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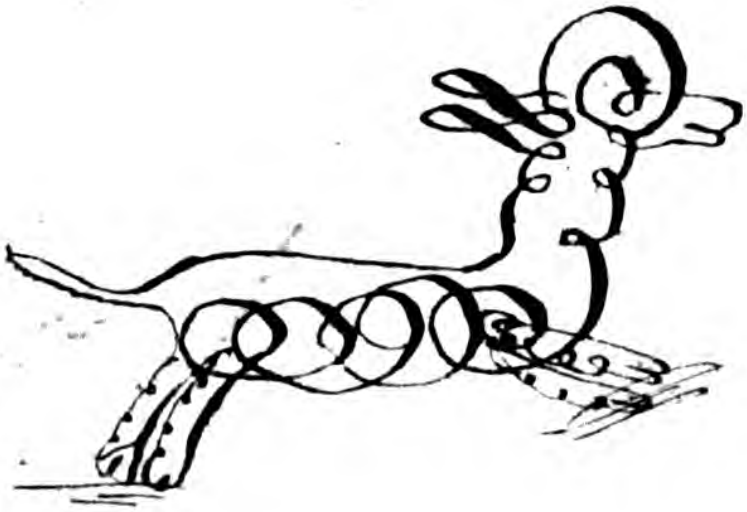

εὔθυμος ἀεὶ τὴν μελέτην δὲ θεῖον ποιῶ

THE TEMPLE.

SACRED POEMS, And Private EJACULATIONS.

BY

Mr *George Herbert*,
Late ORATOUR of the University of *CAMBRIDGE*.

The Ninth Edition, with an Alphabetical Table for ready finding out chief places.

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

LONDON,
Printed by *J. M.* for *Philemon Stephens*, and are to be Sold at the *Kings Arms* in *Chancery*-Lane, 1667.

The Printer to the Reader.

THe *Dedication of this Work having been made by the Auther 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 it self. We leave it free and unforestalled to every mans judgment, and to the benefit that he shall finde by perusal. Onely 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 minde, and having by industry and happy education perfected them to that great height of excellency, whereof his

Fellowship of Trinity *Colledge in* Cambrige, *and his Oratourship in the University, together with that knowledge which the Kings 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, chusing rather to serve at Gods Altar, than to seek the honour of State-imployments. 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 freedome, but add to the honour of this resolution in him. As God had enabled him, so he accounted him meet not onely 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 testifie 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

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 publick 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 ruinated almost twenty years. The reparation whereof, having been uneffectually attempted by publick 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-bead, he

 made

made answer, It is a good work, if it be sprinkled with the bloud of CHRIST: *Otherwise then in this respect he could finde nothing to glory or comfort himself with, neither in this nor in any other thing.*

And these are but a 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 Gods mercies.

¶ The

¶ The Dedication.

LOrd, 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 Titles of the several Poems contained in this Book.

A

Aron. 168
Affliction. 38,53,64, 82,89
The Agony. 29
The Altar. 18
Anagram of the Virgin Mary. 69
To all Angels and Saints, ibid.
The Answer. 163
A Dialogue-Anthem. 164
Antiphone. 45,85
Artillery. 132
Assurance. 149
Avarice. 69

B

The Bag. 145
The Banquet. 175
H. Baptisme. 36
Bitter-sweet. 165
The Brittish *Church.* 102
The bunch of Grapes. 120
Business. 105

C

The Call. 150
Charms and knots. 88
Christmas. 72
Church-floor. 58
Church Lock and Key. 57
Church Militant. 184
Church-Monuments. 56
Church-Musick. 57
Church Porch. 1
Church-Rents and Schisms 134
Church-windows. 59
Clasping of hands. 151
The Collar. 147
Coloss.3.3. Our Life, &c. 77
H. Communion. 43
Complaining. 137
Self-condemnation. 165
Confession. 118
Conscience. 98
Constancy. 63
Content. 60
The Cross. 158

D

THe Dawning. 104
Death. 180
Decay. 91
Denial. 71
Dialogue. 107
The Discharge. 138
Discipline. 173
Divinity. 127
Dooms-day. 181
Dotage. 161
Dulness. 108

E

EAster. 33
Easter-wings. 34,35
The Elixir. 178
Employment. 49,70
L' Envoy. 192
Ephes. 4. 30. Grieve not. &c. 128
Even-song. 55

F

FAith. 41
The Family. 130
The Flower. 160
The Foil. 170
The Fore-runners. ibid.
Frailty. 62

G

GIddiness. 119
The Glance. 166
The Glimpse. 148
Good-Friday. 30
Grace. 52
Gratefulness. 116
Grief. 158

H

HEaven. 182
The Hold-fast 137
Home. 99
Hope. 114
Humility. 61
A true Hymn. 162

I

JESU. 145
The Jews. 146
The Invitation. 174
Jordan. 48.95
Joseph's coat. 153
Judgement. 182
Justice. 88.135

L

LEnt. 78
Life. 87
Longing. 142
Love. 45, 46, 183
Love-joy. 179
Love unknown. 121

M

MAn. 83
Mans medley. 123
S. Mary Magdelen. 168
Mattens. 54
The method. 126
Misery. 92
Mortification. 90

N

Nature. 37

O

OBedience. 96
The Odour. 169
An Offering. 141

Paradise

P

Paradise. 125
A Parody. 177
Peace. 117
The Pearl, Matth. 13.81.
Perirrhanterium. 1
The Pilgrimage. 135
The Posie. 177
Praise. 53,140,151
Prayer. 43.95
The Priesthood. 154
Providence 109
The 23. Psalm. 167
The Pulley. 153

Q

The Quiddity. 61
The Quip. 103

R

Redemption. 31
Repentance. 40
The Reprisal. 28
The Rose. 172

S

The Sacrifice. 19
Saints, vide *Angels.*
Schismes, vide *Church-rents.*
H. Scripture. 50
The Search. 156

S

Sepulchre. 32
Sighs and groans. 75
Sin, 37,55
Sins round. 114
The Sinner. 30
Sion. 99
The Size. 131
The Son. 162
The Star 65
The Storm. 125
Submission. 87
Sunday. 66
Superliminare. 17

T

The Temper 46,47
The Thanksgiving. 27
Time. 115
Trinity-Sunday. 59

V

Vanity. 77,104
Virtue. 18
Ungratefulness. 74
Unkindness. 86

W

The Watercouse. 164
Whitsunday. 51
The World. 76
A Wreath. 179

The

THE CHURCH-PORCH.

Perirrhanterium.

THou, whose sweet youth and early hopes inhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure; (chance
Hearken unto a Verser, who may 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 washt with his own bloud.
It blots the lesson written in thy soul;
The holy lines cannot be understood.
How dare those eyes upon a Bible look, (book?
Much less towards God, whose lust is all their

Wholly abstain, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allows thee choice of paths: take no by-ways;
But gladly welcom what he doth afford;
Not grudging that thy lust hath bounds and stays.
Continence hath his joy: weigh both, and so
If rottennesse have more, let heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
Man would have been th' incloser: but since now
God hath impal'd us, on the contrary
Man breaks the fence, and every grief will plow.
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 tam
When once it is within thee; but before
Mayſt rule it, as thou liſt: and pour the ſhame,
Which it would poure on thee, upon the floor.
It is moſt juſt to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there, if I keep the roun

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 deveſt
All worldly right, ſave what he hath by beaſt.

Shall I, to pleaſe anothers wine-ſprung mind,
Loſe all mine own? God hath giv'n me a meaſure
Short of his canne 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 ſhipwrack ſhift their ſeveral way)
Let not a common ruine thee intomb:
Be not a beaſt in courteſie; but ſtay,
Stay at the third cup, or forgo the place.
Wine above all things doth Gods 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 defie
With his poor clod of earth the ſpacious sky.

T

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 ſluce
5 Lets his ſoul run for nought, as little fearing:
Were I an *Epicure*, I could bate ſwearing.

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

The cheapeſt ſins moſt dearly puniſht are;
Becauſe to ſhun them alſo is ſo cheap:
15 For we have wit to mark them, and to ſpare.
O crumble not away the ſouls 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,
20 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.

25 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 fea-(thers
30 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 ſouldier,
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 flegme, and fill thy breaſt with glory:
Thy Gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
Transfus'd a ſheepiſhneſſe into thy ſtory: 10
Not that they all are ſo; but that the moſt
Are gone to graſſe, and in the paſture loſt.

This loſſe ſprings chiefly from our education.
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their ſon
Some mark a partrige, never their childs faſhion: 15
Some ſhip them over, and the thing is done.
Study this art, make it thy great deſign;
And if Gods image move thee not, let thine.

Some great eſtates provide, but do not breed
A maſt'ring mind; ſo both are loſt thereby: 20
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 25
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. 30

Whe

When thou doſt purpoſe ought (within thy power)
Be ſure to do it, though it be but ſmall,
Conſtancy knits the bones, and makes us ſtowre,
When wanton pleaſures becken 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.
Simpring is but a lay-hypocriſie:
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 ſconſes, if thy ſtomack 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 withall, *Earth to earth I commit.*

Slight thoſe who ſay amidſt their ſickly healths,
Thou liv'ſt by rule. What doth not ſo but man?
Houſes are built by rule, and common-wealths.
Entice the truſty ſun, if that you can,
From his Ecliptick line; becken 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 under-writes a law.
Loſe not thy ſelf, nor give thy humours way:
God gave them to thee under lock and key.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thy self: 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 till he good fellows find, 5
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 10
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Ev'n with the year: but age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake, 15
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 20
To all things else. Wealth is the conjurers devil;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.
Gold thou maist safely touch; but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold 25
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 wastful as the scraping dame;
She loseth three for one; her soul, rest, fame. 30

By

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

end not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes
fortunes seek, when worth and service fail,
ould 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 maist hold out to go.

cloths, cheap handsomness doth bear the bell.
isdom's a trimmer thing than shop e're gave.
Say not then, This with that lace will do well;
ut, This with my discretion will be brave.
Much curiosity is a perpetual wooing
Nothing with labour, folly long a doing.

lay not for gain, but sport. Who plays for more
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart:
erhaps his wives too, and whom she hath bore:
ervants and churches also play their part.
Only a herald, who that way doth pass,
Finds his crackt name at length in the Church-glass.

If yet thou love game at so dear a rate,
earn this, that hath old gamesters dearly cost:
oft 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 encrease.

In Conversation boldnesse now bears sway.
But know that nothing can so foolish be,
As empty boldnesse: therefore first assay
To stuff thy mind with solid bravery;
Then march on gallant: get substantial worth, 5
Boldnesse gilds finely, and will set it forth.

Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion sowr?
Then keep such company; make them thy allay:
Get a sharp wife, a servant that will lowr.
A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way. 10
Command thy self in chief. He lifes 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 ev'ry twitch will break: 15
By great deeds shew, 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 ev'ry toy be pos'd,
'Tis a thin web, which poysonous fancies make; 20
But the great souldiers honour was compos'd
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: 25
For wit is news only to ignorance.
Lesse 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

'ick out of mirth, like ſtones out of thy ground,
'rofaneneſſe, filthineſſe, abuſiveneſſe.
'heſe are the ſcum, with which coarſe wits abound:
'he 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:
10 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.
15 The gigler is a milk-maid, whom infection
Or a fir'd 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:
20 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.

25 Envy not greatneſs: for thou mak'ſt thereby
Thy ſelf the worſe, and ſo the diſtance greater.
Be not thine own worm: yet ſuch jealouſie,
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
Is a good ſpur. Correct thy paſſions ſpite;
30 Then may the beaſts draw thee to happy light.

When baſeneſs is exalted, do not bate
The place its honour, for the perſons 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 5
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 bloud muſt pay down all his fear: 10
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 childrens right, nor ought he take it: rather 15
Both friends ſhould die, than hinder them to live.
Fathers firſt enter bonds to natures ends;
And are her ſureties, e're they are a friends.

If thou be ſingle, all thy goods and ground
Submit to love; but yet not more than all. 20
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, 25
All ſuch is courteous, uſeful, new, or witty.
Uſefulneſs comes by labour, wit by eaſe;
Courteſie 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. 30

Entice

Entice all neatly to what they know best;
For so thou dost thy self and him a pleasure:
(But a proud ignorance will lose his rest,
Rather than shew his cards) steal from his treasure
5 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
10 By lavishness thine own and others wit,
As if thou mad'st thy will. A civil guest
Will no more talk all, than eat all the feast,

Be calm in arguing: for fierceness makes
Errour a fault, and truth discourtesie.
15 Why should I feel another mans 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
20 Another chafe, may warm him at his fire,
Mark all his wandrings, and enjoy his frets;
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.
Truth dwels 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:
30 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 mens wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less 5
To that 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. 10
A grain of glory mixt with humbleness
Cures both a fever and lethargickness.

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, 15
Though he alights sometimes, still goeth on.
Active and stirring spirits live alone.
Write on the others, *Here lies such an one.*

Slight not the smallest losse, whether it be
In love or honour: take account of all; 20
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, will not quit the cost.

Scorn no mans love, though of a mean degree; 25
(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. 30

All

All forreign 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:
5 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 forreign of that name; but scorn their ill:
Embrace their activeness, not vanities.
10 Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.
If thou observest strangers in each fit,
In time they'l run thee out of all thy wit.

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

In Alms regard thy means, and others merit.
20 Think heav'n a better bargain than to give
Only thy single market-money for it,
Joyn 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.

25 Man is Gods image; but a poor man is
Christs stamp to boot: both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour his:
Write, *So much giv'n to God*; thou shalt be heard.
Let thy alms go before, and keep heav'ns gate
30 Open for thee; or both may come too late.

Restore

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 musick; therefore come not late.
God then deals blessings: if a King did so, 5
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. 10
Thwart not th' Almighty God: O be not cross.
Fast when thou wilt, but when 'tis gain, not loss.

Though private prayer be a brave design,
Yet publick hath more promises, more love,
And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign. 15
We all are but cold suiters; 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 20
Only by his permission. Then beware,
And make thy self all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne're spoil'd silk stocking: quit thy state.
All equal are within the Churches gate.

Resort to Sermons, but to Prayers most: 25
Praying's the end of Preaching. O be drest;
Stay not for th' other pin: why, thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extreamly flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

In

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.
5 Who marks in church-time others ſymmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or buſie thoughts have there no part:
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleaſures thither.
Chriſt purg'd his temple; ſo muſt thou thy heart.
10 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 conceiv'ſt him not.
15 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
20 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 Gods abode, and to combine
With Saints on earth, ſhall one day with them ſhine.

25 Jeſt not at Preachers 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're he be: O tarry,
And love him for his Maſter: his condition,
30 Though it be ill, makes him no ill Phyſician.

None shall in hell such bitter pangs endure,
As those who mock at Gods way of salvation.
Whom oyl and balsams kill, what salve can cure?
They drink with greedinesse a full damnation.
The Jews refused thunder; and we, folly. 5
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.
Dresse and undresse thy soul: mark the decay
And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too 10
Be down, then wind up both: since we shall be
Most surely judg'd, 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 vertue: lifes poor span 15
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains:
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

Super-

¶ Superliminare.

THou, whom the former precepts have
Sprinkled, and taught how to behave
Thy ſelf in Church; approach, and taſte
The Churches myſtical repaſt.

AVoid profaneneſs; come not here:
Nothing but holy, pure, and clear,
Or that which groneth 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 Workmans 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 ſanctifie this ALTAR to be thine.

The Sacrifice.

O*H all ye, who paſs by*, whoſe eyes and mind
To worldly 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 like mine?

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 like mine?

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 hearts dear treaſure
Drops bloud (the only beads) my words to meaſure:
Oh let this cup paſs, if it be thy pleaſure.
Was ever grief, &c.

These drops being temper'd with a ſinners tears,
A Balſam are for both the Hemiſpheres,
Curing all wounds, but mine; all, but my fears.
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet

Yet my Disciples sleep: I cannot gain
One hour of watching; but their drowsie brain
Comforts not me, and doth my doctrine stain.
Was ever grief like mine?

Arise, arise, they come, look how they run! 5
Alas! what haste they make to be undone!
How with their lanthorns 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; 10
Most true to those who are my greatest grief.
Was ever grief, &c.

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kisse?
Canst thou find hell about my lips? and misse
Of life, just at the gates of life and blisse? 15
Was ever grief like mine?

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands
Of faith, but fury; yet at their commands
I suffer binding, who have loos'd their bands.
Was ever grief, &c. 20

All my Disciples flee; fear puts a bar
Betwixt my friends and me. They leave that star
That brought the wise men of the East from far.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then from one ruler to another bound 25
They lead me; urging, that it was not sound
What I taught: Comments would the text confound.
Was ever grief, &c.

The priest and rulers all false witness seek
'Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is the meek 30
And ready Pascha Lamb of this great week.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then

Then they accuſe me of great blaſphemy,
That I did thruſt into the Deity,
Who never thought that any robbery.
Was ever grief like mine?

5 Some ſaid, that I the Temple to the floor
In three days ras'd, and raiſed as before.
Why, he that built the world can do much more.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then they condemn me all with that ſame breath,
10 Which I do give them daily, unto death.
Thus *Adam* my firſt breathing rendereth.
Was ever grief, &c.

They bind, and lead me unto *Herod*: he Pilate
Sends me to *Pilate*. This makes them agree; Herod
15 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.
20 *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.

25 The *Jews* accuſe me with deſpiteſulneſs;
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 like mine?

My ſilence rather doth augment their cry;
My dove doth back into my boſom fly,
Becauſe the raging waters ſtill are high.
Was ever grief like mine?

Hark how they cry aloud ſtill, *Crucifie:*
It is not fit he live a day, they cry,
Who cannot live leſs than eternally.
Was ever grief, &c.

Pilate, a ſtranger, holdeth off; but they,
Mine own dear people, cry, *Away, Away*,
With noiſes confuſed frighting the day.
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet ſtill they ſhout, and cry, and ſtop their ears,
Putting my life among their ſins and fears,
And therefore wiſh *my bloud on them and theirs.*
Was ever grief, &c.

See how ſpite cankers things! Theſe words aright
Uſed, and wiſhed, are the whole worlds light:
But honey is their gall, brightneſs their night.
Was ever grief, &c.

They chuſe a murderer, and all agree
In him to do themſelves a curteſie:
For it was their own cauſe who killed me.
Was ever grief, &c.

And a ſeditious murderer he was:
But I the Prince of peace; peace that doth paſs
All underſtanding, more than heav'n doth glaſs.
Was ever grief, &c.

Why, Ceſar 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!

Ah! how they ſcourge me! yet my tenderneſs
Doubles each laſh: and yet their bitterneſs
Winds up my grief to a myſterioſneſs.
Was ever grief like mine?

5 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,
10 Who by my ſpittle gave the blind man eyes,
Leaving his blindneſſe to mine enemies.
Was ever grief, &c.

My face they cover, though it be divine.
As *Moſes* face was vailed, ſo is mine,
15 Leſt on their double-dark ſouls either ſhine.
Was ever grief, &c.

Servants and abjects flout me; they are witty:
Now prophesie who ſtrikes thee, is their ditty.
So they in me deny themſelves all pity.
20 *Was ever grief, &c.*

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.

25 Weep not, dear friends, ſince I for both have wept
When all my tears were bloud, the while you ſlept:
Your tears for your own fortunes ſhould be kept.
Was ever grief like mine?

The ſouldiers lead me to the common hall;
30 There they deride me, they abuſe me all:
Yet for twelve heav'nly legions I could call.
Was ever grief like mine.

Then with a ſcarlet robe they me array;
Which ſhews my bloud to be the only way,
And cordial left to repair mans decay.
Was ever grief like mine?

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear; 5
For theſe are all the grapes *Sion* doth bear,
Though I my vine planted and watred there.
Was ever grief like mine?

So ſits the earths great curſe in *Adams* fall
Upon my head: ſo I remove it all 10
From th' 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 heav'nly bleſſings iſſue evermore. 15
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. 20

Yet ſince mans ſcepters are as frail as reeds,
And thorny all their crowns, bloudy their weeds;
I, who am truth, turn into truth their deeds.
Was ever grief, &c.

The ſouldiers alſo ſpit upon that face, 25
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 *Crucifie him* cry with one ſtrong ſhout. 30
God holds his peace at man, and man cries out
Was ever grief, &c.

They

hey lead me in once more, and putting then
line own cloths on, they lead me out agen.
Vhom devils fly, thus is he tos'd of men.
Was ever grief like mine?

And now weary of sport, glad to ingrosse
ll spite in one, counting my life their losse,
hey carry me to my most bitter crosse.
Was ever grief, &c.

ly crosse I bear my self, untill I faint:
Then Simon bears it for me by constraint,
he decreed burden of each mortal Saint.
Was ever grief, &c.

all ye who pass by, behold and see:
an stole the fruit, but I must climb the tree;
The tree of life to all, but only me.
Was ever grief, &c.

o, here I hang, charg'd with a world of sin,
he greater world o'th' two: for that came in
y words, but this by sorrow I must win.
Was ever grief, &c.

ach sorrow, as if sinful man could feel,
r feel his part, he would not cease to kneel,
ill all were melted, though he were all steel.
Was ever grief, &c.

But, *O my God, my God!* why leav'st thou me,
he Son, in whom thou dost delight to be?
Ly God, my God ——
Never was grief like mine.

hame tears my soul, my body many a wound;
Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound;
eproches, which are free, while I am bound.
Was ever grief, &c.

Now heal thy ſelf, Phyſitian; now come down.
Alas! I did ſo, when I left my crown
And fathers ſmile for you, to feel his frown:
Was ever grief like mine?

In healing not my ſelf, 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, prefixt on high;
Yet by my ſubjects I'm condemn'd to die
A ſervile death in ſervile company.
Was ever grief, &c.

They gave me vinegar mingled with gall,
But more with malice: yet, when they did call,
With Manna, Angels food, I fed them all.
Was ever grief, &c.

They part my garments, and by lot diſpoſe
My coat, the type of love, which once cur'd thoſe
Who ſought for help, never malicious foes.
Was ever grief, &c.

Nay, after death their ſpite ſhall further go:
For they will pierce my ſide, I full well know,
That as ſin came, ſo Sacraments might flow.
Was ever grief, &c.

But now I die; now all is finiſhed.
My wo, mans weal: and now I bow my head.
Only let others ſay, when I am dead,
Never was grief like mine.

¶ T

¶ The Thanksgiving.

OH King of grief! (a title strange, yet true,
To thee of all Kings only due)
Oh King of wounds! how shall I grieve for thee,
Who in all grief preventest me?
Shall I weep bloud? why thou hast wept such store
That all thy body was one door.
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 posie? cross, my bower?
But how then shall I imitate thee, and
Copy thy fair, though bloudy 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 Chappel, die or live.
As for thy passion——But of that anon,
When with the other I have done.
For thy predestination, I'le contrive,
That three years hence, if I survive,

I'le 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 us'd them but for faſhion.
The world and I will quarrel; and the year
Shall not perceive that I am here.
My muſick ſhall find thee, and ev'ry ſtring
Shall have his attribute to ſing;
That all together may accord in thee,
And prove one God, one harmony.
If thou ſhalt give me wit, it ſhall appear,
If thou haſt giv'n 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'le 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.

I 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 defie,
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 griefs ſad conqueſt me allow,
But in all vict'ries 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.

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

Who would know Sin, let him repair
Into Mount Olivet; there shall he see
A man so wrung with pains, that all his hair,
His skin, his garments bloudy be.
15 Sin is that Presse and Vice, which forceth pain
To hunt his cruel food through ev'ry vein.

Who knows not Love, let him assay
And taste that juice, which on the crosse a pike
20 Did set abroach; then let him say
If ever he did taste the like.
Love is that liquour sweet and most divine,
Which my God feels as bloud; but I as wine.

¶ The Sinner.

LOrd, how am I all ague, when I seek
What I have treasur'd 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 pil'd vanities, 5
But shreds of holinesse, that dare not venture
To shew their face; since crosse to thy decrees:
There the circumference earth is, heav'n the centre.

In so much dregs the quintessence is small:
The spirit and good extract of my heart: 10
Comes to about the many hundredth part.
Yet Lord restore thine image, hear my call: (grone
And though my hard heart scarce to thee can
Remember that thou once didst write in stone.

¶ Good-Friday.

O My chief good, 15
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? 20
Or, since one star shew'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 25
Of the true vine?

Then

Then let each hour
f my whole life one grief devour;
hat thy distress through all may run,
And be my sun.

Or rather let
y sev'ral sins their sorrows get;
hat, as each beast his cure doth know,
Each sin may so.

SInce bloud is fittest, Lord, to write
Thy sorrows in, and bloudy flight;
y heart hath store; write there, where in
ne box doth lie both ink and sin:

hat, when Sin spies so many foes,
hy whips, thy nails, thy wounds, thy woes,
All come to lodge there, Sin may say,
o room for me, and fly away.

in being gone, oh fill the place,
nd keep possession with thy grace;
est 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
new small-rented lease, and cancell th' old.

heaven at his manour I him sought:
They told me there that he was lately gone
About some land which he had dearly bought
ong 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.

O 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 ſhews them large, ſhews them unfit.
What ever 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
And miſſing this, moſt falſly did arraign thee;
Only theſe ſtones in quiet entertain thee,
And order.

And as of old the Law by heav'nly 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
With-hold thee.

¶ Easter.

RIse heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
Without delaies,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With him mayst rise:
That, as his death calcined 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.
The crosse taught all wood to resound his name,
Who bore the same.
His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both heart and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long:
Or, since all musick is but three parts vied,
And multiplied;
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

I Got me flowers to straw thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The Sun arising in the East,
Though he give light, and th' East perfume;
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss:
There is but one, and that one ever.

Lord, who createdſt man in wealth & ſtore,
Though fooliſhly he loſt the ſame,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Moſt poore:

With thee
O let me riſe
As Larks, harmoniouſly,
And ſing this day thy victories:
Then ſhall the fall further the flight in me.

¶ Easter-Wings.

My tender age in ſorrow did beginne:
And ſtill with ſicknesses and ſhame
Thou didſt ſo puniſh ſinne,
That I became
Moſt thinne.

With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day thy victory:
For if I imp my wing on thine,
Affliction ſhall advance the flight in me.

¶ H. 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 heav'ns, whose spring and vent 5
Is in my dear Redeemers pierced 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, 10
And spreads the plaister equal to the crime.
You taught the book of life my name, that so

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

¶ H. Baptism.

SInce, Lord, to thee 15
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 20
Write thee great God, and me a child:
Let me be soft and supple to thy will,
Small to my self, to others mild,
Behither ill.

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

¶ Na-

¶ Nature.

Full of rebellion, I would die,
Or fight, or travel, or deny
That thou hast ought 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 rev'rend Law and fear:
Or make a new one, since the old
Is sapless grown,
And a much fitter stone
To hide my dust, then thee to hold.

¶ Sin.

Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us: then school-masters
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 surprizes,

Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulnesse,
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 joyes 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 houshold-stuff did me entwine,
And 'tice me unto thee.
Such stars I counted mine: both heav'n and earth
Payd me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasures could I want, whose King I served,
Where joyes my fellows were?
Thus argu'd 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 gav'st me milk and sweetnesses;
I had my wish and way:
My days were straw'd with flow'rs and happinesse;
There was no month but May.
But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a party unawares for wo.

My

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,
Sicknesses cleave my bones;
Consuming agues dwell in ev'ry vein,
And tune my breath to groans:
5 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
10 Was of more use than I.
Thus thin and lean without a fence or friend,
I was blown through with ev'ry storm and wind.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town,
15 Thou didst betray me to a lingring 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 threatned oft the siege to raise,
20 Not simpring all mine age,
Thou often didst with Academick praise
Melt and dissolve my rage.
I took thy sweetned pill, till I came where
I could not go away, nor persevere.

25 Yet, lest perchance I should too happy be
In my unhappiness,
Turning my purge to food, thou throwest me
Into more sicknesses.
This doth thy power crosse-bias me, not making
30 Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now

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 5
Her houshold 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. 10
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 flow'r, thy momentany bloom; 15
Whose life still pressing
Is one undressing,
A steady aiming at a tomb.

Mans age is two hours work, or three:
Each day doth round about us see. 20
This are we to delights: but we are all
To sorrows old,
If life be told
From what life feeleth, Adams fall.

O let thy height of mercy then 25
Compassionate short-breathed men:
Cut me not off for my most foul transgression.
I do confess
My foolishness;
My God, accept of my confession,

Sweeter

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,
5 I and this day,
As we did riſe, we die together.

When thou for ſin rebukeſt man,
Forthwith he waxeth wo and wan :
Bitterneſs fills our bowels ; all our hearts
10 Pine and decay,
And drop away,
And carry with them th' other parts.

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

¶ Faith.

LOrd, how couldſt thou ſo much appeaſe
20 Thy wrath for ſin, as when mans 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 ;
35 I had it ſtraight, and did as truly eat,
As ever did a welcom gueſt.

There is a rare outlandiſh root,
Which when I could not get, I thought it here :
That apprehenſion cur'd ſo well my foot,
30 That I can walk to heav'n well near.

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

Faith makes me any thing, or all
That I believe is in the sacred story:
And where sin placeth me in Adams 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 gained 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 doft thou make poor knowledge bend & 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 shew what Christ hath done.

That which before was darkned clean
With bushy groves, pricking the lookers eye,
Vanisht 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 ev'ry grain,
With an exact and most particular trust,
Reserving all for flesh again.

