every storm and wind.

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

Yet, for I threaten'd oft the siege to raise,
Not simpering all mine age,
Thou often didst with academic praise
Melt and dissolve my rage.
I took Thy sweetened pill, till I came near ;
I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet, lest perchance I should too happy be
 In my unhappiness,
 Turning my purge to food, Thou throwest me
 Into more sicknesses.

Thus doth Thy power cross-bias me, not making
 Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

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

Yet, though Thou troublest me, I must be meek ;
 In weakness must be stout.

Well, I will change the service, and go seek
 Some other master out.

Ah, my dear God ! though I am clean forgot,
 Let me not love Thee, if I love Thee not.

Repentance.

LORD, I confess my sin is great ;
 Great is my sin. Oh ! gently treat
 With Thy quick flower, Thy momentary bloom ;
 Whose life still pressing
 Is one undressing,
 A steady aiming at a tomb.

Man's age is two hours' work, or three :
Each day doth round about us see.
Thus are we to delights : but we are all
 To sorrows old,
 If life be told
From what life feeleth, Adam's fall.

O let Thy height of mercy then
Compassionate short-breathèd men.
Cut me not off for my most foul transgression :
 I do confess
 My foolishness ;
My God, accept of my confession.

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

When Thou for sin rebukest man,
Forthwith he waxeth woe and wan :
Bitterness fills our bowels ; all our hearts
 Pine and decay,
 And drop away,
And carry with them the other parts.

But Thou wilt sin and grief destroy;
 That so the broken bones may joy,
 And tune together in a well-set song,
 Full of His praises
 Who dead men raises.
 Fractures well cured make us more strong.

Faith.

LORD, how couldst Thou so much appease
 Thy wrath for sin, as when man's sight was dim,
 And could see little, to regard his ease,
 And bring by faith all things to him?

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

There is a rare outlandish root,
 Which when I could not get, I thought it here:
 That apprehension cured so well my foot,
 That I can walk to Heaven well near.

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

Faith makes me anything, or all
That I believe is in the sacred story :
And where sin placeth me in Adam's fall,
Faith sets me higher in His glory.

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

If bliss had lien in art or strength,
None but the wise or strong had gain'd it :
Where now by faith all arms are of a length ;
One size doth all conditions fit.

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

When creatures had no real light
Inherent in them, Thou didst make the sun
Impute a lustre, and allow them bright ;
And in this show what Christ hath done.

That which before was darken'd clean
With bushy groves, pricking the looker's eye,
Vanish'd away, when faith did change the scene :
And then appear'd a glorious sky.

What though my body run to dust?
 Faith cleaves unto it, counting every grain
 With an exact and most particular trust,
 Reserving all for flesh again.

Prayer.

PRAYER, the Church's banquet, Angel's age,
 God's breath in man returning to his birth,
 The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
 The Christian plummet sounding Heaven and earth ;

Engine against the Almighty, sinner's tower,
 Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
 The six days' world-transposing in an hour,
 A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear ;

Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,
 Exalted Manna, gladness of the best,
 Heaven in ordinary, man well drest,
 The milky way, the bird of Paradise,

Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's
 blood,
 The land of spices, something understood.

The Holy Communion.

NOT in rich furniture, or fine array,
Nor in a wedge of gold,
Thou, Who from me wast sold,
To me dost now Thyself convey ;
For so Thou shouldst without me still have been,
Leaving within me sin :

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

Yet can these not get over to my soul,
Leaping the wall that parts
Our souls and fleshly hearts ;
But as the outworks, they may control
My rebel-flesh ; and, carrying Thy Name,
Afright both sin and shame.

Only Thy grace, which with these elements comes,
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privy key,
Opening the soul's most subtil rooms ;
While those to spirits refined at door attend
Dispatches from their friend.

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

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

For sure when Adam did not know
 To sin, or sin to smother ;
 He might to Heaven from Paradise go,
 As from one room to another.

Thou hast restored us to this ease
 By this Thy heavenly blood ;
 Which I can go to when I please,
 And leave the earth to their food.

Antiphon.

Cho. **L**ET all the world in every corner sing,
 "My God and King."

Vers. The heavens are not too high,
 His praise may thither fly.
 The earth is not too low,
 His praises there may grow.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner sing,
“My God and King.”

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

Cho. Let all the world in every corner sing,
“My God and King.”

Love.

I.

IMMORTAL Love, Author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade ;
How hath man parcel'd out Thy glorious Name,
And thrown it on that dust which Thou hast made,

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

Wit fancies beauty, beauty raiseth wit :
The world is theirs ; they two play out the game,
Thou standing by : and though Thy glorious Name
Wrought our deliverance from the infernal pit,

Who sings Thy praise? only a scarf or glove
Doth warm our hands, and make them write of love.

II.

IMMORTAL Heat, O let Thy greater flame
 Attract the lesser to it : let those fires
 Which shall consume the world, first make it
 tame ;

And kindle in our hearts such true desires

As may consume our lusts, and make Thee way.

Then shall our hearts pant Thee ; then shall our
 brain

All her invention on Thine Altar lay,
 And there in hymns send back Thy fire again :

Our eyes shall see Thee, which before saw dust ;

Dust blown by wit, till that they both were blind :
 Thou shalt recover all Thy goods in kind,
 Who wert disseized by usurping lust :

All knees shall bow to Thee ; all wits shall rise,
 And praise Him who did make and mend our eyes.

The Temper.

HOW should I praise Thee, Lord ! how should
 my rhymes

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

Although there were some forty heavens or more,
Sometimes I peer above them all ;
Sometimes I hardly reach a score,
Sometimes to Hell I fall.

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

Wilt Thou meet arms with man, that Thou dost
stretch
A crumb of dust from Heaven to Hell ?
Will great God measure with a wretch ?
Shall he Thy stature spell ?

O let me, when Thy roof my soul hath hid,
O let me roost and nestle there :
Then of a sinner Thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

Yet take Thy way ; for sure Thy way is best :
Stretch or contract me Thy poor debtor :
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the music better.

Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there :
Thy power and love, my love and trust
Make one place everywhere.

The Temper.

It cannot be. Where is that mighty joy,
 Which just now took up all my heart?
 Lord! if Thou must needs use Thy dart,
 Save that and me, or sin for both destroy.

The grosser world stands to Thy word and art;
 But Thy diviner world of grace
 Thou suddenly dost raise and raze,
 And every day a new Creator art.

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

Scatter, or bind them all to bend to Thee:
 Though elements change, and Heaven move,
 Let not Thy higher court remove,
 But keep a standing majesty in me.

Jordan.

Who says that fictions only and false hair
 Become a verse? Is there in truth no beauty?
 Is all good structure in a winding stair?
 May no lines pass, except they do their duty
 Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it no verse, except enchanted groves
And sudden arbours shadow coarse-spun lines?
Must purling streams refresh a lover's loves?
Must all be veil'd, while he that reads, divines,
Catching the sense at two removes?

Shepherds are honest people; let them sing:
Riddle who list, for me, and pull for Prime:
I envy no man's nightingale or spring;
Nor let them punish me with loss of rhyme,
Who plainly say, "My God, my King."

Employment.

¶ As a flower doth spread and die,
Thou wouldst extend me to some good,
Before I were by frost's extremity
Nipt in the bud;

The sweetness and the praise were Thine;
But the extension and the room,
Which in Thy garland I should fill, were mine
At Thy great doom.

For as Thou dost impart Thy grace,
The greater shall our glory be.
The measure of our joys is in this place,
The stuff with Thee.

That mends the looker's eyes : this is the well
That washes what it shows. Who can endear
Thy praise too much? thou art Heaven's Lieger
here,
Working against the states of Death and Hell.

Thou art joy's handsel : Heaven lies flat in thee,
Subject to every mounter's bended knee.

II.

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

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie :
Then, as dispersèd herbs do watch a potion,
These three make up some Christian's destiny :

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

Stars are poor books, and oftentimes do miss :
This book of stars lights to eternal bliss.

Whitsunday.

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

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

Such glorious gifts Thou didst bestow,
That the earth did like a heaven appear ;
The stars were coming down to know
If they might mend their wages, and serve here.

The sun, which once did shine alone,
Hung down his head, and wish'd for night,
When he beheld twelve suns for one
Going about the world, and giving light.

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

Thou shutt'st the door, and keep'st within ;
Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink :
And if the braves of conquering sin
Did not excite Thee, we should wholly sink.

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

Grace.

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

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

The dew doth every morning fall ;
And shall the dew outstrip Thy dove ?
The dew, for which grass cannot call,
Drop from above.

Man is all weakness ; there is no such thing
As prince or king :
His arm is short ; yet with a sling
He may do more.

A herb distill'd, and drunk, may dwell next door,
On the same floor,
To a brave soul : exalt the poor,
They can do more.

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

Affliction.

KILL me not every day,
Thou Lord of life ; since Thy one death for me
Is more then all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay
Die over each hour of Methusalem's stay.

If all men's tears were let
Into one common sewer, sea, and brine ;
What were they all, compared to Thine ?
Wherein if they were set,
They would discolour Thy most bloody sweat.

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

M a t i n s .

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

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

My God, what is a heart,
 That Thou shouldst it so eye and woo,
 Pouring upon it all Thy art,
 As if that Thou hadst nothing else to do?

Indeed, man's whole estate
 Amounts (and richly) to serve Thee :
 He did not Heaven and earth create,
 Yet studies them, not Him by Whom they be.

Teach me Thy love to know ;
That this new light, which now I see,
May both the work and workman show :
Then by a sunbeam I will climb to Thee.

Sin.

☞ THAT I could a sin once see !
We paint the devil foul, yet he
Hath some good in him, all agree.
Sin is flat opposite to the Almighty, seeing
It wants the good of virtue and of being.

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

Evensong.

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

Who gave me sight alone,
Which to Himself He did deny :
For when He sees my ways, I die :
But I have got His Son, and He hath none.

What have I brought Thee home
For this Thy love? have I discharged the debt,
Which this day's favour did beget?
I ran; but all I brought was foam.

Thy diet, care, and cost
Do end in bubbles, balls of wind ;
Of wind to Thee whom I have crost,
But balls of wild-fire to my troubled mind.

Yet still Thou goest on,
And now with darkness closest weary eyes,
Saying to man, "It doth suffice :
Henceforth repose ; your work is done."

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

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

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

Church Monuments.

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

My body to this school, that it may learn
To spell his elements, and find his birth
Written in dusty heraldry and lines ;
Which dissolution sure doth best discern,
Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.
These laugh at jet, and marble put for signs,

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

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

Church Music.

§ SWEETEST of sweets, I thank you : when dis-
 pleasure

Did through my body wound my mind,
 You took me thence, and in your house of pleasure
 A dainty lodging me assign'd.

Now I in you without a body move,
 Rising and falling with your wings :
 We both together sweetly live and love,
 Yet say sometimes, "God help poor kings."

Comfort, I'll die ; for if you post from me,
 Sure I shall do so, and much more :
 But if I travel in your company,
 You know the way to Heaven's door.

Church Lock and Key.

KNOW it is my sin, which locks Thine ears,
And binds Thy hands ;
Out-crying my requests, drowning my tears ;
Or else the chilness of my faint demands.

But as cold hands are angry with the fire,
And mend it still ;
So I do lay the want of my desire,
Not on my sins, or coldness, but Thy will.

Yet hear, O God, only for His blood's sake,
Which pleads for me :
For though sins plead too, yet like stones they make
His blood's sweet current much more loud to be.

The Church-floor.

MARK you the floor? that square and speckled
stone,

Which looks so firm and strong,
Is Patience :

And the other black and grave, wherewith each one
Is checker'd all along,
Humility :

The gentle rising, which on either hand
 Leads to the quire above,
 Is Confidence :

But the sweet cement, which in one sure band
 Ties the whole frame, is Love
 And Charity.

Hither sometimes Sin steals, and stains
 The marble's neat and curious veins :
 But all is cleansèd when the marble weeps.
 Sometimes Death, puffing at the door,
 Blows all the dust about the floor :
 But while he thinks to spoil the room, he sweeps.
 Blest be the Architect, Whose art
 Could build so strong in a weak heart.

The Windows.

LORD, how can man preach Thy eternal word ?
 He is a brittle, crazy glass :

Yet in Thy temple Thou dost him afford
 This glorious and transcendent place,
 To be a window, through Thy grace.

But when Thou dost anneal in glass Thy story,
 Making Thy life to shine within
 The holy preachers ; then the light and glory
 More reverend grows, and more doth win
 Which else shows waterish, bleak, and thin.

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

Trinity Sunday.

LORD, Who hast form'd me out of mud,
And hast redeem'd me through Thy blood,
And sanctified me to do good ;

Purge all my sins done heretofore :
For I confess my heavy score,
And I will strive to sin no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,
With faith, with hope, with charity ;
That I may run, rise, rest with Thee.

Content.

PEACE, muttering thoughts, and do not grudge
to keep
Within the walls of your own breast :
Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep,
Can on another's hardly rest.

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

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,
Content and warm to itself alone:
But when it would appear to other's eye,
Without a knock it never shone.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Quiddity.