¶ Prayer.

¶ Prayer.

PRayer the Churches banquet, Angels age,
Gods breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding heav'n and earth,

Engine against th' Almighty, sinners towre,
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 souls (bloud,
The land of spices, something understood.

¶ The H. Communion.

NOt in rich furniture, or fine array,
Nor in a wedge of gold,
Thou, who for me wast sold,
To me dost now thy self 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 ev'ry part,
Meeting sins force and art.

Yet

Yet can these not get over to my soul,
Leaping the wall that parts
Our souls and fleshly hearts;
But as th' out-works they may controll
My rebel-flesh, and carrying thy name,
Affright both sin and shame.

Only thy grace, which with these elements comes,
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privy key,
Op'ning the souls most subtil rooms:
While those to spirits refin'd, 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 heav'n from paradise go,
As from one room t' another.

Thou hast restor'd us to this ease
By this thy heav'nly bloud,
Which I can go to when I please,
And leave th' earth to their food.

¶ Antiphon

¶ Antiphon.

Cho. LEt all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King.

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

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King.

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

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King.

¶ Love I.

15 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!
20 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 th' 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 were 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!

Al-

Although there were some forty heav'ns, or more,
Sometimes I peer above them all;
Sometimes I hardly reach a score;
Sometimes to hell I fall.

5 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
10 A crumb of dust from heav'n to hell?
Will great God measure with a wretch?
Shall he thy stature spell?

O let me, when thy roof my soul hath hid,
Oh let me roost and nestle there:
15 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 debter:
This is but tuning of my breast,
20 To make the musick 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 ev'ry where.

¶ The Temper.

25 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 rase,
And ev'ry 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 course-spun lines?
Must purling streams refresh a lovers loves?
Must all be vail'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 mans nightingale or spring:
Nor let them punish me with loss of rhyme,
Who plainly say, *My God, My King.*

¶ Employ-

¶ Employment.

as a flower doth ſpread and dye,
Thou wouldſt extend me to ſome good,
ore I were by froſts extremity,
Nipt in the bud,

The ſweetneſs and the praiſe were thine:
But the extenſion and the room,
ich 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.

Let me not languiſh then, and ſpend
A life as barren to thy praiſe,
As is the duſt, to which that life doth tend,
But with delays.

All things are buſie; only I
Neither bring honey with the Bees,
or flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
To water theſe.

I am no link of thy great chain,
But all my company is as a weed.
Lord place me in thy conſort; give one ſtrain
To my poor reed.

¶ The H. Scriptures. I.

OH book! infinite ſweetneſſe! let my heart
Suck ev'ry letter, and a honie gain,
Precious for any grief in any part;
To clear the breaſt, to mollifie all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make
A full eternity: thou art a maſſe
Of ſtrange delights, where we may wiſh & tak
Ladies, look here; this is the thankful glaſſe

That mends the lookers eyes: this is the well
That waſhes what it ſhews. Who can endear
Thy praiſe too much? thou art heav'ns Leige
Working againſt the ſtates of death and hell. (her

Thou art joyes handſel: heav'n lies flat in thee
Subject to ev'ry mounters bended knee.

II.

OH 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 motio
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie:
Then, as diſperſed herbs do watch a potion,
Theſe three make up ſome Chriſtians deſtiny.

Su

h are thy ſecrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee : for in ev'ry thing
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
d in another make me underſtood.

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

¶ Whitſunday.

Iſten 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,
aſting all comers by twelve choſen men.

Such glorious gifts thou didſt beſtow,
That th' earth did like a heav'n appear :
The ſtars were coming down to know
hey might mend their wages, and ſerve here.

The Sun, which once did ſhine alone,
Hung down his head, and wiſht for night,
When he beheld twelve Suns for one
oing 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
f 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 conqu'ring 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 nights captives: O let grace
Drop from above!

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall;
And shall the dew out-strip thy Dove?
The dew, for which grass cannot call,
Drop from above!

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove:
Let grace work too, and on my soul
Drop from above.

Sin is still hammering my heart
Unto a hardness, void of love:
Let suppling grace to cross his art,
Drop from above.

come? for thou dost know the way.
r if to me thou wilt not move,
emove me where I need not say,
Drop from above!

¶ Praise.

TO write a verse or two, is all the praise,
That I can raise:
Mend my estate in any ways,
Thou shalt have more.

go to Church; help me to wings, and I
o Will thither fly;
Or, if I mount unto the sky,
I will do more.

an is all weakness; there is no such thing
As Prince or King:
s His arm is short; yet with a sling
He may do more.

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

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 ev'ry day,
hou Lord of life; since thy own death for me
Is more than all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay
ie over each hour of Methusalems stay.

If all mens fears were let
Into one common ſewer, ſea, and brine;
What were they all, compar'd to thine
Wherein if they were ſet,
They would diſcolour thy moſt bloudy ſweat.

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

¶ Mattens.

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 mans whole eſtate
Amounts (and richly) to ſerve thee:
He did not heav'n 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 Sun-beam I will climb to thee.

¶

OH 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 th' Almighty, seeing
It wants the good of *vertue*, 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.

¶ Even-Song.

BLest be the God of love,
Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day,
Both to be busie, 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 discharg'd the debt,
Which this days favour did beget?
I ran; but all I brought, was some.

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 incloſe us, till the day
Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our diſorder'd clocks.

I muſe which ſhews more love,
The day or night: that is the gale, this th' 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,
ere I intombe my fleſh, that it betime
May take acquaintance of this heap of duſt;
To which the blaſt of deaths 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 Jeat, 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?
5 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
10 Be crumbled into dust. Mark here below
How temperate these ashes are, how free from lust,
That thou mayst fit thy self against thy fall.

¶ Church-Musick.

Sweetest of sweets, I thank you, when displeasure
Did through my body wound my mind,
15 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,
20 Yet say sometimes, *God help poor Kings.*

Comfort, I'le 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 heavens door.

¶ Church-Lock and Key.

25 I 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 blouds sake
Which pleads for me:
For though sins plead too, yet like stones they make
His bloods sweet current much more loud to be.

¶ The Church Floor.

MArk you the floor? that square and speckled sto
Which looks so firm and strong,
Is *Patience*:

And th' 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 Marbles neat and curious veins:
But all is cleansed 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.

¶ Th

¶ The Windows.

LOrd, how can man preach thy eternal word?
He is a brittle crazy glasse:
Yet in thy Temple thou dost him afford
This glorious and transcendent place,
5 To be a window, through thy grace.

But when thou dost anneal in glasse thy story,
Making thy life to shine within
The holy Preachers; then the light and glory
More rev'rend grows, and more doth win;
10 Which else shews watrish, 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,
15 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 sanctifi'd me to do good;

Purge all my sins done heretofore:
20 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.

¶ Con-

¶ Content.

PEace mutt'ring thoughts, and do not grudge to kee
Within the walls of your own breast.
Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep,
Can on anothers hardly rest.

Gad not abroad at ev'ry 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 t'it self alone:
But when it would appear to others 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, & yet with pleasure
Take up within a cloisters gates.

This soul doth span the world, and hang content
From either pole unto the centre:
Where in each room of the well-furnisht 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 vent

Wher

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 nourisht fame is weak or strong.

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

¶ The Quiddity.

10 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:

15 It cannot vault, or dance or play;
It never was in *France* or *Spain*;
Nor can it entertain the day
With my great stable or demain:

It is no office, art, or news,
20 Nor the exchange, or busie Hall:
But it is that which while I use
I am with thee, and *Most take all.*

¶ Humility.

I Saw the Vertues sitting hand in hand
In sev'ral Ranks upon an azure throne,
25 Where all the beasts and fowls by their command
Presented tokens of submission;
Humility, who sat the lowest there
To execute their call,
When by the beasts the presents tendred were,
Gave them about to all.

The angry Lion did present his paw,
Which by consent was giv'n to Mansuetude:
The fearful Hare her ears, which by their law
Humility did reach to Fortitude.
The jealous Turky brought his corall-chain; 5
That went to Temperance:
On Justice was bestow'd the Foxes brain,
Kill'd in the way by chance.

At length the Crow bringing the Peacocks plume,
(For he would not) as they beheld the grace 10
Of that brave gift, each one began to fume,
And challenge it as proper to his place,
Till they fell out: which when the beasts espi'd,
They leapt upon the throne;
And if the Fox had liv'd to rule their side, 15
They had depos'd each one.

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 20
Against the beasts: so joyntly bandying,
They drive them soon away;
And then amerc'd them, double gifts to bring
At the next Session-day.

¶ Frailty.

LOrd, in my silence how do I despise 25
What upon trust
Is stiled *honour*, *riches*, or *fair eyes*;
But is *fair dust*!
I surname them *gilded clay*,
Dear earth, *fine grass* or hay; 30
In all, I think my foot doth ever tread
Upon their head.

But

But when I view abroad both Regiments,
The worlds, and thine;
Thine clad with simplenesse, and sad events;
The other fine,
5 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
10 My foot did tread,
Affront those joys, wherewith thou didst endow
And long since wed
My poor soul, ev'n sick of love,
It may a Babel prove,
15 Commodious to conquer heav'n 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:
20 Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

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

Who

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 any thing 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 vertue; Vertue 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 Mark-man, 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 ſcepter 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 knowſt 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,
5 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,
10 And in thy members ſuffer ill.
They who lament one croſſe,
Thou dying daily, praiſe thee to thy loſſe.

¶ The Star.

BRight ſpark, ſhot from a brighter place,
Where beams ſurround my Saviours face,
15 Canſt thou be any where
So well as there?

Yet, if thou wilt from thence depart,
Take a bad lodging in my heart;
For thou canſt make a debter,
20 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.

25 So diſengag'd 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 dy'd 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.

O Day moſt calm, moſt bright,
The fruit of this, the next worlds bud,
Th' indorſement of ſupream delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his bloud;
The couch of time, cares balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy Torch doth ſhew 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;
5 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
10 And turn us round to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not chuse, but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone,
The which he doth not fill.

15 Sundays the pillars are,
On which heav'ns palace arched lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
20 In Gods rich garden: that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of mans life,
Threaded together on times string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife,
25 Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heavens gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This

This day my Saviour rose,
And did inclose his 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 th' earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christs 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 expence,
Whose drops of bloud paid the full price,
That was requir'd 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 sev'n to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

¶ Avarice.

¶ Avarice.

MOney, thou bane of bliſſe and ſourſe of wo,
Whence com'ſt thou, that thou art ſo freſh and (fine?
I know thy parentage is baſe and low:
ſan 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,
o dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot:

hen forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:
Nay, thou haſt got the face of man; for we
Have with our ſtamp & ſeal transferr'd our right:
hou 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 / ARMY } *gram.*

HOw well her name an *Army* doth preſent,
In whom the *Lord of hoſts* did pitch his tent.

¶ To all Angels and Saints.

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

Not

Not out of envy or maliciousness
Do I forbear to crave your special aid.
I would address
My vows to thee most gladly, blessed Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my distress. 5

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: 10

But now (alas!) I dare not; for our King,
Whom we do all joyntly adore and praise,
Bids no such thing:
And where his pleasure no injunction layes,
('Tis your own case) ye never move a wing. 15

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 posie for inferiour power. 20

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 Masters hand can show. 25

¶ Employment.

HE that is weary, let him sit.
My soul would stir
And trade in courtesies and wit,
Quitting the fur
Wherewith old complexions needing it. 30

Man

an is no ſtar, but a quick coal'
Of mortal fire:
/ho blows it not, nor doth controll
A faint deſire,
Lets his own aſhes choke his ſoul.

/hen th' elements did for place conteſt
With him, whoſe will
rdain'd the higheſt to be beſt;
The earth ſat ſtill,
5 And by the others is oppreſt.

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

Oh that I were an Orenge-tree,
That buſie plant!
Then ſhould I ever laden be,
And never want
20 Some fruit for him that dreſſed me.

But we are ſtill too young or old:
The man is gone,
Before we do our wares unfold:
So we freeze on,
25 Until the grave increaſe our cold.

¶ Denial.

WHen my devotions could not pierce
Thy ſilent ears;
Then was my heart broken, as was my verſe;
My breaſt was full of fears
30 And diſorder.

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
Did fly asunder:
Each took his way: some would to pleasures go,
Some to the wars and thunder
Of alarms. 5

As good go any where, they say,
As to benum
Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,
Come, Come, my God, O come!
But no hearing. 10

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. 15

Therefore my soul lay out of sight,
Untun'd, unstrung:
My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
Like a nipt blossom, hung
Discontented. 20

O chear 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. 25

¶ Christmas.

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

The

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 most glorious, yet contracted light,
Wrapt in nights 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.

While shepherds sing; and shall I silent be?
My God, no hymne 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 day-light 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 chear my breast, and both so twine,
Till ev'n his beams sing, and my musick 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 unlockt them both,
And made them jewels to betroth
The work of thy creation
Unto thy self 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 packt 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, reserv'd, 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.

¶ Sig

¶ Sighs and Grones.

O 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
5 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 abus'd thy ſtock, deſtroy'd thy woods,
10 Suckt all thy magazens: my head did ake,
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
15 Should thicken all my powers; becauſe my luſt
Hath ſtill ſew'd fig-leaves to exclude thy light:
But I am frailty, and already duſt;
O do not grind me!

O do not fill me
20 With the turn'd vial of thy bitter wrath!
For thou haſt other veſſels full of bloud,
A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
Ev'n unto death: ſince he di'd for my good,
O do not kill me!

25 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 phanſies, 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. 5

Then *Pleaſure* came, who, liking not the faſhion,
Began to make *Balcones*, *Terraces*,
Till ſhe had weakned all by alteration :
But rev'rend *laws*, and many a *proclamation*
Reformed all at length with menaces. 10

Then enter'd *Sin*, and with that Sycomore,
Whoſe leaves firſt ſheltred man from drought & dew,
Working and winding ſlily evermore,
The inward walls and Sommers cleft and tore :
But *Grace* ſhor'd theſe, and cut that as it grew. 15

Then *Sin* combin'd with *Death* in a firm band
To raſe 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. 20

Coloſ.

Colos. 3. 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 thred 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-ey'd aspects, and secret glances.

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

The ſubtil Chymick can deveſt
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 5
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 10
With ſhowrs and froſts, with love and aw;
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.

WElcom dear feaſt of Lent: who loves not thee 15
He loves not Temp'rance, or Authority,
But is compos'd of paſſion,
The Scriptures bid us *faſt*; the Church ſays, *Now*:
Give to thy Mother, what thou would'ſt allow
To ev'ry Corporation. 20

The humble ſoul compos'd 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 25
The Church is ſo to me.

True

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 it self disable.

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

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

It's true, we cannot reach Christs fourtieth day;
Yet to go part of that religious way,
Is better than to rest:
We cannot reach our Saviours purity;
Yet are we bid, *Be holy ev'n 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 strenthen my decays.

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

¶ Vertue.

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 Musick shews ye have your closes,
And all must die.

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

¶ The

¶ The Pearl, *Matth.* 13.

I Know the ways of Learning; both the head
And Pipes that feed the preſſe, and make it run;
What Reaſon hath from Nature borrowed,
Or of it ſelf, like a good huſwife, ſpun
In laws and policy; what the ſtars conſpire;
What willing Nature ſpeaks, what forc'd by fire;
Both th' 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 courteſie and wit:
In vies of favours whether party gains,
When glory ſwells the heart, and moldeth it
To all expreſſions both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true-love-knot may tie,
And bear the bundle, wereſoe're 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 muſick 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 braſſe; 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; 5
With all the circumstances that may move:
Yet through these labyrinths, not my groveling wit.
But thy silk-twist let down from heav'n to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
To climb to thee. 10

¶ Affliction.

BRoken in pieces all asunder,
Lord hunt me not
A thing forgot,
Once a poor creature, now a wonder;
A wonder tortur'd in the space 15
Betwixt this world and that of grace.

My thoughts are all a case of knives,
Wounding my heart
With scatter'd smart,
As watring-pots give flow'rs their lives. 20
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: 25
Nothing performs the task of life:
The elements are let loose to fight,
And while I live, try out their right.

Oh

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 heav'n, and much more thee.

¶ Man.

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, then is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is ev'ry thing,
And more: He is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is or should be more.
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrats 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

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 5
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heav'n move, aud fountains flow.
Nothing we see, but means our good,
As our *delight*, or as our *treasure*: 10
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:
Musick and light attend our head. 15
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; 20
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat:
Both are our cleanlinesse. Hath one such beauty?
Then how are all things neat!

More Servants wait on Man, 25
Than he'l take notice of: in ev'ry path
He treads down that which doth befriend him,
When sicknesse makes him pale and wan.
Oh mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him. 30

Since

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,
5 That as the world ſerves us, we may ſerve thee,
And both thy ſervants be.

¶ Antiphone.

Chor. PRaiſed be the God of love,
Men. Here below,
Angels. And here above:
10 *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,
15 *Men.* And us in th' end.
Cho. The great Shepherd of the fold
Ang. Us did make,
Men. For us was ſold.

Cho. He our foes in pieces brake:
20 *Ang.* Him we touch;
Men. And him we take.
Cho. Wherefore ſince that he is ſuch,
Ang. We adore,
Men. And we do crouch.

25 *Cho.* Lord, thy praiſes ſhall be more.
Men. We have none,
Ang. And we no ſtore,
Cho. Praiſed be the God alone,
Who hath made of two folds one.

¶ Un-

¶ Unkindness.

LOrd, make me coy and tender to offend.
In friendship, first I think, if that agree,
Which I intend,
Unto my friends intent and end.
I would not use a friend, as I use Thee. 5

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. 10

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. 15

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. 20

Yet can a friend what thou hast done fulfill?
O write in brasse, *My God upon a tree*
His bloud did spill,
Only to purchase my good will:
Yet use I not my foes, as I use thee. 25

¶ Life.

¶ Life.

Made a posie, 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 flow'rs, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither'd in my hand.

y hand was next to them, and then my heart:
took, without more thinking, in good part
Times gentle admonition;
Who did so sweetly deaths sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
Yet sugring the suspition.

Farewel dear flow'rs; sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye liv'd, 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 extreamly 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

But when I thus dispute and grieve,
  I do resume my sight,
And pilfring what I once did give,
  Disseise thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou shouldst me raise, 5
  That I should then raise thee?
Perhaps great places, and thy praise
  Do not so well agree.
Wherefore unto thy gift I stand;
  I will no more advise: 10
Only do thou lend me a hand,
  Since thou hast both mine eyes.

¶ Justice.

I Cannot skill of these thy ways.
Lord, thou didst make me, yet thou woundest me:
Lord, thou didst wound me, yet thou dost relieve me: 15
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:* 20
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, 25
  Shall ne're be troubled with ill eyes.

A poor mans 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 ev'ry day.

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

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

When th' 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 heav'n 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 floting Ark; whoſe ſtay
And Anchor thou art only, to confirm
And ſtrengthen it in ev'ry age,
When waves do riſe, and tempeſts rage.

At firſt we liv'd 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

There is but joy and grief;
If either will convert us, we are thine:
Some Angels us'd the first; if our relief
Take up the second, then thy double line
And sev'ral baits in either kind 5
Furnish thy table to thy mind.

Affliction then is ours;
We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more,
While blustring winds destroy the wanton bowers,
And ruffle all their curions knots and store. 10
My God, so temper joy and wo,
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 15
Rcarce 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; 20
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, 25
And calls for musick, while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In company;
That musick summons to the knell,
Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

When

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

When age grows low and weak,
rking his grave, and thawing ev'ry year,
Till all do melt, and drown his breath
When he would ſpeak;
A chair or litter ſhews the beer,
nich ſhall convey him to the houſe of death:

Man, ere he is aware,
th put together a ſolemnity,
And dreſt his herſe, while he hath breath
As yet to ſpare.
Yet Lord, inſtruct us ſo to die,
hat 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 mone:
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 *Aarons* bell.

But

But now thou doſt thy ſelf immure and cloſe
In ſome one corner of a feeble heart:
Where yet both Sin and Satan, thy old foes,
Do pinch and ſtraiten 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 it ſelf, 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?
Nay, he'l 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 ſcann'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
10 Their follies with the wing of thy mild Dove,
Not ſuff'ring thoſe
Who would, to be thy foes.

My God, Man cannot praiſe thy name:
Thou art all brightneſſe, perfect purity:
The Sun holds down his head for ſhame,
Dead with eclipſes, when we ſpeak of thee.
How ſhall infection
Preſume on thy perfection?

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

30 Man cannot ſerve thee; let him go
And ſerve the Swine: there, there is his delight:
He doth not like this Vertue, no;
Give him his dirt to wallow in all night:
Theſe Preachers make
40 His head to ſhoot and ake,

On

Oh foolish man, where are thine eyes?
How hast thou lost them in a croud of cares;
Thou pull'st the rug, and wilt not rise,
No, not to purchase the whole pack offtaxs:
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 bloud 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 posie was, *My pleasure*:
He was 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 a glimpse of blisse:
A sick toss'd vessel, dashing on each thing;
Nay, his own shelf:
My God, I mean my self.

¶ Jorda

¶ Jordan.

When first my lines of heav'nly joyes made mention,
Such was their lustre, they did so excell,
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,
Off'ring 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 joyes which trample on his head.

As flames do work and wind, when they ascend,
So did I weave my self 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 expence.

¶ Prayer.

Of what an easie quick accesse,
My blessed Lord, art thou! how suddenly
May our requests thine ear invade!
To shew 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

Of what ſupream 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 meaſur'd hour:
We cannot ask the thing which is not there,
Blaming the ſhallowneſſe 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 ty'd 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, vertues, 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 it ſelf, 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 passed 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 chuse but see my actions;
So great are thy perfections,
Thou maist 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 forgo:
To one word only I say, No.
Where in the deed there was an intimation
Of a *gift* or *donation*,
Lord, let it not 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 heavens court of rolls
They were by winged ſouls
Entred for both, far above their deſert!

¶ Conſcience.

PEace pratler, do not lowre:
Not a fair look, but thou doſt call it foul:
Not a ſweet diſh, but thou doſt call it ſowre:
Muſick to thee doth howl.
By liſtning to thy chatting fears
I have both loſt mine eyes and ears.

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

And the receit ſhall be
My Saviours blood: when ever 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 phyſick, know ther'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 phyſick and my ſword.

¶ Sion.

LOrd, with what glory waſt thou ſerv'd of old,
When *Solomons* temple ſtood and flouriſhed!
Where moſt things were of pureſt gold:
The wood was all embelliſhed
With flowers and carvings, myſtical and rare:
All ſhew'd the builders, crav'd the ſeers 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:
10 Wherefore thou quitt'ſt thy ancient claim;
And now thy Architecture meets with ſin;
For all thy frame and fabrick is within.

There thou art ſtrugling with a peeviſh heart,
Which ſometimes croſſeth thee, thou ſometimes it:
15 The fight is hard, on either part.
Great God doth fight, he doth ſubmit.
All *Solomons* ſea of braſs and world of ſtone
Is not ſo dear to thee as one good grone.

And truly braſs and ſtone are heavy things,
20 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 muſick for a King.

¶ Home.

25 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 ſhew thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

How canſt thou ſtay, conſidering the pace
the bloud did make, which thou didſt waſte?
When I behold it trickling down thy face,
I never ſaw thing make ſuch haſte.
O ſhew thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

When Man was loſt, thy pity lookt about
To ſee what help in th' earth or sky:
But there was none; at leaſt no help without:
The help did in thy boſom lie.
O ſhew thy, &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 ſhew thy, &c.

He did, he came. O my Redeemer dear,
After all this canſt thou be ſtrange?
So many years baptiz'd, and not appear?
As if thy love could fail or change.
O ſhew thy, &c.

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

What is this weary world, this meat and drink,
That chains us by the teeth ſo faſt?
What is this womankind, which I can wink
Into a blackneſs and diſtaſte?
O ſhew thy, &c.

With

With one ſmall ſigh thou gav'ſt me th'other day
I blaſted all the joys about me:
And ſcouling on them, as they pin'd away,
Now come again, ſaid I, and flout me.
O ſhew thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

Nothing but drought and dearth, but buſh and brake,
Which way ſoe're I look, I ſee.
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dreſs themſelves, and come to thee.
O ſhew thy, &c.

We talk of harveſt; 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 lov'd, though dreadful day.
O ſhew thy, &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 entangled, hamper'd thing.
O ſhew thy, &c.

What have I left, that I ſhould ſtay and grone?
The moſt of me to heav'n is fled:
My thoughts and joys are all packt up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead.
O ſhew thy, &c.

Come dareſt Lord, paſs not this holy ſeaſon,
My fleſh and bones and joynts do pray:
And ev'n my verſe, when by the rhyme and reaſon
The word is *Stay*, ſays ever, *Come*.
O ſhew thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

¶ The Brittiſh Church.

I 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, 5
When ſhe doth write.

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

Outlandiſh looks may not compare: 10
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, 15

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

She in the valley is ſo ſhie
Of dreſſing, that her hair doth lie 20
About her ears:

While ſhe avoids her neighbours pride,
She wholly goes on th' other ſide
And nothing wears.

But, dearest Mother, (what those miſs) 25
The mean thy praiſe and glory is,
And long may be.

Bleſſed be God, whoſe love it was
To double-moat thee with his grace,
And none but thee. 30

The

¶ 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.

5 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,
10 What tune is this, poor man? ſaid he:
I heard in Muſick you had skill.
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
In ſilks that whiſtled, who but he?
15 He ſcarce allow'd 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,
20 *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.

POor 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 embroyderies:
Heark and beware, lest what you now do measure 5
And write for sweet, prove a most sowr displeasure.

O hear betimes, lest thy relenting
May come too late!
To purchase heaven for repenting,
Is no hard rate 10
If souls be made of earthly mold,
Let them love gold;
If born on high,
Let them unto their kindred fly:
For they can never be at rest, 15
Till they regain their ancient nest,
Then silly soul take heed; for earthly joy
Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

¶ The Dawning.

AWake sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns:
Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth; 20
Unfold thy forehead gather'd into frowns:
Thy Saviour comes, and with him mirth:
Awake, awake;
And with a thankful heart his comforts take.
But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry 25
Still his death, but not his victory.

Arise

rise sad heart; if thou dost not withstand,
Christs resurrection thine may be:
o not by hanging down break from the hand,
Which as it riseth, raiseth thee:
Arise, arise;
nd with his burial-linnen dry thine eyes. (grief
Christ left his grave-cloaths, that we might, when
Draws tears, or bloud, not want an handkerchief.

¶ JESU.

JESU is in my heart, his sacred name
Is deeply carved there: but th'other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
Ev'n 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 to 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 ills 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 nor groans,
Would thou hadſt no fleſh and bones!
Leſſer pains ſcape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
Fooliſh ſoul, who di'd for thee?

Who did leave his Fathers throne,
To aſſume thy fleſh and bone?
Had he life, or had he none?

If he had not liv'd for thee,
Thou hadſt di'd 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 di'd for thee,
Thou hadſt liv'd in miſery;
Two lives worſe than ten deaths be.

And hath any ſpace of breath
'Twixt his ſins and Saviours 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 Saviours 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 then ſhould I controul
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 ballance thine?
Thine the poize 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 th' 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 joyes 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 brim-full.

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

Thou art my loveliness, my life, my light,
Beauty alone to me:
Thy bloudy death and undeserv'd, 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 ev'n wrongs
Sharpen their Muse.

But I am lost in flesh, whose sugred 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-

¶ 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
5 To ſpend my judgement) 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 reply'd? It figures *JESUS CHRIST*.

¶ Providence.

O Sacred Providence, who from end to end
10 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,
15 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
20 Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the worlds 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.

25 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 5
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 10
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*, 15
The first puts on with speed and expedition;
The other curbs sins stealing pace and theft.

Nothing escapes them both: all must appear,
And be dispos'd and dress'd, and tun'd by thee,
Who sweetly temper'st all. If we could hear
Thy skill and art, what musick would it be! 20

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, 25
And hold it fast, as children do their fathers,
Which cry and follow, Thou hast made poor sand
Check the proud sea, ev'n when it swells and gathers.

Thy cupboard serves the world: the meat is set,
Where all may reach: no beast but knows his feed: 30
Birds teach us hawking: fishes have their net:
The great prey on the less, they on some weed.

Nothing

Nothing ingendred doth prevent his meat;
Flies have their table ſpread, e're they appear.
Some creatures have in winter what to eat;
Others do ſleep, and envy not their chear.

5 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 off-ſpring, crying,
When they are callow; but withdraw their food
When they are fledg, that need may teach them fly-
(ing.
Bees work for man; and yet they never bruiſe
Their maſters flow'r, but leave it, having done,
15 As fair as ever, and as fit to uſe:
So both the flow'r 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 expence get ſtore:
20 Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the vertue to expreſs the rare
And curious vertues both of herbs and ſtones?
Is there an herb for that? O that thy care
Would ſhew a root that gives expreſſions!

25 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;
30 But at his peril: when he digs the place,
He makes a grave; as if the thing had ſenſe,
And threatned man, that he ſhould fill the ſpace.

Ev'n

Ev'n poyſons praiſe thee. Should a thing be loſt?
Should creatures want, for want of heed, their due?
Since where are poyſons, 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 rul'd 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; eaſie 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 glaſſe: warm without weight
Is wool and furs: cool, without cloſeneſſe, ſhade:
Speed without pains, a horſe: tall without height,
A ſervile hawk: low without loſſe, a ſpade.

All countreys 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 ſhew his heav'nly breed:
And only he hath fewel in deſire.

When th'earth was dry, thou mad'ſt a ſea of wet:
Whē that lay gather'd, thou didſt broch the mountains
when yet ſome places could no moiſture get,
The winds grew gardners, and the clouds good foun-
(tains.

Rain,

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 compared 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 cann ,
Boat, cable, ſail and needle, all in one.

Moſt herbs that grow in brooks, are hot and dry.
Cold fruits warm kernels help againſt the wind.
The limons juyce 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, non-ſenſe & ſenſe; mines,th'earth & plants

To ſhew thou art not bound, as if thy lot
Were worſe than ours,ſomtimes thou ſhifteſt hands.
Moſt things move th'under-jaw ; the Crocodile not.
Moſt things ſleep lying, th'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 compleat, but only he that ows them.

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

Eac'

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.

I 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 optick sent.
With that I gave a vial full of tears :
But he a few green ears.
Ah Loyterer ! I'le no more, no more I'le bring :
I did expect a ring.

¶ Sins round.

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

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

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

Tim

¶ Time.

MEeting with Time, Slack thing, said I,
Thy ſithe is dull, whet it for ſhame.
I marvel, Sir, he did reply,
That 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 lov'd this life;
To whom thy ſithe a hatchet was,
Which now is but a pruning knife.
Chriſts coming hath made man thy debter,
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 gard'ner 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.
Ev'n 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 ev'n eternity excludes!
Thus far Time heard me patiently:
Then chafing ſaid, this man deludes:
What do I here before his door?
He doth not crave leſs time, but more.

Grate

¶ Gratefulness.

THou that hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more, a grateful heart.
See how thy begger works on thee
By art.

He makes thy gifts occasion more,
And says, if he in this be crost,
All thou hast giv'n him heretofore
Is lost.

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

Perpetual knockings at thy door,
Tears sullying thy transparent rooms,
Gift upon gift, much would have more,
And comes.

This notwithstanding, thou wentst on,
And didst allow us all our noise:
Nay, thou hast made a sigh and grone
Thy joyes.

Not that thou hast not still above
Much better tunes than grones can make;
But that these conntrey-aires 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

ot thankful, when it pleaſeth me;
s if thy bleſſings had ſpare days:
ut ſuch a heart, whoſe pulſe may be
Thy praiſe.

¶ Peace.

SWeet Peace, where doſt thou dwell? I humbly
Let me once know (crave,
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 Peaces coat:
I will ſearch out the matter.
But while I lookt, the clouds immediatly
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 ſhew'd ſo well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man;
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began:
There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who liv'd with good increaſe
Of flock and fold.

He ſweetly liv'd; yet ſweetneſs did not ſave
His life from foes.
But after death out of his grave
There ſprang twelve ſtalks of wheat:
Which many wondring at, got ſome of thoſe
To plant and ſet.

It proſper'd ſtrangely, and did ſoon diſperſe
Through all the earth,
For they that taſte it do rehearſe,
That vertue lies therein;
A ſecret vertue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of ſin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it: and that repoſe
And peace, which every where
With ſo much earneſtneſs you do purſue,
Is only there.

¶ Confeſſion.

O What a cunning gueſt
Is this ſame grief! within my heart I made
Cloſets, and in them many a cheſt;
And, like a maſter in my trade,
In thoſe cheſts, boxes; in each box, a till:
Yet grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No ſcrue, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber work and wind,
As Gods afflictions into man,
When he a torture hath deſign'd.
They are too ſubtil for the ſubtleſt hearts;
And fall, like rheums upon the tendreſt 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, high-ways.

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 faſtning 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.

OH what a thing is man! how far from power,
From ſetled peace and reſt!
He is ſome twenty ſev'ral men at leaſt
Each ſev'ral hour.

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

Now

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 an houſe, which quickly down muſt go,
As if a whirlwind blew
And cruſht 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 Dolphins skin, his clothes combin'd
With his deſires!

Surely if each one ſaw anothers heart,
There would be no commerce,
No Sale or Bargain paſſe: 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, me thinks, 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

For as the Jews of old by Gods 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.
Gods 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 shrowds;
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.
Blessed 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 Laws sowre juice sweet wine did make,
Ev'n God himself, being pressed 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 then help. A Lord I had,
And have, of whom some grounds which may improve
I hold for two lives, and both lives in me.
To him I brought a dish of fruit one day,
And in the middle plac'd my heart. But he
(I sigh to say)

Lookt on a servant, who did know his eye
Better then you know me, or (which is one)
Then I my self, The servant instantly
Quitting the fruit, seiz'd on my heart alone,
And threw it in a font, wherein did fall 5
A stream of bloud, which issu'd from the side
Of a great rock: I well remember all,
And have good cause: there it was dipt and di'd,
And washt, and wrung: the very wringing yet
Enforceth tears. *Your heart was foul, I fear.* 10
Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit
Many a fault more then my lease will bear;
Yet still askt pardon, and was not deni'd.
But you shall hear. After my heart was well,
And clean and fair, as I one even-tide. 15
(I sigh to tell)
Walkt by my self abroad, I saw a large
And spacious furnace flaming, and thereon
A boyling caldron, round about whose verge
Was in great letters set *AFFLICTION.* 20
The greatness shew'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 25
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 offerers heart. *Your heart was hard, I fear.*
Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter 30
Began to spread and to expatiate there:
But with a richer drug then scalding water
I bath'd it often, ev'n with holy bloud,
Which at a board, while many drunk bare wine,
A friend did steal into my cup for good, 35
Ev'n taken inwardly, and most divine

To

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.
5 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 ev'n my rest was gone?
10 Full well I understood who had been there:
For I had giv'n 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,
15 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 ought I hear, your Master shows to you
More favour then you wot of. Mark the end.
20 *The Font did only what was old renew:*
The Caldron suppled 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
25 *Each day, each hour, each moment of the week,*
Who fain would have you be new, tender, quick.

¶ Mans medley.

HEark how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring.
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.
30 Yet, if we rightly measure,
Mans joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter, then in present, is.

To this life things of ſenſe
Make their pretenſe:
n th'other Angels have a right by birth:
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one, 5
Vith th'one hand touching heav'n, with th'other (earth.

In ſoul he mounts and flies,
In fleſh he dies.
Ie wears a ſtuff, whoſe thread is courſe and round,
But trimm'd with curious lace, 10
And ſhould take place
ıfter the trimming, not the ſtuff and ground.

Not, that he may not here
Taſte of the cheer:
ut as birds drink, and ſtraight lift up their head, 15
So muſt he ſip and think
Of better drink
Ie may attain to, after he is dead.

But as his joyes are double;
So is his trouble. 20
Ie hath two winters, other things but one:
Both froſts and thoughts do nip,
And bite his lip;
ınd he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet ev'n the greateſt griefs 25
May be reliefs,
ould he but take them right, and in their wayes.
Happy is he, whoſe heart
Hath found the art
o turn his double pains to double praiſe. 30

¶ The

¶ The Storm.

IF, as the winds and waters here below
Do fly and Flow,
My sighs and tears as busie were above;
Sure they would move
And much affect thee, as tempestuous times
Amaze poor mortals, and object their crimes.

Stars have their storms, ev'n 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 doore.

There it stands knocking, to thy musicks wrong,
And drowns the song.
Glory and honour are set by till it
An answer get.
Poets have wrong'd poor storms: such days are best
They purge the air without, within the breast.

¶ Paradise.

I 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,
Then let me want thy hand and ART.

When thou dost greater judgments SPARE,
And with thy knife but prune and PARE, 5
Ev'n fruitful trees more fruitful ARE.

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

¶ The Method.

POor heart, lament. 10
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; 15
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, 20
Wouldst thou not look?

What do I see
Written above there? *Yesterday*
did behave me carelessly,
When I did pray. 25

And

And ſhould Gods ear
To ſuch indifferents chained 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 Gods ear,
Which needs not man, be ty'd 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 rejoyce.

¶ Divinity.

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

Juſt ſo the other heav'n they alſo ſerve,
Divinities tranſcendent skie:
Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve,
Reaſon triumphs, and Faith lies by.

Could not that wiſdom which firſt broch'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 heav'n, 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. 5
Do as you would be done unto.
O dark instructions, ev'n as dark as day!
Who can these Gordian knots undo?

But he doth bid us take his bloud for wine.
Bid what he please; yet I am sure, 10
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 spears, and save thy head.
Faith needs no staff of flesh, but stoutly can
To heav'n alone both go and lead. 15

Ephes. 4 30.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit, &c.

AND art thou grieved, sweet and sacred Dove,
When I am sowre,
And cross thy love?
Grieved for me? the God of strength and power
Griev'd for a worm, which when I tread, 20
I pass away and leave it dead?

Then

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

When sawcie mirth shall knock or call at doore,
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 Gods too; he doth grone.

Oh take thy lute, and tune it to a strain,
Which may with thee
5 All day complain.
There can no discord but in ceasing be.
Marbles can weep; and surely strings
More bowels have then such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge my self to tears and grief,
20 Ev'n 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?

25 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
30 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 controll,
Then Order playes the soul; 10
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:
Then whom in waiting nothing seems more slow, 15
Nothing more quick when she doth go.

Joyes oft are there, and griefs as oft as joyes;
But griefs without a noise:
Yet speak they louder then distemper'd fears.
What is so shrill as silent tears? 20

This is thy house, with these it doth abound:
And where these are not found,
Perhaps thou com'st sometimes, and for a day;
But not to make a constant stay.

¶ The

¶ The Size.

Content thee, greedy heart.
Modeſt and moderate joyes to thoſe, that have
Title to more hereafter when they part,
Are paſſing brave.
5 Let th'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 wherewithall to ſpice a draught,
When griefs prevail,
10 And for the future time art heir
To th' Iſle of ſpices, is't not fair?

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

Great joyes are all at once;
20 But little do reſerve themſelves for more:
Thoſe have their hopes; theſe what they have re
And live on ſcore: (nounce
Thoſe are at home; theſe journey ſtill,
And meet the reſt on *Sions* hill.

25 Thy Saviour ſentenc'd 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,
30 And for the preſent health reſtore.

A Christians 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, 5
Like a pretender, not a bride.

Wherefore sit down, good heart;
Grasp not at much, for fear thou losest all.
If comforts fell according to desert,
They would great frosts and snows destroy: 10
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, 15
On whose meridian was engraven,
These Seas are tears, and Heav'n the Haven.

¶ Artillery.

AS I one evening sat before my cell,
Me-thoughts a star did shoot into my lap.
I rose and shook my clothes, as knowing well, 20
That from small fires comes oft no small mishap:
When suddenly I heard one say,
Do as thou usest, disobey,
Expell good motions from thy breast,
Which have the face of fire, but end in rest. 25

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

ut I have also stars and shooters too,
orn where thy servants both artilleries use.
y tears and prayers night and day do woo,
nd work up to thee; yet thou dost refuse.
Not but I am (I must say still)
Much more oblig'd to do thy will,
Then thou to grant mine: but because
hy promise now hath ev'n set thee thy laws.

hen we are shooters both, and thou dost deign
o 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 articling with thee:
I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

¶ Church-

¶ Church-rents and ſchiſmes.

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. 10

Why doth my Mother bluſh? is ſhe the roſe,
And ſhows it ſo? Indeed Chriſts precious bloud
Gave you a colour once; which when your foes
Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,
And made you look much freſher then before. 15
But when debates and fretting jealouſies
Did worm and work within you more and more,
Your colour faded, and calamities
Turned your ruddy into pale and bleak:
Your health and beauty both began to break. 20

Then did your ſev'ral parts unlooſe and ſtart:
Which when your neighbours ſaw, like a north-wind
They ruſhed in, and caſt them in the dirt
Where Pagans tread. O Mother dear and kind,
Where ſhall I get me eyes enow to weep, 25
As many eyes as ſtars? Since it is night,
And much of *Aſia* and *Europe* faſt aſleep,
And ev'n all *Africk*; 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! 30

¶ Juſtice.

¶ Justice.

O Dreadful Justice, what a fright and terrour
Wast thou of old,
When sin and errour
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 tort'ring engine show:
Thy hand above did burn and glow,
Danting the stoutest hearts, the proudest wits.

But now that Christs pure vail 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.
Gods promises have made thee mine:
Why should I justice now decline?
Against me there is none, but for me much.

¶ The Pilgrimage.

I 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 th'one, and on the other side
The rock of Pride.

And ſo I came to Phanſies medow ſtrow'd
With many a flower:
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quicken'd by my hour.
So to Cares cops I came, and there got through 5
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, 10
Save one good Angel, which a friend had ti'd
Cloſe to my ſide.

At length I got unto the gladſom hill,
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart, and climbing ſtill, 15
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, 20
I fell, and cry'd, Alas my King!
Can both the way and end be tears?
Yet taking heart, I roſe, and then perceiv'd
I was deceiv'd.

My hill was further: ſo I flung away, 25
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. 30

¶ The

¶ The Hold-fast.

I Threatned 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.

5 Then will I truſt, ſaid I, in him alone.
Nay, ev'n 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
10 That we have nought. I ſtood amaz'd at this,
Much troubled, till I heard a friend expreſs,
That all things are more ours by being his.
What *Adam* had, and forfeited for all,
Chriſt keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

¶ Complaining.

15 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.

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

25 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

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. 5

¶ The Discharge.

BUsie enquiring heart, what wouldst thou know?
Why dost thou prie,
And turn, and leer, and with a licorous eye
Look high and low,
And in thy lookings stretch and grow? 10

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? 15

Thy life is Gods, 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. 20

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. 25

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 requir'd of thee. 30

They

ney ask enough; why shouldst thou further go?
Raise not the mud
f future depths, but drink the clear and good,
Dig not for wo
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 deaths 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 Church-yard 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 promis'd; he is just.

¶ Praise.

¶ 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 ſpar'd me.

Wherefore with my utmoſt art
I will ſing thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.

Though my ſins againſt me cried,
Thou didſt clear me;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didſt hear me.

Sev'n whole dayes, 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 enroll thee:
Ev'n eternity is too ſhort
To extoll thee.

¶ An

¶ An Offering.

Come, bring thy gift. If blessings were as slow
As mens returns, what would become of fools?
hat hast thou there? a heart? but is it pure?
arch well and see; for hearts have many holes.
et one pure heart is nothing to bestow:
Christs two natures met to be thy cure.

that within us hearts had propagation,
nce many gifts do challenge many hearts!
et one, if good, may title to a number;
nd single things grow fruitful by deserts.
publick judgments one may be a nation,
nd fence a plague, while others sleep and slumber.

ut all I fear, is lest thy heart displease,
s neither good, nor one: so oft divisions
hy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone;
hy passions also have their set partitions.
hese parcel out thy heart: recover these,
nd thou mayst offer many gifts in one.

here is a balsam, or indeed a bloud, (close
ropping from heaven, which doth both cleanse and
ll sorts of wounds; of such strange force it is.
eek out this All-heal, and seek no repose,
ntil thou find and use it to thy good:
hen 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.

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 favour
To this poor oblation ;
And it raise
To be thy praise,
And be my salvation.

¶ Longing.

With sick and famisht eyes,
With doubling knees and weary bones,
To thee my cries,
To thee my grones,
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 :
Thou art them, and they suck thee
More free.

Bowels

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 deferr
To ſuccour me,
Thy pile of duſt, wherein each crumbe
Sayes, Come ?

To thee help appertains.
Haſt thou left all things to their courſe,
And laid the reins
Upon the horſe ?
Is all lockt ? hath a ſinners plea
No key ?

Indeed the world's thy book,
Where all things have their leaf assign'd:
Yet a meek look
Hath interlin'd.
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 stil'd
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 bosome pour my tears,
As theirs.

Lord JESU, heal my heart,
Which hath been broken now so long,
That ev'ry part
Hath got a tongue!
Thy beggers grow; rid them away
To day.

My

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 breſt, 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,
Ev'n 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 di'd?
Then let me tell thee a ſtrange ſtorie.
The God of power, as he did ride
In his majeſtick robes of glorie,
Reſolv'd 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 skie his azure mantle gain'd.
And when they askt what he would wear;
He ſmil'd and ſaid as he did go,
He had new cloaths a making here below.

When he was come, as travellers are wont,
He did repair unto an Inne,
Both then and after, many a brunt
He did endure to cancel ſin:
And having giv'n 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,
Receiv'd the blow upon his ſide,
And ſtraight he turn'd, and to his brethren cry'd,

If ye have any thing to ſend or write,
(I have no bag, but here is room)
Unto my Fathers 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 ſomwhat more,
Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
Any thing to me. Heark deſpair, away.

¶ The Jewes.

Poor nation, whoſe ſweet ſap and juice
Our eyens have purloin'd, and left you drie:
Whoſe ſtreams we got by the Apoſtles ſluce,
And uſe in Baptiſme, while ye pine and die;
Who by not keeping once, became a debter;
And now by keeping loſe the letter:

Oh 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 Coller.

I Struck the board, and cry'd, 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 blood, and not reſtore
What I have loſt with Cordial fruit?
5 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 bayes to crown it?
5 No flowers, no garlands gay! all blaſted?
All waſted?
Not ſo, my heart: but there is fruit,
And thou haſt hands.
Recover all thy ſight-blown age
10 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,
15 And be thy Law,
Whileſt thou didſt wink and wouldſt not ſee.
Away; take heed.
I will abroad.
Call in thy deaths head there: tie up thy fears.
30 He that forbears
To ſuit and ſerve his need,
Deſerves his load.
But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
35 Me thoughts I heard one calling *Child*:
And I repli'd, *My Lord.*

¶ The Glimpse.

WHither away delight?
Thou cam'st but now; wilt thou so soon depart,
And give me up to night?
For many weeks of lingring pain and smart
But one half hour of comfort for my heart? 5

Methinks delight should have
More skill in musick, and keep better time.
Wert thou a wind or wave,
They quickly go and come with lesser crime:
Flow'rs look about, and die not in their prime. 10

Thy short abode and stay
Feeds not, but addes to the desire of meat.
Lime begg'd of old (they say)
A neighbour spring to cool his inward heat;
Which by the springs access grew much more great 15

In hope of thee my heart
Pickt 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. 20

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. 25

If I have more to spin,
The wheel shall go, so that thy stay be short
Thou know'st how grief and sin
Curb the work. O make me not their sport,
By thy coming may be made a Court! 30

Assurance.

¶ Assurance.

O Spiteful bitter thought!
Bitterly spiteful thought! couldst thou invent
So high a torture? Is such poyson bought?
Doubtless, but in the way of punishment,
When wit contrives to meet with thee,
No such rank poyson can there be.

Thou said'st but even now,
That all was not so fair as I conceiv'd,
Betwixt my God and me; that I allow
And coyn large hopes: but that I was deceiv'd;
Either the League was broke, or neer it;
And, that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this? What more
Could poyson, 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 my self, 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 thy self endite,
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 ruine 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 its ſelf 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:
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 joyes in love.

¶ Claſping

¶ Clasping of hands.

LOrd thou art mine, and I am thine,
If mine I am: and thine much more,
Then 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 somthing more
I may presume the mine, then 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 busie heart shall spin it all my daies:
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
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 Pharaohs wheels but logs,
And ſtrugling hinders more.

Thouſands of things do thee imploy
In ruling all
The 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 heardſt my call, and more.

I have not loſt one ſingle tear:
But when mine eyes
Did weep to heav'n, 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 battel which thou once did trie)
The glaſs was full and more.

Where-

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!

¶ Joſephs Coat.

WOunded I ſing, tormented I end'te,
Thrown down I fall into a bed, and reſt:
Sorrow hath chang'd 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 ev'n my heart,
And both would run until they found a beer
To fetch the body; both being due to grief
But he hath ſpoild the race, and giv'n to anguiſh
One of Joyes coats, ticing it with relief
To linger in me, and together languiſh.
I live to ſhew his power, who once did bring
My *joyes* 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 worlds riches, which diſperſed lie,
Contract into a ſpan.

So ſtrength firſt made away;
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 in ſtead 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 which th'one hand thou lifteſt to the skie,
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 th' 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 ſoul and brittle, much unfit
To deal in holy Writ.

Yet

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're ſo great,
Come from the earth, from whence thoſe veſſels come
So that at once both feeder, diſh, and meat
10 Have one beginning and one final ſumme;
I do not greatly wonder at the ſight,
If earth in earth delight.

But th' holy men of God ſuch veſſels are
As ſerve him up, who all the world commands:
15 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
20 To hold the Ark, although it ſeem to ſhake
Through th' 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.

25 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
30 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 th' earth, mine eyes the skie: 5
And yet the ſphere
And center both to me deny
That thou art there.

Yet can I mark how herbs below
Grow green and gay; 10
As if to meet thee they did know,
While I decay.

Yet can I mark how ſtars above
Simper and ſhine,
As having keys unto thy love, 15
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. 20

I tun'd another (having ſtore)
Into a groan,
Becauſe the ſearch was dumb before:
But all was one.

Lord, doſt thou ſome new fabrick mold 25
Which favour wins,
And keeps thee preſent, leaving th' old
Unto their ſins?

Where

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.

Grie

¶ Grief.

O 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 watry things,
That nature hath produc'd. Let every vein
Suck up a river to ſupply mine eyes, 5
My weary weeping eyes to 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, 10
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, 15
And keep your meaſures for ſome lovers lute,
Whoſe grief allows him muſick and a rhyme:
For mine excludes both meaſure, tune, and time.
Alas, my God:

¶ The Croſs.

WHat is this ſtrange & uncouth thing? 20
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. 25

And

Much wraſtling, many a combate, this dear end,
So much deſir'd, is giv'n, to take away
My power to ſerve thee; to unbend
All my abilities, my deſigns confound,
And lay my threatnings 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,
Ev'n when my will doth ſtudy thy renown:
Thou turneſt th' edge of all things on me ſtill,
Taking me up to throw me down:
So that, ev'n 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 then 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 ev'n 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.*

Th

¶ The Flower.

How freſh, O Lord, how ſweet and clean
Are thy returns! ev'n as the flow'rs 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 ſhrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greenneſs? It was gone
Quite under ground, as flow'rs 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 quickning, 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 flow'r can wither!
Many a Spring I ſhoot up fair,
Offring at heav'n, growing and groaning thither:
Nor doth my flower
Want a ſpring-ſhowre,
My ſins and I joyning together.

But

But while I grow in a ſtraight line.
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n 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 flow'rs 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, womens and childrens wiſhes,
Chaſes in Arras, gilded emptineſs,
Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career,
Embroider'd lyes, nothing between to 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 ev'n from the very bone;
Theſe are the ſorrows here.

But

But Oh the folly of distracted men,
Who griefs in earnest, joyes in jest pursue;
Preferring, like brute beasts, a loathsom den
Before a court, ev'n that above so clear,
Where are no sorrows, but delights more true
Then miseries are here!

¶ The Son.

LEt forraign 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 Parents issue and the Suns bright Star!
A Son is light and fruit; a fruitful flame
Chasing the Fathers dimness, carri'd far
From the first man in th' East, to fresh and new
Western discov'ries of posterity.
So in one word our Lords 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,
Somwhat it fain would say:
And still it runneth mutt'ring 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,
, 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,
uſtly complains, that ſomwhat is behind
To make his Verſe, or write a Hymn in kind.

Whereas if th' heart be mov'd,
Although the Verſe be ſomwhat ſcant,
God doth ſupply the want:
As when th' heart ſays, (ſighing to be approv'd)
O, *could I love!* and ſtops; God writeth, *Lov'd.*

¶ The Anſwer.

MY comforts drop and melt away like ſnow:
I ſhake my head, and all the thoughts and ends
Which my fierce youth did 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 proſecutions ſlack and ſmall;
As a young exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his firſt bed of dirt, and means the skie;
But cooling by the way, grows purſie and ſlow,
And ſetling 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 then I.

A Dialogue-Antheme.

Christian. *Death.*

Chr. ALas, poor death! where is thy glory?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient stin

Dea. *Alas, poor mortal, void of storie!*
Go spell and read how I have kill'd thy King.

Chr. Poor death! and who was hurt hereby?
Thy curse being laid on him, makes thee accu

Dea. *Let loosers talk: yet thou shalt die:* (wo
These arms shall crush thee. *Chr.* Spare not, do t
I shall be one day better then before:
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no mor

¶ Thy 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 waters course
To serve thy sins, and furnish thee with store
Of sov'raign tears, springing from true remorse;
That so in pureness thou mayst him adore,

Who gives to man, as he sees fit, { Salvation. / Damnation.

Sel

¶ Self-condemnation.

THou who condemnest Jewish hate,
or choosing *Barabbas* a murderer
Before the Lord of glory;
Look back upon thine own estate,
Call home thine eye (that busie wanderer)
That choice may be thy story.

He that doth love, and love amiss,
This worlds 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 our selves. That light which sin and passion
Did before dim and choak,
When once those snuffs are ta'n away,
Shines bright and clear, ev'n 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 ſower-ſweet days
I will lament, and love.

¶ The Glance.

WHen firſt thy ſweet and gracious eye
Vouchſaf'd ev'n in the midſt of youth and night
To look upon me, who before did lie
Weltring in ſin:
I felt a ſugred ſtrange delight,
Paſſing all Cordials made by any Art,
Bedew, embalm, and over-run my heart,
And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter ſtorm
My ſoul hath felt, ev'n 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 bee,
A mirth but open'd, and ſeal'd up again;
What wonders ſhall we feel, when we ſhall ſee
Thy full-ey'd love!
When thou ſhalt look us out of pain,
And one aſpect of thine ſpend in delight
More then a thouſand ſuns diſburſe in light
In heav'n above!

¶ The 23. 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 deaths 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,
Ev'n in my en'mies sight:
My head with oyle, my cup with wine
Runs over day and night.

Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my dayes:
And as it never shall remove
So neither shall my praise.

Mary

Mary Magdalen.

WHen bleſſed *Mary* wip'd her Saviours feet,
(Whoſe precepts ſhe had trampled on before)
And wore them for a Jewel on her head:
Shewing his ſteps ſhould be the ſtreet,
Wherein ſhe thenceforth evermore
With penſive humbleneſs would live and tread:

She being ſtain'd her ſelf, why did ſhe ſtrive
To make him clean, who could not be defil'd?
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 pil'd
Deeper then 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
Ev'n God himſelf: wherefore ſhe was not loth,
As ſhe had brought wherewith to ſtain,
So to bring in wherewith to waſh:
And yet in waſhing one, ſhe waſhed both.

¶ Aaron.

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 breſt
A noiſe of paſſions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no reſt;
Poor Prieſt thus am I dreſt!

Only

Onely another head
I have, another heart and breast,
Another musick, making live, not dead,
Without whom I could have no rest:
In him I am well drest.

Christ is my onely head,
My alone onely heart and breast,
My onely musick, striking me ev'n 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 tun'd by Christ, (who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do rest)
Come people; *Aaron*'s drest.

¶ The Odour. 2 *Cor.* 2.

HOw sweetly doth *My Master* sound *My Master*?
As Amber-grise 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 ev'n 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? Oh 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 then before.

For when *My Maſter*, which alone is ſweet,
And ev'n 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 ſweetning me
(As ſweet things traffick when they meet)
Return to thee:
And ſo this new commerce and ſweet
Should all my life employ and buſie me.

¶ The Foil.

IF we could ſee below
The ſphere of vertue, and each ſhining grace
As plainly as that above doth ſhow;
This were the better skie, 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 vertue winning.

¶ The Forerunners

THe Harbingers are come. See, ſee their mark;
White is their colour, and behold my head.
But muſt they have my brain? muſt they diſpark
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

Good men ye be, to leave me my best room,
Ev'n all my heart, and what is lodged there:
I pass not, I, what of the rest become,
So, *Thou art still my God*, be out of fear,
He will be pleased with that ditty;
And if I please him, I write fine and witty.

Farewel sweet phrases, lovely metaphors,
But will you 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, ev'n all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, sugar-cane,
Honey of roses, whither wilt thou flie?
Hath some fond lover tic'd thee to thy bane?
And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a stie?
Fie, thou wilt soil thy broider'd coat,
And hurt thy self, and him that sings the note.

Let foolish lovers, if they will love dung,
With Canvas, not with Arras, cloath their shame:
Let folly speak in her own native tongue.
True beauty dwells on high: ours is a flame
But borrow'd thence to light us thither.
Beauty and beauteous words should go together.

Yet if you go, I pass not; take your way:
For, *Thou art still my God*, is all that ye
Perhaps with more embellishment can say.
Go birds of spring: let winter have his fee;
Let a bleak paleness chalk the doore,
So all within be livelier then before.

¶ The Rose.

Reſs me not to take more pleaſure
In this world of ſugred lies,
nd to uſe a larger meaſure
Then my ſtrict yet welcome ſize.

irſt, there is no pleaſure here:
Colour'd griefs indeed there are,
luſhing woes, that look as clear
As if they could beauty ſpare.

r if ſuch deceits there be,
Such delights I meant to ſay;
here are no ſuch things to me,
Who have paſs'd my right way.

ut I will not much oppoſe
Unto what you now adviſe:
nely take this gentle roſe,
And therein my anſwer lies.

hat is fairer then a roſe?
What is ſweeter? yet it purgeth.
urgings enmity diſcloſe,
Enmity forbearance urgeth.

then all the worldlings prize
Be contracted to a roſe;
weetly there indeed it lies,
But it biteth in the cloſe.

o this flow'r doth judge and ſentence
Worldly joyes to be a ſcourge:
or they all produce repentance,
And repentance is a purge.