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

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

It is no office, art, or news,
Nor the exchange, or busy hall ;
But it is that which, while I use,
I am with Thee, and "Most take all."

Humility, who held the plume, at this
Did weep so fast, that the tears trickling down
Spoil'd all the train : then saying, "Here it is
For which ye wrangle," made them turn their frown
Against the beasts : so jointly bandying,
They drive them soon away ;
And then amerced them double gifts to bring
At the next session-day.

Frailty.

LORD, in my silence how do I despise
What upon trust
Is styled honour, riches, or fair eyes ;
But is—fair dust !
I surname them gilded clay,
Dear earth, fine grass, or hay ;
In all, I think my foot doth ever tread
Upon their head.
But when I view abroad both regiments ;
The world's, and Thine :
Thine clad with simpleness, and sad events ;
The other fine,
Full of glory and gay weeds,
Brave language, braver deeds :
That which was dust before doth quickly rise,
And prick mine eyes.

O brook not this, lest if what even now
 My foot did tread,
 Affront those joys wherewith Thou didst endow
 And long since wed
 My poor soul, e'en sick of love :
 It may a Babel prove,
 Commodious to conquer Heaven and Thee
 Planted in me.

Constancy.

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

Whose honesty is not
 So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
 Can blow away, or glittering look it blind :
 Who rides his sure and even trot,
 While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

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

Whom none can work or woo,
To use in anything a trick or sleight ;
For above all things he abhors deceit :

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

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations : when the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run :

The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue ; virtue is his sun.

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way :

Whom others' faults do not defeat ;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his will
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend, the ill.

This is the marksman, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

Affliction.

MY heart did heave, and there came forth, O God !

By that I knew that Thou wast in the grief,
To guide and govern it to my relief,

Making a sceptre of the rod :

Hadst Thou not had Thy part,
Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart.

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

Or if some years with it escape,
The sigh then only is
A gale to bring me sooner to my bliss.

Thy life on earth was grief, and thou art still
Constant unto it, making it to be
A point of honour, now to grieve in me,
And in Thy members suffer ill.
They who lament one cross,
Thou dying daily, praise Thee to Thy loss.

The Star.

BRIGHT spark, shot from a brighter place,
Where beams surround my Saviour's face,
Canst thou be anywhere
So well as there?

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

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

So disengaged from sin and sickness,
Touch it with thy celestial quickness,
That it may hang and move
After thy love.


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

Get me a standing there, and place
Among the beams, which crown the face
Of Him who died to part
Sin and my heart :

That so among the rest I may
Glitter, and curl, and wind as they :
That winding is their fashion
Of adoration.

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

Sunday.

 DAY most calm, most bright,
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
 The indorsement of supreme delight,
 Writ by a friend, and with His blood ;
 The couch of time ; care's balm and bay :
 The week were dark, but for thy light :
 Thy torch doth show the way.

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

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

Sundays the pillars are,
On which Heaven's palace archèd lies :
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden : that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Thredded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday Heaven's gate stands ope ;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

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

The rest of our Creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at His passion
Did the earth and all things with it move.

As Samson bore the doors away,
 Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
 And did unhinge that day.

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

Thou art a day of mirth :
 And where the week-days trail on ground,
 Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.
 O let me take thee at the bound,
 Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
 Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
 Fly hand in hand to Heaven !

Avarice.

MONEY, thou bane of bliss, and source of woe,
 Whence comest thou, that thou art so fresh
 and fine ?

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

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

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

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

Ana = { MARY } gram.
ARMY }

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

To all Angels and Saints.

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

Not out of envy or maliciousness
Do I forbear to crave your special aid :

I would address

My vows to thee most gladly, blessèd Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my distress.

Thou art the holy mine, whence came the gold,
The great restorative for all decay

In young and old ;

Thou art the cabinet where the jewel lay :
Chiefly to thee would I my soul unfold :

But now, alas ! I dare not ; for our King,
Whom we do all jointly adore and praise,

Bids no such thing :

And where His pleasure no injunction lays,
'Tis your own case, ye never move a wing.

All worship is prerogative, and a flower
Of His rich crown, from whom lies no appeal

At the last hour :

Therefore we dare not from His garland steal,
To make a posy for inferior power.

Although then others court you, if ye know
What's done on earth, we shall not fare the worse,

Who do not so ;

Since we are ever ready to disburse,
If any one our Master's hand can show.

Employment.

HE that is weary, let him sit.
My soul would stir
And trade in courtesies and wit,
Quitting the fur
To cold complexions needing it.

Man is no star, but a quick coal
Of mortal fire :
Who blows it not, nor doth control
A faint desire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.

When the elements did for place contest
With Him, Whose will
Ordain'd the highest to be best ;
The earth sat still,
And by the others is opprest.

Life is a business, not good cheer ;
Ever in wars.
The sun still shineth there or here,
Whereas the stars
Watch an advantage to appear.

Oh that I were an orange-tree,
That busy plant ;

O that Thou shouldst give dust a tongue
To cry to Thee,
And then not hear it crying ! all day long
My heart was in my knee,
But no hearing.

Therefore my soul lay out of sight,
Untuned, unstrung :
My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
Like a nipt blossom, hung
Discontented.

O cheer and tune my heartless breast,
Defer no time ;
That so Thy favours granting my request,
They and my mind may chime,
And mend my rhyme.

Christmas.

ALL after pleasures as I rid one day,
My horse and I, both tired, body and mind,
With full cry of affections, quite astray ;
I took up in the next inn I could find.

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

O Thou, Whose glorious, yet contracted light,
 Wrapt in night's mantle, stole into a manger;
 Since my dark soul and brutish is Thy right,
 To man of all beasts be not thou a stranger :

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

‡ HE shepherds sing, and shall I silent be?
 My God, no hymn for Thee?
 My soul's a shepherd too; a flock it feeds
 Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
 The pasture is Thy word: the streams Thy grace
 Enriching all the place.
 Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
 Out-sing the daylight hours.
 Then we will chide the sun for letting night
 Take up his place and right:
 We sing one common Lord; wherefore He should
 Himself the candle hold.
 I will go searching, till I find a sun
 Shall stay till we have done;
 A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly,
 As frost-nipt suns look sadly.
 Then we will sing, and shine all our own day,
 And one another pay:
 His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so twine,
 Till even his beams sing, and my music shine.

Ungratefulness.

LORD, with what bounty and rare clemency
Hast Thou redeem'd us from the grave !
If Thou hadst let us run,
Gladly had man ador'd the sun,
And thought his god most brave ;
Where now we shall be better gods than he.
Thou hast but two rare cabinets full of treasure,
The Trinity and Incarnation :
Thou hast unlock'd them both,
And made them jewels to betroth
The work of Thy creation
Unto Thyself in everlasting pleasure.
The statelier cabinet is the Trinity,
Whose sparkling light access denies :
Therefore Thou dost not show
This fully to us, till death blow
The dust into our eyes :
For by that powder Thou wilt make us see.
But all Thy sweets are pack'd up in the other ;
Thy mercies thither flock and flow :
That as the first affrights,
This may allure us with delights ;
Because this box we know ;
For we have all of us just such another.

But man is close, reserved, and dark to Thee :
 When Thou demandest but a heart,
 He cavils instantly.
 In his poor cabinet of bone
 Sins have their box apart,
 Defrauding Thee, who gavest two for one.

Sighs and Groans.

DO not use me
 After my sins ! look not on my desert,
 But on Thy glory ! then Thou wilt reform
 And not refuse me : for Thou only art
 The mighty God, but I a silly worm ;
 O do not bruise me !
 O do not urge me !
 For what account can Thy ill steward make ?
 I have abused thy stock, destroy'd thy woods,
 Suck'd all thy magazines : my head did ache,
 Till it found out how to consume Thy goods :
 O do not scourge me !
 O do not blind me !
 I have deserv'd that an Egyptian night
 Should thicken all my powers ; because my lust
 Hath still sewed fig-leaves to exclude Thy light :
 But I am frailty, and already dust ;
 O do not grind me !

O do not fill me
With the turn'd vial of Thy bitter wrath !
For Thou hast other vessels full of blood,
A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
Even unto death : since He died for my good,
O do not kill me !

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

The World.

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

Then Pleasure came, who, liking not the fashion,
Began to make balconies, terraces,
Till she had weaken'd all by alteration :
But reverend laws, and many a proclamation
Reformèd all at length with menaces.

Then enter'd Sin, and with that sycamore,
 Whose leaves first shelter'd man from drought
 dew,
 Working and winding slyly evermore,
 The inward walls and summers cleft and tore :
 But Grace shored these, and cut that as it grew.
 Then Sin combined with Death in a firm band,
 To raze the building to the very floor :
 Which they effected, none could them withstand.
 But Love and Grace took Glory by the hand,
 And built a braver palace than before.

Coloss. iii. 3.

“ Our life is hid with Christ in God.”

MY words and thoughts do both express this notion,

That LIFE hath with the sun a double motion.
 The first IS straight, and our diurnal friend,
 The other HID, and doth obliquely bend.
 One life is wrapt IN flesh, and tends to earth :
 The other winds towards HIM, whose happy birth
 Taught me to live here so, THAT still one eye
 Should aim and shoot at that which IS on high :
 Quitting with daily labour all MY pleasure,
 To gain at harvest an eternal TREASURE.

Vanity.

THE fleet astronomer can bore,
And thread the spheres with his quick-piercing
mind :

He views their stations, walks from door to door,
Surveys, as if he had design'd
To make a purchase there : he sees their dances,
And knoweth long before,
Both their full-eyed aspects, and secret glances.

The nimble diver with his side
Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch
His dearly-earnèd pearl, which God did hide
On purpose from the venturous wretch ;
That He might save his lie, and also hers,
Who with excessive pride
Her own destruction and his danger wears.

The subtil chymic can divest
And strip the creature naked, till he find
The callow principles within their nest :
There he imparts to them his mind,
Admitted to their bed-chamber, before
They appear trim and drest
To ordinary suitors at the door.

What hath not man sought out and found,
 But his dear God? Who yet His glorious law
 Embosoms in us, mellowing the ground
 With showers and frosts, with love and awe,
 So that we need not say, Where's this command?
 Poor man ! thou searchest round
 To find out death, but missest life at hand.

Lent.

WELCOME, dear feast of Lent : who loves not
 thee,

He loves not temperance, or authority,
 But is composed of passion.

The Scriptures bid us fast ; the Church says, now :
 Give to thy mother what thou wouldst allow
 To every corporation.

The humble soul, composed of love and fear,
 Begins at home, and lays the burden there,
 When doctrines disagree.

He says, in things which use hath justly got,
 I am a scandal to the Church, and not
 The Church is so to me.

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
 To use their temperance, seeking no evasion,
 When good is seasonable ;

Unless authority, which should increase
The obligation in us, make it less,
And power itself disable.

Besides the cleanness of sweet abstinence,
Quick thoughts and motions at a small expense,
A face not fearing light :
Whereas in fulness there are sluttish fumes,
Sour exhalations, and dishonest rheums,
Revenging the delight.

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

It's true, we cannot reach Christ's fortieth day ;
Yet to go part of that religious way
Is better than to rest ;
We cannot reach our Saviour's purity ;
Yet are we bid, "Be holy e'en as He."
In both let's do our best.

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

Perhaps my God, though He be far before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more,
 May strengthen my decays.

Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast
By starving sin, and taking such repast
 As may our faults control :
That every man may revel at his door,
Not in his parlour ; banqueting the poor,
 And among those his soul.

Virtue.

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

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

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

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

The Pearl. Matth. xiii.

¶ KNOW the ways of learning ; both the head
And pipes that feed the press, and make it run ;
What reason hath from nature borrowèd,
Or of itself, like a good housewife, spun
In laws and policy ; what the stars conspire,
What willing nature speaks, what forced by fire ;
Both the old discoveries, and the new-found seas,
The stock and surplus, cause and history :
All these stand open, or I have the keys :
Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of honour, what maintains
The quick returns of courtesy and wit :
In vies of favours whether party gains,
When glory swells the heart, and mouldeth it
To all expressions both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true-love-knot may tie,
And bear the bundle, wheresoe'er it goes :
How many drams of spirit there must be
To sell my life unto my friends or foes :
Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of pleasure, the sweet strains,
The lullings and the relishes of it ;
The propositions of hot blood and brains ;
What mirth and music mean ; what love and wit

Have done these twenty hundred years, and more :
 I know the projects of unbridled store :
 My stuff is flesh, not brass ; my senses live,
 And grumble oft, that they have more in me
 Than he that curbs them, being but one to five :
 Yet I love thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand :
 Therefore not sealed, but with open eyes
 I fly to Thee, and fully understand
 Both the main sale, and the commodities ;
 And at what rate and price I have Thy love ;
 With all the circumstances that may move :
 Yet through the labyrinths, not my groveling wit,
 But Thy silk-twist let down from Heaven to me,
 Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
 To climb to Thee.

Affliction.

BROKEN in pieces all asunder,
 Lord, hunt me not,
 A thing forgot,
 Once a poor creature, now a wonder ;
 A wonder tortured in the space
 Betwixt this world and that of grace.