But

But I health, not physick chuse:
Only though I you oppose,
Say that fairly I refuse,
For my answer is a rose.

¶ Discipline.

5 THrow away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath.
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my hearts desire
10 Unto thine is bent:
I aspire
To a full consent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
15 But by book,
And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep:
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
20 To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove,
Love will do the deed
For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

25 Love is swift of foot;
Love's a man of war
And can shoot,
And can hit from far,

Who can ſcape his bow?
That which wrought on thee,
Brought thee low.
Needs muſt work on me.

Throw away thy rod; 5
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God:
Throw away thy wrath.

¶ The Invitation.

COme ye hither, all whoſe taſte
Is your waſte; 10
Save your coſt and mend your fare,
God is here prepar'd and dreſt,
And the feaſt;
God in whom all dainties are.
Come ye hither all, whom wine 15
Doth define,
Naming you not to your good:
Weep what ye have drunk amiſs,
And drink this,
Which before ye drink is blood. 20
Come ye hither all, whom pain
Doth arraign,
Bringing all your ſins to ſight:
Taſte and fear not: God is here
In this cheer, 25
And on ſin doth caſt the fright.
Come ye hither all, whom joy
Doth deſtroy,
While ye graze without your bounds:
There is joy that drowneth quite 30
Your delights,
As a flood the lower grounds.

Come

ome ye hither all whoſe love
Is your dove,
nd exalts you to the skie:
ere is love, which having breath,
Ev'n in death,
ſter death can never die.
ord, I have invited all,
And I ſhall
till invite, ſtill call to thee:
'or it ſeems but juſt and right
In my ſight,
Where is all, there all ſhould be.

¶ The Banquet.

WElcome ſweet and ſacred cheer,
Welcome dear;
With me, in me, live and dwell;
For thy neatneſs paſſeth ſight,
Thy delight
Paſſeth tongue to taſte or tell.
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;
Flow'rs, and gummes, 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, 5
And with it perfumes my heart.

But as Pomanders and wood
Still are good,
Yet being bruis'd are better scented;
God, to shew how far his love, 10
Could improve,
Here, as broken, is presented,

When I had forgot my birth,
And on earth
In delights of earth was drown'd; 30
God took blood, and needs would be
Spilt with me,
And so found me on the ground.

Having rais'd me to look up,
In a cup 20
Sweetly he doth meet my taste,
But I still being low and short,
Far from Court,
Wine becomes a wing at last.

For with it alone I flie 25
To the skie
Where I wipe mine eyes, and see
What I seek, for what I sue
Him I view,
Who hath done so much for me. 30

Let

Let the wonder of this pity
Be my ditty,
And take up my lines and life :
Hearken under pain of death,
Hands and breath,
Strive in this, and love the strife.

¶ The Posie.

LEt wits contest,
And with their words and posies windows fill :
Less then the least
Of all thy mercies, is my posie 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 then the least
Of all Gods mercies, is my posie still.

¶ A Parodie.

Souls 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 chearfulness
Of thy abode,
And in my powers not stir abroad,
But leave me to my load :

O what a damp and ſhade
Doth me invade!
No ſtormy night
Can ſo afflict or ſo affright,
As thy eclipſed light. 5

Ah Lord! do not withdraw,
Leſt want of aw
Make ſin appear;
And when thou doſt but ſhine leſs clear,
Say, that thou art not here. 10

And then what life I have,
While ſin doth rave,
And falſly boaſt,
That I may ſeek, but thou art loſt;
Thou and alone thou know'ſt. 15

O what a deadly cold
Doth me infold!
I half believe
That Sin ſayes true: but while I grieve,
Thou com'ſt and doſt relieve. 20

¶ The Elixir.

TEach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to ſee;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee:

Not rudely, as a beaſt, 20
To run into an action;
But ſtill to make thee prepoſſeſt,
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 heav'n eſpie.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be ſo mean,
Which with this 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 th' 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.

A Wreathed garland of deſerved praiſe,
Of praiſe deſerved unto thee I give,
I give to thee, who knoweſt all my ways,
My crooked winding ways wherein I live,
Wherein I die, not live: for life is ſtraight,
Straight as a line, and ever tends to thee,
To thee, who art more far above deceit,
Then deceit ſeems above ſimplicitie.
Give me ſimplicity, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know thy ways,
Know them and practice them: then ſhall I give
For this poor wreath, give thee a crown of praiſe.

¶ Death

¶ Death.

DEath, thou waſt once an uncouth hidious thing,
Nothing but bones,
The ſad effect of ſadder grones:
Thy mouth was open, but thou couldſt not ſing.

For we conſider'd thee, as at ſome ſix 5
Or ten years hence,
After the loſs of life and ſenſe,
Fleſh being turn'd to duſt, and bones to ſticks.

We lookt on this ſide of thee, ſhooting ſhort;
Where we did find 10
The ſhels of fledge ſouls left behind,
Dry duſt, which ſheds no tears, but may extort.

But ſince our Saviours death did put ſome blood
Into thy face,
Thou art grown fair and full of grace, 15
Much in requeſt, much ſought for as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
As at dooms day;
When ſouls ſhall wear their new aray,
And all thy bones with beauty ſhall be clad. 20

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.

¶ Dooms-

¶ Dooms day.

Come away,
Make no delay.
ummon all the duſt to riſe,
'ill it ſtir, and rub the eyes;
Vhile this member jogs the other,
ach one whiſpring, *Live you, Brother?*

Come away,
Make this the day.
Duſt, alaſs, no muſick feels,
But thy trumpet: then it kneels,
As peculiar notes and ſtrains
Cure Tarantulaes raging pains.

Come away,
O make no ſtay.
Let the graves make their confeſſion.
Leſt at length they plead poſſeſſion:
Fleſhes ſtubbornneſs may have
Read that leſſon to the grave.

Come away,
Thy flock doth ſtray.
Some to winds their body lend,
And in them may drown a friend:
Some in noyſome vapours grow
To a plague and publick wo.

Come away,
Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcell'd out to all the world,
Lord, thy broken conſort raiſe,
And the muſick ſhall be praiſe.

Judg

¶ Judgment.

ALmighty Judge, how ſhall poor wretches brook
Thy dreadful look,
Able an heart of Iron to appall,
When thou ſhalt call
For ev'ry mans peculiar book ? 5
What others mean to do, I know not well,
Yet I here tell,
That ſome will turn thee to ſome leaves therein
So void of ſin,
That they in merit ſhall excell. 10
But I reſolve when thou ſhalt call for mine,
That to decline,
And thruſt a Teſtament into thy hand ;
Let that be ſcann'd :
There thou ſhalt find my faults are thine. 15

¶ Heaven.

O Who will ſhew me thoſe delights on high ?
Echo. *I.*
Thou Echo, thou art mortal, all men know,
Echo. *No.*
Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves ? 20
Echo. *Leaves.*
And are there any leaves that ſtill abide ?
Echo. *Bide.*
What leaves are they ? impart the matter wholly.
Echo. *Holy.* 25
Are holy leaves the Echo then of bliſs ?
Echo. *Yes.*
Then tell me, what is that ſupreme delight ?
Echo. *Light.*

Light

ight to the mind: what shall the will enjoy?
Echo. *Joy.*
ut are there cares and business with the pleasure?
Echo. *Leisure.*
ight, joy, and leisure; but shall they persevere?
Echo. *Ever.*

¶ Love.

LOve bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lack'd any thing.

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here;
Love said, You shall be he.
I the unkind, ungrateful; Ah my dear,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth Lord; but I have marr'd them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, sayes Love, who bore the blame
My dear, then I will serve.
You must sit down, sayes 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.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

ALmighty Lord, who from thy glorious throne
Seest and rulest all things ev'n as one:
The smallest Ant or Atome knows thy power,
Known also to each minute of an hour:
Much more do Common-wealths acknowledge thee
And wrap their policies in thy decree,
Complying with thy counsels, doing nought
Which doth not meet with an eternal thought.
But above all, thy Church and Spouse doth prove
Not the degrees of power but bands of love.
Early didst thou arise to plant this Vine,
Which might the more indear it to be thine.
Spices come from the East; so did thy Spouse,
Trim as the light, sweet as the laden boughs
Of *Noahs* shady vine, chast as the dove;
Prepar'd and fitted to receive thy love;
The course was westward, that the Sun might light
As well our understanding as our sight.
Where th' Ark did rest, thence *Abraham* began
To bring the other Ark to *Canaan*.
Moses pursu'd this: but King *Solomon*
Finisht and fixt the old religion.
When it grew loose, the Jewes did hope in vain
By nailing Christ to fasten it again,
But to the Gentiles he bore cross and all,
Rending with earth-quakes the partition wall.
Onely where as 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,

'ill all depart : ſo went the Church her way,
etting, while one foot ſtept, the other ſtay
among the eaſtern nations for a time,
'ill both removed to the weſtern clime.
'o *Egypt* firſt ſhe came, where they did prove
Vonders of anger once, but now of love.
'he ten Commandments there did flourriſh more
'hen the ten bitter plagues had done before.
ſoly *Macarius* and great *Antony*
lade *Pharaoh Moſes*, changing th' Hiſtory.
ſoſhen was darkneſs, *Egypt* full of lights,
ſilus for Monſters brought forth Iſraelites.
uch power hath mighty Baptiſm to produce
'or things miſhapen, things of higheſt uſe
low dear to me, O God, thy Counſels are !
Who may with thee compare ?
.eligion thence fled into *Greece*, where Arts
iave her the higheſt place in all mens hearts.
.earning was pos'd, Philoſophy was ſet,
Sophiſters taken in a Fiſhers net,
Plato and *Ariſtotle* were at a loſs,
And wheel'd about again to ſpell *Chriſts-Croſs.*
'rayers chas'd Syllogiſms into their den,
And *Ergo* was transform'd into *Amen.*
Though *Geeece* took horſe as ſoon as *Egypt* did,
And *Rome* as both ; yet *Egypt* faſter rid,
And ſpent her period and prefixed time
Before the other *Greece* being paſt her prime,
Religion went to *Rome*, ſubduing thoſe,
Who that they might ſubdue, made all their foes.
The Warriour his dear ſkars no more reſounds,
But ſeems to yield Chriſt hath the greater wounds ;
Wounds willingly endur'd to work his bliſs,
Who by an ambuſh loſt his Paradiſe.
The great heart ſtoups, and taketh from the duſt
A ſad repentance, not the ſpoils of luſt ;

Quit-

Quitting his ſpear, leſt it ſhould pierce again
Him in his members, who for him was ſlain.
The Shepherds hook grew to a Scepter here,
Giving new names and numbers to the year,
But th' Empire dwelt in *Greece*, to comfort them
Who were cut ſhort in *Alexanders* ſtem.
In both of theſe Proweſs and Arts did tame
And tune mens hearts againſt the Goſpel came:
Which uſing, and not fearing skill in th' one,
Or ſtrength in th' other, did erect her throne.
Many a rent and ſtrugling th' Empire knew,
(As dying things are wont) until it flew
At length to *Germany*, ſtill weſtward bending,
And there the Churches feſtival attending:
That as before Empire and Arts made way,
(For no leſs Harbingers would ſerve then they)
So they might ſtill; and point us out the place
Where firſt the Church ſhould raiſe her down-ca
Strength levels grounds, Art makes a Garden there
Then ſhowres Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the Empire ſhar'd with *Germany*,
But *England* in the higher victory;
Giving the Church a Crown to keep her ſtate,
And not go leſs then ſhe had done of late.
Conſtantines Britiſh line meant this of old,
And did this myſtery wrap up and fold
Within a ſheet of paper, which was rent
From times 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?
Much about one and the ſame time and place,
Both where and when the Church began her race,
Sin did ſet out of Eaſtern *Babylon*,
And travell'd weſtward alſo: journeying on

:hid the Church away, where e're he came,
aking her peace, and tainting her good name.
irſt he got to *Egypt*, and did ſow
dens of gods, which every year did grow;
ſh and fine deities. They were at great coſt,
o for a god clearly a ſallet loſt.
! what thing is man devoid of grace,
ring Garlick with an humble face,
ging his food of that which he may eat,
rving the while he worſhipped his meat!
o makes a root his god, how low is he,
God and man be ſever'd infinitely!
at wretchedneſs can give him any room,
oſe houſe is foul, while he adores his broom?
e will believe this now, though mony be
s the ſame tranſplanted foolerie.
us Sin in *Egypt* ſneaked for a while;
higheſt was an Ox or Crocodile,
d ſuch poor game. Thence he to *Greece* doth paſs;
d being craftier much then goodneſs was,
left behind him Garriſons of ſins,
make good that which ev'ry day he wins.
re ſin took heart, and for a garden-bed
ch ſhrines and oracles he purchaſed:
grew a gallant, and would needs foretell
well what ſhould befall, as what befell.
y he became a Poet, and would ſerve
pills of ſublimate in that conſerve.
e world came both with hands and purſes full
this great lottery, and all would pull.
t all was glorious cheating, brave deceit;
here ſome poor truths were ſhuffled for a bait
credit him, and to diſcredit thoſe
ho after him ſhould braver truths diſcloſe.
om *Greece* he went to *Rome*: and as before
e was a God, now he's an Emperour,

Nero

Nero and others lodg'd 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,
To ſuch Mahometane ſtupidities,
As the old heathen would deem prodigies.
How dear to me, O God, thy Counſels are!
VVho may with thee comp
Onely the Weſt and *Rome* do keep them free
From this contagious infidelitie.
And this is all the Rock, whereof they boaſt,
As *Rome* will one day find unto her coſt.
Sin, being not able to extirpate quite
The Churches here, bravely reſolv'd one night
To be a Church-man too, and wear a Miter:
The old debauched Ruffian would turn writer.
I ſaw him in his ſtudy, where he ſate
Buſie in controverſies ſprung of late.
A Gown and Pen became him wondrous well:
His grave Aſpect had more of Heav'n, then Hell:
Only there was an handſome picture by,
To which he lent a corner of his eye.
As ſin in *Greece* a Prophet was before,
And in old *Rome* a mighty Emperour
So now being Prieſt he plainly did profeſs
To make a jeſt of Chriſts three Offices:
The rather ſince his ſcatter'd jugglings were
United now in one both time and ſphere.

Fr

m *Egypt* he took petty deities,
m *Greece* oracular infallibilities,
l from old *Rome* the liberty of pleasure,
ree dispensings of the Churches treasure.
n, in memorial of his ancient throne,
lid surname his palace *Babylon*.
, that he might the better gain all nations,
l make that name good by their transmigrations;
n all these places, but at divers times,
ook fine vizards to conceal his crimes:
m *Egypt* Anchorism and retiredness,
rning from *Greece*, from old *Rome* statelinesſ:
l blending these, he carried all mens eyes,
ile truth sat by, counting his victories:
ereby he grew apace, and scorn'd to use
h force as once did captivate the Jews;
t did bewitch, and finely work each nation
o a voluntary transmigration.
l poste to *Rome*: Princes submit their necks
her t' his publick foot or private tricks.
lid not fit his gravity to stir,
r his long journey, nor his gout and fur.
erefore he sent out able Ministers.
ıtesmen within, without doors Cloisterers:
ho without spear, or sword, or other drumme
ıen what was in their tongue, did overcome;
ıd having conquer'd, did so strangely rule,
ıat the whole world did seem but the Popes *Mule*.
new and old *Rome* did one Empire twist;
both together are one Antichrist,
t with two faces, as their *Janus* was:
ing in this their old crackt looking-glass.
w dear to me, O God, thy Counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
hus Sin triumphs in Western *Babylon*;
et not as Sin, but as Religion.

Of his two thrones he made the latter best,
And to defray his journey from the east.
Old and new *Babylon* are to Hell and night,
As is the Moon and Sun to Heav'n and light.
When th' one did set, the other did take place,
Confronting equally the Law and grace.
They are Hells land-marks, Satans double crest:
They are sins nipples, feeding th' east and west.
But as in vice the Copy still exceeds
The pattern, but not so in virtuous deeds;
So, though sin made his latter seat the better,
The latter Church is to the first a debter.
The second Temple could not reach the first;
And the late reformation never durst
Compare with ancient times and purer years;
But in the Jews and us deserveth tears.
Nay it shall ev'ry year decrease and fade;
Till such a darkness do the world invade
At Christs 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 tip-toe 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 *Sein* shall swallow *Tiber*, and the *Thames*,
By letting in them both, pollutes her streames:
When *Italy* of us shall have her will,
And all her Calendar of sins fulfill;
Whereby one may foretel, what sins next year
Shall both in *France* and *England* domineer;
Then shall Religion to *America* flee

They have their times of Gospel, even 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 alwaies sides with povertie:
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
To go to them, while that which now their nation
But lends to us, shall be our desolation.
Yet as the Church shall thither westward flie,
So sin shall trace and dog her instantly:
They have their period also and set times
Both for their virtuous actions and their crimes.
And where of old the Empire and the Arts
Usher'd the Gospel ever in mens hearts,
Spain hath done one; when Arts perform the other,
The Church shall come, & sin the Church shall smother:
That when they have accomplished the round,
And met in th' East their first and ancient sound,
Judgment may meet them both & search them round.
Thus do both lights, as well in Church as Sun,
Light one another, and together run.
Thus also Sin and Darkness follow still
The Church and Sun with all their power and skill.
But as the Sun still goes both West and East;
So also did the Church by going West
Still Eastward go; because it drew more near
To time and place, where judgment shall appear.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?

L'Envoy.

¶ L' Envoy.

KIng 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.

A TABLE.

A.

AAron's *garments should be still worn by Ministers* Pag. 168. Line 19

Abraham *brought Religion with him from the* ist 184.19

Abstinence, how profitable 79.7

Abuse of things taketh not away their use 79.16

Abusiveness, the scum of wit 8.29 9.4

Account, see Rules

Action. The glory of an action is to do it for Gods glory 178.21

Active spirits only live 12.19 71.3

Adoration of Saints, why unlawful 70.1

Affliction succeedeth prosperity, 38.25,&c. *it is not* be grieved *for,* 164. 11 *or rather, grief for af-* ction *is to be turned into grief for sin,* 164.17 *ow to carry your selves therein,* 40. 7 *it is advan-* ge *to a* Christian, 35, 90. 7 124. 25 *Afflictions* aldron *helpeth to supple the heart,* 122. 17.--29 23. 1 *affliction to Christians, like the pruning* nife *to Trees,* 126. 2 *afflictions compared to Moles* 19. 1. *all our afflictions, nothing to* Christ's *suffe-* ings, 53. 26. Christ *hath his part in our afflictions.* 64. 27 65.7 89.28

Alms, the most thriving trade, 89.3 *motives there-* nto, 13. 20, &c. *see* Rules.

Altar, see Gods.

America's *conversion calculated* 190. 25. *Their pa*
ting with their Gold prepareth them for the Gospel. 19

Anagram of JESU 105. 9. *of* Mary 69.
Anchorism, whence 189.
Angels, held with joy? Man recover'd with grief 90.
Both have great cause to praise God 85.7,&
Angry men give advantage to their adversaries 11.
Antichrists various policies, whereby he hath prevailed
ver the world 189, 1,&c. *see* Rome.
Apparel, see Rules.
Arguing, see Rules.
Ark; where the Ark stood, Religion began her ra
184.

Arms, and
Arts usher in the Gospel 186. 9—-22. 191. 17 2
power of Art 155. 1 *Arts yield to the simplicity of the G*
spel 185. 2
Assurance assaulted by doubting 149. 1 *how clear*
149.
Astronomy 77. 11 127.
Attention in time of Divine Service. 15.

B.

BAbylon, *old and new, deciphered* 190. 5 Both
nemies to Gods Church 190. 8 *see* Rome.
Backbiter, see Evil-speaker.
Banquet. None so dainty as the Holy Communion 17
175, 17

Baptism, why administred in our infancy 36. 15
sacred efficacy 36. 4 185. 16 *It is the hearts lave*
122.

Baths 111.2
Bats 113.
asts, see Virtue.

Beauty how to be accounted of 62. 25 *It is one of Worlds baits* 103. 5 *It raiseth wit* 46. 1 *True beauvhere* 171. 22
Bed, an embleme of the grave 90. 19 180. 21
Bees 111. 13
Blessings how variously dealt 112. 10 113. 5.
Boasting of sin, a defying of God 2. 25, &c.
Bodies. Our bodies, though vilely dishonoured and disred by death 180. 1 181. 21 *shall rise in glory* 180. 17 181. 3
Boldness, when commendable 81. 9, 19
British *Church, see* Church.
Broken heart see Heart.
Business, to be actively followed 12. 13 *see* Employnt. *What business we have for tears* 105. 19 *and* ns. 106. 1

C.

Calmness in arguing, a great advantage 11. 13
Careless persons past cure 12. 23
Care's cops 136. 5. *Busie care for future chances,* imed 139. 1, &c.
Charity, like the cement in a building 58. 18
Children, how to be educated 4. 13---30 *They are pans for men* 36. 20
CHRIST. *His love to us, free* 107. 1, &c. 176. 1 *and incomparable* 29. 17 86. 21 96. 7 97. 16 10. 10, &c. 106. 8, &c. 151. 12 175. 4 *We n never sufficiently admire it* 177. 1 *We can nor , nor suffer enough to requite him* 27. 3, &c. 28. 97. 21 141. 5 *How he humbled himself to deem us* 31. 26 *He laid aside his Robes, to put our Rags* 145. 15 *He is lodged in an Inn* 72. 9 145. 25 *cradled in a manger* 73. 6. *His urty daies fast* 79. 19 *We ought to imitate him*

79. 20 *why* Mary *washed his feet*, 168. 1 *his passion and grief set forth*, 19, &c. *his sale*, 19. 1 *bloody sweat*, 19. 21 54. 5 100. 1 *His Disciples drowsiness*, 20. 1 *and flight*, 20. 21 *his apprehension*, 20. 17 *accusation*, 20. 26, &c. *willingness to die*, 20. 30 *condemnation*, 21. 9 23. 21 *patience*, 21. 29 Herod *and* Pilate *combine against him*, 21. 13 *the* Jewes *spite against him*, *see* Jewes, Barabbas *preferred before him*, 22. 21 *he is scourged*, 23. 1 *buffeted*, 23. 5 *spit on*, 23. 9 24. 25 *hood-winked*, 23. 13 *flouted*, 23. 17 26. 1 *scornfully arrayed*, 24. 1 *cruelly crowned*, 24. 5 *smitten with a Reed*, 24. 13 *scoffingly saluted*, 24. 17 *he beareth his Cross*, 25. 9 *is crucified on it* 25. 13 *betwixt two Thieves*, 26. 9 *they give him Vinegar and Gall*, 26. 17 *part his garments*, 26. 21 *pierce his side*, 26. 25 146. 1 *what rare liquor flowed thence* 26. 27 29. 18 36. 4

His title, 26. 13 27. 1 *Death*, 26. 29 118. 1 145. 13, 30 *by dying he hath destroyed Death*, 164. 1---10

The unconceivableness of his sufferings, 25. 21 27. 1----10

All our sufferings nothing to his 53. 26

An Arithmetick to cast up his sufferings by 30. 15

Our benefit from them, 25. 15 26. 5 27. 13 106. 8---28 164. 1---10

His Sepulchre, 32. 7 *his grave-cloaths, a Christians handkerchief* 105. 6

The use and fruits of his Resurrection, 104. 19, &c. *how to share with him in his victories*, 29. 1 *an Hymn of his Resurrection* 33. 1

Blood, an antidote to expel Sin, 31. 13 *the Water of the conscience*, 98. 17 *the price of* 98. 19 *the true Panacea*, 141. 19 *it preserveth*

ervveth both to cleanse the heart, 122. 5 141. 19 *and soften it* 122. 32 *it supplieth the defect of our tears* 129.25 152.25

His Cross, a Tree of Life to us, 25. 15 *what* Adam *lost, we have in him* 137.13 185.36

He is the weary souls best relief, 72. 26 *both the grief and joy of a Christian,* 54. 6 *our peace,* 115, 26 *our way, truth, life,* 150. 13 *our light, feast, strength,* 150. 17 *our joy, love, heart,* 150. 21 *our food in the Sacrament,* 155. 14 174. 12, 20, 24 175. 13 176. 1, &c.

He is more ours than his own, 151. 12 *we, more his than our own,* 151. 1 *and then most our own when his* 151.4

He is most lovely and beautiful, 108. 9 *he hath changed the shape of Justice from terrible to amiable,* 135. 1 *he presenteth our suits to his Father with advantage* 146. 7 *he supplieth his Ministers defects* 168. 24 169. 1 *he suffereth still in his members* 64.24 65.7

What he requireth of us for all he hath done for us, 107. 25 *our ingratitude to him,* 86. 5----25 *Vowes of gratitude and love to him,* 27. 17 40. 11

Christ's *three Offices, made a jest of* 188.33

He is importuned to hasten his second coming 99. 15 100, 101, 150.13 181. 1, &c

Christian Religion, its rise, 184. 25 *progress westward,* 184. 29 *it leaveth the East by degrees,* 185. 2 *cometh into* Egypt 185. 8 Greece 185. 20 Italy 185. 32 Germany 186. 15 England 186. 24 *when it shall pass over to* America, 190. 25 *see* Religion. *Arts and Arms both give way to it* 185. 20------35 *both make way for it,* 186. 9--22 191 17

Christians should not be caught with the World baits 103.1----24 172.1, &c. *see* World. *Their joy, see* Joy. *their state here* 132.1 *their life, a mixture of bitter and sweet* 158.20, &c. 160, 161, 165.25 166.5, 13 *their journey to heaven described* 135.25 *It is like that of the* Jews *toward* Canaan 121.1
A Christmas-antheme 73.11
Church, see Gods house.
The Church how tenderly regarded by God 184.9 *Her grace and beauty* 184.14 *Her progress, like the Suns, from the East Westward* 184.13, 24 185.2 186.31 191.13, 24 *she is still dogged and driven away by sin* 185.35 *see* Sin.
She is but a small part of the world 134.27
The reformed Church, far short of the primitive, 190.14 *Gifts of the holy Ghost, how plentiful in the Primitive Church,* 51.11 *how scarce now* 51.23
Churches authority, to be obeyed 78.16 *Innocent customes in the Church to be observed* 78.24
Church-schisms, how sad and lamentable 134.1 *whence caused* 134.16
The British *Church, of late the most beautiful* 102.1 ---30 *the Pontifician, in the mean time painted* 102.13 *the rest undressed* 102.19 *Evils threatning ruine to our Church* 155.20 190.27
Chymistry 78.1
Cleanliness recommended 13.13
Clothes worn by Man onely 112.25 *see* Rules.
Clouds 111.20 112.32
Command, Gods right hand; Permission, his left 110.13
Commerce and Trade 112.22
Common-wealths steered by Gods counsels 184.5
Communion, see Sacrament.

Com-

Complaint. *see* Praise.
Condemn. *Men oft condemn that in others which themves are guilty of* 165. 1
Confession, a special remedy against grief of heart 119. 17
Confidence 58. 15 *The confidence of the godly* 167. 1,&c.
Conscience. *Its busie nature* 98. 6 *How to quiet it* 8. 17 *A remorseful conscience, of how strange a force* 125. 3,&c.
Constancy. *A constant good man set forth* 63. 17 *Be nstant to thy purposes* 5. 1
Constantine *the Great* 186. 27
Contented men onely happy 60. 13 61. 7 *Contentent onely maketh rich* 4. 25 *It is likened to fire in int* 60. 9. *Motives to contentation* 87. 19 *Our opes of so much hereafter should make us content here vith a little* 131. 1
Continence. *All bound to contain, or marry* 1. 13
Conveyance, *see* Soul
Corrections, Gods pruning-knife 126. 1
Covetousness, base 6. 7 69. 3 *dangerous* 6. 19 *the root of all evil* 69. 1. 14 *as folish an idolatry as ever* Egypt *was guilty of* 187. 17 *an acting of* Judas's *part over again* 165. 13
Countreys. *Several countreys have several blessings* 112 11. *all, enough to serve their need* 112. 21
Creatures, all strongly and sweetly ruled by Gods will 110. 9----20 184. 1 *all shew his infinite power* 110. 21 *all praise him, see* Praise. *all, useful one way or other* 112. 11----20 113. 5 *all wise, for their own good* 111. 9 *None of them to be rested in* 154. 6 *They express a feast* 113. 17
Credit, *how to be regarded* 8. 15 12. 19
Crocodile 113. 23 *worshipped in* Egypt 187. 20

Crosſ, it is the Chriſtians burden, 25. 11. *ſee* Affliction
Curioſity in Divinity checked, 127.17 *and about fu chances* 138.6 13
Cuſtomes, ſee Church.

D.