My thoughts are all a case of knives,
 Wounding my heart
 With scatter'd smart,
As watering pots give flowers their lives.
 Nothing their fury can control,
 While they do wound and prick my soul.

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

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

Then shall those powers, which work for grief,
 Enter Thy pay,
 And day by day
Labour Thy praise, and my relief ;
 With care and courage building me,
 Till I reach Heaven, and much more Thee.

M a n.

MY God, I heard this day,
That none doth build a stately habitation,
But he that means to dwell therein.

What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For man is everything,
And more: he is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be more:
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides:
Each part may call the farthest, brother:
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so far,
But man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest star:
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, Heaven move, and fountains
flow.

Nothing we see, but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure :
The whole is, either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed ;
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws ;
Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being ; to our mind
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of duty :
Waters united are our navigation ;
Distinguished, our habitation ;
Below, our drink ; above, our meat ;
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty ?
Then how are all things neat ?

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

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

Antiphon.

Chor. PRAISED be the God of love,

Men. Here below,

Angels. And here above :

Cho. Who hath dealt His mercies so,

Ang. To His friend,

Men. And to His foe ;

Cho. That both grace and glory tend

Ang. Us of old,

Men. And us in the end.

Cho. The great Shepherd of the fold

Ang. Us did make,

Men. For us was sold.

Cho. He our foes in pieces brake ;

Ang. Him we touch ;

Men. And Him we take.

Cho. Wherefore since that He is such,

Ang. We adore,

Men. And we do crouch.

Cho. Lord, Thy praises should be more.

Men. We have none,

Ang. And we no store.

Cho. Praised be the God alone,

Who hath made of two folds one.

Unkindness.

LORD, make me coy and tender to offend:

In friendship, first I think, if that agree,

Which I intend,

Unto my friend's intent and end.

I would not use a friend as I use Thee.

If any touch my friend, or his good name,

It is my honour and my love to free

His blasted fame

From the least spot or thought of blame.

I could not use a friend as I use Thee.

My friend may spit upon my curious floor :

Would he have gold? I lend it instantly ;

But let the poor,

And Thou within them starve at door.

I cannot use a friend as I use Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place,
I quit my interest, and leave it free :

But when Thy grace
Sues for my heart, I Thee displace ;
Nor would I use a friend as I use Thee.

Yet can a friend what Thou hast done fulfil ?
O write in brass, "My God upon a tree
"His blood did spill,
"Only to purchase my good will :
"Yet use I not my foes as I use Thee."

Life.

MADE a posy, while the day ran by :
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.

But time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart :
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Time's gentle admonition :
Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day ;
Yet sugaring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,
And after death for cures.

I follow straight without complaints or grief,
Since, if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

Submission.

BUT that Thou art my wisdom, Lord,
And both mine eyes are Thine,
My mind would be extremely stirr'd
For missing my design.

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

But when I thus dispute and grieve,
I do resume my sight,
And pilfering what I once did give,
Disseize Thee of Thy right.

How know I, if Thou shouldst me raise,
That I should then raise Thee?
Perhaps great places and Thy praise
Do not so well agree.

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

Justice.

❧ CANNOT skill of these Thy ways :

“Lord, Thou didst make me, yet Thou wound-
 est me ;

“Lord, Thou dost wound me, yet Thou dost relieve
 me :

“Lord, Thou relievest, yet I die by Thee :

“Lord, Thou dost kill me, yet Thou dost reprieve
 me.”

But when I mark my life and praise,
 Thy justice me most fitly pays :

“For I do praise Thee, yet I praise Thee not :

“My prayers mean Thee, yet my prayers stray :

“I would do well, yet sin the hand hath got :

“My soul doth love Thee, yet it loves delay.”

I cannot skill of these my ways.

Charms and Knots.

❧ WHO read a chapter when they rise,
 Shall ne'er be troubled with ill eyes.

A poor man's rod, when thou dost ride,
Is both a weapon and a guide.

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

Who goes to bed and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to every day.

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

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

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

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

In shallow waters Heaven doth show ;
But who drinks on, to Hell may go.

Affliction.

MY God, I read this day,
That planted Paradise was not so firm,
As was and is Thy floating ark ; whose stay
And anchor Thou art only, to confirm
And strengthen it in every age,
When waves do rise, and tempests rage.

At first we lived in pleasure ;
 Thine own delights Thou didst to us impart ;
 When we grew wanton, Thou didst use displeasure
 To make us Thine : yet that we might not part,
 As we at first did board with Thee,
 Now Thou wouldst taste our misery.

There is but joy and grief ;
 If either will convert us, we are Thine :
 Some angels used the first ; if our relief
 Take up the second, then Thy double line
 And several baits in either kind
 Furnish Thy table to Thy mind.

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

Mortification.

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

When boys go first to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves ;
Sleep binds them fast ; only their breath
Makes them not dead :
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for music, while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In company ;
That music summons to the knell,
Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

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

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

Man, ere he is aware,
 Hath put together a solemnity,
 And drest his hearse, while he has breath
 As yet to spare.

Yet, Lord, instruct us so to die,
 That all these dyings may be life in death.

Decay.

§ SWEET were the days when Thou didst lodge with
 Lot,

Struggle with Jacob, sit with Gideon,
 Advise with Abraham, when Thy power could not
 Encounter Moses' strong complaints and moan :
 Thy words were then, "Let Me alone."

One might have sought and found Thee presently
 At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well :
 Is my God this way? No, they would reply :
 He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell :
 List, ye may hear great Aaron's bell.

But now Thou dost Thyself immure and close
 In some one corner of a feeble heart :
 Where yet both sin and Satan, Thy old foes,
 Do pinch and straighten Thee, and use much art
 To gain Thy thirds and little part.

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

Misery.

LORD, let the angels praise Thy name.
Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing,
Folly and sin play all his game.
His house still burns, and yet he still doth sing,
“Man is but grass,
“He knows it, fill the glass.”

How canst Thou brook his foolishness?
Why he'll not lose a cup of drink for Thee :
Bid him but temper his excess ;
Not he : he knows where he can better be,
As he will swear,
Than to serve Thee in fear.

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

The best of men, turn but Thy hand
For one poor minute, stumble at a pin :
They would not have their actions scan'd,
Nor any sorrow tell them that they sin,
Though it be small,
And measure not their fall.

They quarrel Thee, and would give over
The bargain made to serve Thee : but Thy love
Holds them unto it, and doth cover
Their follies with the wing of Thy mild dove,
Not suffering those
Who would, to be Thy foes.

My God, man cannot praise Thy name :
Thou art all brightness, perfect purity ;
The sun holds down his head for shame,
Dead with eclipses, when we speak of Thee :
How shall infection
Prefume on Thy perfection ?

As dirty hands foul all they touch,
And those things most, which are most pure and fine :
So our clay hearts, e'en when we crouch
To sing Thy praises, make them less divine.
Yet either this,
Or none Thy portion is.

Man cannot serve Thee ; let him go,
And serve the swine : there, there is his delight :
He doth not like this virtue, no ;
Give him his dirt to wallow in all night :
 These preachers make
 His head to shoot and ache.

Oh foolish man ! where are thine eyes ?
How hast thou lost them in a crowd of cares ?
 Thou pull'st the rug, and wilt not rise,
No not to purchase the whole pack of stars :
 There let them shine,
 Thou must go sleep, or dine.

The bird that sees a dainty bower
Made in the tree, where she was wont to sit,
 Wonders and sings, but not His power
Who made the arbour : this exceeds her wit.
 But man doth know
 The spring whence all things flow :

And yet, as though he knew it not,
His knowledge winks, and lets his humours reign ;
 They make his life a constant blot,
And all the blood of God to run in vain.
 Ah, wretch ! what verse
 Can thy strange ways rehearse ?

Indeed at first man was a treasure,
 A box of jewels, shop of rarities,
 A ring, whose posy was "My pleasure :"
 He was a garden in a Paradise :
 Glory and grace
 Did crown his heart and face.

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

Jordan.

WHEN first my lines of heavenly joys made
 mention,
 Such was their lustre, they did so excel,
 That I sought out quaint words, and trim invention ;
 My thoughts began to burnish, sprout, and swell,
 Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
 Decking the sense, as if it were to sell.
 Thousands of notions in my brain did run,
 Offering their service, if I were not sped :
 I often blotted what I had begun ;
 This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
 Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the sun,
 Much less those joys which trample on his head.

As flames do work and wind, when they ascend,
So did I weave myself into the sense.
But while I bustled, I might hear a friend
Whisper, "How wide is all this long pretence !
"There is in love a sweetness ready penn'd :
"Copy out only that, and save expense."

Prayer.

Ⓞ F what an easy quick access,
My blessèd Lord, art Thou ! how suddenly
May our requests Thine ear invade !
To show that state dislikes not easiness.
If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made :
Thou canst no more not hear, than Thou canst die.
Of what supreme almighty power
Is Thy great arm, which spans the east and west,
And tacks the centre to the sphere !
By it do all things live their measured hour :
We cannot ask the thing which is not there,
Blaming the shallowness of our request.
Of what unmeasurable love
Art Thou possest, Who, when Thou couldst not die,
Wert fain to take our flesh and curse,
And for our sakes in person sin reprove ;
That by destroying that which tied Thy purse,
Thou mightst make way for liberality !

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

Obedience.

MY God, if writings may
 Convey a lordship any way
 Whither the buyer and the seller please;
 Let it not Thee displease,
 If this poor paper do as much as they.

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

If that hereafter pleasure
 Cavil, and claim her part and measure,
 As if this passèd with a reservation,
 Or some such words in fashion;
 I here exclude the wrangler from Thy treasure.

O let Thy sacred will
 All Thy delight in me fulfil!

Let me not think an action mine own way,
But as Thy love shall sway,
Resigning up the rudder to Thy skill.

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

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

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

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

How happy were my part,
 If some kind man would thrust his heart
 Into these lines ; till in Heaven's court of rolls
 They were by wingèd souls
 Enter'd for both, far above their desert !

Conscience.

PEACE prattler, do not lour :
 Not a fair look, but thou dost call it foul :
 Not a sweet dish, but thou dost call it sour :
 Music to thee doth howl.
 By listening to thy chatting fears
 I have both lost mine eyes and ears.

Prattler, no more, I say :
 My thoughts must work, but like a noiseless sphere ;
 Harmonious peace must rock them all the day :
 No room for prattlers there.
 If thou persistest, I will tell thee,
 That I have physic to expel thee.

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

Yet if thou talkest still,
Besides my physic, know there's some for thee :
Some wood and nails to make a staff or bill
For those that trouble me :
The bloody cross of my dear Lord
Is both my physic and my sword.

Sion.

THY LORD, with what glory wast Thou served of old,
When Solomon's temple stood and flourishèd !
Where most things were of purest gold ;
The wood was all embellishèd
With flowers and carvings, mystical and rare :
All show'd the builders craved the seer's care.

Yet all this glory, all this pomp and state
Did not affect Thee much, was not Thy aim ;
Something there was, that sow'd debate :
Wherefore Thou quitt'st Thy ancient claim :
And now Thy architecture meets with sin ;
For all Thy frame and fabric is within.

There Thou art struggling with a peevish heart,
Which sometimes crosseth Thee, Thou sometimes it :
The fight is hard on either part.
Great God doth fight, He doth submit.
All Solomon's sea of brass and world of stone
Is not so dear to Thee as one good groan.

And truly brass and stones are heavy things,
 Tombs for the dead, not temples fit for Thee:
 But groans are quick, and full of wings,
 And all their motions upward be;
 And ever as they mount, like larks they sing;
 The note is sad, yet music for a King.

Home.

COME, Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is
 sick,

 While Thou dost ever, ever stay:
 Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
 My spirit gaspeth night and day.
 O show Thyself to me,
 Or take me up to Thee!

How canst Thou stay, considering the pace
 The blood did make, which Thou didst waste?
 When I behold it trickling down Thy face,
 I never saw thing make such haste.
 O show Thyself, &c.

When man was lost, Thy pity look'd about,
 To see what help in the earth or sky:
 But there was none; at least no help without:
 The help did in Thy bosom lie.
 O show Thyself, &c.

There lay Thy Son : and must He leave that nest,
That hive of sweetness, to remove
Thraldom from those, who would not at a feast
Leave one poor apple for Thy love ?
O show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee !

He did, He came : O my Redeemer dear,
After all this canst Thou be strange ?
So many years baptized, and not appear ?
As if Thy love could fail or change.
O show Thyself, &c.

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

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

With one small sigh Thou gavest me the other day
I blasted all the joys about me :
And scowling on them as they pined away,
Now come again, said I, and flout me.
O show Thyself, &c.

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bush and brake,
Which way soe'er I look, I see.

Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dress themselves, and come to Thee.

O show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee !

We talk of harvests ; there are no such things,
But when we leave our corn and hay :
There is no fruitful year, but that which brings
The last and loved, though dreadful day.
O show Thyself, &c.

O loose this frame, this knot of man untie,
That my free soul may use her wing,
Which now is pinion'd with mortality,
As an intangled, hamper'd thing.
O show Thyself, &c.

What have I left that I should stay and groan ?
The most of me to Heaven is fled :
My thoughts and joys are all pack'd up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead.
O show Thyself, &c.

Come, dearest Lord, pass not this holy season,
My flesh and bones and joints do pray :
And e'en my verse, when by the rhyme and reason
The word is, " Stay," says ever, " Come."
O show Thyself, &c.

The British Church.

JOY, dear mother, when I view
Thy perfect lineaments, and hue
Both sweet and bright.

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

A fine aspect in fit array,
Neither too mean, nor yet too gay,
Shows who is best.

Outlandish looks may not compare :
For all they either painted are,
Or else undrest.

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

Hath kiss'd so long her painted shrines,
That e'en her face by kissing shines,
For her reward.

She in the valley is so shy
Of dressing, that her hair doth lie
About her ears :

While she avoids her neighbour's pride,
 She wholly goes on the other side,
 And nothing wears.

But, dearest mother, (what those miss)
 The mean thy praise and glory is,
 And long may be.

Blessèd be God, Whose love it was
 To double-moat thee with His grace,
 And none but thee.

The Quip.

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

First, beauty crept into a rose,
 Which when I pluckt not, Sir, said she,
 Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?
 "But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me."

Then money came, and chinking still,
 What tune is this, poor man? said he:
 I heard in music you had skill.
 "But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me."

Then came brave glory puffing by
In silks that whistled, who but he?
He scarce allowed me half an eye.
“But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.”

Then came quick wit and conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration.
“But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.”

Yet when the hour of Thy design
To answer these fine things shall come ;
Speak not at large, say, “I am thine :”
And then they have their answer home.

Vanity.

POOOR silly soul, whose hope and head lies low ;
Whose flat delights on earth do creep and grow ;
To whom the stars shine not so fair, as eyes ;
Nor solid work, as false embroideries ;
Hark and beware, lest what you now do measure
And write for sweet, prove a most sour displeasure.

O hear betimes, lest thy relenting
May come too late !
To purchase Heaven for repenting
Is no hard rate.

JESU.

JESU is in my heart, His sacred name
Is deeply carvèd there : but the other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
E'en all to pieces : which I went to seek :
And first I found the corner, where was J,
After, where E S, and next where U was graved.
When I had got these parcels, instantly
I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
That to my broken heart He was I EASE YOU.
And to my whole is JESU.

Business.

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

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

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

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

If thou hast no sighs or groans,
Would thou hadst no flesh and bones !
Lesser pains scape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
Foolish soul, Who died for thee ?

Who did leave His Father's throne,
To assume thy flesh and bone ;
Had He life, or had He none ?

If He had not lived for thee,
Thou hadst died most wretchedly ;
And two deaths had been thy fee.

He so far thy good did plot,
That His own self He forgot.
Did He die, or did He not ?

If He had not died for thee,
Thou hadst lived in misery.
Two lives worse than ten deaths be.

And hath any space of breath
'Twixt his sins and Saviour's death ?

He that loseth gold, though dross,
Tells to all he meets his cross :
He that sins, hath he no loss ?

He that finds a silver vein,
Thinks on it, and thinks again :
Brings thy Saviour's death no gain ?

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

Dialogue.

§ SWEETEST Saviour, if my soul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly should I then control
Any thought of waving.
But when all my care and pains
Cannot give the name of gains
To thy wretch so full of stains ;
What delight or hope remains ?

“ What (child), is the balance thine,
“ Thine the poise and measure ?

“ If I say, Thou shalt be Mine ;
“ Finger not My treasure.

“ What the gains in having thee

“ Do amount to, only He,

“ Who for man was sold, can see ;

“ That transferr'd the accounts to Me.”

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

“ That is all, if that I could
 “ Get without repining ;
 “ And My clay, My creature would
 “ Follow My resigning :
 “ That as I did freely part
 “ With My glory and desert,
 “ Left all joys to feel all smart” . . .
 Ah ! no more : thou break'st my heart.

Dulness.

WHY do I languish thus, drooping and dull,
 As if I were all earth ?
 O give me quickness, that I may with mirth
 Praise Thee brimful !

The wanton lover in a curious strain
 Can praise his fairest fair ;
 And with quaint metaphors her curlèd hair
 Curl o'er again.

Thou art my loveliness, my life, my light,
Beauty alone to me :
Thy bloody death and undeserved, makes Thee
Pure red and white.

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

Where are my lines then? my approaches? views?
Where are my window-songs?
Lovers are still pretending, and e'en wrongs
Sharpen their muse :

But I am lost in flesh, whose surgar'd lies
Still mock me, and grow bold :
Sure Thou didst put a mind there, if I could
Find where it lies.

Lord, clear Thy gift, that with a constant wit
I may but look towards Thee :
Look only : for to love Thee, who can be,
What angel, fit?

Love=joy.

AS on a window late I cast mine eye,
I saw a vine drop grapes, with J and C
Anneal'd on every bunch. One standing by
Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth

To spend my judgment) said, It seem'd to me
 To be the body and the letters both
 Of Joy and Charity. "Sir, you have not miss'd,"
 The man replied ; "It figures JESUS CHRIST."

Providence.

✿ SACRED Providence, Who from end to end
 Strongly and sweetly movest ! shall I write,
 And not of Thee, through Whom my fingers bend
 To hold my quill ? shall they not do Thee right ?

Of all the creatures both in sea and land,
 Only to Man Thou hast made known Thy ways,
 And put the pen alone into his hand,
 And made him secretary of Thy praise.

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

Man is the world's high priest : he doth present
 The sacrifice for all ; while they below
 Unto the service mutter an assent,
 Such as springs use that fall, and winds that blow.

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

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

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

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

For either Thy command, or Thy permission
Lay hands on all : they are Thy right and left :
The first puts on with speed and expedition ;
The other curbs sin's stealing pace and theft.

Nothing escapes them both ; all must appear,
And be dispos'd, and dress'd, and tuned by Thee,
Who sweetly temper'st all. If we could hear
Thy skill and art, what music would it be !

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

Tempests are calm to Thee ; they know Thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do their fathers,
Which cry and follow. Thou hast made poor sand
Check the proud sea, e'en when it swells and gathers.

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

Nothing engender'd doth prevent his meat :
Flies have their table spread, ere they appear.
Some creatures have in winter what to eat ;
Others do sleep, and envy not their cheer.

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

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

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

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

Who hath the virtue to express the rare
And curious virtues both of herbs and stones ?
Is there an herb for that ? O that Thy care
Would show a root that gives expressions !

And if an herb hath power, what have the stars ?
A rose, besides his beauty, is a cure.
Doubtless our plagues and plenty, peace and wars,
Are there much surer than our art is sure.

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

E'en poisons praise Thee. Should a thing be lost ?
Should creatures want, for want of heed, their due ?
Since where are poisons, antidotes are most :
The help stands close, and keeps the fear in view.

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

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

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

Light without wind is glass : warm without weight
Is wool and furs : cool without closeness, shade :
Speed without pains, a horse : tall without height,
A servile hawk : low without loss, a spade.

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

Nothing wears clothes but man ; nothing doth need
But he to wear them. Nothing useth fire,
But man alone, to show his heavenly breed :
And only he hath fuel in desire.

When the earth was dry; Thou madest a sea of wet :
When that lay gather'd, Thou didst broach the
mountains :

When yet some places could no moisture get,
The winds grew gardeners, and the clouds good
fountains.

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

How harsh are thorns to pears! and yet they
make

A better hedge, and need less reparation.
How smooth are silks comparèd with a stake,
Or with a stone ! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes Thou dost divide Thy gifts to man,
Sometimes unite. The Indian nut alone
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and can,
Boat, cable, sail, and needle, all in one.

Most herbs that grow in brooks are hot and dry.
Cold fruit's warm kernels help against the wind.
The lemon's juice and rind cure mutually.
The whey of milk doth loose, the milk doth bind.

Thy creatures leap not, but express a feast,
Where all the guests sit close, and nothing wants.
Frogs marry fish and flesh ; bats, bird, and beast ;
Sponges, nonsense and sense ; mines, the earth and
plants.

To show Thou art not bound, as if Thy lot
Were worse than ours ; sometimes Thou shiftest
hands.

Most things move the under-jaw ; the crocodile not.
Most things sleep lying ; the elephant leans or stands.

But who hath praise enough ? nay, who hath any ?
None can express Thy works, but he that knows
them :

And none can know Thy works, which are so many,
And so complete, but only he that owes them.

All things that are, though they have several ways,
Yet in their being join with one advice
To honour Thee : and so I give Thee praise
In all my other hymns, but in this twice.

Each thing that is, although in use and name
It go for one, hath many ways in store
To honour Thee ; and so each hymn Thy fame
Extolleth many ways, yet this one more.

Hope.

Ⓕ GAVE to Hope a watch of mine : but he
An anchor gave to me.
Then an old prayer-book I did present :
And he an optic sent.
With that I gave a phial full of tears :
But he a few green ears :
Ah, loiterer ! I'll no more, no more I'll bring :
I did expect a ring.

Sin's round.

Ⓕ SORRY I am, my God, sorry I am,
That my offences course it in a ring.
My thoughts are working like a busy flame,
Until their cockatrice they hatch and bring :
And when they once have perfected their draughts,
My words take fire from my inflamèd thoughts.

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

My hands do join to finish the inventions :
 And so my sins ascend three storeys high,
 As Babel grew, before there were dissensions.
 Yet ill deeds loiter not : for they supply
 New thoughts of sinning : wherefore, to my shame,
 Sorry I am, my God, sorry I am.

Time.

MEEETING with Time, "Slack thing," said I,
 "Thy scythe is dull ; whet it, for shame."

"No marvel, Sir," he did reply,

"If it at length deserve some blame :

But where one man would have me grind it,
 Twenty for one too sharp do find it.

"Perhaps some such of old did pass,
 Who above all things loved this life ;
 To whom thy scythe a hatchet was,
 Which now is but a pruning-knife.

Christ's coming hath made man thy debtor,
 Since by thy cutting he grows better.

"And in his blessing thou art blest :
 For where thou only wert before
 An executioner at best ;
 Thou art a gardener now, and more,

An usher to convey our souls
Beyond the utmost stars and poles.

“ And this is that makes life so long,
While it detains us from our God.
E'en pleasures here increase the wrong,
And length of days lengthen the rod.
Who wants the place where God doth dwell,
Partakes already half of Hell.

“ Of what strange length must that needs be,
Which e'en eternity excludes !”
Thus far Time heard me patiently :
Then chafing said, “ This man deludes :
What do I hear before his door ?
He doth not crave less time, but more.”

Gratefulness.

‡ THOU that hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more, a grateful heart.
See how thy beggar works on Thee
By art.

He makes Thy gifts occasion more,
And says, If he in this be crost,
All Thou hast given him heretofore
Is lost.

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

Perpetual knockings at Thy door,
Tears sullyng Thy transparent rooms,
Gift upon gift ; much would have more,
And comes.

This notwithstanding, Thou went'st on,
And didst allow us all our noise :
Nay Thou hast made a sigh and groan
Thy joys.

Not that Thou hast not still above
Much better tunes than groans can make ;
But that these country-airs Thy love
Did take.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again ;
And in no quiet canst Thou be,
Till I a thankful heart obtain
Of Thee :

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

Peace.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly
crave,

Let me once know.

I sought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd, if Peace were there.

A hollow wind did seem to answer, No :

Go seek elsewhere.

I did ; and going did a rainbow note :

Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peace's coat :
I will search out the matter.

But while I look'd, the clouds immediately

Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy

A gallant flower,
The crown imperial : Sure, said I,
Peace at the root must dwell.

But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour

What show'd so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man,

Whom when for Peace
I did demand ; he thus began :

“ There was a Prince of old

At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase

Of flock and fold.

No screw, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber work and wind,
As God's afflictions into man,
When He a torture hath design'd.
They are too subtle for the subtlest hearts ;
And fall, like rheums, upon the tenderest parts.

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

Only an open breast
Doth shut them out, so that they cannot enter ;
Or, if they enter, cannot rest,
But quickly seek some new adventure.
Smooth open hearts no fastening have ; but fiction
Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

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

Giddiness.

ⓂH what a thing is man ! how far from power,
From settled peace and rest !
He is some twenty several men at least
Each several hour.

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

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

He builds a house, which quickly down must go,
As if a whirlwind blew
And crush'd the building : and it's partly true,
His mind is so.

O what a sight were man, if his attires
Did alter with his mind ;
And like a dolphin's skin, his clothes combined
With his desires !

Surely, if each one saw another's heart,
 There would be no commerce,
No sale, or bargain pass : all would disperse,
 And live apart.

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

The Bunch of Grapes.

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

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

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

But can he want the grape, who hath the wine ?
 I have their fruit and more.
 Blessèd be God, who prosper'd Noah's vine,
 And made it bring forth grapes, good store.
 But much more Him I must adore,
 Who of the law's sour juice sweet wine did make,
 E'en God Himself being pressèd for my sake.