Day and Night a checkered twiſt, 111. 6 *Day for buſineſs; Night, for reſt*, 55. 12 56.6, *Work-dayes and Sundaies compared*, 67. 1, 15 68. *ſee* Sunday. *The laſt day beſt* 101.
Day of Judgment, ſee Judgement.
Deaths nature, altered by Chriſt, 115.9----18 *once hideous*, 180.1 *now lovely*, 180. 13 O death wh is thy ſting! 164. 1 *Death, deſired*, 99. 25. 100. 101. 17 138. 3 148. 26 168. 8 180. 13 *it robbeth of all but our God*, 170.25 171.1 *it is advantage to Chriſtian*, 164. 9 180. 16 *the gate of heaven*, 136. 148.30 *it openeth our eyes to ſee clearly*, 74. 16 *it is curb to Sin, if well thought of*, 57.5 *it deſtroyeth Sin*, 5 24 *it equalleth Kings and private perſons*, 60. 21 *Now without ſomthing to minde it of death*, 90. 13 91 *Deaths harbingers*, 170. 24 *Death ſurpriſeth Procrastinatours*, 71. 21 *Man onely feareth two Deat* 124.
Delight, ſee Joy
Denial, or delay of prayers breedeth diſcontent. 71. 72.1---
Deſerts, ſee Merit.
Deſpairing thoughts, how ſad and bitter 149. 1 17 19 178. 1 *A charm for Deſpair*, 145. 7 146. 18 *Deſpe rations cave* 135.
Devil, he is not ſo ugly as Sin 55.
Diſciples, ſee Chriſt
Diſcontent. Arguments to lay it 87.19 88.
Diſcourſe, ſee Rules.

Distances huge and irreconcileable 157.13,29
Diving for Pearls 77.18
Divinity, in it self easie and plain, 128.1 *made difficult y mens nice curiosity* 127.17
Doctrine and Life in Ministers, like colours and light in lass 59.6
Doing good, see Good.
Dolphin 120.11
Doomsday longed for 181 *how terrible it will be*, 182.1 *e* Judgment.
Doubtings of Gods favour, 149.1 *how removed*, 149 19 178.19
Drunkenness, how abominable, 2.1 *a caveat for drunkards*, 89.15 *Drunkards invited to the best draught that an be* 174.15
Dulness of Heart, see Heart.

E.

F*Ager undertakers and slack Prosecutors, likened to an exhalation* 163.31
Earthen vessels, oft curious, though of mean stuff 155.1
Earthly joyes, see Worldly.
East, the Churches, as well as the Sun's rising-place, see Church.
Easter 33.34
Easie things, see Hard.
Egypts *garden-gods derided*, 187.5 *she was once the seat of Plagues; after, of Religion*, 185.8. *she shaketh off* Christ's *yoke*, 185.22 *and submitteth to* Mahomet's 188 11
Elements, placed according to their worth 71.6
Elephant 113.24
Eloquence, where best bestowed, 171.7---24 *the language of the heart, the highest eloquence*, 163.1--15 171.5

Empire and Arts usher in the Gospel 186. 9---22
27 *see* Romane.
Employment, see Doing good.
Emulation, see Envy.
Englands *character* 4.7 *Marks of her ruine* 190
19
English, *careless in breeding their children* 4
English, *a Language copious and eloquent* en
16
Envy, a worm; Emulation, a spur 9
Evil speaker, see Speaker.
Evils future, forestall not 139.
Expences, see Rules.
Eyes. A good Receipt for them 8

F.

Faith's rare nature and efficacy 41. 19, &c.
equalleth different conditions 42. 15 *see* Rea
Fame. The fame of the dead, in the power of the
ving 60.25 *see* Credit.
Fast, which best 80.1 *see* Abstinence *and* Lent.
Fathers. Children are nearer to them than any fri
10.13 *yet they are oft more careful of any thing than*
their children 4
Feast. That is the best where the poor are guests 8
None like that at the Lords Table 174.
Fire, used by no creature but man 112.
Flatterers, parcel-devils 9.
Flies 111
Flowers, an emblem of our life here 87. 1----
What thanks they return for rain 113.1 *A Chri*
ans joys and griefs, compared to the springing and wit
ing of flowers 160,161 *A christian, a flower for Par*
dise 161.
Folly, to forecast and forestall future evils 139.1,&
Fo

Food provided for all 110.29
Fortitude, presented with the Hare's ears 62.3
Fortune is the Goddess of fools 76.1
Fountains, see Springs
Foxes brain, given to Justice 62.7
Friends. Loss of Friends, a great loss 39. 7. *Some Friends like Flies* 163. 19 *We use God worse than our Friends* 86. 2, &c. 108.------21 *yea, than our Foes* 86. 25 *yet none so much our friend as he* 86. 21 110. 7
Friendship must give place to Piety 27. 25. *see* Rules.
Frogs 113. 19
Frosts 112. 16 160. 4
Fruits 112. 16 *cold fruits have warm kernels* 113 14
Furres 112. 12, 18

G.

Gain which best 106. 26
Gaming, see Rules.
Gardens of Gods in Egypt. 187. 5
Gazing at Church, unlawful 15. 1
H. Ghost, see Church.
Glass 112. 17 *see* Doctrine.
Glory shall be according to the measure of Grace 49. 1---12 *Worldly Glory, not worth a Christians regard* 103. 13
Gluttony, see Intemperance. *Gluttons, bid to the best of banquets* 174. 9
GOD. *His Altar a broken heart* 18. 1
His anger intolerable 161. 4 *When he hides his face, O how are we troubled!* 177. 19 178. 1
His Blessing speedeth mans actions 152. 1 *the want of it cloggeth them* 152. 7
His Bounty to Man 74. 1 84. 29 *His two cabinets*

binets 74. 7 *why, having heaped other blessings on Man* 73. 21 *he kept rest only from him,* 154. 3 *God our Land-lord* 31. 21 121. 24 *he liketh no present from us so well as the Heart* 121.27 122.4,22 *he accepteth the will for the Deed* 163.1--15

His care of our Souls 37. 19 41. 19 78.9 89. 23 100. 7 122. 123 *his two lines to draw us to himself,* 90. 1 *how he striveth with Man,* 93. 7 99. 13 133. 17 *his care of his people, and their confidence in him,* 167. 1, &c. *he careth most for us when he seemeth least to do so,* 145. 7 *how cross and strange his dealings are sometimes with his Children* 158. 20 159. 1, &c 161. 1 *and how various,* 160. 1, &c. 161. 1, &c. 165. 25 166. 5, 13 *how he tempereth our Griefs with joyes, and why* 153. 7 161. 15 *he is our God even to death, and after,* 170. 29

His Corrections, tokens of his Love, 126.2 *his love worketh more on our Hearts then his Rod,* 173. 5, &c.

His due in Tithe and time, to be given him, 14. 1

His Gifts far exceed our deserts and returns, 132. 9 141. 1 177. 9 *they encourage still to crave more* 116.1--15

His glory must not be given to any other, 70.11 *it should be our end in every thing,* 178. 21 *His goodness to Angels and Men* 85.10

His Grace restraineth our impetuous lusts, 147. 1----36 *we stand in continual need of it,* 120. 17 137. 3, &c. *we can do nothing well without it,* 137. 1 149.29 *God is wont to adde his help to Mans endeavours* 79.24

His grief for our sins, 128. 17 *calleth upon us to grieve* 129.1

His House, to be longed for, 14. 9 *hasted unto* 14. 4,25

25 entred with reverence, 14. 19 17.1, &c. how we
ht to behave our selves there, 14, &c. much benefit by
ing thither 15.16-24
His immensity, 47. 6 he dwelleth not in Temples made
th hands, 99. 1, 24 he is invited to dwell in Man, 83.
85. 1 desire of Gods presence maketh this life irksome,
5.19 he conversed of old familiarly with the Patriarchs
.19 now he taketh up his mansion in the heart 92. 1
Heart.
His Justice. see Justice.
His Kingdome. A Prayer for the advancement of
ds, and the overthrow of sins Kingdome. 192.
His Love unmeasurable, 96. 7 110. 9 126. 16
0. 5, 13, 21 it is shewen to us Day and Night 56.
yea, every minute, 56. 14 it is our sweetest re-
e, 56. 16 the ground of our assurance, 149. 19
. 150. 1 the sole cause of our happiness, 183. 6,
. it keepeth us from falling from God, 93. 1
. 149. 20 150. 1 God cannot wholly forsake his
ple, 177. 21 the first glance of Gods favour on
soul, how permanent and powerful, 166. 5 God
mended his Love to us by giving his Son to die for us
176. 10
His Omniscience, 179. 19 184. 2 see Sinner. We
uld still admire and adore Gods eternal counsels,
5. 18 186. 33 188. 17 189. 35 191. 32 accord-
to which all things come to passe, 184. 1---
10
His Pity, transcendent, 142. 25 Arguments to
te it, 137. 15 142. 13, &c. 173. 5 what a quick
ess Prayer hath to God, 95. 19 he is more ready to hear
n we to ask, 54. 11 why he turneth sometimes a deaf ear
our Prayers 126. 11 127. 1
His power, infinite, 96. 1 126. 14 what can resist
will, 157. 5 or separate from his love, 157.
5
He

He is to be praised by all, by man especially 45 85.7,&c. *His mercy to his, above all praise* 140. 1, *see* Praise.

His promises bind him 133.16 139.30 *and plead us* 144

His Providence how praise-worthy 10 110----113 *its two hands* 110.13 *it ruleth all* 10 110. 9 *see* Creatures. *God is infinite in all each of his works* 110. 21 *He stilleth tempests* 25 *maketh sand check the Sea* 110. 27 *feed his creatures* 110. 29 111. 1 *ordereth time* 11 *curiously and variously divideth his gifts* 112. 10 113. 5, &c. *provideth better for us than we* 8 *for our selves* 87. 19 88. 5 *continually* 1 *care for all things* 152. 13 *especially for his Ch* 18

His Purity 93

His Robes, laid aside for our Rags 145

His Ways, and Mans 88.13 165.25 *He oft employ mean instruments about high matters* 155.

His will should be ours 87.19 97.6 159.30 *it the rule of his actions* 164

His Word, the rule of all religious worship 70

it should be our rule in every thing 173.9--

Gold, as ridiculous a god as Garlick 187.17 *and Grace agree not* 19

Good, doing good, both comfortable 12. 1 *and profitable* 49. 1, &c. 70. 26 *A good man describ* 63.

Gospel how ushered in, see Arts. *It prevail over Arts* 185. 20 *and Arms* 185. 32 *see* Christian Religion. *It hath its set periods in every country* 185.25 191.2,15 *its admirable rise, growth, fru* 118.3,&

Grace more glorious than the stars 170.16 *It suppo*

the world 76. 15 *It is but small in us in comrison of corruption* 30.1,&c. *it hath its ebbs and ws* 46. 23 47. 1 48. 1 120. 21 *As Grace abounh so should duty* 53. 7 *see* Glory. *Gods grace*, God.

Gratitude, see Thankful.

Grave, see Bed.

Great men not to be envied 9.25 *how to be dealt with* 9.19

Grecian *Oracles* 187.26

Grief, Sins foil 170. 21 *It is of a subtile and rching nature* 118. 19 119. 1 *wasteth the bo-* 41. 7 129. 25 153. 11 *A remedy against it* 9.7 *Griefs future, not to be forestalled* 139.1,&c. *rief, good, if right taken* 124. 25 *Grief for Affction, see* Affliction. *The greatness of Grief, ematically set out* 158.1 *It is proportioned by Gods stance from us* 157.17 *Grief and joy enterchangely succeed each other* 160.1,&c. 161, 1, &c. *see* ghs *and* Sorrow.

Groans, Gods musick 99.17 *see* Sighs.

H.

HAir. *A brush for poudered hair* 89. 11

Hard heart, see Heart. *Hard things, glorious, sie, cheap and common* 112.13

Hare's ears given to fortitude 62.3

Harvest which best 101.12

Hawk 112.20

Hear. God heareth not those who hear not their own ayers 126.24 *nor his precepts* 127. 6

Heart, how intricate and winding 118. 20 *its urniture* 30. 1 31. 11 32. 11 *it is only in Gods ower* 18. 5 37. 4 *The method of his care about* 122, 123 *How earnestly God wooeth it* 54. 11

86.

86. 18, 22 *he esteemeth it more than any gift el*
121. 27 122. 4, 22 163. 1, 15 *it is all he requ*
reth of us, 77. 26 86. 18 107. 25 *a good heart*
Gods house, 130. 5 *and his Temple*, 92. 1 *more de*
to him than that of Solomon, 99. 1, &c *how faul*
our hearts are, and unworthy of Gods acceptance, 141. 3
how to make them good, 141. 19 *the heart best when on*
and single, 141. 4 *but it is oft divided and parcelled ou*
141. 16

The hearts deed of gift, 96. 24 138. 12 141. 2
Christ *hath purchased it*, 97. 21 *it is never at re*
till it come to God, 99. 25 100. 101, 10 . 15. 11
19 142. 13 154. 12 156, 157 *a broken hea*
described, 82. 11 *how earnestly it longeth for Gods*
mercy 143. 13, &c. 144. 25 *its best cordial*, 105. 9
a purge for the heart, 31. 13 141. 19 *a dull hea*
how quickened 123. 4, &c. *a grateful heart, ear-*
nestly to be begged, 116. 2, 25 *Hardness of the heart*,
18. 5 30. 13 32, 9, &c. 37. 15 52. 25 *how remo-*
ved, 122. 25, 32 *a sad heart, how made glad*, 126.
10, &c.

Heavenly joyes, how best expressed 95. 1---18

Heavens light and glory, 65. 13 66. 6, 15 *the joyes*
there only, pure and true, 162. 4 166. 24 *Heavens*
happiness described, 182. 16 183. 1 *We have here*
sometimes a glimpse of heaven, and but a glimpse
148. 1, &c. 166. 21 *our conversation and cogitati-*
ons should be there, 101, 23 *the way thither* 135 25
it is the gift of Gods most free and undeserved love
183. 6

Mr. Herbert *giveth some account of himself and*
his life, 38. 7, &c. 158. 21 163. 16 166. 5 169. 21
how fearfully he entred into H. Orders, 154. 16 155.
19 *his Pomander* 169. 16 170. 1 *His Posie or Motto*
177. 9

Herbs, full of virtue, 111. 21 *how they cure us*,
85. 5, 26

, 26 *herbs in brooks, hot and dry,* 113. 13 *each herb*
th a deity 156.9
ls, healthy 112.11
me. Our home above, 99. 25 100. 22 101. 7, 32
nest man, who 63.17
nour, what, 62. 25 *how best employed*, 27. 21 87.
rw maintained, 81. 11 *due to base persons, when in*
10. 1 *see* Preferment.
pe of future happiness, a main ground of conten-
here, 131. 1 *a Christians hope grounded on nothing*
iself, 149. 21 *but on Gods unchangeable love*,
25 *Hopes requital of watching, prayer, repentance*
114. 5
rse 112.19
mble. Be humble in thy behaviour, but high in thy
ts 22.7
mility, 58. 12 61.25 62. 17 *it is ever welcome*,
3 155. 27 *not apt to take offence*, 78.21 *a step to*
r 89.9

J. & I.

• C • *Unridled* 109.1--8
Idleness, to be flied, 3. 25 12. 13 49. 13
70. 26 71. 1
le persons neither consider their sins, 105. 19 *nor their*
our 106.7
olatry of Egypt, *strange and monstrous* 187.5
tan prone to idolatry 74.3
ealousie, when good 9.28
ests must be cleanly, 3.7 9.1 *not profane*, 9.2 15.25
ISU, *how precious a Name* 105.9
wish Religion, its rise, establishment, ruine, 184.19, 26
wes, see Christians. *Their ingratitude to* Christ,
5 *eager spite against him*, 20. 5 21. 25 22.
kc. 24. 29 *cause of their rejection, and*
present

present blindness 146. 23 *Their fall was our* 149. 19 *Their restitution should be our hearts de* 146. 25 *Their design in crucifying* Christ, *cro* 184.

Incarnation 145. 15 *see* Trinity
Indian *Nut, how useful* 113.
Infants clouts, little winding sheets 90.
Ingratitude. Ours to God, how great 74. 1-
Intemperance. Its effects 79.
Joy's coat, given to anguish 153. 16 *All cr tures have their joy, single; onely Man, his, de* 123. 27, &c. 142, 1, &c. *Great Joys, and li weighed* 131. 19 *see* Pleasure. *Our joys shou modest and moderate* 131. 1 172. 1 *Whether or grief be wholsomer for us* 89. 23 90. 1 *Ear ly joys, unfit for the soul* 104. 1------18 *bitter biting in the close* 172. 17-------28 *spiritual drown them* 174. 30 *Joys above onely, pure perfect* 161. 22 161.
Judas's *treason* 19. 13 20. 1
Judgment. Last Judgment, when and where 19 20 191. 21, 31 *how dreadfull* 182
Justice, once dreadful to the Sinner 135. 1 *now lo* 135. 13 *see* Fox.
Justification, illustrated by a similitude 42.

K.

K*Inde. Be kinde and useful* 12
Kings. God help poor Kings 57. 2

L.

L*Anguage. Fine language ill becometh foul matt* 171. 9----1
Laughter, see Rules.
Lawes. Their use and benefit 76.

earning stoopeth to Christ's *Cross* 185.20 *its branches* 81.1
Lent-fast, to be observed 78.15
Less than the least of all Gods mercies, *Mr.* Herbert's *ie* 177.9
Lies, see Lying.
Life, twofold 77.2 *Our life likened to a Posie flowers* 87.1 *it is a mixture of sweet and re* 160, 161, 165.25 *tedious to the godly* 115. 19 *rather a death than a life* 179.20 *Gods* 138.16 *not to be loitered away, but spent in inefs* 71.1 *No life without* Christ 106.12 *No of our life, without* Memento's *of Death* 90.13, 91.1, &c. *A good life rather to be desired than a g* 87.17
Light, how necessary 52.13 *Light, joy, and leisure, ever in Heaven* 182,16 183.1
Lime, of how strange a nature 148.13
Limons 113.15
Lion. The Lion's paw, given to Mansuetude 62.1
Little things, not to be despised 12.19,25
Longing. The longing of a broken heart, described 142. 13,&c. 156,157
Loss of friends, see Friends. *Loss of love or honour, ough small, not to be slighted* 12.19 *What loss the grea- st* 106.25
Love and Sin, two the vastest things 29.5----10 *ove, how powerful* 173.22 *it is the best Rhetorick,* 5.1----18 *sharpneth wit, and quickneth industry* 108. ,17 *prevaileth over God and Man* 174.1 *Love of he creature* 45.17 *of the Creator* 46.7 *Worldly ove, how vain and foolish* 104.1 *To love God, who is it?* 108.26 *He is to be loved above all* 81,1, &c. 140. *even when he afflicteth* 40.11 *Love of the meanest, o be acc pted* 12.25 *see* Charity.

Love-verses, fond and foolish 171.9--
Lust, how filthy, 1. 7 *its remedie*
Lying to be avoided, 3. 19 *who most subject to it*
it doubleth the fault it would cloak

M.

M*Agistrates should be severe*
Magnanimity and Humility do well toge

Mahomet's *imposture*, 188. 11 *how far it pre*

Man, a little World, 83. 17 *the great world*
Servant, 84. 1----30. 85. 5 *the Symmetrie and S*
pathie between his parts, 85. 25 *and between*
and other Creatures, 83. 27----30 84. 5, &c.
nature, a medley of Angelical and sensitive, 12
Man, how rare a Creature at first, 94.19 *how ha*
before his fall, 44. 17 89. 23 *how miserable*
helpless since, 94. 25 100. 8 *short-lived, and*
of sorrow, 46. 15 *subject to changes*, 38. 7, &c.
1 120. 21 130. 17 *mortal*, 56. 18 57. 5 *pers*
1. 19 *Rebellious* 37. 1 92. 12, &c. *foolish*
strangely wicked and wilfull, 92. 12 94. 1
and filthy, 93. 13-----28 *averse from goodness*,
27 *impatient of reproof and correction*, 93. 3
ving his reason hood-winked by Lusts, 94. 13
dy and unconstant, 119. 19 120. 1 *grosly do*
in what most concerneth him, 162. 1 165. 7 170.
ungrateful to God, 74. 1----30. 86. 5, &c. 100.
an ill Steward of Gods goods, 75. 8 *a busie se*
er after every thing but God, 77. 11, &c. 78. 1----
a Beast, 73. 7 83. 21 *a Tree* 83. 20 195.
like

l to a flower, 87. 1 160. 161 *what is man God should so love and woo him*, 54. 11 97. 11

ans fall, and rise, 34. 89, 23 *his standing, more now than in Paradise* 89. 18 *being weak and of himself, all his sufficiencie is of God*, 53. 5 *he no ability to the least good without God*, 137. 1 *th his being and all from him*, 137. 16----24 *more Gods then his own*, 151. 2 *and the more wn by being Gods*, 151. 4 *man loveth God, be- God loveth man first*, 54. 11, 30 *Man, when of grace, how silly*, 187. 9 188. 12 *apt to fall off God*, 93. 7 *man is sooner wrought upon by love force* 173. 5

ans services of God, how full of failings, 88. 93. 15 *man onely among the Creatures below, to take notice of the Creatour*, 94. 7 109. 13 *s the Secretarie of Gods praise*, 109. 13 *the ds high Priest* 109. 21 *how he is wont to re- Gods love*, 55. 19 86. 5-----25 *he is unwor- to praise Gods name*, 92. 11, &c. *Men and An- can never praise God enough*, 85. 25 113. 25 140. 9, 17, 25

ans attempts thrive only when God blesseth them, 1 *God oft crosseth his designs, even when good*, 29 159. 1, &c. 160. 24 161. 1 *Mans extremi- naketh much for Gods glory*, 145. 8 *mans artil- against Heaven*, 133. 9 142. 15 143. 19 156. 5

Man onely without Rule, 5. 20 *man onely useth thes, and fire*, 112. 25 *feareth two deaths*, .24 *hath double joyes and griefs*, 123. 29 124. *hath pleasure both in this life and the next* 123. 27 124. 1, &c.

Man

Mansuetude, see Lion.
Marble, where most plentiful 112
Mary, *see* Anagram, *and* Virgin
Mary Magdalen, *by washing* Christ, *washed her* 168.1-
Master. My Master, *the Authors usual title for Christ* 16
Mean. The meanest services done for Gods sake to be mean 17
Means of grace, how various 3
Mediatour, Christ *our Mediatour to his Father* 1
Meditation of death 56
Merit (though some brag of it 182.8) *none in us* 10 *all in* Christ 107.13.29 182
Metalls, why hid 111
Milk 113
Mine *and* Thine, *how they stand between* Christ *and a Christian* 151
Minerals 113
Ministery, a venerable and holy calling 154.16 155 *see* Preachers *and* Priests
Mirth becometh not a sinner 129.7 *see* Joy
Mocking sacred persons or things, exceeding dangerous 15.25 16
Money, its rise and original 65
Monuments, mortal, as well as men 57.3 *see* Tombs
Mothers kindness, whence 142.2
Motions. Good motions, to be cherished 127.6 13 2
Musick. Church-musick, how ravishing 57.1

N.

Navigation 112.5
Night, made for man to rest in 56.2 84.13 *see* Day
Noah

Noah's *vine* 121. 17 184. 15

O.

Oaths, of all sins may best be spared 3. 2
Obedience 130. 13 *The right rule of it* 173. 9 16
Oeconomy. The œconomy of a good soul 130. 5
Old age 91. 7
One, somtimes equivalent to a number 141. 9
Oracles, the devils cheats 187. 26 *silenced* 188. 8
Order, how beautiful 130. 10
Holy Orders, not rashly to be entred into 154. 16
Orenge tree 71. 16

P.

Paradise, not so stable a mansion as the Ark, 89. 18 *how forfeited* 161. 19 185. 37
Paradoxes 88. 14---23. 101. 12
Parrats 83. 23
Passions wold, 136. 7 *Passions should follow, not lead* 8. 11 *They are loth to be curbed by reason*, 81. 27 *Though fierce and wild*, 174. 1. *they are bridled by Divine grace*, 147. 33 *when so corrected, they are very serviceable* 9. 29
Patience an Embleme of it 58. 9
Peace, where to be found 117. 23 118. 1---18 *where not* 117. 7 11, 17
Peacocks plume, quarelled for 62. 9
Pearls, dearly earned 77. 18 *and dearly worne*, 77. 22
Pentecost how glorious 51. 11
Perfections, all in Christ 108.
Perfume, what sweetest, 169. 16 175. 25

Permission, see Command.
Persecution not so hurtful to the Church as Schisme 13. 13, &c.
Perseverance, caused by Gods love 93.
Phansies meadow 136.
Philosophy. Two things too great for a Philosopher to measure 29.5---10
Pigeons 111.10
Pity in the creature floweth from God 142.25
Pleasure, not so good for us as affliction, 89. 23. *see* Mirth. *Pleasures immoderately followed, dangerous,* 174.5 *Arguments perswading to moderation in the use of them,* 172. 1, &c. *The waies of pleasure,* 81.21 *Earthly pleasures wearisome,* 72.26 *and bitterness in the end,* 104. 5 *Pleasure weakeneth the world* 76.6 *Pleasure here, but short; pain long,* 148. *Pleasures here, vain and empty; sorrows, real and solid,* 161. 22----33 172. 5 *Pleasure,* Mahomet's *main argument,* 188. 11 *Man's pleasure, where chiefly,* 123. 30 124. 13 131. 2 132. 15 148. 23 166.21
Poetry, what best, 44.13 163.1, &c. *its efficacy,* 123. *see* Verses.
Poysons commonly have their antidotes at hand. 112.
Pomander 171.1 176.
Poor soonest receive the Gospel 191.3
Pope. His policy, power, pride, 188. 25 189. 1, &c.
Poudred hair, see Hair.
Practice. In our practice we oft go cross to our judgment 62 25 63.1
Praise, due to God from Men and Angels, 85.7, &c. *All creatures praise him,* 109. 17----28 110. 1 29 114. 1 *but man is bound to do it above all,*

ll, and for all 109. 9, &c. 110 1——9 *Man is unworthy to do it* 92. 11 93.13 *Gods praise can neither ise nor fall* 110. 22 *He can never be praised nough* 85. 25 113. 15 140. 9, 17. 25 *Praise should e lively and chearfull* 108.1 *and continual* 117.1 23.24 151 21 153.1 *Praise and Complaint may and together.* 166.1

Prayer, better than Preaching 14.25 *best, when ost publick* 14.13 *its excellency* 96.14 *an exuisite* encomium *of it* 43.1 *it is the best key for the vening* 89.5 *Motives to prayer, from Gods readiess to hear* 95. 19 *and his power and will to help* 6.1, 7 *Prayer and tears, mans artillery against eaven* 133.9 *what hindereth prayer* 57.25 126. 1 127.1 *Denial of prayer, how troublesome* 71. 6 72.1——25 *A Prayer against sins triumphs.* 192.1

Preachers, likened to Church-windows 59.1 *Dorine and life should combine in them* 59.6 *whatver, they should not be despised* 15.13 *nor jested at.* 15.25

Preferment maketh some worse. 88,5

Present time only ours. 138.26

Presumption. 135.30

Pride, an absurd sin for dust and ashes. 89.11

Priesthood, how sacred and venerable 154.16 155. 3 *Who is sufficient for such a function* 154.22 155.15

Priests how to be dressed. 168.19

Procrastinatours, see Death.

Prognosticks of Englands *woe* 155.20 190.27 *of he Gospels removal to* America 190.25 *of* Christ's *econd coming* 190.20 191.21.31

Providence reacheth upward and downward 156 ——15 *even to the smallest things* 184.3 *most of*

all, to the Church 184. 9 *Gods continual providence about other things, hindereth not his hearing of prayers* 152. 13 *see* God.
Purging medicines. 172. 18
Purposes should be pursued 5. 1 *What such are like as be hot in undertaking, but cold in prosecuting their purposes.* 163. 28

Q.

QUarrels, *to be avoided.* 8. 13

R.

RAin. 113. 1
Rain-bow. 117. 11 145. 20
Reason in divine matters should give place to Faith 127. 21 128. 9, &c.
Redemption, a more difficult work than Creation 25. 18 *described.* 31 21
Reformed Church, not comparable to the primitive 190. 14
Religions rise and progress 184. 13 Jewish 184. 19 Christian 184. 25 *see* Christian. *Religion left the East by degrees* 185. 2 *her removal thence to* America *foretold* 190. 25 191. 1——20 *she best agreeth with poverty* 191 3 *she is best at first, and decayeth continually.* 190. 14——24
Renovation of the heart. 122. 3, 10 123. 20
Repentance 40. 13 *Repent in time.* 104. 7
Respect of persons, None with God. 142. 13
Rest, why withheld from man in this world. 154. 31
Resurrection, certain 42. 29 *the glory thereof maketh grim death welcome* 180. 1, &c. Christs *Resurrection, a* Christians *Cordial.* 104. 19

Reverence, to be used in Gods house. 14. 19
Rhetorick. None like Love for spiritual matters 95. 1-18
Riches, one of the worlds snares, 103. 9 *what esteem we should have of them* 62. 25 *they are onely good when used* 6. 10 *but if we do not take good heed, dangerous* 6. 19 *see* Wealth. *How to make thy son rich.* 4. 19, &c.
Roman *Empire seated in* Greece 186. 7 *translated to* Germany. 186. 13
Romes *ambition after Empire* 185. 33 *she stoopeth to* Christ 185. 32 Romes Rock 188. 21 *her Saints, Infallibility, Indulgences, whence* 189. 3 *with what ease she now subdueth all Nations* 189. 9——30 *how she deserveth and maketh good her name* BABYLON 189. 7 *new and old* Rome, *both one* Antichrist. 189. 31
Romish *Church, see* Church
Rose 80. 11 111. 26 *an embleme of earthly delights* 172. *the Church likened to a Rose* 134. 1
Rule observed by all but Man. 5. 20
Rules for alms-giving 13. 19——30 *apparel* 7. 13 *arguing* 11. 13 *behaviour at table* 5. 13 *calling our selves to account* 6. 1 16. 7 55. 19 126. 18 *carriage toward great persons* 9. 19 *contentation* 60. 1 61. 5 *conversation* 8. 1, &c. *discourse* 10. 25, &c *drinking* 2. 1, &c. *education of Children* 4. 17 *friendship* 10. 7 86. 2, &c. *gaming* 7. 19 *getting and spending* 6, 7, &c. *relating jests and tales* 3. 7 *keeping the Lords day* 14. 15, 16 *laughter and mirth* 8. 25 9 1 *spending of time* 3. 25 4. 1 16. 7, &c. *suretiship* 10. 13——21 *travellers.* 13. 1——12

S.