Love unknown.

DEAR Friend, sit down, the tale is long and sad :
 And in my faintings I presume your love
 Will more comply than help. A Lord I had,
 And have, of Whom some grounds, which may im-
 prove,
 I hold for two lives, and both lives in me.
 To Him I brought a dish of fruit one day,
 And in the middle placed my heart. But He
 (I sigh to say)

Look'd on a servant, who did know His eye
Better than you know me, or (which is one)
Than I myself. The servant instantly,
Quitting the fruit, seized on my heart alone,
And threw it in a font, wherein did fall
A stream of blood, which issued from the side
Of a great rock : I well remember all,
And have good cause : there it was dipt and dyed,
And wash'd, and wrung : the very wringing yet
Enforceth tears. "Your heart was foul, I fear."
Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit
Many a fault, more than my lease will bear ;
Yet still ask'd pardon, and was not denied.
But you shall hear. After my heart was well,
And clean and fair, as I one eventide

(I sigh to tell)

Walk'd by myself abroad, I saw a large
And spacious furnace flaming, and thereon
A boiling caldron, round about whose verge
Was in great letters set AFFLICTION.
The greatness show'd the owner. So I went
To fetch a sacrifice out of my fold,
Thinking with that, which I did thus present,
To warm His love, which I did fear grew cold.
But as my heart did tender it, the man
Who was to take it from me, slipt his hand,
And threw my heart into the scalding pan ;

My heart, that brought it (do you understand?)
The offerer's heart. "Your heart was hard, I
fear."

Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter
Began to spread and to expatiate there:
But with a richer drug than scalding water
I bathed it often, e'en with holy blood,
Which at a board, while many drunk bare wine,
A friend did steal into my cup for good,
E'en taken inwardly, and most divine
To supple hardnesses. But at the length
Out of the caldron getting, soon I fled
Unto my house, where, to repair the strength
Which I had lost, I hasted to my bed.
But when I thought to sleep out all these faults,
(I sigh to speak)

I found that some had stuff'd the bed with thoughts,
I would say thorns. Dear, could my heart not
break,

When with my pleasures e'en my rest was gone?
Full well I understood who had been there:
For I had given the key to none but one:
It must be He. "Your heart was dull, I fear."
Indeed a slack and sleepy state of mind
Did oft possess me, so that when I pray'd,
Though my lips went, my heart did stay behind.
But all my scores were by another paid,

Who took the debt upon Him. “Truly, Friend,
“For aught I hear, your Master shows to you
“More favour than you wot of. Mark the end.
“The font did only what was old renew :
“The caldron suppld what was grown too hard :
“The thorns did quicken what was grown too dull :
“All did but strive to mend what you had marr’d.
“Wherefore be cheer’d, and praise Him to the full
“Each day, each hour, each moment of the week,
“Who fain would have you be new, tender, quick.”

Man's Medley.

HARK how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring.
All creatures have their joy ; and man hath his.
Yet, if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter, than in present, is.

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

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

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

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

Yet even the greateft griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right, and in their ways.
Happy is he, whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise.

The Storm.

☞ F, as the winds and waters here below
Do fly and flow,
My sighs and tears as busy were above;
Sure they would move
And much affect Thee, as tempestuous times
Amaze poor mortals, and object their crimes.
Stars have their storms, e'en in a high degree,
As well as we.
A throbbing conscience spurred by remorse
Hath a strange force :
It quits the earth, and mounting more and more,
Dares to assault Thee, and besiege Thy door.
There it stands knocking, to Thy music's wrong,
And drowns the song.
Glory and honour are set by, till it
An answer get.
Poets have wronged poor storms : such days are best ;
They purge the air without, within, the breast.

Paradise.

☞ BLESS Thee, Lord, because I GROW
Among Thy trees, which in a ROW
To Thee both fruit and order OW.

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

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

When Thou dost greater judgments SPARE,
 And with Thy knife but prune and PARE,
 E'en fruitful trees more fruitful ARE.

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

The Method.

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

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

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

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

And should God's ear
To such indifferents chainèd be,
Who do not their own motions hear?
Is God less free?

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

And should God's ear,
Which needs not man, be tied to those
Who hear not Him, but quickly hear
His utter foes?

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

Divinity.

AS men, for fear the stars should sleep and nod,
 And trip at night, have spheres supplied ;
 As if a star were duller than a clod,
 Which knows his way without a guide :

Just so the other heaven they also serve,
 Divinity's transcendent sky ;
 Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve.
 Reason triumphs, and faith lies by.

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

But all the doctrine, which He taught and gave,
 Was clear as Heaven, from whence it came.
 At least those beams of truth, which only save,
 Surpass in brightness any flame.

“Love God, and love your neighbour. Watch and
 pray.

“Do as ye would be done unto.”

O dark instructions, e'en as dark as day !
 Who can these Gordian knots undo ?

But He doth bid us take His blood for wine.

Bid what He please; yet I am sure,
To take and taste what He doth there design,
Is all that saves, and not obscure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, foolish man;
Break all thy spheres, and save thy head.
Faith needs no staff of flesh, but stoutly can
To Heaven alone both go and lead.

Ephes. iv. 30.

“Grieve not the Holy Spirit,” &c.

AND art Thou grieved, sweet and sacred Dove,
When I am sour,
And cross Thy love?
Grieved for me? the God of strength and power
Grieved for a worm, which when I tread,
I pass away and leave it dead?

Then weep, mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve :
Weep, foolish heart,
And weeping live ;
For death is dry as dust. Yet if ye part,
End as the night, whose sable hue
Your sins express; melt into dew.

When saucy mirth shall knock or call at door,
Cry out, Get hence,
Or cry no more.

Almighty God doth grieve, He puts on sense :
I sin not to my grief alone,
But to my God's too ; He doth groan.

O take thy lute, and tune it to a strain,
Which may with thee
All day complain.

There can no discord but in ceasing be.
Marbles can weep ; and surely strings
More bowels have than such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge myself to tears and grief,
E'en endless tears
Without relief.

If a clear spring for me no time forbears,
But runs, although I be not dry ;
I am no crystal, what shall I ?

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

If my deserts were masters of mine eyes :
Lord, pardon, for Thy Son makes good
My want of tears with store of blood.

The Family.

WHAT doth this noise of thoughts within my
heart,

As if they had a part ?

What do these loud complaints and pulling fears,
As if there were no rule or ears ?

But, Lord, the house and family are Thine,
Though some of them repine.

Turn out these wranglers, which defile Thy seat :
For where Thou dwellest all is neat.

First peace and silence all disputes control,
Then order plays the soul ;
And giving all things their set forms and hours,
Makes of wild woods sweet walks and bowers.

Humble obedience near the door doth stand,
Expecting a command :
Than whom in waiting nothing seems more slow,
Nothing more quick, when she doth go.

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

This is Thy house, with these it doth abound :
 And where these are not found,
 Perhaps Thou comest sometimes, and for a day ;
 But not to make a constant stay.

The Sige.

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

What though some have a fraught
 Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinnamon sail ;
 If thou hast wherewithal to spice a draught,
 When griefs prevail ;
 And for the future time art heir
 To the isle of spices, is't not fair ?

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

Great joys are all at once ;
But little do reserve themselves for more :
Those have their hopes ; these what they have re-
nounce,

And live on score :
Those are at home ; these journey still,
And meet the rest on Sion's hill.

Thy Saviour sentenced joy,
And in the flesh condemn'd it as unfit,
At least in lump : for such doth oft destroy ;

Whereas a bit
Doth 'tice us on to hopes of more,
And for the present health restore.

A Christian's state and case
Is not a corpulent, but a thin and spare,
Yet active strength : whose long and bony face

Content and care
Do seem' to equally divide,
Like a pretender, not a bride.

Wherefore sit down, good heart ;
Grasp not at much, for fear thou lovest all.
If comforts fell according to desert,
They would great frosts and snows destroy :
For we should count, since the last joy.

Then close again the seam
 Which thou hast open'd : do not spread thy robe
 In hope of great things. Call to mind thy dream,
 An earthly globe,
 On whose meridian was engraven,
 "These seas are tears, and Heaven the haven."

Artillery.

AS I one evening sat before my cell,
 Methought a star did shoot into my lap.
 I rose and shook my clothes, as knowing well,
 That from small fires comes oft not small mishap :
 When suddenly I heard one say,
 " Do as thou usest, disobey ;
 " Expel good motions from thy breast,
 " Which have the face of fire, but end in rest."

I, who had heard of music in the spheres,
 But not of speech in stars, began to muse :
 But turning to my God, whose ministers
 The stars and all things are ; If I refuse,
 Dread Lord, said I, so oft my good ;
 Then I refuse not e'en with blood
 To wash away my stubborn thought :
 For I will do, or suffer what I ought.

But I have also stars and shooters too,
Born where Thy servants both artilleries use.
My tears and prayers night and day do woo,
And work up to Thee ; yet Thou dost refuse.

Not but I am (I must say still)
Much more obliged to do Thy will,
Than Thou to grant mine : but because
Thy promise now hath e'en set Thee Thy laws.

Then we are shooters both, and Thou dost deign
To enter combat with us, and contest
With Thine own clay. But I would parley fain :
Shun not my arrows, and behold my breast.

Yet if Thou shunnest, I am thine :

I must be so, if I am mine.

There is no articing with Thee :

I am but finite, yet Thine infinitely.

Church Rents and Schisms.

BRAVE rose, alas ! where art thou ? in the chair
Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine,
A worm doth sit, whose many feet and hair
Are the more foul, the more thou wert divine.
This, this hath done it, this did bite the root
And bottom of the leaves : which when the wind
Did once perceive, it blew them under foot,
Where rude unhallow'd steps do crush and grind

Their beauteous glories. Only shreds of thee,
And those all bitten, in thy chair I see.

Why doth my mother blush? is she the rose,
And shows it so? Indeed Christ's precious blood
Gave you a colour once; which when your foes
Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,
And made you look much fresher than before.
But when debates and fretting jealousies
Did worm and work within you more and more,
Your colour faded, and calamities
Turn'd your ruddy into pale and bleak:
Your health and beauty both began to break.

Then did your several parts unloose and start:
Which when your neighbours saw, like a north-wind
They rush'd in, and cast them in the dirt
Where Pagans tread. O mother dear and kind,
Where shall I get me eyes enough to weep,
As many eyes as stars? since it is night,
And much of Asia and Europe fast asleep,
And e'en all Afric; would at least I might
With these two poor ones lick up all the dew,
Which falls by night, and pour it out for you!

Justice.

☉ DREADFUL justice, what a fright and terror
Wast thou of old,
When sin and error
Did show and shape thy looks to me,
And through their glass discolour thee !
He that did but look up, was proud and bold.

The dishes of thy balance seem'd to gape,
Like two great pits ;
The beam and scape
Did like some torturing engine show :
Thy hand above did burn and glow,
Daunting the stoutest hearts, the proudest wits.

But now that Christ's pure veil presents the sight,
I see no fears :
Thy hand is white,
Thy scales like buckets, which attend
And interchangeably descend,
Lifting to Heaven from this well of tears.

For where before thou still didst call on me,
Now I still touch
And harp on thee.
God's promises have made thee mine ;
Why should I justice now decline ?
Against me there is none, but for me much.

The Pilgrimage.

TRAVELL'D on, seeing the hill, where lay
My expectation.

A long it was and weary way.
The gloomy cave of desperation
I left on the one, and on the other side
The rock of pride.

And so I came to fancy's meadow strow'd
With many a flower:
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quicken'd by my hour.
So to care's copse I came, and there got through
With much ado.

That led me to the wild of passion, which
Some call the wold;
A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
Here I was robb'd of all my gold,
Save one good angel, which a friend had tied
Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladsome hill,
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart; and climbing still,
When I had gain'd the brow and top,
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that abash'd, and struck with many a sting
Of swarming fears,
I fell, and cried, "Alas, my King!
Can both the way and end be tears?"
Yet taking heart I rose, and then perceived
I was deceived:

My hill was further : so I flung away,
Yet heard a cry
Just as I went, "None goes that way
And lives :” If that be all, said I,
After so foul a journey death is fair,
And but a chair.

The Hold=fast.

THREATENED to observe the strict decree
Of my dear God with all my power and might :
But I was told by one it could not be ;
Yet I might trust in God to be my light.

“Then will I trust,” said I, “in Him alone.
Nay, e’en to trust in Him, was also His :
We must confess that nothing is our own
Then I confess that He my succour is :

“But to have nought is ours, not to confess
 That we have nought.” I stood amazed at this,
 Much troubled, till I heard a friend express,
 That all things were more ours by being His.
 What Adam had, and forfeited for all,
 Christ keepeth now, Who cannot fail or fall.

Complaining.

DO not beguile my heart,
 Because Thou art
 My power and wisdom. Put me not to shame,
 Because I am
 Thy clay that weeps, Thy dust that calls.

Thou art the Lord of glory ;
 The deed and story
 Are both Thy due : but I a silly fly,
 That live or die
 According as the weather falls.