Sabbath gave way to the Lords day 68. 8 *see Sunday.*
Sacramental mysteries, easie to faith. 128.9
Sacraments flowed from Christ's *side* 26. 27 122.5 *the Sacrament an especial antidote against sin* 174. 24 175. 25 *to administer the Sacrament, how high and holy an Office* 155. 13 *see* Supper.
Saints, their happiness and glory 69. 17 *why we may not afford them adoration.* 701.11
Scandals in the Church, whence 78.15--26
Schismes in the Church, how lamentable 134.1
Scholar, his task 4.2
Scorn no mans love 12.25
Scriptures, their excellence and use 50.1, &c. *consent and harmony* 50. 15. *Necessary and saving truths therein plain and easie* 128.1
Sea bounded with sand 110.27 *it affordeth a quicker passage than Land* 112.5
Sick. The souls seeking of God 156.157
Self examination, needful 6.1. 126.11
Services, see Sweet
Shade 112.13
Sheep 111.17
Shepherd. The soul is a Shepherd 73.13
Sickness described. 39. 1.
Sighs and groans 75. 1—30 82.11 *how welcome to God* 99.17 *They are musick to him* 99.24 116. 19 *how necessary they are and advantageous to man* 106.1——6 146.17 *they waft the godly to blis* 65. 4. *Sighs and tears are the souls artillery* 133.9 142.15 156.17 160.25 *and storm heaven-gate* 125.1 *one good sigh better than all worldly joys.* 101.1

Sinners

Sinners think not of Gods omniscience 92.23 *are* t *to be soothed* 9.23 *are the greatest losers* 106.25 *condemn themselves by condemning others* 165. ——24 *their task* 105.19 106.1 *Mirth becomb them not* 129.7 *the penitent sinners inventory* 30.1

Sins foil, what 170.2 *it still pursueth the Church, Darkness the Sun* 191.14,20,26 *it chideth and iveth away Religion* 187.3 *its various poures and plots to that end* 187——191 *At* Rome *it eareth the habit of Religion* 188.25 190.1 *what s shall chase the Gospel hence* 190.27 *sins overthrow ayed for.* 192.5

Sin is not to be jested with 3.7 9.1 *nor boasted of* .25 *nor committed to please others* 2.13——22 *how evalent it is* 38.5 *how and where an estimate may e taken of it* 29.11 *it far exceedeth grace in the est* 30.1 *is greater than the world* 25.18 29. ——10 *weakneth, undermineth, ruineth the world* 6.6,11,16 *causeth sorrow* 41.1 55.26 *hardeneth he heart* 52.25 122.11,30 *maketh prayer successless* 57,25 *staineth all where it cometh* 58.21 68.7,14 *is fouler than the Devil* 55.2 *grieveth od* 128.17 129.10 Christ's *sorrow for it, unconceivable* 25.21 29.13 *it deserveth our tears* 105.19——26 129.1, &c. *and sighs* 106.1 *a soveaign antidote for it* 31.13 *how it is cleansed* 58. 23——26 122.5——13 123.16 *how happy man was before sin.* 44.17

Sin how ruled by divine providence 110.13, 16 *its circular motion* 4.14——29 *its three stories* 114. 26 *cheapest sins dearliest punished* 3

Sleep, a kin to Death 90.19 *the Elephants posture when he sleepeth* 113.24 *some creatures sleep out*

the Winter. 11
Slight not the smallest loss. 12
Sneaking, unmanly.
Solomons Temple, though glorious, 99. 1. *not so d to God as a broken heart.* 99. 7.
Son *and* Sun *agree in sound and sense.* 162
Son *of* Man, *our Saviors title.* 162.
Sorrow mindeth us of sin, 174. 21 *Worldly sorr to be turned into Godly sorrow,* 164. 14 *sorrow for causeth joy,* 41. 13 125. 18 *Sorrow suiteth m Christs resurrection,* 104. 19 *our sorrows here tr our pleasures false.* 161. 22--33. 17
Soul, subject to great variety of temper, 46. 23 25 120. 21 *and it is good for her to be so,* 47. 17 *is too high-born to love the world,* 104. 1--18 *sh clogged and dulled by the flesh,* 101. 18 108. 21 *h earnestly she longeth for mercy,* 142. 13, &c. 15 157 *and for Gods presence,* 99. 25. 100, 101 *Gr favour, the life and light of the Soul,* 177. 19 178. *A Godly Soul, like a well-ordered family,* 130. 5 *H imployment.* 105.
Sowre natures, how allayed. 8.
Spade. 112.
Speech, proper to man. 83.
Speaker. An evil-speaker, most foe to himself. 89
Spices, whence. 184.
Spite turneth Honey into Gall. 22
Sponges. 113.
Spring. 18.
Springs. 111. 19 113
Stars. 65. 13. 66. 10. 15. 71. 14. 127. 17. 132. 1 145. 19. 156. 13. 175. 22 *causes of the alteratio here below,* 111. 25. *Virtues foil.* 170. 1
Stones. 111. 21. 113.

Stor m

Storms, of two sorts, 125. 1 *their use.* 125. 17
Strangers, how far to be followed. 13. 7
Sun see Son, *Sun, thought to make too much haste,* 73. 19 *regular in his course,* 5. 22 *he hath a double motion,* 77. 2 *his course, like the Churches.* See Church.
Sunday. How it became the Christians Sabbath, 68. 1 *its end and benefits,* 66. 18. 67, 9, 15, &c. 68. 3. 22 *preeminence above other dayes,* 61. 17, 67. 1, 15. 68. 22 *how it is to be observed.* 14, 15, 16
Supper. The Lords Supper, how ravishing a food, 43. 21. 44. 13 *all invited thereto,* 174. 9, &c. *the delicacy and efficacy thereof,* 174. 11. 20. 24. 30. 175. 176, *see* Sacraments. *The cup there, a soveraign bath for a hard heart,* 122. 30 *the Liquor in that Cup, Wine to some, Blood to others,* 122. 34 174 20
Suretiship, to be avoided by Fathers of Children, 10. 13 *see* Rules.
Swearing, a cheap sin, but dearly punished. 32. 13
Sweet. Gods acceptance of our services, how sweet a content, 169. 26 170. 1 *no thing so sweet as Gods love,* 166. 5 175. 13 176. 1 My Master, *how sweet words to the Author.* 199. 16

T

Table, how to behave ones self there. 5. 13
Tales how to be told. 3. 7
Tarantula's biting, how cured. 181. 11
Tears, wished for, 158. 1 *their prevalence,* 130. 19 133. 9 140. 21 *fruit,* 114. 9 129. 3 *right chanel,* 164. 17 *bottle,* 152. 19 *when worst forborn,* 105. 19 -26 *why* Mary Magdelen *spent hers on Christ, not on her self,* 168. 1 *Christs blood supplieth our want of tears.* 129. 25 150. 25

Tempests,

Tempests, tractable to God, 110.25 *A sort of tempests that assault God himself.* 125.3
Temple, see Solomon.
Temptations of the world answered. 103.1, &c.
Thankful. We can never be too thankful for Gods mercies, 140.1, &c. *we never are enough,* 141.1 *a thankful heart a great blessing.* 116.1
Thanks should be continual. 117.1 123.25
Thine *and* Mine, *curiously twisted.* 151.1
Thorns, 113.5 *Earths curse, on* Christ's *head,* 24.
Restless thoughts, likened to Thorns. 123.8, 22
Thoughts, see Thorns. *Sinful thoughts, words, works run round in a Ring.* 114.14--29
Thrift, Rules for it. 6.7, &c.
Time, how ordered by God, 111.5 *not to be spent idly and vainly by us,* 3.25 *Time present only ours,* 138.26. *Time's Office, changed by* Christ's *coming,* 115.9--18 *his sithe seemeth dull to some, sharp to others,* 115.1 *all Nations have their set time for the Gospel,* 135. 25 191. 2, 15 *Later times still worse.* 190.12
Tithe, see Gods due. *Nothing lost by paying tithes.* 89.13
Tombs, see Monuments. *What use to be made of the sight of them* 56.18
Tongue. An ill tongue hurteth the owner most. 89.7
Travellers. A safe conduct for them. 89.1
Trees. 111.18
Trinity, a deep mystery, Incarnation, a sweet one, 74.7
Trinity-Sunday. A Prayer for it. 59.16
Truth, ever to be yielded to, 11.29 *threefold,* 3.19
Necessary truths be clear and evident. 128.1
Turkey. His Coral-chain given to Temperance. 62.5

V. & U.

T Alleys, fruitful.
Valour. Who truly valiant. 9.13
anity and Vexation, all here below, 100.23 101.7
apour, see Exhalation.
erses sute not with excessive sorrow, 158.13 the
dity of a Verse, 61.9 wherein the goodness of a
e consisteth, 163.1, &c. 171.6 Love-verses the
of Poetry, 171.7--24 see Poetry.
Virgin. Her high eminencies. 70.4
rtue only immortal, 80.19 more bright than the
, 170.16 Severel Virtues receive several pre-
from the Beasts 61.21 while the Virtues agree,
Beasts submit, 61. 21 62. 20 when they quarrel,
Beasts leap upon the throne. 62.13
niversity-life, described. 39.15
ws of love to Christ. 27.17, &c.40. 11
rim and Thummim, what, 168.20
see Abuse.

W

Watching, Weeping, and Prayer, how rewarded. 114.5
Waters, how many wayes useful to man, 84.20 how
ersly conveyed by God. 112, 29
Wealth without contentment, dangerous, 4.27 When
ributed to the poor, it is restored to God, 27.19 see
hes.
Wells, see Springs.
West, see Christian Religion
Whey. 113.16
White, Death's colour. 170.24
Will, with God, goeth for the work, 163.1--15
Gods Will, see God.
Windows, see Preachers.

Windes serve the Mariner, 112. 7 *and the Husbandman.*

Wine in the Lords Supper, like a Wing, mounteth the soul upward. 176.22

Winter. Man only feeleth two winters. 124.21

Wishes, 40. 3 53. 1 55. 1 65. 18 68. 25 71. 16 85. 1 90. 11 98. 1 99. 29 108. 25 121. 1 138. 1 141. 7 146. 25 153. 3 157. 5, 21 158. 1 160. 22

Wit, one of the worlds baits, 103. 17 *how to be managed and imployed*, 9, 1, &c, 28. 11 46. 1

Beauty raiseth wit. 46. 1

Woods, where most plentiful. 112. 12

Wooll. 112. 18

Word, see Gods word. *Words, all too short to reach heavenly joyes.* 95. 1--18

Words } *see* Thoughts.
and
Works, }

World, Gods book, 144. 1 *mans servant*, 84. 1--30 *whence its original*, 76. 1 *changes*, 76. 6, 11 *support*, 76. 6, 9, 15 *decay*, 92. 6 *ruine*, 76. 16 92. 10 *an argument of its growing old*, 92 *how little of it is* Christian, 134. 27 *the World the Popes Mule*, 189. 30

The worlds bravery, how to be esteemed of, 62. 25 *we are apt to over-value it*, 63. 1 *it is most full of afflictions*, 164. 12 *affordeth no rest or contentment to the soul*, 100. 22 101. 1 Christians *have renounced its vanities*, 172. 11 *nothing in it worth a* Christians *liking*, 103. 1--24 *the love of it foolish and dangerous*, 104. 1 *who so loveth it, preferreth a murtherer before* Christ, 165. 1--12 *hard to have pleasure in both worlds.* 131. 13

Wordly joys, likened to a Rose, 172 *worldly losses and*

! *gains usually affect too much*, 106.23 *worldly* ›w, *see* Sorrow.
Vorm. Schism in the Church, like a Worm in a e. 134.1
Vorship is Gods prerogative 70.16 *not allowable,* ›s *commanded.* 73.11,24

Y

Ear, which most fruitful. 101.14
Youth, how earnest and sharp. 38.7 90.25 163.18

FINIS.

THE SYNAGOGUE, OR THE SHADOW OF THE TEMPLE.

Sacred Poems, and Private Ejaculations.

In imitation of

Mr. *George Herbert.*

Plin. Sec. lib. 1. Ep. 5.

Stultissimum credo ad imitandum non optima quaeque proponere.

I do esteem't a folly not the least
To imitate examples not the best.

The Fifth Edition, Corrected and Enlarged.

LONDON,
Printed for *Philemon Stephens*, at the Kings Arms in *Chancery-Lane*. 1667.

To the Author.

HE that doth imitate must comprehend;
Verse; Matter, Order, Titles, Spirit, Wit;
For these also our Church Poet doth intend,
And he who hath this imitation writ.
O glory of the time! best English Singer,
Happy both he the Hand and thou the Finger.

R. Langford of Grayes-Inn
Counsellour of Law

Subterliminare.

DIc, cujus Templum? Christi. Quis condidit? Ede.
Condidit Herbertus. *Dic, quibus auxiliis?*
Auxiliis multis: quibus, haud mihi dicere fas est,
Tanta est ex dictis lis oriunda meis.
Gratia, si dicam, dedit omnia; protinus obstat
Ingenium, dicens, cuncta fuisse sua.
Ars negat, & nihil est non nostrum dicit in illo;
Nec facile est litem composuisse mihi.
Divide: Materiam det gratia, materiæque
Ingenium cultus induat, arsque modos.
Non: ne displiceat pariter res omnibus ista,
Nec sortita velint jura vocare sua.
Nempe pari sibi jure petunt, cultusque, modosque,
Materiamque, ars, & gratia, & ingenium.
Ergo, velit si quis dubitantem tollere elenchum,
De Templo Herberti *talia dicta dabit.*
In Templo Herbertus *condendo est gratia totus,*
Ars pariter totus, totus & ingenium.
Cedite Romanæ, Graijæ quoque cedite Musæ;
Unum par cunctis Anglia jactat opus.

A stepping stone to the threshold of Mr. Herberts *Church-porch.*

WHat Church is this? Christs Church. Who buil-
Master *George Herbert.* Who assisted it? (ded it?
Many assisted: who I may not say,
So much contention might arise that way.
If I say grace gave all, wit straight doth thwart,
And saies, All that is there is mine: but Art
Denies, and saies, There's nothing there but's mine:
Nor can I easily the right define.
Divide: say, Grace the matter gave, and Wit
Did polish it: Art measur'd, and made fit
Each sev'ral piece, and fram'd it altogether.
No, by no means: this may not please them neither.
None's well contented with a part alone
When each doth challenge all to be his own.
The matter, the expressions, and the measures,
Are equally arts, wits, and graces treasures.
Then he, that would impartially discuss
This doubtful question, must answer thus:
In building of his Temple Master *Herbert*
Is equally all grace, all wit, all art.
Roman and Grecian Muses all give way:
One English Poem darkens all your day.

The

The Dedication.

LOrd, my firſt fruits ſhould have been ſent to thee:
For thou the tree
That bare them, only lenteſt unto me.

But, while I had the uſe, the fruit was mine:
Not ſo divine,
As that I dare preſume to call it thine.

Before 'twas ripe, it fell unto the ground:
And ſince I found
It bruiſed in the dirt, nor clean, nor ſound.

Some I have pick'd, and wip'd, and bring thee now,
Lord, thou know'ſt how:
Gladly I would, but dare not it avow.

Such as it is, 'tis here. Pardon the beſt,
Accept the reſt.
Thy pardon and acceptance maketh bleſt.

The Church-yard.

THou, that intendeſt to the Church to day,
Come take a turn, or two, before thou go'ſt,
In the Church-yard; the walk is in the way.
Who takes beſt heed in going, haſteth moſt:
But he that unprepared raſhly ventures,
Haſtens perhaps to ſeal his deaths indentures.

The Church-ſtile.

SEeſt thou that ſtile? Obſerve then how it riſes,
Step after ſtep, and equally deſcends:
Such is the way to win Celeſtial prizes:
Humility the courſe begins, and ends.
Wouldſt thou in grace to high perfections grow?
Shoot thy roots deep, ground thy foundations low.

Humble thy ſelf, and God will lift thee up:
Thoſe that exalt themſelves he caſteth down:
The hungry he invites with him to ſup,
And cloaths the naked with his robe and crown.
Think not thou haſt, what thou from him would'ſt (have:
His labour's loſt, if thou thy ſelf canſt ſave.

Pride is the prodigality of grace.
Which caſteth all away by griping all:
Humility is thriſt, both keeps its place,
And gains by giving, riſeth by its fall.
To get by giving, and to loſe by keeping
Is to be ſad in mirth, and glad in weeping.

The

The Church-gate.

NExt to the ſtile, ſee where the gate doth ſtand,
Which turning upon hooks and hinges may
s'ly be ſhut, or open'd with an hand;
:t conſtant to its center ſtill doth ſtay,
And fetching a wide compaſs round about,
Keeps the ſame courſe, and diſtance, never out.

ich muſt the courſe be that to heaven tends,
e that the gates of righteouſneſs would enter,
uſt ſtill continue conſtant to his ends,
nd fix himſelf in God, as in his center.
Cleave cloſe to him by faith, then move which way
Diſcretion leads thee, and thou ſhalt not ſtray.

Ve never wander, till we loſe our hold
f him that is our way, our light, our guide:
ut, when we grow of our own ſtrength too bold,
Inhook'd from him, we quickly turn aſide.
He holds us up, whilſt in him we are found:
If once we fall from him we go to ground.

The Church-walls.

NOw view the walls: the Church is compaſs'd (round,
As much for ſafety, as for ornament;
'T is an incloſure, and no common ground:
'Tis Gods free-hold, and but our tenement.
Tenants at will, and yet in tail, we be:
Our children have the ſame right to't as we.

Remember there muſt be no gaps left ope,
Where God hath fenc'd, for fear of falſe illuſions.

God will have all, or none: allows no ſcope
For ſins incroachments, or mens own intruſions.
Cloſe binding locks his Laws together faſt:
He that plucks out the firſt, pulls down the laſt.

Either reſolve for all or elſe for none:
Obedience univerſal he doth claim.
Either be wholly his, or all thine own:
At what thou canſt not reach, at leaſt take aym:
He that of purpoſe looks beſide the mark,
Might as well hood-winck't ſhoot, or in the dar

The Church.

LAſtly, conſider where the Church doth ſtand,
As near unto the middle as may be:
God in his ſervice chiefly doth command,
Above all other things ſincerity.
Lines drawn from ſide to ſide within a round,
Not meeting in the center, ſhort are found.

Religion muſt not ſide with any thing,
That ſwerves from God, or elſe withdraws from him
He that a welcome ſacrifice would bring,
Muſt fetch it from the bottom, not the brim.
A ſacred Temple of the Holy Ghoſt,
Each part of man muſt be, but his heart moſt.

Hypocriſie in Church is Alchimy,
That caſts a golden tincture upon braſs:
There is no eſſence in it: 'tis a lye.
Though fairly ſtamp't for truth it often paſs:
Only the ſpirits *aqua regia* doth
Diſcover it to be but painted froth.

The Church-porch.

NOw, e're thou passest further, sit thee down
In the Church-porch, and think what thou hast (seen;
:t due consideration either crown,
r crush, thy former purposes. Between
Rash undertakings, and firm resolutions,
Depends the strength, or weakness, of conclusions.

race thy steps backward in thy memory:
nd first resolve of, what thou heardest last,
ncerity; it blots the history
f all religious actions, and doth blast
The comfort of them, when in them God sees
Nothing but out-sides of formalities.

n earnest be religious, trifle not:
And rather for Gods sake, than for thine own:
Thou hast rob'd him, unless that he have got,
By giving, if his glory be not grown
Together with thy good: who seeketh more
Himself than God, would make his roof his floor.

Next to sincerity, remember still,
Thou must resolve upon Integrity.
God will have all thou hast, thy mind, thy will,
Thy thoughts, thy words, thy works. A nullity
It proves, when God, that should have all, doth find
That there is any one thing left behind.

And having giv'n him all, thou must receive
All that he gives. Mete his Commandment:
Resolve that thine obedience must not leave,
Until it reach unto the same extent.

For all his Precepts are of equal ſtrength,
And meaſure thy performance to the length:

Then call to mind that conſtancy muſt knit
Thine undertakings and thine actions faſt:
He that ſets forth tow'rds heaven, and doth ſit
Down by the way, will be found ſhort at laſt.
Be conſtant to the end, and thou ſhalt have
An heavenly garland, though an earthly grave.

But he, that would be conſtant, muſt not take
Religion up by fits, and ſtarts alone;
But his continual practice muſt it make:
His courſe muſt be from end to end but one.
Bones often broken, and knit up again, (gain.
Loſe of their length, though in their ſtrength they

Laſtly, remember that Humility
Muſt ſolidate, and keep all cloſe together.
What pride puffs up with vain futility,
Lyes open, and expos'd to all ill weather.
An empty bubble may fair colours carry;
But blow upon it, and it will not tarry.

Prize not thine own too high, nor under-rate
Anothers worth, but deal indifferently:
View the defects of thy ſpiritual ſtate,
And others graces, with impartial eye.
The more thou deemeſt of thy ſelf, the leſs
Eſteem of thee will all men elſe expreſs.

Contract thy leſſon now, and this is juſt
The ſum of all. He that deſires to ſee
The face of God, in his Religion muſt
Sincere, entire, conſtant, and humble be.
If thus reſolved, fear not to proceed: (ſpeed.
Elſe the more haſte thou mak'ſt, the worſe thou'lt

Church-

Church-utensils.

BEtwixt two dang'rous rocks, Prophaneness on
Th' one side, on th' other Superstition,
How shall I sail secure?
Lord, be my steers-man, hold my helm,
And then though winds with waves orewhelm
My sails, I will endure
patiently. The bottom of the Sea
safe enough, if thou direct the way.

I tug my tacklings then, I'll ply mine oars,
and cry a fig for fear. He that adores
The giddy multitude
So much, as to despise my rhymes;
Because they tune not to the times;
I wish may not intrude
his presence here. But they (and that's enough)
Who love Gods house, will like his houshold stuff.

The Font.

THe Font, I say. Why not? And why not near
To the Church door? Why not of stone?
is not that blessed fountain open'd here,
From whence that water flows alone,
Which from sin and uncleanness washeth clear?

And may not beggars well contented be
Their first alms at the door to take?
Though, when acquainted better they may see
Others within that bolder make.
Low places will serve guests of low degree.

What?

What ? Is he not the rock, out of whose side
Those streams of water-bloud run forth ?
Th' elect and precious corner-stone well try'd ?
Though the odds be great between their wor
Rock-water and stone vessels are ally'd.

But call it what, and place it where you will:
Let it be made indifferently
Of any form, or matter: yet, until
The blessed Sacrament thereby
Impaired be, my hopes you shall not kill.

To want a complement of comliness
Some of my comforts may abate,
And for the present make my joy go less:
Yet I will hug mine homely state,
And poverty with patience richly dress.

Regeneration is all in all,
Washing, or sprinkling, but the sign,
The seal, and instrument thereof; I call
The one, as well as th' other mine,
And my posterity's as fœderal.

If temporal estates may be convey'd,
By cov'nants on condition,
To men, and to their heirs, be not affraid,
My soul, to rest upon
The covenant of grace by mercy made.

Do but thy duty, and rely upon't,
Repentance, faith, obedience;
When ever practis'd truly will amount
To an authentick evidence,
Though th' deed were antidated at the Font.

The reading Pue.

HEre my new enter'd soul doth first break fast,
Here seasoneth her infant tast,
And at her mother-nurse the Churches dugs
With lab'ring lips and tongue she tugs.
For that sincere milk, which alone doth feed
Babes new born of immortal seed:
Yea, that they may unto perfection grow,
Must be content to creep before they go.

They, that would reading out of Church exclude,
Sure have a purpose to obtrude
Some dictates of their own, instead of Gods,
Revealed Will, his Word. 'Tis odds,
They do not mean to pay men currant coyn,
Who seek the standard to purloyn,
And would reduce all tryals to their own,
Both touch-stones, ballances, and weights, alone.

What reasonable man would not misdoubt
Those Comments, that the text leave out?
And that their main intent is alteration,
Who doat so much on variation,
That no set Forms at all they can endure
To be prescrib'd, or put in ure?
Rejecting bounds and limits is the way,
If not all waste, yet common all to lay.

But, why should he, that thinks himself well grown,
Be discontent that such a one,
As knows himself an infant yet, should be
Dandled upon his mothers knee,
And babe-like fed with milk, till he have got
More strength and stomach? Why should not
Nurslings

Nurſlings in Church, as well as weanlings, find
Their food fit for them in their proper kind ?

Let them that would build caſtles in the air ,
Vault thither, without ſtep or ſtair ,
Inſtead of feet to climbe, take wings to flie,
And think their turrets top the skie.
But let me lay all my foundations deep,
And learn, before I run, to creep.
Who digs through Rocks to lay his ground-works low,
May in good time build high, and ſure, though ſlow.

To take degrees, *per ſaltum,* though of quick
Diſpatch, is but a truants trick.
Let us learn firſt to know our letters well,
Then ſyllables, then words to ſpell ;
Then to read plainly, e're we take the pen
In hand to write to other men.
I doubt their preaching is not alwaies true,
Whoſe way to th' Pulpit's not the reading Pue.

The Book of Common Prayer.

WHat Pray'r by th' Book ? And Common ?
Yes, Why not?
The ſpirit of grace,
And ſupplication,
Is not left free alone
For time and place ;
But manner too. To read, or ſpeak by rote,
Is all alike to him, that praies
With's heart, that with his mouth he ſaies.

They that in private by themſelves alone,
Do pray, may take
What liberty they pleaſe,
In chooſing of the waies,

Where-

Wherein to make
Their ſouls moſt intimate affections known
To him that ſees in ſecret, when
Th'are moſt conceal'd from other men.

But, he that unto others leads the way
In publick pray'r,
Should chooſe to do it ſo,
As all, that hear, may know
They need not fear
To tune their hearts unto his tongue, and ſay
Amen; nor doubt they were betray'd
To blaſpheme, when they ſhould have pray'd.

Devotion will adde life unto the letter.
And why ſhould not
That, which Authority
Preſcribes, eſteemed be
Advantage got?
If th' Pray'r be good, the commoner, the better.
Pray'r in the Churches words, as well
As ſenſe, of all pray'rs bears the bell.

The Bible.

THe Bible? That's the Book. The Book indeed,
The Book of Books:
On which who looks,
As he ſhould do aright, ſhall never need
Wiſh for a better light
To guide him in the night:

Or, when he hungry is, for better food
To feed upon,
Than this alone,
If he bring ſtomach and digeſtion good:

And

And if he be amiſs,
This the beſt Phyſick is.

The true Panchreſton 'tis for ev'ry ſore,
And ſickneſs, which
The poor, and rich
With equal eaſe may come by. Yea, 'tis more,
An antidote, as well
As remedy 'gainſt Hell.

'Tis heaven in perſpective, and the bliſs
Of glory here,
If any where,
By Saints on Earth anticipated is,
Whilſt faith to ev'ry word
A being doth afford.

It is the Looking-glaſs of ſouls, wherein
All men may ſee,
Whether they be
Still, as by nature th'are, deform'd with ſin;
Or in a better caſe,
As new adorn'd with grace.

'Tis the great Magazine of ſpir'tual arms,
Wherein doth lye
Th' artillerie
Of heaven ready charg'd againſt all harms.
That might come by the blowes
Of our infernal foes.

Gods Cabinet of reveal'd counſel 'tis:
Where weal and woe
Are order'd ſo,
That every man may know which ſhall be his;
Unleſs his own miſtake
Falſe application make.

It

is the Index to Eternity.
He cannot miſs
Of endleſs bliſs
hat takes this chart to ſteer his voyage by.
Nor can he be miſtook,
That ſpeaketh by this Book.

Book, to which no Book may be compar'd
For excellence:
Preeminence
proper to it, and cannot be ſhar'd.
Divinity alone
Belongs to it, or none.

is the Book of God. What if I ſhould
Say, God of Books?
Let him that looks
ngry at that expreſſion, as too bold,
His thoughts in ſilence ſmother,
Till he finds ſuch another.

The Pulpit.

'Tis dinner time: and now I look
For a full meal. God ſend me a good Cook
This is the dreſſer bord, and here
I wait in expectation of good chear.
I'm ſure the Maſter of the houſe
Enough to entertain his gueſts allows:
And not enough of ſome one ſort alone,
But choice of what beſt fitteth ev'ry one.

God grant me taſte and ſtomach good:
My feeding will diverſifie my food,
'Tis a good appetite to eat,
And good digeſtion, that makes good meat.

The

The beſt food in it ſelf will be,
Not fed on well, poyſon, not food, to me.
Let him that ſpeaks look to his words; my ear
Muſt careful be, both what and how I hear.

'Tis *Manna* that I look for here,
The bread of Heaven, Angels food. I fear
No want of plenty, where I know
The loaves by eating more, and greater, grow:
Where nothing but forbearance makes
A famine: where he only wants, that takes
Not what he will: provided that he would
Take nothing to himſelf, but what he ſhould.

Here the ſame fountain poureth forth
Water, Wine, Milk, Oyl, Honey, and the worth
Of all tranſcendent, infinite
In excellence, and to each appetite
In fitneſs anſwerable; ſo,
That none needs hence unſatisfied go,
Whoſe ſtomach ſerves him unto any thing,
That health, ſtrength, comfort, or content can bring.

Yea, dead men here invited are
Unto the bread of life, and whilſt they ſpare
To come and take it, they muſt blame
Themſelves, if they continue ſtill the ſame.
The body's fed by food, which it
Aſſimilates, and to it ſelf doth fit:
But, that the ſoul may feed, it ſelf muſt be
Transformed to the Word, with it agree.

To milk the ſtrongeſt men muſt be
As new born babes, when ever they it ſee,
Deſiring, not deſpiſing it.
For ſtrong meat babes muſt ſtay, and ſtrive to fit
Themſelves in time, until they can

Get

t by degrees (which best beseem a man)
perience-exercised senses, able
ood to discern from evil, truth from fable.

Here I will wait then; till I see
he steward reaching out a mess for me,
Resolve I'll take it thankfully,
hat e're it be, and feed on't heartily.
Although no *Benjamins* choice mess,
ive times as much as others, but far less;
ea, if't be but a basket full of crums,
ll bless the hand, from which, by which, it comes.

Like an invited guest, I will
e bold, but mannerly withal, sit still
And see what th' Master of the feast
Vill carve unto me, and account that best,
Which he doth choose for me, not I
Iy self desire: yea, though I should espy
ome fault in th' dressing, in the dishing, or
he placing, yet I will not it abhor.

So that the meat be wholsom, though
he sauce shall not be toothsome, I'll not go
Empty away, and starve my soul,
o feed my foolish fancy; but controul
My appetite to dainty things,
Which oft instead of strength diseases brings:
But, if my Pulpit-hopes shall all prove vain,
I'll back unto the reading Pue again.

The Communion Table.

HEre stands my banquet ready, the last course,
And best provision,
That I must feed upon,
Till death my soul and body shall divorce,

And

And that I am
Call'd to the marriage ſupper of the Lamb.

Some call't the Altar, ſome the holy Table.
The name I ſtick not at:
Whether't be this, or that,
I care not much, ſo that I may be able
Truly to know
Both why it is, and may be called ſo.

And for the matter whereof it was made,
The matter is not much,
Although it be of tuch,
Or wood, or mettal, what will laſt, or fade;
So vanity,
And ſuperſtition avoided be.

Nor would it trouble me to ſee it found
Of any faſhion,
That can be thought upon,
Square, oval, many-angled, long, or round:
If cloſe it be,
Fixt, open, moveable, all's one to me.

And yet; methinks, at a Communion
In uniformity
There's greateſt decency,
And that which maketh moſt for union:
But needleſly
To vary, tends to th' breach of charity.

Yet, rather than I'll give, I will not take
Offence, if it be given,
So that I be not driven
To thwart authority, a partie make
For faction,
Or ſide, but ſeemingly, in th' action.

At

a Communion I wish I might
Have no cause to suspect
Any, the least, defect
f unity and peace, either in sight
Apparently,
r in mens hearts concealed secretly.

hat, which ordained is to make men one,
More than before they were,
Should not it self appear,
hough but appear, distinctly divers. None
Too much can see
f what, when most, yet but enough can be.

f others will dissent, and vary, who
Can help it? If I may
As hath been done alway,
y th' best, and most; I will my self do so,
Of one accord
The servants should be of one God, one Lord.

Communion Plate.

NEver was gold, or silver, graced thus
Before.
To bring this body, and this blood, to us,
Is more,
Then to crown Kings,
Or be made rings,
For star-like diamonds to glitter in.

No precious stones are meet to match this bread
Divine.
Spirits of pearls dissolved would but dead
This wine.
This heav'nly food

Is too too good
To be compar'd to any earthly thing.

For ſuch ineſtimable treaſure can
There be
Veſſels too coſtly made by any man;
Sure he
That knows the meat
So good to eat,
Would wiſh to ſee it richly ſerved in.

Although 'tis true, that ſanctitie's not ty'd
To ſtate,
Yet ſure Religion ſhould not be envy'd
The fate
Of meaner worth,
To be ſet forth,
As beſt becomes the ſervice of a King.

A King unto whoſe croſs all Kings muſt vail
Their crowns,
And at his beck in their full courſe ſtrike ſail:
Whoſe frowns,
And ſmiles give date
Unto their fate,
And doom them, either unto weal, or woe.

A King, whoſe will is juſtice: and whoſe word
Is pow'r,
And wiſdom both. A King, whom to afford
An hour
Of ſervice truly
Perform'd, and duly,
Is to ſpeak eternity of bliſs.

When ſuch a King offers to come to me,
As food,
Shall I ſuppoſe his carriages can be

Too good?
No: Stars to gold
Turn'd, never could
Be rich enough, to be employed so.

If I might wish then, I would have this bread,
This wine,
Vessel'd in what the Sun might blush to shed
His shine,
When he should see:
But, till that be,
I'll rest contented with it, as it is.

Church-Officers.

STay. Officers in Church? Take heed: it is
A tender matter to be touch't.
If I chance to say any thing amiss,
Which is not fit to be avouch't,
I must expect whole swarms of waspes to sting me,
Few, or no bees, honey, or wax, to bring me.

Some would have none in Church do any thing,
As Officers, but gifted men:
Others into the number more would bring,
Then I see warrant for: So then,
All that I say, 'tis like, will censur'd be,
Through prejudice, or partiality.

But 'tis no matter; If men censure me,
They but my fellow servants are:
Our Lord allows us all like liberty,
I write, mine own thoughts to declare,
Not to please men: and, if I displease any,
I will not care, so they be of the Many.

The Sexton.

THe Churches key keeper opens the door,
And ſhuts it, ſweeps the floor,
Rings bells, diggs graves, and fills them up again:
All Emblems unto men,
Openly owning Chriſtianity,
To mark and learn many good leſſons by.

O thou that haſt the key of *David*, who
Open'ſt and ſhutteſt ſo,
That none can ſhut or open after thee,
Vouchſafe thy ſelf to be
Our ſouls door-keeper, by thy bleſſed ſpirit:
The lock and key's thy mercy, not our merit.

Cleanſe thou our ſin-ſoyl'd ſouls from th' dirt and duſt
Of every noyſome luſt,
Brought in by the foul feet of our affections;
The beeſome of afflictions,
With th' bleſſing of thy ſpirit added to it,
If thou be pleas'd to ſay it ſhall, will do it.

Lord, ringing changes all our bells hath marr'd,
Jangled they have, and jarr'd,
So long, they're out of tune, and out of frame,
They ſeem not now the ſame.
Put them in frame anew, and once begin
To tune them ſo, that they may chime all in.

Let all our ſins be bury'd in thy grave,
No longer rant and rave;
As they have done, to our eternal ſhame,
And th' ſcandal of thy name.
Let's as door-keepers in thine houſe attend,
Rather than the throne of wickedneſs aſcend.

The

The Clerk.

THe Churches Bible-Clerk attends
Her Utenſils, and ends
Her Prayers with Amen,
Tunes Pſalms, and to the Sacraments
Brings in the Elements
And takes them out again;
Is humble minded, and induſtrious handed,
Doth nothing of himſelf, but as commanded.

All that the Veſſels of the Lord
Do bear with one accord
Muſt ſtudy to be pure,
As they are: if his holy eye
Do any ſpot eſpy,
He cannot it endure,
But moſt expecteth to be ſanctifi'd
In thoſe come neareſt him, and glorifi'd.

Pſalms then are alwaies tuned beſt,
When there is moſt expreſt
The holy Penmans heart:
All muſick is but diſcord, where
That wants, or doth not bear
The firſt and chiefeſt part.
Voices, without affection anſwerable,
When beſt, to God are moſt abominable.

Though in the bleſſed Sacraments
The outward Elements
Are but as husks and ſhells;
Yet he that knows the kernels worth,
If even thoſe ſend forth,
Some Aromatick ſmells.
Will not eſteem it waſte, leſt Judas-like
Through *Maries* ſide he Chriſt himſelf ſhould ſtri

Lord, without whom we cannot tell
How to ſpeak or think, well,
Lend us thy helping hand,
That what we do may pleaſing be,
Not to our ſelves but thee,
And anſwer thy command,
So that, not we alone, but thou may'ſt ſay
Amen to all our pray'rs, pray'd the right way.

The Overſeer of the Poor.

THe Churches Almoner takes care, that none
In their neceſſity,
Shall unprovided be
Of maint'nance, or imployment: thoſe alone,
Whom careleſs idleneſs,
Or riotous exceſs,
Condemns to needleſs want, he leaves to be
Chaſten'd a while by their own povertie.

Thou gracious Lord, rich in thy ſelf, doſt give
To all men lib'rally,
Upbraiding none. Thine eye
Is open upon all. In thee we live,
We move, and have our being:
But there is more than ſeeing.
For th' poor with thee: they are thy ſpecial charge;
To them thou doſt thine heart and hand enlarge.

Four ſorts of poor there are, with whom thou deal'ſt
Though alwaies diff'rently.
With ſuch indiff'rency,
That none hath reaſon to complain: thou heal'ſt
All thoſe whom thou doſt wound:
If there be any found
[illegible]rt by themſelves, thou leav'ſt them to endure
[illegible]ain, till th' pain render them fit for cure.

Some

Some in the world are poor, and rich in faith:
Their outward poverty
A plentiful ſupply
Of inward comforts and contentments hath.
And their eſtate is bleſt,
In this above the reſt,
It was thy choice, whilſt thou on earth did'ſt ſtay,
And hadſt not whereupon thy head to lay.
Some poor in ſpirit in the world are rich,
Although not many ſuch:
And no man needs to grutch
Their happineſs; who to maintain that pitch,
Have an hard task in hand,
Nor eas'ly can withſtand
The ſtrong temptations that attend on riches:
Mountains are more expos'd to ſtorms than ditches.
Some rich in th' world are ſp'ritually poor,
And deſtitute of grace,
Who may perchance have place
In the Church upon earth; but heavens door
Too narrow is t' admit
Such camels in at it.
Till they ſell all they have, that field to buy,
Wherein the true treaſure doth hidden lye.
Some ſp'ritually poor, and deſtitute
Of grace in th' world are poor,
Begging from door to door,
Accurſed both in Gods and mans repute,
Till by their miſeries
Tutor'd they learn to prize
Hungring and thirſting after righteouſneſs,
Whilſt they're on earth, their greateſt happineſs.
Lord, make me poor in ſpirit, and relieve
Me how thou wilt thy ſelf,
No want of worldly pelf

Shall make me discontented, fret and grieve.
I know thine alms are best:
But, above all the rest,
Condemn me not unto the hell of riches,
Without thy grace to countercharm the witches.

The Church-warden.

THe Churches guardian takes care to keep
Her buildings alwaies in repaire,
Unwilling that any decay should creep
On them, before he is aware.
Nothing defac'd
Nothing displac'd
He likes; but most doth long and love to see
The living stones order'd as they should be.

Lord, thou not only super-visor art
Of all our works, but in all those,
Which we dare own, thine is the chiefest part:
For there is none of us, that knows
How to do well:
Nor can we tell
What we should do, unless by thee directed:
It prospers not that's by our selves projected.

That, which we think our selves to mend, we mar,
And often make it ten times worse:
Reforming of Religion by war
Is th' chymick blessing of a curse.
Great odds it is,
That we shall miss
Of what we looked for: Thine ends cannot
By any but by thine own means be got.

Tis strange we so much doat upon our own
Deformity, and others scorn.
As if our selves were beautiful alone:
When that which did us most adorn

We

We purposely
Choose to lay by,
Such decency and order, as did place us
In high'st esteem, and guard as well as grace us.

Is not thy daughter glorious within,
When cloath'd in needle-work without?
Or is't not rather both their shame and sin,
That change her robe into a clout,
Too narrow, and
Too thin, to stand
Her need in any stead, much less to be
An ornament fit for her high degree.

Take pitty on her, Lord, and heal her breaches:
Cloath all her enemies with shame:
All the despight that's done unto her reaches
To the dishonour of thy name.
Make all her sons,
Rich precious stones,
To shine each of them in his proper place,
Receiving of thy fulness grace for grace.

The Deacon.

THe Deacon! That's the Minister.
True, taken gen'rally:
And without any sinister
Intent, us'd specially,
He's purposly ordain'd to Minister,
In sacred things, t' another officer.

At whose appointment, in whose stead,
He doth what he should do,
In some things, not in all: is led
By Law, and custom too.
Where that doth neither bid, nor forbid, he
Thinks this sufficient authority.

Loves not to vary, when he fees
No great neceſſitie,
To what's commanded he agrees,
With all humilitie;
Knowing how highly God ſubmiſſion prizes,
Pleas'd with obedience more than ſacrifices.

Lord, thou did'ſt of thy ſelf profeſs
Thou waſt as one that ſerv'd,
And freely chooſeſt to go leſs,
Though none ſo much deſerv'd.
With what face can we then refuſe to be
Entred thy ſervants in a low degree?

Thy way to exaltation
Was by humilitie:
But we, proud generation,
No diff'rence of degree
In holy orders will allow, nay more,
All holy orders would turn out of door.

But, if thy precept cannot do't,
To make us humbly ſerve,
Nor thy example added to't,
If ſtill from both we ſwerve,
Let none of us proceed, till he can tell,
How t' uſe the office of a Deacon well.

Which by the bleſſing of thy ſpirit,
Whom thou haſt left to be
Thy Vicar here, we may inherit,
And miniſter to thee,
Though not ſo well as thou may'ſt well expect,
Yet ſo, as thou wilt pleaſed be t' accept.

The Prieſt.

ieſt, I ſay: the Presbyter, I mean,
A: now adaies he's call'd

By

By many men : but I choose to retain
The name wherewith instal'd
He was at first in our own mother tongue:
And doing so, I hope, I do no wrong.

The Priest, I say, 's a middle Officer
Between the Bishop and
The Deacon, as a middle offerer
Which in the Church doth stand
Between God and the people, ready prest
In the behalf of both to do his best.

From him to them offers the promises
Of mercy which he makes;
For them to him doth all their faults confess,
Their pray'rs and praises takes,
And offers for them, at the throne of grace:
Contentedly attending his own place.

The Word and Sacraments, the means of grace,
He duly doth dispence,
The flourishes of falshood to deface,
With truths clear evidence;
And sins usurped tyranny suppress,
B' advancing righteousness, and holiness.

The publick censures of the Church he sees
To execution brought:
But nothing rashly of himself decrees:
Nor covets to be thought
Wiser than his superiours; whom alwaies
He actively, or passively obeys.

Lord Jesus, thou the Mediatour art
Of the new Testament,
And fully did'st perform thy double part
Of God and man, when sent

To reconcile the world, and to attone
'Twixt it and heaven, of two making one.
Yea, after the order of Melchisedeck,
Thou art a Priest for ever.
With perfect righteousness thy self do'st deck,
Such as decayeth never.
Like to thy self make all thy Priests on earth,
Bless'd fathers to thy sons of th' second birth.
Thou cam'st to do the will of him that sent thee,
And didst his honour seek,
More than thine own: well may it then repent thee,
Being thy self so meek,
To have admitted them into the place
Of sons, that seek their fathers to disgrace.
Lord, grant that the abuse may be reform'd,
Before it ruine bring
Upon thy poor despised Church, transform'd
As if't were no such thing:
Thou that the God of order art, and peace,
Make curs'd confusion and contention cease.

The Bishop.

THe Bishop? Yes, why not? What doth that name
Import that is unlawful, or unfit?
To say the Overseer is the same
In substance, and no hurt, I hope, in it:
But sure if men did not despise the thing,
Such scorn upon the name they would not fling.
Some Priests, some Presbyters, I mean, would be
Each Overseer of his sev'ral cure,
But one Superiour, to oversee
Them altogether, they will not endure:
This the main diff'rence is, that I can see,
Bishops they would not have, but they would be.
But who can shew of old that ever any
Presbyteries without their Bishops were: Though

Though Bishops without Presbyteries many,
At first must needs be, almost every where?
That Presbyters from Bishops first arose,
T' assist them, 's probable, not these from those.

However, a true Bishop I esteem
The highest Officer the Church on earth
Can have, as proper to it self, and deem
A Church without one an imperfect birth,
If constituted so at first, and maimed,
If whom it had, it afterwards disclaimed.

All order first from unity ariseth,
And th' essence of it is subordination,
Who ever this contemns, and that despiseth,
May talk of, but intends not, reformation.
'Tis not of God, of Nature, or of Art,
T' ascribe to all what's proper to one part,

To rule and to be ruled are distinct
And sev'ral duties, sev'rally belong
To sev'ral persons, can no more be link't
In all together, than amidst the throng
Of rude unruly passions, in the heart,
Reason can see to act her soveraign part.

But a good Bishop, as a tender father,
Doth teach and rule the Church, and is obey'd.
And rev'renc'd by it, so much the rather,
By how much he delighted more to lead
All by his own example in the way,
Then punish any, when they go astray.

Lord, thou the Bishop, and chief Shepherd, art
Of all that flock, which thou hast purchased
With thine own blood: to them thou do'st impart
The benefits, which thou hast merited,
Teaching, and ruling, by thy blessed spirit,
Their souls in grace, till glory they inherit.

The ſtars which thou doſt hold in thy right hand,
The Angels of the Churches, Lord, direct
Clearly thy holy will to underſtand,
And do accordingly: Let no defect
Nor fault, no not in our New Politicks
Provoke thee to remove our candle-ſticks.

But, let thy Urim and thy Thummim be
Garments of praiſe t' adorn thine holy ones:
Light and perfection let all men ſee
Brightly ſhine forth in thoſe rich precious ſtones,
Of whom thou wilt make a foundation,
To raiſe thy new Hieruſalem upon.

And, at the brightneſs of its riſing, let
All nations with thy people ſhout for joy:
Salvation for walls and Bulwarks ſet
About it, that nothing may it annoy.
Then the whole world thy Dioceſs ſhall be,
And Biſhops all but Suffragans to Thee.

Church Feſtivals.

MArrow of time, Eternity in brief
Compendiums Epitomiz'd, the chief
Contents, the Indices, the Title-pages
Of all paſt, preſent, and ſucceeding ages,
Sublimate graces, antidated glories,
The cream of holineſs,
The inventories
Of future bleſſedneſs,
The Florilegia of celeſtial ſtories,
Spirits of joyes, the reliſhes and cloſes
Of Angels muſick, pearls diſſolved, roſes
Perfumed, ſugar'd honey-combs, delights
Never too highly priz'd,
The marriage rites,
Which duly ſolemniz'd

Uſher

Usher espoused souls to bridal nights,
Gilded sun beams, refined Elixars,
And quintessential extracts of stars;
Who loves not you, doth but in vain profess
That he loves God, or heaven, or happiness.

The Sabbath. Or Lords day.

HAile
Holy
King of daies,
The Emperour,
Or Universal
Monarch of time, the weeks
Perpetual Dictatour.
Thy
Beauty
Far exceeds
The reach of art,
To blazon fully,
And I thy light eclipse,
When I most strive to raise (thee.

Vaile
Wholly
To thy praise,
For evermore
Must the rehersal
Of all, that honour seeks
Under the worlds Creator.
My
Duty
Yet must needs
Yield thee mine heart,
And that not dully:
Spirits of souls, not lips
Alone, are fit to praise thee

What
Nothing
Else can be,
Thou only art
Th' extracted spirit
Of all Eternity,
By favour antidated.

That
Slow thing
Time by thee
Hath got the start,
And doth inherit
That immortality
Which sin anticipated.

O
That I
Could lay by
This body so,
That my soul might be
Incorporate with thee,
And no more to six daies owe.

The

The Annunciation, or Lady-day.

UNto the muſick of the ſphears
Let men, and Angels, joyn in confort theirs.
So great a meſſenger,
From heaven to earth,
Is ſeldom ſeen,
Attir'd in ſo much glory,
A meſſage welcomer,
Fraught with more mirth,
Hath never been
Subject of any ſtory:
This by a double right, if any may,
Be truly ſtil'd the worlds birth-day.

The making of the world ne'er coſt
So dear, by much, as to redeem it loſt.
God ſaid but, *Let it be*,
And ev'ry thing
Was made ſtraightway,
So as he ſaw it good:
But e're that he could ſee
A courſe to bring
Man gone aſtray
To the place where he ſtood;
His wiſdom with his mercy, for mans ſake,
Againſt his juſtice part did take.

And the reſult was this daies news,
Able the meſſenger himſelf t' amuſe,
As well as her, to whom
By him 'twas told,
That though ſhe were
A Virgin pure, and knew
No man, yet in her womb.

A son she should
Conceive and bear,
As sure as God was true.
Such high place in his favour she possessed,
Being among all women blessed.

But blest especially in this,
That she believ'd, and for eternal blifs
Reli'd on him, whom she
Her self should bear,
And her own son
Took for her Saviour.
And if there any be
That when they hear,
As she had done
Sure their behaviour
They may be blessed, as she was, and say,
'Tis their Annunciation day.

The Nativity, or Christmas-day.

UNfold thy face, unmask thy ray,
Shine forth bright sun, double the day.
Let no malignant misty fume,
Nor foggy vapour, once presume
To interpose thy perfect sight
This day, which makes us love thy light
For ever better, that we could
That blessed object once behold.
Which is both the circumference,
And center of all excellence:
Or rather neither, but a treasure
Unconfined without measure,
Whose center and circumference,
Including all preheminence,
Excluding nothing but defect.

And

And infinite in each aſpect,
Is equally both here and there,
And now, and then, and ev'ry where
And alwaies, one, himſelf, the ſame
A being far above a name.
Draw nearer then, and freely poure
Forth all thy light into that houre,
Which was crowned with his birth,
And made heaven envy earth.
Let not this birth-day clouded be,
By whom thou ſhineſt, and we ſee.

The Circumciſion, or New-years day.

SOrrow betide my ſins! Muſt ſmart ſo ſoon
Seize on my Saviours tender fleſh ſcarce grown
Unto an eight daies age?
Can nothing elſe aſſwage
The wrath of heaven, but his infant-blood,
Innocent Infant, infinitely good!

Is this thy welcome to the world great God!
No ſooner born, but ſubject to the rod
Of ſin-incenſed wrath?
Alas, what pleaſure hath
Thy Fathers juſtice to begin thy paſſion,
Almoſt together with thine Incarnation?

Is it to antidate thy death? T' indite
Thy condemnation himſelf, and write
The copy with thy blood,
Since nothing is ſo good?
Or, is't by this experiment to try,
Whether thou beeſt born mortal, and canſt die?

If man muſt needs draw blood of God, yet why
Stayes he not till thy time be come to die?
Didſt thou thus early bleed

For

For us to ſhew what need
We have to haſten unto thee as faſt;
And learn that all the time is loſt that's paſt?

'Tis true we ſhould do ſo; Yet in this blood
There's ſomthing elſe, that muſt be underſtood:
It ſeals thy covenant,
That ſo we may not want
Witneſs enough againſt thee, that thou art
Made ſubject to the Law, to act our part.

The ſacrament of thy regeneration
It cannot be; It gives no imitation
Of what thou wert, but we:
Native impurity;
Original corruption, was not thine,
But only as thy righteouſneſs is mine.

In holy Baptiſm this is brought to me,
As that in Circumciſion was to thee:
So that thy loſs and pain
Do prove my joy and gain.
Thy Circumciſion writ thy death in blood:
Baptiſm in water ſeals my livelihood.

O bleſſed change! Yet, rightly underſtood,
That blood was water, and this water's blood.
What ſhall I give again,
To recompence thy pain?
Lord, take revenge upon me for this ſmart:
To quit thy fore-skin, circumciſe my heart.

The Epiphany, or Twelfthday.

GReat, without controverſie great,
They that do know it will confeſs
The myſtery of godlineſs;
Whereof the Goſpel doth intreat.

God

God in the flesh is manifest,
And that, which hath for ever been
Invisible, may now be seen,
Th' eternal deity new drest.

Angels to shepherds brought the news:
And Wisemen guided by a Star,
To seek the sun are come from far:
Gentiles have got the start of Jews.

The stable and the manger hide
His glory from his own: but these,
Though strangers, his resplendent rayes
Of Majesty divine have spy'd.

Gold, frankincense, and myrrhe, they give;
And worshipping him plainly show,
That unto him they all things owe,
By whose free gift it is they live.

Though clouded in a vail of flesh,
The sun of righteousness appears,
Melting cold cares, and frosty fears,
And making joyes spring up afresh.

O that his light and influence,
Would work effectually in me
Another new Epiphany,
Exhale, and elevate me hence:

That, as my calling doth require,
Star-like I may to others shine,
And guide them to that sun divine:
Whose day-light never shall expire.

The Passion, or Good-Friday.

THis day my Saviour dy'd: and do I live?
What hath not sorrow slain me yet?
Did the immortal God vouchsafe to give

His

His life for mine, and do I ſet
More by my wretched life, than he by his,
So full of glory, and of bliſs?

Did his free mercy, and meer love to me,
Make him forſake his glorious throne,
And mount a croſs, the ſtage of infamy,
That ſo he might not die alone,
But dying ſuffer more through grief and ſhame,
Than mortal men have pow'r to name?

And can ingratitude ſo far prevail,
To keep me living ſtill? Alas!
Methinks ſome thorn out of his crown, ſome nail,
At leaſt his ſpear, might pierce. and paſs
Thorow, and thorow, till it riev'd mine heart;
As the right death-deſerving part.

And doth he not expect it ſhould be ſo?
Would he lay down a price ſo great,
And not look that his purchaſes ſhould grow
Accordingly? Shall I defeat
His juſt deſire? O no, it cannot be:
His death muſt needs be death to me.

My life's not mine, but his: for he did die
That I might live: yet died ſo,
That being dead he was alive; and I
Thorow the gates of death muſt go
To live with him: yea, to live by him here
Is a part in his death to bear.

Die then, dull ſoul, and if thou canſt not die,
Diſſolve thy ſelf into a Sea
Of living tears, whoſe ſtreams may ne'r go dry.
Nor turned be another way,
Till they have drown'd all joyes, but thoſe alone,
Which ſorrow claimeth for its own.

For ſorrow hath its joyes: and I am glad That

That I would grieve, if I do not:
But, if I neither could, nor would, be ſad,
And ſorrowful, this day, my lot
Would be to grieve for ever, with a grief
Uncapable of all relief.

No grief was like that, which he griev'd for me,
A greater grief than can be told:
And like my grief for him no grief ſhould be,
If I could grieve ſo, as I would:
But what I would, and cannot, he doth ſee,
And will accept, that dy'd for me.

Lord, as thy grief and death for me are mine,
For thou haſt given them unto me,
So my deſires to grieve and die are thine,
For they are wrought only by thee.
Not for my ſake then, but thine own, be pleas'd
With that, which thou thy ſelf haſt rais'd.

The Reſurrection, or Eaſter day.

UP, and away,
Thy Saviour's gone before.
Why doſt thou ſtay,
Dull ſoul? Behold the door
Is open, and his Precept bids thee riſe,
Whoſe pow'r hath vanquiſh't all thine enemies,

Say not, I live,
Whil'ſt in the grave thou ly'ſt:
He that doth give
Thee life would have thee prize't,
More highly than to keep it bury'd, where
Thou canſt not make the fruits of it appear.

Is rottenneſs,
And duſt ſo pleaſant to thee,
That happineſs,

And

And heaven, cannot wooe thee
To ſhake thy ſhackles off, and leave behind thee
Thoſe fetters, which to death, and hell do bind thee?

In vain thou ſay'ſt,
Th'art bury'd with thy Saviour,
If thou delay'ſt,
To ſhew, by thy behaviour,
That thou art riſen with him; Till thou ſhine
Like him, how canſt thou ſay his light is thine?

Early he roſe,
And with him brought the day,
Which all thy foes
Frighted out of the way:
And wilt thou ſluggard-like turn in thy bed,
Till noon-ſun beams draw up thy drowſie head?

Open thine eyes,
Sin-ſeized ſoul, and ſee
What cobweb-tyes
They are, that trammel thee:
Not profits, pleaſures, honours, as thou thinkeſt;
But loſs, pain, ſhame, at which thou vainly winkeſt.

All that is good
Thy Saviour dearly bought,
With his hearts blood;
And it muſt there be ſought,
Where he keeps reſidence, who roſe this day:
Linger no longer then; up, and away.

The Aſcention, or holy Thurſday.

MOunt, mount, my ſoul, and climbe, or rather flye,
With all thy force on high,
Thy Saviour roſe not only, but aſcended:
And he muſt be attended

Both

Both in his conquest and his triumph too.
His glories strongly wooe
His graces to them, and will not appear
In their full lustre, until both be there.

Where he now sits, not for himself alone,
But that upon his throne
All his redeemed may attendants be,
Robed, and crown'd as he.
Kings without Courtiers are 'lone men, they say;
And do'st thou think to stay
Behind on earth, whilst thy King reigns in heaven,
Yet not be of thy happiness bereaven?