Art Thou all justice, Lord ?
 Shows not Thy word
 More attributes ? Am I all throat or eye,
 To weep or cry ?
 Have I no parts but those of grief ?

Let not Thy wrathful power
 Afflict my hour,

My inch of life : or let Thy gracious power
Contract my hour,
That I may climb and find relief.

The Discharge.

BUSY enquiring heart, what would'st thou know ?

Why dost thou pry,
And turn, and leer, and with a licorous eye
Look high and low ;
And in thy lookings stretch and grow ?

Hast thou not made thy counts, and summ'd up all ?

Did not thy heart
Give up the whole, and with the whole depart ?
Let what will fall :
That which is past who can recall ?

Thy life is God's, thy time to come is gone,
And is His right.

He is thy night at noon : He is at night
Thy noon alone.

The crop is His, for He hath sown.

And well it was for thee, when this befell,
That God did make

Thy business His, and in thy life partake :
For thou canst tell,

If it be His once, all is well.

Only the present is thy part and fee.

And happy thou,

If, though thou didst not beat thy future brow,

Thou couldst well see

What present things required of thee.

They ask enough ; why shouldst thou further go ?

Raise not the mud

Of future depths, but drink the clear and good.

Dig not for woe

In times to come ; for it will grow.

Man and the present fit : if he provide,

He breaks the square.

This hour is mine : if for the next I care,

I grow too wide,

And do encroach upon death's side.

For death each hour environs and surrounds.

He that would know

And care for future chances, cannot go

Unto those grounds,

But through a churchyard which them bounds.

Things present shrink and die : but they that spend

Their thoughts and sense

On future grief, do not remove it thence,

But it extend,

And draw the bottom out an end.

God chains the dog till night : wilt loose the chain,
And wake thy sorrow ?

Wilt thou forestall it, and now grieve to-morrow,
And then again
Grieve over freshly all thy pain ?

Either grief will not come : or if it must,
Do not forecast :
And while it cometh, it is almost past.
Away distrust :
My God hath promised, He is just.

Praise.

KING of glory, King of peace,
I will love Thee :

And that love may never cease,
I will move Thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me :
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing Thee ;
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring Thee.

The Church.

Though my sins against me cried,
 Thou didst clear me ;
 And alone, when they replied,
 Thou didst hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven,
 I will praise Thee.
 In my heart, though not in Heaven,
 I can raise Thee.

Thou grew'st soft and moist with tears,
 Thou relentedst :
 And when justice call'd for fears,
 Thou dissentedst.

Small it is, in this poor sort
 To enrol Thee :
 E'en eternity is too short
 To extol Thee.

An Offering.

☞ **C**OME, bring thy gift. If blessings were as slow
 As men's returns, what would become of fools?
 What hast thou there? a heart? but is it pure?
 Search well and see; for hearts have many holes.
 Yet one pure heart is nothing to bestow:
 In Christ two natures met to be thy cure.

O that within us hearts had propagation,
Since many gifts do challenge many hearts !
Yet one, if good, may title to a number ;
And single things grow fruitful by deserts.
In public judgments one may be a nation,
And fence a plague, while others sleep and slumber.

But all I fear is lest thy heart displease,
As neither good, nor one : so oft divisions
Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone ;
Thy passions also have their set partitions.
These parcel out thy heart : recover these,
And thou mayst offer many gifts in one.

There is a balsam, or indeed a blood,
Dropping from Heaven, which doth both cleanse and
close
All sorts of wounds ; of such strange force it is.
Seek out this all-heal, and seek no repose,
Until thou find and use it to thy good :
Then bring thy gift ; and let thy hymn be this ;

Since my sadness
Into gladness,
Lord, Thou dost convert,
O accept
What Thou hast kept,
As Thy due desert.

The Church.

Had I many,
 Had I any,
 (For this heart is none)
 All were Thine
 And none of mine :
 Surely Thine alone.

Yet Thy favour
 May give savour
 To this poor oblation ;
 And it raise
 To be Thy praise,
 And be my salvation.

Longing.

WITH sick and famish'd eyes,
 With doubling knees and weary bones,
 To Thee my cries,
 To Thee my groans,
 To Thee my sighs, my tears ascend :
 No end ?

My throat, my soul is hoarse ;
 My heart is wither'd like a ground
 Which Thou dost curse.
 My thoughts turn round,
 And make me giddy ; Lord, I fall,
 Yet call.

From Thee all pity flows.
Mothers are kind, because Thou art,
And dost dispose
To them a part :
Their infants, them ; and they suck Thee
More free.

Bowels of pity, hear !
Lord of my soul, love of my mind,
Bow down Thine ear !
Let not the wind
Scatter my words, and in the same
Thy name !

Look on my sorrows round !
Mark well my furnace ! O what flames,
What heats abound !
What griefs, what shames !
Consider, Lord ; Lord, bow Thine ear,
And hear !

Lord Jesu, Thou didst bow
Thy dying head upon the tree :
O be not now
More dead to me !
Lord hear ! " Shall He that made the ear
Not hear ?"

Behold, Thy dust doth stir ;
It moves, it creeps, it aims at Thee :
Wilt Thou defer
To succour me,
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumb
Says, Come?

To Thee help appertains.
Hast Thou left all things to their course,
And laid the reins
Upon the horse?
Is all lock'd? hath a sinner's plea
No key?

Indeed the world's Thy book,
Where all things have their leaf assign'd :
Yet a meek look
Hath interlined.
Thy board is full, yet humble guests
Find nests.

Thou tarriest, while I die,
And fall to nothing : Thou dost reign,
And rule on high,
While I remain
In bitter grief : yet am I styled
Thy child.

Lord, didst Thou leave Thy throne,
Not to relieve? how can it be
That Thou art grown
Thus hard to me?
Were sin alive, good cause there were
To bear.

But now both sin is dead,
And all Thy promises live and bide.
That wants his head ;
These speak and chide,
And in Thy bosom pour my tears,
As theirs.

Lord JESU, hear my heart,
Which hath been broken now so long,
That every part
Hath got a tongue !
Thy beggars grow ; rid them away
To-day.

My love, my sweetness, hear !
By these Thy feet, at which my heart
Lies all the year,
Pluck out Thy dart,
And heal my troubled breast which cries,
Which dies.

The Bag.

AWAY, despair ; my gracious Lord doth hear.
Though winds and waves assault my keel,
He doth preserve it : He doth steer,
E'en when the boat seems most to reel.
Storms are the triumph of His art :
Well may He close his eyes, but not His heart.

Hast thou not heard that my Lord JESUS died ?
Then let me tell thee a strange story.
The God of power, as He did ride
In His majestic robes of glory,
Resolved to light ; and so one day
He did descend, undressing all the way.

The stars His tire of light and rings obtain'd,
The cloud His bow, the fire His spear,
The sky His azure mantle gain'd.
And when they ask'd what He would wear ;
He smiled, and said as He did go,
He had new clothes a making here below.

When He was come, as travellers are wont,
He did repair unto an inn.
Both then and after, many a brunt
He did endure to cancel sin :
And having given the rest before,
Here he gave up His life to pay our score.

But as He was returning, there came one
That ran upon Him with a spear.
He, who came hither all alone,
Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,
Received the blow upon His side,
And straight He turn'd, and to His brethren cried,

“If ye have anything to send or write,
(I have no bag, but here is room)
Unto My Father's hands and sight
(Believe Me) it shall safely come.
That I shall mind what you impart ;
Look, you may put it very near My heart.

“Or if hereafter any of My friends
Will use Me in this kind, the door
Shall still be open ; what He sends
I will present, and somewhat more,
Not to His hurt. Sighs will convey
Anything to Me.” Hark, despair, away.

The Jews.

POOOR nation, whose sweet sap and juice
Our cyons have purloin'd, and left you dry :
Whose streams we got by the Apostles' sluice,
And use in baptism, while ye pine and die :
Who by not keeping once, became a debtor ;
And now by keeping lose the letter :

O that my prayers ! mine, alas !
 Oh that some angel might a trumpet sound ;
 At which the Church falling upon her face
 Should cry so loud, until the trump were drown'd,
 And by that cry of her dear Lord obtain,
 That your sweet sap might come again !

The Collar.

Ⓕ STRUCK the board, and cried, "No more :
 I will abroad."

What, shall I ever sigh and pine ?
 My lines and life are free ; free as the road,
 Loose as the wind, as large as store.
 Shall I be still in suit ?
 Have I no harvest, but a thorn
 To let me bleed, and not restore
 What I have lost with cordial fruit ?
 Sure there was wine
 Before my sighs did dry it : there was corn
 Before my tears did drown it.
 Is the year only lost to me ?
 Have I no bays to crown it ?
 No flowers, no garlands gay ? all blasted ?
 All wasted ?
 Not so, my heart : but there is fruit,
 And thou hast hands.

Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures : leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit, and not forsake thy cage,
 Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
 Good cable, to enforce and draw,
 And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
 Away ; take heed :
 I will abroad.
Call in thy death's-head there : tie up thy fears.
 He that forbears
 To suit and serve his need,
 Deserves his load.
But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
 At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, " Child :"
 And I replied, " My Lord."

The Glimpse.

WHITHER away, delight ?
 Thou camest but now ; wilt thou so soon
 depart,
 And give me up to night ?
For many weeks of lingering pain and smart
But one half hour of comfort for my heart ?

Methinks delight should have
More skill in music, and keep better time.

Wert thou a wind or wave,
They quickly go and come with lesser crime :
Flowers look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy short abode and stay
Feeds not, but adds to the desire of meat.

Lime begg'd of old (they say)
A neighbour spring to cool his inward heat ;
Which by the spring's access grew much more great.

In hope of thee, my heart
Pick'd here and there a crumb, and would not die ;
But constant to his part,
When as my fears foretold this, did reply,
A slender thread a gentle guest will tie.

Yet if the heart that wept
Must let thee go, return when it doth knock.

Although thy heap be kept
For future times, the droppings of the stock
May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to spin,
The wheel shall go, so that thy stay be short.

Thou know'st how grief and sin
Disturb the work. O make me not their sport,
Who by thy coming may be made a court !

Assurance.

Ⓢ SPITEFUL bitter thought !
Bitterly spiteful thought ! couldst thou invent
So high a torture ? Is such poison bought ?
Doubtless, but in the way of punishment,
When wit contrives to meet with thee,
No such rank poison can there be.

Thou saidst but even now,
That all was not so fair as I conceived,
Betwixt my God and me ; that I allow
And coin large hopes ; but, that I was deceived :
Either the league was broke, or near it ;
And, that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this ? What more
Could poison, if it had a tongue, express ?
What is thy aim ? Wouldst thou unlock the door
To cold despairs and gnawing pensiveness ?
Wouldst thou raise devils ? I see, I know,
I writ thy purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,
If all the hope and comfort that I gather
Were from myself, I had not half a word,
Not half a letter to oppose
What is objected by my foes.

But Thou art my desert :
 And in this league, which now my foes invade,
 Thou art not only to perform Thy part,
 But also mine ; as when the league was made
 Thou didst at once Thyself indite,
 And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore if Thou canst fail,
 Then can Thy truth and I : but while rocks stand,
 And rivers stir, Thou canst not shrink or quail :
 Yea, when both rocks and all things shall disband,
 Then shalt Thou be my rock and tower,
 And make their ruin praise Thy power.

Now, foolish thought, go on,
 Spin out thy thread, and make thereof a coat
 To hide thy shame : for thou hast cast a bone,
 Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy throat :
 What for itself love once began,
 Now love and truth will end in man.

The Call.

☞ COME, my Way, my Truth, my Life :
 Such a Way, as gives us breath :
 Such a Truth, as ends all strife :
 And such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength :
Such a Light, as shows a feast :
Such a Feast, as mends in length :
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart :
Such a Joy, as none can move :
Such a Love, as none can part :
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

Clasping of Bands.

LORD, Thou art mine, and I am Thine,
If mine I am : and Thine much more,
Than I or ought or can be mine.
Yet to be Thine doth me restore ;
So that again I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more.
Since this being mine, brings with it Thine,
And Thou with me dost Thee restore.
If I without Thee would be mine,
I neither should be mine nor Thine.

Lord, I am Thine, and Thou art mine :
So mine Thou art, that something more
I may presume Thee mine, than Thine.
For Thou didst suffer to restore

Not Thee, but me, and to be mine :
 And with advantage mine the more,
 Since Thou in death wast none of Thine,
 Yet then as mine didst me restore.

O be mine still ! still make me Thine !
 Or rather make no Thine and mine !

Praise.

LORD, I will mean and speak Thy praise,
 Thy praise alone.

My busy heart shall spin it all my days :

And when it stops for want of store,
 Then will I wring it with a sigh or groan,
 That Thou mayst yet have more.

When Thou dost favour any action,
 It runs, it flies :

All things concur to give it a perfection.

That which had but two legs before,
 When Thou dost bless, hath twelve : one wheel doth
 rise

To twenty then, or more.

But when Thou dost on business blow,
 It hangs, it clogs ;

Not all the teams of Albion in a row

Can hale or draw it out of door.