Nothing that thou canst think worth having's here.
Nothing is wanting there,
That thou canst wish, to make thee truly blest.
And, above all the rest,
Thy life is hid with God in Jesus Christ,
Higher than what is high'st.
O grovel then no longer here on earth,
Where mis'ry ev'ry moment drowns thy mirth.

But tour, my soul, and soar above the skies,
Where thy true treasure lies.
Though with corruption, and mortality
Thou clogg'd and pinion'd be;
Yet thy fleet thoughts, and sprightly wishes, may
Speedily glide away.
To what thou canst not reach, at least aspire,
Ascend, if not in deed, yet in desire.

Whitsunday.

NAy, startle not to hear the rushing wind,
Wherewith this place is shaken:
Attend a while, and thou shalt quickly find,
How much thou art mistaken;

If

If thou think here
Is any cauſe to fear.

See'ſt thou not how on thoſe twelve rev'rend heads
Sit cloven tongues of fire?
And as the rumor of that wonder ſpreads,
The multitude admire
To ſee it: and
Yet more amazed ſtand

To hear at once ſo great variety
Of language from them come,
Of whom they dare be bold to ſay they be
Bred no where but at home,
And never were
In place ſuch words to hear.

Mock not, prophane deſpiſers of the ſpirit,
At what's to you unknown:
This earneſt he hath ſent, who muſt inherit
All nations as his own:
That they may know
How much to him they owe.

Now that he is aſcended up on high
To his celeſtial throne,
And hath led captive all captivity,
Hee'll not receive alone,
But likewiſe give
Gifts unto all that live;

To all that live by him, that they may be,
In his due time, each one,
Partakers with him in his victory,
Nor he triumph alone,
But take all his
Unto him where he is.

To fit them for which bleſſed ſtate of glory,
This is his agent here:

To publiſh to the World that happy ſtory,
Alwaies, and every where,
This reſident
Embaſſadour is ſent.

Heavens legier upon earth to counter work
The mines that Satan made
And bring to light thoſe enemies, that lurk
Under ſins gloomy ſhade:
That hell may not
Still boaſt what it hath got.

Thus Babels curſe, confuſion, is retriev'd,
Diverſity of tongues
By this diviſion of the ſp'rit reliev'd:
And to prevent all wrongs,
One faith unites
People of diff'rent rites.

O let his entertainment than be ſuch,
As doth him beſt befit:
What ever he requireth think not much
Freely to yield him it:
For who doth this
Reaps the firſt fruits of bliſs.

Trinity Sunday.

GRace, Wit, and Art, aſſiſt me: for I ſee
The ſubject of this daies ſolemnity
So far excels in worth,
That ſooner may
I drain the ſea,
Or drive the day
With light away,
Than fully ſet it forth,
Except you joyn all three to take my part,
And chiefly Grace fill both my head and heart.

Stay

Stay, busie soul, presume not to enquire
Too much of what Angels can but admire,
And never comprehend:
The Trinity
In Unity,
And Unity
In Trinity,
All reason doth transcend.
God Father, Son God, and God Holy Ghost,
Who most admireth, magnifieth most.

And who most magnifies best understands,
And best expresseth what the heads, and hands,
And hearts, of all men living,
When most they try
To glorifie,
And raise on high,
Fall short, and lie
Groveling below: Mans giving
Is but restoring by retail, with loss,
What from his God he first receiv'd in gross.

Faith must perform the office of invention,
And Elocution struck with apprehension
Of wonder silence keep.
Not tongues, but eyes
Lift to the skies
In reverend wise,
Best solemnize
This day: whereof the deep
Mysterious subject lies out of the reach
Of Wit to learn, much more of Art to teach.

Then write *non Ultra* here; Look not for leave
To speak of what thou never canst conceive
Worthily, as thou shouldest:
And it shall be
Enough for thee,

If none but he
Himself doth see,
Though thou canst not, thou wouldest
Make his praise glorious, who is alone
Thrice blessed one in three, and three in one.

Invitation.

TUrn in, my Lord, turn in to me;
Mine heart's an homely place:
But thou canst make corruption flee,
And fill it with thy grace.
So furnished it will be brave,
And a rich dwelling thou shalt have.

It was thy lodging once before,
It builded was by thee:
But I to sin set ope the door,
It render'd was by me.
And so thy building was defac'd
And in thy room another plac'd.

But he usurps, the right is thine:
O dispossess him, Lord.
Do thou but say, this heart is mine,
He's gone at the first word.
Thy word's thy will, thy will's thy power,
Thy time is alwaies; now's mine hour.

Now say to sin, depart:
And, *son give me thine heart.*
Thou, that by saying, *Let it be*, didst make it,
Canst, if thou wilt, by saying, *Give't me*, take it.

Comfort in Extremity.

ALas! my Lord is going,
Oh my woe!

It will be mine undoing;
If he go
I'll run and overtake him:
If he ſtay,
I'll cry aloud, and make him
Look this way.
O ſtay, my Lord, my Love, 'tis I,
Comfort me quickly, or I dye.

Cheer up thy drooping ſpirits,
I am here.
Mine all-ſufficient merits
Shall appear
Before the throne of glory
In thy ſtead:
I'll put into thy ſtory
What I did.
Lift up thine eyes ſad ſoul, and ſee
Thy Saviour here. Loe, I am he.

Alas! ſhall I preſent
My ſinfulneſs
To thee? thou wilt reſent
The loathſomneſs
Be not afraid, I'll take
Thy Sins on me,
And all my favour make
To ſhine on thee.
Lord, what thou'lt have me, thou muſt make me.
As I have made thee, now I take thee.

Reſolution and Aſſurance.

LOrd, thou wilt love me. Wilt thou not?
Beſhrew that not:
It was my ſin begot
That Queſtion firſt: Yes, Lord, thou wilt:

Thy bloud was spilt
To wash away my guilt,
Lord, I will love thee. Shall I not?
Beshrew that not.
'Twas deaths accursed plot
To put that question: Yes, I will,
Lord love thee still,
In spight of all my ill.
Then life, and love continue still
We shall, and will,
My Lord and I, untill,
In his celestial hill,
We love our fill,
When he hath purged all mine ill.

Vows broken and renewed.

SAid I not so, that I would sin no more?
Witness my God, I did;
Yet I am run again upon the score:
My faults cannot be hid.

What shall I do? Make vows, and break them still?
'Twill be but labour lost;
My good cannot prevail against mine ill:
The bus'ness will be crost.

O, say not so! thou canst not tell what strength
Thy God may give thee at the length:
Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,
Thy God will pardon all that's past,
Vow, whilst thou canst: while thou canst vow, thou (may'st
Perhaps perform it, when thou thinkest least.

Thy God hath not deny'd thee all,
Whilst he permits thee but to call:
Call to thy God for grace to keep

Thy

Thy vows, and if thou break them weep,
eep for thy broken vows, and vow again.
ws made with tears cannot be ſtill in vain.
Then once again
I vow to mend my ways,
Lord, ſay Amen,
And thine be all the praiſe.

Confuſion.

) ! How my mind
Is gravell'd !
Not a thought
at I can find
But's ravel'd
All to nought.
ort ends of threds,
And narrow ſhreds,
Of liſts,
ots ſnarled ruffs,
Looſe broken tufts
Of twiſts,
e my torn meditations ragged cloathing,
ich wound, and woven ſhape a ſute for nothing:
e while I think, and then I am in pain
think how to unthink that thought again.

w can my ſoul
But famiſh
With this food?
aſures full bowl
Taſtes rammiſh,
Taints the blood.
ofit picks bones,
And chews on ſtones
That choak:
nour climbs hills,

Fats not, but fills
With ſmoak.
And whilſt my thoughts are greedy upon theſe,
They paſs by pearls, and ſtoop to pick up peaſe.
Such waſh and draff is fit for none but ſwine:
And ſuch I am not, Lord, if I am thine.
Cloath me anew, and feed me then afreſh:
Elſe my ſoul dies famiſh't, and ſtarv'd with fleſh.

A Paradox.

The worſe the better.

WElcome mine health: this ſickneſs makes me (well.
Med'cins adieu:
When with diſeaſes I have liſt to dwell,
I'll wiſh for you.

Welcome my ſtrength: this weakneſs makes me able.
Powers adieu:
When I am weary grown of ſtanding ſtable,
I'll wiſh for you.

Welcome my wealth: this loſs hath gain'd me more
Riches adieu:
When I again grow greedy to be poor,
I'll wiſh for you.

Welcome my credit: this diſgrace is glory.
Honours adieu:
When for renown, and fame I ſhall be ſorry,
I'll wiſh for you.

Welcome content: this ſorrow is my joy.
Pleaſures adieu:
When I deſire ſuch griefs as may annoy,
I'll wiſh for you.

Strength, and riches, credit, and content,

Are

Are ſpared beſt, ſomtimes, when they are ſpent:
Sicknes and weakneſs, loſs, diſgrace, and ſorrow,
Lend moſt ſomtimes, when they moſt ſeem to borrow.
Bleſt be the hand, that helps by hurting, gives
By taking, by forſaking, me, relieves.
If in my fall my riſing be thy will,
Lord, I will ſay, *The worſe the better ſtill.*
I'll ſpeak the Paradox, maintain thou it,
And let thy grace ſupply my want of Wit.
Leave me no learning that a man may ſee,
So I may be a Scholar unto thee.

Inmates.

AN houſe I had (an heart I mean) ſo wide
And full of ſpacious rooms on every ſide,
That viewing it I thought I might do well,
Rather than keep it void, and make no gain,
Of what I could not uſe, to entertain
Such gueſts as came: I did; But what befel
Me quickly in that courſe, I ſigh to tell.

A gueſt I had (alas! I have her ſtill)
A great big-belly'd gueſt enough to fill
The vaſt content of hell, Corruption.
By intertaining her, I loſt my right
To more than all the world hath now in ſight.
Each day, each hour, almoſt, ſhe brought forth one,
Or other baſe-begot Tranſgreſſion.

The charge grew great. I, that had loſt before
All that I had, was forced now to ſcore
For all the charges of their maintenance
In dooms-day book: Whoever knew't would ſay
The leaſt ſum there was more than I could pay,
When firſt 'twas due, beſide continuance, (hance.
Which could not chuſe but much the debt en-

To eaſe me firſt I wiſh't her to remove:
But ſhe would not. I ſu'd her then above,
And begg'd the court of heaven but in vain,
To caſt her out. No, I could not evade
The bargain, which ſhe pleaded I had made,
That, whilſt both lived, I ſhould entertain,
At mine own charge, both her and all her train.

No help then, but or I muſt dye or ſhe;
And yet my death of no availe would be:
For one death I had dy'd already, then,
When firſt ſhe liv'd in me: and now to dye
Another death again were but to tye
And twiſt them both into a third, which when
It once hath ſeiz'd on, never looſeth men.

Her death might be my life; but her to kill
I, of my ſelf, had neither power nor will.
So deſp'rate was my caſe. Whil'ſt I delay'd,
My gueſt ſtill teem'd, my debts ſtill greater grew;
The leſs I had to pay, the more was due.
The more I knew, the more I was afraid:
The more I mus'd, the more I was diſmaid.

At laſt I learn'd, there was no way but one:
A friend muſt do it for me. He alone,
That is the Lord of Life, by dying can
Save men from death, and kill Corruption:
And many years ago the deed was done,
His heart was pierc'd; out of his ſide there ran
Sins corrasives, reſtoratives for man.

This precious balm I begg'd, for pities ſake,
At mercies gate; where Faith alone may take,
What Grace and Truth do offer lib'rally.
Bounty ſaid, Come, I heard it, and believed:
None ever there complain'd, but was relieved.

Hope waiting upon Faith said instantly,
That thenceforth I should live, Corruption dye.

And so she dy'd, I live. But yet, alas!
We are not parted. She is where she was,
Cleaves fast unto me still, looks through mine eys
Speaks in my tongue, and museth in my mind,
Works with mine hands: her body's left behind,
Although her soul be gone. My miseries
All flow from hence: from hence my woes arise.

I loath my self, because I leave her not:
Yet cannot leave her. No, she is my lot,
Now being dead, that living was my choice:
And still, though dead, she both conceives and bears
Many faults daily, and as many fears:
All which for vengeance call with a loud voice,
And drown my comforts with their deadly noise.

Dead bodies kept unbury'd quickly stink,
And putrifie: How can I then but think
Corruption noysome, even mortifi'd?
Though such she were before, yet such to me
She seemed not. Kind fools can never see,
Or will not credit, until they have try'd,
That friendly looks oft false intents do hide.

But mortifi'd Corruption lies unmaskt,
Blabs her own secret filthiness unaskt,
To all that understand her. That do none,
In whom she lives embraced with delight:
She first of all deprives them of their sight:
Then doat they on her, as upon their own,
And she to them seems beautiful alone.

But woe is me! One part of me is dead:
The other lives. Yet that which lives is led,
Or rather carry'd captive unto sin,
By the dead part. I am a living grave,
And a dead body I within me have.

The worſe part of the better, oft doth win:
And, when I ſhould have ended, I begin.

The ſcent would choak me, were it not that grace
Sometimes vouchſafeth to perfume the place,
With odours of the ſpirit, which do eaſe me,
And counterpoiſe Corruption. Bleſſed ſpirit,
Although eternal torments be my merit.
And of thy ſelf Tranſgreſſions only pleaſe me,
Adde grace enough being reviv'd to raiſe me.

Challenge thine own. Let not intruders hold
Againſt thy right, what to my wrong I ſold.
Having no ſtate my ſelf, but tenancy,
And tenancy at will, what could I grant
That is not voided, if thou ſay, avaunt?
O ſpeak the word, and make theſe inmates flee:
Or, which is one, take me to dwell with thee.

The Curb.

PFace, rebel thought: doſt thou not know thy King,
My God, is here?
Cannot his preſence, if no other thing,
Make thee forbear?
Or were he abſent, all the ſtanders by
Are but his ſpies:
And well he knows, if thou ſhould'ſt it deny,
Thy words were lyes.
If others will not, yet I muſt, and will,
My ſelf complain.
My God, ev'n now a baſe rebellious thought
Began to move,
And ſubt'ly twining with me would have wrought
Me from thy love:
Fain he would have me to believe, that ſin,
And thou might both

Take

Take up my heart together for your Inne,
And neither loath
The others company; a while sit still,
And part again.

Tell me, my God, how this may be redrest.
The fault is great,
And I the guilty party have confest,
I must be beat.
And I refuse not punishment for this,
Though to my pain;
So I may learn to do no more amiss,
Nor sin again:
Correct me, if thou wilt; but teach me then,
What I shall do.

Lord of my life, methinks I hear thee say,
That labours eas'd:
The fault, that is confest, is done away,
And thou art pleas'd.
How can I sin again, and wrong thee then;
That do'st relent,
And cease thine anger straight, as soon as men
Do but repent?
No, rebel thought; for if thou move again,
I'll tell that too.

The Loss.

THe match is made
Between my Love and me:
And therefore glad,
And merry, now I'll be.
Come glory, crown
My head,
And pleasures drown
My bed

Of thorns in down.
Sorrow, be gone
Delight,
And joy alone
Befit
My honey, Moon.
Be packing now,
You comb'rous cares, and fears:
Mirth will allow
No room to ſighs and tears.
Whilſt thus I lay,
As raviſht with delight,
I heard one ſay,
So fools their friends requite.
I knew the voice
My Lords,
And at the noiſe
His words
Did make, aroſe.
I look'd, and ſpy'd,
Each where,
And loudly cry'd,
My dear;
But none reply'd;
Then to my grief
I found my love was gone,
Without relief,
Leaving me all alone.

The Search.

WHither, oh! whither is my Lord departed?
What can my love, that is ſo tender hearted,
Forſake the ſoul, which once he thorow darted,
As if it never ſmarted?

No,

No, ſure my love is here if I could find him:
He that fills all can leave no place behind him.
But oh! my ſenſes are too weak to wind him:
Or elſe I do not mind him.

O no, I mind him not ſo as I ought;
Nor ſeek him ſo as I by him was ſought,
When I had loſt my ſelf: he dearly bought
Me, that was ſold for nought.

But I have wounded him, that made me ſound;
Loſt him again, by whom I firſt was found:
Him, that exalted me, have caſt to th' ground;
My ſins his blood have drown'd.

Tell me, oh! tell me, (thou alone canſt tell)
Lord of my life, where thou art gone to dwell:
For, in thy abſence heav'n it ſelf is hell:
Without thee none is well.

Or, if thou beeſt not gone, but only hideſt
Thy preſence in the place where thou abideſt,
Teach me the ſacred art, which thou provideſt
For all them, whom thou guideſt

To ſeek and find thee by. Elſe here I'll lie,
Until thou find me. If thou let me dye,
That only unto thee for life do cry,
Thou dy'ſt as well as I.

For, if thou live in me, and I in thee,
Then either both alive, or dead muſt be:
At leaſt I'll lay my death on thee, and ſee
If thou wilt not agree.

For, though thou be the Judge thy ſelf, I have
Thy promiſe for it, which thou canſt not wave,
That who ſalvation at thine hands do crave,
Thou wilt not fail to ſave.

Oh! ſeek, and find me then, or elſe deny

hy truth, thy ſelf. O! thou canſt not lye
new thy ſelf conſtant to thy word, draw nigh.
Find me. Loe, here I lye.

The Return.

Oe, now my love appears;
My tears
Have clear'd mine eyes. I ſee
'Tis he.
Thanks, bleſſed Lord, thine abſence was my hell;
And, now thou art returned, I am well.

By this I ſee I muſt
Not truſt
My joyes unto my ſelf:
This ſhelf
Of too ſecure, and too preſumptious pleaſure
Had almoſt ſunk my ſhip, and drown'd my treaſure.

Who would have thought a joy
So coy
To be offended ſo,
And go
So ſuddenly away? As if enjoying
Full pleaſure and contentment, were annoying.

Hereafter I had need
Take heed.
Joyes, amongſt other things,
Have wings,
And watch their opportunities of flight,
Converting in a moment day to night.

But, is't enough for me
To be
Inſtructed to be wiſe?
I'll riſe,

And

And read a lecture unto them that are
Willing to learn, how comfort dwells with care.

He that his joyes would keep
Must weep;
And in the brine of tears,
And fears,
Must pickle them. That powder will preserve;
Faith with repentance is the souls conserve.

Learn to make much of care:
A rare
And precious balsom 'tis
For bliss;
Which oft resides, where mirth with sorrow meets:
Heavenly joyes on earth are bitter-sweets.

Inundations.

WE talk of *Noahs* flood, as of a wonder;
And well we may,
The Scriptures say,
The water did prevail, the hills were under,
And nothing could be seen but Sea.

And yet there are two other floods surpass
That flood, as far,
As heav'n one star,
Which many men regard, as little, as
The ordinari'st things that are.

The one is sin, the other is salvation:
And we must need
Confess indeed.
That either is an inundation,
Which doth the deluge far exceed.

In *Noahs* flood he and his houshold liv'd:
And there abode
A whole Ark-load

Of other creatures, that were then repriev'd:
All safely on the waters rode.

But, when sin came, it overflowed all,
And left none free:
Nay, even he,
That knew no sin, could not release my thrall,
But that he was made sin for me;

And, when salvation came, my Saviours blood
Drown'd sin again,
With all its train
Of evils, overflowing them with good,
With good that ever shall remain.

O, let there be one other inundation,
Let grace o'rflow
In my soul so,
That thankfulness may level with salvation,
And sorrow sin may over-grow.

Then will I praise my Lord and Saviour so,
That Angels shall
Admire mans fall,
When they shall see Gods greatest glory grow,
Where Satan thought to root out all.

Sin.

SIn, I would fain define thee: but thou art
An uncouth thing:
All that I bring
To shew thee fully, shews thee but in part.

I call thee the transgression of the Law,
And yet I read,
That sin is dead
Without the Law; and thence it strength doth draw.

I say thou art the sting of death. 'Tis true:

And

And yet I find
Death comes behind:
The work is done before the pay be due.

I ſay thou art the devils work. Yet he
Should much rather
Call thee father:
For he had been no devil but for thee.

What ſhall I call thee then? If death and devil,
Right underſtood,
Be names too good,
I'll ſay thou art the quintiſſence of evil.

Travels at home.

OFt have I wiſh'd a traveller to be:
Mine eyes did even itch the ſights to ſee,
That I had heard and read of. Oft I have
Been greedy of occaſion, as the grave,
That never ſaies enough; yet ſtill was croſt,
When opportunities had promis'd moſt.
At laſt I ſaid, what mean'ſt thou, wandring elf,
To ſtraggle thus? Go travel firſt thy ſelf.
Thy little world can ſhew thee wonders great:
The greater may have more, but not more neat
And curious pieces. Search, and thou ſhalt find
Enough to talk of. If thou wilt, thy mind
Europe ſupplies, and Aſia thy will,
And Affrick thine Affections. And if ſtill
Thou liſt to travel further, put thy ſenſes
For both the Indies. Make no more pretences
Of new diſcoveries, whilſt yet thine own,
And neareſt, little world is ſtill unknown.
Away then with thy quadrants; compaſſes,
Globes, tables, cards, and maps, and minute glaſſes.
Lay by thy journals, and thy diaries,
Cloſe up thine annals, and thine hiſtories.

Study thy ſelf, and read what thou haſt writ
In thine own book, thy conſcience. Is it fit
To labour after other knowledge ſo,
And thine own neareſt, dareſt, ſelf not know?
Travels abroad both dear and dang'rous are,
Whilſt oft the ſoul payes for the bodies fare,
Travels at home are cheap, and ſafe. Salvation,
Comes mounted on the wings of meditation.
He that doth live at home, and learns to know
God and himſelf, needeth no further go.

The Journey.

LIfe is a journey. From our mothers wombs,
As houſes, we ſet out: and in our tombs,
As Inns, we reſt, till it be time to riſe
'Twixt rocks and gulfs our narrow foot-path lies:
Haughty preſumption and hell-deep deſpair
Make our way dangerous, though ſeeming fair.
The world with its inticements ſleek and ſly,
Slabbers out ſteps, and makes them ſlippery.
The fleſh, with its corruptions, clogs our feet,
And burdens us with loads of luſts unmeet.
The devil where we tread, doth ſpread his ſnares,
And with temptations takes us unawares.
Our footſteps are our thoughts, our words, our works:
Theſe carry us along; in theſe there lurks
Envy, luſt, avarice, ambition,
The crooked turnings to perdition.
One while we creep amongſt the thorny brakes
Of worldly profits; and the devil takes
Delight to ſee us pierce our ſelves with ſorrow
To day, by thinking what may be to morrow.
Another while we wade, and wallow in
Puddles of pleaſure; and we never lin
[illegible]bing our ſelves, with dirty damn'd delights,
[illegible] begotten pain our pleaſure frights.

Some

Sometimes we ſcramble to get up the banks
Of icy honour; and we break our ranks
To ſtep before our fellows: though, they ſay,
He ſooneſt tyreth, that ſtill leads the way.
Somtimes, when others juſtle and provoke us,
We ſtir that duſt our ſelves, that ſerves to choak us;
And raiſe thoſe tempeſts of contention, which
Blow us beſide the way into the ditch.
Our minds ſhould be our guids: but they are blind,
Our wills out-run our wits, or lag behind.
Our furious paſſions, like unbridled jades,
Hurry us headlong to th' infernal ſhades.
If God be not our guide, our guard, our friend,
Eternal death will be our journeys end.

Engines.

MEn often find, when nature's at a ſtand,
And hath in vain try'd all her utmoſt ſtrength,
That Art, her Ape, can reach her out an hand,
To pierce her powers with to a full length.
And may not grace have means enough in ſtore,
Wherewith to do as much as that, and more?

She may: ſhe hath engines of ev'ry kind,
To work what Art and Nature, when they view,
Stupendious miracles of wonder find,
And yet muſt needs acknowledge to be true;
So far tranſcending all their pow'r and might,
That they ſtand ev'n amazed at the ſight.

Take but three inſtances; faith, hope, and love.
Souls help'd by the perſpective glaſs of faith
Are able to perceive what is above
The reach of reaſon: yea, the ſcripture ſaith,
Ev'n him that is inviſible behold,
And future things, as if they'd been of old.

Faith

Faith looks into the ſecret Cabinet
Of Gods eternal Counſels, and doth ſee
Such myſteries of glory there, as ſet
Believing hearts on longing, till they be
  Transform'd to the ſame image, and appear
  So altered, as if themſelves were there.

Faith can raiſe earth to heaven, or draw down
Heaven to earth, make both extreams to meet
Felicity and miſery, can crown
Reproach with honour, ſeaſon ſowre with ſweet.
  Nothing's impoſſible to faith: a man
  May do all things, that he believes he can.

Hope founded upon faith can raiſe the heart
Above it ſelf in expectation
Of what the ſoul deſireth for its part:
Then, when its time of tranſmigration
  Is delay'd longeſt, yet as patiently
  To wait, as if't were anſwer'd by and by.

When grief unweildy grows, hope can abate
The bulk to what proportion it will:
So that a large circumference of late
A little center ſhall not reach to fill.
  Nor that, which gyant-like before did ſtrout,
  Be able with a pigmey's pace t' hold out.

Hope can diſperſe the thickeſt clouds of night,
That fear hath over-ſpread the ſoul withall,
And make the darkeſt ſhadows ſhine as bright,
As the Sun beams ſpread on a ſilver wall.
  Sin-ſhaken ſouls Hope anchor-like holds ſteady,
  When ſtorms and tempeſts make them more than (giddy.

Love led by faith, and fed with hope, is able
To travel through the worlds wide wilderneſs;
And burdens ſeeming moſt intollerable
Both to take up, and bear with chearfulneſs.

To

To do, or suffer, what appears in sight
Extreamly heavy, love will make most light.

Yea, what by men is done, or suffered,
Either for God, or else for one another,
Though in it self it be much blemished
With many imperfections, which smother,
And drown the worth, and weight of it, yet fall
What will, or can, love makes amends for all.

Love doth unite, and knit, both make, and keep
Things one together, which were otherwise,
Or would be both divers, and distant. Deep,
High, long and broad, or whatsoever size
Eternity is of, or happiness,
Love comprehends it all, bee't more, or less.

Give me this threefold cord of graces then,
Faith, hope, and love, let them possess mine heart,
And gladly I'll resign to other men
All I can claim by nature, or by art.
To mount a soul, and make it still stand stable,
These are alone Engines incomparable.

TO

To my Reverend Friend the Author of the *Synagogue.*

SIR,

I Lov'd you for your Synagogue, before
I knew your perſon; but now love you more;
Becauſe I find
It is ſo true a picture of your mind:
Which tunes your ſacred lyre
To that eternal quire;
Where holy *Herbert* ſits
(O ſhame to prophane wits)
And ſings his and your Anthems, to the praiſe
Of him that is the firſt and laſt of daies.

Theſe holy Hymns had an Ethereal birth:
For they can raiſe ſad ſouls above the earth
And fix them there
Free from the worlds anxieties and fear.
Herbert and you have pow'r
To do this: ev'ry hour
I read you kills a ſin,
Or lets a vertue in
To fight againſt it; and the Holy Ghoſt
Supports my frailties, leſt the day be loſt.

This holy war, taught by your happy pen,
The Prince of Peace approves. When we poor men
Neglect our arms;
W'are circumveſted with a world of harms.
But I will watch, and ward,
And ſtand upon my guard,
And ſtill conſult with you,
And *Herbert*, and renew
My vows, and ſay, Well fare his, and your heart,
The Fountains of ſuch ſacred Wit and Art.

Iz. Wa.

TO
His Ingenious Friend, the Author of the *Synagogue*; Upon his Additional Church-Utensils.

SIR,

SO the cheap Touch-stone's bold
To question the more noble gold;
As I, at your command,
Put forth my blushing hand
To try these Raptures, sent to my poor Test;
But since your Question's, Are they like the rest?
I say they are the best:
That once conceiv'd, the other is confest.

But Sir, now they are here,
For to prevent a female jeer,
Thus much affirm I do,
They'r like the father too;
And you like him whose sublime paths you tread,
Herbert! to be like whom, who'd not be dead?
Herbert! whom when I read,
I stoop at stars that shine below my head.

Herb

Herbert! whose every strain
Twists holy Breast with happy Brain;
So that who strives to be
As elegant as he,
Must climb mount *Calv'ry* for *Parnassus* Hill,
And in his Saviours sides baptize his Quill;
A Jordan fit t'instill
A Saint-like stile, back't with an angels skill.

He was our *Solomon*,
And you are our Centurion;
Our Temple him we owe,
Our Synagogue to you:
Where if your Piety so much alow
That structure with these ornaments t' endow,
All good men will avow,
Your Syn'gogue, built before, is furnish't now.

J. L.

SIR,

SIR,

WHile I read your lines, methinks I ſpie
Churches, and Church-men, and the old Hie-
(rarchie,
hat potent charms are theſe! You have the knack
› make men young again, and fetch time back.
'e loſt what was beſtow'd on *Judah*'s Prince,
ıd am now where I was thrice five years ſince.
ıe mid-ſpace ſhrunk to nothing, Manners, Men,
ıd Times, and all look juſt as they did then.
ıbbiſh and ruins vaniſh't, every where
'der and comlineſs afreſh appear.
hat cannot Poets do! They change with eaſe
ıe face of things, and lead us as they pleaſe.
:t here's no fiction neither. We may ſee
ıe Poet, Prophet; his Verſe, Hiſtorie.

Jan. 1. 1654.

A. S.

FINIS.