Legs are but stumps, and Pharaoh's wheels but logs,
 And struggling hinders more.

Thousands of things do Thee employ
In ruling all
This spacious globe : angels must have their joy,
Devils their rod, the sea his shore,
The winds their stint : and yet when I did call,
Thou heard'st my call, and more.

I have not lost one single tear :
But when mine eyes
Did weep to Heaven, they found a bottle there
(As we have boxes for the poor)
Ready to take them in ; yet of a size
That would contain much more.

But after Thou hadst slipt a drop
From Thy right eye,
(Which there did hang like streamers near the top
Of some fair church, to show the sore
And bloody battle which Thou once didst try)
The glass was full and more.

Wherefore I sing. Yet since my heart,
Though press'd, runs thin ;
O that I might some other hearts convert,
And so take up at use good store :
That to Thy chests there might be coming in
Both all my praise, and more !

Joseph's Coat.

WOUNDED I sing, tormented I indite,
 Thrown down I fall into a bed and rest :
 Sorrow hath changed its note : such is His will,
 Who changeth all things, as Him pleaseth best.

For well He knows, if but one grief and smart
 Among my many had His full career,
 Sure it would carry with it e'en my heart,
 And both would run until they found a bier

To fetch the body ; both being due to grief.
 But he hath spoil'd the race ; and given to anguish
 One of joy's coats, 'ticing it with relief
 To linger in me, and together languish.

I live to show His power, Who once did bring
 My joys to weep, and now my griefs to sing.

The Pulley.

WHEN God at first made man,
 Having a glass of blessings standing by ;
 " Let us (said He) pour on him all we can :
 Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
 Contract into a span."

So strength first made a way ;
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in nature, not the God of nature.
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness :
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.

The Priesthood.

BLEST order, which in power dost so excel,
That with the one hand thou liftest to the sky,
And with the other throwest down to hell
In thy just censures ; fain would I draw nigh ;
Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay-sword
For that of the Holy Word.

But thou art fire, sacred and hallow'd fire ;
And I but earth and clay : should I presume
To wear thy habit, the severe attire
My slender compositions might consume.
I am both foul and brittle ; much unfit
 To deal in Holy Writ.

Yet have I often seen, by cunning hand
And force of fire, what curious things are made
Of wretched earth. Where once I scorn'd to stand,
That earth is fitted by the fire and trade
Of skilful artists, for the boards of those
 Who make the bravest shows.

But since those great ones, be they ne'er so great,
Come from the earth, from whence those vessels come ;
So that at once both feeder, dish, and meat
Have one beginning and one final sum :
I do not greatly wonder at the sight,
 If earth in earth delight.

But the holy men of God such vessels are,
As serve Him up, Who all the world commands :
When God vouchsafeth to become our fare,
Their hands convey Him, Who conveys their hands.
O what pure things, most pure must those things be,
 Who bring my God to me !

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
To hold the ark, although it seem to shake
Through the old sins and new doctrines of our land.
Only, since God doth often vessels make
Of lowly matter for high uses meet,
I throw me at His feet.

There will I lie, until my Maker seek
For some mean stuff whereon to show His skill :
Then is my time. The distance of the meek
Doth flatter power. Lest good come short of ill
In praising might, the poor do by submission
What pride by opposition.

The Search.

WHITHER, O, whither art Thou fled,
My Lord, my Love?
My searches are my daily bread ;
Yet never prove.
My knees pierce the earth, mine eyes the sky ;
And yet the sphere
And centre both to me deny
That Thou art there.
Yet can I mark how herbs below
Grow green and gay ;
As if to meet Thee they did know,
While I decay.

The Church.

Yet can I mark how stars above
 Simper and shine,
As having keys unto Thy love,
 While poor I pine.

I sent a sigh to seek Thee out,
 Deep drawn in pain,
Wing'd like an arrow : but my scout
 Returns in vain.

I tuned another (having store)
 Into a groan ;
Because the search was dumb before :
 But all was one.

Lord, dost Thou some new fabric mould
 Which favour wins,
And keeps Thee present, leaving the old
 Unto their sins ?

Where is my God? what hidden place
 Conceals Thee still?
What covert dare eclipse Thy face?
 Is it Thy will?

O let not that of any thing ;
 Let rather brass,
Or steel, or mountains be Thy ring,
 And I will pass.

Thy will such an intrenching is,
 As passeth thought !
To it all strength, all subtilties
 Are things of nought.

Thy will such a strange distance is,
 As that to it
East and West touch, the poles do kiss,
 And parallels meet.

Since then my grief must be as large
 As is Thy space,
Thy distance from me ; see my charge,
 Lord, see my case.

O take these bars, these lengths away ;
 Turn, and restore me :
Be not Almighty ; let me say,
 Against, but for me.

When Thou dost turn, and wilt be near ;
 What edge so keen,
What point so piercing can appear
 To come between ?

For as Thy absence doth excel
 All distance known :
So doth Thy nearness bear the bell,
 Making two one.

Grief.

WHO will give me tears? Come, all ye springs,
 Dwell in my head and eyes : come, clouds and rain :
 My grief hath need of all the watery things
 That nature hath produced. Let every vein
 Suck up a river to supply mine eyes,
 My weary weeping eyes too dry for me,
 Unless they get new conduits, new supplies
 To bear them out, and with my state agree.
 What are two shallow fords, two little spouts
 Of a less world? the greater is but small,
 A narrow cupboard for my griefs and doubts,
 Which want provision in the midst of all.
 Verses, ye are too fine a thing, too wise
 For my rough sorrows : cease, be dumb and mute,
 Give up your feet and running to mine eyes,
 And keep your measures for some lover's lute,
 Whose grief allows him music and a rhyme :
 For mine excludes both measure, tune, and time.
 Alas, my God !

The Cross.

WHAT is this strange and uncouth thing?
 To make me sigh, and seek, and faint, and die,
 Until I had some place, where I might sing,
 And serve Thee ; and not only I,

But all my wealth and family might combine
To set Thy honour up, as our design.

And then, when after much delay,
Much wrestling, many a combat, this dear end,
So much desired, is given, to take away

My power to serve Thee ; to unbend
All my abilities, my designs confound,
And lay my threatenings bleeding on the ground.

One ague dwelleth in my bones,
Another in my soul (the memory
What I would do for Thee, if once my groans
Could be allow'd for harmony)
I am in all a weak disabled thing,
Save in the sight thereof, where strength doth sting.

Besides, things sort not to my will,
E'en when my will doth study Thy renown :
Thou turnest the edge of all things on me still,
Taking me up to throw me down :
So that, e'en when my hopes seem to be sped,
I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be
Farther from it than when I bent my bow ;
To make my hopes my torture, and the fee
Of all my woes another woe,

Is in the midst of delicates to need,
And e'en in Paradise to be a weed.

Ah, my dear Father, ease my smart !
These contrarieties crush me : these cross actions
Do wind a rope about, and cut my heart :
And yet since these Thy contradictions
Are properly a cross felt by Thy Son,
With but four words, my words, "Thy will be done."

The Flower.

HOW fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are Thy returns ! e'en as the flowers in spring ;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivell'd heart
Could have recover'd greenness ? It was gone
Quite under ground ; as flowers depart
To see their mother root, when they have blown ;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickening, bringing down to Hell
And up to Heaven in an hour ;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.

We say amiss,
This or that is :
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in Thy Paradise, where no flower can wither !
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Offering at Heaven, growing and groaning thither :
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-shower,
My sins and I joining together :

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if Heaven were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline :
What frost to that ? What pole is not the zone,
Where all things burn,
When Thou dost turn,
And the least frown of Thine is shown ?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write ;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing. O my only light,

It cannot be
That I am he
On whom Thy tempests fell all night.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide :
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.

Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

Dotage.

FALSE glozing pleasures, casks of happiness,
Foolish night-fires, women's and children's
wishes,

Chases in arras, gilded emptiness,
Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career,
Embroider'd lies, nothing between two dishes ;
These are the pleasures here.

True earnest sorrows, rooted miseries,
Anguish in grain, vexations ripe and blown,
Sure-footed griefs, solid calamities,
Plain demonstrations, evident and clear,
Fetching their proofs e'en from the very bone ;
These are the sorrows here.

But, O the folly of distracted men,
Who griefs in earnest, joys in jest pursue ;
Preferring, like brute beasts, a lothsome den
Before a court, e'en that above so clear,
Where are no sorrows, but delights more true,
Than miseries are here !

The Son.

LET foreign nations of their language boast,
What fine variety each tongue affords :
I like our language, as our men and coast :
Who cannot dress it well, want wit, not words.
How neatly do we give one only name
To parent's issue and the sun's bright star !
A son is light and fruit ; a fruitful flame
Chasing the father's dimness, carried far
From the first man in the east, to fresh and new
Western discoveries of posterity.
So in one word our Lord's humility
We turn upon Him in a sense most true :
For what Christ once in humbleness began,
We Him in glory call "The Son of Man."

A True Hymn.

MY joy, my life, my crown !
 My heart was meaning all the day,
 Somewhat it fain would say :
 And still it runneth muttering up and down
 With only this, " My joy, my life, my crown !"

Yet slight not these few words :
 If truly said, they may take part
 Among the best in art.
 The fineness which a hymn or psalm affords,
 Is, when the soul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the mind,
 And all the soul, and strength, and time,
 If the words only rhyme,
 Justly complains, that somewhat is behind
 To make his verse, or write a hymn in kind.

Whereas if the heart be moved,
 Although the verse be somewhat scant,
 God doth supply the want.
 As when the heart says (sighing to be approved)
 " O, could I love ! " and stops : God writeth,
 " Loved. "

The Answer.

MY comforts drop and melt away like snow :
I shake my head, and all the thoughts and
ends,
Which my fierce youth bid bandy, fall and flow
Like leaves about me, or like summer friends,
Flies of estates and sunshine. But to all,
Who think me eager, hot, and undertaking,
But in my prosecutions slack and small ;
As a young exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his first bed of dirt, and means the sky ;
But cooling by the way, grows palsy and slow,
And settling to a cloud, doth live and die
In that dark state of tears : to all, that so
Show me, and set me, I have one reply,
Which they that know the rest, know more than I.

A Dialogue=Anthem.

CHRISTIAN. DEATH.

Chr. **A**LAS, poor Death, where is thy glory?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient
sting ?
Dea. Alas, poor mortal, void of story,
Go spell and read how I have kill'd thy King.
Chr. Poor Death ! and who was hurt thereby ?
Thy curse being laid on him, makes thee accurst.

Dea. Let losers talk: yet thou shalt die;
 These arms shall crush thee. *Chr.* Spare not, do
 thy worst.
 I shall be one day better than before:
 Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

The Water=course.

THOU who dost dwell and linger here below,
 Since the condition of this world is frail,
 Where of all plants afflictions soonest grow;
 If troubles overtake thee, do not wail:
 For who can look for less, that loveth { Life.
 Strife.

But rather turn the pipe, and water's course
 To serve thy sins, and furnish thee with store
 Of sovereign tears, springing from true remorse:
 That so in pureness thou mayst Him adore,
 Who gives to man, as He sees fit, { Salvation.
 Damnation.

Self=condemnation.

THOU who condemnest Jewish hate,
 For choosing Barabbas a murderer
 Before the Lord of glory;
 Look back upon thine own estate,
 Call home thine eye (that busy wanderer)
 That choice may be thy story.

He that doth love, and love amiss,
This world's delights before true Christian joy,
Hath made a Jewish choice :
The world an ancient murderer is ;
Thousands of souls it hath and doth destroy
With her enchanting voice.

He that hath made a sorry wedding
Between his soul and gold, and hath preferr'd
False gain before the true,
Hath done what he condemns in reading :
For he hath sold for money his dear Lord,
And is a Judas-Jew.

Thus we prevent the last great day,
And judge ourselves. That light, which sin and
passion
Did before dim and choke,
When once those snuffs are ta'en away,
Shines bright and clear, e'en unto condemnation,
Without excuse or cloak.

Bitter-Sweet.

AH, my dear angry Lord,
Since Thou dost love, yet strike ;
Cast down, yet help afford ;
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise ;
 I will bewail, approve :
 And all my sour-sweet days
 I will lament, and love.

The Glance.

WHEN first Thy sweet and gracious eye
 Vouchsaf'd e'en in the midst of youth and
 night
 To look upon me, who before did lie
 Weltering in sin ;
 I felt a sugar'd strange delight,
 Passing all cordials made by any art,
 Bedew, embalm, and overrun my heart,
 And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm
 My soul hath felt, e'en able to destroy,
 Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
 His swing and sway :
 But still Thy sweet original joy,
 Sprung from Thine eye, did work within my soul,
 And surging griefs, when they grew bold, control,
 And got the day.

If Thy first glance so powerful be,
A mirth but open'd, and seal'd up again ;
What wonders shall we feel, when we shall see
Thy full-eyed love !

When Thou shalt look us out of pain,
And one aspect of Thine spend in delight
More than a thousand suns disburse in light,
In Heaven above.

The Twenty-third Psalm.

THE God of love my shepherd is,
And He that doth me feed :
While He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest ;
Then to the streams that gently pass :
In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, He doth convert
And bring my mind in frame :
And all this not for my desert,
But for His holy name.

Yea, in death's shady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear :
For Thou art with me ; and Thy rod
To guide, Thy staff to bear.

Nay, Thou dost make me sit and dine,
 E'en in my enemies' sight :
 My head with oil, my cup with wine
 Runs over day and night.

Surely Thy sweet and wondrous love
 Shall measure all my days ;
 And as it never shall remove,
 So neither shall my praise.

Mary Magdalen.

WHEN blessèd Mary wiped her Saviour's feet,
 (Whose precepts she had trampled on before)
 And wore them for a jewel on her head,
 Showing His steps should be the street,
 Wherein she thenceforth evermore
 With pensive humbleness would live and tread :

She being stain'd herself, why did she strive
 To make Him clean, Who could not be defiled ?
 Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,
 And not His feet ? Though we could dive
 In tears like seas, our sins are piled
 Deeper than they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Dear soul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deign
 To bear her filth ; and that her sins did dash
 E'en God Himself : wherefore she was not loath,

As she had brought wherewith to stain,
So to bring in wherewith to wash :
And yet in washing one, she washèd both.

A a r o n.

HOLINESS on the head,
Light and perfections on the breast,
Harmonious bells below, raising the dead
To lead them unto life and rest.
Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profaneness in my head,
Defects and darkness in my breast,
A noise of passions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no rest.
Poor priest thus am I drest.

Only another head
I have, another heart and breast,
Another music, making live, not dead,
Without Whom I could have no rest :
In Him I am well drest.

Christ is my only head,
My alone only heart and breast,
My only music, striking me e'en dead ;
That to the old man I may rest,
And be in Him new drest.

So holy in my head,
 Perfect and light in my dear breast,
 My doctrine tuned by Christ, (Who is not dead,
 But lives in me while I do rest)
 Come, people, Aaron's drest.

The Odour. 2 Cor. ii.

HOW sweetly doth my Master sound ! My Master !
 As ambergris leaves a rich scent
 Unto the taster :
 So do these words a sweet content,
 An oriental fragrancy,—My Master.
 With these all day I do perfume my mind,
 My mind e'en thrust into them both :
 That I might find
 What cordials make this curious broth,
 This broth of smells, that feeds and fats my mind.
 My Master, shall I speak ? O that to thee
 My servant were a little so,
 As flesh may be ;
 That these two words might creep and grow
 To some degree of spiciness to Thee !
 Then should the pomander, which was before
 A speaking sweet, mend by reflection,
 And tell me more :
 For pardon of my imperfection
 Would warm and work it sweeter than before.

For when My Master, which alone is sweet,
And e'en in my unworthiness pleasing,
Shall call and meet,
My Servant, as Thee not displeasing,
That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains by sweetening me
(As sweet things traffic when they meet)
Return to Thee.

And so this new commerce and sweet
Should all my life employ, and busy me.

The Foil.

⚡F we could see below
The sphere of virtue, and each shining grace
As plainly as that above doth show ;
This were the better sky, the brighter place.

God hath made stars the foil
To set off virtues ; griefs to set off sinning :
Yet in this wretched world we toil,
As if grief were not foul, nor virtue winning.

The Forerunners.

⚡HE harbingers are come. See, see their mark ;
White is their colour, and behold my head.
But must they have my brain ? must they dispart
Those sparkling notions, which therein were bred ?

Must dulness turn me to a clod?
 Yet have they left me, "Thou art still my God."

Good men ye be, to leave me my best room,
 E'en all my heart, and what is lodgèd there :
 I pass not, I, what of the rest become,
 So "Thou art still my God," be out of fear.

He will be pleasèd with that ditty ;
 And if I please Him, I write fine and witty.

Farewell sweet phrases, lovely metaphors.
 But will ye leave me thus? when ye before
 Of stews and brothels only knew the doors,
 Then did I wash you with my tears, and more,
 Brought you to church well drest and clad :
 My God must have my best, e'en all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, sugarcane,
 Honey of roses, whither wilt thou fly?
 Hath some fond lover 'ticed thee to thy bane?
 And wilt thou leave the church, and love a sty?

Fie, thou wilt soil thy broider'd coat,
 And hurt thyself, and him that sings the note.

Let foolish lovers, if they will love dung,
 With canvass, not with arras, clothe their shame :
 Let folly speak in her own native tongue.
 True beauty dwells on high : ours is a flame

Throw away Thy rod ;
 Though man frailties hath,
 Thou art God :
 Throw away Thy wrath.

The Invitation.

☞ **C**OME ye hither, all whose taste
 Is your waste ;
 Save your cost, and mend your fare.
 God is here prepared and dress'd,
 And the feast ;
 God, in Whom all dainties are.

Come ye hither, all whom wine
 Doth define,
 Naming you not to your good :
 Weep what ye have drunk amiss,
 And drink this,
 Which before ye drink is blood.

Come ye hither, all whom pain
 Doth arraign,
 Bringing all your sins to sight :
 Taste and fear not : God is here
 In this cheer,
 And on sin doth cast the fright.

O what sweetness from the bowl
 Fills my soul,
Such as is, and makes divine !
Is some star (fled from the sphere)
 Melted there,
As we sugar melt in wine?

Or hath sweetness in the bread
 Made a head
To subdue the smell of sin ;
Flowers, and gums, and powders giving
 All their living,
Lest the enemy should win?

Doubtless, neither star nor flower
 Hath the power
Such a sweetness to impart :
Only God, Who gives perfumes,
 Flesh assumes,
And with it perfumes my heart.

But as pomanders and wood
 Still are good,
Yet being bruised are better scented :
God, to show how far His love
 Could improve,
Here, as broken, is presented.

The Posy.

LET wits contest,
 And with their words and posies windows fill :
 “Less than the least
 Of all Thy mercies,” is my posy still.

This on my ring,
 This by my picture in my book I write :
 Whether I sing,
 Or say, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention, rest ;
 Comparisons, go play ; wit, use thy will :
 “Less than the least
 Of all God’s mercies,” is my posy still.

A Parody.

SOUL’S joy, when Thou art gone,
 And I alone,
 Which cannot be,
 Because Thou dost abide with me,
 And I depend on Thee ;
 Yet when Thou dost suppress
 The cheerfulness
 Of Thy abode,
 And in my powers, not stir abroad,
 But leave me to my load :

Not rudely, as a beast,
 To run into an action ;
 But still to make Thee prepossest,
 And give it his perfection.


A man that looks on glass,
 On it may stay his eye ;
 Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
 And then the Heaven espy.

All may of Thee partake :
 Nothing can be so mean,
 Which with his tincture (for Thy sake)
 Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
 Makes drudgery divine :
 Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
 Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
 That turneth all to gold :
 For that which God doth touch and own
 Cannot for less be told.

A Wreath.

 WREATHED garland of deserved praise,
 Of praise deserved, unto Thee I give,
 I give to Thee, Who knowest all my ways,
 My crookèd winding ways wherein I live,

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
 As at doomsday ;
 When souls shall wear their new array,
 And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
 Half that we have
 Unto an honest faithful grave ;
 Making our pillows either down or dust.

Doomsday.

COME away,
 Make no delay.

Summon all the dust to rise,
 Till it stir, and rub the eyes ;
 While this member jogs the other,
 Each one whispering, " Live you, brother ? "

Come away,
 Make this the day.
 Dust, alas, no music feels,
 But thy trumpet : then it kneels,
 As peculiar notes and strains
 Cure tarantula's raging pains.

Truth, Lord, but I have marr'd them : let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?
My dear, then I will serve.
You must sit down, says Love, and taste My meat :
So I did sit and eat.

FINIS.



Glory be to God on high, and on Earth
peace, good will towards Men.

When it grew loose, the Jews did hope in
vain

By nailing Christ to fasten it again.

But to the Gentiles He bore cross and all,
Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall :

Only whereas the ark in glory shone,
Now with the cross, as with a staff alone,

Religion, like a pilgrim westward bent,
Knocking at all doors ever as she went.

Yet as the sun, though forward be his flight,
Listens behind him, and allows some light,
Till all depart: so went the Church her way,

Letting, while one foot stept, the other stay
Among the eastern nations for a time,
Till both removèd to the western clime.

To Egypt first she came, where they did prove
Wonders of anger once, but now of love.

The ten Commandments there did flourish more
Than the ten bitter plagues had done before.

Holy Macarius and great Anthony
Made Pharaoh Moses, changing the history.

Goshen was darkness, Egypt full of lights,
Nilus for monsters brought forth Israelites.

Such power hath mighty Baptism to produce,
For things misshapen, things of highest use.

“How dear to me, O God, Thy counsels are!

“Who may with Thee compare?”

In both of these prowess and arts did tame
And tune men's hearts against the Gospel came :
Which using, and not fearing skill in the one,
Or strength in the other, did erect her throne.
Many a rent and struggling the empire knew,
As dying things are wont, until it flew
At length to Germany, still westward bending,
And there the Church's festival attending :
That as before empire and arts made way,
(For no less harbingers would serve than they)
So they might still, and point us out the place
Where first the Church should raise her downcast
face.

Strength levels grounds, art makes a garden there ;
Then showers religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the empire shared with Germany,
But England in the higher victory :
Giving the Church a crown to keep her state,
And not go less than she had done of late.
Constantine's British line meant this of old,
And did this mystery wrap up and fold
Within a sheet of paper, which was rent
From time's great chronicle, and hither sent.
Thus both the Church and sun together ran
Unto the farthest old meridian.

“ How dear to me, O God, Thy counsels are !

“ Who may with Thee compare ? ”

Here sin took heart, and for a garden-bed
Rich shrines and oracles he purchasèd :
He grew a gallant, and would needs foretell
As well what should befall, as what befell.
Nay, he became a poet, and would serve
His pills of sublimate in that conserve.
The world came both with hands and purses
full
To this great lottery, and all would pull.
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit,
Where some poor truths were shuffled for a bait
To credit him, and to discredit those
Who after him should braver truths disclose.
From Greece he went to Rome : and as before
He was a god, now he's an emperor.
Nero and others lodged him bravely there,
Put him in trust to rule the Roman sphere.
Glory was his chief instrument of old :
Pleasure succeeded straight, when that grew cold.
Which soon was blown to such a mighty flame,
That though our Saviour did destroy the game,
Disparking oracles, and all their treasure,
Setting affliction to encounter pleasure ;
Yet did a rogue with hope of carnal joy
Cheat the most subtil nations. Who so coy,
So trim, as Greece and Egypt? yet their hearts
Are given over, for their curious arts,

And from old Rome the liberty of pleasure,
By free dispensings of the Church's treasure.
Then in memorial of his ancient throne
He did surname his palace, Babylon.
Yet that he might the better gain all nations,
And make that name good by their transmigrations ;
From all these places, but at divers times,
He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes :
From Egypt anchorism and retiredness,
Learning from Greece, from old Rome stateliness :
And blending these, he carried all men's eyes,
While truth sat by, counting his victories :
Whereby he grew apace, and scorn'd to use
Such force as once did captivate the Jews ;
But did bewitch, and finely work each nation
Into a voluntary transmigration.
All post to Rome : princes submit their necks
Either to his public foot or private tricks.
It did not fit his gravity to stir,
Nor his long journey, nor his gout and fur.
Therefore he sent out able ministers,
Statesmen within, without doors cloisterers :
Who without spear, or sword, or other drum
Than what was in their tongue, did overcome ;
And having conquer'd, did so strangely rule,
That the whole world did seem but the Pope's
mule.

At Christ's last coming, as His first did find :
Yet must there such proportions be assign'd
To these diminishings, as is between
The spacious world and Jewry to be seen.
Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.
When height of malice, and prodigious lusts,
Impudent sinning, witchcrafts, and distrusts,
The marks of future bane shall fill our cup
Unto the brim, and make our measure up ;
When Seine shall swallow Tiber, and the Thames
By letting in them both, pollutes her streams :
When Italy of us shall have her will,
And all her calendar of sins fulfil ;
Whereby one may foretell what sins next year
Shall both in France and England domineer :
Then shall religion to America flee :
They have their times of Gospel, e'en as we.
My God, Thou dost prepare for them a way
By carrying first their gold from them away :
For gold and grace did never yet agree :
Religion always sides with poverty.
We think we rob them, but we think amiss :
We are more poor, and they more rich by
this.
Thou wilt revenge their quarrel, making grace
To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place,



L'Envoy.

“**K**ING of glory, King of peace,”
With the one make war to cease ;
With the other bless Thy sheep,
Thee to love, in Thee to sleep.
Let not sin devour Thy fold,
Bragging that Thy blood is cold,
That Thy death is also dead,
While his conquests daily spread ;
That Thy flesh hath lost his food,
And Thy cross is common wood.
Choke him, let him say no more,
But reserve his breath in store,
Till Thy conquests and his fall
Make his sighs to use it all,
And then bargain with the wind
To discharge what is behind.

BLESSED BE GOD ALONE
THRICE BLESSED THREE IN ONE.

FINIS.



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